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4 vol-

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 WRITINGS.

WITH NOTES.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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## TICKELL'S

## LIFE of ADDISON.

**J**OSEPH ADDISON, the son of Lancelot Addison, D. D. and of Jane the daughter of Nathaniel Gulston, D. D. and sister of Dr William Gulston bishop of Bristol, was born at Milston near Ambrosebury, in the county of Wilts, in the year 1671. His father, who was of the county of Westmoreland, and educated at Queen's college in Oxford, passed many years in his travels thro' Europe and Africa, where he joined, to the uncommon and excellent talents of nature, a great knowledge of letters and things; of which several books published by him are ample testimonies<sup>a</sup>. He was rector of Milston above-mentioned, when Mr Addison his eldest son was born; and afterwards became archdeacon of Coventry, and dean of Litchfield.

Mr Addison received his first education at the Char-treux<sup>b</sup>, from whence he was removed very early to Queen's college in Oxford. He had been there about two years, when the accidental sight of a paper of his verses, in the hands of Dr Lancaster, then dean of that house, occasioned his being elected into Magdalen college. He employed his first years in the study of the old Greek and Roman writers; whose language and manner he caught at that time of life, as strongly as other young people gain a French accent, or a genteel air. An early acquaintance with the classics is what may be called the good-breeding of poetry<sup>c</sup>, as it gives a certain gracefulness, which never forsakes a mind that contracted it in youth, but is seldom or never hit

by those who would learn it too late. He first distinguished himself by his Latin compositions, published in the *Muse Anglicana*, and was admired as one of the best authors since the Augustan age, in the two universities, and the greatest part of Europe, before he was talked of as a poet in town<sup>d</sup>. There is not perhaps any harder task than to tame the natural wildness of wit, and to civilize the fancy. The generality of our old English poets abound in forced conceits, and affected phrases: and even those, who are said to come the nearest to exactness, are but too often fond of unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection. If Mr Addison's example and precepts be the occasion that there now begins to be a great demand for correctness, we may justly attribute it to his being first fashioned by the ancient models, and familiarized to propriety of thought, and chastity of style. Our country owes it to him, that the famous Monsieur Boileau first conceived an opinion of the English genius for poetry, by perusing the present he made him of the *Muse Anglicana*. It has been currently reported, that this famous French poet, among the civilities he shewed Mr Addison on that occasion, affirmed, that he would not have written against Perrault, had he before seen such excellent pieces by a modern hand. Such a saying would have been impertinent and unworthy Boileau, whose dispute with Perrault turned chiefly upon some passages in the ancients, which he rescued from the misinterpretations of his adversary. The true and natural compliment made by him, was, that those books had given him a very new idea of the English politeness, and that he did not question but there were excellent compositions in the native language of a country, that possessed the Roman genius in so eminent a degree.

The first English performance made public by him, is a short copy of verses to Mr Dryden, with a view particularly to his translations. This was soon followed by a version of the fourth Georgic of Virgil, of which Mr Dryden makes very honourable mention, in the postscript to his own translation of all Virgil's works<sup>e</sup>:  
wherein

wherein I have often wondered that he did not, at the same time, acknowledge his obligation to Mr Addison, for giving him *The Essay upon the Georgicks*, prefixed to Mr Dryden's translation. Lest the honour of so exquisite a piece of criticism should hereafter be transferred to a wrong author, I have taken care to insert it in this collection of his works <sup>f</sup>.

Of some other copies of verses, printed in the *Miscellanies*, while he was young, the largest is *An Account of the greatest English Poets* <sup>g</sup>; in the close of which, he insinuates a design he then had of going into holy orders <sup>h</sup>, to which he was strongly importuned by his father. His remarkable seriousness and modesty, which might have been urged as powerful reasons for his choosing that life, proved the chief obstacles to it. These qualities, by which the priesthood is so much adorned, represented the duties of it as too weighty for him; and rendered him still the more worthy of that honour, which they made him decline. It is happy that this very circumstance has since turned so much to the advantage of virtue and religion; in the cause of which he has bestowed his labours the more successfully, as they were his voluntary, not his necessary employment. The world became insensibly reconciled to wisdom and goodness, when they saw them recommended by him with at least as much spirit and elegance as they had been ridiculed for half a century.

He was in his twenty-eighth year, when his inclination to see France and Italy was encouraged by the great Lord Chancellor Somers, one of that kind of patriots, who think it no waste of the public treasure to purchase politeness to their country. The poem upon one of King William's campaigns, address'd to his Lordship, was received with great humanity, and occasioned a message from him to the author to desire his acquaintance. He soon after obtained, by his interest, a yearly pension of three hundred pounds from the Crown, to support him in his travels. If the uncommonness of a favour, and the distinction of the person who confers it, enhance its value; nothing could be

more honourable to a young man of learning, than such a bounty from so eminent a patron.

How well Mr Addison answered the expectations of my Lord Somers, cannot appear better, than from the book of Travels he dedicated to his Lordship at his return. It is not hard to conceive, why that performance was at first but indifferently relished by the bulk of readers; who expected an account, in a common way, of the customs and policies of the several governments in Italy, reflections upon the genius of the people, a map of their provinces, or a measure of their buildings. How were they disappointed, when, instead of such particulars, they were presented only with a journal of poetical travels, with remarks on the present picture of the country, compared with the landscapes drawn by classic authors, and other the like unconcerning parts of knowledge! One may easily imagine a reader of plain sense, but without a fine taste, turning over these parts of the volume, which make more than half of it, and wondering how an author, who seems to have so solid an understanding, when he treats of more weighty subjects in the other pages, should dwell upon such trifles, and give up so much room to matters of mere amusement. There are indeed but few men so fond of the ancients, as to be transported with every little accident which introduces them to their intimate acquaintance. Persons of that cast may here have the satisfaction of seeing annotations upon an old Roman poem, gathered from the hills and valleys where it was written. The Tiber and the Po serve to explain the verses that were made upon their banks; and the Alps and Apennines are made commentators on those authors, to whom they were subjects so many centuries ago. Next to personal conversation with the writers themselves, this is the surest way of coming at their sense; a compendious and engaging kind of criticism, which convinces at first sight, and shews the vanity of conjectures made by antiquaries at a distance. If the knowledge of polite literature has its use, there is certainly a merit in illustrating the perfect models of it, and the learned world will think some years of a man's



man's life not mispent in so elegant an employment. I shall conclude what I had to say on this performance, by observing, that the fame of it increased from year to year, and the demand for copies was so urgent, that their price rose to four or five times the original value, before it came out in a second edition.

The *Letter from Italy* to my Lord Halifax may be considered as the text upon which the book of Travels is a large comment, and has been esteemed by those who have a relish for antiquity, as the most exquisite of his poetical performances. A translation of it by Signior Salvini, professor of the Greek tongue at Florence, is inserted in this edition\*, not only on account of its merit, but because it is the language of the country which is the subject of this poem.

The materials for the *Dialogues upon Medals* \* \* \*, were collected in the native country of those coins. The book itself was begun to be cast into form at Vienna, as appears from a letter to Mr Stepney, then Minister at that court, dated in November 1702,

Some time before the date of this letter, Mr Addison had designed to return to England, when he received advice from his friends, that he was pitched upon to attend the army under Prince Eugene, who had just begun the war in Italy, as Secretary from his Majesty. But an account of the death of King William, which he met with at Geneva, put an end to that thought; and as his hopes of advancement in his own country were fallen with the credit of his friends, who were out of power at the beginning of her late Majesty's reign, he had leisure to make the tour of Germany in his way home.

He remained for some time, after his return to England, without any public employment, which he did not obtain till the year 1704, when the Duke of Marlborough arrived at the highest pitch of glory, by delivering all Europe from slavery, and furnished Mr Addison with a subject worthy of that genius which appears in his poem called *The Campaign*. The Lord-Treasurer Godolphin, who was a fine judge of poetry, had a sight of this work, when it was only carried on as

far

\* TICKELL's Edition of ADDISON's Works.

far as the applauded smile of the Angel<sup>1</sup>: and approved the poem, by bestowing on the author, in a few days after, the place of Commissioner of Appeals, vacant by the removal of the famous Mr Locke to the council of trade.

His next advancement was to the place of Undersecretary, which he held under Sir Charles Hedges, and the present Earl of Sunderland. The opera of Rosamond was written while he possessed that employment. What doubts soever have been raised about the merit of the music, which, as the Italian taste at that time began wholly to prevail, was thought sufficiently inexcusable, because it was the composition of an Englishman; the poetry of this piece has given as much pleasure in the closet, as others have afforded from the stage, with all the assistance of voices and instruments.

The comedy called *The Tender Husband* appeared much about the same time, to which Mr Addison wrote the prologue. Sir Richard Steele surprised him with a very handsome dedication of this play, and has since acquainted the public, that he owed some of the most taking scenes of it to Mr Addison.

His next step in his fortune, was to the post of Secretary under the late Marquis of Wharton<sup>k</sup>, who was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in the year 1709. As I have proposed to touch but very lightly on those parts of his life which do not regard him as an author, I shall not enlarge upon the great reputation he acquired by his turn to business, and his unblemished integrity in this and other employments. It must not be omitted here, that the salary of Keeper of the Records in Ireland was considerably raised, and that post bestowed upon him, at this time, as a mark of the Queen's favour. He was in that kingdom, when he first discovered Sir Richard Steele to be the author of *The Tatler*, by an observation upon Virgil<sup>l</sup>, which had been by him communicated to his friend. The assistance he occasionally gave him after wards in the course of the paper, did not a little contribute to advance its reputation: and, upon the change of the ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in that work,  
which

which however was dropt at last, as it had been taken up, without his participation.

In the last paper, which closed those celebrated performances, and in the preface to the last volume, Sir Richard Steele has given to Mr Addison the honour of the most applauded pieces in that collection<sup>m</sup>. But as that acknowledgment was delivered only in general terms, without directing the public to the several papers; Mr Addison, who was content with the praise arising from his own works, and too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others, afterwards thought fit to distinguish his writings in the *Spectators* and *Guardians*, by such marks as might remove the least possibility of mistake in the most undiscerning readers<sup>n</sup>. It was necessary that his share in the *Tatlers* should be adjusted in a complete collection of his works; for which reason Sir Richard Steele, in compliance with the request of his deceased friend, delivered to him by the editor, was pleased to mark with his own hand those *Tatlers*, which are inserted in this edition, and even to point out several, in the writing of which they both were concerned<sup>o</sup>.

The plan of the *Spectator*, as far as it regards the feigned person of the author, and of the several characters that compose his club, was projected in concert with Sir Richard Steele. And because many passages in the course of the work would otherwise be obscure, I have taken leave to insert one single paper<sup>p</sup>, written by Sir Richard Steele, wherein those characters are drawn, which may serve as a *Dramatis Personæ*, or as so many pictures, for an ornament and explication of the whole. As for the distinct papers, they were never or seldom shown to each other by their respective authors; who fully answered the promise they had made, and far out-went the expectation they had raised, of pursuing their labour in the same spirit and strength with which it was begun. It would have been impossible for Mr Addison, who made little or no use of letters sent in by the numerous correspondents of the *Spectator*, to have executed his large share of this task in so exquisite a manner, if he had not ingrafted into

it many pieces that had lain by him in little hints and minutes, which he from time to time collected, and ranged in order, and moulded into the form in which they now appear. Such are the essays upon *Wit*, the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, the *Critique upon Milton*, and some others which I thought to have connected in a continued series in this edition; though they were at first published with the interruption of writings on different subjects. But as such a scheme would have obliged me to cut off several graceful introductions and circumstances, peculiarly adapted to the time and occasion of printing them, I durst not pursue that attempt.

The tragedy of *Cato* appeared in public in the year 1713, when the greatest part of the last act was added by the author to the foregoing, which he had kept by him for many years. He took up a design of writing a play upon this subject, when he was very young at the university, and even attempted something in it there, though not a line as it now stands. The work was performed by him in his travels, and retouched in England, without any formed resolution of bringing it upon the stage, till his friends of the first quality and distinction prevailed with him to put the last finishing to it, at a time when they thought the doctrine of liberty very seasonable. It is in every body's memory, with what applause it was received by the public; that the first run of it lasted for a month; and then stopped, only because one of the performers became incapable of acting a principal part. The author received a message, that the Queen would be pleased to have it dedicated to her: but as he had designed that compliment elsewhere, he found himself obliged, by his duty on the one side, and his honour on the other, to send it into the world without any dedication. The fame of this tragedy soon spread through Europe; and it has not only been translated, but acted in most of the languages of Christendom. The translation of it into Italian, by Signior Salvini, is very well known; but I have not been able to learn, whether that of Signior Valetta,

Valetta, a young Neapolitan nobleman, has ever been made public.

If he had found time for the writing of another tragedy, the death of Socrates would have been the story. And, however unpromising that subject may appear, it would be presumptuous to censure his choice, who was so famous for raising the noblest plants from the most barren soil. It serves to shew, that he thought the whole labour of such a performance unworthy to be thrown away upon those intrigues and adventures, to which the Romantic taste has confined modern tragedy; and, after the example of his predecessors in Greece, would have employed the drama, “to wear out of our minds every thing that is mean, or little; to cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature; to soften insolence, to soothe affliction, and to subdue our minds to the dispensations of Providence\*.”

Upon the death of the late Queen, the Lords Justices, in whom the administration was lodged, appointed him their secretary<sup>q</sup>. Soon after his Majesty's arrival in Great Britain, the Earl of Sunderland being constituted Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Mr Addison became a second time Secretary for the affairs of that kingdom; and was made one of the Lords-Commissioners of trade, a little after his Lordship resigned the post of Lord-Lieutenant.

The paper called the *Freeholder*, was undertaken at the time when the rebellion broke out in Scotland<sup>r</sup>.

\* \* \* \* \*

The scheme for the treatise upon the *Christian Religion* was formed by the author about the end of the late Queen's reign; at which time he carefully perused the ancient writings, which furnish the materials for it. His continual employments in business prevented him from executing it, till he resigned his office of Secretary of State; and his death put a period to it, when he had imperfectly performed only one half of the design; he having proposed, as appears from the introduction, to add the Jewish to the heathen testimonies for the

truth of the Christian history. He was more assiduous than his health would well allow, in the pursuit of this work ; and had long determined to dedicate his poetry also, for the future, wholly to religious subjects <sup>s</sup>.

Soon after he was, from being one of the Lords-Commissioners of trade, advanced to the post of Secretary of State, he found his health impaired by the return of that asthmatic indisposition, which continued often to afflict him during his exercise of that employment, and at last obliged him to beg his Majesty's leave to resign. His freedom from the anxiety of business so far re-established his health, that his friends began to hope he might last for many years : but whether it were from a life too sedentary, or from his natural constitution ; in which was one circumstance very remarkable, that, from his cradle <sup>t</sup>, he never had a regular pulse ; a long and painful relapse into an asthma and dropsy deprived the world of this great man, on the 17th of June 1719. He left behind him only one daughter, by the Countess of Warwick, to whom he was married in the year 1716 <sup>u</sup>.

Not many days before his death, he gave me directions to collect his writings, and, at the same time, committed to my care the letter addressed to Mr Craggs, his successor as Secretary of State ; wherein he bequeaths them to him, as a token of friendship. Such a testimony from the first man of our age, in such a point of time, will be perhaps as great and lasting an honour to that gentleman, as any even he could acquire to himself ; and yet is no more than was due from an affection, that justly increased towards him, through the intimacy of several years. I cannot without the utmost tenderness reflect on the kind concern with which Mr Addison left me, as a sort of incumbrance upon this valuable legacy. Nor must I deny myself the honour to acknowledge, that the goodness of that great man to me, like many other of his amiable qualities, seemed not so much to be renewed, as continued in his successor ; who made me an example, that nothing could be indifferent to him which came recommended by Mr Addison.

Could

Could any circumstance be more severe to me, while I was executing these last commands of the author, than to see the person to whom his works were presented, cut off in the flower of his age, and carried from the high office wherein he had succeeded Mr Addison, to be laid next him in the same grave! I might dwell upon such thoughts as naturally rise from these minute resemblances in the fortune of two persons, whose names probably will be seldom mentioned afunder, while either our language or story subsist, were I not afraid of making this preface too tedious; especially, since I shall want all the patience of the reader, for having enlarged it with the following verses \*.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

The EARL of WARWICK, &c.

**I**F, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath staid,  
 And left her debt to Addison unpaid,  
 Blame not her silence, *Warwick*, but bemoan,  
 And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.  
 What mourner ever felt poetic fires!  
 Slow comes the verse, that real woe inspires:  
 Grief, unaffected, suits but ill with art,  
 Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave  
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave!  
 How silent did his old companions tread,  
 By midnight lamps, the mansion of the dead;  
 Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,  
 Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;  
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;  
 The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;  
 And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!  
 While, speechless, o'er thy closing grave we bend,  
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend:  
 Oh, gone for ever, take this long adieu;  
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd *Montague*!

To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,  
 A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine:  
 Mine, with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,  
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.  
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,  
 May shame afflict this alienated heart;  
 Of thee forgetful, if I form a song,  
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue;  
 My grief be doubled, from thy image free,  
 And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy iles alone,  
 (Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)  
 Along the walls where speaking marbles show  
 What worthies form the hallow'd mold below:  
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;  
 In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;  
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;  
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;  
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n;  
 And saints, who taught, and led the way to heav'n.  
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,  
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;  
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd  
 A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,  
 What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?  
 A winged *Virtue*, through th' ethereal sky,  
 From world to world, unwear'd, does he fly;  
 Or, curious, trace the long laborious maze  
 Of Heav'n's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?

Does



Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell  
 How Michael battled, and the Dragon fell?  
 Or, mixt with milder cherubim, to glow  
 In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?  
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,  
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind?  
 Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,  
 To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend!  
 When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,  
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,  
 In silent whisp'rings, purer thoughts impart,  
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;  
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,  
 Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so ye Heav'n's decree,  
 Must still be lov'd, and still deplor'd by me)  
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,  
 Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.  
 If business calls, or croud'd courts invite,  
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;  
 If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,  
 I meet his soul which breathes in *Cato* there;  
 If, pensive, to the rural shades I rove,  
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:  
 'Twas there, of Just and Good he reason'd strong,  
 Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;  
 There, patient, shov'd us the wise course to steer,  
 A candid censor, and a friend severe;  
 There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high  
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die<sup>z</sup>.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,  
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of *Warwick's* noble race,  
 Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,  
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!  
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,  
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!  
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,  
 Thy noon-tide shadow and thy evening breeze!

His

His image thy forsaken bowers restore ;  
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more.  
 No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,  
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,  
 Some refuge in the muse's art I found ;  
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,  
 Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing :  
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,  
 Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.  
 Oh ! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,  
 And *Craggs* in death to *Addison* succeeds)  
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,  
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song !

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid  
 To thee, O *Craggs*, th' expiring Sage convey'd,  
 Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,  
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.  
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,  
 And close to his, how soon ! thy coffin lies.  
 Blest pair ! whose union future bards shall tell  
 In future tongues : each other's boast ! farewell.  
 Farewell ! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,  
 No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

THO. TICKELL.

NOTES.

## N O T E S.

**P**AGE iii. line 11.—testimonies<sup>a</sup>. He published *A Narrative of the Revolutions of the Kingdoms of Fez and Morocco*;—*The present State of the Jews, with a Discourse of the Misna, Talmud, and Gemara*;—*A Discourse of Catechizing*;—*A modest Plea for the Clergy*;—*The Life and Death of Mahomet*;—*A Discourse of Tangier*;—*An Introduction to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*;—and some other tracts.—He had three sons, Joseph, Gulston, and Lancelot, and three daughters, Jane, Dorothy, and Anne.

Page iii. line 16.—*Chartreux*<sup>b</sup>. Previously to his being of the Chartreux, our author had been under the care, first of Mr Naish at Ambrosebury, then of Mr Taylor at Salisbury, and afterwards of Mr Shaw master of the school at Litchfield.

A glimpse of the boyish years of a great man is sometimes amusing. While Addison was at school at Ambrosebury, he committed some trespass, and, to avoid correction, ran away from his father's house, and for some time lived on fruits and such other sustenance as the fields afforded, taking up his lodging in a hollow tree; till, upon the publication of a reward to the person who should find him, he was discovered and restored to his parents. And Dr Johnson mentions his having planned and conducted a sort of mock-mutiny in the school at Litchfield, which was called *Bar-*  
*ring*

*ring out:* ‘ A savage licence (says that author) practised  
 ‘ in many schools to the end of the last century; by  
 ‘ which the boys, when the periodical vacation drew  
 ‘ near, growing petulant at the approach of liberty,  
 ‘ some days before the time of regular recess, took  
 ‘ possession of the school, of which they barred the  
 ‘ doors, and bade their master defiance from the  
 ‘ windows.’

At the Chartreux Addison became acquainted with Richard (afterward Sir Richard) Steele, with whom he ever after lived in friendship. The greater praise of this friendship Dr Johnson gives to Steele; but it is needless on that score to depreciate Addison. Their talents and their characters were different: their friendship did honour to both, as well as service to their country and mankind. If Addison sometimes made Steele his butt in company, we may suppose he did it in that style of good-natured pleasantry which was so peculiar to him. ‘ He was,’ says Steele, ‘ above all  
 ‘ men in the talent called humour.’ ‘ His conversation,’ says Pope, ‘ was more charming than I have  
 ‘ found in any other man.’ It is not likely, that such a man’s raillery would give offence to his friends: who would not wish to have been the object of it? I know not where Dr Johnson found the story which he tells of Addison lending one hundred pounds to Steele, and afterwards reclaiming it by an execution. The Rev. Mr Potter (the celebrated Translator of Eschylus, Sophocles and Euripides) says, he is told by the best authority, that this story is an absolute falsehood. See his *Inquiry into some Passages in Dr Johnson’s Lives of the Poets*, page 6. In another place Dr Johnson mentions it as proceeding from Addison’s avidity, that  
 ‘ with great eagerness he laid hold on his proportion  
 ‘ of the profits arising from the *Spectator* and *Guardian*.’ But had not Addison a right to his proportion of those profits? or did he lay hold on more than his proportion? or were his circumstances at that time so affluent, as to give Steele reason to think that he would write the best part of the *Spectator* and *Guardian* for nothing, or for less than was reasonable? If the first  
 question

question be answered in the affirmative, and the two last in the negative, Addison did nothing wrong; and it is injurious to tax him with *greediness* or *insatiable desire*:—which are two of the significations that Johnson gives to the word *avidity*.

Page iii. line 26.—Poetry<sup>c</sup>. Tickell's expression might have been more general. An early acquaintance with the classics is the best preparative to the composition of both verse and prose. The prose of Addison has a more classical air than his English poetry; it has more energy, more harmony, and less redundance. Dr Young calls it *sweet, elegant, Virgilian*; by this last epithet alluding probably to the happy choice of words, and their well-modulated arrangement. See Dr Young's *Conjectures on Original Composition*.

Page iv. line 6.—in town<sup>d</sup>. Our author's Latin poems are distinguished by a force of language, and an accuracy of description, which we do not always meet with in his English verses. His *Battle of the Pygmies and Cranes* has all the ease of Ovid: in the poem on *The Peace of Ryswick* he falls not far short of the strength and magnificence of Virgil. He does not, however, seem to have confined himself, as Dr Johnson justly remarks, to the imitation of any ancient author, but 'has formed his Latin style from the general language, such as a diligent perusal of the productions of different ages happened to supply.' In no part of his writings has he made any ostentatious display of learning (for ostentation had no place in his character); but his frequent allusions to the classics show that he was intimately acquainted with all the best of them. Of this no person will entertain any doubt, who has only observed with what singular felicity he adapts the mottos of his papers to their respective subjects: a thing that has been attempted by many, but by none so successfully as by Addison.

Page iv. line ult.—Virgil's works<sup>e</sup>. Dryden's words are: 'Whoever has given the world the translation of

‘ part of the third Georgic, which he calls *The Power*  
 ‘ of *Love*, has put me to sufficient pains to make my  
 ‘ own not inferiour to his: as my Lord Roscommon’s  
 ‘ Silenus had formerly given me the same trouble.  
 ‘ The most ingenious Mr Addison of Oxford has also  
 ‘ been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on  
 ‘ the same account. After his bees, my latter swarm  
 ‘ is hardly worth the hiving.’

Page v. line 7.—his works <sup>f</sup>. These words of Tickell relate to his own edition of Addison, in four volumes quarto, printed in 1721. In this *collection of the Periodical papers*, the Essay on the Georgic could not be inserted. It is very well as far as it goes, but too general, and too brief, considering the subject. The conclusion however shows, that our author had a just idea of the merit of that incomparable poem, and makes us wish that he had given a more minute detail of its beauties. ‘ I shall not here compare the style of the  
 ‘ Georgics with that of Lucretius;—but shall conclude  
 ‘ this Poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and  
 ‘ finished piece of all antiquity. The *Æneis* indeed is  
 ‘ of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in  
 ‘ its kind. The *Æneis* has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite.  
 ‘ In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can  
 ‘ be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet,  
 ‘ in the flower of his age, when his invention was  
 ‘ ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled,  
 ‘ and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.’

Page v. line 10.—English poets <sup>g</sup>. This poem, whether we consider the numbers, the diction, or the sentiments, is quite unworthy of its author. But let it be remembered, that Addison did not himself publish it, and used to call it *a poor thing*. Those poets are singularly fortunate, who, in reviewing their juvenile writings, do not find that they have more than *one poor thing* to be ashamed of.

Page v. line 12.—holy orders <sup>h</sup>. The insinuation is  
 not

not very strong; but Tickell probably had Addison's authority for what he says. The verses alluded to are,

I leave the arts of poetry and verse  
To them who practise them with more success:  
*Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,*  
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.

Who would imagine, that the person, who had taken leave of the Muse in such miserable doggerel, could ever after be received into her favour!

Page viii. line 1.—the Angel<sup>l</sup>.

So when an angel, by divine command,  
With *rising* tempests shakes a guilty land,  
*Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,*  
*Calm and serene* he drives the furious blast,  
And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.


I shall not controvert the opinion of those who think that these lines have received more applause than they deserve. There are weak expressions in them, no doubt, and the third line is very unpoetical. But that the thought is such as eight out of ten school-boys might have hit upon (which it seems was Dr Madden's opinion, and is not objected to by Dr Johnson) will not, I presume, be generally admitted. Things, when known, are apt to appear obvious, but should not rashly be blamed as such.—That this passage is to be called not a *simile*, but an *exemplification*, is a point insisted on by Dr Johnson; but, in estimating the merit of the verses, is not very material. If his reasoning be just, some noble allusions in Homer and Virgil, which have hitherto been admired as similitudes, must be degraded into exemplifications.

Page viii. line 24.—Marquis of Wharton<sup>k</sup>. It can be no reflection on our author (as Dr Johnson judiciously and candidly remarks) to have been connected

in politics and employment with a man so impious, profligate, and shameless as Wharton. 'It is not necessary,' says the learned moralist, 'to refuse benefits from a bad man, when the acceptance implies no approbation of his crimes; nor has the subordinate officer any obligation to examine the opinions or conduct of those under whom he acts, except that he may not be made the instrument of wickedness. It is reasonable to suppose that Addison counteracted, as far as he was able, the malignant and blasting influence of the Lieutenant, and that at least by his intervention some good was done, and some mischief prevented.' *Johnson's Prefaces, vol. 5. page 21.*

Page viii. line 36.—observation upon Virgil<sup>l</sup>. This observation, which relates to Eneas and Dido, may be seen in the sixth paper of the *Tatler*.

Page ix. line 6.—collection<sup>m</sup>. 'I have only one gentleman (says Steele, *Preface to the last volume of the Tatler*) who will be nameless, to thank for any frequent assistance to me, which indeed it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an intimacy from childhood; considering the great ease with which he is able to dispatch the most entertaining pieces of this nature. This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed Prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.'

Page ix. line 15.—undiscerning readers<sup>n</sup>. In the first seven volumes of the *Spectator*, Addison's papers are marked with one or other of the letters of the word CLIO subjoined; and in the *Guardian* with a hand, . His papers in the *Tatler* and in the eighth volume of the *Spectator*, are assigned to him by Tickell, in the quarto edition of 1721.—Those papers in the *Spectator*,



*Spectator*, which are marked with R or T, are by Steele; and those with X are by Mr Eustace Budgell.

Page ix. line 22.—were concerned°. That Steele, in thus ascertaining Addison's part of the *Tatler*, should either mistake through neglect or ignorance, or misrepresent by design, is not to be supposed. In this point, therefore, (except with regard to one passage to be mentioned immediately) we ought to admit his authority as decisive. The editors of the late edition of the *Tatler in six volumes*, have not always done so. In looking over that Publication, the following slight remarks were written with regard to this matter.

*Tatler*, Numb. 20. The *whole* of this paper is in the late edition given to Addison, on the authority (it is said) of Tickell. But Tickell, on Steele's information, gives to Addison a *part* only of this paper, from—'the theatre is now breaking,' &c.—to the political paragraph dated *St James's Coffeehouse*. The first part of the paper, though not destitute of humour, is unworthy of Addison; what follows is very much in his manner.

The first part of the 18th number of the *Tatler* is, by the last editors, ascribed to Addison, but without sufficient evidence. The last part, however, of that paper, beginning—'There is another sort of Gentlemen whom I am much more concerned for,' &c. it is highly probable that Addison wrote, though Tickell has overlooked it. See the *Preface to the fourth volume of the Tatler*, in which the *distress of the News-writers* is, by Steele himself, ascribed to the same hand that wrote the *Inventory of the Play-house*, and several other things which are known to be Addison's. This passage, which ought to stand the first in a Collection of Addison's Periodical Papers, is subjoined to these Prefatory Annotations. The Publishers of this edition did not attend to it in time; having from the first resolved to follow Tickell's edition, which is not perhaps defective or erroneous in any other particular relating to our Author's prose-works.

The twenty-fourth paper of the *Tatler* is, in the  
new

new edition, ascribed to Addison, and Tickell's authority given for it. But it is not in Tickell's edition, and the style shows it is not Addison's.

Numb. 32. the most exceptionable, perhaps, of the whole set, is given to Swift and Addison; but there is no evidence, so far as I can see, that Addison had any hand in it. The style and manner bear no resemblance either to Addison or to Swift. If we believe Tickell, Addison wrote no paper in the *Tatler* from the twentieth to the forty-second.

Numb. 42. is ascribed to Steele and Addison. Addison, according to Tickell, wrote only the last part of it, from 'This is to give notice,' &c.

Numb. 63. is given to Addison, Steele, and Swift. It is probably by the same hand that wrote Numb. 32. Addison wrote no *Tatler* between Numb. 42. and Numb. 75.

Numb. 81. is given to Addison and Steele jointly. Tickell only says, that the last paragraph was written by Steele.

Numb. 86. is given to Addison and Steele jointly. Tickell says, that Steele assisted in it. The concluding part, dated from Will's Coffeehouse, is omitted in Tickell's edition.

Numb. 88. is given to Addison and Steele jointly. Tickell gives to Addison the last part only. *From my own apartment.*

Numb. 96. is given to Addison, I know not why. The style is not Addison's, and it is not in Tickell's edition.

Tickell does not say that Steele had any hand either in Numb. 257. or in Numb. 260. See New *Tatler*, vol. VI. pag. 334, 357.

Page ix. line 28.—one single paper<sup>p</sup>. The second paper of the *Spectator*.—The last paper of the *Tatler* is dated January 2, 1710—and the first of the *Spectator*, March 1, 1710-11; so that it is probable, that before the former work was left off, the plan of the latter was projected. I have been told, but I forget on what authority, that, before the commencement of the *Spectator*,

Spectator, Addison had collected three manuscript volumes of materials for it. Without a very considerable provision of materials, it is not to be supposed that he would have ventured to make that work a daily paper.

Page xi. line 21.—Secretary<sup>9</sup>. ‘He was required by his office,’ says Dr Johnson, ‘to send notice to Hanover that the Queen was dead, and that the throne was vacant. To do this would not have been difficult to any man but Addison, who was so overwhelmed with the greatness of the event, and so distracted by choice of expression, that the Lords, who could not wait for the niceties of criticism, called Mr Southwell, a clerk in the house, and ordered him to dispatch the message. Southwell readily told what was necessary, in the common style of business, and valued himself upon having done what was too hard for Addison.’—That Addison understood the theory of business can hardly be doubted; but there is reason to think he was not expert in the practice. It is said, that in the House of Commons he never attempted to speak but once, and then unsuccessfully. And his great exactness in the choice and arrangement of words made him, while Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, slow in preparing his dispatches; though, when prepared, they are said to have been singularly correct and elegant.

Page xi. line 29.—Scotland<sup>r</sup>. Speaking of the *Freeholder*, Dr Johnson remarks, that ‘in political argument Addison had *many equals*,’ (which, by the by, it would not be easy to prove); ‘but his humour was singular and matchless. Bigotry itself must be deluged with the Tory Fox-hunter.’—Swift somewhere sneers at Addison for saying so much, in all his periodical papers, about the *Fair Sex*. But Addison knew he could not take a more effectual way to polish the manners of the men, than by improving the minds of the women; and that, by interesting the Ladies in the cause of liberty and the Protestant religion, he should

should render an important service to his country. This point he has laboured in the *Freeholder* with much address and good humour. The thirty-eighth number of that work, which is the last he composed on the subject of the *fair sex*, he seems to have written with an impression upon his mind that he should never more resume that favourite topic; and the motto prefixed shows with what affectionate concern he took his leave of it. *Longum, formosa, vale. Adieu, my Fair, a long, a long adieu.*

Tickell takes no notice here of the *Guardian*, to which, however, Addison contributed upwards of fifty papers. Johnson says, of that work, that it was a continuation of the *Spectator* with the same elegance and the same variety: but he objects to the character of *Guardian* as too narrow and too serious. ‘It might,’ continues he, ‘admit, properly enough, both the duties and the decencies of life, but seemed not to include literary speculations,’—(why not? Are these inconsistent with a guardian’s character?)—‘and was in some degree violated by merriment and burlesque. What had the *Guardian* of the Lizards to do with clubs of tall or of little men, with nests of ants, or with Strada’s prolusions?’—I cannot see how these topics should be more incongruous to Nestor Ironside, than similar topics were to Isaac Bickerstaff and the *Spectator*. Good humour surely detracts nothing from an old man’s character: and Natural History may be a profitable study to persons of every age and condition. There are two excellent papers on it in the *Spectator*, No 120, and 121, both written by Addison. Perhaps it will not be disagreeable to the reader to be informed, as it is not generally known, that Addison was studious of Natural History, and a proficient in it. This anecdote is given on the authority of Dr Arbuthnot’s son, George Arbuthnot, Esq; who told it to his cousin Mr Robert Arbuthnot of Edinburgh, a gentleman, whose goodness of heart, rectitude of principle, and agreeable talents in wit and humour, prove him worthy of the honour of being nearly related to the great Doctor Arbuthnot.

Page xii. line 4.—Subjects<sup>s</sup>. He is said to have designed a new poetical version of the Psalms:—a work much wanted; if divine poetry could be improved, as I fear it cannot, by versification. See this point illustrated with the utmost energy of language and of argument, in Dr Johnson's life of Waller.

Page xii. line 16.—Cradle<sup>t</sup>. He was christened the same day he was born, being a weakly infant, and not likely to live.

Page xii. line 21.—Married in the year 1716<sup>u</sup>. This was not a happy marriage. The lady is said to have been too conscious of the superiority of her rank. But this we can hardly admit as probable, unless we suppose her to have been a woman of a very despicable understanding; and that such a woman should have engaged, for years, the attention of so consummate a judge of human nature as Addison (for the courtship is said to have been of long continuance) is not to be imagined. Considering his character and accomplishments, and that at the time of his marriage he was a member of Parliament, and soon after Secretary of State, the inequality of condition was not very great; at least we have seen happy marriages where there was much greater inequality. Be this however as it will, Lady Warwick is said to have made Addison's domestic life so uncomfortable, that he was very often obliged to seek relief in the society of a few select friends at a tavern.

Page xiii. line 13.—Following verses<sup>x</sup>. “This elegy  
 “ (says Dr Johnson) could owe none of its beauties to  
 “ the assistance (Addison's assistance is meant) which  
 “ might be suspected to have strengthened or embel-  
 “ lished Tickell's earlier compositions; but neither he  
 “ nor Addison ever produced nobler lines than are con-  
 “ tained in the third and fourth paragraphs; nor is a  
 “ more sublime or more elegant funeral poem to be  
 “ found in the whole compass of English literature.”—  
 A high encomium, but a just one!

Page xiv. line 8.—lov'd Montagu<sup>y</sup>. Charles Montagu Earl of Halifax, who died 19th May, 1715.

Page xv. line 30.—Taught us how to die.<sup>z</sup> — The circumstance alluded to, in these words, was explained by Tickell himself to Dr Young, who gives the following account of it, in *Conjectures on Original Composition* page 103. “After a long and manly, but  
“vain, struggle with his distemper, Addison dismissed  
“his physicians, and with them all hopes of life.  
“But with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living; but sent for a youth nearly related,” (the Earl of Warwick, who did not live long after this affecting interview) “and finely accomplished, yet not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came; but, life now  
“glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent. After a decent, and proper pause, the youth  
“said, *Dear Sir, you sent for me: I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands: I shall hold them most sacred.*—May distant ages not only hear, but feel the  
“reply! Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, *See in what peace a Christian can die.* He spoke  
“with difficulty and soon expired. Through grace  
“divine how great is man! Through divine mercy  
“how stingsless death! Who would not thus expire?” After some other pertinent reflections Dr Young adds,  
“It is for our honour, and our advantage, that we  
“hold Addison high in our esteem: for *the better men are, the more they will admire him; and the more they  
“admire him, the better will they be.*”

J. B.

EXTRACTS

## EXTRACTS

From DR JOHNSON'S REMARKS ON THE  
CHARACTER AND PROSE WRITINGS OF  
*ADDISON.*

“ **O**F his virtue it is a sufficient testimony, that the  
“ resentment of party has transmitted no charge  
“ of any crime. He was not one of those who are  
“ praised only after death; for his merit was so ge-  
“ nerally acknowledged, that Swift, having observed  
“ that his election passed without a contest, adds, that  
“ if he had proposed himself for king he would hard-  
“ ly have been refused. His zeal for his party did not  
“ extinguish his kindness for the merit of his oppo-  
“ nents; when he was Secretary in Ireland, he refused  
“ to intermit his acquaintance with Swift.

“ Of his habits, or external manners, nothing is so  
“ often mentioned, as that timorous, or *sullen*<sup>aa</sup> taci-  
“ turnity, which his friends called Modesty *by too*  
“ *mild a name.* Steele mentions with great tenderness  
“ that remarkable bashfulness, which is a cloak that  
“ hides and muffles merit; and tells us, that his abili-  
“ ties were covered only by modesty, which doubles  
“ the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and  
“ esteem to all that are concealed. Chesterfield af-  
“ firms, that Addison was the most timorous and auk-

“ward man he ever saw. \*\*\*. But Chesterfield’s re-  
 “presentation is doubtless hyperbolic. That man  
 “cannot be supposed very unexpert in the arts of con-  
 “versation and practice of life, who, without fortune  
 “or alliance, by his usefulness and dexterity, became  
 “Secretary of State; and who died at forty-seven, af-  
 “ter having not only stood long in the highest rank  
 “of wit and literature, but filled one of the most im-  
 “portant offices of state<sup>bb</sup>.

“The time in which he lived had reason to lament  
 “his obstinacy of silence; for he was, says Steele, above  
 “all men in that talent called humour, and enjoyed it  
 “in such perfection, that I have often (continues Sir  
 “Richard) reflected, after a night spent with him a-  
 “part from all the world, that I had had the pleasure  
 “of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Te-  
 “rence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature,  
 “heightened with humour more exquisite and de-  
 “lightful than any other man ever possessed. \*\*\*.

“What he knew he could easily communicate. This,  
 “says Steele, was particular in this writer, that, when  
 “he had taken his resolution, or made his plan for  
 “what he designed to write, he would walk about a  
 “room, and dictate it into language with as much  
 “freedom and ease as any one could write it down,  
 “and attend to the coherence and grammar of what  
 “he dictated. Pope, who can be less suspected of  
 “favouring his memory, declares that he wrote very  
 “fluently, but was slow and scrupulous in correcting;  
 “that many of his Spectators were written very fast,  
 “and sent immediately to the press; and that it seem-  
 “ed to be for his advantage not to have time for much  
 “revisal. He would alter, says Pope, any thing to  
 “please his friends before publication, but would not  
 “retouch his pieces afterwards. \*\*\*\*.

“It appears, from his various pictures of the world,  
 “that, with all his bashfulness, he had conversed with  
 “many distinct classes of men, had surveyed their ways  
 “with very diligent observation, and marked with great  
 “acuteness the effects of different modes of life. He  
 “was a man in whose presence nothing reprehensible

“ was



“ was out of danger ; quick in discerning whatever  
 “ was wrong or ridiculous, and not unwilling to ex-  
 “ pose it<sup>cc</sup>. There are, says Steele, in his writings,  
 “ many *oblique* strokes upon some of the wittiest men  
 “ of the age. His delight was more to excite merrim-  
 “ ent than detestation, and he detects follies rather  
 “ than crimes.

“ If any judgment be made, from his books, of his  
 “ moral character, nothing will be found but purity and  
 “ excellence. Knowledge of mankind, indeed, less ex-  
 “ tensive than that of Addison, will show, that to write  
 “ and to live are very different. Many who praise vir-  
 “ tue do no more than praise it. Yet it is reasonable to  
 “ believe that Addison’s professions and practice were  
 “ at no great variance, since, amidst that storm of fac-  
 “ tion in which most of his life was passed, though his  
 “ station made him conspicuous, and his activity made  
 “ him formidable, the character given him by his  
 “ friends was never contradicted by his enemies ; of  
 “ those with whom interest or opinion united him, he  
 “ had not only the esteem, but the kindness ; and of  
 “ others, whom the violence of opposition drove  
 “ against him, though he might lose the love, he re-  
 “ tained the reverence.

“ It is justly observed by Tickell, that he employed  
 “ wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only  
 “ made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to  
 “ others ; and from his time it has been generally sub-  
 “ servient to the cause of reason and of truth. He  
 “ has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected  
 “ gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity  
 “ of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity,  
 “ and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an  
 “ elevation of literary character, *above all Greek, above*  
 “ *all Roman fame*. No greater felicity can genius at-  
 “ tain than that of having purified intellectual pleasure,  
 “ separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licen-  
 “ tiousness ; of having taught a succession of writers  
 “ to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness ;  
 “ and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of ha-  
 “ ving *turned many to righteousness*.

“ Addison,

“ Addison, in his life, and for some time afterwards,  
 “ was considered by the greater part of readers as fu-  
 “ premely excelling both in poetry and criticism;  
 “ part of his reputation may be probably ascribed to  
 “ the advancement of his fortune \* \* \*. Much like-  
 “ wise may be more honourably ascribed to his personal  
 “ character; he who, if he had claimed it, might have  
 “ obtained the diadem, was not likely to be denied the  
 “ laurel<sup>dd</sup>.—But time quickly puts an end to artificial  
 “ and accidental fame, and Addison is to pass through  
 “ futurity, protected only by his genius. Every name  
 “ which kindness or interest once raised too high, is  
 “ in danger, lest the next age should, by the vengeance  
 “ of criticism, sink it in the same proportion. A great  
 “ writer has lately styled him AN INDIFFERENT POET,  
 “ AND A WORSE CRITIC \* \* \* \* \*.” [Dr Johnson’s  
 account of Addison’s character, as a poet, is omitted, as un-  
 necessary in a preface to his prose-works, and as being, be-  
 sides, of a length not proportioned to the intended size of this  
 volume<sup>ee</sup>.]

“ It is not uncommon for those who have grown  
 “ wise by the labour of others, to add a little of their  
 “ own, and overlook their masters. Addison is now  
 “ despised by some who perhaps would never have  
 “ seen his defects, but by the lights which he afforded  
 “ them. That he always wrote as he would think it  
 “ necessary to write now, cannot be affirmed: his in-  
 “ structions were such as the character of his readers  
 “ made proper. That general knowledge which now  
 “ circulates in common talk was in his time rarely to  
 “ be found. Men not professing learning were not  
 “ ashamed of ignorance; and in the female world any  
 “ acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be  
 “ censured. His purpose was to infuse literary curiosity,  
 “ by gentle and unsuspected conveyance, into the gay,  
 “ the idle, and the wealthy: he therefore presented  
 “ knowledge in the most alluring form, not lofty and  
 “ austere, but accessible and familiar<sup>ff</sup>. When he  
 “ showed them their defects, he showed them likewise  
 “ that they might be easily supplied. His attempt suc-  
 “ ceeded; inquiry was awakened, and comprehension  
 “ expanded.

“ expanded. An emulation of intellectual elegance  
 “ was excited, and, from his time to our own, life has  
 “ been gradually exalted, and conversation purified and  
 “ enlarged. \* \* \*.

“ Had he presented *Paradise Lost* to the public with  
 “ all the pomp of system and severity of science, he  
 “ would perhaps have been admired, and the book  
 “ still have been neglected; but by the blandishments  
 “ of gentleness and facility, he has made Milton an uni-  
 “ versal favourite, with whom readers of every class  
 “ think it necessary to be pleased. \* \* \*.

“ Before the profound observers of the present race  
 “ repose too securely on the consciousness of their su-  
 “ periority to Addison” (as a critic) “ let them consider  
 “ his Remarks on Ovid, in which may be found speci-  
 “ mens of criticism sufficiently subtle and refined; let  
 “ them peruse likewise his Essays on *Wit*, and on the  
 “ *Pleasures of Imagination*, in which he founds art on  
 “ the base of nature, and draws the principles of inven-  
 “ tion from dispositions inherent in the mind of man,  
 “ with skill and elegance, such as his contemners will  
 “ not easily attain <sup>es</sup>.

“ As a describer of life and manners, he must be al-  
 “ lowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank.  
 “ His humour, which, as Steele observes, is peculiar to  
 “ himself, is so happily diffused as to give the grace of  
 “ novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences.  
 “ He never *outsteps the modesty of nature*, nor raises mer-  
 “ riment or wonder by the violation of truth. His  
 “ figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by ag-  
 “ gravation. He copies life with so much fidelity,  
 “ that he can be hardly said to invent; yet his exhibi-  
 “ tions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to  
 “ suppose them not merely the product of imagination<sup>h</sup>.

“ As a teacher of wisdom he may be confidently fol-  
 “ lowed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or  
 “ superstitious: he appears neither weakly credulous,  
 “ nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dan-  
 “ gerously lax, nor impracticably rigid. All the en-  
 “ chantment of fancy, and all the cogency of argument  
 “ are employed to recommend to the reader his real in-  
 “ terest,

" tereft, the care of pleafing the author of his being.  
 " Truth is fhown fometimes as the phantom of a vifion,  
 " fometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory; fome-  
 " times attracts regard in the robes of fancy, and fome-  
 " times fteps forth in the confidence of reafon. She  
 " wears a thoufand drefles, and in all is pleafing.

" Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

" His profe is the model of the middle ftyle; on  
 " grave fubjects not formal, on light occafions not  
 " groveling; pure without fcrupulofity, and exact  
 " without apparent elaboration; always equable and  
 " always eafy, without glowing words or pointed fen-  
 " tences. Addifon never deviates from his track to  
 " fnatch a grace; he feeks no ambitious ornaments,  
 " and tries no hazardous innovations. \* \* \*. Whoever  
 " wifhes to attain an Englifh ftyle, familiar but not  
 " coarfe, and elegant but not oftentatious, muft give  
 " his days and nights to the volumes of Addifon."

NOTES.

## N O T E S

## ON DR JOHNSON'S REMARKS ON ADDISON.

PAGE xxix. line 13.—The epithet *sullen*<sup>aa</sup>, and the words *by too mild a name*, ought perhaps to have been omitted. I do not remember that *sullenness* was ever imputed to Addison by any of his contemporaries: *bashfulness* is a very different thing. The former is always a fault, being nearly allied to pride, peevishness, and ill-nature, or rather a compound of all the three: the latter is an infirmity, always pardonable, generally pitiable, and frequently amiable.

Page xxx. line 9.—<sup>bb</sup>. Chesterfield, when he saw Addison, must have been a very young man, probably little more than twenty years of age; and we can hardly suppose, that a person so attentive, as his Lordship always was, to outside appearances, should have been so early in life a competent judge of such a character as Addison.

Page xxxi. line 3.—<sup>cc</sup>. Dr Johnson should have added, that, though not unwilling to exhibit the follies, he was careful not to expose the persons, of men. In this respect I know not that any other moral satirist was ever so cautious; and on this subject he often declares his sentiments, which indeed do great honour to his candour and good-nature. See *The Spectator*, No. 23, 34, 262, &c. Some late annotators seem to have

been anxious to find out the *real* names of those persons whose characters they suppose him to have described under *fictional* ones; to discover, for example, who was the true original Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, Ned Softly, Tom Folio, &c. This ought not to be done. First, Because Addison never intended that such inquiries should be made: and, secondly, Because, in the event of their being made, he has taken care that they should not be successful. “ I believe (says he) my reader would 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 aiming 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,” &c. See *Spectator*, No. 262.

Page xxxii. line 9.—<sup>dd</sup>. Dr Johnson seems to have understood this compliment too literally. Swift’s words are: “ Mr Addison’s election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe, if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused.” The passage is in Swift’s epistolary Journal, which, with many entertaining and curious anecdotes, contains also many things thrown out carelessly and playfully. But as it was not intended for the public eye, it should not be minutely criticized. It appears from this Journal, that Addison and Swift were at that time (October, 1710) good friends, and saw one another almost every day. Indeed, though of opposite parties, and of very different characters, these two great wits, each in his own way unequalled and inimitable, always esteemed and respected one another; a circumstance which does honour to both.

Page xxxii. line 20.—<sup>cc</sup>. It may however be said, in passing, that those critics are not to be implicitly trusted, who find nothing but *indifferent poetry* in the  
Latin

Latin verses on the peace of Ryswick, in the Epistle from Italy, and in many passages of the Campaign. Even in Cato, though we were to grant, that, *as a play*, it has as many faults as Dennis took it in his head to charge upon it, we scruple not to declare those readers uncandid or ignorant, who do not find much masculine sense and genuine poetry. That Addison had the imagination of a poet, nobody can doubt, who has read his prose, particularly the allegories and visions scattered through his papers: and that, in versification, considering what he has done, a little practice, if he had found time and had inclination for it, would have enabled him to do a great deal more, will hardly be questioned by those who have observed the progress of poetical genius, from its less to its more harmonious compositions.

Page xxxii. line 38.—*ff.* Some of his occasional criticisms have a fault, (if it be a fault) not very common in these days; they are too good-natured; at least they show, that their author was less inclined to censure, than to panegyric.—The *Wanton Wife of Bath* he has called *an excellent ballad*; although, with no more wit than a common-place jest-book might supply, it is profane to a degree that falls little, if at all, short of impiety. I suppose Addison remembered nothing more of it than the two lines he has quoted, which are very harmless.

To the English ballad of *Chevy Chase* (for English it evidently is, though some Scotch critics have claimed it as a North-British production) he seems to have given credit for more beauties than it will be found to possess. It is indeed a melancholy tale, and the versification is smooth and pleasing. But Dr Johnson justly remarks, that “in it, though there is not much of  
“either bombast or affectation, there is a chill and  
“lifeless imbecillity, and that the story could hardly  
“be told in a manner that could make less impression  
“on the mind.”

I know not whether it was out of respect to some foreign critics, or from his own laudable partiality to

every thing that had the air of devotion, that he has called M. Des Barreaux's Sonnet *Grand Dieu, tes jugemens* (*Spect.* No. 513.) a noble hymn. The violent figures may perhaps not offend a French or Italian ear, which is more accustomed, than we are, to hyperbolical protestation, and complimentary extravagance; but the words of devotion ought to be true, sincere, and simple; and, though Barreaux's meaning was good, his expression is very unguarded, and by no means warranted by sound theology. How unlike is this enthusiastic rant to that pious song, equally remarkable for truth, simplicity and pathos, which our author has given in the same paper, *When rising from the bed of death!* &c.

It was no doubt the partiality of friendship, that made first Steele (*Spect.* No. 290.) and afterwards Addison (*Spect.* No. 335.) speak in so favourable terms of Ambrose Philips's *Distressed Mother*; which is nothing more than a tolerable version of Racine's *Andromaque*. But the partiality of the critic will be pardoned by those readers who observe, that it has given rise to one of Addison's most entertaining papers. The reflections of Sir Roger de Coverley, on seeing that play, (*Spect.* No. 335.); his taking it sometimes for truth, and sometimes for fable, sometimes for real life, and sometimes for scenical representation, form a mixture of pertinent and absurd remarks, that is truly humorous, and at the same time, considering the speaker, perfectly natural. Such reciprocations of fancy and reason, of forgetfulness and recollection, are common in persons new to the theatre, and little, or not at all, acquainted with Dramatic writing. The story is highly probable of the Scotch Highlander, who, while the heroine in the play was invoking heaven and earth in behalf of an unfortunate queen, jumped upon the stage, incensed at the dastardly indifference (as he thought it) of the audience, and, unsheathing his broad sword, swore that, whatever others might do, he would defend her to the last drop of his blood.—Fielding has very successfully imitated our Author in that part of *Tom Jones*, where Partridge goes to the play of Hamlet.

Blackmore's



Blackmore's *Creation* is by our author honoured with a higher encomium than it is generally thought to deserve. Both Steele and Addison had a kindness for Blackmore, who was in private life a respectable character. Most of his poems are indeed beneath criticism: but from his other works we ought not to judge of this on the *Creation*, which has great merit in the design, and not little in the execution; being more correct in the figurative language, more elevated in the general phraseology, and in the versification more tolerable, than any of his other performances. If Blackmore had never written any thing else, he would have been rated as a poet rather above the middle rank, and as not unworthy of what Addison has said in his praise.

Page xxxiii. line 22.—55. Mr George Arbuthnot remembered to have heard Pope speak of Addison as *a critic of great taste and judgment*. If authorities are allowed to have weight, this may perhaps be thought a counterpoise to that of the great writer who stiyed him an indifferent poet *and worse critic*.

They who blame, or affect to despise, his popular way of illustrating Milton, may with equal reason find fault with his writing periodical papers instead of long-winded dissertations. An author's genius is to be estimated, not by the form or by the name of his writings, but by their consequences. And, according to this rule, Addison's critical talents will be allowed to be great by those who have attended to the effects produced by them, not only in making Milton the object of universal admiration, but also in reforming the public taste in regard to wit, and polite writing in general. Respectable co-adjutors he had no doubt in Swift, Pope, and Steele; but he might have said with truth, that he did more than they all. Swift, unfortunately, tho' a genius of the first magnitude, had less candour than judgment, and less delicacy than candour: Steele, tho' abounding in humour, and well acquainted with life, was an unequal and careless writer, of incorrect taste, and slovenly in composition: and Pope was so much

an imitator, and so constantly engaged in poetical pursuits, that, as an improver of our literature, his influence was not great, except perhaps in establishing, and in some respects refining, that system of versification and poetical phraseology, which he had learned from Dryden.—Every thing in which these authors, considered as reformers of the national taste, were deficient, Addison possessed in a high degree. In judgment, let critics say what they will, he has had few superiors; in delicacy, none: his candour might sometimes be biased by good nature, but not so far as to mislead his readers in any thing material. In harmony and correctness, and all the softer graces of fine writing, he is superior to Swift, and perhaps to every other writer of English prose; in ease, perspicuity, and simplicity of expression, I know not that (making allowance for the inferiority of modern language) he is exceeded by any of the ancients. His sentiments are so well connected, and flow so naturally and equably, without any appearance of art or labour, that we are apt to overlook the originality of many of them, as thinking that the same would have occurred to ourselves, as well as the elegance and propriety of many of his images, as if they must have been obvious to any ordinary imagination. It is not pretended that he is without faults; but his faults are fewer perhaps, and less considerable, (I speak only of his prose) than those of any other author who has written so much. And one may venture to foretel, that, as Addison ceases to be studied as a model, the English tongue will decline in the same proportion; even as the Greek did, after Xenophon and Demosthenes; the Latin, after Cesar and Cicero: and the French, after Vertot, Pascal, Rollin, and Fenelon. To illustrate this remark, by an inquiry into the present state of the English language, might be useful, and may perhaps, one time or other, be attempted; but is too copious a subject for this place.

Page xxxiii. line 34.—<sup>hh</sup>. Dr Johnson here characterises the humour of Addison with singular acuteness of thought and felicity of expression. Many writers seem

seem to think that humour consists in violent and preternatural exaggeration: as there are no doubt many frequenters of the theatre, who find no want of comic powers in the actor who has a sufficient variety of wry faces and antic gestures; and many admirers of farce and fun, with whom bombast and big words would pass for exquisite ridicule. But wry faces are made with little effort, caricatura may be sketched by a very unskilful hand, and he who has no command of natural expression may easily put together gigantic figures and rumbling syllables. It is only a Garrick who can do justice to Benedick and Ranger; but any candle-snuffer might personate Pistol or Bombardion. Addison's humour resembles his style. Every phrase in the one, and circumstance in the other, appears so artless and so obvious, that a person, who had never made the trial would be apt to think nothing more easy, than to feign a story of Sir Roger de Coverley, or compose a vision like that of Mirza. But the art and the difficulty of both are such as Horace had in his mind when he said—

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Ut sibi quivis  
Speret idem; sudet multum, frustra que laboret  
Ausus idem. Tantum series juncturaque pollet,  
Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.

With Johnson's masterly delineation of the peculiarity of Addison's humour I know not how to reconcile some remarks he has made on the character of Sir Roger de Coverley: I am inclined to suppose, that the learned biographer had forgotten some things relating to that gentleman.

He seems to think, that Addison had formed an idea of Sir Roger which he never exhibited compleat; that he has given a small degree of discomposure to the knight's mind, but made little use of it; that Sir Roger's irregularities are the effects of habitual rusticity, and of negligence created by solitary grandeur; and, in short, that Addison was deterred from prosecuting his own design with respect to Sir Roger.

Now

Now I would beg leave to observe, in the first place, That it never was, or could be, the Author's purpose to represent Sir Roger as a person of disordered understanding. This would have made his story either not humorous at all, or humorous in that degree of extravagance, which Addison always avoided, and for avoiding which Dr Johnson justly commends him. Sir Roger has peculiarities; that was necessary to make him a comic character: but they are all amiable, and tend to good; and there is not one of them, that would give offence, or raise contempt or concern, in any rational society. At Sir Roger we never laugh, though we generally smile; but it is a smile,—always of affection, and frequently of esteem.

Secondly: I cannot admit, that there is in this character any thing of *rusticity* (as that word is commonly understood) or any of those habits, or ways of thinking, that solitary grandeur creates. No man on earth affects grandeur less, or thinks less of it, than Sir Roger; and no man is less solitary. His affability, good-humour, benevolence, and love of society; his affection to his friends, respect to his superiors, and gentleness and attention to his dependants, make him a very different being from a rustic; as well as from an imperious landlord who lives retired among flatterers and vassals. Solitary grandeur is apt to engender pride, a passion from which our worthy Baronet is entirely free: and rusticity, as far as it is connected with the mind, implies awkwardness and ignorance, which, if one does not despise, one may pity and pardon, but cannot love with that fondness with which every heart is attached to Sir Roger.

How could our author be deterred from prosecuting his design with respect to this personage! what could deter him? It could only be consciousness of his own inability; and that this was not the case he had given sufficient proof, by exemplifying the character so fully, that every reader finds himself intimately acquainted with it. Considering what is done, one cannot doubt the author's ability to have supported the character through

through a much greater variety of conversation and adventure. But the Spectator, according to the first plan of it, was now drawing to a conclusion; the seventh volume being finished about six weeks after the Knight's death: and perhaps the tradition may be true, that Addison, dissatisfied with Steele's idle story of Sir Roger at a tavern (*Spect.* No. 410.) swore, (which he is said never to have done but on this one occasion) that he would himself kill Sir Roger, lest some body else should murder him.

J. BEATTIE.

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†† Since the former part of these notes was printed off, the following extract from the Annotations on the New Edition of the Tatler (in six volumes) was sent me by a Friend. It seems to be a true account of what was no doubt misrepresented to Dr Johnson, of Addison's lending a hundred pounds to Steele, and reclaiming it by an execution. While such stories circulate in conversation, it is no wonder that by different persons they should be told with different circumstances. " Steele built, and inhabited for a few  
 " years, an elegant house, adjoining to the palace of  
 " Hampton, and which he distinguished by the name  
 " of the Hovel at Hamptonwick. Being embarrassed  
 " in his circumstances, he borrowed a thousand pounds  
 " of Addison, on this house and furniture, giving  
 " bond and judgment for the repayment of the money  
 " at the end of twelve months. On the forfeiture of  
 " the bond, Addison's attorney proceeded to execution,  
 " the house and furniture were sold, the surplus re-  
 " mitted to Steele, with a genteel letter, stating the  
 " friendly reason of this extraordinary procedure,  
 " which was to awaken him, if possible, from a lethar-  
 " gy that must inevitably end in his ruin. Steele  
 " received the letter with his wonted composure and  
 " gaiety, met his friend as usual, said he considered  
 " this step as meant to do him service; and the friend-  
 " ship subsisted to the end of Addison's life, with a  
 Vol. I. f " few

“ few little bickerings (as Dr Birch says) on economical occasions.”

†† In a letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Mr Pope (dated September 1717) I find the following passage: “ I received the news of Mr Addison’s being declared Secretary of State with the less surprize, in that I know that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it; and I really believe, that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the Countess, do not seem to be in prudence eligible for a man that is asthmatic; and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both.”—Addison in one of his letters (to Swift, if I mistake not) speaks with very great satisfaction of his having got rid of his office of Secretary of State.

ADDISON’S

ADDISON'S *first Contribution to the TATLER* <sup>ii</sup>.

\*\*\*\*. THERE is another sort of gentlemen, whom I am much more concerned for, and that is the ingenious fraternity of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member; I mean the news-writers of Great-Britain, whether Postmen or Postboys, or by what other name or title soever dignified or distinguished. The case of these gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the soldier, considering that they have taken more towns, and fought more battles. They have been upon parties and skirmishes, when our armies have lain still, and given the general assault to many a place, when the besiegers were quiet in their trenches. They have made us masters of several strong towns many weeks before our generals could do it; and completed victories, when our greatest captains have been glad to come off with a drawn battle. Where Prince Eugene has slain his thousands, Boyer has slain his ten thousands. This gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his courage and intrepidity during this whole war: he has laid about him with inexpressible fury; and, like the offended Marius of ancient Rome, made such havock among his countrymen, as must be the work of two or three ages to repair. It must be confessed, the redoubted Mr Buckley has shed as much blood as the former; but I cannot forbear saying (and I hope it will not look like envy) that we regard our brother Buckley as a kind of Drawcansir, who spares neither friend nor foe, but generally kills as many of his own side as of the enemy's. It is impossible for this ingenious sort of men to subsist after a peace: every one remembers the shifts they were driven to in the reign of Charles the Second, when they could not furnish out a single paper of news, without lighting up a comet in Germany, or a fire in Moscow. There

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<sup>ii</sup> See the Note <sup>o</sup> p. xxiii.

scarce appeared a letter without a paragraph on an earthquake. Prodigies were grown so familiar, that they had lost their name; as a great poet of this age has it. I remember Mr Dyer, who is justly looked upon, by all fox-hunters in the nation, as the greatest statesman our country has produced, was particularly famous for dealing in whales; inso-much, that in five months time, (for I had the curiosity to examine his letters on that occasion) he brought three into the mouth of the river Thames, besides two porpusses and a sturgeon. The judicious and wary Mr J. Dawks has all along been the rival of this great writer, and got himself a reputation from plagues and famines; by which, in those days, he destroyed as great multitudes, as he has lately done by the sword. In every dearth of news, Grand Cairo was sure to be unpeopled.

It being therefore visible that our society will be greater sufferers by the peace than the soldiery itself, inso-much that the Daily Courant is in danger of being broken, my friend Dyer of being reformed, and the very best of the whole band of being reduced to half-pay; might I presume to offer any thing in the behalf of my distressed brethren, I would humbly move, that an appendage of proper apartments, furnished with pen, ink, and paper, and other necessaries of life, should be added to the hospital of Chelsea, for the relief of such decayed news-writers as have served their country in the wars; and that for their exercise they should compile the annals of their brother-veterans, who have been engaged in the same service, and are obliged to do duty after the same manner.

I cannot be thought to speak this out of an eye to any private interest: for as my chief scenes of action are Coffee-houses, Play-houses, and my own apartment, I am in no need of camps, fortifications, and fields of battle, to support me: I do not call out for heroes and generals to my assistance. Though the officers are broken and the armies disbanded, I shall still be safe, as long as there are men or women, or politicians, or lovers, or poets, or nymphs, or swains, or cits, or courtiers, in being.



ADDISON'S

P A P E R S

IN THE

T A T L E R.

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Thursday May 20, 1709.

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*Quicquid agunt homines—*

*nostri est farrago libelli.*

Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

“Whate’er men do, or say, or think, or dream,

“Our motley paper seizes for its theme.”

*From my own Apartment, May 20\*.*

**I**T is observed, too often, that men of wit do so much employ their thoughts upon fine speculations, that things useful to mankind are wholly neglected; and they are busy in making emendations upon some enclitics in a Greek author, while obvious things, that every man may have use for, are wholly overlooked. It would be an happy thing, if such as have real capacities for public service were employed in works of general use; but because a thing is every body’s business, it is nobody’s business; this is for want of public spirit. As for my part, who am only a student, and a man of no great interest, I can only remark things,

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\* No. 18.

and recommend the correction of them to higher powers. There is an offence I have a thousand times lamented, but fear I shall never see remedied; which is, that in a nation where learning is so frequent as in Great-Britain, there should be so many gross errors as there are in the very directions of things, wherein accuracy is necessary for the conduct of life. This is notoriously observed by all men of letters when they first come to town (at which time they are usually curious that way) in the inscriptions on sign-posts. I have cause to know this matter as well as any body; for I have, when I went to Merchant-Taylors school, suffered stripes for spelling after the signs I observed in my way; though at the same time I must confess staring at those inscriptions first gave me an idea and curiosity for medals; in which I have since arrived at some knowledge. Many a man has lost his way and his dinner by this general want of skill in orthography: for, considering that the painters are usually so very bad, that you cannot know the animal under whose sign you are to live that day, how must the stranger be misled, if it be wrong spelled, as well as ill painted? I have a cousin now in town, who has answered under batchelor at Queen's college, whose name is *Humphrey Mopstaff* (he is a-kin to us by his mother); this young man, going to see a relation in Barbican, wandered a whole day by the mistake of one letter; for it was written, "this is the Beer," instead of "this is the Bear." He was set right at last, by inquiring for the house, of a fellow who could not read, and knew the place mechanically, only by having been often drunk there. But, in the name of goodness, let us make our learning of use to us, or not. Was not this a shame, that a philosopher should be thus directed by a cobbler? I will be sworn, if it were known how many have suffered in this kind by false spelling since the Union, this matter would not long lie thus. What makes these evils the more insupportable is, that they are so easily amended, and nothing done in it. But it is so far from that, that the evil goes on in other arts as well as orthography; places are confounded, as well for want of proper distinctions, as things for want of

of

of true characters. Had I not come by the other day very early in the morning, there might have been mischief done; for a worthy North Briton was swearing at Stocks Market, that they would not let him in at his lodgings; but I, knowing the gentleman, and observing him look often at the king on horseback, and then double his oaths, that he was sure he was right, found he mistook that for Charing Cross, by the erection of the like statue in each place. I grant, private men may distinguish their abodes as they please: as one of my acquaintance, who lives at Marybone, has put a good sentence of his own invention upon his dwelling-place, to find out where he lives: he is so near London, that his conceit is this, "the country in town;" or, "the town in the country;" for you know, if they are both in one, they are all one. Besides that the ambiguity is not of great consequence; if you are safe at the place, it is no matter if you do not distinctly know where the place is. But to return to the orthography of public places; I propose, that every tradesman in the cities of London and Westminster shall give me sixpence a quarter for keeping their signs in repair, as to the grammatical part; and I will take into my house a Swiss count of my acquaintance, who can remember all their names without book, for dispatch sake, setting up the head of the said foreigner for my sign; the features being strong, and fit for hanging high.

*St James's Coffeehouse, May 20.*

This day a mail arrived from Holland, by which there are advices from Paris, that the kingdom of France is in the utmost misery and distraction. The merchants of Lyons have been at court, to remonstrate their great sufferings by the failure of their public credit; but have received no other satisfaction, than promises of a sudden peace; and that their debts will be made good by funds out of the revenue, which will not answer, but in case of the peace which is promised. In the mean time, the cries of the common people are loud for want of bread, the gentry have lost all spirit and zeal for their country, and the king himself seems to languish under the anxiety

of the pressing calamities of the nation, and retires from hearing those grievances which he hath not power to redress. Instead of preparations for war, and the defence of their country, there is nothing to be seen but evident marks of a general despair; processions, fastings, public mournings and humiliations, are become the sole employments of a people, who were lately the most vain and gay of any in the universe.

The Pope has written to the French king on the subject of a peace; and his majesty has answered in the lowliest terms, that he entirely submits his affairs to Divine Providence, and shall soon shew the world, that he prefers the tranquillity of his people to the glory of his arms, and extent of his conquests.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-fourth say, that his excellency the Lord Townshend delivered his credentials on that day to the States General, as plenipotentiary from the queen of Great Britain; as did also count Zinzendorf, who bears the same character from the emperor.

Prince Eugene intended to set out the next day for Prussels, and his grace the duke of Marlborough on the Tuesday following. The marquis de Torcy talks daily of going, but still continues there. The army of the allies is to assemble on the seventh of next month at Helchin; though it is generally believed that the preliminaries to a treaty are fully adjusted.

The approach of the peace strikes a panic through our armies, though that of a battle could never do it; and they almost repent of their bravery, that made such haste to humble themselves and the French king. The duke of Marlborough, though otherwise the greatest general of the age, has plainly shewn himself unacquainted with the arts of husbanding a war. He might have grown as old as the duke of Alva, or prince Waldeck in the Low Countries, and yet have got reputation enough every year for any reasonable man; for the command of General in Flanders hath been ever looked upon as a provision for life. For my part, I cannot see how his grace can answer it to the world, for the great eagerness he hath shewn to send an hundred thousand  
of

of the bravest fellows in Europe a-begging. But the private gentlemen of the infantry will be able to shift for themselves; a brave man can never starve in a country stocked with hen-roosts. "There is not a yard of linen," says my honoured progenitor Sir John Falstaff, "in my whole company: but as for that," says this worthy knight, "I am in no great pain; we shall find shirts on every hedge." There is another sort of gentlemen whom I am much more concerned for, and that is the ingenious fraternity of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member; I mean the news-writers of Great Britain, whether Post-men or Post-boys, or by what other name or title soever dignified or distinguished. The case of these gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the soldiers, considering that they have taken more towns, and fought more battles. They have been upon parties and skirmishes, when our armies have lain still; and given the general assault to many a place, when the besiegers were quiet in their trenches. They have made us masters of several strong towns many weeks before our generals could do it; and compleated victories, when our greatest captains have been glad to come off with a drawn battle. Where prince Eugene has slain his thousands, Boyer has slain his ten thousands. This gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his courage and intrepidity during this whole war; he has laid about him with an inexpressible fury; and, like the offended Marius of ancient Rome, made such havoc among his countrymen, as must be the work of two or three ages to repair. It must be confessed, the redoubted Mr Buckley has shed as much blood as the former; but I cannot forbear saying (and I hope it will not look like envy) that we regard our brother Buckley as a kind of *Dracanser*, who spares neither friend nor foe; but generally kills as many of his own side as the enemies. It is impossible for this ingenious sort of men to subsist after a peace: every one remembers the shifts they were driven to in the reign of king Charles the Second, when they could not furnish out a single paper of news, without lighting up a comet in Germany, or a fire in Moscow. There scarce

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\* Sir Richard Steele assisted in this Paper.

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Thursday May 26, 1709.

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Will's Coffeehouse, May 25\*.

— **T**H O' the theatre is now breaking, it is allowed still to sell animals there; therefore, if any lady or gentleman have occasion for a tame elephant, let them enquire of Mr Pinkethman, who has one to dispose of at a reasonable rate. The downfall of May-fair has quite sunk the price of this noble creature, as well as of many other curiosities of nature. A tiger will sell almost as cheap as an ox; and I am credibly informed, a man may purchase a cat with three legs, for very near the value of one with four. I hear likewise that there is a great desolation among the gentlemen and ladies who were the ornaments of the town, and used to shine in plumes and diadems; the heroes being most of them pressed, and the queens beating hemp. Mrs Sarabrand, so famous for her ingenious puppet-show, has set up a shop in the Exchange, where she sells her little troop under the term of *jointed babies*. I could not but be solicitous to know of her, how she had disposed of that rake-hell Punch, whose lewd life and conversation had given so much scandal, and did not a little contribute to the ruin of the fair. She told me, with a sigh, "That, despairing of ever reclaiming him, she would not offer to place him in a civil family, but got him in a post upon a stall in Wapping, where he may be seen from sun-rising to sun-setting, with a glass in one hand, and a pipe in the other, as centry to a brandy-shop." The great revolutions of this nature bring to my mind the distresses of the unfortunate Camilla, who has had the ill luck to break before her voice, and to disappear at a time when her beauty was in the height of its bloom. This lady entered so thoroughly into the great characters she acted, that when she had finished her part, she could not think

\* NO. 20. Motto, *Quicquid, &c.*

of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the same magnificence that she did upon the stage. This greatness of soul had reduced that unhappy princess to an involuntary retirement, where she now passes her time among the woods and forests, thinking on the crowns and sceptres she has lost, and often humming over in her solitude,

I was born of royal race,  
Yet must wander in disgrace, &c.

But, for fear of being over-heard, and her quality known, she usually sings it in Italian,

*Nacqui al regno, nacqui al trono,  
E per sono  
I venturata pastorella.*

Since I have touched upon this subject, I shall communicate to my reader part of a letter I have received from an ingenious friend at Amsterdam, where there is a very noble theatre; though the manner of furnishing it with actors is something peculiar to that place, and gives us occasion to admire both the politeness and frugality of the people.

“ My friends have kept me here a week longer than  
“ ordinary, to see one of their plays, which was per-  
“ formed last night with great applause. The actors  
“ are all of them tradesmen; who, after their day’s  
“ work is over, earn about a guilder a-night by perso-  
“ nating kings and generals. The hero of the tragedy  
“ I saw was a journeyman tailor, and his first minister  
“ of state a coffee-man. The empress made me think  
“ of Parthenope in the Rehearsal; for her mother  
“ keeps an alehouse in the suburbs of Amsterdam.  
“ When the tragedy was over, they entertained us with  
“ a short farce, in which the cobbler did his part to a  
“ miracle; but, upon enquiry, I found he had really  
“ been working at his own trade, and representing on  
“ the stage what he acted every day in his shop. The  
“ profits of the theatre maintain an hospital; for as  
“ here



“ here they do not think the profession of an actor the  
 “ only trade that a man ought to exercise; so they  
 “ will not allow any body to grow rich in a profession  
 “ that, in their opinion, so little conduces to the good  
 “ of the commonwealth. If I am not mistaken, your  
 “ playhouses in England have done the same thing;  
 “ for, unless I am misinformed, the hospital at Dulwich  
 “ was erected and endowed by Mr Alleyn, a player:  
 “ and it is also said, a famous she-tragedian has settled  
 “ her estate, after her death, for the maintenance of  
 “ decayed wits, who are to be taken in as soon as they  
 “ grow dull, at whatever time of their life that shall  
 “ happen.”

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Saturday, July 16, 1709.

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—*Celebrare domestica facta.*

“ To celebrate domestic deeds.” N.

*St James's Coffee-house, July 15\*.*

**T**HIS is to give notice, that a magnificent palace,  
 with great variety of gardens, statues, and wa-  
 ter-works, may be bought cheap in Drury-lane; where  
 there are likewise several castles to be disposed of, very  
 delightfully situated; as also groves, woods, forests,  
 fountains, and country-seats, with very pleasant prospects  
 on all sides of them; being the moveables of Christo-  
 pher Rich, Esquire, who is breaking up house-keeping,  
 and has many curious pieces of furniture to dispose of,  
 which may be seen between the hours of six and ten in  
 the evening.

The INVENTORY.

Spirits of right Nantz brandy, for lambent flames and apparitions.

Three bottles and an half of lightning.

One shower of snow in the whitest French paper.

Two showers of a browner sort.

VOL. I.

B

A sea

\* No. 42.

A sea, consisting of a dozen large waves; the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and a half of clouds, trimmed with black, and well conditioned.

A rainbow, a little faded.

A set of clouds after the French mode, streaked with lightning, and furbelowed.

A new moon, something decayed.

A pint of the finest Spanish wash, being all that is left of two hogheads sent over last winter.

A coach very finely gilt, and little used, with a pair of dragons, to be sold cheap.

A setting-sun, a pennyworth.

An imperial mantle, made for Cyrus the Great, and worn by Julius Cæsar, Bajazet, King Harry the Eighth, and Signor Valentini.

A basket-hilted sword, very convenient to carry milk in.

Roxana's night-gown.

Othello's handkerchief.

The imperial robes of Xerxes, never worn but once.

A wild boar, killed by Mrs Tofts and Dioclesian.

A serpent to sting Cleopatra.

A mustard-bowl to make thunder with.

Another of a bigger sort, by Mr D——s's directions, little used.

Six elbow-chairs, very expert in country-dances, with six flower-pots for their partners.

The whiskers of a Turkish Bassa.

The complexion of a murderer in a band-box; consisting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coal-black peruke.

A suit of cloaths for a ghost, *viz.* a bloody shirt, a doublet curiously pinked, and a coat with three great eyelet-holes upon the breast.

A bale of red Spanish wool.

Modern plots, commonly known by the name of trap-doors, ladders of ropes, vizard-masques, and tables with broad carpets over them.

Three oak-cudgels, with one of crab-tree; all bought for the use of Mr Pinkethman.

Materials for dancing; as masques, castanets, and a ladder of ten rounds.

Aurengzebe's scymitar, made by Will. Brown in Piccadilly.

A plume of feathers, never used but by Oedipus and the Earl of Essex.

There are also swords, halberds, sheep-hooks, cardinals hats, turbans, drums, gallipots, a gibbet, a cradle, a rack, a cart-wheel, an altar, an helmet, a back-piece, a breast-plate, a bell, a tub, and a jointed-baby.

These are the hard shifts we intelligencers are forced to; therefore our readers ought to excuse us, if a westerly wind, blowing for a fortnight together, generally fills every paper with an order of battle; when we shew our martial skill in every line, and, according to the space we have to fill, we range our men in squadrons and battalions, or draw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever observing, that no muster is to be made, but when the wind is in a cross-point, which often happens at the end of a campaign, when half the men are deserted or killed. The Courant is sometimes ten deep, his ranks close: the Post-boy is generally in files, for greater exactness; and the Post-man comes down upon you rather after the Turkish way, sword in hand, pell-mell, without form or discipline; but sure to bring men enough into the field; and wherever they are raised, never to lose a battle for want of numbers.

Saturday, October 1, 1709.

*From my own Apartment, Sept. 30\*.*

I AM called off from public dissertations by a domestic affair of great importance, which is no less than the disposal of my sister Jenny for life. The girl is a girl of great merit, and pleasing conversation; but I be-

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\* No. 75. Motto, *Quicquid, &c.*—Steele assisted in this Paper.

ing born of my father's first wife, and she of his third, she converses with me rather like a daughter than a sister. I have indeed told her, that if she kept her honour, and behaved herself in such a manner as became the Bickerstaffs, I would get her an agreeable man for her husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a passage in Pliny's "Epistles." That polite author had been employed to find out a consort for his friend's daughter, and gives the following character of a man he had pitched upon: *Aciliano plurimum vigoris & industrie quanquam in maxima verecundia: est illi facies liberalis, multo sanguine, multo rubore, suffusa: est ingenua totius corporis pulchritudo, & quidam senatorius decor, que ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda: debet enim hoc castitati puellarum quasi premium dari.* "Acilianus (for that was the gentleman's name) is a man of extraordinary vigour and industry, accompanied with the greatest modesty: he has very much of the gentleman, with a lively colour, and flush of health in his aspect. His whole person is finely turned, and speaks him a man of quality: which are qualifications that, I think, ought by no means to be over-looked; and should be bestowed on a daughter as the reward of her chastity."

A woman that will give herself liberties, need not put her parents to so much trouble; for if she does not possess these ornaments in a husband, she can supply herself elsewhere. But this is not the case of my sister Jenny, who, I may say without vanity, is as unspotted a spinster as any in Great-Britain. I shall take this occasion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

We have, in the genealogy of our house, the descriptions and pictures of our ancestors from the time of king Arthur; in whose days there was one of my own name a knight of his round table, and known by the name of Sir Isaac Bickerstaff. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a Portuguese Jew. But he was more prudent than men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends his design of lengthening and whitening his posterity. His eldest son Ralph, (for that was his name,)

was for this reason married to a lady who had little else to recommend her, but that she was very tall and very fair. The issue of this match, with the help of high shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age; though the complexion of the family was obscure until the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, until the reign of William the Conqueror, the females of our house were famous for their needlework and fine skins. In the male line, there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of Richard III. the eldest son of Philip, then chief of the family, being born with an hump-back and very high nose. This was the more astonishing, because none of his forefathers ever had such a blemish; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the butler, who was noted for round shoulders, and a Roman nose: what made the nose the less excusable, was the remarkable smallness of his eyes.

These several defects were mended by succeeding matches; the eyes were open in the next generation, and the hump fell in a century and an half: but the greatest difficulty was how to reduce the nose; which I do not find was accomplished until about the middle of the reign of Henry VII. or rather the beginning of that of Henry VIII.

But while our ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the eyes and nose, the face of the Bickerstaffs fell down insensibly into chin; which was not taken notice of, their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble features, until it became almost too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and successive care in our alliances, have cured this also, and reduced our faces into that tolerable oval which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe, that our race suffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of our heiresses with an eminent courtier, who gave us spindleshanks, and cramps in our bones; insomuch that we did not recover our health and legs until Sir Walter Bickerstaff married Maud the milk-maid, of whom the then Garter

ter King at Arms, a facetious person, said pleasantly enough, "that she had spoiled our blood, but mended " our constitutions."

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our persons and features, I cannot but observe, that there are daily instances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's minds and humours. One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skillful gardeners blot a colour out of a tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a shrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raise a jack-pudding from a prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy. It is for want of care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into an house and see such different complexions and humours in the same race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pike-staff, from what mixture it is, that this daughter silently lours, the other steals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a splenetic, and a fifth a coquette.

In this disposal of my sister, I have chosen with an eye to her being a wit, and provided that the bridegroom be a man of a sound and excellent judgment, who will seldom mind what she says when she begins to harangue: for Jenny's only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, fluttish; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into observation, what we think most excellent in ourselves, or most capable of improvement. Thus, my sister, instead of consulting her glass and her toilet for an hour and a half after her private devotions, sits with her nose full of snuff, and a man's night-cap on her head, reading plays and romances. Her wit she thinks her distinction: therefore knows nothing of the skill of dress, or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh to see me often, with my spectacles on, lacing her stays; for she is so very a wit, that she understands no ordinary thing in the world.

For this reason, I have disposed of her to a man of business,

business, who will soon let her see, that to be well dressed, in good humour, and chearful in the command of her family, are the arts and sciences of female life. I could have bestowed her upon a fine gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a coach and six: but I found it absolutely necessary to cross the strain; for had they met, they had entirely been rivals in discourse, and in continual contention for the superiority of understanding, and brought forth critics, pedants, or pretty good poets. As it is, I expect an offspring fit for the habitation of the city, town, or country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

To convince men of the necessity of taking this method, let any one, even below the skill of an astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes Cheapside Conduit, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is very apparent, when I see a citizen pass by, whether his head is upon woollen, silks, iron, sugar, indigo, or stocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time a person of a vast estate, who is the immediate descendant of a fine gentleman, but the great grandson of a broker, in whom his ancestors is now revived. He is a very honest gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily sorry for it; but he cheats by constitution, and over-reaches by instinct.

The happiest of the man who marries my sister will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little bias of fancy, or particularity of manners, which grew in herself, and can be amended by her. From such an untainted couple, we can hope to have our family rise to its ancient splendour of face, air, countenance, manner, and shape, without discovering the product of ten nations in one house. Obadiah Greenhat says, "he never comes into any company in

"England, but he distinguishes the different nations

" of

“ of which we are composed.” There is scarce such a living creature as a true Briton. We sit down indeed all friends, acquaintance, and neighbours; but after two bottles, you see a Dane start up and swear, “ The kingdom is his own.” A Saxon drinks up the whole quart, and swears, “ He will dispute that with him.” A Norman tells them both, “ He will assert his liberty:” and a Welchman cries, “ They are all foreigners and intruders of yesterday,” and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours children, and cousin-germans. For which reason, I say, study your race; or the soil of your family will dwindle into cits or esquires, or run up into wits or madmen.

Saturday, October 15, 1709.

*Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passæ,—  
 Quique pii vates, & Phœbo digna locuti;  
 Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,  
 Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.*

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 660.

Here patriots live, who for their country's good,  
 In fighting fields were prodigal of blood;  
 Here poets worthy their inspiring god,  
 And of unblemish'd life, make their abode:  
 And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,  
 Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts:  
 Those who to worth their bounty did extend;  
 And those who knew that bounty to commend.

DRYDEN.

*From my own Apartment, October 14.*

**T**HERE are two kinds of immortality; that which the soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary existence by which men live in their fame

\* No. 81.—Steele wrote the last paragraph of this Paper.



fame and reputation. The best and greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or the other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter, as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reason that I excluded from my Tables of Fame all the great founders and votaries of religion; and it is for this reason also, that I am more than ordinary anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak; for, since fame was the only end of all their enterprizes and studies, a man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons, which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable vision, which I shall beg leave to describe in all its particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure, that no creature which was not made in an human figure could possibly ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear, or relish this music with pleasure: but my wonder abated, when, upon looking around me, I saw most of them attentive to three Syrens, cloathed like Goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were

seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and groveling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages, were listening to these delusive Deities, those of a more erect aspect, and exalted spirit, separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain from whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter the more they listened to it.

On a sudden methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their swords drawn, some carried rolls of paper in their hands, some had compasses, others quadrants, others telescopes, and others pencils. Some had laurels on their heads, and others buskins on their legs; in short, there was scarce any instrument of a mechanic art, or liberal science, which was not made use of on this occasion. My good demon, who stood at my right hand during the course of this whole vision, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me, "he highly approved that generous ardour with which I seemed transported;" but at the same time advised me "to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent." I took his counsel, without enquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended, and led no farther; and I observed, that most of the artizans, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered by-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that, after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent.

These,

These, as my guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice. Among those who were far advanced in their way, there were some that by one false step fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed that all the different paths which ran about the sides of the mountain began to meet in two great roads; which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road there stood an hideous phantom, that opposed our further passage. One of these apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way. Crouds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out, Death. The spectre that guarded the other road was Envy. She was not armed with weapons of destruction, like the former; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than Death itself, insomuch, that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any farther, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess, my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances; but, on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company, who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by death; while others, who had thought and contemplation in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of æther, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them

reflect with satisfaction on their past toils, and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which shewed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields there stood a palace of a very glorious structure. It had four great folding-doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the Goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheered them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions; a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden, the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or a point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation. The whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward was a beautiful and blooming hero, and, as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a croud of historians. The person who immediately walked before him was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who, not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good dæmon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed, without being seen myself. The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm she bore a harp, and on her head a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the nine sisters that attended on the Goddess of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward; and though  
most

most of the historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself.

The next who advanced was a man of an homely but chearful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. Plato was on his right hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himself have taken a place next to his master Socrates; but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher, with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table, that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared, and took his place. He had enquired at the door for one Luceius to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many other writers, who all, except Sallust, appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the next worthy, who came in with a great retinue of historians, whose names I could not learn, most of them being natives of Carthage. The person thus conducted, who was Hannibal, seemed much disturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board, of the affronts he had met with among the Roman historians, "who attempted," says he, "to carry me into the subterraneous apartment; and perhaps would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this gentleman," pointing to Polybius, "who was the only person, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither."

The Carthaginian took his seat, and Pompey entered with great dignity in his own person, and preceded by  
several

several historians. Lucan the poet was at the head of them, who observing Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him, that whatever pretence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the historians. Lucan was so exasperated with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself; and was heard to say, "that since he could not have a seat among them himself, he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole assembly:" upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with such an air, that shewed he contemned the honour which he had laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to Cæsar was vacant, he took possession of it, and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of precedency, which, according to him, consisted not in place, but in intrinsic merit: to which he added, "that the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated, was always at the upper end of the table." Socrates, who had a great spirit of raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear smiling at a virtue which took so little pains to make itself agreeable. Cicero took the occasion to make a long discourse in praise of Cato, which he uttered with much vehemence. Cæsar answered him with a great deal of seeming temper; but, as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said. But I could not forbear taking notice, that, in all the discourse which passed at the table, a word or nod from Homer decided the controversy.

After a short pause, Augustus appeared, looking round him with a serene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who strove among themselves which of them should shew him the greatest marks of gratitude and respect. Virgil rose from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable guest to all, he appeared more such to the learned, than the military worthies.

The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance. He was slow, solemn, and silent in his behaviour,

behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and, therefore, desired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious existence. At his going out, he told them, "that they did not know whom they dismissed; that he was now Pythagoras, the first of Philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the siege of Troy."—"That may be very true," said Socrates; "but you forget that you have likewise been a very great harlot in your time." This exclusion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a scheme of mathematical figures in his hand; among which I observed a cone and a cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I desired my guide, for variety, to lead me to the fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimæras, and Centaurs, with many other emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and skill to unriddle. The first table was almost full: at the upper end sat Hercules, leaning an arm upon his club; on his right hand were Achilles and Ulysses, and between them Æneas; on his left were Hector, Theseus, and Jason: the lower end had Orpheus, Æsop, Phalaris, and Musæus. The ushers seemed at a loss for a twelfth man, when, methought, to my great joy and surprize, I heard some at the lower end of the table mention Isaac Bickerstaff; but those of the upper end received it with disdain; and said "if they must have a British worthy, they would have Robin Hood."

† While I was transported with the honour that was done me, and burning with envy against my competitor, I was awakened by the noise of the cannon which were then fired for the taking of Mons. I should have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any other occasion; but thought it an agreeable change to have my thoughts diverted from  
the

† This last Paragraph written by Sir R. Steele.

the greatest among the dead and fabulous heroes, to the most famous among the real and the living.

Thursday, October 27, 1709.

*From my own Apartment, October 25\*.*

WHEN I came home last night, my servant delivered me the following letter :

“ S I R,

“ October 24.

“ I have orders from Sir Harry Quickset, of Staffordshire, baronet, to acquaint you, that his honour Sir Harry himself, Sir Giles Wheelbarrow knight, Thomas Rentfree esquire, justice of the quorum, Andrew Windmill esquire, and Mr Nicholas Doubt of the Inner Temple, Sir Harry’s grandson, will wait upon you at the hour of nine to-morrow morning, being Tuesday the twenty-fifth of October, upon business which Sir Harry will impart to you by word of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you before-hand so many persons of quality came, that you might not be surprized therewith. Which concludes, though by many years absence since I saw you at Stafford, unknown, Sir,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ JOHN THRIFTY.”

I received this message with less surprize than I believe Mr Thrifty imagined; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach: but I was in very great concern how I should adjust the ceremonial, and demean myself to all these great men, who perhaps had not seen any thing above themselves for these twenty years last past. I am sure that is the case of Sir Harry. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great point in adjusting my behaviour to the simple



simple squire, so as to give him satisfaction, and not disoblige the justice of the quorum.

The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no sooner set chairs, by the steward's letter, and fixed my tea-equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long silence, which was broke at last by, "Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know better:" and another voice, "Nay, good Sir Giles—" I looked out from my window, and saw the good company all with their hats off, and arms spread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much solemnity, in the order Mr Thrifty was so kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my chamber-door, and I saw my old friend Sir Harry enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a vegetable; for you are to know, that is my sense of a person who remains idle in the same place for half a century. I got him with great success into his chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my cups. The knight-bachelor told me "he had a great respect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir Harry, at whose right hand he had sat at every quarter sessions these thirty years, unless he was sick." The steward in the rear whispered the young Templar, "That is true, to my knowledge." I had the misfortune, as they stood cheek by jole, to desire the squire to sit down before the justice of the quorum, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and resentment of the latter. But I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. "Well," said I, "gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to desire you to drink a dish of tea." They answered one and all, "that they never drank tea in a morning."—"Not in a morning!" said I, staring round me. Upon which the pert jackanapes, Nic Doubt, tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his grandfather. Here followed a profound silence, when the steward in his boots and whip proposed, "that we should adjourn to some public house, where every bo-

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“dy might call for what they pleased, and enter upon  
 “the business.” We all stood up in an instant, and  
 Sir Harry filed off from the left, very discreetly, counter-  
 marching behind the chairs towards the door. After  
 him, Sir Giles in the same manner. The simple  
 squire made a sudden start to follow; but the justice  
 of the quorum whipped between upon the stand of the  
 stairs. A maid going up with coals made us halt, and  
 put us into such confusion, that we stood all in a heap,  
 without any visible possibility of recovering our order;  
 for the young jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this  
 matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us,  
 under pretence of making way, that his grandfather  
 was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of  
 quality to stir a step, until Sir Harry moved first. We  
 were fixed in this perplexity for some time, until we  
 heard a very loud noise in the street; and Sir Harry  
 asking what it was, I, to make them move, said “it  
 “was fire.” Upon this, all ran down, as fast as they  
 could, without order or ceremony, until we got into  
 the street, where we drew up in very good order, and  
 filed off down Sheerlane; the impertinent Templar  
 driving us before him, as in a string, and pointing to  
 his acquaintance who passed by.

I must confess, I love to use people according to their  
 own sense of good breeding, and therefore whipped in  
 between the justice and the simple squire. He could  
 not properly take this ill; but I overheard him whisper  
 the steward, “that he thought it hard, that a common  
 “conjurer should take place of him, though an elder  
 “squire.” In this order we marched down Sheer-  
 lane, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we  
 came to Temple-bar, Sir Harry and Sir Giles got over;  
 but a run of the coaches kept the rest of us on this side  
 of the street; however, we all at last landed, and drew  
 up in very good order before Ben Tooke’s shop, who  
 favoured our rallying with great humanity; from whence  
 we proceeded again, until we came to Dick’s coffee-  
 house, where I designed to carry them. Here we were  
 at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the  
 same ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and  
 were

were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the coffee-house itself, where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it inclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much state and rusticity. Sir Harry called for a mug of ale, and Dyer's Letter. The boy brought the ale in an instant; but said, "they did not take in the Letter." "No!" says Sir Harry, "then take back your mug; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this house!" Here the Templar tipped me a second wink, and, if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short, I observed, after a long pause, that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business until after their morning draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of mum; and, finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second, and a third; after which Sir Harry reached over to me, and told me in a low voice, "that the place was too public for business; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring some more friends with him."

*Tuesday, November 1, 1709.*

*From my own Apartment, October 31\*.*

I WAS this morning awakened by a sudden shake of the house; and as soon as I had got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my landlady came up to me, and told me, "that the gentlewoman of the next house begged me to step thither, for that a lodger she had taken in was run mad; and she desired my advice."

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as indeed every body in the whole lane does upon important occasions. I am not like some artists, faucy because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, "she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard." I went up stairs with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a sudden jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the ceiling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up, alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and, holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shaken it off. He used the left after the same manner, when on a sudden, to my great surprize, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this, he recovered himself with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, until he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim my woman asked "what I thought?" I whispered, "that I thought this learned person an enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the Peripatetic way, which was a sect of philosophers, who always studied when walking." But, observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprized to find him open it, and say with great civility and good mien, that he hoped he had not disturbed us." I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired "he would please to let me see his book." He did so, smiling. I could not make any thing of it, and therefore, asked "in what language it was writ." He said, "it was one he studied with great application; but it

" was

“ was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration.” I answered, “ that I hoped he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himself, for his meditation this morning had cost me three coffee-dishes, and a clean pipe.” He seemed concerned at that, and told me “ he was a dancing-Master, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an academy in France.” He observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me, “ that now articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters; and that there is nothing so common, as to communicate a dance by a letter.” I besought him hereafter to meditate in a ground-room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure several of his thoughts this morning would have shaken my spectacles off my nose, had I been myself at study.

I then took my leave of this virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

Saturday, November 5, 1709.

— *Amoto queramus feria ludo.*

HOR. 1. Sat. 1. 27.

Let us now——

With graver air our serious theme pursue,  
And yet preserve our moral full in view.

FRANCIS.

*Will's Coffee-house, November 4\*.*

THE passion of love happened to be the subject of discourse between two or three of us at the table of the poets this evening; and among other observations, it was remarked, “ that the same sentiment on this passion had run through all languages and nations.”

\* NO. 90.

Memmius,

Memmius, who has a very good taste, fell into a little sort of dissertation on this occasion. "It is," said he, "remarkable, that no passion has been treated, by all who have touched upon it, with the same bent of design but this. The poets, the moralists, the painters, in all their descriptions, allegories, and pictures, have represented it as a soft torment, a bitter sweet, a pleasing pain, or an agreeable distress; and have only expressed the same thought in a different manner."

The joining of pleasure and pain together in such devices, seems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural; and it must have proceeded from its being the universal sense and experience of mankind, that they have all spoken of it in the same manner. I have, in my own reading, remarked an hundred and three epigrams, fifty odes, and ninety-one sentences, tending to this sole purpose.

It is certain, there is no other passion which does produce such contrary effects in so great a degree. But this may be said for love, that if you strike it out of the soul, life would be insipid, and our being but half-animated. Human nature would sink into deadness and lethargy, if not quickened with some active principle; and as for all others, whether ambition, envy, or avarice, which are apt to possess the mind in the absence of this passion, it must be allowed that they have greater pains, without the compensation of such exquisite pleasures as those we find in love. The great skill is to heighten the satisfactions, and deaden the sorrows of it; which has been the end of many of my labours, and shall continue to be so, for the service of the world in general, and in particular of the fair sex, who are always the best or the worst part of it. It is pity that a passion, which has in it a capacity of making life happy, should not be cultivated to the utmost advantage. Reason, prudence, and good-nature, rightly applied, can thoroughly accomplish this great end, provided they have always a real and constant love to work upon. But this subject I shall treat more at large in the history of my married sister, and in the mean time

" shall

shall conclude my reflection on the pains and pleasures which attend this passion, with one of the finest allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine Plato, and, to shew the opinion he himself had of it, ascribed by him to his admired Socrates, whom he represents as discoursing with his friends, and giving the history of Love in the following manner.

“ At the birth of Beauty,” says he, “ there was a great feast made, and many guests invited. Among the rest, was the god Plenty, who was the son of the goddess Prudence, and inherited many of his mother’s virtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the garden of Jupiter, which was hung with a great variety of ambrosial fruits, and seems to have been a very proper retreat for such a guest. In the mean time, an unhappy female called Poverty, having heard of this great feast, repaired to it, in hopes of finding relief. The first place she lights upon was Jupiter’s garden, which generally stands open to people of all conditions. Poverty enters, and by chance finds the god Plenty asleep in it. She was immediately fired with his charms, laid herself down by his side, and managed matters so well, that she conceived a child by him. The world was very much in suspense upon the occasion, and could not imagine to themselves, what would be the nature of an infant that was to have its original from two such parents. At the last, the child appears; and who should it be but Love. This infant grew up, and proved in all his behaviour, what he really was, a compound of opposite beings. As he is the son of Plenty, who was the offspring of Prudence, he is subtle, intriguing, full of stratagems and devices; as the son of Poverty, he is fawning, begging, serenading, delighting to lie at a threshold, or beneath a window. By the father, he is audacious, full of hopes, conscious of merit, and therefore quick of resentment. By the mother, he is doubtful, timorous, mean-spirited, fearful of offending, and abject in submissions. In the same hour you may see him transported with raptures,

“ raptures, talking of immortal pleasures, and appearing satisfied as a god; and immediately after, as the mortal mother prevails in his composition, you behold him pining, languishing, despairing, dying.”

I have been always wonderfully delighted with fables, allegories, and the like inventions, which the politest and the best instructors of mankind have always made use of. They take off from the severity of instruction, and enforce it at the same time that they conceal it. The supposing Love to be conceived immediately after the birth of Beauty; the parentage of Plenty; and the inconsistency of this passion with itself so naturally derived to it, are great master-strokes in this fable; and if they fell into good hands, might furnish out a more pleasing canto than any in Spenser.

Saturday November 12, 1709.

*Will's Coffee-house*, November 11.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I BELIEVE this is the first letter that was ever  
 “ sent you from the middle region, where I am  
 “ at this present writing. Not to keep you in suspense,  
 “ it comes to you from the top of the highest mountain  
 “ in Switzerland, where I am now thivering among  
 “ the eternal frosts and snows. I can scarce  
 “ forbear dating it in December, though they call it  
 “ the first of August at the bottom of the mountain.  
 “ I assure you, I can hardly keep my ink from freezing  
 “ in the middle of the dog-days. I am here entertained  
 “ with the prettiest variety of snow-prospects  
 “ that you can imagine; and have several pits of it before  
 “ me, that are very near as old as the mountain  
 “ itself; for in this country, it is as lasting as marble.  
 “ I am now upon a spot of it, which they tell me fell  
 “ about the reign of Charlemain, or king Pepin. The  
 “ inhabitants of the country are as great curiosities



“ as the country itself. They generally hire themselves  
 “ out in their youth, and if they are musquet-proof un-  
 “ til about fifty, they bring home the money they  
 “ have got, and the limbs they have left, to pass the  
 “ rest of their time among their native mountains.  
 “ One of the gentlemen of the place, who is come off  
 “ with the loss of an eye only, told me by way of boast,  
 “ that there were now seven wooden legs in his fami-  
 “ ly; and that, for these four generations, there had  
 “ not been one in his line that carried a whole body  
 “ with him to the grave. I believe you will think the  
 “ style of this letter a little extraordinary: but the Re-  
 “ hearful will tell you, that people in clouds must not  
 “ be confined to speak sense; and I hope we that are  
 “ above them may claim the same privilege. Where-  
 “ ever I am, I shall always be, Sir,

“ Your most obedient, most humble servant.”

*From my own Apartment, November 11.*

I had several hints and advertisements from unknown  
 hands, that some, who are enemies to my labours, design  
 to demand the fashionable way of satisfaction for the  
 disturbance my Lucubrations have given them. I con-  
 fess, as things now stand, I do not know how to deny  
 such inviters, and am preparing myself accordingly.  
 I have bought pumps and files, and am every morning  
 practising in my chamber. My neighbour, the dan-  
 cing master, has demanded of me, “ why I take this  
 “ liberty, since I would not allow it him?” but I answer-  
 ed, “ his was an act of an indifferent nature, and mine  
 “ of necessity.” My late treatises against duels have so  
 far disoblinded the fraternity of the noble science of de-  
 fence, that I can get none of them to shew me so much  
 as one pass. I am, therefore, obliged to learn by book;  
 and have accordingly several volumes, wherein all the  
 postures are exactly delineated. I must confess, I am  
 shy of letting people see me at this exercise, because  
 of my flannel waistcoat, and my spectacles, which I am  
 forced to fix on, the better to observe the posture of  
 the enemy.

I have upon my chamber walls drawn at full length the figures of all sorts of men, from eight feet to three feet two inches. Within this height, I take it, that all the fighting men of Great-Britain are comprehended. But, as I push, I make allowances for my being of a lank and spare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimensions; for I scorn to rob any man of his life, by taking advantage of his breadth: therefore I press purely in a line down from his nose, and take no more of him to assault than he has of me: for, to speak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part to the right or left, whether it be in *carte* or in *tierce*, beyond the dimensions of the said lean fellow's own breadth, I take it to be murder, and such a murder as is below a gentleman to commit. As I am spare, I am also very tall, and behave myself with relation to that advantage with the same punctilio; and I am ready to stoop or stand, according to the stature of my adversary. I must confess, I have had great success this morning, and have hit every figure round the room in a mortal part, without receiving the least hurt, except a little scratch by falling on my face, in pushing at one at the lower end of my chamber; but I recovered so quick, and jumped so nimbly into my guard, that, if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is confessed I have written against duels with some warmth; but in all my discourses I have not ever said that I knew how a gentleman could avoid a duel if he were provoked to it; and since that custom is now become a law, I know nothing but the legislative power, with new animadversions upon it, can put us in a capacity of denying challenges, though we were afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at present. As things stand, I shall put up no more affronts; and I shall be so far from taking ill words, that I will not take ill looks. I, therefore, warn all hot young fellows not to look hereafter more terrible than their neighbours; for, if they stare at me with their hats cocked higher than other people, I will not bear it. Nay, I give warning to all people in general to look kindly at me; for I will bear no frowns, even from ladies;

dies; and if any woman pretends to look scornfully at me, I shall demand satisfaction of the next of kin of the masculine gender.

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Saturday, November 19, 1709.

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*Is mihi demum vivere & frui animã videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam querit.*  
SALL. Bel. Cat.

In my opinion, he only may be truly said to live, and enjoy his Being, who is engaged in some laudable pursuit, and acquires a name by some illustrious action, or useful art.

*From my own Apartment, November 17<sup>th</sup>.*

IT has cost me very much care and thought to marshal and fix the people under their proper denominations, and to range them according to their respective characters. These my endeavours have been received with unexpected success in one kind, but neglected in another: for though I have many readers, I have but few converts. This must certainly proceed from a false opinion, that what I write is designed rather to amuse and entertain, than convince and instruct. I entered upon my Essays with a declaration that I should consider mankind in quite another manner than they had hitherto been represented to the ordinary world; and asserted, that none but an useful life should be, with me, any life at all. But, lest this doctrine should have made this small progress towards the conviction of mankind, because it may have appeared to the unlearned light and whimsical, I must take leave to unfold the wisdom and antiquity of my first proposition in these my Essays, to wit, that "every worthless man is a dead man." This notion is as old as Pythagoras, in whose school it was a point of discipline, that if among the *Ἀνακτι*, or probationers, there were any who grew weary of studying

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\* No. 96. On the authority of Christ. Byron, Esq.

to be useful, and returned to an idle life, they were to regard them as dead; and, upon their departing, to perform their obsequies, and raise them tombs with inscriptions to warn others of the like mortality, and quicken them to resolutions of refining their souls above that wretched state. It is upon a like supposition, that young ladies, at this very time, in Roman Catholic countries, are received into some nunneries with their coffins, and with the pomp of a formal funeral, to signify, that henceforth they are to be of no further use, and consequently dead. Nor was Pythagoras himself the first author of this symbol, with whom, and with the Hebrews, it was generally received. Much more might be offered in illustration of this doctrine from sacred authority, which I recommend to my reader's own reflection; who will easily recollect, from places which I do not think fit to quote here, the forcible manner of applying the words *dead* and *living*, to men as they are good or bad.

I have, therefore, composed the following scheme of existence for the benefit both of the living and the dead; though chiefly for the latter, whom I must desire to read it with all possible attention. In the number of the dead I comprehend all persons, of what title or dignity soever, who bestow most of their time in eating and drinking, to support that imaginary existence of theirs which they call *Life*; or in dressing and adorning those shadows and apparitions, which are looked upon by the vulgar as real men and women. In short, whoever resides in the world without having any business in it, and passes away an age without ever thinking on the errand for which he was sent hither, is to me a dead man to all intents and purposes; and I desire that he may be so reputed. The living are only those that are some way or other laudably employed in the improvement of their own minds, or for the advantage of others; and even amongst these, I shall only reckon into their lives that part of their time which has been spent in the manner above mentioned. By these means, I am afraid, we shall find the longest lives not to consist of many months, and the greatest part

part of the earth to be quite unpeopled. According to this system we may observe, that some men are born at twenty years of age, some at thirty, some at threescore, and some not above an hour before they die: nay, we may observe multitudes that die without being born, as well as many dead persons that fill up the bulk of mankind, and make a better figure in the eyes of the ignorant, than those who are alive, and in their proper and full state of health. However, since there may be many good subjects, that pay their taxes, and live peaceably in their habitations, who are not yet born, or have departed this life several years since, my design is, to encourage both to join themselves as soon as possible to the number of the living. For as I invite the former to break forth into being, and become good for something; so I allow the latter a state of resuscitation; which I chiefly mention for the sake of a person who has lately published an advertisement, with several scurrilous terms in it, that do by no means become a dead man to give: it is my departed friend John Partridge, who concludes the advertisement of his next year's almanack with the following note:

“Whereas it has been industriously given out by  
 “Isaac Bickerstaff Esquire, and others, to prevent the  
 “sale of this year's almanack, that John Partridge is  
 “dead; this may inform all his loving countrymen,  
 “that he is still living in health, and they are knaves  
 “that reported it otherwise.

“J. P.”

*From my own Apartment, November 18.*

When an engineer finds his guns have not had their intended effect, he changes his batteries. I am forced at present to take this method; and instead of continuing to write against the singularity some are guilty of in their habit and behaviour, I shall henceforward desire them to persevere in it; and not only so, but shall take it as a favour of all the coxcombs in the town, if they will set marks upon themselves, and by some particular

particular in their dress shew to what class they belong. It would be very obliging in all such persons, who feel in themselves that they are not of sound understanding, to give the world notice of it, and spare mankind the pains of finding them out. A cane upon the fifth button shall from henceforth be the type of a Dapper; red-heeled shoes, and an hat hung upon one side of the head, shall signify a Smart; a good *periwig* made into a twist, with a briske cock, shall speak a Mettled Fellow; and an upper lip covered with snuff, denote a Coffee-house Statesman. But as it is required that all coxcombs hang out their signs, it is on the other hand expected that men of real merit should avoid any thing particular in their dress, gait, or behaviour. For, as we old men delight in proverbs, I cannot forbear bringing out one on this occasion, "That good wine needs no bush." I must not leave this subject without reflecting on several persons I have lately met with, who at a distance seem very terrible; but, upon a stricter inquiry into their looks and features, appear as meek and harmless as any of my own neighbours. These are country gentlemen, who of late years have taken up an humour of coming to town in red coats, whom an arch wag of my acquaintance used to describe very well, by calling them "sheep in wolves cloathing." I have often wondered, that honest gentlemen, who are good neighbours, and live quietly in their own possessions, should take it in their heads to frighten the town after this unreasonable manner. I shall think myself obliged, if they persist in so unnatural a dress, notwithstanding any posts they may have in the *militia*, to give away their red coats to any of the soldiery who shall think fit to strip them, provided the said soldiers can make it appear that they belong to a regiment where there is a deficiency in the cloathing.

About two days ago I was walking in the Park, and accidentally met a rural esquire, cloathed in all the types above-mentioned, with a carriage and behaviour made entirely out of his own head. He was of a bulk and stature larger than ordinary, had a red coat, flung open to shew a gay calamanco waistcoat. His *periwig*  
fell

fell in a very considerable bush upon each shoulder, His arms naturally swang at an unreasonable distance from his sides; which, with the advantage of a cane that he brandished in a great variety of irregular motions, made it unsafe for any one to walk within several yards of him. In this manner he took up the whole Mall, his spectators moving on each side of it, whilst he cocked up his hat, and marched directly for Westminster. I cannot tell who this gentleman is, but for my comfort, may say with the lover in Terence, who lost sight of a fine young lady, "Where-ever thou art, thou canst not be long concealed."

Tuesday November 22, 1709.

*Illud maximè rarum genus est eorum, qui aut eccellente ingenii magnitudine, aut præclarâ eruditione atque doctrinâ, aut utràque re ornati, spatium deliberandi habuerunt, quem petissimam vitæ cursum sequi vellent.* TULL. Offic.

There are very few persons of extraordinary genius, or eminent for learning and other noble endowments, who have had sufficient time to consider what particular course of life they ought to pursue.

*From my own Apartment, November 21\*.*

HAVING swept away prodigious multitudes in my last paper, and brought a great destruction upon my own species, I must endeavour in this to raise fresh recruits, and, if possible, to supply the places of the unborn and the deceased. It is said of Xerxes, that when he stood upon a hill, and saw the whole country round him covered with his army, he burst out into tears, to think that not one of that multitude would be alive an hundred years after. For my part, when I take a survey of this populous city, I can scarce forbear weeping, to see how few of its inhabitants are now living.

living. It was with this thought that I drew up my last bill of mortality, and endeavoured to set out in it the great number of persons who have perished by a distemper, commonly known by the name of Idleness, which has long raged in the world, and destroys more in every great town than the plague has done at Dantzick. To repair the mischief it has done, and stock the world with a better race of mortals, I have more hopes of bringing to life those that are young, than of reviving those that are old. For which reason, I shall here set down that noble allegory which was written by an old author called Prodicus, but recommended and embellished by Socrates. It is the description of Virtue and Pleasure, making their court to Hercules under the appearance of two beautiful women.

When Hercules, says the divine moralist, was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red; and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress that she thought were most proper to shew her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she  
stepped



stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed carriage, and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner :

“ My dear Hercules,” says she, “ I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts, upon the way of life that you ought to choose. Be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be, to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratification. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crouds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business.”

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, “ My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.”

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

“ Hercules,” says she, “ I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourself and me an immortal reputation. But, before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, That *there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without pains and labour.* The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshiping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige

“ them ; if you would be honoured by your country,  
 “ you must take care to serve it. In short, if you  
 “ would be eminent in war or peace, you must become  
 “ master of all the qualifications that can make you so.  
 “ These are the only terms and conditions upon which  
 “ I can propose happiness.” The Goddess of Pleasure  
 here broke in upon her discourse. “ You see,” said she,  
 “ Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her plea-  
 “ sure is long and difficult, whereas that which I pro-  
 “ pose is short and easy.” — Alas !” said the other lady,  
 whose visage glowed with a passion made up of scorn  
 and pity, “ what are the pleasures you propose ? To  
 “ eat before you are hungry, drink before you are a-  
 “ thirst, sleep before you are a-tired, to gratify appetites  
 “ before they are raised, and raise such appetites as  
 “ nature never planted. You never heard the most  
 “ delicious music, which is the praise of one’s self ; nor  
 “ saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of  
 “ one’s own hands. Your votaries pass away their  
 “ youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they  
 “ are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for  
 “ old age.

“ As for me, I am the friend of the Gods and of  
 “ good men, an agreeable companion to the artizan,  
 “ an household guardian to the fathers of families, a pa-  
 “ tron and protector of servants, an associate in all true  
 “ and generous friendships. The banquets of my vo-  
 “ taries are never costly, but always delicious ; for none  
 “ eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger  
 “ and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their  
 “ wakings chearful. My young men have the plea-  
 “ sure of hearing themselves praised by those who are  
 “ in years ; and those who are in years, of being ho-  
 “ noured by those who are young. In a word, my  
 “ followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their  
 “ acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after  
 “ the close of their labours, honoured by posterity.”

We know by the life of this memorable hero, to  
 which of these two ladies he gave up his heart ; and I  
 believe, every one who reads this will do him the jus-  
 tice to approve his choice.

modi

I very

I very much admire the speeches of these ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of virtue, or a life of pleasure, that could enter into the thoughts of an heathen: but am particularly pleas'd with the different figures he gives the two goddesses. Our modern authors have represented Pleasure or Vice with an alluring face, but ending in snakes and monsters. Here she appears in all the charms of beauty, though they are all false and borrowed; and by that means composes a vision entirely natural and pleasing.

I have translated this allegory for the benefit of the youth of Great-Britain; and particularly of those who are still in the deplorable state of non-existence, and whom I most earnestly entreat to come into the world; Let my embryos shew the least inclination to any single virtue, and I shall allow it to be a struggling towards birth. I do not expect of them that, like the hero in the foregoing story, they should go about as soon as they are born, with a club in their hands, and a lion's skin on their shoulders, to root out monsters, and destroy tyrants; but, as the finest author of all antiquity has said upon this very occasion, though a man has not the abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.

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*Tuesday, November 29, 1709.*

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*Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.*

VIRG. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Returning justice brings a golden age.

R. W.

*Sheer-lane, November 28\*.*

I Was last week taking a solitary walk in the garden of Lincoln's-Inn (a favour that is indulg'd me by several of the benchers, who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood) when,

according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progress in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the sudden rise of many persons who are my juniors, and indeed at the unequal distribution of wealth, honour, and all other blessings of life. I was lost in this thought, when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and presented me with such an hemisphere of stars, as made the most agreeable prospect imaginable to one who delights in the study of nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into such a bright transparent aether, as made every constellation visible; and at the same time gave such a particular glowing to the stars, that I thought it the richest sky I had ever seen. I could not behold a scene so wonderfully adorned and lighted up, if I may be allowed that expression, without suitable meditations on the author of such illustrious and amazing objects: for on these occasions, philosophy suggests motives to religion, and religion adds pleasure to philosophy.

As soon as I had recovered my usual temper and serenity of soul, I retired to my lodgings, with the satisfaction of having passed away a few hours in the proper employments of a reasonable creature; and promising myself that my slumbers would be sweet, I no sooner fell into them, but I dreamed a dream, or saw a vision, for I know not which to call it, that seemed to rise out of my evening-meditation, and had something in it so solemn and serious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; though, I must confess, the wildness of imagination, which in a dream is always loose and irregular, discovers itself too much in several parts of it.

Methought I saw the same azure sky diversified with the same glorious luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell asleep. I was looking very attentively on that sign in the heavens which is called by the name of the Balance, when on a sudden there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the sun should rise

at midnight. By its increasing in breadth and lustre, I soon found that it approached towards the earth; and at length could discern something like a shadow hovering in the midst of a great glory, which in a little time after I distinctly perceived to be the figure of a woman. I fancied at first it might have been the angel, or intelligence that guided the constellation from which it descended; but, upon a nearer view, I saw about her all the emblems with which the goddess of justice is usually described. Her countenance was unspeakably awful and majestic, but exquisitely beautiful to those whose eyes were strong enough to behold it; her smiles transported with rapture, her frowns terrified to despair. She held in her hand a mirror, endowed with the same qualities as that which the painters put into the hand of Truth.

There streamed from it a light, which distinguished itself from all the splendors that surrounded her, more than a flash of lightning shines in the midst of daylight. As she moved it in her hand, it brightened the heavens, the air, or the earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more supportable, she threw darkness and clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thousand beautiful shades and colours, and multiplied that lustre, which was before too strong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the mean time, the world was in an alarm, and all the inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious plain; so that I seemed to have the whole species before my eyes. A voice was heard from the clouds, declaring the intention of this visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The fear and hope, joy and sorrow, which appeared in that great assembly, after this solemn declaration, are not to be expressed. The first edict was then pronounced, "That all titles and claims to riches and estates, or to any part of them, should be immediately vested in the rightful owner." Upon this, the inhabitants of the earth held up the instruments of their

their tenure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the goddess moved the mirror of truth which she held in her hand, so that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined the several instruments by the beams of it. The rays of this mirror had a particular quality of setting fire to all forgery and falsehood. The blaze of papers, the melting of seals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd scene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then stopped. Though I could not but observe that the flames chiefly broke out among the interlineations and codicils; the light of the mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and recesses of the universe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or design. This occasioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the same time, the spoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious pile, that almost reached to the clouds, and was called, "The mount of restitution;" to which all injured persons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might see crouds of people in tattered garments come up, and change cloaths with others that were dressed with lace and embroidery. Several who were *Plumbs*, or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my concern most was, to see a certain street of the greatest credit in Europe from one end to the other become bankrupt.

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to separate themselves into their proper families; which was no sooner done, but an edict was issued out, requiring all children "to repair to their true and natural fathers." This put a great part of the assembly in motion; for as the mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural instinct, as directed them to their real parents. It was a very melancholy

melancholy spectacle to see the fathers of very large families become childless, and bachelors undone by a charge of sons and daughters. You might see a presumptive heir of a great estate ask blessing of his coachman, and a celebrated toast paying her duty to a *valet de chambre*. Many under vows of celibacy, appeared surrounded with a numerous issue. This change of parentage would have caused great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally those who lost their children, had the satisfaction of seeing them put into the hands of their dearest friends. Men were no sooner settled in their right to their possessions and their progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed, "That all the posts of dignity and honour in the universe should be conferred on persons of the greatest merit, abilities, and perfection." The handsome, the strong, and the wealthy, immediately pressed forward; but, not being able to bear the splendor of the mirror, which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the croud: but as the goddess tried the multitude by her glass, as the eagle does its young ones by the lustre of the sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it, who had not distinguished himself either by virtue, knowledge, or capacity in business, either military or civil. This select assembly was drawn up in the center of a prodigious multitude, which was diffused on all sides, and stood observing them, as idle people use to gather about a regiment that are exercising their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies; in the first, were the men of virtue; in the second, men of knowledge; and in the third, the men of business. It is impossible to look at the first column without a secret veneration, their aspects were so sweetened with humanity, raised with contemplation, emboldened with resolution, and adorned with the most agreeable airs, which are those that proceed from secret habits of virtue. I could not but take notice, that there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to several of their own body.

In the second column, consisting of the men of  
knowledge,

knowledge, there had been great disputes before they fell into the ranks, which they did not do at last without the positive command of the goddess who presided over the assembly. She had so ordered it, that men of the greatest genius and strongest sense were placed at the head of the column. Behind these were such as had formed their minds very much on the thoughts and writings of others. In the rear of the column were men who had more wit than sense, or more learning than understanding. All living authors of any value were ranged in one of these classes; but, I must confess, I was very much surpris'd to see a great body of editors, critics, commentators, and grammarians, meet with so very ill a reception. They had formed themselves into a body, and with a great deal of arrogance demand'd the first station in the column of knowledge; but the goddess, instead of complying with their request, clapp'd them all into liveries, and bid them know themselves for no other but lacquies of the learned.

The third column were men of business, and consisting of persons in military and civil capacities. The former march'd out from the rest, and plac'd themselves in the front; at which the others shook their heads at them, but did not think fit to dispute the post with them. I could not but make several observations upon this last column of people; but I have certain private reasons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the public. In order to fill up all the posts of honour, dignity, and profit, their was a draught made out of each column of men, who were masters of all three qualifications in some degree, and were preferred to stations of the first rank. The second draught was made out of such as were possess'd of any two of the qualifications, who were dispos'd of in stations of a second dignity. Those who were left, and were endow'd only with one of them, had their suitable posts. When this was over, there remained many places of trust and profit unfilled, for which there were fresh draughts made out of the surrounding multitude, who had any appearance of these excellencies, or were recommended by those who possess'd them in reality.



All were surprized to see so many new faces in the most eminent dignities; and, for my own part, I was very well pleas'd to see that all my friends either kept their present posts, or were advanced to higher.

Having fill'd my paper with those particulars of my vision which concern the male part of mankind, I must reserve for another occasion the sequel of it, which relates to the fair sex.

Thursday, December 1, 1709.

—*Postquam fregit subsellia versu,  
Esurit intactam Paridi nisi vendit Agaven.*

Juv. Sat. vii. 87.

But while the common suffrage crown'd his cause,  
And broke the benches with their loud applause;  
His Muse had starv'd, had not a piece unread,  
And by a player bought, supply'd her bread.

DRYDEN.

*From my own Apartment, November 30<sup>th</sup>.*

THE progress of my intended account of what happened when justice visited mortals, is at present interrupted by the observation and sense of an injustice against which there is no remedy, even in a kingdom more happy in the care taken of the liberty and property of the subject, than any other nation upon earth. This iniquity is committed by a most impregnable set of mortals, men who are rogues within the law; and in the very commission of what they are guilty of, professedly own that they forbear no injury, but from the terror of being punished for it. These miscreants are a set of wretches we authors call Pirates, who print any book, poem, or sermon, as soon as it appears in the world, in a smaller volume; and sell it, as all other thieves do stolen goods, at a cheaper rate. I was in my rage call-

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† No. 101.—Sir R. Steele assisted in this Paper.

ling them Rascals, Plunderers, Robbers, Highwaymen : But they acknowledge all that, and are pleased with those, as well as any other titles ; nay, will print them themselves, to turn the penny.

I am extremely at a loss how to act against such open enemies, who have not shame enough to be touched with our reproaches, and are as well defended against what we can say as what we can do. Railing, therefore, we must turn into complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when I consider that all the labours of my long life may be disappointed by the first man that pleases to rob me. I had flattered myself, that my stock of learning was worth a hundred and fifty pounds *per annum*, which would very handsomely maintain me and my little family, who are so happy, or so wise, as to want only necessaries. Before men had come up to this barefaced impudence, it was an estate to have a competency of understanding.

An ingenious droll, who is since dead (and indeed it is well for him he is so, for he must have starved had he lived to this day,) used to give me an account of his good husbandry in the management of his learning. He was a general dealer, and had his amusements as well comical as serious. The merry rogue said, "When we wanted a dinner, he writ a paragraph of Table Talk, and his bookseller upon sight paid the reckoning." He was a very good judge of what would please the people, and could aptly hit both the genius of his readers, and the season of the year, in his writings. His brain, which was his estate, had as regular and different produce as other men's land. From the beginning of November, until the opening of the campaign, he writ pamphlets and letters to members of parliament, or friends in the country. But sometimes he would relieve his ordinary readers with a murder, and lived comfortably a week or two upon "strange and lamentable accidents." A little before the armies took the field, his way was to open your attention with a prodigy ; and a monster, well writ, was two guineas the lowest price. This prepared his readers for his "great and bloody news" from Flanders, in June and July. Poor Tom!

Tom! he is gone—But I observed, he always looked well after a battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting year. Had this honest careless fellow lived until now, famine had stared him in the face, and interrupted his merriment; as it must be a solid affliction to all those whose pen is their portion.

As for my part, I do not speak wholly for my own sake in this point; for palmistry and astrology will bring me in greater gains than these my papers; so that I am only in the condition of a lawyer, who leaves the bar for chamber-practice. However, I may be allowed to speak in the case of learning itself, and lament that a liberal education is the only one which a polite nation makes unprofitable. All mechanical artizans are allowed to reap the fruit of their invention and ingenuity without invasion; but he that has separated himself from the rest of mankind, and studied the wonders of the creation, the government of his passions, and the revolutions of the world, and has an ambition to communicate the effect of half his life spent in such noble enquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is exposed to robbery and want, with this melancholy and just reflection, that he is the only man who is not protected by his country, at the same time that he best deserves it. According to the ordinary rules of computation, the greater the adventure is, the greater ought to be the profit of those who succeed in it; and by this measure, none have pretence of turning their labours to greater advantage than persons brought up to letters. A learned education, passing through great schools and universities, is very expensive; and consumes a moderate fortune, before it is gone through in its proper forms. The purchase of an handsome commission or employment, which would give a man a good figure in another kind of life, is to be made at a much cheaper rate. Now, if we consider this expensive voyage which is undertaken in the search of knowledge, and how few there are who take in any considerable merchandize, how less frequent it is, to be able to turn what men have gained into profit; how hard is it, that the very small number who are distin-

guished with abilities to know how to vend their wares, and have the good fortune to bring them into port; should suffer being plundered by privateers under the very cannon that should protect them! The most eminent useful author of the age we live in, after having laid out a princely revenue in works of charity and beneficence, as became the greatness of his mind, and the sanctity of his character, would have left the person in the world who was the dearest to him in a narrow condition, had not the sale of his immortal writings brought her in a very considerable dowry; though it was impossible for it to be equal to their value. Every one will know, that I here mean the works of the late archbishop of Canterbury \*, the copy of which was sold for two thousand five hundred pounds.

I do not speak with relation to any party; but it has happened, and may often so happen, that men of great learning and virtue cannot qualify themselves for being employed in business, or receiving preferments. In this case, you cut them off from all support, if you take from them the benefit that may arise from their writings. For my own part, I have brought myself to consider things in so unprejudiced a manner, that I esteem more a man who can live by the products of his understanding, than one who does it by the favour of great men.

The zeal of an author has transported me thus far, though I think myself as much concerned in the capacity of a reader. If this practice goes on, we must never expect to see again a beautiful edition of a book in Great-Britain.

We have already seen the Memoirs of Sir William Temple, published in the same character and volume with the history of Tom Thumb, and the works of our greatest poets shrunk into penny books and garlands.

For my own part, I expect to see my Lucubrations printed on browner paper than they are at present, and if the humour continues, must be forced to retrench my expensive way of living, and not smoke above two pipes a-day.

Saturday

\* Dr. John Tillotson.

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Saturday, December 3, 1709.

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*From my own Apartment, December 2\*.*

A Continuation of the Vision.

THE male world were dismissed by the goddess of justice, and disappeared, when on a sudden the whole plain was covered with women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unspeakable pleasure; and as the celestial light of the mirror shone upon their faces, several of them seemed rather persons that descended in the train of the goddess, than such who were brought before her to their trial. The clack of tongues, and confusion of voices, in this new assembly, were so very great, that the goddess was forced to command silence several times, and with some severity, before she could make them attentive to her edicts. They were all sensible that the most important affair among woman-kind was then to be settled, which every one knows to be the point of *place*. This had raised innumerable disputes among them, and put the whole sex into a tumult. Every one produced her claim, and pleaded her pretensions. *Birth, beauty, wit, or wealth*, were words that rung in my ears from all parts of the plain. Some boasted of the merit of their husbands; others of their own power in governing them. Some pleaded their unspotted virginity; others their numerous issue. Some valued themselves as they were the mothers, and others as they were the daughters, of considerable persons. There was not a single accomplishment unmentioned, or unpractised. The whole congregation was full of singing, dancing, tossing, ogling, squeaking, smiling, sighing, fanning, frowning, and all those irresistible arts which women put in practice, to captivate the hearts of reasonable creatures. The goddess, to end this dispute, caused it to be proclaimed, "that every one should

"take place according as she was more or less beauti-

\* NO. 102.

"ful."

“ful.” This declaration gave great satisfaction to the whole assembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its beauties. Such as believed themselves graceful in their motion found an occasion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a false step, that they might shew their persons in the most becoming air. Such as had fine necks and bosoms were wonderfully curious to look over the heads of the multitude, and observe the most distant parts of the assembly. Several clapt their hands on their foreheads, as helping their sight to look upon the glories that surrounded the goddesses, but in reality to shew fine hands and arms. The Ladies were yet better pleased, when they heard “that, “in the decision of this great controversy, each of them “should be her own judge, and take her place according to her own opinion of herself, when she consulted her looking-glass.”

The goddesses then let down the mirror of truth in a golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it descended and approached nearer to the eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this looking-glass, to banish all false appearances, and shew people what they are. The whole woman was represented, without regard to the usual external features, which were made entirely conformable to their real characters. In short, the most accomplished, taking in the whole circle of female perfections, were the most beautiful; and the most defective, the most deformed. The goddesses so varied the motion of the glass, and placed it in so many different lights, that each had an opportunity of seeing herself in it.

It is impossible to describe the rage, the pleasure, or astonishment, that appeared in each face upon its representation in the mirror; multitudes started at their own form, and would have broke the glass if they could have reached it. Many saw their blooming features wither as they looked upon them, and their self-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The lady who was thought so agreeable in her anger, and was so often celebrated for a woman of fire and spirit, was frightened at her own image, and fancied she saw a Fury

in the glass. The interested mistress beheld a Harpy, and the subtle jilt a Sphinx. I was very much troubled in my own heart, to see such a destruction of fine faces; but at the same time had the pleasure of seeing several improved, which I had before looked upon as the greatest master-pieces of nature. I observed, that some few were so humble as to be surprized at their own charms, and that many a one, who had lived in the retirement and severity of a Vestal, shined forth in all the graces and attractions of a Syren. I was ravished at the sight of a particular image in the mirror, which I think the most beautiful object that my eyes ever beheld. There was something more than human in her countenance: her eyes were so full of light, that they seemed to beautify every thing they looked upon. Her face was enlivened with such a florid bloom, as did not so properly seem the mark of health, as of immortality. Her shape, her stature, and her mien, were such as distinguished her even there, where the whole fair sex was assembled.

I was impatient to see the lady represented by so divine an image, whom I found to be the person that stood at my right hand, and in the same point of view with myself. This was a little old woman, who in her prime had been about five feet high, though at present shrunk to about three quarters of that measure. Her natural aspect was puckered up with wrinkles, and her head covered with gray hairs. I had observed all along an innocent cheerfulness in her face, which was now heightened into rapture, as she beheld herself in the glass. It was an odd circumstance in my dream, but I cannot forbear relating it, I conceived so great an inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of discouraging her upon the point of marriage, when on a sudden she was carried from me; for the word was now given, that all who were pleased with their own images should separate, and place themselves at the head of their sex.

This detachment was afterwards divided into three bodies, consisting of maids, wives, and widows; the wives being placed in the middle, with the maids on the

the right, and widows on the left, though it was with difficulty that these two last bodies were hindered from falling into the centre. This separation of those who liked their real selves not having lessened the number of the main body so considerably as it might have been wished, the goddess, after having drawn up her mirror, thought fit to make new distinctions among those who did not like the figure which they saw in it. She made several wholesome edicts, which are slipped out of my mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their kind, and executed with great severity. Their design was, to make an example of two extremes in the female world; of those who are very severe on the conduct of others, and of those who are very regardless of their own. The first sentence, therefore, the goddess pronounced was, that all females addicted to censoriousness and detraction should lose the use of speech; a punishment which would be the most grievous to the offender, and, what should be the end of all punishments, effectual for rooting out the crime. Upon this edict, which was as soon executed as published, the noise of the assembly very considerably abated. It was a melancholy spectacle, to see so many who had the reputation of rigid virtue struck dumb. A lady who stood by me, and saw my concern, told me "she wondered how I could be concerned for such a pack of —." I found, by the shaking of her head, she was going to give me their characters; but, by her saying no more, I perceived she had lost the command of her tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are distinguished by the name of Prudes, a courtly word for female hypocrites, who have a short way to being virtuous, by shewing that others are vicious. The second sentence was then pronounced against the loose part of the sex, that all should immediately be pregnant, who in any part of their lives had run the hazard of it. This produced a very goodly appearance, and revealed so many misconducts, that made those who were lately struck dumb repine  
more



more than ever at their want of utterance; though, at the same time, as afflictions seldom come single, many of the mutes were also seized with this new calamity. The ladies were now in such a condition, that they would have wanted room, had not the plain been large enough to let them divide their ground, and extend their lines on all sides. It was a sensible affliction to me, to see such a multitude of fair ones, either dumb or big-bellied. But I was something more at ease when I found they agreed upon several regulations to cover such misfortunes. Among others, that it should be an established maxim in all nations, that a woman's first child might come into the world within six months after her acquaintance with her husband; and that grief might retard the birth of her last until fourteen months after his decease.

This vision lasted until my usual hour of waking, which I did with some surprise, to find myself alone, after having been engaged almost a whole night in so prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with wonder at the partiality and extravagance of my vision; which, according to my thoughts, has not done justice to the sex. If virtue in men is more venerable, it is in women more lovely; which Milton has very finely expressed in his *Paradise Lost*, where Adam, speaking to Eve, after having asserted his own pre-eminence, as being first in creation and internal faculties, breaks out into the following rapture:

— Yet when I approach

Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
 And in herself compleat, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do, or say,  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded. Wisdom, in discourse with her  
 Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shews.  
 Authority and reason on her wait,  
 As one intended first, not after made  
 Occasionally: and, to consummate all,  
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat

Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

Tuesday, December 6, 1709.

— *Hæ nugæ seria ducunt*

*In mala, derisum semel, exceptumque sinistro.*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 452.

These toys will once to serious mischiefs fall,  
When he is laugh'd at, when he's jeer'd by all :

CREECH.

*From my own Apartment, December 5\*.*

**T**HERE is nothing gives a man a greater satisfaction, than the sense of having dispatched a great deal of business, especially when it turns to the public emolument. I have much pleasure of this kind upon my spirits at present, occasioned by the fatigue of affairs which I went through last Saturday. It is some time since I set apart that day for examining the pretensions of several who had applied to me for canes, perspective-glasses, snuff-boxes, orange-flower waters, and the like ornaments of life. In order to adjust this matter, I had before directed Charles Lillie, of Beaufort-Buildings, to prepare a great bundle of blank licences in the following words :

“ You are hereby required to permit the bearer of  
“ this cane to pass and repass through the streets and  
“ suburbs of London, or any place within ten miles of  
“ it, without let or molestation, provided that he does  
“ not walk with it under his arm, brandish it in the  
“ air, or hang it on a button ; in which case it shall be  
“ forfeited ; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any  
“ one who shall think it safe to take it from him.

“ ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.”

The  
\* No. 103.—*Sir R. Steele assisted in this Paper.*

The same form, differing only in the provisos, will serve for a perspective, snuff-box, or perfumed handkerchief. I had placed myself in my elbow-chair at the upper end of my great parlour, having ordered Charles Lillie to take his place upon a joint-stool, with a writing-desk before him. John Morpew also took his station at the door; I having, for his good and faithful services, appointed him my chamber-keeper upon court-days. He let me know, that there was a great number attending without. Upon which I ordered him to give notice, that I did not intend to sit upon snuff-boxes that day; but that those who appeared for canes might enter. The first presented me with the following petition, which I ordered Mr Lillie to read.

“ TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire, Censor of Great-Britain.

“ The humble petition of SIMON TRIPIT,

“ Sheweth,

“ That your petitioner having been bred up to a cane from his youth, it is now become as necessary to him as any other of his limbs.

“ That, a great part of his behaviour depending upon it, he should be reduced to the utmost necessities if he should lose the use of it.

“ That the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it, or whistling with it on his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation, that he does not know how to be good company without it.

“ That he is at present engaged in an amour, and must despair of success if it be taken from him.

“ Your petitioner, therefore, hopes, that, the premises tenderly considered, your worship will not deprive him of so useful and so necessary a support.

“ And your petitioner shall ever, &c.”

Upon the hearing of his case, I was touched with some compassion, and the more so, when, upon obser-

ving him nearer, I found he was a *Prig*. I bid him produce his cane in court, which he had left at the door. He did so, and I finding it to be very curiously clouded, with a transparent amber head, and a blue ribband to hang upon his wrist, I immediately ordered my clerk Lillie to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint, headed with walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by degrees, permitted him to wear it three days in a week, and to abate proportionably until he found himself able to go alone.

The second who appeared came limping into the court: and setting forth in his petition many pretences for the use of a cane, I caused them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different stories, and confronting him with several witnesses who had seen him walk upright, I ordered Mr Lillie to take in his cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.

A third made his entry with great difficulty leaning upon a slight stick, and in danger of falling every step he took. I saw the weakness of his hams; and hearing that he had married a young wife about a fortnight before, I bid him leave his cane, and gave him a pair of crutches, with which he went off in great vigour and alacrity. This gentleman was succeeded by another, who seemed very much pleased while his petition was reading, in which he had represented, That he was extremely afflicted with the gout, and set his foot upon the ground with the caution and dignity which accompany that distemper. I suspected him for an impostor, and having ordered him to be searched, I committed him into the hands of doctor Thomas Smith in King-street, my own corn-cutter, who attended in an outward room, and wrought so speedy a cure upon him, that I thought fit to send him also away without his cane.

While I was thus dispensing justice, I heard a noise in my outward room; and enquiring what was the occasion of it, my door-keeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very fact as he was passing by my door. They immediately brought in a lively fresh-coloured young man, who made great resistance with hand and foot, but did not offer to make use of his  
cane,

cane, which hung upon his fifth button. Upon examination, I found him to be an Oxford scholar, who was just entered at the Temple. He at first disputed the jurisdiction of the court; but, being driven out of his little law and logic, he told me very pertly, "that he looked upon such a perpendicular creature as man to make a very imperfect figure without a cane in his hand. It is well known," says he, "we ought, according to the natural situation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet; and that the wisdom of the ancients had described man to be an animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night; by which they intimated, that the cane might very properly become part of us in some period of life." Upon which I asked him, "whether he wore it at his breast to have it in readiness when that period should arrive?" My young lawyer immediately told me, "he had a property in it, and a right to hang it where he pleased, and to make use of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it;" and further said, "that he never took it off his button, unless it were to lift it up at a coach-man, hold it over the head of a drawer, point out the circumstances of a story, or for other services of the like nature, that are all within the laws of the land." I did not care for discouraging a young man, who, I saw, would come to good; and, because his heart was set upon his new purchase, I only ordered him to wear it about his neck, instead of hanging it upon his button, and so dismissed him.

There were several appeared in court, whose pretensions I found to be very good, and, therefore, gave them their licences upon paying their fees; as many others had their licences renewed, who required more time for recovery of their lameness than I had before allowed them.

Having dispatched this set of my petitioners, there came in a well-dressed man, with a glass tube in one hand, and his petition in the other. Upon his entering the room, he *threw back the right side of his wig*, put forward

forward his right leg, and advancing the glass to his right eye, aimed it directly at me. In the mean while, to make my observations also, I put on my spectacles; in which posture we surveyed each other for some time. Upon the removal of our glasses, I desired him to read his petition, which he did very promptly and easily; though at the same time it set forth, "that he could see nothing distinctly, and was within very few degrees of being utterly blind;" concluding with a prayer, "that he might be permitted to strengthen, and extend his sight by a glass." In answer to this I told him, "he might sometimes extend it to his own destruction. As you are now," said I, "you are out of the reach of beauty; the shafts of the finest eyes lose their force before they can come at you; you cannot distinguish a Teast from an orange-wench; you can see a whole circle of beauty without any interruption from an impertinent face to discompose you. In short, what are snares for others—" My petitioner would hear no more, but told me very seriously, "Mr Bickerstaff, you quite mistake your man; it is the joy, the pleasure, the employment of my life, to frequent public assemblies, and gaze upon the fair." In a word, I found his use of a glass was occasioned by no other infirmity but his vanity, and was not so much designed to make him see, as to make him be seen and distinguished by others. I, therefore, refused him a licence for a perspective, but allowed him a pair of spectacles, with full permission to use them in any public assembly as he should think fit. He was followed by so very few of this order of men, that I have reason to hope this sort of cheats is almost at an end.

The orange-flower men appeared next with petitions, perfumed so strongly with musk, that I was almost overcome with the scent; and for my own sake was obliged forthwith to licence their handkerchiefs, especially when I found they had sweetened them at Charles Lillie's, and that some of their persons would not be altogether inoffensive without them. John Morphey\*, whom I have made the general of my dead men,

\* *Publisher of the First Edit. of the Tatler in half sheets.* ac-

acquainted me, "that the petitioners were all of that order, and could produce certificates to prove it, if I required it." I was so well pleased with this way of their embalming themselves, that I commanded the abovesaid Morpheus to give it in orders to his whole army, that every one, who did not surrender himself up to be disposed of by the upholders, should use the same method to keep himself sweet during his present state of putrefaction.

I finished my session with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done; for, however slightly men may regard these particulars, and little follies in dress and behaviour, they lead to greater evils. The bearing to be laughed at for such singularities, teaches us insensibly an impertinent fortitude, and enables us to bear public censure for things which more substantially deserve it. By this means they open a gate to folly, and oftentimes render a man so ridiculous, as to discredit his virtues and capacities, and unqualify them from doing any good in the world. Besides, the giving into uncommon habits of this nature, is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind, and, what is worst of all, the certain indication of some secret flaw in the mind of the person that commits them. When I was a young man, I remember a gentleman of great integrity and worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad belt, and a hanger instead of a fashionable sword, though in all other points a very well-bred man. I suspected him at first sight to have something wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to discover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for six-and-thirty years, when at last, to the surprize of every body but myself, who had long expected to see the folly break out, he married his own cookmaid.

Saturday,

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Saturday, December 17, 1709.

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*Pronaque cùm spectant animalia cætera terram,  
Or homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri  
Jussit*——— OVID. Met. i. 85.

Thus, while the mute creation downward bend  
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,  
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes  
Beholds his own hereditary skies. DRYDEN.

Sheer-lane, December 16\*.

**I**T is not to be imagined how great an effect well-disposed lights, with proper forms and orders in assemblies, have upon some tempers. I am sure I feel it in so extraordinary a manner, that I cannot in a day or two get out of my imagination any very beautiful or disagreeable impression which I receive on such occasions. For this reason I frequently look in at the play-house, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with some new ideas, that may be serviceable to me in my Lucubrations.

In this disposition I entered the theatre the other day, and placed myself in a corner of it very convenient for seeing, without being myself observed. I found the audience hushed in a very deep attention, and did not question but some noble tragedy was just then in its crisis, or that an accident was to be unravelled, which would determine the fate of a hero. While I was in this suspense, expecting every moment to see my old friend Mr. Betterton appear in all the majesty of distress, to my unspeakable amazement there came up a monster with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raised himself on one leg in such a perpendicular posture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head. It afterwards twisted itself into the motions and wreathings of several different animals,



and after great variety of shapes and transformations, went off the stage in the figure of a human creature. The admiration, the applause, the satisfaction of the audience, during this strange entertainment, is not to be expressed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear countrymen, and looked about with some apprehension, for fear any foreigner should be present. Is it possible, thought I, that human nature can rejoice in its disgrace, and take pleasure in seeing its own figure turned to ridicule, and distorted into forms that raise horror and aversion? There is something disingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear such a sight. Men of elegant and noble minds are shocked at seeing the characters of persons who deserve esteem for their virtue, knowledge, or services to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by misrepresentation made the subject of buffoonery. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that those who have nothing but the outward figure to distinguish them as men, should delight in seeing humanity abused, vilified, and disgraced.

I must confess, there is nothing that more pleases me, in all that I read in books, or see among mankind, than such passages as represent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean. A skilful artist may draw an excellent picture of him in either of these views. The finest authors of antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural grandeur of the soul, raise in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between gods and brutes. In short, it is impossible to read a page in Plato, Tully, and a thousand other ancient moralists, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish French authors, or those of our own country, who are the imitators and admirers of that

trifling nation, without being for some time out of humour with myself, and at every thing about me. Their business is to depreciate human nature, and consider it under its worst appearances. They give mean interpretations and base motives to the worthiest actions: they resolve virtue and vice into constitution. In short, they endeavour to make no distinction between man and man, or between the species of men and that of brutes. As an instance of this kind of authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated Rochefoucault, who is the great philosopher for administering of consolation to the idle, the envious, and worthless part of mankind.

I remember a young gentleman of moderate understanding, but great vivacity, who, by dipping into many authors of this nature, had got a little smattering of knowledge, just enough to make an atheist or a free-thinker, but not a philosopher or a man of sense. With these accomplishments, he went to visit his father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honest man, and wise, though not learned. The son, who took all opportunities to shew his learning, began to establish a new religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowness of their country notions; in which he succeeded so well, that he had seduced the butler by his table-talk, and staggered his eldest sister. The old gentleman began to be alarmed at the schisms that arose among his children, but did not yet believe his son's doctrine to be so pernicious as it really was, until one day talking of his setting dog, the son said, "he did not question but "Trey was as immortal as any one of the family;" and in the heat of the argument told his father, "that, for "his own part, he expected to die like a dog." Upon which, the old man starting up in a very great passion, cried out, "Then, firrah, you shall live like one;" and taking his cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his system. This had so good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a benchman in the Middle-Temple.

I do not mention this cudgelling part of the story with a design to engage the secular arm in matters of  
this

this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itself in affairs of opinion and speculation, it ought to do it on such shallow and despicable pretenders to knowledge, who endeavour to give man dark and uncomfortable prospects of his being, and destroy those principles which are the support, happiness, and glory of all public societies, as well as private persons.

I think it is one of Pythagoras's golden sayings, "That a man should take care above all things to have a due respect for himself." And it is certain, that this licentious sort of authors, who are for depreciating mankind, endeavour to disappoint and undo what the most refined spirits have been labouring to advance since the beginning of the world. The very design of dress, good breeding, outward ornaments, and ceremony, were to lift up human nature, and set it off to an advantage. Architecture, painting, and statuary, were invented with the same design; as indeed every art and science contributes to the embellishment of life, and to the wearing off and throwing into shades the mean and low parts of our nature. Poetry carries on this great end more than all the rest, as may be seen in the following passage taken out of Sir Francis Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," which gives a truer and better account of this art than all the volumes that were ever written upon it.

"Poetry, especially heroical, seems to be raised altogether from a noble foundation, which makes much for the dignity of man's nature. For seeing this sensible world is in dignity inferior to the soul of man, poetry seems to endow human nature with that which history denies; and to give satisfaction to the mind, with at least the shadow of things, where the substance cannot be had. For if the matter be thoroughly considered, a strong argument may be drawn from poetry, that a more stately greatness of things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety, delights the soul of man, than any way can be found in nature since the fall. Wherefore, seeing the acts and events, which are the subjects of true history, are not of that amplitude as to content the mind of man;

I 2

"poesy

"poesy is ready at hand to feign acts more heroical.  
 "Because true history reports the successes of business  
 "not proportionable to the merit of virtues and vices,  
 "poesy corrects it, and presents events and fortunes  
 "according to desert, and according to the law of Pro-  
 "vidence: because true history, through the frequent  
 "satiety and similitude of things, works a distaste and  
 "misprision in the mind of man; poesy cheareth and  
 "refresheth the soul, chanting things rare and various,  
 "and full of vicissitudes. So as poesy serveth and con-  
 "ferreth to delectation, magnanimity, and morality;  
 "and, therefore, it may seem deservedly to have some  
 "participation of divineness, because it doth raise the  
 "mind, and exalt the spirit with high raptures, by pro-  
 "portioning the shews of things to the desires of the  
 "mind, and not submitting the mind to things, as rea-  
 "son and history do. And by these allurements and  
 "congruities, whereby it cherisheth the soul of man,  
 "joined also with consort of music, whereby it may  
 "more sweetly insinuate itself, it hath won such access,  
 "that it hath been in estimation even in rude times,  
 "and barbarous nations, when other learning stood ex-  
 "cluded."

But there is nothing which favours and falls in with  
 this natural greatness and dignity of human nature so  
 much as religion, which does not only promise the en-  
 tire refinement of the mind, but the glorifying of the  
 body, and the immortality of both.

Thursday, December 22, 1709.

—*Quæ lucis miseris tam dira cupido?*

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 721.

Gods! can the wretches long for life again?

PITT.

Sheer-lane, December 21\*.

AS soon as I had placed myself in my chair of ju-  
 dicature, I ordered my clerk, Mr Lilliet, to read

\* No. 110.—Sir R. Steele assisted in this Paper.

to

† A Shop-keeper who took in Letters for the Tatler, Spectator, &c.

to the assembly, who were gathered together according to notice, a certain declaration, by way of charge, to open the purpose of my session, which tended only to this explanation, that as other courts were often called to demand the execution of persons dead in law; so this was held to give the last orders relating to those who are dead in reason. The solicitor of the new company of upholders near the Hay-market appeared in behalf of that useful society, and brought in an accusation of a young woman, who herself stood at the bar before me. Mr Lillie read her indictment, which was in substance, “ That, whereas Mrs Rebecca Pindust, of the parish of Saint Martin in the Fields, had, by the use of one instrument called a Looking-glass, and by the further use of certain attire, made either of cambric, muslin, or other linen wares, upon her head, attained to such an evil art and magical force in the motion of her eyes and turn of her countenance, that she the said Rebecca had put to death several young men of the said parish; and that the said young men had acknowledged in certain papers, commonly called love-letters, which were produced in court, gilded on the edges, and sealed *with a particular wax*, with certain amorous and enchanting words wrought upon the said seals, that they died for the said Rebecca: and, whereas the said Rebecca persisted in the said evil practice; this way of life the said society construed to be, according to former edicts, a state of death, and demanded an order for the interment of the said Rebecca.”

I looked upon the maid with great humanity, and desired her to make answer to what was said against her. She said, “ It was indeed true, that she had practised all the arts and means she could, to dispose of herself happily in marriage, but thought she did not come under the censure expressed in my writings for the same; and humbly hoped I would not condemn her for the ignorance of her accusers, who, according to their own words, had rather represented her killing, than dead.” She further alledged, “ That the expressions mentioned in the papers written to her  
“ were

“ were become mere words, and that she had been always ready to marry any of those who said they died for her; but that they made their escape, as soon as they found themselves pitied or believed.” She ended her discourse, by desiring I would, for the future, settle the meaning of the words “ I die,” in letters of love.

Mrs Pindust behaved herself with such an air of innocence, that she easily gained credit, and was acquitted. Upon which occasion, I gave it as a standing rule, “ that any person, who in any letter, billet, or discourse, should tell a woman he died for her, should, if she pleased, be obliged to live with her, or be immediately interred upon such their own confession, without bail or mainprize.”

It happened, that the very next who was brought before me was one of her admirers, who was indicted upon that very head. A letter, which he acknowledged to be his own hand, was read, in which were the following words: “ Cruel creature, I die for you.” It was observable that he took snuff all the time his accusation was reading. I asked him, “ how he came to use these words, if he were not a dead man?” He told me, “ he was in love with the lady, and did not know any other way of telling her so; and that all his acquaintance took the same method.” Though I was moved with compassion towards him, by reason of the weakness of his parts, yet for example-sake I was forced to answer, “ Your sentence shall be a warning to all the rest of your companions, not to tell lies for want of wit.” Upon this, he began to beat his snuff-box with a very faucy air; and, opening it again, “ Faith, Isaac,” said he, “ thou art a very unaccountable old fellow—Pry’thee, who gave thee power of life and death? What a-pox hast thou to do with ladies and lovers? I suppose thou wouldst have a man be in company with his mistress, and say nothing to her. Dost thou call breaking a jest, telling a lie? Ha! is that thy wisdom, old stiff-rump, ha?” He was going on with this insipid common-place mirth, sometimes opening his box, sometimes shutting it, then viewing the  
picture

picture on the lid, and then the workmanship of the hinge, when, in the midst of his eloquence, I ordered his box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately struck speechless, and carried off stone dead.

The next who appeared was a hale old fellow of sixty. He was brought in by his relations, who desired leave to bury him. Upon requiring a distinct account of the prisoner, a credible witness deposed, "that he always rose at ten of the clock, played with his cat until twelve, smoked tobacco until one, was at dinner until two, then took another pipe, played at back-gammon until six, talked of one Madam Frances, an old mistress of his, until eight, repeated the same account at the tavern until ten, then returned home, took the other pipe, and then to bed." I asked him, "what he had to say for himself?"—"As to what," said he, "they mention concerning Madam Frances——"

I did not care for hearing the Canterbury tale, and, therefore, thought myself seasonably interrupted by a young gentleman, who appeared in the behalf of the old man, and prayed an arrest of judgement; "for that he the said young man held certain lands by his the said old man's life." Upon this, the solicitor of the upholders took an occasion to demand him also, and thereupon produced several evidences that witnessed to his life and conversation. It appeared, that each of them divided their hours in matters of equal moment and importance to themselves and to the public. They rose at the same hour: while the old man was playing with his cat, the young one was looking out of his window; while the old man was smoking his pipe, the young man was rubbing his teeth; while one was at dinner, the other was dressing; while one was at back-gammon, the other was at dinner; while the old fellow was talking of Madam Frances, the young one was either at play, or toasting women whom he never conversed with. The only difference was, that the young man had never been good for any thing; the old man, a man of worth before he knew Madam Frances.

Upon

Upon the whole, I ordered them to be both interred together, with inscriptions proper to their characters, signifying, that the old man died in the year 1689, and was buried in the year 1709; and over the young one it was said, that he departed this world in the twenty-fifth year of his death.

The next class of criminals were authors in prose and verse. Those of them who had produced any still-born work were immediately dismissed to their burial, and were followed by others, who, notwithstanding some sprightly issue in their life-time, had given proofs of their death by some posthumous children, that bore no resemblance to their elder brethren. As for those who were the fathers of a mixed progeny, provided always they could prove the last to be a live child, they escaped with life, but not without loss of limbs; for, in this case, I was satisfied with amputation of the parts which were mortified.

These were followed by a great crowd of superannuated benchers of the inns of court, senior fellows of colleges, and defunct statesmen; all whom I ordered to be decimated indifferently, allowing the rest a reprieve for one year, with a promise of a free pardon in case of resuscitation.

There were still great multitudes to be examined; but, finding it very late, I adjourned the court, not without the secret pleasure that I had done my duty, and furnished out an handsome execution.

Going out of the court, I received a letter, informing me, "that, in pursuance of the edict of justice in  
" one of my late visions, all those of the fair sex began  
" to appear pregnant who had run any hazard of it,  
" as was manifest by a particular swelling in the petti-  
" coats of several ladies in and about this great city." I must confess, I do not attribute the rising of this part of the dress to this occasion, yet must own, that I am very much disposed to be offended with such a new and unaccountable fashion. I shall, however, pronounce nothing upon it, until I have examined all that can be said for and against it. And, in the mean time, think fit to give this notice to the fair ladies who are



now making up their winter suits, that they may abstain from all dresses of that kind, until they shall find what judgement will be passed upon them; for it would very much trouble me, that they should put themselves to an unnecessary expence; and I could not but think myself to blame, if I should hereafter forbid them the wearing of such garments, when they have laid out money upon them, without having given them any previous admonition.

Saturday, December 24, 1709.

—*Procul, O! Procul, este profani!*

Hence, ye profane! far hence be gone!

Sheer-lane, December 23\*.

**T**HE watchman, who does me particular honours: as being the chief man in the lane, gave so very great a thump at my door last night, that I awakened at the knock, and heard myself complimented with the usual salutation of, “Good-morrow, Mr Bickerstaff; good-morrow, my masters all.” The silence and darkness of the night disposed me to be more than ordinarily serious; and as my attention was not drawn out among exterior objects by the avocations of sense, my thoughts naturally fell upon myself. I was considering, amidst the stillness of the night, what was the proper employment of a thinking being? what were the perfections it should propose to itself? and, what the end it should aim at? My mind is of such a particular cast, that the falling of a shower of rain, or the whistling of wind, at such a time, is apt to fill my thoughts with something awful and solemn. I was in this disposition, when our bellman began his midnight homily, which he has been repeating to us every winter night for these twenty years, with the usual exordium:

VOL. I. K “Oh!

\* No. III.—Sir R. Steele assisted in this Paper.

“ Oh! mortal man, thou that art born in sin!”

Sentiments of this nature, which are in themselves just and reasonable, however debas'd by the circumstances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their natural effect in a mind that is not perverted and deprav'd by wrong notions of gallantry, politeness, and ridicule. The temper which I now found myself in, as well as the time of the year, put me in mind of those lines in Shakspeare, wherein, according to his agreeable wildness of imagination, he has wrought a country tradition into a beautiful piece of poetry. In the tragedy of Hamlet, where the ghost vanishes upon the cock's crowing, he takes occasion to mention its crowing all hours of the night about Christmas time, and to insinuate a kind of religious veneration for that season.

“ It faded on the crowing of the cock.

“ Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes

“ Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

“ The bird of dawning singeth all night long.

“ And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad :

“ The nights are wholsome; then no planets strike,

“ No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm ;

“ So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.”

This admirable author, as well as the best and greatest men of all ages, and of all nations, seems to have had his mind thoroughly seasoned with religion, as is evident by many passages in his plays, that would not be suffered by a modern audience : and are, therefore, certain instances that the age he lived in had a much greater sense of virtue than the present.

It is indeed a melancholy reflection to consider, that the British nation, which is now at a greater height of glory for its councils and conquests than it ever was before, should distinguish itself by a certain looseness of principles, and a falling-off from those schemes of thinking, which conduce to the happiness and perfection of human nature. This evil comes upon us from the works of a few solemn blockheads, that meet together,

with

with the zeal and seriousness of apostles, to extirpate common sense, and propagate infidelity. These are the wretches, who, without any shew of wit, learning, or reason, publish their crude conceptions with an ambition of appearing more wise than the rest of mankind, upon no other pretence than that of dissenting from them. One gets by heart a catalogue of title-pages and editions; and, immediately, to become conspicuous, declares that he is an unbeliever. Another knows how to write a receipt, or cut up a dog, and forthwith argues against the immortality of the soul. I have known many a little wit, in the ostentation of his parts, rally the truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it. These poor wretches talk blasphemy for want of discourse, and are rather the objects of scorn or pity, than of our indignation; but the grave disputant, that reads and writes, and spends all his time in convincing himself and the world that he is no better than a brute, ought to be whipped out of a government, as a blot to civil society, and a defamer of mankind. I love to consider an infidel, whether distinguished by the title of deist, atheist, or free-thinker, in three different lights, in his solitudes, his afflictions, and his last moments.

A wise man, that lives up to the principles of reason and virtue, if one considers him in his solitude, as in taking in the system of the universe, observing the mutual dependence and harmony, by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his passions, or swelling his thoughts with magnificent ideas of Providence, makes a nobler figure in the eye of an intelligent being, than the greatest conqueror amidst all the pomps and solemnities of a triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous animal than an atheist in his retirement. His mind is incapable of rapture or elevation. He can only consider himself as an insignificant figure in a landscape, and wandering up and down in a field or a meadow, under the same terms as the meanest animals about him, and subject to as total a mortality as they; with this aggravation, that he

is the only one amongst them, who lies under the apprehension of it.

In distresses, he must be of all creatures the most helpless and forlorn; he feels the whole pressure of a present calamity, without being relieved by the memory of any thing that is past, or the prospect of any thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greatest blessing that he proposes to himself, and an halter or a pistol the only refuge he can fly to. But, if you would behold one of these gloomy miscreants in his poorest figure, you must consider him under the terrors, or at the approach of death.

About thirty years ago I was a shipboard with one of these vermin, when there arose a brisk gale, which could frighten nobody but himself. Upon the rolling of the ship, he fell upon his knees, and confessed to the chaplain, "that he had been a vile atheist, and had denied a Supreme Being ever since he came to his estate." The good man was astonished, and a report immediately run through the ship, "that there was an atheist upon the upper-deck." Several of the common seamen, who had never heard the word before, thought it had been some strange fish; but they were more surprized when they saw it was a man, and heard out of his own mouth, that he never believed until that day that there was a God. As he lay in the agonies of confession, one of the honest tars whispered to the boatswain, "that it would be a good deed to heave him overboard." But we were now within sight of port, when of a sudden the wind fell, and the penitent relapsed, begging all of us that were present, "as we were gentlemen, not to say any thing of what had passed."

He had not been ashore above two days, when one of the company began to rally him upon his devotion on shipboard, which the other denied in so high terms, that it produced the lie on both sides, and ended in a duel. The atheist was run through the body, and after some loss of blood, became as good a Christian as he was at sea, until he found that his wound was not mortal. He is at present one of the free-thinkers of the

the age, and now writing a pamphlet against several received opinions concerning the existence of fairies.

As I have taken upon me to censure the faults of the age and country in which I live, I should have thought myself inexcusable to have passed over this crying one, which is the subject of my present discourse. I shall, therefore, from time to time, give my countrymen particular cautions against this distemper of the mind, that is almost become fashionable, and by that means more likely to spread. I have somewhere either read or heard a very memorable sentence, "that a man would be a most insupportable monster, should he have the faults that are incident to his years, constitution, profession, family, religion, age, and country;" and yet every man is in danger of them all. For this reason, as I am an old man, I take particular care to avoid being covetous, and telling long stories. As I am choleric, I forbear not only swearing, but all interjections of fretting, as pugh! or pish! and the like. As I am a lay-man, I resolve not to conceive an aversion for a wife and a good man, because his coat is of a different colour from mine. As I am descended of the antient family of the Bickerstaffs I never call a man of merit an upstart. As a Protestant, I do not suffer my zeal so far to transport me, as to name the Pope and the Devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate age, I guard myself particularly against the folly I have been now speaking of. And as I am an Englishman, I am very cautious not to hate a stranger, or despise a poor Palatine.

Saturday

Saturday, December 31, 1709.

*Ut in vita, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum & humanissimum existimamus, severitatem comitatemque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat.* PLIN. Epist.

As in a man's life, so in his studies, I think it the most beautiful and humane thing in the world, so to mingle gravity with pleasantry, that the one may not sink into melancholy, nor the other rise up into wantonness.

Sheer-lane, December 30\*.

I Was walking about my chamber this morning in a very gay humour, when I saw a coach stop at my door, and a youth about fifteen alighting out of it, whom I perceived to be the eldest son of my bosom friend, that I gave some account of in my paper of the seventeenth of the last month. I felt a sensible pleasure rising in me at the sight of him, my acquaintance having begun with his father when he was just such a stripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burst out in tears. I was extremely moved, and immediately said, "Child, how does your Father do?" He began to reply, "My mother——" But could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the coach, and gathered out of him, "that his mother was then dying, and that, while the holy man was doing the last offices to her, he had taken that time to come and call me to his father, who, he said, would certainly break his heart, if I did not go and comfort him." The child's discretion in coming to me of his own head, and the tenderness he shewed for his parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not resolved to fortify myself for the seasonable performances of those duties which I owed to my friend. As we were going,  
I could

\* No. 114.—Sir R. Steele *assisted* in this Paper.

I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent woman, and the greatness of his grief for the loss of one who has ever been the support to him under all other afflictions. How, thought I, will he be able to bear the hour of her death, that could not, when I was lately with him, speak of a sickness, which was then past, without sorrow! We were now got pretty far into Westminster, and arrived at my friend's house. At the door of it I met Favonius, not without a secret satisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly conversed with him at this house; and as he abounds with that sort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful, and never leads the conversation into the violence and rage of party-disputes, I listened to him with great pleasure. Our discourse chanced to be upon the subject of death, which he treated with such a strength of reason, and greatness of soul, that, instead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated altogether to be contemned, or rather to be desired. As I met him at the door, I saw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an air of fortitude and resolution, which, as I afterwards found, had such an irresistible force, as to suspend the pains of the dying, and the lamentation of the nearest friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where she lay, and was met at the entrance by my friend, who, notwithstanding his thoughts had been composed a little before, at the sight of me turned away his face and wept. The little family of children renewed the expressions of their sorrow according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. The eldest daughter was in tears, busied in attendance upon her mother; others were kneeling about the bedside; and what troubled me most was, to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sisters did. The only one in the room who seemed resigned and comforted was the dying person. At my approach to the bedside, she told me, with a low broken voice, "This is kindly done—Take care of your friend—do not go from him!" She had before taken leave of  
her

her husband and children, in a manner proper for so solemn a parting, and with a gracefulness peculiar to a woman of her character. My heart was torn in pieces, to see the husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments; and the wife even at that time concealing the pains she endured, for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the moment of her departure, my friend, who had thus far commanded himself, gave a deep groan, and fell into a swoon by her bedside. The distraction of the children, who thought they saw both their parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest heart; but they soon perceived their father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a resolution to accompany him until the first pangs of his affliction were abated. I knew consolation would now be impertinent; and, therefore, contented myself to sit by him, and condole with him in silence. For I shall here use the method of an ancient author, who, in one of his epistles, relating the virtues and death of Macrinus's wife, expresses himself thus: "I shall suspend my advice to this best of friends, until he is made capable of receiving it by those three great remedies, the necessity of submission, length of time, and satiety of grief."

In the mean time, I cannot but consider, with much commiseration, the melancholy state of one who has had such a part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of life. His condition is like that of one who has lately lost his right arm, and is every moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loses the relish of all the pleasures and diversions that were before entertaining to him by her participation of them. The most agreeable objects recall the sorrow for her with whom he used to enjoy them. This additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the society of  
one



one we love, is admirably described by Milton, who represents Eve, though in Paradise itself, no further pleased with the beautiful objects around her, than as she sees them in company with Adam, in that passage so inexpressibly charming :

“ With thee conversing, I forget all time ;  
 “ All seasons, and their change ; all please alike.  
 “ Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
 “ With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,  
 “ When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 “ His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
 “ Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth  
 “ After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on  
 “ Of grateful evening mild : then, silent night,  
 “ With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
 “ And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.  
 “ But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
 “ With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun  
 “ On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 “ Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;  
 “ Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,  
 “ With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,  
 “ Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.”

The variety of images in this passage is infinitely pleasing, and the recapitulation of each particular image, with a little varying of the expression, makes one of the finest turns of words that I have ever seen : which I rather mention, because Mr Dryden has said, in his preface to Juvenal, that he could meet with no turn of words in Milton.

It may be further observed, that though the sweetness of these verses has something in it of a pastoral, yet it excels the ordinary kind, as much as the scene of it is above an ordinary field or meadow. I might here, since I am accidentally led into this subject, shew several passages in Milton that have as excellent turns of this nature as any of our English poets whatsoever ; but shall only mention that which follows, in which he describes the fallen angels engaged in the intricate dis-

pates of predestination, free-will, and fore-knowledge; and, to humour the perplexity, makes a kind of labyrinth in the very words that describe it.

- “ Others apart sit on a hill retir’d,  
 “ In thoughts more elevate, and reason’d high  
 “ Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate;  
 “ Fix’d fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute;  
 “ And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.”

*Thursday, January 5, 1709-10.*

—*Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.*

OVID.

The young lady is the least part of herself.

Sheer-lane, *January 4* \*.

**T**HE court being prepared for proceeding on the cause of the petticoat, I gave orders to bring in a criminal, who was taken up as she went out of the puppet-show about three nights ago, and was now standing in the street, with a great concourse of people about her. Word was brought me, that she had endeavoured twice or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reason of her petticoat, which was too large for the entrance of my house, though I had ordered both the folding-doors to be thrown open for its reception. Upon this, I desired the jury of matrons, who stood at my right-hand, to inform themselves of her condition, and know whether there were any private reasons why she might not make her appearance separate from her petticoat. This was managed with great discretion, and had such an effect, that upon the return of the verdict from the bench of matrons, I issued out an order forthwith, “ that the criminal should be stripped of her incumbrances, until she became little enough to enter my house.” I had before given directions for an engine of several legs, that could contract or open it-

self like the top of an *umbrella*, in order to place the petticoat upon it, by which means I might take a leisurely survey of it, as it should appear in its proper dimensions. This was all done accordingly; and forthwith, upon the closing of the engine, the petticoat was brought into court. I then directed the machine to be set upon the table, and dilated in such a manner as to shew the garment in its utmost circumference; but my great hall was too narrow for the experiment: for before it was half-unfolded, it described so immoderate a circle, that the lower part of it brushed upon my face as I sat in my chair of judicature. I then enquired for the person that belonged to the petticoat; and to my great surprize, was directed to a very beautiful young damsel, with so pretty a face and shape, that I bid her come out of the crowd, and seated her upon a little *crook* at my left hand. "My pretty maid," said I, "do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?" The girl, I found, had good sense, and told me with a smile, that "notwithstanding it was her own petticoat, she should be very glad to see an example made of it; and that she wore it for no other reason, but that she had a mind to look as big and burly as other persons of her quality; that she had kept out of it as long as she could, and until she began to appear little in the eyes of her acquaintance; that, if she laid it aside, people would think she was not made like other women." I always give great allowances to the fair sex upon account of the fashion, and therefore was not displeas'd with the defence of my pretty criminal. I then ordered the vest which stood before us to be drawn up by a pully to the top of my great hall, and afterwards to be spread open by the engine it was placed upon, in such a manner, that it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over our heads, and covered the whole court of judicature with a kind of silken rotunda, in its form not unlike the cupola of Saint Paul's. I entered upon the whole cause with great satisfaction as I sat under the shadow of it.

The counsel for the petticoat were now called in, and

ordered to produce what they had to say against the popular cry which was raised against it. They answered the objections with great strength and solidity of argument, and expatiated in very florid harangues, which they did not fail to set off and *furbelow*, if I may be allowed the metaphor, with many periodical sentences and turns of oratory. The chief arguments for their client were taken, first, from the great benefit that might arise to our woollen manufactory from this invention, which was calculated as follows: The common petticoat has not above four yards in the circumference; whereas this over our heads had more in the semi-diameter; so that, by allowing it twenty-four yards in the circumference, the five millions of woollen petticoats which, according to Sir William Petty, supposing what ought to be supposed in a well-governed state, that all petticoats are made of that stuff, would amount to thirty millions of those of the ancient mode. A prodigious improvement of the woollen trade! and what could not fail to sink the power of France in a few years.

To introduce the second argument, they begged leave to read a petition of the rope-makers, wherein it was represented, "that the demand for cords, and "the price of them, were much risen since this fashion "came up." At this, all the company who were present lifted up their eyes into the vaults: and I must confess, we did discover many traces of cordage, which were interwoven in the stiffening of the drapery.

A third argument was founded upon a petition of the Greenland trade, which likewise represented the great consumption of whale-bone which would be occasioned by the present fashion, and the benefit which would thereby accrue to that branch of the British trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the weight and unwieldiness of the garment, which they insinuated might be of great use to preserve the honour of families.

These arguments would have wrought very much upon me, as I then told the company in a long elaborate

rate discourse, had I not considered the great and additional expence which such fashions would bring upon fathers and husbands; and, therefore, by no means to be thought of until some years after a peace. I further urged, that it would be a prejudice to the ladies themselves, who could never expect to have any money in the pocket, if they laid out so much on the petticoat. To this I added, the great temptation it might give to virgins, of acting in security like married women, and by that means give a check to matrimony, an institution always encouraged by wise societies.

At the same time, in answer to the several petitions produced on that side, I shewed one subscribed by the women of several persons of quality, humbly setting forth, "that, since the introduction of this mode, their respective ladies had, instead of bestowing on them their cast gowns, cut them into shreds and mixed them with the cordage and buckram, to complete the stiffening of their under petticoats." For which, and sundry other reasons, I pronounced the petticoat a forfeiture: but, to shew that I did not make that judgement for the sake of *filthy lucre*, I ordered it to be folded up, and sent it as a present to a widow-gentleman, who has five daughters; desiring she would make each of them a petticoat out of it, and send me back the remainder, which I design to cut into stomachers, caps, facings of my waistcoat-sleeves, and other garnitures suitable to my age and quality.

I would not be understood, that, while I discard this monstrous invention, I am an enemy to the proper ornaments of the fair sex: On the contrary, as the hand of nature has poured on them such a profusion of charms and graces, and sent them into the world more amiable and finished than the rest of her works; so I would have them bestow upon themselves all the additional beauties that art can supply them with, provided it does not interfere with disguise, or pervert those of nature.

I consider woman as a beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast its skin

at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot, and swan shall *pay contributions* to her muff; the sea shall be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature furnish out its share towards the embellishment of a creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can nor will allow it.

Saturday, January 7, 1709-10.

*Durate, & vosmet rebus servate secundis.*

VIRG. EN. i. 211.

Endure the hardships of your present state,  
Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate.

DRYDEN.

Sheer-lane, January 6\*.

WHEN I look into the frame and constitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction, than that tenderness and concern which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the wealth, strength, beauty, and success, that can be conferred upon a mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings as is vested in himself, and in his own private property. By this means, every man that does himself any real service does me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and

\* NO. 117.

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partake of many gifts of fortune and power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice as the deliverance of good and generous spirits out of dangers, difficulties, and distresses. And because the world does not supply instances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such an humanity and benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the history of ages past, which draws together into a narrow compass the great occurrences and events that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time, which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great man, who has deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of prejudice and envy, breaking out with lustre, and shining forth in all the splendour of success, I close my book, and am an happy man for a whole evening.

But since in history events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthless and the deserving, infomuch that we frequently see a virtuous man dying in the midst of disappointments and calamities, and the vicious ending their days in prosperity and peace; I love to amuse myself with the accounts I meet with in fabulous histories and fictions: for in this kind of writing we have always the pleasure of seeing vice punished, and virtue rewarded. Indeed, were we able to view a man in the whole circle of his existence, we should have the satisfaction of seeing it close with happiness or misery, according to his proper merit; but though our view of him is interrupted by death before the finishing of his adventures, if I may so speak, we may be sure that the conclusion and catastrophe is altogether suitable to his behaviour. On the contrary, the whole being of a man, considered as an hero or a knight-errant, is comprehended within the limits of a poem or romance, and, therefore, always ends to our satisfaction; so that inventions of this kind are like food and exercise to a good-natured disposition, which they please and gratify at the same time that they nourish and strengthen. The greater the affliction is in which we see our favourites in these relations engaged,

ged, the greater is the pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

Among the many feigned histories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the hero's perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a *French author* whose name I have forgot. It so happens, that the hero's mistress was the sister of his most intimate friend, who for certain reasons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his country in quest of adventures. The hero having heard of his friend's death, immediately repaired to his mistress, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he discovered at a distance a man clasped in her arms, and embraced with the most endearing tenderness. What should he do? It did not consist with the gentleness of a knight-errant either to kill his mistress, or the man whom she was pleased to favour. At the same time, it would have spoiled a romance, should he have laid violent hands on himself. In short, he immediately entered upon his adventures; and after a long series of exploits, found out by degrees that the person he saw in his mistress's arms was her own brother, taking leave of her before he left his country, and the embrace she gave him nothing else but the affectionate farewell of a sister: so that he had at once the two greatest satisfactions that could enter into the heart of man, in finding his friend alive whom he thought dead, and his mistress faithful whom he had believed inconstant.

There are indeed some disasters so very fatal, that it is impossible for any accidents to rectify them. Of this kind was that of poor Lucretia; and yet we see Ovid has found an expedient even in this case. He describes a beautiful and royal virgin walking on the sea-shore, where she was discovered by Neptune, and violated after a long and unsuccessful importunity. To mitigate her sorrow, he offers her whatever she could wish for. Never certainly was the wit of woman more puzzled in finding out a stratagem to retrieve her honour. Had she desired to be changed into a stock or stone, a beast, fish, or fowl, she would have been a loser



fer by it: or had she desired to have been made a sea-nymph, or a goddess, her immortality would but have perpetuated her disgrace, "Give me, therefore," said she, "such a shape as may make me incapable of suffering again the like calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already suffered." To be short, she was turned into a man, and by that only means avoided the danger and imputation she so much dreaded.

I was once myself in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows: When I was a youth in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate,

We were in a calm evening diverting ourselves upon the top of the cliff with the prospect of the sea, and trifling away the time in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious an height upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, It is not in the power of heaven to relieve me! when I awaked, equally transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an affliction which, the very moment before, appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The impressions of grief and horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted they made me more miserable than I was at the real death of this beloved

ved person, which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded; inasmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myself in a sort an accessary; whereas her real decease had at least these alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the description of Dover-cliff in Shakspeare's tragedy of King Lear, without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, must have a good head, or a very bad one.

Come on, Sir, here's the place; stand still! how fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low?  
The crows and *choughs* that *wing* the midway air,  
Show scarce as gross as beetles. Half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire—Dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.  
The fishermen that walk upon the beach  
Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring bark  
Diminish'd to her *boat*\*; her *boat*! a buoy  
Almost too small for fight. The murmuring surge,  
That on th' unnumber'd *idle pebbles* beats,  
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,  
Lest my brain turn.

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Thursday, January 12, 1709-10.

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*In tenui labor.*——

VIRG. Georg. lib. iv. 6.

“ In wisdom hast thou made them all!”

PSALM civ. 24.

Sheer-lane, January 11 †.

I HAVE lately applied myself with much satisfaction to the curious discoveries that have been made

\* In both places should be read *cock*.

† No. 117.

made by the help of microscopes, as they are related by authors of our own and other nations. There is a great deal of pleasure in prying into this world of wonders, which nature has laid out of sight, and seems industrious to conceal from us. Philosophy had ranged over all the visible creation, and began to want objects for her enquiries, when the present age, by the invention of glasses, opened a new and inexhaustible magazine of rarities, more wonderful and amazing than any of those which astonished our forefathers. I was yesterday amusing myself with speculations of this kind, and reflecting upon myriads of animals that swim in those little seas of juices that are contained in the several vessels of an human body. While my mind was thus filled with that secret wonder and delight, I could not but look upon myself as in an act of devotion, and am very well pleased with the thought of the great heathen anatomist, who calls his description of the parts of an human body, "An Hymn to the Supreme Being." The reading of the day produced in my imagination an agreeable morning's dream, if I may call it such; for I am still in doubt whether it passed in my sleeping or waking thoughts. However it was, I fancied that my good genius stood at my bed's head, and entertained me with the following discourse; for, upon my rising, it dwelt so strongly upon me, that I writ down the substance of it, if not the very words.

"If," said he, "you can be so transported with those productions of nature which are discovered to you by those artificial eyes that are the works of human invention, how great will your surprize be, when you shall have it in your power to model your own eye as you please, and adapt it to the bulk of objects, which, with all these helps, are by infinite degrees too minute for your perception. We who are unbodied spirits can sharpen our sight to what degree we think fit, and make the least work of the creation distinct and visible. This gives us such ideas as cannot possibly enter into your present conceptions. There is not the least particle of matter which may not furnish one of us sufficient employment for a

“ whole eternity. We can still divide it, and still open it,  
 “ and still discover new wonders of Providence, as we  
 “ look into the different texture of its parts, and meet  
 “ with beds of vegetables, minerals, and metallic mix-  
 “ tures, and several kinds of animals that lie hid, and  
 “ as it were lost, in such an endless fund of mat-  
 “ ter. I find you are surprized at this discourse; but,  
 “ as your reason tells you there are infinite parts in  
 “ the smallest portion of matter, it will likewise convince  
 “ you, that there is as great a variety of secrets, and  
 “ as much room for discoveries, in a particle no bigger  
 “ than the point of a pin, as in the globe of the whole  
 “ earth. Your microscopes bring to sight shoals of  
 “ living creatures in a spoonful of vinegar; but we who  
 “ can distinguish them in their different magnitudes,  
 “ see among them several huge Leviathans that terrify  
 “ the little fry of animals about them, and take their  
 “ pastime as in an ocean, or the great deep.” I could  
 not but smile at this part of his relation, and told him,  
 “ I doubted not but he could give me the history of  
 “ several invisible giants, accompanied with their res-  
 “ pective dwarfs, in case that any of these little beings  
 “ are of an human shape.” “ You may assure your-  
 “ self,” said he, “ that we see in these little animals  
 “ different natures, instincts, and modes of life, which  
 “ correspond to what you observe in creatures of big-  
 “ ger dimensions. We descry millions of species sub-  
 “ sisted on a green leaf, which your glasses represent  
 “ only in crouds and swarms. What appears to your  
 “ eye but hair and down rising on the surface of it, we  
 “ find to be woods and forests, inhabited by beasts of  
 “ prey, that are as dreadful in those their little haunts,  
 “ as lions and tigers in the deserts of Libya.” I was  
 much delighted with this discourse, and could not for-  
 bear telling him, “ that I should be wonderfully plea-  
 “ sed to see a natural history of imperceptibles, con-  
 “ taining a true account of such vegetables and animals  
 “ as grow and live out of sight.” “ Such disquifi-  
 “ tions,” answered he, “ are very suitable to reasonable  
 “ creatures; and you may be sure, there are many  
 “ curious spirits among us who employ themselves in  
 “ such

“ such amusements. For as our hands, and all our  
“ senses, may be formed to what degree of strength  
“ and delicacy we please, in the same manner as our  
“ sight, we can make what experiments we are inclin-  
“ ed to, how small soever the matter be in which we  
“ make them. I have been present at the dissection of  
“ a mite, and have seen the skeleton of a flea. I have  
“ been shewn a forest of numberless trees which has  
“ been picked out of an acorn. Your microscope  
“ can shew you in it a compleat oak in miniature;  
“ and could you suit all your organs as we do,  
“ you might pluck an acorn from this little oak,  
“ which contains another tree; and so proceed from  
“ tree to tree, as long as you would think fit to  
“ continue your disquisitions. It is almost impossible,”  
added he, “ to talk of things so remote from common  
“ life, and the ordinary notions which mankind re-  
“ ceive from blunt and gross organs of sense, without  
“ appearing extravagant and ridiculous. You have  
“ often seen a dog opened, to observe the circulation  
“ of the blood, or make any other useful enquiry; and  
“ yet would be tempted to laugh if I should tell you,  
“ that a circle of much greater philosophers than any  
“ of the Royal Society, were present at the cutting up  
“ of one of those little animals which we find in the  
“ blue of a plumb: that it was tied down alive before  
“ them; and that they observed the palpitations of the  
“ heart, the course of the blood, the working of the  
“ muscles, and the convulsions in the several limbs,  
“ with great accuracy and improvement.” “ I must  
“ confess,” said I, “ for my own part, I go along with  
“ you in all your discoveries with great pleasure: but  
“ it is certain, they are too fine for the gross of man-  
“ kind, who are more struck with the description of e-  
“ very thing that is great and bulky. Accordingly  
“ we find the best judge of human nature setting forth  
“ his wisdom, not in the formation of these minute a-  
“ nimals, tho’ indeed no less wonderful than the other,  
“ but in that of the Leviathan and Behemoth, the Horse  
“ and the Crocodile.” “ Your observation,” said he,  
“ is very just; and I must acknowledge, for my own  
“ part,

" part, that although it is with much delight that I see  
 " the traces of Providence in these instances, I still  
 " take greater pleasure in considering the works of  
 " the creation in their immensity, than in their minute-  
 " ness. For this reason, I rejoice when I strengthen  
 " my sight so as to make it pierce into the most remote  
 " spaces, and take a view of those heavenly bodies  
 " which lie out of the reach of human eyes, though  
 " assisted by telescopes. What you look upon as one  
 " confused white in the milky way, appears to me  
 " a long track of heavens, distinguished by stars that  
 " are ranged in proper figures and constellations.  
 " While you are admiring the sky in a starry night,  
 " I am entertained with a variety of worlds and suns  
 " placed one above another, and rising up to such  
 " an immense distance, that no created eye can see an  
 " end of them."

The latter part of his discourse flung me into  
 such an astonishment, that he had been silent for  
 some time before I took notice of it; when on a  
 sudden I started up and drew my curtains, to look if  
 any one was near me, but saw nobody, and cannot tell  
 to this moment whether it was my good genius or a  
 dream that left me.

Saturday, January 14, 1709-10.

— *Velut silvis, ubi passim*

*Palantes error certo de tramite pellit;*

*Ille sinister sum, hic dexter sum abii.* HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 48.

When, in a wood, we leave the certain way,  
 One error fools us, though we various stray,  
 Some to the left, and some to t'other side.

FRANCIS.

Sheer-lane, January 13\*.

**I**NSTEAD of considering any particular passion or  
 character in any one set of men, my thoughts were  
 last night employed on the contemplation of human

life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole species are hurried on by the same desires, and engaged in the same pursuits, according to the different stages and divisions of life. Youth is devoted to lust, middle age to ambition, old age to avarice. These are the three general motives and principles of action both in good and bad men; though it must be acknowledged, that they change their names, and refine their natures, according to the temper of the person whom they direct and animate. For with the good, lust becomes virtuous love; ambition, true honour; and avarice, the care of posterity. This scheme of thought amused me very agreeably until I retired to rest, and afterwards formed itself into a pleasing and regular vision, which I shall describe in all its circumstances, as the objects presented themselves, whether in a serious or ridiculous manner.

I dreamed that I was in a wood, of so prodigious an extent, and cut into such a variety of walks and alleys, that all mankind were lost and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down some time, I came into the centre of it, which opened into a wide plain, filled with multitudes of both sexes. I here discovered three great roads, very wide and long, that led into three different parts of the forest.

On a sudden, the whole multitude broke into three parts, according to their different ages, and marched in their respective bodies into the three great roads that lay before them. As I had a mind to know how each of these roads terminated, and whither they would lead those who passed through them, I joined myself with the assembly that were in the flower and vigour of their age, and called themselves "the band of lovers." I found to my great surprize, that several old men besides myself had intruded into this agreeable company; as I had before observed, there were some young men who had united themselves to "the band of misers," and were walking up the path of avarice; though both made a very ridiculous figure, and were as much laughed at by those they joined, as by those they forsook. The walk which we marched up, for thickness of shades,  
embroidery

embroidery of flowers, and melody of birds, with the distant purling of streams, and falls of water, was so wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our senses, and intoxicated our minds with pleasure. We had not been long here, before every man singled out some woman, to whom he offered his addresses, and professed himself a lover; when on a sudden we perceived this delicious walk to grow more narrow as we advanced in it, until it ended in many intricate thickets, mazes, and labyrinths, that were so mixed with roses and brambles, brakes of thorns, and beds of flowers, rocky paths, and pleasing grottos, that it was hard to say, whether it gave greater delight or perplexity to those who travelled in it.

It was here that the lovers began to be eager in their pursuits. Some of their mistresses, who only seemed to retire for the sake of form and decency, led them into plantations that were disposed into regular walks; where, after they had wheeled about in some turns and windings, they suffered themselves to be overtaken, and gave their hands to those who pursued them. Others withdrew from their followers into little wildernesses, where there were so many paths interwoven with each other in so much confusion and irregularity, that several of the lovers quitted the pursuit, or broke their hearts in the chace. It was sometimes very odd to see a man pursuing a fine woman that was following another, whose eye was fixed upon a fourth, that had her own game in view in some other quarter of the wilderness. I could not but observe two things in this place which I thought very particular. That several persons, who stood only at the end of the avenues, and cast a careless eye upon the nymphs during their whole flight, often caught them; when those who pressed them the most warmly, through all their turns and doubles, were wholly unsuccessful: and that some of my own age, who were at first looked upon with aversion and contempt, by being well acquainted with the wilderness, and by dodging their women in the particular corners and alleys of it, caught them in their arms, and took them from those whom they really lov-



ed and admired. There was a particular grove, which was called "the labyrinth of coquettes;" where many were enticed to the chace, but few returned with purchase. It was pleasant enough to see a celebrated beauty, by smiling upon one, casting a glance upon another, beckoning to a third, and adapting her charms and graces to the several follies of those that admired her, drawing into the labyrinth a whole pack of lovers, that lost themselves in the maze, and never could find their way out of it. However, it was some satisfaction to me, to see many of the fair ones, who had thus deluded their followers, and left them among the intricacies of the labyrinth, obliged, when they came out of it, to surrender to the first partner that offered himself. I now had crossed over all the difficult and perplexed passages that seemed to bound our walk, when on the other side of them I saw the same great road running on a little way until it was terminated by two beautiful temples. I stood here for some time, and saw most of the multitude who had been dispersed amongst the thickets, coming out two by two, and marching up in pairs towards the temples that stood before us. The structure on the right hand was, as I afterwards found, consecrated to virtuous love, and could not be entered but by such as received a ring, or some other token, from a person who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roses and myrtles on his head, and on his shoulders a robe like an imperial mantle, white and unspotted all over, excepting only, that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden turtle-doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies. He was called by the name of Hymen, and was seated near the entrance of the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of several trees, that were embraced by woodbines, jasmines, and amarantus; which were as so many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the mysteries that were performed in it. I had, however, the curiosity to observe how the several

couples that entered were disposed of; which was after the following manner: There were two great gates on the backside of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind; the one having a very careful and composed air, the other a sort of smilè and ineffable sweetness in her countenance. The name of the first was Discretion, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themselves under the direction of these two sisters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with every thing that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married, who came out linked together with chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to this gate was possessed by three sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the sisters was known by the name of Levity; who, with the innocence of a virgin, had the dress and behaviour of a harlot. The name of the second was Contention, who bore on her right-arm a muff made of the skin of a porcupine, and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and snapped at every one that passed by her.

The eldest of the sisters, who seemed to have an haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his shoulders, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a stag. Her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale. Her eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular distemper, which makes persons who are troubled with it see objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealousy.

Having finished my observations upon this temple and its votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left-

left-hand, and was called "the temple of lust." The front of it was raised on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompanied that order; whereas that of the other was composed of the chaste and matron-like Ionic. The sides of it were adorned with several grotesque figures of goats, sparrows, heathen gods, satyrs and monsters, made up of half men, half beast. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that served to discover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here stunned with a mixed noise of clamour and jollity. On one side of me I heard singing and dancing; on the other brawls and clashing of swords. In short, I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with bolts of iron, and locks of adamant. There was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleasure which led to it. All who passed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant, called Remorse, that held a scourge of scorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a passage so rugged, so uneven, and choaked with so many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy spectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both sexes suffered who walked through it. The men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and enfeebled with old age. The women wrung their hands, and tore their hair; and several lost their limbs before they could extricate themselves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged. The remaining part of this vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, must be the subject of another Paper.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

I have this morning received the following Letter from the famous Mr Thomas Dogget.

N 2

S I R,

“SIR,

“On Monday next will be acted, for my benefit,  
 “the Comedey of Love for Love. If you will do me  
 “the honour to appear there, I will publish on the bills,  
 “that it is to be performed at the request of Isaac  
 “Bickerstaff, Esquire, and question not but it will  
 “bring me as great an audience, as ever was at the  
 “house, since *the Morocco Ambassador was there.*  
 “I am, with the greatest respect, your most obedient  
 “and most humble servant,

“THOMAS DOGGET.”

Being naturally an encourager of wit, as well as bound to it in the quality of *Censor*, I returned the following answer:

“MR DOGGET,

“I am very well pleased with the choice you have  
 “made of so excellent a play, and have always looked  
 “upon you as the best of comedians; I shall therefore  
 “come in between the first and second act, and remain  
 “in the right-hand box over the pit until the end of  
 “the fourth; provided you take care that every thing  
 “be rightly prepared for my reception.”

Tuesday, January 17, 1709.

—*Similis tibi, Cynthia, vel tibi, cujus  
 Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos.*

Juv. Sat. vi. 7.

Like Cynthia, or the Lesbias of our years,  
 Who for a sparrow's death dissolve in tears.

*From my own Apartment, January 16\*.*

I WAS recollecting the remainder of my vision, when my maid came to me, and told me, “there was a

“gentlewoman below who seemed to be in great trouble, and pressed very much to see me.” When it lay in my power to remove the distress of an unhappy person, I thought I should very ill employ my time in attending to matters of speculation, and therefore desired the lady would walk in. When she entered, I saw her eyes full of tears. However, her grief was not so great as to make her omit rules; for she was very long and exact in her civilities, which gave me time to view and consider her. Her cloaths were very rich, but tarnished; and her words very fine, but ill applied. These distinctions made me, without hesitation, tho’ I had never seen her before, ask her, “if her lady had any commands for me?” She then began to weep afresh, and with many broken sighs told me, “that their family was in very great affliction.”—I beseeched her “to compose herself, for that I might possibly be capable of assisting them.”—She then cast her eye upon my little dog, and was again transported with too much passion to proceed; but, with much ado, she at last gave me to understand, “that Cupid, her lady’s lap-dog, was dangerously ill, and in so bad a condition, that her lady neither saw company, nor went abroad, for which reason she did not come herself to consult me; that, as I had mentioned with great affection my own dog,” (here she courtesied, and looking first at the cur, then on me, said “indeed I had reason, for he was very pretty) her lady sent to me rather than to any other doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her sorrow, but send her my advice.” I must confess, I had some indignation to find myself treated like something below a farrier; yet well knowing that the best, as well as most tender way, of dealing with a woman, is to fall in with her humours, and by that means to let her see the absurdity of them; I proceeded accordingly. “Pray, Madam,” said I, “can you give me any methodical account of this illness, and how Cupid was first taken?” “Sir,” said she, “we have a little ignorant country girl, who is kept to tend him; she was recommended to our family by one that my lady never saw but once at a visit;”

“and

“ and you know, persons of quality are always in-  
 “ clined to strangers; for I could have helped her  
 “ to a cousin of my own, but”---“ Good Madam,”  
 said I, “ you neglect the account of the sick body,  
 “ while you are complaining of this girl.” “ No, no,  
 “ Sir,” said she, “ begging your pardon: but it is the  
 “ general fault of physicians, they are so in haste, that  
 “ they never hear out the case. I say, this silly girl,  
 “ after washing Cupid, let him stand half an hour  
 “ in the window without his collar, where he caught  
 “ cold, and in an hour after, began to bark very hoarse.  
 “ He had however a pretty good night, and we hoped  
 “ the danger was over; but for these two nights last  
 “ past, neither he nor my lady have slept a wink.”  
 “ Has he,” said I, “ taken any thing?” “ No,”  
 said she; “ but my lady says he shall take any  
 “ thing that you prescribe, provided you do not  
 “ make use of *Jesuit's powder*, or the *cold bath*.  
 “ Poor Cupid,” continued she, “ has always been  
 “ phthical; and as he lies under something like a  
 “ chin-cough, we are afraid it will end in a consump-  
 “ tion.” I then asked her, “ if she had brought any  
 “ of his *water* to shew me.” Upon this she stared  
 me in the face, and said, “ I am afraid, Mr Bicker-  
 “ staff, you are not serious: but, if you have any re-  
 “ ceipt that is proper on this occasion, pray let us have  
 “ it, for my mistress is not to be comforted.” Up-  
 on this, I paused a little without returning any answer,  
 and after some short silence, I proceeded in the follow-  
 ing manner: “ I have considered the nature of the  
 “ distemper, and the constitution of the patient; and  
 “ by the best observation that I can make on both, I  
 “ think it is safest to put him into a course of kitchen  
 “ physic. In the mean time, to remove his hoarsness,  
 “ it will be the most natural way to make Cupid his  
 “ own druggist; for which reason, I shall prescribe to  
 “ him, three mornings successively, as much powder as  
 “ will lie on a groat of that noble remedy which the  
 “ apothecaries call *Album Gracum*.” Upon hearing this  
 advice, the young woman smiled, as if she knew how  
 ridiculous an errand she had been employed in; and  
 indeed

indeed I found by the sequel of her discourse, that she was an arch baggage, and of a character that is frequent enough in persons of her employment; who are so used to conform themselves in every thing to the humours and passions of their mistresses, that they sacrifice superiority of sense to superiority of condition, and are insensibly betrayed into the passions and prejudices of those whom they serve, without giving themselves leave to consider that they are extravagant and ridiculous. However, I thought it very natural, when her eyes were thus open, to see her give a new turn to her discourse, and from sympathizing with her mistress in her follies, to fall a-railling at her. “ You cannot imagine,” said she, “ Mr Bickerstaff, what a life she makes us lead, for the sake of this ugly cur. If he dies, we are the most unhappy family in town. She chanced to lose a parrot last year, which, to tell you truly, brought me into her service; for she turned off her woman upon it, who had lived with her ten years, because she neglected to give him water, though every one of the family says she was as innocent of the bird’s death as the babe that is unborn; nay, she told me this very morning, that if Cupid should die, she would send the poor innocent wench I was telling you of to Bridewell, and have the milk-woman tried for her life at the Old-Bailey, for putting water into his milk. In short, she talks like any distracted creature.”

“ Since it is so, young woman, said I, “ I will by no means let you offend her, by staying on this message longer than is absolutely necessary;” and so forced her out.

While I am studying to cure those evils and distresses that are necessary or natural to human life, I find my task growing upon me; since by these accidental cares, and acquired calamities, if I may so call them, my patients contract distempers to which their constitution is of itself a stranger. But this is an evil I have for many years remarked in the fair sex; and as they are by nature very much formed for affection and dalliance, I have observed, that when by too obstinate a cruelty,

or any other means, they have disappointed themselves of the proper objects of love, as husbands, or children, such virgins have, exactly at such a year, grown fond of lap-dogs, parrots, or other animals. I know at this time a celebrated Toaft, whom I allow to be one of the most agreeable of her sex, that, in the presence of her admirers, will give a torrent of kisses to her cat, any one of which a Christian would be glad of. I do not at the same time deny, but there are as great enormities of this kind committed by our sex as theirs. A Roman Emperor had so very great an esteem for an horse of his, that he had thoughts of making him a *Consul*; and several moderns of that rank of men whom we call Country Esquires, would not scruple to kiss their hounds before all the world, and declare in the presence of their wives, that they had rather salute a favourite of the pack, than the finest woman in England. These voluntary friendships, between animals of different species, seem to arise from instinct; for which reason, I have always looked upon the mutual good-will between the Esquire and the hound, to be of the same nature with that between the lion and the jackall.

The only extravagance of this kind which appears to me excusable, is one that grew out of an excess of gratitude, which I have somewhere met with in the life of a Turkish Emperor. His horse had brought him safe out of a field of battle, and from the pursuit of a victorious enemy. As a reward for such his good and faithful service, his master built him a stable of marble, shod him with gold, fed him in an ivory manger, and made him a rack of silver. He annexed to the stables several fields and meadows, lakes and running streams. At the same time, he provided for him a seraglio of mares, the most beautiful that could be found in the whole Ottoman empire. To these were added a suitable train of domestics, consisting of grooms, farriers, rubbers, &c. accommodated with proper liveries and pensions. In short, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the ease and happiness of his life, who had preserved the Emperor's.

“ By



“ By reason of the extreme cold, and the change-  
 “ ableness of the weather, I have been prevailed up-  
 “ on to allow the free use of the *fardingal* until the  
 “ twentieth of February next ensuing.”

Thursday, January 19, 1709-10.

*Cur in Theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?*

MART.

Why to the theatre did Cato come,  
 With all his boasted gravity?

R. WYNNE.

*From my own Apartment, January 18\*.*

I Find it is thought necessary, that I, who have taken upon me to censure the irregularities of the age, should give an account of my own actions, when they appear doubtful, or subject to misconstruction. My appearing at the play † on Monday last is looked upon as a step in my conduct, which I ought to explain, that others may not be misled by my example. It is true, in matter of fact, I was present at the ingenious entertainment of that day, and placed myself in a box which was prepared for me with great civility and distinction. It is said of Virgil, when he entered a Roman theatre, where there were many thousands of spectators present, that the whole assembly rose up *to do him honour*; a respect which was never before paid to any but the emperor. I must confess, that universal clap, and other testimonies of applause, with which I was received at my first appearance in the theatre of Great-Britain, gave me as sensible a delight, as the above-mentioned reception could give to that immortal poet. I should be ungrateful, at the same time, if I did not take this opportunity of acknowledging the great civilities that were shewn me by Mr Thomas Dogget, who made his compliments to me between the acts, after a most ingenious and discreet manner; and at the same time communicated to me, “ that the company of Upholders desired to receive me at their door at the end

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† A person dressed for Isaac Bickerstaff did appear in the play-house on this occasion.

“ of the Hay-market, and to light me home to my lodgings.” That part of the ceremony I forbid, and took particular care during the whole play to observe the conduct of the drama, and give no offence by my own behaviour. Here I think it will not be foreign to my character, to lay down the proper duties of an audience, and what is incumbent upon each individual spectator in public diversions of this nature. Every one should on these occasions shew his attention, understanding, and virtue. I would undertake to find out all the persons of sense and breeding by the effect of a single sentence, and to distinguish a gentleman as much by his laugh as his bow. When we see the footman and his lord diverted by the same jest, it very much turns to the diminution of the one, or the honour of the other. But tho’ a man’s quality may appear in his understanding and taste, the regard to virtue ought to be the same in all ranks and conditions of men, however they make a profession of it, under the name of honour, religion, or morality. When therefore we see any thing divert an audience, either in tragedy or comedy, that strikes at the duties of civil life, or exposes what the best men in all ages have looked upon as sacred and inviolable, it is the certain sign of a profligate race of men, who are fallen from the virtue of their forefathers, and will be contemptible in the eyes of their posterity. For this reason I took great delight in seeing the generous and disinterested passion of the lovers in this comedy, which stood so many trials, and was proved by such a variety of diverting incidents, received with an universal approbation. This brings to my mind a passage in Cicero, which I could never read without being in love with the virtue of a Roman audience. He there describes the shouts and applauses which the people gave to the persons who acted the parts of Pylades and Orestes, in the noblest occasion that a poet could invent to shew friendship in perfection. One of them had forfeited his life by an action which he had committed; and as they stood in judgment before the tyrant, each of them strove who should be the criminal, that he

might

might save the life of his friend. Amidst the vehemence of each asserting himself to be the offender, the Roman audience gave a thunder of applause, and by that means, as the author hints, approved in others what they would have done themselves on the like occasion. Methinks, a people of so much virtue were deservedly placed at the head of mankind: but, alas! pleasures of this nature are not frequently to be met with on the English stage.

The Athenians, at a time when they were the most polite, as well as the most powerful government in the world, made the care of the stage one of the chief parts of the administration: and I must confess I am astonished at the spirit of virtue which appeared in that people, upon some expressions in a scene of a famous tragedy; an account of which we have in one of Seneca's Epistles. A covetous person is represented speaking the common sentiments of all who are possessed with that vice in the following soliloquy, which I have translated literally:

“ Let me be called a base man, so I am called a rich one. If a man is rich, who asks if he is good? The question is, how much we have, not from whence, or by what means, we have it. Every one has so much merit as he has wealth. For my own part, let me be rich, oh ye gods! or let me die. The man dies happily, who dies increasing his treasure. There is more pleasure in the possession of wealth, than in that of parents, children, wife, or friends.”

The audience were very much provoked by the first words of this speech; but when the actor came to the close of it, they could bear no longer. In short, the whole assembly rose up at once in the greatest fury, with a design to pluck him off the stage, and brand the work itself with infamy. In the midst of the tumult, the author came out from behind the scenes, begging the audience to be composed for a little while, and they should see the tragical end which this wretch should come to immediately. The

promise of punishment appeas'd the people, who sat with great attention and pleasure to see an example made of so odious a criminal. It is with shame and concern that I speak it; but I very much question, whether it is possible to make a speech so impious as to raise such a laudable horror and indignation in a modern audience. It is very natural for an author to make ostentation of his reading, as it is for an old man to tell stories; for which reason I must beg the reader will excuse me, if I for once indulge myself in both these inclinations. We see the attention, judgment, and virtue of a whole audience, in the foregoing instances. If we would imitate the behaviour of a single spectator, let us reflect upon that of Socrates, in a particular which gives me as great an idea of that extraordinary man, as any circumstance of his life, or what is more, of his death. This venerable person often frequented the theatre, which brought a great many thither, out of a desire to see him. On which occasion it is recorded of him, that he sometimes stood, to make himself the more conspicuous, and to satisfy the curiosity of the beholders. He was one day present at the first representation of a tragedy of Euripides, who was his intimate friend, and whom he is said to have assisted in several of his plays. In the midst of the tragedy, which had met with very great success, there chanced to be a line that seem'd to encourage vice and immorality.

This was no sooner spoken, but Socrates rose from his seat, and without any regard to his affection for his friend, or to the success of the play, shew'd himself displeas'd at what was said, and walk'd out of the assembly. I question not but the reader will be curious to know what the line was that gave this divine heathen so much offence. If my memory fails me not, it was in the part of Hippolitus, who, when he is press'd by an oath, which he had taken to keep silence, return'd for answer, that *he had taken the oath with his tongue, but not with his heart*. Had a person of a vicious character made such a speech, it might have been allow'd as a proper representation of the baseness

benefits of his thoughts: but such an expression, out of the mouth of the virtuous Hippolitus, was giving a sanction to falsehood, and establishing perjury by a maxim.

Having got over all interruptions, I have set apart to-morrow for the closing of my vision.

Saturday, January 21, 1709.

*Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis  
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore.*

HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 77.

Come all, whose breasts with bad ambition rise,  
Or the pale passion, that for money dies,—  
Compose your robes— FRANCIS.

*From my own Apartment, January 20\*.*

A Continuation of the Vision.

WITH much labour and difficulty I passed through the first part of my vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the prospect of the three great roads. I here joined myself to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the standard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the "Temple of Virtue." It was planted on each side with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and statues of lawgivers, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets. The persons who travelled up this great path were such whose thoughts were bent upon doing eminent services to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each side of this great road were several paths, that were also laid out in straight lines, and ran parallel with it. These were most of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who proposed to themselves the same end of

their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscurity. The edifices at the extremity of the walk were so contrived, that we could not see the "Temple of Honour" by reason of the "Temple of Virtue," which stood before it. At the gates of this temple we were met by the Goddess of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the inner structure had received us, she presented us in a body to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She sat on a globe in the midst of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a sun in one hand, and a moon in the other. Her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us, as we stood amidst the sphere of light which this image cast on every side of it.

Having seen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of building that stood within view of the "Temple of Honour," and was raised in imitation of it, upon the very same model; but at my approach to it, I found that the stones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole fabric stood upon so weak a foundation, that it shook with every wind that blew. This was called the "Temple of Vanity." The Goddess of it sat in the midst of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than she would have done in open day-light. Her whole art was, to shew herself more beautiful and majestic than she really was. For which reason she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon her breast: but what I more particularly observed was, the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the fashion of a modern *fardingal*. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, free-thinkers, and prating politicians; with a rabble of those who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the temple, choked up the avenues of it, and were more in number

ber than the sand upon the sea-shore. I made it my business, in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the walk which led to this temple; for I met in it several who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company: but upon examination I found, that there were several paths which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked turns and windings, that those who travelled through them often turned their backs upon the "Temple of Virtue;" then crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little space, until the crooked path which they were engaged in again led them into the wood. The several alleys of these wanderers had their particular ornaments. One of them I could not but take notice of in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a person, whom by the inscription I found to be Machiavel, pointing out the way with an extended finger, like a Mercury.

I was now returned in the same manner as before, with a design to observe carefully every thing that passed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that assembly, which was made up of persons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them insensibly into a deep valley, in which they journied several days with great toil and uneasiness, and without the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of golden sand. They often drank of this stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that though it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see in several parts of them long veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure silver. We were told, that the deity of the place had forbidden any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the treasures

tures they contained to any use, under pain of starving; At the end of the valley stood the "Temple of Avarice," made after the manner of a fortification, and surrounded with a thousand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach, they all fell a barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old woman, who called herself by the forged name of Competency, offered herself for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bough, which she no sooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it sat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance; inclosed with heaps of ingots, and pyramids of money, but half naked and shivering with cold. On his right-hand was a fiend called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite, to whom he had given the title of Parsimony. The first was his collector, and the other his cashier.

There were several long tables placed on each side of the temple, with respective officers attending behind them. Some of these I enquired into. At the first table was kept the "Office of Corruption." Seeing a solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by; I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand with a multiplication table and an almanac before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was master of. The solicitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper or parchment, signed and sealed in form. The name of this dexterous and successful solicitor was Bribery. At the next table was the "Office of Extortion." Behind it sat a person in a bob wig, counting over great sums of money. He gave out little purses to several; who after a short tour brought him, in return, sacks full of the same kind of coin. I saw at the same time a person called Fraud, who sat behind a counter



counter with false scales, light weights, and scanty measures; by the skilful application of which instruments, she had got together an immense heap of wealth. It would be endless to name the several officers, or describe the votaries that attended in this temple. There were many old men panting and breathless, reposing their heads on bags of money; nay many of them actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions, which rendered their purses useless to them, only made them grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them; and with the other hand throwing away what they had seized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that stood behind them.

On a sudden the whole assembly fell a trembling; and upon enquiry, I found that the great room we were in was haunted with a spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction.

In the midst of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indignant or frightful a figure in my eye, as the god of this loathsome temple. The miserable votaries of this place were, I found, of another mind. Every one fancied himself threatened by the apparition as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmost fear and trembling.

I must confess, I look upon the passion which I saw in this unhappy people, to be of the same nature with those unaccountable antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of phrenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies, at the sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole assembly was surprized, when, instead of paying my devotions to the deity whom

they all adored, they saw me address myself to the phantom.

“ Oh Poverty!” said I, “ my first petition to thee is, that thou wouldest never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that then thou wouldest not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats and menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful, or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has deserved well of me. Let me not, for any fear of thee, desert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to visit me, and to come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, O Poverty! hasten to my rescue; but bring along with thee the two sisters, in whose company thou art always chearful, Liberty and Innocence.”

The conclusion of this vision must be deferred to another opportunity.

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*Thursday, February 9, 1709-10.*

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*Soclus est jugulare Falernum,*

*Et dare Campano toxica sœva nero.* MART. i. 19.

How great the crime, how flagrant the abuse!

T' adulterate generous wine with noxious juice.

R. WYNNE.

Sheer-lane, *February 8\**.

**T**H**E**R**E** is in this city a certain fraternity of chemical operators, who work under-ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind. These subterraneous philosophers are daily employed in the transmutation of liquors, and, by the power of

magical drugs and incantations, raising under the streets of London the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France. They can squeeze Bourdeaux out of the floc, and draw Champagne from an apple. Virgil, in that remarkable prophecy,

*Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva.*

VIRG. Ecl. iv. 29.

The ripening grape shall hang on every thorn, seems to have hinted at this art, which can turn a plantation of northern hedges into a vineyard. These adepts are known among one another by the name of *Wine-brewers!* and, I am afraid, do great injury, not only to her majesty's customs, but to the bodies of many of her good subjects.

Having received fundry complaints against these invisible workmen, I ordered the proper officer of my court to ferret them out of their respective caves, and bring them before me, which was yesterday executed accordingly.

The person who appeared against them was a merchant, who had by him a great magazine of wines, that he had laid in before the war: but these gentlemen, as he said, had so vitiated the nation's palate, that no man could believe his to be French, because it did not taste like what they sold for such. As a man never pleads better than where his own personal interest is concerned, he exhibited to the court, with great eloquence, "that this new corporation of druggists had inflamed the bills of mortality, and puzzled the college of physicians with diseases, for which they neither knew a name or cure." He accused some of giving all their customers cholics and megrims; and mentioned one who had boasted, he had a tun of claret by him, that in a fortnight's time should give the gout to a dozen of the healthfulest men in the city, provided that their constitutions were prepared for it by wealth and idleness. He then enlarged, with a great show of reason, upon the prejudice, which these mixtures and compositions had done to the brains of the English nation; as is too visible, said he, from many

late pamphlets, speeches, and sermons, as well as from the ordinary conversations of the youth of this age. He then quoted an ingenious person, who would undertake to know by a man's writings the wine he most delighted in: and on that occasion named a certain satirist, whom he had discovered to be the author of a lampoon, by a manifest taste of the floe, which shewed itself in it, by much roughness, and little spirit.

In the last place, he ascribed to the unnatural tumults and fermentations which these mixtures raise in our blood, the divisions, heats, and animosities, that reign among us; and, in particular, asserted most of the modern enthusiasms and agitations to be nothing else but the effects of adulterated Port.

The counsel for the Brewers had a face so extremely inflamed, and illuminated with carbuncles, that I did not wonder to see him an advocate for these sophistications. His rhetoric was likewise such as I should have expected from the common draught, which I found he often drank to great excess. Indeed, I was so surprized at his figure and parts, that I ordered him to give me a taste of his usual liquor; which I had no sooner drunk, but I found a pimple rising in my forehead; and felt such a sensible decay in my understanding, that I would not proceed in the trial until the fume of it was entirely dissipated.

This notable advocate had little to say in the defence of his clients, but that they were under a necessity of making claret, if they would keep open their doors; it being the nature of mankind to love every thing that is prohibited. He further pretended to reason, that it might be as profitable to the nation to make French wine as French hats: and concluded with the great advantage that this practice had already brought to part of the kingdom. Upon which he informed the court, that the lands in Herefordshire were raised two years purchase since the beginning of the war.

When I had sent out my summons to these people, I gave, at the same time, orders to each of them to bring the several ingredients he made use of in dis-

tingt

tinct phials, which they had done accordingly, and ranged them into two rows on each side of the court. The workmen were drawn up in ranks behind them. The merchant informed me, "that in one row of phials were the several colours they dealt in, and in the other the tastes." He then shewed me, on the right-hand, one who went by the name of Tom Tintoret, who, as he told me, "was the greatest master in his colouring of any vintner in London." To give me a proof of his art, he took a glass of fair water, and by the infusion of three drops out of one of his phials, converted it into a most beautiful pale Burgundy. Two more of the same kind heightened it into a perfect Languedoc: from thence it passed into a florid Hermitage: and after having gone through two or three other changes, by the addition of a single drop ended in a very deep Pontac. This ingenious virtuoso, seeing me very much surprized at his art, told me, that he had not an opportunity of shewing it in perfection, having only made use of water for the ground-work of his colouring: but that, if I were to see an operation upon liquors of stronger bodies, the art would appear to a much greater advantage. He added, that he doubted not but it would please my curiosity to see the cyder of one apple take only a vermilion, when another, with a less quantity of the same effusion, would rise into a dark purple, according to the different texture of parts in the liquor. He informed me also, that he could hit the different shades and degrees of red, as they appear in the pink and the rose, the clove and the carnation, as he had Rhenish or Moselle, Perry or White Port, to work in.

I was so satisfied with the ingenuity of this virtuoso, that, after having advised him to quit so dishonourable a profession, I promised him, in consideration of his great genius, to recommend him as a partner to a friend of mine, who has heaped up great riches, and is a scarlet-dyer.

The artists on my other hand were ordered, in the second place, to make some experiments of their skill  
before

before me: upon which the famous Harry Sippet stepped out, and asked me, "what I would be pleased to drink?" At the same time he filled out three or four white liquors in a glass, and told me, "that it should be what I pleased to call for; adding very learnedly, "That the liquor before him was as the naked substance, or first matter of his compound, to which he and his friend, who stood over against him, could give what accidents or form they pleased." Finding him so great a philosopher, I desired he would convey into it the qualities and essence of right Bourdeaux. "Coming, coming, Sir," said he with the air of a drawer; and, after having cast his eye on the several tastes and flavours that stood before him, he took up a little cruet, that was filled with a kind of inky juice, and pouring some of it out into the glass of white wine, presented it to me; and told me, "this was the wine over which most of the business of the last Term had been dispatched." I must confess, I looked upon that sooty drug, which he held up in his cruet, as the quintessence of English Bourdeaux; and therefore desired him to give me a glass of it by itself, which he did with great unwillingness. My cat at the time sat by me upon the elbow of my chair; and as I did not care for making the experiment upon myself, I reached it to her to sip of it, which had like to have cost her her life; for, notwithstanding it flung her at first into freakish tricks, quite contrary to her usual gravity, in less than a quarter of an hour she fell into convulsions; and had it not been a creature more tenacious of life than any other, would certainly have died under the operation.

I was so incensed by the tortures of my innocent domestic, and the unworthy dealings of these men, that I told them, if each of them had as many lives as the injured creature before them, they deserved to forfeit them for the pernicious arts which they used for their profit. I therefore bid them look upon themselves as no better than as a kind of assassins and murderers within the law. However, since they had  
dealt

dealt so clearly with me, and laid before me their whole practice, I dismissed them for that time; with a particular request, that they would not poison any of my friends and acquaintance, and take to some honest livelihood without loss of time.

For my own part, I have resolved hereafter to be very careful in my liquors; and have agreed with a friend of mine in the army, upon their next march, to secure me two hogshheads of the best stomach-wine in the cellars of Versailles for the good of my Lactubrations, and the comfort of my old age.

Tuesday, February 14, 1709.

*Dum tacent, clamant.*

TULL.

Their Silence pleads aloud.

Sheer-lane, February 13\*.

SILENCE is sometimes more significant and sublime, than the most noble and most expressive eloquence, and is on many occasions the indication of a great mind. Several authors have treated of Silence, as a part of duty and discretion; but none of them have considered it in this light. Homer compares the noise and clamour of the Trojans advancing towards the enemy, to the cackling of cranes, when they invade an army of pigmies. On the contrary, he makes his countrymen and favourites, the Greeks, move forward in a regular and determined march, and in the depth of Silence. I find in the accounts which are given us of the more Eastern nations, where the inhabitants are disposed by their constitutions and climates to higher strains of thought, and more elevated raptures than what we feel in the Northern regions of the world, that Silence is a religious exercise among them. For when their public devotions are in the greatest fervour, and their hearts lifted up as high as words can raise them, there are certain suspensions of sound and motion for a time, in

\* No. 133.—*Sir R. Steele affirms in this Paper.*

which

which the mind is left to itself, and supposed to swell with such secret conceptions, as are too big for utterance. I have myself been wonderfully delighted with a master-piece of music, when, in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony, all the voices and instruments have stopped short on a sudden; and after a little pause recovered themselves again as it were, and renewed the concert in all its parts. This short interval of Silence has had more music in it, than any the same space of time before or after it. There are two instances of Silence in the two greatest poets that ever wrote, which have something in them as sublime as any of the speeches in their whole works. The first is that of Ajax, in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*. Ulysses, who had been the rival of this great man in his life, as well as the occasion of his death, upon meeting his shade in the region of departed heroes, makes his submission to him with an humility next to adoration, which the other passes over with dumb, swollen majesty, and such a Silence, as, to use the words of Longinus, had more greatness in it than any thing he could have spoken.

The next instance I shall mention is in Virgil, where the poet doubtless intimates this Silence of Ajax in that of Dido; though I do not know that any of his commentators have taken notice of it. *Aeneas*, finding among the shades of despairing lovers the ghost of her who had lately died for him, with the wound still fresh upon her, addresses himself to her with expanded arms, floods of tears, and the most passionate professions of his own innocence, as to what had happened; all which Dido receives with the dignity and disdain of a resenting lover, and an injured queen; and is so far from vouchsafing him an answer, that she does not give him a single look. The poet represents her as turning away her face from him while he spoke to her; after having kept her eyes some time upon the ground, as one that heard and contemned his protestations, flying from him into the grove of myrtle, and into the arms of another, whose fidelity had deserved her love.

I have



I have often thought our writers of tragedy have been very defective in this particular, and that they might have given great beauty to their works, by certain stops and pauses in the representation of such passions as it is not in the power of language to express. There is something like this in the last act of "Venice Preserved," where Pierre is brought to an infamous execution, and begs of his friend, as a reparation for past injuries, and the only favour he could do him, to rescue him from the ignominy of the wheel by stabbing him. As he is going to make this dreadful request, he is not able to communicate it; but withdraws his face from his friend's ear, and bursts into tears. The melancholy Silence that follows hereupon, and continues until he has recovered himself enough to reveal his mind to his friend, raises in the spectators a grief that is inexpressible, and an idea of such a complicated distress in the actor, as words cannot utter. It would look as ridiculous to many readers, to give rules and directions for proper Silences, as for "penning a Whisper:" but it is certain, that in the extremity of most passions, particularly surprize, admiration, astonishment, nay, rage itself, there is nothing more graceful than to see the play stand still for a few moments, and the audience fixed in an agreeable suspense, during the Silence of a skilful actor.

But Silence never shews itself to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them. We might produce an example of it in the behaviour of one, in whom it appeared in all its Majesty, and one whose silence, as well as his person, was altogether *divine*. When one considers this subject only in its sublimity, this great instance could not but occur to me; and since I only make use of it to shew the highest example of it, I hope I do not offend in it. To forbear replying to an unjust reproach, and overlook it with a generous, or, if possible, with an entire neglect of it, is one of the most heroic acts of a great mind: and I must confess, when I reflect upon the behaviour of some of the greatest men of

antiquity, I do not so much admire them, that they deserved the praise of the whole age they lived in, as because they contemned the envy and detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a man of worth, who suffers under so ill a treatment, is to lie by for some time in silence and obscurity, until the prejudice of the times be over, and his reputation cleared. I have often read, with a great deal of pleasure, a legacy of the famous Lord Bacon, one of the greatest geniuses that our own or any country has produced. After having bequeathed his soul, body, and estate, in the usual form, he adds, " My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my countrymen after some time be passed over."

At the same time that I recommend this philosophy to others, I must confess, I am so poor a proficient in it myself, that if in the course of my Lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my paper is duller than in conscience it ought to be, I think the time an age until I have an opportunity of putting out another, and growing famous again for two days.

I must not close my discourse upon Silence, without informing my reader, that I have by me an elaborate treatise on the *Apopsiopsis*, called an *Et cætera*; it being a figure much used by some learned authors, and particularly the great Littleton, who, as my Lord chief justice Coke observes, had a most admirable talent at an &c.

Thursday, March 16, 1709-10.

*Permites ipsis expendere numinibus, quid  
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.  
Nam pro jucundis aptissima queque dabunt Dii,  
Carior est illis homo, quam sibi. Nos animorum  
Impulsu cæco magnaue cupidine ducti,  
Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris; at illis  
Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor.*

Juv. Sat. x. 347, & seq.  
Intrust

Intrust thy fortune to the Powers above;  
 Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant  
 What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:  
 In goodnefs as in greatness they excel:  
 Ah! that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!  
 We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,  
 Are hot for action, and desire to wed:  
 Then wish for heirs, but to the gods alone  
 Our future offspring and our wives are known.

DRYDEN.

*From my own Apartment, March 15\*.*

**A**MONG the various sets of correspondents who apply to me for advice, and send up their cases from all parts of Great-Britain, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom I am more inclined to answer, than the Complainers. One of them dates his letter to me from the banks of a purling stream, where he used to ruminate in solitude upon the divine Clarissa, and where he is now looking about for a convenient leap, which he tells me he is resolved to take, unless I support him under the loss of that charming perjured woman. Poor Lavinia presses as much for consolation on the other side, and is reduced to such an extremity of despair by the inconstancy of Philander, that she tells me she writes her letter with her pen in one hand, and her garter in the other. A gentleman of an ancient family in Norfolk is almost out of his wits upon the account of a greyhound, that, after having been his inseparable companion for ten years, is at last run mad. Another, who I believe is serious, complains to me, in a very moving manner, of the loss of a wife; and another, in terms still more moving, of a purse of money that was taken from him on Bagshotheath, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him, if he had given it to the poor. In short, there is scarce a calamity in human life that has not produced me a letter.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, how men are able to raise affliction to themselves out of every thing. Lands and houses, sheep and oxen, can convey

vey happiness and misery into the hearts of reasonable creatures. Nay, I have known a muff, a scarf, or a tippet, become a solid blessing or misfortune. A lap-dog has broke the hearts of thousands. Flavia, who had buried five children and two husbands, was never able to get over the loss of her parrot. How often has a divine creature been thrown into a fit by a neglect at a ball or an assembly? Mopsa has kept her chamber ever since the last Masquerade, and is in greater danger of her life upon being left out of it, than Clarinda from the violent cold which she caught at it. Nor are these dear creatures the only sufferers by such imaginary calamities. Many an author has been dejected at the censure of one whom he ever looked upon as an idiot: and many an hero cast into a fit of melancholy, because the rabble have not hooted at him as he passed through the streets. Theron places all his happiness in a running horse, Suffenus in a gilded chariot, Fulvius in a blue string, and Florio in a tulip root. It would be endless to enumerate the many fantastical afflictions that disturb mankind; but as a misery is not to be measured from the nature of the evil, but from the temper of the sufferer, I shall present my readers, who are unhappy either in reality or imagination, with an allegory, for which I am indebted to the great father and Prince of poets.

As I was sitting after dinner in my elbow-chair, I took up Homer, and dipped into that famous speech of Achilles to Priam, in which he tells him, that Jupiter has by him two great vessels, the one filled with Blessings, and the other with Misfortunes; out of which he mingles a composition for every man that comes into the world. This passage so exceedingly pleased me, that, as I fell insensibly into my afternoon's slumber, it wrought my imagination into the following dream.

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of nature with the presiding deities did homage to him. One presented him with a mountain of winds, another with a magazine

gazine of hail, and a third with a pile of thunderbolts. The stars offered up their influences; Ocean gave in his trident, Earth her fruits, and the Sun his seasons. Among the several deities who came to make their court on this occasion, the Destinies advanced with two great tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the right-hand of Jupiter, as he sat upon his throne, and the other on his left. The first was filled with all the blessings, and the other with all the calamities of human life. Jupiter, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age, poured very plentifully out of the tun that stood at his right-hand; but, as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his blessings, he set abroad the other vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, jealousy and falsehood, intoxicating pleasures and untimely deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great depravation of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that having resolved to destroy the whole species, except Deucalion and Pyrrha, he commanded the Destinies to gather up the blessings which he had thrown away upon the sons of men, and lay them up until the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals.

The *three* Sisters immediately repaired to the earth, in search of the several blessings that had been scattered on it; but found the task which was adjoined them, to be much more difficult than they imagined. The first places they resorted to, as the most likely to succeed in, were cities, palaces, and courts; but, instead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but envy, repining, uneasiness, and the like bitter ingredients, of the left-hand vessel. Whereas, to their great surprize, they discovered content, cheerfulness, health, innocence, and other the most substantial blessings of life, in cottages, shades, and solitudes.

There was another circumstance no less unexpected than

than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the discharge of the trust which Jupiter had committed to them. They observed, that several blessings had degenerated into calamities, and that several calamities had improved into blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise or foolish men. They often found power, with so much insolence and impatience cleaving to it, that it became a misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred. Youth had often distempers growing about it, worse than the infirmities of old age. Wealth was often united to such a sordid avarice, as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of poverty. On the contrary, they often found pain made glorious by fortitude, poverty lost in content, deformity beautified with virtue. In a word, the blessings were often like good fruits planted in a bad soil, that by degrees fall off from their natural relish, into tastes altogether insipid or unwholesome; and the calamities, like harsh fruits, cultivated in a good soil, and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, until they swell with generous and delightful juices.

There was still a third circumstance that occasioned as great a surprize to the *three Sisters* as either of the foregoing, when they discovered several blessings and calamities which had never been in either of the tuns that stood by the throne of Jupiter, and were nevertheless as great occasions of happiness or misery as any there. These were the spurious crop of blessings and calamities which were never sown by the hand of the Deity, but grow of themselves out of the fancies and dispositions of human creatures. Such are dress, titles, place, equipage, false shame, and groundless fear, with the like vain imaginations, that shoot up in trifling, weak, and irresolute minds.

The Destinies finding themselves in so great a perplexity, concluded that it would be impossible for them to execute the commands that had been given them, according to their first intention; for which reason they agreed to throw all the blessings and calamities together into one large vessel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of Jupiter.

This

This was performed accordingly; the *Eldest Sister* presenting herself before the vessel, and introducing it with an apology for what they had done:

“ O Jupiter,” says she, “ we have gathered together  
 “ all the good and evil, the comforts and distresses of  
 “ human life, which we thus present before thee in  
 “ one promiscuous heap. We beseech thee, that thou  
 “ thyself wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy  
 “ wisdom thou shalt think fit: For we acknowledge,  
 “ that there is none besides thee that can judge what  
 “ will occasion grief or joy in the heart of a hu-  
 “ man creature, and what will prove a blessing or  
 “ a calamity to the person on whom it is bestowed.”

Saturday, March 18, 1709-10.

— *Ut amaris, amabilis esto.*

OVID.

— Be lovely, that you may be lov'd.

*From my own Apartment, March 17\*.*

**R**EADING is to the mind, what exercise is to the body. As by one, health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated; by the other, virtue, which is the health of the mind, is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed. But as exercise becomes tedious and painful, when we make use of it only as the means of health, so reading is apt to grow uneasy and burdensome, when we apply ourselves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reason, the virtue which we gather from a fable, or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it.

After this preface, I shall set down a very beautiful allegorical fable of the great poet, whom I mentioned

\* No. 147.—*Sir R. Steele assisted in this Paper.*

in my last paper, and whom it is very difficult to lay aside when one is engaged in the reading of him. And this I particularly design for the use of several of my fair correspondents, who in their letters have complained to me that they have lost the affections of their husbands, and desire my advice how to recover them.

Juno, says Homer, seeing her Jupiter seated on the top of mount Ida, and knowing that he had conceived an aversion to her, began to study how she should regain his affections, and make herself amiable to him. With this thought she immediately retired into her chamber, where she bathed herself in *ambrosia*; which gave her person all its beauty, and diffused so divine an odour, as refreshed all nature, and sweetened both heaven and earth. She let her immortal tresses flow in the most graceful manner, and took a particular care to dress herself in several ornaments, which the poet describes at length, and which the goddess chose out as the most proper to set off her person to the best advantage. In the next place, she made a visit to Venus, the deity who presides over love, and begged of her, as a particular favour, that she would lend her for a while those charms with which she subdued the hearts both of gods and men. "For," says the goddess, "I would make use of them to reconcile the two Deities, who took care of me in my infancy, and who at present are at so great a variance, that they are estranged from each other's bed." Venus was proud of an opportunity of obliging so great a goddess, and therefore made her a present of the *cestus* which she used to wear about her own waist, with advice to hide it in her bosom until she had accomplished her intention. This *cestus* was a fine party-coloured girdle, which, as Homer tells us, had all the attractions of the sex wrought into it. The four principal figures in the embroidery were Love, Desire, Fondness of speech, and Conversation, filled with that sweetness and complacency, which, says the poet, insensibly steal away the hearts of the wisest men.

Juno, after having made these necessary preparations,



tions, came, as by accident, into the presence of Jupiter, who is said to have been as much inflamed with her beauty, as when he first stole to her embraces, without the consent of their parents. Juno, to cover her real thoughts, told him, as she had told Venus, that she was going to make a visit to Oceanus and Tethys. He prevailed upon her to stay with him, protesting to her, that she appeared more amiable in his eye than ever any mortal, goddess, or even herself, had appeared to him until that day. The poet then represents him in so great an ardour, that, without going up to the house which had been built by the hands of Vulcan according to Juno's direction, he threw a golden cloud over their heads as they sat upon the top of mount Ida, while the earth beneath them sprung up in lotuses, saffrons, hyacinths, and a bed of the softest flowers for their repose.

This close translation of one of the finest passages in Homer, may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman, who has a mind to preserve, or recall the affection of her husband. The care of the person and the dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the *cestus*, are so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensably necessary in every female who desires to please, that they need no further explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to Tethys, in the speech where Juno addresses herself to Venus; as the chaste and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the same pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the *cestus* in her bosom.

I shall leave this tale to the consideration of such good housewives who are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their husbands: as also to those prudent ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their husbands with indifference, aversion, sullen silence, or exasperating language.

Sheer-lane, *March 17.*  
 Upon my coming home last night, I found a very handsome present of wine left for me, as a taste “ of  
 “ two hundred and sixteen hogheads, which are to be  
 “ put to sale at twenty pounds a hoghead, at Garra-  
 “ way’s coffee-house in Exchange-alley, on the twenty-  
 “ second instant, at three in the afternoon, and to be  
 “ tasted in Major Long’s vaults from the twentieth in-  
 “ stant, until the time of sale.” This having been  
 sent to me with a desire that I would give my judg-  
 ment upon it, I immediately impanelled a jury of men  
 of nice palates, and strong heads, who, being all of  
 them very scrupulous and unwilling to proceed rashly  
 in a matter of so great importance, refused to bring in  
 their verdict until three in the morning; at which time  
 the foreman pronounced, as well as he was able, “ Ex-  
 “ tra-a-ordinary French claret.” For my own part,  
 as I love to consult my pillow in all points of mo-  
 ment, I slept upon it before I would give my sentence,  
 and this morning confirmed the verdict.

Having mentioned this tribute of wine, I must give  
 notice to my correspondents for the future, who shall  
 apply to me on this occasion, that as I shall decide no-  
 thing unadvisedly in matters of this nature, I cannot  
 pretend to give judgement of a right good liquor, with-  
 out examining at least three dozen bottles of it. I  
 must, at the same time, do myself the justice to let the  
 world know, that I have resisted great temptations in  
 this kind; as it is well known to a butcher in Clare-  
 market, who endeavoured to corrupt me with a dozen  
 and a half of marrow-bones. I had likewise a bribe  
 sent me by a fishmonger, consisting of a collar of  
 brawn, and a joll of salmon; but not finding them ex-  
 cellent in their kinds, I had the integrity to eat them  
 both up, without speaking one word of them. How-  
 ever, for the future, I shall have an eye to the diet of  
 this great city, and will recommend the best and most  
 wholesome food to them, if I receive these proper and  
 respectful notices from the sellers; that it may not be  
 said hereafter, that my readers were better taught than  
 fed.

*Tuesday,*

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Tuesday, March 21, 1709-10.

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—*Gustus elementa per omnia quærunt,  
Nunquam animo pretiis obstantibus*—

Juv. Sat. xi. 14

They ransack ev'ry element for choice  
Of ev'ry fish and fowl, at any price. CONGREVE.

*From my own Apartment, March 20\*.*

**H**AVING intimated, in my last paper, that I design to take under my inspection the Diet of this great city, I shall begin with a very earnest and serious exhortation to all my well-disposed readers, that they would return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themselves to beef and mutton. This was the diet which bred that hardy race of mortals who won the fields of Cressy and Agincourt. I need not go up so high as the history of Guy earl of Warwick, who is well known to have eaten up a *dun cow* of his own killing. The renowned king Arthur is generally looked upon as the first who ever sat down to a whole roasted ox, which was certainly the best way to preserve the gravy; and it is further added, that he and his knights sat about it at his round table, and usually consumed it to the very bones before they would enter upon any debate of moment. The Black Prince was a professed lover of the Brisket; not to mention the history of the Surloin, or the institution of the order of Beef-eaters, which are all so many evident and undeniable marks of the great respect, which our warlike predecessors have paid to this excellent food. The tables of the ancient gentry of this nation were covered thrice a day with hot roast beef; and I am credibly informed, by an antiquary who has searched the registers in which the bills of fare of the court are recorded, that, instead of tea, and bread and butter, which have prevailed of late years,

the maids of honour in queen Elizabeth's time were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfast. Mutton has likewise been in great repute among our valiant countrymen; but was formerly observed to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites, than those of strong and robust constitutions. For which reason, even to this day, we use the word *Sleep-biter* as a term of reproach, as we do *Beef-eater*, in a respectful and honourable sense. As for the flesh of lamb, veal, chicken, and other animals under age, they were the invention of sickly and degenerate palates, according to that wholesome remark of Daniel the historian; who takes notice, that in all taxes upon provisions, during the reigns of several of our kings, there is nothing mentioned besides the flesh of such fowl and cattle as were arrived at their full growth, and were mature for slaughter. The common people of this kingdom do still keep up the taste of their ancestors; and it is to this that we, in a great measure, owe the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign; for I would desire my reader to consider, what work our countrymen would have made at Blenheim and Ramillies, if they had been fed with fricassees and ragouts.

For this reason, we at present see the florid complexion, the strong limb, and the hale constitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner sort of people, or in the wild gentry who have been educated among the woods or mountains. Whereas many great families are insensibly fallen off from the athletic constitution of their progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, sickly, rindle-legged generation of valetudinarians.

I may, perhaps, be thought extravagant in my notion; but I must confess, I am apt to impute the dishonours that sometimes happen in great families, to the inflaming kind of diet which is so much in fashion. Many dishes can excite desire without giving strength, and heat the body without nourishing it; as physicians observe, that the poorest and most dispirited blood is most subject to fevers. I look upon a

French ragout to be as pernicious to the stomach as a glass of spirits; and when I have seen a young lady swallow all the instigations of high soups, seasoned sauces, and forced meats, I have wondered at the despair or tedious sighing of her lovers.

The rules among these false Delicates are, to be as contradictory as they can be to nature.

Without expecting the return of hunger, they eat for an appetite, and prepare dishes, not to allay, but to excite it.

They admit of nothing at their tables in its natural form, or without some disguise.

They are to eat every thing before it comes in season, and to leave it off as soon as it is good to be eaten.

They are not to approve any thing that is agreeable to ordinary palates; and nothing is to gratify their senses, but what would offend those of their inferiors.

I remember I was last summer invited to a friend's house, who is a great admirer of the French cookery, and, as the phrase is, "eats well." At our sitting down, I found the table covered with a great variety of unknown dishes. I was mightily at a loss to learn what they were, and therefore did not know where to help myself. That which stood before me, I took to be a roasted porcupine, however did not care for asking questions; and have since been informed, that it was only a larded turkey. I afterwards passed my eye over several hashes, which I do not know the names of to this day; and, hearing that they were delicacies, did not think fit to meddle with them.

Among other dainties, I saw something like a pheasant, and therefore desired to be helped to a string of it; but to my great surprize, my friend told me it was a rabbit, which is a sort of meat I never cared for. At last I discovered, with some joy, a pig at the lower end of the table, and begged a gentleman that was near it to cut me a piece of it. Upon which the gentleman of the house said, with great civility, "I am sure you will like the pig, for it was whipped to death." I must confess

I heard

I heard him with horror, and could not eat of an animal that had died so tragical a death. I was now in great hunger and confusion, when methought I smelled the agreeable savour of roast beef; but could not tell from which dish it arose, though I did not question but it lay disguised in one of them. Upon turning my head, I saw a noble furlow on the side-table smoaking in the most delicious manner. I had recourse to it more than once, and could not see, without some indignation, that substantial English dish banished in so ignominious a manner, to make way for French kickshaws.

The desert was brought up at last, which in truth was as extraordinary as any thing that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper order, looked like a very beautiful winter-piece. There were several pyramids of candied sweetmeats, that hung like icicles, with fruits scattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of frost. At the same time there were great quantities of cream beaten up into a snow, and near them little plates of sugar-plumes, disposed like so many heaps of hail-stones, with a multitude of congelations in jellies of various colours. I was indeed so pleased with the several objects which lay before me, that I did not care for displacing any of them; and was half angry with the rest of the company, that, for the sake of a piece of lemon-peel, or a sugar-plum, would spoil so pleasing a picture. Indeed, I could not but smile to see several of them cooling their mouths with *lumps of ice*, which they had just before been burning with salts and peppers.

As soon as this show was over, I took my leave, that I might finish my dinner at my own house. For as I in every thing love what is simple and natural, so particularly in my food; two plain dishes, with two or three good-natured, cheerful, ingenious friends, would make me more pleased and vain, than all that pomp and luxury can bestow. For it is my maxim, That "he keeps the greatest table who has the most valuable company at it."

Tuesday

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Thursday, March 30, 1710.

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*Dii, quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,  
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late,  
Sit mihi fas audita loqui; sit numine vestro  
Pandere res alta terra & caligine mersas.*

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 264.

Infernal gods, who rule the shades below,  
Chaos and Phlegethon, the realms of wo;  
Grant what I've heard I may to light expose,  
Secrets which earth, and night, and hell inclose!

PITT.

From my own Apartment, March 29\*.

**A** MAN who confines his speculations to the time present, has but a very narrow province to employ his thoughts in. For this reason, persons of studious and contemplative natures often entertain themselves with the history of past ages, or raise schemes and conjectures upon futurity. For my own part, I love to range through that half of eternity which is still to come, rather than look on that which is already run out; because I know I have a real share and interest in the one, whereas all that was transacted in the other can be only matter of curiosity to me.

Upon this account, I have been always very much delighted with meditating on the soul's immortality, and in reading the several notions which the wisest of men, both ancient and modern, have entertained on that subject. What the opinions of the greatest philosophers have been, I have several times hinted at, and shall give an account of them from time to time as occasion requires. It may likewise be worth while to consider, what men of the most exalted genius and elevated imagination have thought of this matter. Among these, Homer stands up as a prodigy of mankind,

kind, that looks down upon the rest of human creatures as a species beneath him. Since he is the most ancient heathen author, we may guess from his relation, what were the common opinions in his time concerning the state of the soul after death.

Ulysses, he tells us, made a voyage to the regions of the dead, in order to consult Tiresias how he should return to his own country, and recommend himself to the favour of the gods. The poet scarce introduces a single person, who doth not suggest some useful precept to his reader, and desigus his description of the dead for the amendment of the living.

Ulysses, after having made a very plenteous sacrifice, sat him down by the pool of holy blood, which attracted a prodigious assembly of ghosts of all ages and conditions, that hovered about the hero, and feasted upon the steams of his oblation. The first he knew was the shade of Elpenor, who, to shew the activity of a spirit above that of body, is represented as arrived there long before Ulysses, notwithstanding the winds and seas had contributed all their force to hasten his voyage thither. This Elpenor, to inspire the reader with a detestation of drunkenness, and at the same time with a religious care of doing proper honours to the dead, describes himself as having broken his neck in a debauch of wine; and begs Ulysses, that for the repose of his soul, he would build a monument over him, and perform funeral rites to his memory. Ulysses, with great sorrow of heart, promises to fulfil his request, and is immediately diverted to an object much more moving than the former. The ghost of his own mother Anticlea, whom he still thought living, appears to him among the multitude of shades that surrounded him; and sits down at a small distance from him by the lake of blood, without speaking to him, or knowing who he was. Ulysses was exceedingly troubled at the sight, and could not forbear weeping as he looked upon her: but being all along set forth as a pattern of consummate wisdom, he makes his affection give away to prudence; and therefore, upon his seeing Tiresias, does not reveal himself to his



his mother, until he had consulted that great prophet, who was the occasion of this his descent into the empire of the dead. Tiresias having cautioned him to keep himself and his companions free from the guilt of sacrilege, and to pay his devotions to all the gods, promises him a safe return to his kingdom and family, and a happy old age in the enjoyment of them.

The poet, having thus with great art kept the curiosity of his reader in suspense, represents his wife, after the dispatch of his business with Tiresias, as yielding himself up to the calls of natural affection, and making himself known to his mother. Her eyes are no sooner opened, but she cries out in tears, "Oh, my son!" and enquires into the occasions that brought him thither, and the fortune that attended him.

Ulysses, on the other hand, desires to know what the sickness was that had sent her unto those regions, and the condition in which she had left his father, his son, and more particularly his wife. She tells him, "they were all three inconsolable for his absence. As for myself," says she, "that was the sickness of which I died. My impatience for your return, my anxiety for your welfare, and my fondness for my dear Ulysses, were the only distempers that preyed upon my life, and separated my soul from my body." Ulysses was melted with these expressions of tenderness, and thrice endeavoured to catch the apparition in his arms, that he might hold his mother to his bosom, and weep over her.

This gives the poet occasion to describe the notion the heathens at that time had of an unbodied soul, in the excuse which the mother makes for seeming to withdraw herself from her son's embraces. "The soul," says she, is composed neither of bones, flesh, nor sinews; but leaves behind her all those incumbrances of mortality to be consumed on the funeral pile. As soon as she has thus cast her burden, she makes her escape, and flies away from it like a dream.

When this melancholy conversation is at an end,

the poet draws up to view as charming a vision as could enter into man's imagination. He describes the next who appeared to Ulysses, to have been the shades of the finest women that had ever lived upon the earth, and who had either been the daughters of kings, the mistresses of gods, or mothers of heroes; such as Antiope, Alcmena, Leda, Ariadne, Iphimedia, Eriphyle, and several others, of whom he gives a catalogue, with a short history of their adventures. The beautiful assembly of apparitions were all gathered together about the blood. "Each of them," says Ulysses, as a gentle satire upon female vanity, "giving me an account of her birth and family." This scene of extraordinary women, seems to have been designed by the poet as a lecture of mortality to the whole sex, and to put them in mind of what they must expect, notwithstanding the greatest perfections, and highest honours, they can arrive at.

The circle of beauties at length disappeared, and was succeeded by the shades of several Grecian heroes, who had been engaged with Ulysses in the siege of Troy. The first that approached was Agamemnon, the generalissimo of that great expedition, who, at the appearance of his old friend, wept very bitterly, and without saying any thing to him, endeavoured to grasp him by the hand. Ulysses, who was much moved at the sight, poured out a flood of tears, and asked him the occasion of his death, which Agamemnon related to him in all its tragical circumstances; how he was murdered at a banquet by the contrivance of his own wife, in confederacy with her adulterer: from whence he takes occasion to reproach the whole sex, after a manner which would be inexcusable in a man who had not been so great a sufferer by them. "My wife," says he, "has disgraced all the women that shall ever be born into the world, even those who hereafter shall be innocent. Take care how you grow too fond of your wife. Never tell her all you know. If you reveal some things to her, be sure you keep others concealed from her. You indeed have nothing to fear from your Penelope, she will not use you as my wife has treated me; however,  
" take

“take care how you trust a woman.” The poet, in this and other instances, according to the system of many heathen as well as Christian philosophers, shews, how anger, revenge, and other habits which the soul had contracted in the body, subsist, and grow in it under its state of separation.

I am extremely pleased with the companions which the poet in the next description assigns to Achilles; “Achilles,” says the hero, came up to me with Patroclus and Antilochus.” By which we may see that it was Homer’s opinion, and probably that of the age he lived in, that the friendships which are made among the living, will likewise continue among the dead. Achilles enquires after the welfare of his son, and of his father, with a fierceness of the same character that Homer has every where expressed in the actions of his life. The passage relating to his son is so extremely beautiful, that I must not omit it. Ulysses, after having described him as wise in council, and active in war, and mentioned the foes whom he had slain in battle, adds an observation that he himself had made of his behaviour, whilst he lay in the wooden horse. “Most of the generals,” says he, “that were with us, either wept or trembled: as for your son, I never saw him wipe a tear from his cheeks, or change his countenance. On the contrary, he would often lay his hand upon his sword, or grasp his spear, as impatient to employ them against the Trojans.” He then informs his father of the great honour and rewards which he had purchased before Troy, and of his return from it without a wound. “The shade of Achilles,” says the poet, “was so pleased with the account he received of his son, that he enquired no further, but stalked away with more than ordinary majesty over the green meadow that lay before them.”

This last circumstance, of a deceased father’s rejoicing in the behaviour of his son, is very finely contrived by Homer, as an incentive to virtue, and made use of by none that I know besides himself.

The description of Ajax, which follows, and his refusing

refusing to speak to Ulysses, who had won the armour of Achilles from him, and by that means occasioned his death, is admired by every one that reads it. When Ulysses relates the fullness of his deportment, and considers the greatness of the hero, he expresses himself with generous and noble sentiments. "Oh! that I had never gained a prize which cost the life of so great a man as Ajax, who, for the beauty of his person, and greatness of his actions, was inferior to none but the divine Achilles." The same noble condescension, which never dwells but in truly great minds, and such as Homer would represent that of Ulysses to have been, discovers itself likewise in the speech which he made to the ghost of Ajax on that occasion. "Oh, Ajax!" says he, "will you keep your resentments even after death? What destructions hath this fatal armour brought upon the Greeks, by robbing them of you, who were their bulwark and defence! Achilles is not more bitterly lamented among us than you. Impute not then your death to any one but Jupiter, who, out of his anger to the Greeks, took you away from among them: let me intreat you to approach me; restrain the fierceness of your wrath, and the greatness of your soul, and hear what I have to say to you." Ajax, without making a reply, turned his back upon him, and retired into a crowd of ghosts.

Ulysses, after all these visions, took a view of those impious wretches who lay in tortures for the crimes they had committed upon the earth, whom he describes under all the varieties of pain, as so many marks of divine vengeance, to deter others from following their example. He then tells us, that notwithstanding he had a great curiosity to see the heroes that lived in the ages before him, the ghosts began to gather about him in such prodigious multitudes, and with such a confusion of voices, that his heart trembled as he saw himself amidst so great a scene of horrors. He adds, that he was afraid lest some hideous spectre should appear to him, that might terrify him to distraction; and therefore withdrew in time.

I question

I question not but my reader will be pleas'd with this description of a future state, represented by such a noble and fruitful imagination, that had nothing to direct it besides the light of nature and the opinions of a dark and ignorant age.

Saturday, April 1, 1710.

*Bombalio, clangor, stridor, taratantara, murmur.*

FARN. Rhet.

Send with tremendous sounds your ears asunder,  
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder.

POPE.

*From my own Apartment, March 31<sup>st</sup>.*

I HAVE heard of a very valuable picture, wherein all the painters of the age in which it was drawn are represented sitting together in a circle, and joining in a consort of music. Each of them plays upon such a particular instrument as is the most suitable to his character, and expresses that style and manner of painting which is peculiar to him. The famous cupola-painter of those times, to shew the grandeur and boldness of his figures, hath a horn in his mouth, which he seems to wind with great strength and force. On the contrary, an eminent artist, who wrought up his pictures with the greatest accuracy, and gave them all those delicate touches which are apt to please the nicest eye, is represented as tuning a Theorbo. The same kind of humour runs through the whole piece.

I have often, from this hint, imagin'd to myself, that different talents in discourse might be shadowed out after the same manner by different kinds of music; and that the several conversable parts of mankind in this great city, might be cast into proper characters and divisions, as they resemble several instruments

that are in use among the masters of harmony. Of these therefore in their order; and first of the Drum.

Your Drums are the blusterers in conversation, that, with a loud laugh, unnatural mirth, and a torrent of noise, domineer in public assemblies; over-bear men of sense; stun their companions; and fill the place they are in with a rattling sound, that hath seldom any wit, humour, or good breeding in it. The Drum notwithstanding, by this boisterous vivacity, is very proper to impose upon the ignorant; and in conversation with ladies who are not of the finest taste, often passes for a man of mirth and wit, and for wonderful pleasant company. I need not observe, that the emptiness of the Drum very much contributes to its noise.

The Lute is a character directly opposite to the Drum, that sounds very finely by itself, or in a very small consort. Its notes are exquisitely sweet, and very low, easily drowned in a multitude of instruments, and even lost among a few, unless you give a particular attention to it. A Lute is seldom heard in a company of more than five, whereas a Drum will shew itself to advantage in an assembly of five hundred. The Lutenists therefore are men of a fine genius, uncommon reflection, great affability, and esteemed chiefly by persons of a good taste, who are the only proper judges of so delightful and soft a melody.

The Trumpet is an instrument that has in it no compass of music, or variety of sound, but is notwithstanding very agreeable, so long as it keeps within its pitch. It has not above four or five notes, which are however very pleasing, and capable of exquisite turns and modulations. The gentlemen who fall under this denomination, are your men of the most fashionable education, and refined breeding; who have learned a certain smoothness of discourse, and sprightliness of air, from the polite company they have kept; but at the same time have shallow parts, weak judgments, and a short reach of understanding. A play-house, a drawing-room, a ball, a visiting-day, or a Ring at Hyde-park, are the few notes they are masters of, which

they touch upon in all conversations. The Trumpet, however, is a necessary instrument about a court, and a proper enliverer of a *concert*, though of no great harmony by itself.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate wits, that distinguish themselves by the flourishes of imagination, sharpness of repartee, glances of satire, and bear away the upper part in every *concert*. I cannot however but observe, that when a man is not disposed to hear music, there is not a more disagreeable sound in harmony than that of a Violin.

There is another musical instrument, which is more frequent in this nation than any other; I mean your Bass-viol, which grumbles in the bottom of the *concert*, and with a surly masculine sound strengthens the harmony, and tempers the sweetness of the several instruments that play along with it. The Bass-viol is an instrument of a quite different nature to the Trumpet, and may signify men of rough sense and unpollished parts; who do not love to hear themselves talk, but sometimes break out with an agreeable bluntness, unexpected wit, and surly pleasantries, to the no small diversion of their friends and companions. In short, I look upon every sensible true-born Briton to be naturally a Bass-viol.

As for your rural wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity, of foxes, hounds, horses, quickset-hedges, and six-bar gates, double ditches, and broken necks, I am in doubt, whether I should give them a place in the conversable world. However, if they will content themselves with being raised to the dignity of Hunting-horns, I shall desire for the future, that they may be known by that name.

I must not here omit the Bag-pipe *species*, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of a few notes, which are played over and over, with the perpetual humming of a drone running underneath them. These are your dull, heavy, tedious storytellers, the load and burden of conversations, that set up for men of importance, by knowing secret history, and giving an account of transactions, that whether they

they ever passed in the world or not, doth not signify an half-penny to its instruction, or its welfare. Some have observed, that the Northern parts of this island are more particularly fruitful in Bag-pipes.

There are so very few persons who are masters in every kind of conversation, and can talk on all subjects, that I do not know whether we should make a distinct species of them. Nevertheless, that my scheme may not be defective, for the sake of those few who are endowed with such extraordinary talents, I shall allow them to be Harpsichords, a kind of music which every one knows is a *consort* by itself.

As for your Passing-bells, who look upon mirth as criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholy in itself, and mortifying to human nature, I shall not mention them.

I shall likewise pass over in silence all the rabble of mankind, that croud our streets, coffee-houses, feasts, and public tables. I cannot call their discourse conversation, but rather something that is practised in imitation of it. For which reason, if I would describe them by any musical instrument, it should be by those modern inventions of the bladder and string, tongs and key, marrow-bone and cleaver.

My reader will doubtless observe, that I have only touched here upon male instruments, having reserved my female *consort* to another occasion. If he has a mind to know where these several characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole club of Drums; not to mention another of Bag-pipes, which I have before given some account of in my description of our nightly meetings in Sheer-lane. The Lutes may often be met with in couples upon the banks of a crystal stream, or in the retreats of shady woods, and flowery meadows; which, for different reasons, are likewise the great resort of your Hunting-horns. Bass-violis are frequently to be found over a glass of stale-beer and a pipe of tobacco; whereas those who set up for Violins, seldom fail to make their appearance at Will's once every evening. You may meet with a  
Trumpet



Trumpet any where on the other side of Charing-cross.

That we may draw something for our advantage in life out of the foregoing discourse, I must intreat my reader to make a narrow search into his life and conversation, and, upon his leaving any company, to examine himself seriously, whether he has behaved himself in it like a Drum or a Trumpet, a Violin or a Bass-viol; and accordingly endeavour to mend his music for the future. For my own part, I must confess, I was a Drum for many years; nay, and a very noisy one, until, having polished myself a little in good company, I threw as much of the Trumpet into my conversation as was possible for a man of an impetuous temper, by which mixture of different musics I look upon myself, during the course of many years, to have resembled a Tabor and Pipe. I have since very much endeavoured at the sweetness of the Lute; but, in spite of all my resolutions, I must confess, with great confusion, that I find myself daily degenerating into a Bag-pipe; whether it be the effect of my old age, or of the company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a watch over my conversation, and to silence the Drone as soon as I find it begin to hum in my discourse, being determined rather to hear the notes of others, than to play out of time, and encroach upon their parts in the *confort* by the noise of so tiresome an instrument.

I shall conclude this Paper with a letter which I received last night from a friend of mine, who knows very well my notions upon this subject, and invites me to pass the evening at his house with a select company of friends, in the following words:

“ Dear ISAAC,

“ I intend to have a *confort* at my house this evening, having by great chance got a Harpsichord, which I am sure will entertain you very agreeably. There will be likewise two Lutes and a

“ Trumpet : let me beg you to put yourself in tune,  
 “ and believe me

“ Your very faithful servant,  
 “ NICHOLAS HUMDRUM.”

*Tuesday, April 4, 1710.*

*Obscuris vera involvens.*

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 100.

Involving truth in terms obscure.

*From my own Apartment, April 3 \*.*

**W**E have already examined Homer's description of a future state, and the condition in which he hath placed the souls of the deceased. I shall, in this Paper, make some observations on the account which Virgil hath given us of the same subject, who, besides a greatness of genius, had all the lights of philosophy and human learning to assist and guide him in his discoveries.

Æneas is represented as descending into the empire of death, with a prophetess by his side, who instructs him in the secrets of those lower regions.

Upon the confines of the dead, and before the very gates of this infernal world, Virgil describes several inhabitants, whose natures are wonderfully suited to the situation of the place, as being either the occasions or resemblances of death. Of the first kind are the shadows of Sickness, Old Age, Fear, Famine, and Poverty; apparitions very terrible to behold; with several others, as Toil, War, Contention, and Discord, which contribute all of them to people this common receptacle of human souls. As this was likewise a very proper residence for every thing that resembles death, the poet tells us, that Sleep, whom he represents as a near relation to death, has likewise his habitation in these quarters; and describes in them a huge gloomy elm-tree, which seems a very proper ornament for the

place, and is possessed by an innumerable swarm of dreams, that hang in clusters under every leaf of it. He then gives us a list of imaginary persons, who very naturally lie within the shadow of the dream-tree, as being of the same kind of make in themselves, and the materials, or, to use Shakespeare's phrase, "the stuff of which dreams are made." Such are the shades of the giant with an hundred hands, and of his brother with three bodies; of the double-shaped Centaur and Scylla; the Gorgon with snaky hair; the Harpy with a woman's face and lion's talons; the seven-headed Hydra; and the Chimæra, which breathes forth a flame, and is a compound of three animals. These several mixed natures, the creatures of imagination, are not only introduced with great art after the dreams, but, as they are planted at the very entrance, and within the very gates of those regions, do probably denote the wild deliriums and extravagancies of fancy which the soul usually falls into when she is just upon the verge of death.

Thus far Æneas travels in an allegory. The rest of the description is drawn with great exactness, according to the religion of the heathens, and the opinions of the Platonic philosophy. I shall not trouble my reader with a common dull story, that gives an account why the heathens first of all supposed a ferryman in hell, and his name to be Charon; but must not pass over in silence the point of doctrine which Virgil hath very much insisted upon in this book, That the souls of those who are unburied, are not permitted to go over into their respective places of rest, until they have wandered a hundred years upon the banks of Styx. This was probably an invention of the heathen priesthood, to make the people extremely careful of performing proper rites and ceremonies to the memory of the dead. I shall not, however, with the infamous scribblers of the age, take an occasion from such a circumstance, to run into declamations against priestcraft, but rather look upon it even in this *light* as a religious artifice, to raise in the minds of men an esteem for the memory of their forefathers, and a desire to re-

commend themselves to that of posterity; as also to excite in them an ambition of imitating the virtues of the deceased, and to keep alive in their thoughts the sense of the soul's immortality. In a word, we may say in defence of the severe opinions relating to the shades of unburied persons, what hath been said by some of our divines in regard to the rigid doctrines concerning the souls of such who die without being initiated into our religion, that supposing they should be erroneous, they can do no hurt to the dead, and will have a good effect upon the living, in making them cautious of neglecting such necessary solemnities.

Charon is no sooner appeased, and the triple-headed dog laid asleep, but Æneas makes his entrance into the dominions of Pluto. There are three kinds of persons described, as being situated on the borders; and I can give no reason for their being stationed there in so particular a manner, but because none of them seem to have had a proper right to a place among the dead, as not having run out the whole thread of their days, and finished the term of life that had been allotted them upon earth. The first of these are the souls of infants, who are snatched away by untimely ends. The second are of those who are put to death wrongfully, and by an unjust sentence; and the third, of those who grew weary of their lives, and laid violent hands upon themselves. As for the second of these, Virgil adds with great beauty, that Minos, the judge of the dead, is employed in giving them a rehearing, and assigning them their several quarters suitable to the parts they acted in life. The poet, after having mentioned the souls of those unhappy men who destroyed themselves, breaks out into a fine exclamation: "Oh! how gladly," says he, "would they now endure life with all its miseries! but the Destinies forbid their return to earth, and the waters of Styx surround them with nine streams that are unpassable." It is very remarkable, that Virgil, notwithstanding self-murder was so frequent among the heathens, and had been practised by some of the greatest men in the very age before him, hath here represented it as so heinous a crime.

crime. But in this particular he was guided by the doctrines of his great master Plato; who says on this subject, that a man is placed in his station of life, like a soldier in his proper post, which he is not to quit, whatever may happen, until he is called off by his commander who planted him in it.

There is another point in the Platonic philosophy, which Virgil has made the ground-work of the greatest part in the piece we are now examining; having with wonderful art and beauty materialized, if I may so call it, a scheme of abstracted notions, and cloathed the most nice refined conceptions of philosophy in sensible images, and poetical representations. The Platonists tell us, that the soul, during her residence in the body, contracts many virtuous and vicious habits, so as to become a beneficent, mild, charitable; or an angry, malicious, revengeful being: a substance inflamed with lust, avarice, and pride; or, on the contrary, brightened with pure, generous, and humble dispositions: that these, and the like habits of virtue and vice, growing into the very essence of the soul, survive and gather strength in her after her dissolution: that the torments of a vicious soul in a future state arise principally from those importunate passions which are not capable of being gratified without a body; and that, on the contrary, the happiness of virtuous minds very much consists in their being employed in sublime speculations, innocent diversions, sociable affections, and all the ecstasies of passion and rapture which are agreeable to reasonable natures, and of which they gained a relish in this life.

Upon this foundation the poet raises that beautiful description of the secret haunts and walks, which, he tells us, are inhabited by deceased lovers.

Not far from hence, says he, lies a great waste of plains, that are called "the Fields of Melancholy." In these there grows a forest of myrtle, divided into many shady retirements and covered walks, and inhabited by the souls of those who pined away with love. The passion, says he, continues with them after death. He then gives a list of this languishing tribe,

tribe, in which his own Dido makes the principal figure, and is described as living in this soft romantic scene with the shade of her first husband Sichæus.

The poet, in the next place, mentions another plain that was peopled with the ghosts of warriors, as still delighting in each other's company, and pleased with the exercise of arms. He there represents the Grecian generals and common soldiers who perished in the siege of Troy, as drawn up in squadrons, and terrified at the approach of Æneas, which renewed in them those impressions of fear they had before received in battle with the Trojans. He afterwards likewise, upon the same notions, gives a view of the Trojan heroes who lived in former ages, amidst a visionary scene of chariots and arms, flowery meadows, shining spears, and generous steeds, which he tells us were their pleasures on earth, and now make up their happiness in Elysium. For the same reason also, he mentions others as singing Pæans, and songs of triumph, amidst a beautiful grove of laurel. The chief of the *confort* was the poet Musæus; who stood inclosed with a circle of admirers, and rose by the head and shoulders above the throng of shades that surrounded him. The *habitations* of unhappy spirits, to shew the duration of the torments, and the desperate condition they are in, are represented as guarded by a Fury, moated round with a lake of fire, strengthened with towers of iron, encompassed with a triple wall, and fortified with pillars of adamant, which all the gods together are not able to heave from their foundations. The noise of stripes, the clank of chains; and the groans of the tortured, strike the pious Æneas with a kind of horror. The poet afterwards divides the criminals into two classes. The first and blackest catalogue consists of such as were guilty of outrages against the gods; and the next, of such who were convicted of injustice between man and man: the greatest number of whom, says the poet, are those who followed the dictates of avarice.

It was an opinion of the Platonists, that the souls of men having contracted in the body great stains and pollutions

pollutions of vice and ignorance, there were several purgations and cleansings necessary to be passed thro', both here and hereafter, in order to refine and purify them.

Virgil, to give this thought likewise a cloathing of poetry, describes some spirits as bleaching in the winds, others as cleansing under great falls of water, and others as purging in fire, to recover the primitive beauty and purity of their natures.

It was likewise an opinion of the same sect of philosophers, that the souls of all men exist in a separate state, long before their union with their bodies; and that, upon their immersion into flesh, they forget every thing which passed in the state of pre-existence; so that what we here call knowledge, is nothing else but memory, or the recovery of those things which we knew before.

In pursuance of this scheme, Virgil gives us a view of several souls, who, to prepare themselves for living upon the earth, flock about the banks of the river Lethe, and swill themselves with the waters of oblivion.

The same scheme gives him an opportunity of making a noble compliment to his countrymen, where Anchises is represented taking a survey of the long train of heroes that are to descend from him, and giving his son Æneas an account of all the glories of his race.

I need not mention the revolution of the Platonic year, which is but just touched upon in this book; and as I have consulted no author's thoughts in this explication, shall be very well pleased, if it can make the noblest piece of the most accomplished poet more agreeable to my female readers, when they think fit to look into Dryden's translation of it.

*Thursday,*

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Thursday, April 6, 1710.

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— *Aliena negotia curat,  
Excussus propriis.*

HOR. 3 Sat. ii. 19.

When he had lost all business of his own,  
He ran in quest of news through all the town.

*From my own Apartment, April 5\*.*

THERE lived some years since, within my neighbourhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer†, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the Post-man; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for king Augustus's welfare, than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for, about the time that his favourite prince lost the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, until about three years ago, as I was walking in St James's park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me; and who should it be but my old

\* NO. 155.

neighbour

† Father of the late Dr Arne.



neighbour the upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great coat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to inquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, "whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender?" I told him, "None that I heard of;" and asked him, "whether he had yet married his eldest daughter?" He told me, no. "But pray," says he, "tell me sincerely what are your thoughts of the king of Sweden?" For though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, "that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age." "But pray," says he, "do you think there is any truth in the story of his wound?" And finding me surprized at the question, "Nay," says he, "I only propose it to you." I answered, "that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it." "But why in the heel," says he, "more than in any other part of the body?" "Because," said I, "the bullet chanced to light there."

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the North; and after having spent some time on them, he told me, "he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the Supplement with the English-post, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. The Daily Courant," says he, "has these words: 'We have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.' This is very mysterious: but the Post-boy leaves us more in the dark; for he tells us, 'That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring

“ to light.’ Now the Post-man,” says he, “ who  
 “ uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in  
 “ these words; ‘ The late conduct of a certain prince  
 “ affords great matter of speculation.’ This certain  
 “ prince,” says the upholsterer, “ whom they are all  
 “ so cautious of naming, I take to be ——” Upon  
 which, though there was nobody near us, he whis-  
 pered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or  
 think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall,  
 where were three or four very odd fellows sitting to-  
 gether upon the bench. These I found were all of  
 them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that  
 place every day about dinner-time. Observing them  
 to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend’s acquaint-  
 ance. I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great assert-  
 er of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern,  
 “ that, by some news he had lately read from Mus-  
 “ covy, it appeared to him that there was a storm ga-  
 “ thering in the Black-sea, which might in time do  
 “ hurt to the naval forces of this nation.” To this  
 he added, “ that, for his part, he could not wish to  
 “ see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believ-  
 “ ed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen  
 “ manufacture.” He then told us, “ that he looked  
 “ upon those extraordinary revolutions which had  
 “ lately happened in those parts of the world, to have  
 “ risen chiefly from two persons who were not much  
 “ talked of; and those,” says he, “ are prince Men-  
 “ zikoff, and the duchess of Mirandola.” He backed  
 his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a  
 show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up  
 to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which  
 seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen,  
 Whether, in case of a religious war, the Protestants  
 would not be too strong for the Papists? This we  
 unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One  
 who sat on my right-hand, and, as I found by his dis-  
 course, had been in the West Indies, assured us, “ that  
 “ it

“ it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants  
 “ to beat the Pope at sea ;” and added, “ that when-  
 “ ever such a war does break out, it must turn to  
 “ the good of the Leeward Islands.” Upon this one  
 who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards  
 found, was the geographer of the company, said,  
 “ that in case the Papiſts ſhould drive the Proteſtants  
 “ from theſe parts of Europe, when the worſt came  
 “ to the worſt, it would be impoſſible to beat them  
 “ out of Norway and Greenland, provided the Nor-  
 “ thern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muſ-  
 “ covy ſtand neuter.”

He further told us, for our comfort, “ that there  
 “ were vaſt tracks of land about the pole, inhabited  
 “ neither by Proteſtants nor Papiſts, and of greater  
 “ extent than all the Roman-Catholic dominions in  
 “ Europe.”

When we had fully diſcuſſed this point, my friend  
 the upholſterer began to exert himſelf upon the preſent  
 negotiations of peace ; in which he depoſed princes,  
 fettled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the  
 power of Europe, with great juſtice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was  
 going away ; but had not gone thirty yards, before  
 the upholſterer hemmed again after me. Upon his  
 advancing towards me with a whiſper, I expected to  
 hear ſome ſecret piece of news, which he had not  
 thought fit to communicate to the bench ; but inſtead  
 of that, he deſired me in my ear to lend him half a  
 crown. In compaſſion to ſo needy a ſtateſman, and  
 to diſſipate the confuſion I found he was in, I told  
 him, “ if he pleaſed, I would give him five ſhillings,  
 “ to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk  
 “ was driven out of Conſtantinople ;” which he very  
 readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to  
 me the impoſſibility of ſuch an event, as the affairs of  
 Europe now ſtand.

This paper I deſign for the particular benefit of  
 thoſe worthy citizens who live more in a coffee-houſe  
 than in their ſhops, and whoſe thoughts are ſo taken  
 up

up with the affairs of the allies, that they forget their customers.

Saturday, April 8, 1710.

—*Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.*

VIRG. Æn. ii. 724.

—————follows his Father,  
But with steps not equal.—————

*From my own Apartment, April 7\*.*

**W**E have already described out of Homer the voyage of Ulysses to the infernal shades, with the several adventures that attended it. If we look into the beautiful romance published not many years since by the Archbishop of Cambray, we may see the son of Ulysses bound on the same expedition, and after the same manner making his discoveries among the regions of the dead. The story of Telemachus is formed altogether in the spirit of Homer, and will give an unlearned reader a notion of that great poet's manner of writing, more than any translation of him can possibly do. As it was written for the instruction of a young prince who may one day sit upon the throne of France, the author took care to suit the several parts of his story, and particularly the description we are now entering upon, to the character and quality of his pupil. For which reason, he insists very much on the misery of bad, and the happiness of good kings, in the account he hath given of punishments and rewards in the other world.

We may however observe, notwithstanding the endeavours of this great and learned author, to copy after the style and sentiments of Homer, that there is a certain tincture of Christianity running through the whole relation. The prelate in several places mixes himself with the poet; so that his future state puts me

in mind of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment;" where Charon and his boat are represented as bearing a part in the dreadful solemnities of that great day.

Telemachus, after having passed through the dark avenues of Death in the retinue of Mercury, who every day delivers up a certain tale of ghosts to the ferryman of Styx, is admitted to the infernal bark. Among the companions of his voyage, is the shade of Nabopharzan, a king of Babylon, and tyrant of all the East. Among the ceremonies and pomps of his funeral, there were four slaves sacrificed, according to the custom of the country, in order to attend him among the shades. The author, having described this tyrant in the most odious colours of pride, insolence, and cruelty, tells us, that his four slaves, instead of serving him after death, were perpetually insulting him with reproaches and affronts for his past usage: that they spurned him as he lay upon the ground, and forced him to shew his face, which he would fain have covered, as lying under all the confusion of guilt and infamy; and in short, that they kept him bound in a chain, in order to drag him before the tribunal of the Dead.

Telemachus, upon looking out of the bark, sees all the strand covered with an innumerable multitude of shades, who, upon his jumping ashore, immediately vanished. He then pursues his course to the palace of Pluto, who is described as seated on his throne in terrible majesty, with Proserpine by his side. At the foot of his throne was the pale hideous spectre, who, by the ghastliness of his visage, and the nature of the apparitions that surround him, discovers himself to be Death. His attendants are, Melancholy, Distrust, Revenge, Hatred, Avarice, Despair, Ambition, Envy, Impiety, with frightful Dreams, and waking Cares, which are all drawn very naturally in proper actions and postures. The author, with great beauty, places near his frightful Dreams an assembly of phantoms, which are often employed to terrify the living, by appearing in the shape and likeness of the dead.

The young hero in the next place takes a survey of the different kinds of criminals, that lay in torture among clouds of sulphur, and torrents of fire. The first of these were such as had been guilty of impieties which every one hath an horror for: to which is added a catalogue of such offenders that scarce appear to be faulty in the eyes of the vulgar. Among these, says the author, are malicious critics, that have endeavoured to cast a blemish upon the perfections of others; with whom he likewise places such as have often hurt the reputation of the innocent, by passing a rash judgment on their actions, without knowing the occasion of them. These crimes, says he, are more severely punished after death, because they generally meet with impunity upon earth.

Telemachus, after having taken a survey of several other wretches in the same circumstances, arrives at that region of torments in which wicked kings are punished. There are very fine strokes of imagination in the description which he gives of this unhappy multitude. He tells us, that on one side of them there stood a revengeful Fury, thundering in their ears incessant repetitions of all the crimes they had committed upon earth, with the aggravations of ambition, vanity, hardness of heart, and all those secret affections of mind that enter into the composition of a tyrant. At the same time, she holds up to them a large mirror, in which every one sees himself represented in the natural horror and deformity of his character. On the other side of them stands another Fury, that, with an insulting derision, repeats to them all the praises that their flatterers had bestowed upon them while they sat upon their respective thrones. She too, says the author, presents a mirror before their eyes, in which every one sees himself adorned with all those beauties and perfections, in which they had been drawn by the vanity of their own hearts, and the flattery of others. To punish them for the wantonness of the cruelty which they formerly exercised, they are now delivered up to be treated according to the fancy and caprice of several slaves,  
who

who have here an opportunity of tyrannizing in their turns.

The author, having given us a description of these ghastly spectres, who, says he, are always calling upon Death, and are placed under the distillation of that burning vengeance which falls upon them drop by drop, and is never to be exhausted, leads us into a pleasing scene of groves, filled with the melody of birds, and the odours of a thousand different plants. These groves are represented as rising among a great many flowery meadows, and watered with streams that diffuse a perpetual freshness in the midst of an eternal day, and a never-fading spring. This, says the author, was the habitation of those good princes who were friends of the gods, and parents of the people. Among these, Telemachus converses with the shade of one of his ancestors, who makes a most agreeable relation of the joys of Elysium, and the nature of its inhabitants. The residence of Sesostris among these happy shades, with his character and present employment, is drawn in a very lively manner, and with a great elevation of thought.

The description of that pure and gentle light, which overflows these happy regions, and clothes the spirits of these virtuous persons, hath something in it of that enthusiasm which this author was accused of by his enemies in the church of Rome; but, however it may look in religion, it makes a very beautiful figure in poetry.

The rays of the sun, says he, are darkness in comparison with this light, which rather deserves the name of glory, than that of light. It pierces the thickest bodies, in the same manner as the sun-beams pass through crystal. It strengthens the sight instead of dazzling it; and nourishes in the most inward recesses of the mind a perpetual serenity that is not to be expressed. It enters and incorporates itself with the very substance of the soul: the spirits of the blessed feel it in all their senses, and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain source of peace and joy that arises in them for ever, running through all the faculties, and refreshing all the desires of the soul. External pleasures

tures and delights, with all their charms and allurements, are regarded with the utmost indifference and neglect by these happy spirits, who have this great principle of pleasure within them, drawing the whole mind to itself, calling off their attention from the most delightful objects, and giving them all the transports of inebriation, without the confusion and the folly of it.

I have here only mentioned some master touches of this admirable piece, because the original itself is understood by the greater part of my readers. I must confess, I take a particular delight in these prospects of futurity, whether grounded upon the probable suggestions of a fine imagination, or the more severe conclusions of philosophy; as a man loves to hear all the discoveries or conjectures relating to a foreign country which he is, at some time, to inhabit. Prospects of this nature lighten the burden of any present evil, and refresh us under the worst and lowest circumstances of mortality. They extinguish in us both the fear and envy of human grandeur. Insolence shrinks its head, power disappears; pain, poverty, and death fly before them. In short, the mind that is habituated to the lively sense of an Hereafter, can hope for what is the most terrifying to the generality of mankind, and rejoice in what is the most afflicting.

*Tuesday, April 11, 1710.*

— *Facile est inventis addere.* —

It is easy to improve an invention.

*From my own Apartment, April 10\*.*

**I** WAS last night in an assembly of very fine women. How I came among them is of no great importance to the reader. I shall only let him know, that I was betrayed into so good company by the device of an old friend, who had promised to give some



of his female acquaintance a fight of Mr Bickerstaff. Upon hearing my name mentioned, a lady who sat by me, told me, they had brought together a female consort for my entertainment. "You must know," says she, "that we all of us look upon ourselves to be musical instruments, though we do not yet know of what kind; which we hope to learn from you, if you will give us leave to play before you." This was followed by a general laugh, which I always look upon as a necessary flourish in the opening of a female consort. They then struck up together, and played a whole hour upon two grounds, viz. the Trial\* and the Opera. I could not but observe, that several of their notes were more soft, and several more sharp, than any that I ever heard in a male consort; though I must confess, there was not any regard to time, nor any of those rests and pauses which are frequent in the harmony of the other sex: besides that the music was generally full, and no particular instrument permitted to play long by itself.

I seemed so very well pleased with what every one said, and smiled with so much complaisance at all their pretty fancies, that though I did not put one word into their discourse, I have the vanity to think, they looked upon me as very agreeable company. I then told them, "that if I were to draw the picture of so many charming musicians, it should be like one I had seen of the Muses, with their several instruments in their hands;" upon which the lady Kettle-Drum tossed back her head, and cried, "A very pretty simile!" The consort again revived; in which, with nods, smiles, and approbations, I bore the part rather of one who beats the time, than of a performer.

I was no sooner retired to my lodgings, but I ran over in my thoughts the several characters of this fair assembly; which I shall give some account of, because they are various in their kind, and may each of them stand as a sample of a whole species.

The person who pleased me most was a Flute, an instrument, that, without any great compass, hath

something exquisitely sweet and soft in its sound: it lulls and soothes the ear, and fills it with such a gentle kind of melody, as keeps the mind awake without startling it, and raises a most agreeable passion between transport and indolence. In short, the music of the Flute is the conversation of a mild and amiable woman, that has nothing in it very elevated, nor, at the same time, any thing mean or trivial.

I must here observe, that the Hautboy is the most perfect of the Flute-species, which, with all the sweetness of the sound, hath a great strength and variety of notes; though at the same time I must observe, that the Hautboy in one sex is as scarce as the Harpsichord in the other.

By the side of the Flute there sat a Flagelet; for so I must call a certain young lady, who, fancying herself a wit, despised the music of the Flute as low and insipid, and would be entertaining the company with tart ill-natured observations, pert fancies, and little turns, which she imagined to be full of life and spirit. The Flagelet therefore doth not differ from the Flute so much in the compass of its notes, as in the shrillness and sharpness of the sound. We must however take notice, that the Flagelets among their own sex are more valued and esteemed than the Flutes.

There chanced to be a Coquette in the consort, that, with a great many skittish notes, affected squeaks, and studied inconsistencies, distinguished herself from the rest of the company. She did not speak a word during the whole Trial; but I thought she would never have done upon the Opera. One while she would break out upon, "That hideous king!" then upon, "The charming black-moor!" then, "O that dear lion!" then would hum over two or three notes; then run to the window to see what coach was coming. The Coquette therefore, I must distinguish by that musical instrument which is commonly known by the name of a Kit, that is more jiggish than the Fiddle itself, and never sounds but to a dance.

The fourth person who bore a part in the conversation was a Prude, who stuck to the Trial, and was silent upon the whole Opera. The gravity of her censures,

tures, and composure of her voice, which were often attended with supercilious casts of the eye, and a seeming contempt for the lightness of the conversation, put me in mind of that ancient, serious, matron-like instrument, the Virginal.

I must not pass over in silence a Lancashire Hornpipe, by which I would signify a young country lady, who, with a great deal of mirth and innocence, diverted the company very agreeably; and, if I am not mistaken, by that time the wildness of her notes is a little softened, and the redundancy of her music restrained by conversation and good company, will be improved into one of the most amiable Flutes about the town. Your Romps and boarding-school girls fall likewise under this denomination.

On the right-hand of the Hornpipe sat a Welsh-Harp, an instrument which very much delights in the tunes of old historical ballads, and in celebrating the renowned actions and exploits of ancient British-heroes. By this instrument I therefore would describe a certain lady, who is one of those female historians that upon all occasions enters into pedigrees and descents, and finds herself related, by some off-shoot or other, to almost every great family in England: for which reason, she jars and is out of tune very often in conversation, for the company's want of due attention and respect to her.

But the most sonorous part of our consort was a She-Drum, or, as the vulgar call it, a Kettle-Drum, who accompanied her discourse with motions of the body, tosses of the head, and brandishes of the fan. Her music was loud, bold, and masculine. Every thump she gave alarmed the company, and very often set somebody or other in it a-blushing.

The last I shall mention was a certain romantic instrument called a Dulcimer, who talked of nothing but shady woods, flowery meadows, purling streams, larks and nightingales, with all the beauties of the spring, and the pleasures of a country life. This instrument hath a fine melancholy sweetness in it, and goes very well with the Flute.

I think most of the conversable part of womankind may be found under one of the foregoing divisions; but it must be confessed, that the generality of that sex, notwithstanding they have naturally a great genius for being talkative, are not mistresses of more than one note; with which, however, by frequent repetition, they make a greater sound than those who are possessed of the whole Gamut; as may be observed in your Larums or Household-scolds, and in your Castanets or impertinent Tittle-tattles, who have no other variety in their discourse but that of talking slower or faster.

Upon communicating this scheme of music to an old friend of mine, who was formerly a man of gallantry, and a rover, he told me, "that he believed he had been in love with every instrument in my consort. The first that smit him was a Hornpipe, who lived near his father's house in the country; but upon his failing to meet her at an assize, according to appointment, she cast him off. His next passion was for a Kettle-Drum, whom he fell in love with at a play; but when he became acquainted with her, not finding the softness of her sex in her conversation, he grew cool to her; though at the same time he could not deny but that she behaved herself very much like a gentlewoman. His third mistress was a Dulcimer, who, he found, took great delight in sighing and languishing, but would go no farther than the preface of matrimony; so that she would never let a lover have any more of her than her heart, which after having won, he was forced to leave her, as despairing of any further success. I must confess, says my friend, I have often considered her with a great deal of admiration; and I find her pleasure is so much in this first step of an amour, that her life will pass away in dream, solitude, and soliloquy, until her decay of charms makes her snatch at the worst man that ever pretended to her. In the next place," says my friend, "I fell in love with a Kit, who led me such a dance through all the varieties of a familiar, cold, fond,

"and

“ and indifferent behaviour, that the world began to  
 “ grow censorious, though without any cause; for  
 “ which reason, to recover our reputations, we part-  
 “ ed by consent. To mend my hand, says he, I  
 “ made my next application to a Virginal, who gave  
 “ me great encouragement, after her cautious manner,  
 “ until some malicious companion told her of my  
 “ long passion for the Kit, which made her turn me  
 “ off as a scandalous fellow. At length in despair,”  
 says he, “ I betook myself to a Welsh-Harp, who re-  
 “ jected me with contempt, after having found that  
 “ my great grandmother was a brewer’s daughter.”

I found by the sequel of my friend’s discourse, that he had never aspired to a Hautboy; that he had been exasperated by a Flagelet; and that, to this very day, he pines away for a Flute.

Upon the whole, having thoroughly considered how absolutely necessary it is, that two instruments, which are to play together for life, should be exactly tuned, and go in perfect consort with each other; I would propose matches between the music of both sexes, according to the following “ Table of Marriage:”

1. Drum and Kettle-drum.
2. Lute and Flute.
3. Harpsichord and Hautboy.
4. Violin and Flagelet.
5. Bass-viol and Kit.
6. Trumpet and Welsh-Harp.
7. Hunting-horn and Hornpipe.
8. Bagpipe and Castanet.
9. Passing-bell and Virginal.

“ Mr Bickerstaff, in consideration of his ancient  
 “ friendship and acquaintance with Mr Betterton,  
 “ and great esteem for his merit, summons all his  
 “ disciples, whether dead or living, mad or tame,  
 “ Toasts, Smarts, Dappers, Pretty-fellows, musicians or  
 “ scrapers, to make their appearance at the play-house  
 “ in the Hay-market on Thursday next, when there  
 “ will

“ will be a play acted for the benefit of the said Bē-  
 “ terton.”

Thursday, April 13, 1710.

*Paciunt nœ intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant.*

TER.

While they pretend to know more than others, they know nothing in reality.

*From my own Apartment, April 12\*.*

**T**OM Folio is a broker in learning, employed to get together good editions, and stock the libraries of great men. There is not a sale of books begins until Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not an auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a subscription goes forward in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draught of the proposals; nor a catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the press. He is an universal scholar, so far as the title-page of all authors; knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a panegyric upon Harry Stephens. He thinks he gives you an account of an author, when he tells you the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning, and substantial criticism. As for those who talk of the fineness of style, and the justness of thought,

or describe the brightness of any particular passages; nay, though they themselves write in the genius and spirit of the author they admire, Tom looks upon them as men of superficial learning, and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned idiot, for that is the light in which I consider every pedant, when I discovered in him some little touches of the coxcomb, which I had not before observed. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the republic of letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations, that he did not believe in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a thought of a certain author upon a passage of Virgil's account of the dead, which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought hath taken very much among men of Tom's pitch and understanding, though universally exploded by all that know how to construe Virgil, or have any relish of antiquity. Not to trouble my reader with it, I found upon the whole, that Tom did not believe a future state of rewards and punishments, because Æneas, at his leaving the empire of the dead, passed through the gate of ivory, and not through that of horn. Knowing that Tom had not sense enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that I might avoid wrangling, I told him, "that Virgil possibly had his oversights  
 "as well as another author." "Ah! Mr Bicker-  
 "staff," says he, "you would have another opinion  
 "of him, if you would read him in Daniel Heinsius's  
 "edition. I have perused him myself several times  
 "in that edition," continued he; "and after the  
 "strictest and most malicious examination, could find  
 "but two faults in him; one of them is in the  
 "Æneids, where there are two commas instead of a  
 "parenthesis; and another in the third Georgic,  
 "where you may find a semicolon turned upside  
 "down." "Perhaps," said I, "these were not Vir-  
 "gil's faults, but those of the transcriber." "I do  
 "not design it," says Tom, "as a reflection on Vir-  
 "gil; on the contrary, I know that all the manu-  
 "scripts

“scripts declaim against such a punctuation. Oh! “Mr Bickerstaff,” says he, “what would a man give to see one simile of Virgil writ in his own hand?” I asked him which was the simile he meant; but was answered, any simile in Virgil. He then told me all the secret history in the commonwealth of learning; of modern pieces that had the names of ancient authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the several parts of Europe; of many amendments which are made, and not yet published; and a thousand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burdened with for a Vatican.

At length, being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of Tom's class, who are professed admirers of Tasso, without understanding a word of Italian: and one in particular, that carries a *Pastor Fido* in his pocket, in which, I am sure, he is acquainted with no other beauty but the clearness of the character.

There is another kind of pedant, who, with all Tom Folio's impertinencies, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of Greek and Latin; and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are editors, commentators, interpreters, scholiasts, and critics; and, in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in Greek, than upon the author for having written it; nay, will allow the passage itself not to have any beauty in it, at the same time that they would be considered as the greatest men of the age, for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt on the most beautiful poems that have been composed by any of their contemporaries; but will lock themselves up in their studies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publish, and expound such trifles of antiquity, as a modern author would be contemned for. Men of the strictest morals, severest lives, and the gravest professions, will write volumes upon an  
idle



idle sonnet, that is originally in Greek or Latin; give editions of the most immoral authors; and spin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them is, that their works sufficiently shew they have no taste of their authors; and that what they do in this kind, is out of their great learning, and not out of any levity or lasciviousness of temper.

A pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of Boileau, with which I shall conclude his character:

*Un Pedant enyoré de sa vaine science,  
Tout herissé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance,  
Et qui de mille auteurs retenus mot par mot,  
Dans sa tete entassez n'a souvent fait qu'un sot,  
Croit qu'un livre fait tout, & que sans Aristote  
La raison ne voit goutte, & le bon sens radote.*

Brim-full of learning see that pedant stride,  
Bristling with horrid Greek, and puff'd with pride!  
A thousand authors he in vain has read,  
And with their maxims stuff'd his empty head;  
And thinks that, without Aristotle's rule,  
Reason is blind, and common sense a fool. WYNNE.

Tuesday, April 18, 1710.

*From my own Apartment, April 17\*.*

A COMMON civility to an impertinent fellow often draws upon one a great many unforeseen troubles; and if one doth not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy. This I was very sensible of this morning. About two hours before day, I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued some time, until my maid could get herself ready to go down and see what was

the occasion of it. She then brought me up word, that there was a gentleman who seemed very much in haste, and said he must needs speak with me. By the description she gave me of him, and by his voice, which I could hear as I lay in my bed, I fancied him to be my old acquaintance the upholsterer, whom I met the other day in St James's-park. For which reason, I bid her tell the gentleman, whoever he was, "that I was indisposed; that I could see nobody; and that, if he had any thing to say to me, I desired he would leave it in writing." My maid, after having delivered her message, told me, "that the gentleman said he would stay at the next coffee-house until I was stirring; and bid her be sure to tell me, that the French were driven from the Scarpe, and that Douay was invested." He gave her the name of another town, which I found she had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the success of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day; and was therefore very much out of humour at this unseasonable visit. I had no sooner recovered my temper, and was falling asleep, but I was immediately startled by a second rap; and upon my maid's opening the door, heard the same voice ask her, if her master was yet up? and at the same time bid her tell me, that he was come on purpose to talk with me about a piece of home news, which every body in town will be full of two hours hence. I ordered my maid, as soon as she came into the room, without hearing her message, to tell the gentleman, "that whatever his news was, I would rather hear it two hours hence than now; and that I persisted in my resolution not to speak with any body that morning." The wench delivered my answer presently, and shut the door. It was impossible for me to compose myself to sleep after two such unexpected alarms; for which reason, I put on my cloaths in a very peevish humour. I took several turns about my chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt, on these volunteers in politics, that undergo all the pain, watchfulness,

fulness, and disquiet of a first minister, without turning it to the advantage either of themselves or their country; and yet it is surprising to consider how numerous this species of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a tailor breaking his rest on the affairs of Europe, and to see a cluster of porters sitting upon the ministry. Our streets swarm with politicians, and there is scarce a shop which is not held by a statesman. As I was musing after this manner, I heard the upholsterer at the door delivering a letter to my maid, and begging her, in a very great hurry, to give it to her master as soon as ever he was awake; which I opened, and found as follows:

“ Mr BICKERSTAFF,

“ I was to wait upon you about a week ago, to let  
 “ you know, that the honest gentlemen whom you  
 “ conversed with upon the bench at the end of the  
 “ Mall, having heard that I had received five shil-  
 “ lings of you, to give you an hundred pounds upon  
 “ the great Turk’s being driven out of Europe, desired  
 “ me to acquaint you, that every one of that company  
 “ would be willing to receive five shillings, to pay a  
 “ hundred pounds on the same condition. Our last  
 “ advices from Muscovy making this a fairer bet than  
 “ it was a week ago, I do not question but you will  
 “ accept the wager.

“ But this is not my present business. If you re-  
 “ member, I whispered a word in your ear, as we  
 “ were walking up the Mall; and you see what has  
 “ happened since. If I had seen you this morning,  
 “ I would have told you in your ear another secret.  
 “ I hope you will be recovered of your indisposition  
 “ by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you  
 “ at the same hour as I did this; my private circum-  
 “ stances being such, that I cannot well appear in  
 “ this quarter of the town after it is day.

“ I have been so taken up with the late good news  
 “ from Holland, and expectation of further particu-  
 “ lars, as well as with other transactions, of which I

“ will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have  
 “ not slept a wink these three nights.

“ I have reason to believe, that Picardy will soon  
 “ follow the example of Artois, in case the enemy  
 “ continue in their present resolution of flying away  
 “ from us. I think I told you the last time we were  
 “ together my opinion about the *Deulle*.

“ The honest gentlemen upon the bench bid me  
 “ tell you, that they would be glad to see you  
 “ often among them. We shall be there all the  
 “ warm hours of the day during the present posture  
 “ of affairs.

“ This happy opening of the campaign will, I  
 “ hope, give us a very joyful summer; and I propose  
 “ to take many a pleasant walk with you, if you will  
 “ sometimes come into the Park; for that is the only  
 “ place in which I can be free from the malice of my  
 “ enemies. Farewell until three of the clock to-morrow  
 “ morning! I am,

“ Your most humble servant, &c.

“ P. S. The king of Sweden is still at Bender.”

I should have fretted myself to death at this promise of a second visit, if I had not found in his letter an intimation of the good news which I have since heard at large. I have however ordered my maid to tie up the knocker of my door in such a manner as she would do if I was really indisposed. By which means I hope to escape breaking my morning's rest.

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Thursday, April 20, 1710.

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— *Nunquam Libertas gratior exstat*  
*Quam sub rege pio.*

Never does Liberty appear more amiable than under the government of a pious and good prince.

From

*From my own Apartment, April 19\*.*

I WAS walking two or three days ago in a very pleasant retirement, and amusing myself with the reading of that ancient and beautiful allegory, called "The Table of Cebes." I was at last so tired with my walk, that I sat down to rest myself upon a bench that stood in the midst of an agreeable shade. The music of the birds, that filled all the trees about me, lulled me asleep before I was aware of it; which was followed by a dream, that I impute in some measure to the foregoing author, who had made an impression upon my imagination, and put me into his own way of thinking.

I fancied myself among the Alps, and, as it is natural in a dream, seemed every moment to bound from one summit to another, until at last, after having made this airy progress over the tops of several mountains, I arrived at the very centre of those broken rocks and precipices. I here, methought, saw a prodigious circuit of hills, that reached above the clouds, and encompassed a large space of ground, which I had a great curiosity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling through a great variety of winter scenes, until I had gained the top of these white mountains, which seemed another Alps of snow. I looked down from hence into a spacious plain, which was surrounded on all sides by this mound of hills, and which presented me with the most agreeable prospect I had ever seen. There was a greater variety of colours in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and grass, a brighter crystal in the streams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light itself had something more shining and glorious in it, than that of which the day is made in other places. I was wonderfully astonished at the discovery of such a paradise amidst the wildness of those cold, hoary landscapes which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy region was inhabited by the Goddess of Liberty; whose presence softened the rigours of the climate, enriched the

barrenness of the soil, and more than supplied the absence of the sun. The place was covered with a wonderful profusion of flowers, that, without being disposed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiscuously; and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriancy and disorder, than they could have received from the checks and restraints of art. There was a river that arose out of the south-side of the mountain, that, by an infinite number of turnings and windings, seemed to visit every plant, and cherish the several beauties of the spring, with which the fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful variety of meanders, as unwilling to leave so charming a place, it at last throws itself into the hollow of a mountain; from whence it passes under a long range of rocks, and at length rises in that part of the Alps where the inhabitants think is the first source of the Rhone. This river, after having made its progress thro' those free nations, stagnates in a huge lake\* at the leaving of them; and no sooner enters into the regions of slavery, but it runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes its shortest way to the sea.

I descended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and in the midst of them beheld the goddess sitting upon a throne. She had nothing to inclose her but the bounds of her own dominions, and nothing over her head but the heavens. Every glance of her eye cast a track of light where it fell, that revived the spring, and made all things smile about her. My heart grew chearful at the sight of her; and as she looked upon me, I found a certain confidence growing in me, and such an inward resolution, as I never felt before that time.

On the left-hand of the goddess sat the Genius of a commonwealth, with the cap of Liberty on her head, and in her hand a wand, like that with which a Roman citizen used to give his slaves their freedom. There was something mean and vulgar, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring, in her air; her eyes were full of fire; but had in them such casts of fierceness  
and

\* *The lake of Geneva.*

and cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her shoulders she wore a mantle, on which there was wrought a great confusion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw wounds in the bodies of some, and agonies in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read in letters of blood, "The Ides of March."

On the right hand of the goddess was the Genius of monarchy. She was clothed in the whitest ermine, and wore a crown of the purest gold upon her head. In her hand she held a sceptre like that which is borne by the British monarchs. A couple of tame lions lay crouching at her feet. Her countenance had in it a very great majesty without any mixture of terror. Her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with so much sweetness, accompanied with such an air of condescension, as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In the train of the Goddesses of Liberty were the several Arts and Sciences, who all of them flourished underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a greater figure than any of the rest, who held a thunderbolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking, every thing that stood in its way. The name of this goddess was Eloquence.

There were two other dependent goddesses, who made a very conspicuous figure in this blissful region. The first of them was seated upon a hill, that had every plant growing out of it which the soil was in its own nature capable of producing. The other was seated in a little island, that was covered with groves of spices, olives, and orange-trees; and in a word, with the products of every foreign clime. The name of the first was Plenty, of the second Commerce. The first leaned her right arm upon a plough, and under her left held a huge horn, out of which she poured a whole autumn of fruits. The other wore a rostral crown upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a compass.

I was

I was wonderfully pleased in ranging through this delightful place, and the more so, because it was not incumbered with fences and inclosures : until at length, methought, I sprung from the ground, and pitched upon the top of a hill, that presented several objects to my sight which I had not before taken notice of. The winds that passed over this flowery plain, and through the tops of the trees, which were full of blossoms, blew upon me in such a continued breeze of sweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my situation. I here saw all the inner declivities of that great circuit of mountains, whose outside was covered with snow, overgrown with huge forests of fir-trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other parts of the Alps. These trees were inhabited by storks, that came thither in great flights from very distant quarters of the world. Methought, I was pleased in my dream to see what became of these birds, when, upon leaving the places to which they make an annual visit, they rise in great flocks so high until they are out of sight, and for that reason have been thought by some modern philosophers to take a flight to the moon. But my eyes were soon diverted from this prospect, when I observed two great gaps that led through this circuit of mountains, where guards and watches were posted day and night. Upon examination, I found that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of these avenues, who kept the place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the head of one of these armies, dressed in an Eastern habit, and grasping in her hand an iron sceptre. Behind her was Barbarity, with the garb and complexion of an Ethiopian ; Ignorance, with a turban upon her head ; and Persecution holding up a bloody flag, embroidered with flower-de-luces. These were followed by Oppression, Poverty, Famine, Torture, and a dreadful train of appearances that made me tremble to behold them. Among the baggage of this army, I could discover racks, wheels, chains, and gibbets,



gibbets, with all the instruments art could invent to make human nature miserable.

Before the other avenue I saw Licentiousness, dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish cassock, and leading up a whole army of monsters, such as Clamour, with a hoarse voice and an hundred tongues; Confusion, with a mishapen body, and a thousand heads; Impudence, with a forehead of brass; and Rapine, with hands of iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar in this quarter, were so very great, that they disturbed my imagination more than is consistent with sleep, and by that means awaked me.

Saturday, April 22, 1710.

*Tertius è caelo cecidit Cato.*

Juv. Sat. ii. 40.

See! a third Cato from the clouds is dropt.

R. WYNNE.

*From my own Apartment, April 21\*.*

**I**N my younger years I used many endeavours to get a place at court, and indeed continued my pursuits until I arrived at my grand climacteric. But at length, altogether despairing of success, whether it were for want of capacity, friends, or due application, I at last resolved to erect a new office, and, for my encouragement, to place myself in it. For this reason, I took upon me the title and dignity of "Censor of Great-Britain," reserving to myself all such perquisites, profits, and emoluments, as should arise out of the discharge of the said office. These in truth have not been inconsiderable; for, besides those weekly contributions which I receive from John Morphew, and those annual subscriptions which I propose to myself from the most elegant part of this great island, I daily live in a very comfortable affluence of wine, stale beer, Hungary water, beef, books, and marrow-bones, which

I receive from many well-disposed citizens; not to mention the forfeitures which accrue to me from the several offenders that appear before me on court-days.

Having now enjoyed this office for the space of a twelvemonth, I shall do what all good officers ought to do, take a survey of my behaviour, and consider carefully, whether I have discharged my duty, and acted up to the character with which I am invested. For my direction in this particular, I have made a narrow search into the nature of the old Roman Censors, whom I must always regard, not only as my predecessors, but as my patterns in this great employment; and have several times asked my own heart with great impartiality, whether Cato will not bear a more venerable figure among posterity than Bickerstaff?

I find the duty of the Roman Censor was two-fold. The first part of it consisted in making frequent reviews of the people, in casting up their numbers, ranging them under their several tribes, disposing them into proper classes, and subdividing them into their respective centuries.

In compliance with this part of the office, I have taken many curious surveys of this great city. I have collected into particular bodies the Dappers and the Smarts, the natural and affected Rakes, the Pretty-fellows and the *very* Pretty-fellows. I have likewise drawn out in several distinct parties your Pedants and Men of Fire, your Gamesters and Politicians. I have separated Cits from Citizens, Free-thinkers from Philosophers, Wits from Snuff-takers, and Duelists from Men of Honour. I have likewise made a calculation of Esquires; not only considering the several distinct swarms of them that are settled in the different parts of this town, but also that more rugged species that inhabit the fields and woods, and are often found in pot-houses, and upon hay-cocks.

I shall pass the soft sex over in silence, having not yet reduced them into any tolerable order; as likewise the softer tribe of Lovers, which will cost me a great deal

deal of time, before I shall be able to cast them into their several centuries and subdivisions.

The second part of the Roman Censor's office was to look into the manners of the people; and to check any growing luxury, whether in diet, dress, or building. This duty likewise I have endeavoured to discharge, by those wholesome precepts which I have given my countrymen in regard to beef and mutton, and the severe censures which I have passed upon ragouts and fricassees. There is not, as I am informed, a pair of red heels to be seen within ten miles of London; which I may likewise ascribe, without vanity, to the becoming zeal which I expressed in that particular. I must own, my success with the petticoat is not so great; but, as I have not yet done with it, I hope I shall in a little time put an effectual stop to that growing evil. As for the article of building, I intend hereafter to enlarge upon it; having lately observed several warehouses, nay, private shops, that stand upon Corinthian pillars, and whole rows of tin pots shewing themselves, in order to their sale, through a sash-window.

I have likewise followed the example of the Roman Censors, in punishing offences according to the quality of the offender. It was usual for them to expel a senator, who had been guilty of great immoralities, out of the senate-house, by omitting his name when they called over the list of his brethren. In the same manner, to remove effectually several worthless men who stand possessed of great honours, I have made frequent draughts of dead men out of the vicious part of the Nobility, and given them up to the new society of Upholders, with the necessary orders for their interment. As the Roman Censors used to punish the knights or gentlemen of Rome, by taking away their horses from them, I have seized the canes of many criminals of figure, whom I had just reason to animadvert upon. As for the offenders among the common people of Rome, they were generally chastised by being thrown out of a higher tribe, and placed in one which was not so honourable. My reader cannot but think I have had an eye to this

punishment, when I have degraded one species of men into Bombs, Squibs, and Crackers, and another into Drums, Bass-viol, and Bag-pipes; not to mention whole packs of delinquents whom I have shut up in kennels, and the new hospital which I am at present erecting for the reception of those my countrymen, who give me but little hopes of their amendment, on the borders of Moor-fields. I shall only observe upon this last particular, that, since some late surveys I have taken of this island, I shall think it necessary to enlarge the plan of the buildings which I design in this quarter.

When my great predecessor, Cato the elder, stood for the censorship of Rome, there were several other competitors who offered themselves; and to get an interest amongst the people, gave them great promises of the mild and gentle treatment which they would use towards them in that office. Cato, on the contrary, told them, “ he presented himself as a candidate, because he knew the age was sunk in immorality and corruption; and that, if they would give him their votes, he would promise them to make use of such a strictness and severity of discipline, as should recover them out of it.” The Roman historians, upon this occasion, very much celebrated the public-spiritedness of that people, who chose Cato for their Censor, notwithstanding his method of recommending himself. I may in some measure extol my own countrymen upon the same account; who, without any respect to party, or any application from myself, have made such generous subscriptions for the Censor of Great-Britain, as will give a magnificence to my old age, and which I esteem more than I would any post in Europe of an hundred times the value. I shall only add, that upon looking into my catalogue of subscribers, which I intend to print alphabetically in the front of my Lucubrations, I find the names of the greatest Beauties and Wits in the whole island of Great-Britain; which I only mention for the benefit of any of them who have not yet subscribed, it being my design to close the subscription in a very short time.

*Tuesday,*

Tuesday, April 25, 1710.

*Idem inficeto est inficetior rure,  
 Simul pœmata attigit; neque idem unquam  
 Æquè est beatus, ac pœma cum scribit:  
 Tam gaudet in se, tamque se ipse miratur.  
 Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque est quisquam  
 Quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum  
 Possis*————— CATUL. de Suffeno, xx. 14.

Suffenus has no more wit than a mere clown when he attempts to write verses; and yet he is never happier than when he is scribbling: so much does he admire himself and his compositions. And, indeed, this is the foible of every one of us; for there is no man living who is not a Suffenus in one thing or other.

*Will's Coffee-house, April 24\*.*

**I** YESTERDAY came hither about two hours before the company generally make their appearance, with a design to read over all the news-papers; but upon my sitting down, I was accosted by Ned Softly, who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. “Mr Bickerstaff,” says he, “I observe by a late Paper of yours, that you and I are just of a humour; for you must know, of all impertinences, there is nothing which I so much hate as news. I never read a Gazette in my life; and never trouble my head about our armies, whether they win or lose, or in what part of the world they lie encamped.” Without giving me time to reply, he drew a paper of verses out of his pocket, telling me, “that he had something which would entertain me more agreeably; and that he would desire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us until the company came in.”

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favourite: and as that

\* No. 163.

admirable

admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our great English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book; which he repeats upon occasion, to shew his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles; which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. "You must understand," says Ned, "that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady, who shewed me some verses of her own making, and is, perhaps, the best poet of our age. But you shall hear it."

Upon which he began to read as follows:

To MIRA, on her incomparable Poems.

I.

When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,  
And tune your soft melodious notes,  
You seem a sister of the Nine,  
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

II.

I fancy, when your song you sing,  
(Your song you sing with so much art)  
Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;  
For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"Why," says I, "this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt: every verse has something in it that piques; and then the dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram, for so I think your critics call it, as ever entered into the thought of a poet." "Dear Mr Bickerstaff,

“kerstaff,” says he, shaking me by the hand, “every body knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon’s translation of ‘Horace’s Art of Poetry’ three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shewn you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it; for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dress’d in laurel wreaths you shine,

“That is,” says he, “when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses.” To which I replied, “I know your meaning: a metaphor?” “The same,” said he, and went on,

And tune your soft melodious notes,

“Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it.” Truly,” said I, “I think it is as good as the former.” “I am very glad to hear you say so,” says he; “but mind the next.

You seem a sister of the Nine,

“That is,” says he, “you seem a sister of the Muses; for, if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were nine of them.” “I remember it very well,” said I; “but pray proceed.”

Or Phœbus’ self in petticoats.

“Phœbus,” says he, “was the god of poetry. These little instances, Mr Bickerstaff, shew a gentleman’s reading. Then, to take off from the air of learning, which Phœbus and the Muses had given to this first stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar; ‘in Petticoats!’

Or Phœbus’ self in petticoats.

“Let

“ Let us now,” says I, “ enter upon the second stanza; I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor.”

I fancy, when your song you sing,

“ It is very right,” says he; “ but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines, I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second line it should be ‘ Your song you sing; or, You sing your song?’ You shall hear them both:”

↓ I fancy, when your song you sing,  
(Your song you sing with so much art)

OR,

I fancy, when your song you sing,  
(You sing your song with so much art)

“ Truly,” said I, “ the turn is so natural either way, that you have made me almost giddy with it.” “ Dear, Sir,” said he, grasping me by the hand, “ you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?”

Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;

“ Think?” says I; “ I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose.” “ That was my meaning,” says he: “ I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we come now to the last, which sums up the whole matter.

For, Ah! it wounds me like his dart.

“ Pray how do you like that Ah! doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? Ah!——it looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out as being pricked with it.

For, Ah! it wounds me like his dart.

“ My friend Dick Easy,” continued he, assured me,  
“ he



“ he would rather have written that Ah ! than to have  
 “ been the author of the *Æneid*. He indeed objec-  
 “ ted, that I made Mira’s pen like a quill in one of  
 “ the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as  
 “ to that——” “ Oh ! as to that,” says I, it is but  
 “ supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his  
 “ quills and darts will be the same thing.” He was  
 going to embrace me for the hint ; but half a dozen  
 critics coming into the room, whose faces he did  
 not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket,  
 and whispered me in the ear, “ he would shew it  
 “ me again as soon as his man had written it over  
 “ fair.”

Saturday, April 29, 1710.

*From my own Apartment, April 28\*.*

**I**T has always been my endeavour to distinguish  
 between realities and appearances, and to separate  
 true merit from the pretence to it. As it shall ever  
 be my study to make discoveries of this nature in hu-  
 man life, and to settle the proper distinctions between  
 the virtues and perfections of mankind, and those false  
 colours and resemblances of them that shine alike in  
 the eyes of the vulgar ; so I shall be more particularly  
 careful to search into the various merits and pretences  
 of the learned world. This is the more necessary, be-  
 cause there seems to be a general combination among  
 the Pedants to extol one another’s labours, and cry up  
 one another’s parts ; while men of sense, either through  
 that modesty which is natural to them, or the scorn  
 they have for such trifling commendations, enjoy their  
 stock of knowledge, like a hidden treasure, with satis-  
 faction and silence. Pedantry indeed in learning is  
 like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge with-  
 out the power of it ; that attracts the eyes of the com-  
 mon people ; breaks out in noise and show ; and

finds its reward not from any inward pleasure that attends it, but from the praises and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this shallow species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited animal, than that which is generally known by the name of a Critic. This, in the common acceptation of the word, is one that, without entering into the sense and soul of an author, has a few general rules, which, like mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every writer; and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as Unity, Style, Fire, Phlegm, Easy, Natural, Turn, Sentiment, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together, in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are, an elevated eye, and dogmatical brow, a positive voice, and a contempt for every thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in generals. He praises or dispraises in the lump. He shakes his head very frequently at the Pedantry of universities, and bursts into laughter when you mention an author that is not known at Will's. He hath formed his judgment upon Homer, Horace, and Virgil, not from their own works, but from those of Rapin and Bossu. He knows his own strength so well, that he never dares praise any thing in which he has not a French author for his voucher.

With these extraordinary talents and accomplishments, Sir Timothy Tittle puts men in vogue, or condemns them to obscurity; and sits as judge of life and death upon every author that appears in public. It is impossible to represent the pangs, agonies, and convulsions, which Sir Timothy expresses in every feature of his face, and muscle of his body, upon the reading of a bad poet.

About a week ago, I was engaged, at a friend's house of mine, in an agreeable conversation with his wife and daughters, when, in the height of our mirth, Sir Timothy, who makes love to my friend's eldest daughter,

daughter, came in amongst us, puffing and blowing as if he had been very much out of breath. He immediately called for a chair, and desired leave to sit down without any further ceremony. I asked him, where he had been? whether he was out of order? He only replied, that he was quite spent, and fell a cursing in soliloquy. I could hear him cry, "A wicked rogue  
 " — An execrable wretch — Was there ever such a  
 " monster!" — The young ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked, whether any one had hurt him? He answered nothing, but still talked to himself. "To lay the first scene," says he, "in St. James's-park, and the last in Northampton-shire!" "Is that all?" said I. "Then I suppose you have been  
 " at the rehearsal of a play this morning." "Been!" says he, "I have been at Northampton, in the Park, in a lady's bed-chamber, in a dining-room, every  
 " where; the rogue has led me such a dance—" Though I could scarce forbear laughing at his discourse, I told him I was glad it was no worse, and that he was only metaphorically weary. "In short, Sir," says he, "the author has not observed a single Unity  
 " in his whole play; the scene shifts in every dialogue; the villain has hurried me up and down at  
 " such a rate, that I am tired off my legs." I could not but observe with some pleasure, that the young lady whom he made love to, conceived a very just aversion towards him, upon seeing him so very passionate in trifles. And as she had that natural sense which makes her a better judge than a thousand critics, she began to rally him upon this foolish humour. "For my part," says she, "I never knew a play take that was written  
 " up to your rules, as you call them." "How, Madam!" says he, "is that your opinion? I am  
 " sure you have a better taste." "It is a pretty  
 " kind of magic," says she, "the poets have, to transport an audience from place to place without  
 " the help of a coach and horses: I could travel  
 " round the world at such a rate. It is such an entertainment as an enchantress finds when she fancies  
 " herself in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feast, or  
 " a solemnity ;

“ a solemnity ; though at the same time she has never  
 “ stirred out of her cottage.” “ Your simile, Ma-  
 “ dam,” says Sir Timothy, “ is by no means just.”  
 “ Pray,” says she, “ let my similes pass without a cri-  
 “ ticism. I must confess,” continued she, (for I  
 found she was resolved to exasperate him) “ I laugh-  
 “ ed very heartily at the last new comedy which you  
 “ found so much fault with.” “ But, Madam,” says  
 “ he, you ought not to have laughed ; and I defy any  
 “ one to shew me a single rule that you could laugh  
 “ by.” “ Ought not to laugh !” says she ; pray who  
 “ should hinder me ?” “ Madam,” says he, “ there  
 “ are such people in the world as Rapin, Dacier,  
 “ and several others, that ought to have spoiled your  
 “ mirth.” “ I have heard,” says the young lady,  
 “ that your great critics are always very bad poets : I  
 “ fancy there is as much difference between the works  
 “ of the one and the other, as there is between the  
 “ carriage of a dancing-master and a gentleman. I  
 “ must confess,” continued she, “ I would not be  
 “ troubled with so fine a judgment as yours is ; for I  
 “ find you feel more vexation in a bad comedy than  
 “ I do in a deep tragedy.” Madam,” says Sir Timo-  
 “ thy, “ that is not my fault ; they should learn the  
 “ art of writing.” “ For my part,” says the young  
 lady, “ I should think the greatest art in your writers  
 “ of comedies is to please.” “ To please,” says Sir  
 Timothy ; and immediately fell a laughing. “ Truly,”  
 says she, “ that is my opinion.” Upon this, he com-  
 posed his countenance, looked upon his watch, and  
 took his leave,

I hear that Sir Timothy has not been at my friend’s  
 house since this notable conference, to the great satis-  
 faction of the young lady, who by this means has got  
 rid of a very impertinent fop.

I must confess, I could not but observe, with a great  
 deal of surprize, how this gentleman, by his ill-nature,  
 folly, and affectation, had made himself capable of suf-  
 fering so many imaginary pains, and looking with  
 such a senseless severity upon the common diversions  
 of life,

*Saturday,*

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Saturday, July 1, 1710.

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*Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.*

HOR. 3. Od. ix. ver. ult.

— Gladly I

With thee would live, with thee would die. FRANCIS.

*From my own Apartment, June 30\*.*

SOME years since I was engaged with a coach-full of friends to take a journey as far as the Land's End. We were very well pleased with one another the first day; every one endeavouring to recommend himself by his good humour, and complaisance to the rest of the company. This good correspondence did not last long; one of our party was soured the very first evening by a plate of butter which had not been melted to his mind, and which spoiled his temper to such a degree, that he continued upon the fret to the end of our journey. A second fell off from his good humour the next morning, for no other reason, that I could imagine, but because I chanced to step into the coach before him, and place myself on the shady side. This, however, was but my own private guess; for he did not mention a word of it, nor indeed of any thing else, for three days following. The rest of our company held out very near half the way, when on a sudden Mr Sprightly fell asleep; and instead of endeavouring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with an unconcerned, careless, drowsy behaviour, until we came to our last stage. There were three of us who still held up our heads, and did all we could to make our journey agreeable; but to my shame be it spoken, about three miles on this side Exeter, I was taken with an unaccountable fit of fullness, that hung upon me for above threescore miles; whether it were for want of

respect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a foolish maid's calling me "The old gentleman," I cannot tell. In short, there was but one who kept his good humour to the Land's End.

There was another coach that went along with us, in which I likewise observed, that there were many secret jealousies, heart-burnings, and animosities: for when we joined companies at night, I could not but take notice that the passengers neglected their own company, and studied how to make themselves esteemed by us, who were altogether strangers to them; until at length they grew so well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this journey, I often fancy it to be a picture of human life, in respect to the several friendships, contracts, and alliances, that are made and dissolved in the several periods of it. The most delightful and most lasting engagements are generally those which pass between man and woman; and yet upon what trifles are they weakened, or entirely broken! Sometimes the parties fly asunder even in the midst of courtship, and sometimes grow cool in the very honey-month. Some separate before the first child, and some after the fifth; others continue good until thirty, others until forty; while some few, whose souls are of an happier make, and better fitted to one another, travel on together to the end of their journey in a continual intercourse of kind offices, and mutual endearments.

When we therefore chuse our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves in good humour to the last stage of it, we must be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as in the conduct on our own part. When the persons to whom we join ourselves can stand an examination, and bear the scrutiny; when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and discover new beauties, the more we search into their characters; our love will naturally rise in proportion to their perfections.

But because there are very few possessed of such accomplishments of body and mind, we ought to  
look

look after those qualifications both in ourselves and others, which are indispensibly necessary towards this happy union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. These, in my opinion, are chearfulness and constancy. A chearful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity; and render deformity itself agreeable.

Constancy is natural to persons of even tempers and uniform dispositions; and may be acquired by those of the greatest fickleness, violence, and passion, who consider seriously the terms of union upon which they come together, the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards those, who have their dependence upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the same state of happiness or misery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral virtue, and a kind of good-nature, that is not subject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of those accidents, which are apt to unsettle the best dispositions that are founded rather in constitution than in reason. Where such a constancy as this is wanting, the most inflamed passion may fall away into coldness and indifference, and the most melting tenderness degenerate into hatred and aversion. I shall conclude this Paper with a story, that is very well known in the north of England.

About thirty years ago, a packet-boat that had several passengers on board was cast away upon a rock, and in so great danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could; though only those who could swim well had a bare possibility of doing it. Among the passengers there were two women of fashion, who, seeing themselves in such a disconsolate condition, begged of their husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his wife, than to forsake her; the other,

other, though he was moved with the utmost compassion for his wife, told her, "that for the good of their children, it was better one of them should live, than both perish." By a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good men had taken the last and long farewell in order to save himself, and the other held in his arms the person that was dearer to him than life, the ship was preserved. It is with a secret sorrow and vexation of mind that I must tell the sequel of the story, and let my reader know, that this faithful pair who were ready to have died in each other's arms, about three years after their escape, upon some trifling disgust grew to a coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendship and felicity; and, what was remarkable, the husband, whom the shipwreck had like to have separated from his wife, died a few months after her, not being able to survive the loss of her.

I must confess, there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of human nature, that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me, how can I assure myself that I shall be always true to my God, my friend, or myself? In short, without constancy there is neither love, friendship, nor virtue, in the world.

Saturday, August 26, 1710.

— *Nugis addere pondus.*

HOR. 1 Ep. i. 42.

Weight and importance some to trifles give.

R. WYNNE.

*From my own Apartment, August 25\*.*

**N**ATURE is full of wonders; every atom is a standing miracle, and endowed with such quali-



ties, as could not be impressed on it by a power and wisdom less than infinite. For this reason, I would not discourage any searches that are made into the most minute and trivial parts of the creation. However, since the world abounds in the noblest fields of speculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little genius, to be wholly conversant among insects, reptiles, animalcules, and those trifling rarities that furnish out the apartment of a virtuoso.

There are some men whose heads are so oddly turned this way, that though they are utter strangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to discover the sex of a cockle, or describe the generation of a mite, in all its circumstances. They are so little versed in the world, that they scarce know a horse from an ox; but, at the same time, will tell you with a great deal of gravity, that a flea is a rhinoceros, and a snail an hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical philosophers, who has set a greater value upon a collection of spiders than he would upon a flock of sheep, and has sold his coat off his back to purchase a tarantula.

I would not have a scholar wholly unacquainted with these secrets and curiosities of nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of so much higher contemplations, should not be altogether fixed upon such mean and disproportioned objects. Observations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the world, and to make us serious upon trifles; by which means they expose philosophy to the ridicule of the witty, and contempt of the ignorant. In short, studies of this nature should be the diversions, relaxations, and amusements; not the care, business, and concern of life.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, that there should be a sort of learned men, who are wholly employed in gathering together the refuse of nature, if I may call it so, and hoarding up, in their chests and cabinets, such creatures as others industriously avoid the sight of. One does not know how to mention some of the most precious parts of their

treasure, without a kind of an apology for it: I have been shewn a beetle valued at twenty crowns, and a toad at an hundred: but we must take this for a general rule, "That whatever appears trivial or obscene in the common notions of the world, looks grave and philosophical in the eye of a Virtuoso."

To shew this humour in its perfection, I shall present my reader with the legacy of a certain Virtuoso, who laid out a considerable estate in natural rarities and curiosities, which upon his death-bed he bequeathed to his relations and friends, in the following words:

The *Will* of a VIRTUOSO.

I Nicholas Gimcrack, being in sound health of mind, but in great weakness of body, do by this last will and testament bestow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following:

*Imprimis*, To my dear wife,  
 One box of butterflies,  
 One drawer of shells,  
 A female skeleton,  
 A dried cockatrice.

*Item*, To my daughter Elizabeth,  
 My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars,  
 As also my preparations of winter May-dew,  
 and embryo-pickle.

*Item*, To my little daughter Fanny,  
 Three crocodile's eggs.

And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries with her mother's consent,  
 The nest of an humming-bird.

*Item*, To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgement for the lands he has vested in my son Charles, I bequeath

My last year's collection of grasshoppers.

*Item*,

*Item*, To his daughter Sufanna, being his only child, I bequeath my  
 English weeds pasted on royal paper,  
 With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

*Item*, To my learned and worthy friend doctor Johannes Elscrickius, professor in anatomy, and my associate in the studies of nature, as an eternal monument of my affection and friendship for him I bequeath

My rat's testicles, and  
 Whale's pizzle,

to him and his issue male: and in default of such issue in the said doctor Elscrickius, then to return to my executor and his heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac, by making over to him some years since,

A horned Scarabæus,  
 The skin of a rattle-snake, and  
 The mummy of an Egyptian king,

I make no further provision for him in this my Will.

My eldest son John, having spoke disrespectfully of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single cockle-shell.

To my second son Charles I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, mosses, shells, pebbles, fossils, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and vermin, not above specified; as also all my monsters, both wet and dry; making the said Charles whole and sole executor of this my last will and testament; he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

B b 2

Thursday,

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Thursday, August 31, 1710.

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*Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.*

HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 77.

The tribe of Writers, to a man, admire  
The peaceful grove, and from the town retire.

FRANCIS.

*From my own Apartment, August 30\*.*

I Chanced to rise very early one particular morning this summer, and took a walk into the country to divert myself among the fields and meadows, while the green was new, and the flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every lane is a beautiful walk, and every hedge full of nosegays; I lost myself with a great deal of pleasure among several thickets and bushes, that were filled with a great variety of birds, and an agreeable confusion of notes, which formed the pleasantest scene in the world to one who passed a whole winter in noise and smoke. The freshness of the dews that lay upon every thing about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspired the birds with so many delightful instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such secret emotions of joy and satisfaction as are not to be described or accounted for. On this occasion, I could not but reflect upon a beautiful simile in Milton.

As one who long in populous city pent,  
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
Among the pleasant villages and farms  
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight:  
The smell of grain, or teded grass, or kine,  
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

\* NO. 218.

Thos

Those who are conversant in the writings of polite authors, receive an additional entertainment from the country, as it revives in their memories those charming descriptions, with which such authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful simile in Milton, and applying it to myself, when I observed to the windward of me a black cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myself for shelter to a house I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I sat in the porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My curiosity was raised when I heard the names of Alexander the Great and Artaxerxes; and as their talk seemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it; for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several parallels between great men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surpris'd to hear one say, that he valued the Black Prince more than the duke of Vendosme. How the Duke of Vendosme should become a rival of the Black Prince, I could not conceive: and was more startled when I heard a second affirm with great vehemence, that if the emperor of Germany was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added, that though the season was so changeable, the Duke of Marlborough was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to myself from whence they had received this odd intelligence; especially when I heard them mention the names of several of their great generals, as the Prince of Hesse, and the king of Sweden, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agree with them in, that the crown of France was very weak, but that the marshal Villars still kept his colours. At last one of them told the company, if they would go along with him, he would shew them a chimney-sweeper and a painted lady in the same bed, which he was sure would very much please them. The shower,  
which.

which had driven them as well as myself into the house, was now over: and as they were passing by me into the garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company.

The gentleman of the house told me, “if I delighted in flowers, it would be worth my while; for that he believed he could shew me such a blow of tulips, as was not to be matched in the whole country.”

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of gardening, and that the kings and generals they had mentioned were only so many tulips, to which the gardeners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles and appellations of honour.

I was very much pleased and astonished at the glorious show of these gay vegetables, that arose in great profusion on all the banks about us. Sometimes I considered them with the eye of an ordinary spectator, as so many beautiful objects varnished over with a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of colours, as are not to be equalled in any artificial dyes or tinctures. Sometimes I considered every leaf as an elaborate piece of tissue, in which the threads and fibres were woven together into different configurations, which gave a different colouring to the light as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered the whole bed of tulips, according to the notion of the greatest mathematician and philosopher that ever lived, as a multitude of optic instruments, designed for the separating light into all those various colours of which it is composed.

I was awakened out of these my philosophical speculations, by observing the company often seemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praised a tulip as one of the finest I ever saw; upon which they told me, it was a common Fool's Coat. Upon that I praised a second, which it seems was but another kind of Fool's Coat. I had the same fate with two or three more; for which reason I desired the owner of the garden to let me know which were the finest of the flowers, for  
that

that I was so unskilful in the art, that I thought the most beautiful were the most valuable, and that those which had the gayest colours were the most beautiful. The gentleman smiled at my ignorance. He seemed a very plain honest man, and a person of good sense, had not his head been touched with that distemper which Hippocrates calls the *Τολιπμανια Tulippomania*; insomuch that he would talk very rationally on any subject in the world but a tulip.

He told me, "that he valued the bed of flowers which lay before us, and was not above twenty yards in length and two in breadth, more than he would the best hundred acres of land in England;" and added, "that it would have been worth twice the money it is, if a foolish cook-maid of his had not almost ruined him the last winter, by mistaking a handful of tulip-roots for an heap of onions, and by that means," says he, "made me a dish of porridge that cost me above a thousand pounds sterling." He then shewed me what he thought the finest of his tulips, which I found received all their value from their rarity and oddness, and put me in mind of your great fortunes, which are not always the greatest beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a piece of happiness, that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical tastes, nor esteemed any thing the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reason, I look upon the whole country in spring-time as a spacious garden; and make as many visits to a spot of daisies, or a bank of violets, as a florist does to his borders or parterres. There is not a bush in blossom within a mile of me which I am not acquainted with, nor scarce a daffodil or cowslip that withers away in my neighbourhood without my missing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through several fields and meadows with an unspeakable pleasure, not without reflecting on the bounty of Providence, which has made the most pleasing and most beautiful objects the most ordinary and most common.

Tuesday,

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Tuesday, September 5. 1710.

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*Infani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,  
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.*

HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 15.

Even virtue, when pursu'd with warmth extreme,  
'Turns into vice, and fools the sage's fame.

FRANCIS.

*From my own Apartment, September 4\*.*

HAVING received many letters filled with compliments and acknowledgements for my late useful discovery of the *political* Barometer †, I shall here communicate to the public an account of my *ecclesiastical* Thermometer, the latter giving as manifest prognostications of the changes and revolutions in church, as the former does of those in state; and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent subject who is resolv'd to keep what he has, and get what he can.

The *church*-Thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is supposed to have been invented in the reign of Henry the Eighth, about the time when that religious prince put some to death for owning the Pope's supremacy, and others for denying transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great use made of this instrument, until it fell into the hands of a learned and vigilant priest or minister, (for he frequently wrote himself both one and the other,) who was some time Vicar of Bray. This gentleman lived in his vicarage to a good old age; and, after having seen several successions of his

NO. 220.

neighbour-

† Described in *Tat.* No. 214. as a State-Weather-Glass, that, by the rising and falling of a certain magical liquor, presages all changes and revolutions in government, as the common glass does those of the weather.



neighbouring clergy either burned or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his flock, and died Vicar of Bray. As this Glass was first designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in religion, as it raged in popery, or as it cooled and grew temperate in the Reformation; it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary thermometer is to this day, *viz.* “Extreme Heat, Sultry Heat, Very Hot, Hot, Warm, Temperate, Cold, Just freezing, Frost, Hard Frost, Great Frost, Extreme Cold.”

It is well known, that Toricellius, the inventor of the common weather-glass, made the experiment in a long tube, which held thirty-two feet of water; and that a more modern virtuoso, finding such a machine altogether unwieldy and useless, and considering that thirty-two inches of quicksilver weighed as much as so many feet of water in a tube of the same circumference, invented that sizable instrument which is now in use. After this manner, that I might adapt the Thermometer I am now speaking of to the present constitution of our Church, as divided into High and Low, I have made some necessary variations both in the tube and the fluid it contains. In the first place, I ordered a tube to be cast in a planetary hour, and took care to seal it hermetically, when the Sun was in conjunction with Saturn. I then took the proper precautions about the fluid, which is a compound of two very different liquors; one of them a spirit drawn out of a strong heady wine; the other a particular sort of rock-water, colder than ice, and clearer than crystal. The spirit is of a red fiery colour, and so very apt to ferment, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the water, or pent up very close, it will burst the vessel that holds it, and fly up in fume and smoke. The water, on the contrary, is of such a subtle piercing cold, that, unless it be mingled with a proportion of the spirits, it will sink almost through every thing that it is put into; and seems to be of the same nature as the water mentioned by Quintus Curtius, which, says the historian, could be contained in nothing

but in the hoof, or, as the Oxford manuscript has it, in the skull of an afs. The Thermometer is marked according to the following figure; which I set down at length, not only to give my reader a clear idea of it, but also to fill up my Paper.

Ignorance.  
 Persecution.  
 Wrath.  
 Zeal.  
 Church.  
 Moderation.  
 Lukewarmness.  
 Infidelity.  
 Ignorance.

The reader will observe, that the Church is placed in the middle point of the glass, between Zeal and Moderation, the situation in which she always flourishes, and in which every good Englishman wishes her who is a friend to the constitution of his country. However, when it mounts to Zeal, it is not amiss; and, when it sinks to Moderation, is still in a most admirable temper. The worst of it is, that when once it begins to rise, it has still an inclination to ascend; insomuch that it is apt to climb up from Zeal to Wrath, and from Wrath to Persecution, which always ends in Ignorance, and very often proceeds from it. In the same manner it frequently takes its progress through the lower half of the glass; and, when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually descend from Moderation to Lukewarmness, and from Lukewarmness to Infidelity, which very often terminates in Ignorance, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common observation, that the ordinary Thermometer will be affected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it stands; and indeed it is almost incredible to conceive, how the glass I am now describing will fall by the breath of a multitude crying "Popery;" or, on the contrary, how it will rise when the same multitude, as it sometimes happens, cry out in the same breath, "The church is in danger."

As soon as I had finished this my glass, and adjusted

ed it to the above-mentioned scale of religion; that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my cloke to several coffee-houfes, and other places of resort about this great city. At St James's coffee-houfe the liquor stood at Moderation; but at Will's, to my great surprife, it fubfided to the very loweft mark on the glafs. At the Grecian it mounted but juft one point higher; at the Rainbow it ftili afcended two degrees; Child's fetched it up to Zeal; and other adjacent coffee-houfes, to Wrath.

It fell in the lower half of the glafs as I went further into the city, until at length it fettled at Moderation, where it continued all the time I ftaid about the Exchange, as alfo while I paffed by the Bank. And here I cannot but take notice, that through the whole courfe of my remarks, I never obferved my glafs to rife at the fame time the ftocks did.

To complete the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the Occult Sciences, to make a progrefs with my glafs through the whole ifland of Great-Britain; and after his return, to prefent me with a register of his obfervations. I gueffed before-hand at the temper of feveral places he paffed through, by the characters they have had time out of mind. Thus that facetious divine, Dr Fuller, fpeaking of the town of Banbury near a hundred years ago tells us, it was a place famous for cakes and zeal, which I find by my glafs is true to this day as to the latter part of this defcription; tho' I muft confeff, it is not in the fame reputation for cakes, that it was in the time of that learned author; and thus of other places. In fhort, I have now by me, digefted in an alphabetical order, all the counties, corporations, and boroughs in Great-Britain, with their refpective tempers, as they ftand related to my Thermometer. But this I fhall keep to myfelf, becaufe I would by no means do any thing that may feem to influence any enfuing elections.

The point of Doctrin which I would propagate by this my invention, is the fame which was long ago advanced by that able teacher Horace, out of whom

I have taken my text for this discourse. We should be careful not to over-shoot ourselves in the pursuits even of virtue. Whether Zeal or Moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and frost out of the other. But, alas! the world is too wise to want such a precaution. The terms High church and Low church, as commonly used, do not so much denote a principle, as they distinguish a party. They are like words of battle, they have nothing to do with their original signification; but are only given out to keep a body of men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

I must confess I have considered, with some little attention, the influence which the opinions of these great national sects have upon their practice; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honest gentlemen, who entirely agree in their lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their religion.

Thursday, September 7, 1710.

————— *Sicut meus est mos,  
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, & totus in illis.*

HOR. I Sat. ix. 1.

Musing, as wont, on this and that,  
Such trifles, as I know not what.

FRANCIS.

*From my own Apartment, September 6\*.*

**A**S I was this morning going out of my house, a little boy in a black coat delivered me the following letter. Upon asking who he was, he told me, that

\* No. 221.—This number is ascribed to Addison, chiefly because it appears to be the sequel of No. 216.

that he belonged to my Lady Gimcrack. I did not at first recollect the name; but, upon enquiry, I found it to be the widow of Sir Nicholas, whose legacy I lately gave some account of to the world. The letter ran thus:

“ Mr BICKERSTAFF,

“ I hope you will not be surprized to receive a letter from the widow Gimcrack. You know, Sir, that I have lately lost a very whimsical husband, who I find by one of your last week's Papers was not altogether a stranger to you. When I married this gentleman, he had a very handsome estate; but upon buying a set of microscopes, he was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society; from which time I do not remember ever to have heard him speak as other people did, or talk in a manner that any of his family could understand him. He used however, to pass away his time very innocently in conversation with several members of that learned body; for which reason, I never advised him against their company for several years, until at last I found his brain quite turned with their discourses. The first symptom which he discovered of his being a Virtuoso, as you call him, poor man! was about fifteen years ago; when he gave me positive orders to turn off an old weeding-woman, that had been employed in the family for some years. He told me, at the same time, that there was no such thing in nature as a weed, and that it was his design to let his garden produce what it pleased: so that, you may be sure, it makes a very pleasant show as it now lies. About the same time he took a humour to ramble up and down the country, and would often bring home with him his pockets full of moss and pebbles. This, you may be sure, gave me a heavy heart; tho' at the same time I must needs say, he had the character of a very honest man, notwithstanding he was reckoned a little weak, until he began to sell his estate, and buy those strange  
“ baubles

“ baubles that you have taken notice of. Upon Mid-  
 “ summer-day last, as he was walking with me in the  
 “ fields, he saw a very odd-coloured butterfly just  
 “ before us. I observed that he immediately changed  
 “ colour, like a man that is surprized with a piece of  
 “ good luck; and telling me, that it was what he  
 “ had looked for above these twelve years, he threw  
 “ off his coat and followed it. I lost sight of them  
 “ both in less than a quarter of an hour; but my  
 “ husband continued the chase over hedge and ditch  
 “ until about sunset; at which time, as I was after-  
 “ wards told, he caught the butterfly as she rested  
 “ herself upon a cabbage, near five miles from the  
 “ place where he first put her up. He was here lift-  
 “ ed from the ground by some passengers in a very  
 “ fainting condition, and brought home to me about  
 “ midnight. His violent exercise threw him into a  
 “ fever, which grew upon him by degrees, and at last  
 “ carried him off. In one of the intervals of his dis-  
 “ temper he called to me, and after having excused  
 “ himself for running out his estate, he told me, that  
 “ he had always been more industrious to improve  
 “ his mind than his fortune; and that his family  
 “ must rather value themselves upon his memory as  
 “ he was a wise man, than a rich one. He then told  
 “ me, that it was a custom among the Romans for  
 “ a man to give his slaves their liberty when he lay  
 “ upon his dead-bed. I could not imagine what this  
 “ meant, until, after having a little composed himself,  
 “ he ordered me to bring him a flea which he had  
 “ kept for several months in a chain, with a design,  
 “ as he said, to give it its manumission. This was  
 “ done accordingly. He then made the will, which  
 “ I have since seen printed in your works word  
 “ for word. Only I must take notice, that you  
 “ have omitted the codicil, in which he left a large  
 “ Concha Veneris, as it is there called, to a Member  
 “ of the Royal Society, who was often with him in  
 “ his sickness, and assisted him in his will. And  
 “ now, Sir, I come to the chief business of my letter,  
 “ which is to desire your friendship and assistance in  
 “ the

“ the disposal of those many rarities and curiosities  
 “ which lie upon my hands. If you know any one  
 “ that has an occasion for a parcel of dried spiders, I  
 “ will sell them a pennyworth. I could likewise let  
 “ any one have a bargain of cockle-shells. I would  
 “ also desire your advice, whether I had best sell my  
 “ beetles in a lump, or by retail. The gentleman  
 “ above-mentioned, who was my husband’s friend,  
 “ would have me make an auction of all his goods,  
 “ and is now drawing up a catalogue of every parti-  
 “ cular for that purpose, with the two following  
 “ words in great letters over the head of them, *Auctio*  
 “ *Gimcrackiana*. But, upon talking with him, I be-  
 “ gin to suspect he is as mad as poor Sir Nicholas was.  
 “ Your advice in all these particulars will be a great  
 “ piece of charity, to, Sir,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ ELIZABETH GIMCRACK.”

Thursday, September 14, 1710.

*Materiam superabat opus.*—————

OVID. Met. ii. 5.

The matter equal’d not the artist’s skill.

R WYNNE.

*From my own Apartment, September 13\*.*

**I**T is my custom, in a dearth of news, to entertain  
 myself with those collections of advertisements  
 that appear at the end of all our public prints. These  
 I consider as accounts of news from the little world, in  
 the same manner that the foregoing parts of the paper  
 are from the great. If in one we hear that a sove-  
 reign prince is fled from his capital city, in the other  
 we hear of a tradesman who hath shut up his shop,  
 and run away. If in one we find the victory of a ge-

\* No. 224.

neral,

neral, in the other we see the desertion of a private soldier. I must confess I have a certain weakness in my temper, that is often very much affected by these little domestic occurrences, and have frequently been caught with tears in my eyes over a melancholy advertisement.

But to consider this subject in its most ridiculous lights, advertisements are of great use to the vulgar. First of all, as they are instruments of ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the Gazette, may easily creep into the advertisements; by which means we often see an apothecary in the same paper of news with a plenipotentiary, or a running-footman with an ambassador. An advertisement from Piccadilly goes down to posterity with an article from Madrid, and John Bartlett of Goodman's fields is celebrated in the same paper with the emperor of Germany. Thus the fable tells us, that the wren mounted as high as the eagle, by getting upon his back.

A second use which this sort of writings hath been turned to of late years, has been the management of controversy; insomuch that above half the advertisements one meets with now-a-days are purely polemical. The inventors of "Strops for razors" have written against one another this way for several years, and that with great bitterness; as the whole argument *pro* and *con* in the case of "the morning-gown" is still carried on after the same manner. I need not mention the several proprietors of Dr Anderson's pills; nor take notice of the many satirical works of this nature so frequently published by Dr Clark, who has had the confidence to advertise upon that learned knight, my very worthy friend, Sir William Read: but I shall not interpose in their quarrel: Sir William can give him his own advertisements, that, in the judgment of the impartial, are as well penned as the doctor's.

The third and last use of these writings is to inform the world, where they may be furnished with almost every thing that is necessary for life. If a man has pains in his head, colics in his bowels, or spots in his cloaths,



cloaths, he may here meet with proper cures and remedies. If a man would recover a wife or a horse that is stolen or strayed; if he wants new sermons, electuaries, asses milk, or any thing else, either for his body or his mind, this is the place to look for them in.

The great art in writing advertisements, is the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye, without which a good thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among commissions of bankrupts. Asterisks and hands were formerly of great use for this purpose. Of late years the N. B. has been much in fashion, as also little cuts and figures, the invention of which we must ascribe to the author of spring-truffles. I must not here omit the blind Italian character, which, being scarce legible, always fixes and detains the eye, and gives the curious reader something like the satisfaction of prying into a secret.

But the great skill in an advertiser is chiefly seen in the style which he makes use of. He is to mention "the universal esteem, or general reputation," of things that were never heard of. If he is a physician or astrologer, he must change his lodgings frequently; and, though he never saw any body in them besides his own family, give public notice of it, "for the information of the nobility and gentry." Since I am thus usefully employed in writing criticisms on the works of these diminutive authors, I must not pass over in silence an advertisement, which has lately made its appearance, and is written altogether in a Ciceronian manner. It was sent to me, with five shillings, to be inserted among my advertisements; but as it is a pattern of good writing in this way, I shall give it a place in the body of my paper.

"The highest compounded spirit of lavender, the most glorious, if the expression may be used, enlivening scent and flavour that can possibly be, which so raptures the spirits, delights the gust, and gives such airs to the countenance, as are to be imagined but by those that have tried it. The meanest sort of the thing is admired by most gentlemen and ladies;

“ dies; but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to  
 “ the gaining among all a more than common esteem.  
 “ It is sold, in neat flint bottles fit for the pocket, on-  
 “ ly at the golden Key in Wharton’s court, near Hol-  
 “ bourn-bars, for three shillings and six-pence, with  
 “ directions.”

At the same time that I recommend the several flowers in which this spirit of lavender is wrapped up, if the expression may be used, I cannot excuse my fellow-labourers for admitting into their papers several uncleanly advertisements, not at all proper to appear in the works of polite writers. Among these I must reckon the “Carminative Wind-expelling Pills.” If the doctor had called them only his Carminative Pills, he had been as cleanly as one could have wished; but the second word entirely destroys the decency of the first. There are other absurdities of this nature so very gross, that I dare not mention them; and shall therefore dismiss this subject with a public admonition to Michael Parrot, That he do not presume any more to mention a certain worm he knows of, which, by the way, has grown seven feet in my memory; for, if I am not much mistaken, it is the same that was but nine feet long about six months ago.

By the remarks I have here made, it plainly appears, that a collection of advertisements is a kind of miscellany; the writers of which, contrary to all authors, except men of quality, give money to the booksellers who publish their copies. The genius of the bookseller is chiefly shewn in his method of ranging and digesting these little tracts. The last paper I took up in my hand places them in the following order:

The true Spanish blacking for shoes, &c.

The beautifying cream for the face, &c.

Pease and plaisters, &c.

Nectar and Ambrosia, &c.

Four freehold tenements of fifteen pounds *per annum*, &c.

Annotations upon the Tatler, &c.

The present state of England, &c.

A com-

A commission of bankruptcy being awarded against  
B. L. bookfeller, &c.

*Tuesday, September 19, 1710.*

— *Juvenis quondam, nunc femina, Cæneus,  
Rursus & in veterem fato revoluta figuram.*

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 448.

Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man ;  
But ending in the sex she first began.

DRYDEN.

*From my own Apartment, Sept. 18\*.*

**I**T is one of the designs of this paper to transmit to posterity an account of every thing that is monstrous in my own times. For this reason, I shall here publish to the world the life of a person who was neither man nor woman ; as written by one of my ingenious correspondents, who seems to have imitated Plutarch in that multifarious erudition, and those occasional dissertations, which he has wrought into the body of his history. The life I am putting out is that of Margery, alias John Young, commonly known by the name of Doctor Young ; who, as the town very well knows, was a woman that practised physic in a man's cloaths, and, after having had two wives and several children, died about a month since.

“ SIR,

“ I here make bold to trouble you with a short account of the famous Doctor Young's life, which you may call, if you please, a second part of the farce of the Sham Doctor. This perhaps will not seem so strange to you, who, if I am not mistaken, have somewhere mentioned with honour your sister Kirleus, as a practitioner both in physic and astrology ; but in the common opinion of mankind, a she-quack is altogether as strange and astonishing a creature, as the Centaur that practised physic in the  
D d 2 \* NO. 226. “ days

“ days of Achilles, or as king Phys in the Reheatfal.  
 “ Æsculapius, the great founder of your art, was par-  
 “ ticularly famous for his beard, as we may conclude  
 “ from the behaviour of a tyrant, who is branded by  
 “ heathen historians as guilty both of sacrilege and  
 “ blasphemy; having robbed the statue of Æsculapius  
 “ of a thick bushy golden beard, and then alledged  
 “ for his excuse, that it was a shame the son should  
 “ have a beard, when his father Apollo had none.  
 “ This latter instance indeed seems something to fa-  
 “ vour a female professor, since, as I have been told,  
 “ the ancient statues of Apollo are generally made  
 “ with a head and face of a woman; nay, I  
 “ have been credibly informed by those who have  
 “ seen them both, that the famous Apollo in the  
 “ Belvidera did very much resemble doctor Young.  
 “ Let that be as it will, the doctor was a kind of A-  
 “ mazon in physic, that made as great devastations  
 “ and slaughters as any of our chief heroes in the  
 “ art, and was as fatal to the English in these our  
 “ days, as the famous Joan d’Arc was in those of our  
 “ forefathers.

“ I do not find any thing remarkable in the life  
 “ which I am about to write until the year 1695;  
 “ at which time the doctor, being about twenty-three  
 “ years old, was brought to-bed of a bastard child.  
 “ The scandal of such a misfortune gave so great an  
 “ uneasiness to pretty Mrs Peggy, for that was the  
 “ name by which the doctor was then called, that  
 “ she left her family, and followed her lover to Lon-  
 “ don, with a fixed resolution some way or other to  
 “ recover her lost reputation: but instead of chang-  
 “ ing her life, which one would have expected from  
 “ so good a disposition of mind; she took it in her  
 “ head to change her sex. This was soon done by the  
 “ help of a sword and a pair of breeches. I have reason  
 “ to believe, that her first design was to turn man-mid-  
 “ wife, having herself had some experience in those af-  
 “ fairs: but thinking this too narrow a foundation for  
 “ her future fortune, she at length bought her a gold-  
 “ buttoned coat, and set up for a physician. Thus  
 “ we see the same fatal miscarriage in her youth made  
 “ Mrs

“ Mrs Young a doctor, that formerly made one of the  
“ same sex a pope.

“ The doctor succeeded very well in his business at  
“ first; but very often met with accidents that dis-  
“ quieted him. As he wanted that deep magisterial  
“ voice which gives authority to a prescription, and is  
“ absolutely necessary for the right pronouncing of  
“ these words, ‘Take these pills,’ he unfortunately  
“ got the nick-name of the Squeaking Doctor. If  
“ this circumstance alarmed the doctor, there was an-  
“ other which gave him no small disquiet, and very  
“ much diminished his gains. In short, he found  
“ himself run down as a superficial prating quack, in  
“ all families that had at the head of them a cautious  
“ father, or a jealous husband. These would often  
“ complain among one another, that they did not  
“ like such a smock-faced physician; though in truth,  
“ had they known how justly he deserved that name,  
“ they would rather have favoured his practice, than  
“ have apprehended any thing from it.

“ Such were the motives that determined Mrs  
“ Young to change her condition, and take in mar-  
“ riage a virtuous young woman, who lived with her  
“ in good reputation, and made her the father of a  
“ very pretty girl. But this part of her happiness was  
“ soon after destroyed by a distemper which was  
“ too hard for our physician, and carried off his first  
“ wife. The doctor had not been a widow long before  
“ he married his second lady, with whom also he lived  
“ in very good understanding. It so happened, that  
“ the doctor was with child at the same time that his  
“ lady was; but the little ones coming both together,  
“ they passed for twins. The doctor having entirely  
“ established the reputation of his manhood, especial-  
“ ly by the birth of the boy of whom he had been  
“ lately delivered, and who very much resembles him,  
“ grew into good business, and was particularly fa-  
“ mous for the cure of venereal distempers; but  
“ would have had much more practice among his own  
“ sex, had not some of them been so unreasonable as  
“ to demand certain proofs of their cure, which the  
“ doctor

“ doctor was not able to give them. The florid bloom-  
 “ ing look, which gave the doctor some uneasiness  
 “ at first, instead of betraying his person, only recom-  
 “ mended his physic. Upon this occasion I cannot  
 “ forbear mentioning what I thought a very agreeable  
 “ surprize; in one of Moliere’s plays, where a young  
 “ woman applies herself to a sick person in the habit  
 “ of a quack, and speaks to her patient, who was  
 “ something scandalized at the youth of his physician,  
 “ to the following purpose——‘I began to practise in  
 “ the reign of Francis the First, and am now in the  
 “ hundred and fiftieth year of my age: but, by the  
 “ virtue of my medicaments, have maintained myself  
 “ in the same beauty and freshness I had at fifteen’.  
 “ For this reason Hippocrates lays it down as a rule,  
 “ that a student in physic should have a sound con-  
 “ stitution, and a healthy look; which indeed seem as  
 “ necessary qualifications for a physician, as a good  
 “ life and virtuous behaviour for a divine. But to  
 “ return to our subject. About two years ago the  
 “ doctor was very much afflicted with the vapours,  
 “ which grew upon him to such a degree, that about  
 “ six weeks since they made an end of him. His  
 “ death discovered the disguise he had acted under,  
 “ and brought him back again to his former sex. It  
 “ is said, that at his burial the pall was held up by  
 “ six women of some fashion. The doctor left behind  
 “ him a widow, and two fatherless children, if they may  
 “ be called so, besides the little boy before-mentioned;  
 “ in relation to whom we may say of the doctor, as  
 “ the good old ballad about the Children in the Wood  
 “ says of the unnatural uncle, that he was father and  
 “ mother both in one. These are all the circum-  
 “ stances that I could learn of Doctor Young’s life,  
 “ which might have given occasion to many obscene  
 “ fictions: but as I know those would never have  
 “ gained a place in your Paper, I have not troubled  
 “ you with any impertinence of that nature, having  
 “ stuck to the truth very scrupulously, as I always do  
 “ when I subscribe myself, Sir, Yours, &c.”

I shall add as a postscript to this letter, that I am

informa-

informed the famous Saltero, who sells coffee in his museum at Chelsea, has by him a curiosity, which helped the doctor to carry on his imposture, and will give great satisfaction to the curious enquirer.

Tuesday, September 26, 1710.

*Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam.* HOR. 3. Od. xxx. 13.

With conscious pride——  
Assume the honours justly thine.

FRANCIS.

*From my own Apartment, September 25\*.*

**T**HE whole creation preys upon itself. Every living creature is inhabited. A flea has a thousand invisible insects that teaze him as he jumps from place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon him. A very ordinary microscope shews us, that a louse is itself a very lousy creature. A whale, besides those seas and oceans in the several vessels of his body, which are filled with innumerable shoals of little animals, carries about him a whole world of inhabitants; insomuch that, if we believe the calculations some have made, there are more living creatures, which are too small for the naked eye to behold, about the Leviathan, than there are of visible creatures upon the face of the whole earth. Thus every nobler creature is, as it were, the basis and support of multitudes that are his inferiors.

This consideration very much comforts me, when I think on those numberless vermin that feed upon this paper, and find their sustenance out of it; I mean the small wits and scribblers, that every day turn a penny by nibbling at my Lucubrations. This has been so advantageous to this little species of writers, that, if they do me justice, I may expect to have my statue erected in Grub-street, as being a common benefactor to that quarter.

They say, when a fox is very much troubled with fleas, he goes into the next pool with a little lock of wool in his mouth, and keeps his body under water until the vermin get into it: after which he quits the wool, and diving, leaves his tormentors to shift for themselves, and get their livelihood where they can. I would have these gentlemen take care that I do not serve them after the same manner; for though I have hitherto kept my temper pretty well, it is not impossible but I may sometime or other disappear; and what will then become of them? Should I lay down my paper, what a famine would there be among the hawkers, printers, booksellers, and authors! It would be like Doctor Burgess's dropping his cloke, with the whole congregation hanging upon the skirts of it. To enumerate some of these my doughty antagonists; I was threatened to be answered weekly Tit for Tat; I was undermined by the Whisperer; haunted by Tom Brown's Ghost; scolded at by a Female Tatler; and slandered by another of the same character, under the title of Atalantis. I have been annotated, retattled, examined, and condoled: but it being my standing maxim never to speak ill of the dead, I shall let these authors rest in peace; and take great pleasure in thinking, that I have sometimes been the means of their getting a belly-full. When I see myself thus surrounded by such formidable enemies, I often think of the Knight of the Red Cross in Spenser's "Den of Error," who, after he has cut off the dragon's head, and left it wallowing in a flood of ink, sees a thousand monstrous reptiles making their attempts upon him, one with many heads, another with none, and all of them without eyes.

The same so sore annoyed has the Knight,  
 That, well nigh choaked with the deadly stink,  
 His forces fail, he can no longer fight:  
 Whose courage when the fiend perceiv'd to shrink,  
 She poured forth out of her hellish sink  
 Her fruitful cursed spawn of serpents small,  
Deformed



Deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink ;  
 Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,  
 And him encumbred fore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle shepherd in sweet even tide,  
 When ruddy Phoebus gins to welk in west,  
 High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,  
 Marks which do bite their hasty supper best ;  
 A cloud of cumbrous gnats do him molest,  
 All striving to infix their feeble stings,  
 That from their noyance he no where can rest ;  
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings  
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings\*.

If ever I should want such a fry of little authors to attend me, I shall think my paper in a very decaying condition. They are like ivy about an oak, which adorns the tree at the same time that it eats into it ; or like a great man's equipage, that do honour to the person on whom they feed. For my part, when I see myself thus attacked, I do not consider my antagonist as malicious, but hungry ; and therefore am resolved never to take any notice of them.

As for those who detract from my labours, without being prompted to it by an empty stomach ; in return to their censures, I shall take pains to excel, and never fail to persuade myself, that their enmity is nothing but their envy or ignorance.

Give me leave to conclude, like an old man, and a moralist, with a fable :—

The owls, bats, and several other birds of night, were one day got together in a thick shade, where they abused their neighbours in a very sociable manner. Their satire at last fell upon the sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent, and inquisitive. Upon which the sun, who overheard them, spoke to them after this manner : “ Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that, you know, could in an instant scorch you up, and burn every  
 VOL. I. E e “ mother's

\* *Spenser's* “*Fairy Queen*,” B. I. Canto I. 22 and 23

“ mother’s son of you ; but the only answer I shall  
 “ give you, or the revenge I shall take of you, is, to  
 “ “ shine on.”

Thursday, October 19, 1710.

— *Mecum certasse feretur?* OVID. Met. xiii. 20.

Shall he contend with me to get a name?

R. WYNNE.

*From my own Apartment, October 18\*.*

IT is ridiculous for any man to criticise on the works of another, who has not distinguished himself by his own performances. A judge would make but an indifferent figure who had never been known at the bar. Cicero was reputed the greatest orator of his age and country, before he wrote a book “ *De Oratore* ;” and Horace the greatest poet, before he published his “ *Art of Poetry*.” This observation arises naturally in any one who casts his eye upon this last-mentioned author, where he will find the criticisms placed in the latter end of his book that is, after the finest odes and satires in the Latin tongue.

A modern, whose name I shall not mention, because I would not make a silly Paper sell, was born a Critic and an Examiner, and, like one of the race of the serpent’s teeth, came into the world with a sword in his hand. His works put me in mind of the story that is told of the German monk, who was taking a catalogue of a friend’s library, and meeting with a Hebrew book in it, entered it under the title of, “ A book that has the beginning where the end should be.” This author, in the last of his crudities, has amassed together a heap of quotations, to prove that Horace and Virgil were both of them modest men than myself; and if his works were to live as long as mine,

\* No. 239 — This paper is written by Addison in the character of Bickerstaff.

mine, they might possibly give posterity a notion, that Isaac Bickerstaff was a very conceited old fellow, and as vain a man as either Tully or Sir Francis Bacon. Had this serious writer fallen upon me only, I could have overlooked it; but to see Cicero abused, is, I must confess, what I cannot bear. The censure he passes upon this great man runs thus: "The itch of being very abusive is almost inseparable from vain-glory. Tully has these two faults in so high a degree, that nothing but his being the best writer in the world can make amends for them." The scurrilous wretch goes on to say, that I am as bad as Tully. His words are these: "And yet the Tatler, in his Paper of September the twenty-sixth, has outdone him in both. He speaks of himself with more arrogance, and with more insolence of others." I am afraid, by his discourse, this gentleman has no more read Plutarch than he has Tully. If he had, he would have observed a passage in that historian, wherein he has, with great delicacy, distinguished between two passions which are usually complicated in human nature, and which an ordinary writer would not have thought of separating. Not having my Greek spectacles by me, I shall quote the passage word for word as I find it translated to my hand. "Nevertheless though he was intemperately fond of his own praise, yet he was very free from envying others, and most liberally profuse in commending both the ancients and his contemporaries, as is to be understood by his writings; and many of those sayings are still recorded, as that concerning Aristotle, 'that he was a river of flowing gold;' of Plato's dialogue, 'that if Jupiter were to speak, he would discourse as he did.' Theophrastus he was wont to call his peculiar delight; and being asked, 'which of Demosthenes his orations he liked best?' he answered, 'The longest.'

"And as for the eminent men of his own time, either for eloquence or philosophy, there was not one of them which he did not, by writing or speaking favourably of, render more illustrious."

Thus the critic tells us, that Cicero was excessively vain-glorious and abusive; Plutarch, that he was vain, but not abusive. Let the reader believe which of them he pleases.

After this he complains to the world, that I call him names, and that, in my passion, I said he was a flea, a louse, an owl, a bat, a small wit, a scribbler, and a nibbler. When he has thus bespoken his reader's pity, he falls into that admirable vein of mirth, which I shall set down at length, it being an exquisite piece of raillery, and written in great gaiety of heart. "After this list of names," viz. flea, louse, owl, bat, " &c. I was surpris'd to hear him say, that he has hitherto kept his temper pretty well; I wonder how he will write when he has lost his temper! I suppose, as he is now very angry and unmannerly, he will then be exceeding courteous and good-humoured." If I can outlive this raillery, I shall be able to bear any thing.

There is a method of criticism made use of by this author, for I shall take care how I call him a scribbler again, which may turn into ridicule any work that was ever written, wherein there is a variety of thoughts. This the reader will observe in the following words: "He," meaning me, "is so intent upon being something extraordinary, that he scarce knows what he would be; and is as fruitful in his similes as a brother of his whom I lately took notice of. In the compass of a few lines he compares himself to a fox, to Daniel Burges's\*, to the Knight of the Red Cross, to an oak with ivy about it, and to a great man with an equipage." I think myself as much honoured by being joined in this part of his Paper with the gentleman whom he here calls my brother, as I am in the beginning of it, by being mentioned with Horace and Virgil.

It is very hard that a man cannot publish ten Papers without stealing from himself; but to shew you that this is only a knack of writing, and that the author is got into a certain road of criticism, I shall set down his remarks on the works of the gentleman whom

\* Dr Samuel Garth.

whom he here glances upon, as they stand in his sixth Paper, and desire the reader to compare them with the foregoing passage upon mine.

“ In thirty lines his patron is a river, the *primum mobile*, a pilot, a victim, the sun, any thing, and nothing. He bestows increase, conceals his source, makes the machine move, teaches to steer, expiates our offences, raises vapours, and looks larger as he sets.”

What poem can be safe from this sort of criticism? I think I was never in my life so much offended, as at a wag whom I once met with in a coffee-house. He had in his hand one of the “Miscellanies,” and was reading the following short copy of verses, which, without flattery to the author, is, I think, as beautiful in its kind as any one in the English tongue\*:

Flavia the least and flightest toy  
Can with resistless art employ.  
This Fan in meaner hands would prove  
An engine of small force in love;  
But she, with such an air and mien,  
Not to be told, or safely seen,  
Directs its wanton motions so,  
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow:  
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,  
To every other breast a flame.

When this coxcomb had done reading them, “Hey-day!” says he, “what instrument is this that Flavia employs in such a manner as is not to be told, nor safely seen? In ten lines it is a toy, a Cupid's bow, a fan, and an engine in love. It has wanton motions, it wounds, it cools, and inflames.”

Such criticisms make a man of sense sick, and a fool merry.

The next paragraph of the paper we are talking of, falls upon somebody whom I am at a loss to guess at: but I find the whole invective turns upon a man who, it seems, has been imprisoned for debt. Whoever he was, I most heartily pity him; but at the same time must put the Examiner in mind, that notwithstanding he

\* By Dr. Atterbury.

he is a Critic, he still ought to remember he is a Christian. Poverty was never thought a proper subject for ridicule; and I do not remember that I ever met with a satire upon a beggar.

As for those little retortings of my own expressions, of "being dull by design, witty in October, shining, "excelling," and so forth; they are the common cavils of every witling, who has no other method of shewing his parts, but by little variations and repetitions of the man's words whom he attacks.

But the truth of it is, the paper before me, not only in this particular, but in its very essence, is like Ovid's Echo,

— *Quæ nec reticere loquenti.*

*Nec prior ipsa loqui didicit*— OVID. Met. iii. 357.

She who in other's words her silence breaks,  
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.

ADDISON.

I should not have deserved the character of a Censor, had I not animadverted upon the abovementioned author, by a gentle chastisement: but I know my reader will not pardon me unless I declare, that nothing of this nature for the future, unless it be written with some wit, shall divert me from my care of the public.

Saturday, October 21, 1710.

*Ad populum phaleras*—

PERS. Sat. iii. 30.

Such pageantry be to the people shown:  
There boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own.

DRYDEN.

*From my own Apartment, October 20\*.*

I DO not remember that in any of my Lucubrations I have touched upon that useful science of  
\* NO. 240. Phyfic,

Physic, notwithstanding I have declared myself more than once a professor of it. I have indeed joined the study of astrology with it, because I never knew a physician recommend himself to the public, who had not a sister art to embellish his knowledge in medicine. It has been commonly observed, in compliment to the ingenious of our profession, that Apollo was god of verse as well as physic; and, in all ages, the most celebrated practitioners of our country were the particular favourites of the Muses. Poetry to physic is indeed like the gilding to a pill; it makes the art shine, and covers the severity of the doctor with the agreeableness of the companion.

The very foundation of poetry is good sense, if we may allow Horace to be a judge of the art.

*Scribendi recte sapere est & principium & fons.*

HOR. Ars Poet. 309.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.

*Rescommon.*

And if so, we have reason to believe, that the same man who writes well can prescribe well, if he has applied himself to the study of both. Besides, when we see a man making profession of two different sciences, it is natural for us to believe he is no pretender in that which we are not judges of, when we find him skilful in that which we understand.

Ordinary quacks and charlatans are thoroughly sensible how necessary it is to support themselves by these collateral assistances, and therefore always lay their claims to some supernumerary accomplishments, which are wholly foreign to their profession.

About twenty years ago it was impossible to walk the streets without having an advertisement thrust into your hand, of a doctor "who had arrived at the knowledge of the Green and Red Dragon, and had discovered the female fern-seed." Nobody ever knew what this meant; but the Green and Red Dragon

gon so amused the people, that the doctor lived very comfortably upon them. About the same time there was pasted a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. This, to the best of my remembrance, was

## TETRACHYMAGOGON,

which drew great shoals of spectators about it, who read the bill that it introduced with unspeakable curiosity; and, when they were sick, would have nobody but this learned man for their physician.

I once received an advertisement of one "who had studied thirty years by candle-light for the good of his countrymen." He might have studied twice as long by day light, and never have been taken notice of. But Lucubrations cannot be over-valued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for physic by their birth, as the "seventh son of a seventh son;" and others by not being born at all, as the Unborn Doctor, who, I hear, is lately gone the way of his patients; having died worth five hundred pounds *per annum*, though he was not born to a halfpenny.

My ingenious friend doctor Saffold succeeded my old contemporary doctor Lilly in the studies both of physic and astrology, to which he added that of poetry, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Doctor Case, who erased the verses of his predecessor out of the sign-post, and substituted in their place two of his own, which were as follow;

Within this place  
Lives Doctor Case.

He is said to have got more by this distich, than Mr Dryden did by all his works. There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary perfections, and unaccountable artifices, by which this tribe of men ensnare the minds of the vulgar, and gain crouds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a mountebank's stage, from one end to the other, faced with



with patents, certificates, medals, and great seals, by which the several princes of Europe have testified their particular respect and esteem for the doctor. Every great man with a founding title has been his patient. I believe I have seen twenty mountebanks that have given physic to the Czar of Muscovy. The Great Duke of Tuscany escapes no better. The Elector of Brandenburg was likewise a very good patient.

This great condescension of the doctor draws upon him much good will from his audience; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a person, who has had so many princes, kings, and emperors, under his hands.

I must not leave this subject without observing, that as physicians are apt to deal in poetry, apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by oratory, and are therefore, without controversy, the most eloquent persons in the whole British nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the arts, especially that of which I am an humble professor; but I must confess, for the good of my native country, I could wish there might be a suspension of physic for some years, that our kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the wars, might have leave to recruit itself.

As for myself, the only physic which has brought me safe to almost the age of man, and which I prescribe to all my friends, is Abstinence. This is certainly the best physic for prevention, and very often the most effectual against a present distemper. In short, my Recipe is, "Take nothing."

Were the body politic to be physicked like particular persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the same manner. I remember when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which, as he told the country people, were "very good against an earthquake." It may, perhaps, be thought as absurd to prescribe a diet for the allaying popular commotions, and national ferments. But I am verily persuaded, that if in such a case a whole people were

to enter into a course of Abstinence, and eat nothing but water-gruel for a fortnight, it would abate the rage and animosity of parties, and not a little contribute to the cure of a distracted nation. Such a fast would have a natural tendency to the procuring of those ends for which a fast is usually proclaimed. If any man has a mind to enter on such a voluntary Abstinence, it might not be improper to give him the caution of Pythagoras in particular; *Abstine a fabis*, "Abstain from beans:" that is, say the interpreters, "Meddle not with elections;" beans having been made use of by the voters among the Athenians in the choice of magistrates.

Saturday, October 28, 1710.

*Infert se septus nebula, mirabile dictu!*  
*Per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli.*

VIRG. Æn. i. 443.

Conceal'd in clouds, prodigious to relate!  
 He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,  
 \_\_\_\_\_ and pass'd unseen along.

DRYDEN.

*From my own Apartment, October 27\*.*

I HAVE somewhere made mention of Gyges's ring; and intimated to my reader, that it was at present in my possession, though I have not since made any use of it. The tradition concerning this ring is very romantic, and taken notice of both by Plato and Tully, who each of them make an admirable use of it for the advancement of morality. This Gyges was the master shepherd to king Candaules. As he was wandering over the plains of Lydia, he saw a great chafin in the earth, and had the curiosity to enter it. After having descended pretty far into it, he found

the statue of a horse in brass, with doors in the sides of it. Upon opening them, he found the body of a dead man, bigger than ordinary, with a ring upon his finger, which he took off, and put it upon his own. The virtues of it were much greater than he at first imagined; for, upon his going into the assembly of shepherds, he observed that he was invisible when he turned the stone of the ring within the palm of his hand, and visible when he turned it towards his company. Had Plato and Cicero been as well versed in the occult sciences as I am, they would have found a great deal of mystic learning in this tradition: but it is impossible for an adept to be understood by one who is not an adept.

As for myself, I have, with much study and application, arrived at this great secret of making myself invisible, and by that means conveying myself where I please; or, to speak in Rosicrucian lore, I have entered into the clefts of the earth, discovered the brazen horse, and robbed the dead giant of his ring. The tradition says further of Gyges, that by the means of this ring he gained admission into the most retired parts of the court, and made such use of those opportunities, that he at length became king of Lydia. For my own part, I, who have always rather endeavoured to improve my mind than my fortune, have turned this ring to no other advantage, than to get a thorough insight into the ways of men, and to make such observations upon the errors of others as may be useful to the public, whatever effect they may have upon myself.

About a week ago, not being able to sleep, I got up, and put on my magical ring; and, with a thought, transported myself into a chamber where I saw a light. I found it inhabited by a celebrated beauty, tho' she is of that species of women which we call a Slat-tern. Her head-dress and one of her shoes lay upon a chair, her petticoat in one corner of the room, and her girdle, that had a copy of verses made upon it but the day before, with her thread stockings, in the middle of the floor. I was so foolishly officious,

that I could not forbear gathering up her cloaths together, to lay them upon the chair that stood by her bed-side; when, to my great surprize, after a little muttering, she cried out, "What do you do? Let my petticoat alone." I was startled at first, but soon found that she was in a dream: being one of those who, to use Shakespeare's expression, "are so loose of thought," that they utter in their sleep every thing that passes in their imagination. I left the apartment of this female rake, and went into her neighbour's, where there lay a male coquette. He had a bottle of salts hanging over his head, and upon the table by his bed-side Suckling's poems, with a little heap of black patches on it. His snuff-box was within reach on a chair: but while I was admiring the disposition which he made of the several parts of his dress, his slumber seemed interrupted by a pang that was accompanied by a sudden oath, as he turned himself over hastily in his bed. I did not care for seeing him in his nocturnal pains, and left the room.

I was no sooner got into another bed-chamber, but I heard very harsh words uttered in a smooth uniform tone. I was amazed to hear so great a volubility in reproach, and thought it too coherent to be spoken by one asleep; but, upon looking nearer, I saw the head-dress of the person who spoke, which shewed her to be a female, with a man lying by her side broad awake, and as quiet as a lamb. I could not but admire his exemplary patience, and discovered by his whole behaviour, that he was then lying under the discipline of a curtain-lecture.

I was entertained in many other places with this kind of nocturnal eloquence; but observed, that most of those whom I found awake were kept so either by envy or by love. Some of these were sighing, and others cursing, in soliloquy; some hugged their pillows, and others gnashed their teeth.

The covetous I likewise found to be a very wakeful people. I happened to come into a room where one of them lay sick. His physician and his wife were in close whisper near his bed-side. I overheard the doc-

tor say to the poor gentlewoman, "he cannot possibly live until five in the morning." She received it like the mistress of a family, prepared for all events. At the same instant came in a servant-maid, who said, "Madam, the undertaker is below, according to your order." The words were scarce out of her mouth, when the sick man cried out with a feeble voice, "Pray, doctor, how went Bank-stock to-day at 'Change? This melancholy object made me too serious for diverting myself further this way. As I was going home, I saw a light in a garret, and entering into it, heard a voice crying, *and, band, stand, band, janned, tanned.* I concluded him by this, and the furniture of his room, to be a lunatic: but, upon listening a little longer, perceived it was a poet, writing an heroic upon the ensuing peace.

It was now towards morning, an hour when spirits, witches, and conjurers, are obliged to retire to their own apartments, and feeling the influence of it, I was hastening home, when I saw a man had got half way into a neighbour's house. I immediately called to him, and turning my ring, appeared in my proper person. There is something magisterial in the aspect of the Bickerstaffs, which made him run away in confusion.

As I took a turn or two in my own lodging, I was thinking that, old as I was, I need not go to bed alone, but that it was in my power to marry the finest lady in this kingdom, if I would wed her with this ring. For what a figure would she that should have it make at a visit, with so perfect a knowledge as this would give her of all the scandal in the town? But, instead of endeavouring to dispose of myself and it in matrimony, I resolved to lend it to my loving friend, the author of the "Atalantis," to furnish a new "Secret History of Secret Memoirs."

Saturday,

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Saturday, November 11, 1710.

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*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,  
Tendimus.*—————

VIRG. ÆN. i. 208.

Through various hazards, and events, we move.

DRYDEN.

*From my own Apartment, November 10\*.*

I WAS last night visited by a friend of mine, who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced the following paradox: that it required much greater talents to fill up and become a retired life than a life of business. Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, "I defy," says he, "any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this Twelvepenny-piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life."

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after I was a-bed I fell insensibly into an unaccountable *reverie*, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a *delirium*.

Methought the Shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and, turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound, gave me the following account of his life and adventures:

" I was born," says he, " on the side of a moun-  
 " tain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage  
 " to England in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir  
 " Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken  
 " out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalized, and  
 " put into the British mode, with the face of Queen  
 " Elizabeth on one side, and the arms of the country  
 " on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me  
 " a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all the  
 " parts of the new world into which I was brought.  
 " The people very much favoured my natural dispo-  
 " sition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand,  
 " that before I was five years old, I had travelled in-  
 " to almost every corner of the nation. But in the  
 " beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable  
 " grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow,  
 " who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found  
 " five hundred more of my own quality who lay un-  
 " der the same confinement. The only relief we had,  
 " was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh  
 " air every morning and evening. After an imprison-  
 " ment of several years, we heard somebody knocking  
 " at our chest, and breaking it open with an hammer.  
 " This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his  
 " father lay dying, was so good as to come to our re-  
 " lease. He separated us that very day. What was  
 " the fate of my companions I know not; as for my-  
 " self, I was sent to the apothecary's shop for a pint of  
 " sack. The apothecary gave me to an herb-woman,  
 " the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a  
 " brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a  
 " present of me to a non-conformist preacher. After  
 " this manner I made my way merrily through the  
 " world; for, as I told you before, we Shillings love  
 " nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched  
 " in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play-book, and  
 " often had the satisfaction to treat a templar at a  
 " twelve-penny ordinary, or carry him with three  
 " friends to Westminster-hall.

" In the midst of this pleasant progress which I  
 " made from place to place, I was arrested by a super-  
 " stitious

“ stitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy  
 “ purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, ‘ that while  
 “ she kept a Queen Elizabeth’s shilling about her,  
 “ she should never be without money.’ I continued  
 “ here a close prisoner for many months, until at last  
 “ I was exchanged for eight-and-forty farthings.

“ I thus rambled from pocket to pocket until the be-  
 “ ginning of the civil wars, when, to my shame be it  
 “ spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the  
 “ king: for, being of a very tempting breadth, a ser-  
 “ jeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows,  
 “ and list them into the service of the parliament.

“ As soon as he had made one man sure, his way  
 “ was, to oblige him to take a shilling of a more  
 “ homely figure, and then practise the same trick up-  
 “ on another. Thus I continued doing great mis-  
 “ chief to the crown, until my officer chancing one  
 “ morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacri-  
 “ ficed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to se-  
 “ duce a milk-maid. This wench bent me, and gave  
 “ me to her sweatheart, applying more properly than  
 “ she intended the usual form of, ‘ to my love and from  
 “ my love.’ This ungenerous gallant marrying her  
 “ within a few days after, pawned me for a dram  
 “ of brandy; and drinking me out next day, I was  
 “ beaten flat with a hammer, and again set a-run-  
 “ ning.

“ After many adventures, which it would be tedi-  
 “ ous to relate, I was sent to a young spend-thrift, in  
 “ company with the will of his deceased father. The  
 “ young fellow, who I found was very extravagant,  
 “ gave great demonstrations of joy at receiving the  
 “ will; but opening it, he found himself disinherited,  
 “ and cut off from the possession of a fair estate by  
 “ virtue of my being made a present to him. This put  
 “ him into such a passion, that after having taken mein  
 “ his hand, and cursed me, he squirmed me away from  
 “ him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light  
 “ in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where  
 “ I lay undiscovered and useless during the usurpation  
 “ of Oliver Cromwell.

“ About



“ About a year after the king’s return, a poor cavalier, that was walking there about dinner-time, fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook’s shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king’s health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably by that means escaped wearing a monitrous pair of breeches\*.

“ Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master; being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a Shilling.

“ I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal catastrophe when I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me under ground, and, with an unmerciful pair of sheers, cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring; and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what confusion I was in to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shewn my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some few that were punched through the belly. In midst of this general calamity, when every body thought our misfortune irretrievable, and our case desperate, we were thrown into the furnace together, and, as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire, appeared with greater beauty and luster.

Vol. I.

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\* The two shields in *Oliver’s Shilling*.

"tre than we could ever boast of before. What has  
 "happened to me since this change of sex which you  
 "now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate.  
 "In the mean time, I shall only repeat two ad-  
 "ventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither  
 "of them having ever happened to me above once  
 "in my life. The first was, my being in a poet's  
 "pocket. who was so taken with the brightness and  
 "novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to  
 "the finest burlesque poem in the British language,  
 "intituled, from me, *The Splendid Shilling*. The se-  
 "cond adventure, which I must not omit, happened  
 "to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in  
 "charity to a blind man: but indeed this was by mis-  
 "take, the person who gave me having thrown me  
 "heedlessly into the hat among a penny-worth of  
 "farthings.

Tuesday, November 14. 1710.

*Scis enim justum gemina suspendere lance  
 Ancipitis libræ?*

PERS. Sat. iv. 10.

Know'st thou, with equal hand, to hold the scale?

DRYDEN.

*From my own Apartment, November 13\*.*

**I** LAST winter erected a court of justice for the cor-  
 recting of several enormities in dress and behaviour,  
 which are not cognizable in any other courts of this  
 realm. The vintner's case, which I here tried, is still fresh  
 in every man's memory. That of the petticoat gave also  
 a general satisfaction: not to mention the more im-  
 portant points of the cane and perspective; in which,  
 if I did not give judgments and decrees according to  
 the strictest rules of equity and justice, I can safely say,  
 I acted according to the best of my understanding.

\* NO. 250.

But

But as for the proceedings of that court, I shall refer my reader to an account of them, written by my secretary; which is now in the press, and will shortly be published under the title of Lillie's "Reports."

As I last year presided over a court of justice, it is my intention this year to set myself at the head of a court of honour. There is no court of this nature any where at present, except in France; where, according to the best of my intelligence, it consists of such only as are marshals of that kingdom. I am likewise informed, that there is not one of that honourable board at present, who has not been driven out of the field by the duke of Marlborough: but whether this be only an accidental or a necessary qualification, I must confess I am not able to determine.

As for the court of honour of which I am here speaking, I intend to sit myself in it as president, with several men of honour on my right hand, and women of virtue on my left, as my assistants. The first place on the bench I have given to an old Tangereen captain with a wooden leg. The second is a gentleman of a long twisted periwig without a curl in it, a muff with very little hair upon it, and a thread-bare coat with new buttons; being a person of great worth, and second brother to a man of quality. The third is a gentleman-usher, extremely well read in romances, and grandson to one of the greatest wits in Germany, who was some time master of the ceremonies to the duke of Wolfenbottle.

As for those who sit further on my right-hand, as it is usual in public courts, they are such as will fill up the number of faces upon the bench, and serve rather for ornament than use.

The chief upon my left-hand are,

An old maiden lady, that preserves some of the best blood of England in her veins.

A Welsh woman of a little stature, but high spirit.

An old prude, that has censured every marriage for these thirty years, and is lately wedded to a young rake.

Having thus furnished my bench, I shall establish correspondences with the horse-guards, and the veter-

rans of Chelsea-College; the former to furnish me with twelve men of honour as often as I shall have occasion for a grand jury; and the latter, with as many good men and true, for a petty jury.

As for the women of virtue, it will not be difficult for me to find them about midnight at crimp and basset.

Having given this public notice of my court, I must further add, that I intend to open it on this day fevennight, being Monday the twentieth instant; and do hereby invite all such as have suffered injuries and affronts, that are not to be redressed by the common laws of this land, whether they be short bows, cold salutations, supercilious looks, unreturned smiles, distant behaviour, or forced familiarity; as also all such as have been aggrieved by any ambiguous expression, accidental juggle, or unkind repartee; likewise all such as have been defrauded of their right to the wall, tricked out of the upper end of the table, or have been suffered to place themselves, in their own wrong, on the back-seat of the coach. These, and all of these, I do, as I above said, invite to bring in their several cases and complaints, in which they shall be relieved with all imaginable expedition.

I am very sensible, that the office I have now taken upon me will engage me in the disquisition of many weighty points, that daily perplex the youth of the British nation; and, therefore, I have already discussed several of them for my future use: as, “how far  
“ a man may brandish his cane in telling a story, with-  
“ out insulting his hearer;” “what degree of con-  
“ tradiction amounts to the lie:” how a man shall re-  
“ sent another’s staring and cocking a hat in his face;”  
“if asking pardon is an atonement for treading upon  
“ one’s toes;” “whether a man may put up with a  
“ box on the ear, received from a stranger in the  
“ dark?” or, “whether a man of honour may take  
“ a blow of his wife;” with several other subtilties of  
the like nature.

For my direction in the duties of my office, I have furnished myself with a certain astrological pair of scales, which I have contrived for this purpose. In  
one

one of them I lay the injuries, in the other the reparations. The first are represented by little weights made of a metal resembling iron, and the other of gold. These are not only lighter than the weights made use of in avoirdupois, but also such as are used in Troy-weight. The heaviest of those that represent the injuries amount but to a scruple; and decrease by so many sub-divisions that there are several imperceptible weights which cannot be seen without the help of a very fine microscope. I might acquaint my reader, that these scales were made under the influence of the sun when he was in Libra, and describe many signatures on the weights both of injury and reparation: but as this would look rather to proceed from an ostentation of my own art, than any care for the public, I shall pass it over in silence.

Tuesday, November 21, 1710.

— *Pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem  
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant.*

VIRG. Æn. ii. 155.

If then some grave and pious man appear,  
They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear.

DRYDEN.

*From my own Apartment, November 20\*.*

Extract of the Journal of the Court of Honour, 1710.

*Die Lunæ, vicesimo Novembris, hora nona antemeridiana.*

THE court being sat, an oath prepared by the Censor was administered to the assistants on his right-hand, who were all sworn upon their honour. The women on his left-hand took the same oath upon their reputation. Twelve gentlemen of the horse-guards were impanelled, having unanimously chosen Mr Alexander Truncheon, who is their right-

hand.

\* No. 253—Sir R. Steele assisted in this paper.

hand man in the troop, for their foreman in the jury. Mr Truncheon immediately drew his sword, and, holding it with the point towards his own body, presented it to the Cenfor. Mr Bickerstaff received it; and after having surveyed the breadth of the blade, and sharpness of the point, with more than ordinary attention, returned it to the foreman in a very graceful manner. The rest of the jury, upon the delivery of the sword to their foreman, drew all of them together as one man, and saluted the bench with such an air, as signified the most resigned submission to those who commanded them, and the greatest magnanimity to execute what they should command.

Mr Bickerstaff, after having received the compliments on his right-hand, cast his eye upon the left, where the whole female jury paid their respects by a low courtesy, and by laying their hands upon their mouths. Their forewoman was a professed Platonist, that had spent much of her time in exhorting the sex to set a just value upon their persons, and to make the men know themselves.

There followed a profound silence, when at length, after some recollection, the Cenfor, who continued hitherto uncovered, put on his hat with great dignity; and after having composed the brims of it in a manner suitable to the gravity of his character, he gave the following charge; which was received with silence and attention, that being the only applause which he admits of, or is ever given in his presence.

“ The nature of my office, and the solemnity of  
 “ this occasion, requiring that I should open my first  
 “ session with a speech, I shall cast what I have to  
 “ say under two principal heads.

“ Under the first, I shall endeavour to shew the  
 “ necessity and usefulness of this new-erected court;  
 “ and, under the second, I shall give a word of ad-  
 “ vice and instruction to every constituent part of it.

“ As for the first, it is well observed by Phædrus,  
 “ an heathen poet;

*Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria.*

“ Which

“ Which is the same, ladies, as if I should say, It  
 “ would be of no reputation for me to be president  
 “ of a court which is of no benefit to the public. Now  
 “ the advantages that may arise to the weal-public  
 “ from this institution will more plainly appear, if  
 “ we consider what it suffers for the want of it. Are  
 “ not our streets daily filled with wild pieces of justice,  
 “ and random penalties? Are not crimes undetermin-  
 “ ed, and reparations disproportioned? How often  
 “ have we seen the lie punished by death, and the  
 “ liar himself deciding his own cause? nay, not on-  
 “ ly acting the judge, but the executioner? Have we  
 “ not known a box on the ear more severely accounted  
 “ for than manslaughter? In these extra-judicial,  
 “ proceedings of mankind, an unmannerly jest is fre-  
 “ quently as capital as a premeditated murder.

“ But the most pernicious circumstance in this case  
 “ is, that the man who suffers the injury must put  
 “ himself upon the same foot of danger with him  
 “ that gave it, before he can have his just revenge:  
 “ so that the punishment is altogether accidental,  
 “ and may fall as well upon the innocent as the  
 “ guilty.

“ I shall only mention a case which happens  
 “ frequently among the more polite nations of the  
 “ world, and which I the rather mention, because  
 “ both sexes are concerned in it, and which therefore  
 “ you gentlemen, and you ladies of the jury, will the  
 “ rather take notice of; I mean, that great and known  
 “ case of Cuckoldom. Supposing the person who has  
 “ suffered insults in his dearer and better half: sup-  
 “ posing, I say, this person, should resent the injuries  
 “ done to his tender wife; what is the reparation he  
 “ may expect? Why, to be used worse than his poor  
 “ lady, run through the body, and left breathless up-  
 “ on the bed of honour. What then, will you on  
 “ my right-hand say, must the man do that is affront-  
 “ ed? Must our sides be elbowed, our shins broken?  
 “ Must the wall, or perhaps our mistress, be taken  
 “ from us? May a man knit his forehead into a  
 “ frown, toss up his arm, or pish at what we say,  
 and

“ and must the villain live after it? Is there no redress for injured honour? Yes, gentlemen, that is the design of the judicature we have here established.

“ A court of conscience, we very well know, was first instituted for the determining of several points of property, that were too little and trivial for the cognizance of higher courts of justice. In the same manner, our court of honour is appointed for the examination of several niceties and punctilios, that do not pass for wrongs in the eye of our common laws. But notwithstanding no legislators of any nation have taken into consideration these little circumstances, they are such as often lead to crimes big enough for their inspection, though they come before them too late for their redress.

“ Besides, I appeal to you ladies, (here Mr Bickerstaff turned to his left-hand) if these are not the little stings and thorns in life, that make it more uneasy than its most substantial evils! Confess ingenuously, did you never lose a morning's devotions because you could not offer them up from the highest place of the pew? Have you not been in pain, even at a ball, because another has been taken out to dance before you? Do you love any of your friends so much as those that are below you? or, have you any favourites that walk on your right-hand? You have answered me in your looks! I ask no more.

“ I come now to the second part of my discourse, which obliges me to address myself in particular to the respective members of the court, in which I shall be very brief.

“ As for you gentlemen and ladies, my assistants and grand juries, I have made choice of you on my right-hand, because I know you very jealous of your honour; and you on my left, because I know you very much concerned for the reputation of others; for which reason I expect great exactness and impartiality in your verdicts and judgments.

“ I must



I must, in the next place, address myself to you, gentlemen of the council: you all know that I have not chosen you for your knowledge in the litigious part of the law; but because you have all of you formerly fought duels, of which I have reason to think you have repented, as being now settled in the peaceable state of benchers. My advice to you is, only that in your pleadings you will be short and expressive. To which end, you are to banish out of your discourses all synonymous terms, and unnecessary multiplication of verbs and nouns. I do moreover forbid you the use of the *also* and *likewise*; and must further declare, that if I catch any one among you, upon any pretence whatsoever, using the particle *or*, I shall instantly order him to be stripped of his gown, and thrown over the bar.

“This is a true copy: Charles Lillie.”

N. B. The sequel of the proceedings of this day will be published on Tuesday next.

Thursday, November 23, 1710.

*Splendide mendax*—

HOR. 2 Od. iii. 35.

Gloriously false—

FRANCIS.

*From my own Apartment, November 22\*.*

**T**HERE are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of shewing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman, Sir John Mandevile has distinguished himself, by the copiousness of his invention, and the greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the

voyages of these two great wits, with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground, and fairy land.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and, indeed, were they not so well attested, they would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces, at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present Paper I intend to fill with an extract from Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches, which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader, that the author of Hudibras alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when, speaking of abstracted notions cloathed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile,

“ Like words congeal'd in northern air.”

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation, put into modern language, is as follows:

“ We were separated by a storm in the latitude of  
 “ seventy-three, insomuch, that only the ship which  
 “ I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe  
 “ into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed, in or-  
 “ der to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with pro-  
 “ visions. The crew of each vessel made themselves  
 “ a cabbin of turf and wood, at some distance from  
 “ each other, to fence themselves against the incle-  
 “ mencies of the weather, which was severe beyond  
 “ imagination. We soon observed, that, in talking  
 “ to one another, we lost several of our words, and  
 “ could

“ could not hear one another at above two yards  
 “ distance, and that too when we sat very near the  
 “ fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words  
 “ froze in the air, before they could reach the ears of  
 “ the persons to whom they were spoken. I was  
 “ soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the  
 “ increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb,  
 “ or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we  
 “ afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but  
 “ the sounds no sooner took air than they were con-  
 “ densed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle  
 “ to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every  
 “ man talking, and no man heard. One might ob-  
 “ serve a seaman that could hail a ship at a league’s  
 “ distance, beckoning with the hand, straining his  
 “ lungs, and tearing his throat; but all in vain;

“ — *Nec vox nec verba sequuntur.* OVID.

“ Nor voice, nor words ensued.

“ We continued here three weeks in this dismal  
 “ plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air  
 “ about us began to thaw. Our cabbin was immedi-  
 “ ately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I  
 “ afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants  
 “ that broke above our heads, and were often mixed  
 “ with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter  
 “ *s*, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue.  
 “ I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my  
 “ ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance,  
 “ immediately liquified in the warm wind that blew  
 “ across our cabbin. These were soon followed by  
 “ syllables and short words, and at length by entire  
 “ sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were  
 “ more or less congealed; so that we now heard every  
 “ thing that had been spoken during the whole three  
 “ weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that ex-  
 “ pression. It was now very early in the morning, and  
 “ yet, to my surprize, I heard somebody say, ‘ Sir  
 “ John, it is midnight, and time for the ship’s crew  
 “ to go to bed.’ This I knew to be the pilot’s voice;

“ and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he  
 “ had spoken these words to me some days before,  
 “ though I could not hear them until the present  
 “ thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole  
 “ crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and  
 “ see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of  
 “ this great surprize we were all in, we heard a volley  
 “ of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and  
 “ uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew be-  
 “ longed to the boatswain, who was a very choleric  
 “ fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing  
 “ and swearing at me, when he thought I could not  
 “ hear him; for I had several times given him the  
 “ strappado on that account, as I did not fail to re-  
 “ peat it for these his pious soliloquies, when I got  
 “ him on ship-board.

“ I must not omit the names of several beauties in  
 “ Wapping, which were heard every now and then,  
 “ in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them;  
 “ as, ‘ Dear Kate!’ ‘ Pretty Mrs Peggy!’ ‘ When shall  
 “ I see my Sue again!’ This betrayed several amours  
 “ which had been concealed until that time, and fur-  
 “ nished us with a great deal of mirth in our return  
 “ to England.

“ When this confusion of voices was pretty well over,  
 “ though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing  
 “ I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch  
 “ cabbin, which lay about a mile further up in the  
 “ country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find  
 “ they had again recovered their hearing; though  
 “ every man uttered his voice with the same appre-  
 “ hensions that I had done.

— “ *Et timide verba intermissa retentat.*

OVID. Met. i. 747.

“ And try’d his tongue, his silence softly broke.

DRYDEN.

“ At about half-a-mile’s distance from our cabbin,  
 “ we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first  
 “ startled us; but, upon enquiry, we were informed  
 by

“ by some of our company, that he was dead, and  
 “ now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very  
 “ spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the  
 “ frost. Not far from the same place, we were like-  
 “ wise entertained with some posthumous snarls, and  
 “ barkings of a fox.

“ We at length arrived at the little Dutch settle-  
 “ ment ; and, upon entering the room, found it fil-  
 “ led with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several  
 “ other unfavoury sounds, that were altogether in-  
 “ articulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell  
 “ into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew  
 “ his sword : but not knowing where to lay the  
 “ blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with  
 “ these confused noises, but did not hear a single  
 “ word until about half-an-hour after ; which I as-  
 “ cribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that lan-  
 “ guage, which wanted more time than ours to melt,  
 “ and become audible.

“ After having here met with a very hearty wel-  
 “ come, we went to the cabbin of the French,  
 “ who, to make amends for their three weeks si-  
 “ lence, were talking and disputing with greater ra-  
 “ pidity and confusion than I ever heard in an assem-  
 “ bly, even of that nation. Their language, as I  
 “ found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell  
 “ afunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an  
 “ error into which I had fallen ; for I fancied, that  
 “ for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it  
 “ to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in  
 “ breath : but I found my mistake when I heard the  
 “ sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I  
 “ asked the occasion of it ; upon which one of the  
 “ company ‘ told me that it would play there above a  
 “ week longer ; for,’ says he, ‘ finding ourselves  
 “ bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the  
 “ company, who had his musical instrument about  
 “ him, to play to us from morning to night ; all which  
 “ time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate  
 “ our chagrin, & *tuer le temps.*”

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons,  
 why

why the kit could not be heard during the frost; but, as they are something prolix, I pass them over in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

Saturday, November 25, 1710.

—*Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,  
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis insula texit.*

VIRG. Æn. ii. 429,

Comes course the last, the red'ning doctor now  
Slides off reluctant, with his meaning bow:  
Dress, letters, wit, and merit, plead in vain,  
For bear he must, indignity, and pain.

*From my own Apartment, November 24\*.*

“ To the Censor of Great-Britain.

“ S I R,

“ I AM at present under very great difficulties, which  
“ it is not in the power of any one besides yourself  
“ to redress. Whether or no you shall think it a  
“ proper case to come before your court of honour, I  
“ cannot tell; but thus it is. I am chaplain to an  
“ honourable family, very regular at the hours of de-  
“ votion, and, I hope, of an unblameable life; but  
“ for not offering to rise at the second course, I found  
“ my patron and his lady, very sullen and out of hu-  
“ mour, though at first I did not know the reason of  
“ it. At length, when I happened to help myself  
“ to a jelly, the lady of the house, otherwise a de-  
“ vout woman, told me, that it did not become a  
“ man of my cloth to delight in such frivolous food;  
“ but as I still continued to sit out the last course, I

\* NO. 255.

“ was

“ was yesterday informed by the butler, that his lordship had no farther occasion for my service. All which is humbly submitted to your consideration, by, Sir, your most humble servant, &c.”

The case of this gentleman deserves pity; especially if he loves sweetmeats, to which, if I may guess by his letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time, I have often wondered at the indecency of discharging the holiest man from the table as soon as the most delicious parts of the entertainment are served up, and could never conceive a reason for so absurd a custom. Is it because a liquorish palate, or a sweet tooth, as they call it, is not consistent with the sanctity of his character? This is but a trifling pretence. No man, of the most rigid virtue, gives offence by any excesses in plum-pudding or plum-porridge, and that because they are the first parts of the dinner. Is there any thing that tends to incitation in sweetmeats more than in ordinary dishes? Certainly not. Sugar-plums are a very innocent diet, and conserves of a much colder nature than your common pickles. I have sometimes thought that the ceremony of the chaplain's flying away from the desert was typical and figurative, to mark out to the company how they ought to retire from all the luscious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratifications that are most pleasing to them; or, at least, to signify that we ought to stint ourselves in our most lawful satisfactions, and not make our pleasure, but our support, the end of eating. But most certainly, if such a lesson of temperance had been necessary at a table, our clergy would have recommended it to all the laymasters of families, and not have disturbed other mens tables with such unseasonable examples of abstinence. The original, therefore, of this barbarous custom, I take to have been merely accidental. The chaplain retired, out of pure complaisance, to make room for the removal of the dishes, or possibly for the ranging of the desert. This by degrees grew into a duty, until at length, as the fashion improved, the good man found himself cut off from the third part of the entertainment; and, if the arrogance of the patron goes on,

it

it is not impossible but, in the next generation, he may see himself reduced to the tythe, or tenth dish of the table; a sufficient caution not to part with any privilege we are once possessed of. It was usual for the priest in old times to feast upon the sacrifice, nay the honey-cake, while the hungry laity looked upon him with great devotion: or, as the late lord Rochester describes it, in a very lively manner,

And while the priest did eat, the people star'd.

At present the custom is inverted: the laity feast, while the priest stands by as an humble spectator. This necessarily puts a good man upon making great ravages on all the dishes that stand near him; and distinguishing himself by voraciousness of appetite, as knowing that his time is short. I would fain ask these stiff-necked patrons, whether they would not take it ill of a chaplain, that in his grace after meat should return thanks for the whole entertainment with an exception to the desert? And yet I cannot but think, that in such a proceeding, he would deal with them as they deserved. What would a Roman catholic priest think, who is always helped first, and placed next the ladies, should he see a clergyman giving his company the slip at the first appearance of the tarts or sweet-meats? Would not he believe that he had the same antipathy to a candied orange, or a piece of puff-paste, as some have to a Cheshire cheese, or a breast of mutton? Yet, to so ridiculous a height is this foolish custom grown, that even the Christmas pye, which in its very nature is a kind of consecrated cake, and a badge of distinction, is often forbidden to the Druid of the family. Strange! that a surloin of beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost deprecations and incisions: but, if minced into small pieces, and tossed up with plums and sugar, changes its property, and, forsooth, is meat for his master.

In this case I know not which to censure, the patron, or the chaplain, the insolence of power, or the abjectness of dependence. For my own part, I have often blushed to see a gentleman, whom I knew to have

much



much more wit and learning than myself, and who was bred up with me at the university upon the same foot of a liberal education, treated in such an ignominious manner, and sunk beneath those of his own rank, by reason of that character which ought to bring him honour. This deters men of generous minds from placing themselves in such a station of life, and by that means frequently excludes persons of quality from the improving and agreeable conversation of a learned and obsequious friend.

Mr Oldham lets us know, that he was affrighted from the thought of such an employment, by the scandalous sort of treatment which often accompanies it:

Some think themselves exalted to the sky,  
 If they light in some noble family:  
 Diet, an horse, and thirty pounds a-year,  
 Besides th' advantage of his lordship's ear,  
 The credit of the business, and the state,  
 Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great.  
 Little the unexperienc'd wretch does know  
 What slavery he oft must undergo.  
 Who, though in silken scarf and cassock drest,  
 Wears but a gayer livery at best.  
 When dinner calls, the implement must wait  
 With holy words to consecrate the meat,  
 But hold it for a favour seldom known,  
 If he be deign'd the honour to sit down.  
 Soon as the tarts appear: "Sir Crape, withdraw,  
 " Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw.  
 " Observe your distance, and be sure to stand  
 " Hard by the cistern with your cap in hand:  
 " There for diversion you may pick your teeth  
 " Till the kind voider comes for your relief."  
 Let others, who such meannesses can brook,  
 Strike countenance to every great man's look;  
 I rate my freedom higher.

This author's raillery is the raillery of a friend, and does not turn the sacred order into ridicule; but

is a just censure on such persons as take advantage, from the necessities of a man of merit, to impose on him hardships that are by no means suitable to the dignity of his profession.

Tuesday, November 28, 1710.

—*Nosstrum est tantas componere lites.*

VIRG. Ecl. iii. 108.

'Tis ours such warm contentions to decide.

R. WYNNE.

The proceedings of the Court of Honour, held in Sheer-lane on Monday the twentieth of November, 1710, before Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Cenfor of Great-Britain\*.

**P**PETER PLUMB, of London, merchant, was indicted by the honourable Mr Thomas Gules, of Gule-hall in the county of Salop, for that the said Peter Plumb did, in Lombard-street, London, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, meet the said Mr Thomas Gules, and after a short salutation, put on his hat, value five pence, while the honourable Mr Gules stood bare-headed for the space of two seconds. It was further urged against the criminal, that, during his discourse with the prosecutor, he feloniously stole the wall of him, having clapped his back against it in such a manner, that it was impossible for Mr Gules to recover it again at his taking leave of him. The prosecutor alledged, that he was the cadet of a very ancient family; and that, according to the principles of all the younger brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business, but had chosen rather to starve, like a man of honour, than do any thing beneath his quality. He pro-

\* No. 256.—Sir R. Steele assisted in this paper.

produced several witnesses, that he had never employed himself beyond the twitting of a whip. or the making of a pair of nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends. The prisoner being asked, " what he could say for himself," cast several reflections upon the honourable Mr Gules; as, " that he was not worth a groat; that nobody in the city would trust him for a halfpenny; that he owed him money, which he had promised to pay him several times, but never kept his word: and, in short, that he was an idle beggarly fellow, and of no use to the public." This sort of language was very severely reprimanded by the Censor, who told the criminal, " that he spoke in contempt of the court, and that he should be proceeded against for contumacy, if he did not change his style." The prisoner, therefore, desired to be heard by his counsel, who urged in his defence, " that he put on his hat through ignorance, and took the wall by accident." They likewise produced several witnesses, that he made several motions with his hat in his hand, which are generally understood as an invitation to the person we talk with to be covered; and that, the gentleman not taking the hint, he was forced to put on his hat, as being troubled with a cold. There was likewise an Irishman, who deposed, " that he had heard him cough three-and-twenty times that morning." And as for the wall, it was alledged, that he had taken it inadvertently, to save himself from a shower of rain which was then falling. The Censor, having consulted the man of honour who sat at his right-hand on the bench, found they were all of opinion, that the defence made by the prisoner's counsel did rather aggravate than extenuate his crime; that the motions and intimations of the hat were a token of superiority in conversation, and therefore not to be used by the criminal to a man of the prosecutor's quality, who was likewise vested with a double title to the wall at the time of their conversation, both as it was the upper hand, and as it was a shelter from the weather. The evidence being

very full and clear, the jury, without going out of court, declared their opinion unanimously, by the mouth of their foreman, "that the prosecutor was bound in honour to make the sun shine through the criminal," or, as they afterwards explained themselves, "to whip him through the lungs."

The Censor, knitting his brows into a frown, and looking very sternly upon the jury, after a little pause, gave them to know, "that this court was erected for the finding out of penalties suitable to offences, and to restrain the outrages of private justice; and that he expected they should moderate their verdict." The jury therefore retired, and being willing to comply with the advices of the Censor, after an hour's conversation, delivered their opinion as follows:

"That, in consideration this was Peter Plumb's first offence, and that there did not appear any *malice prepense* in it, as also that he lived in good reputation among his neighbours, and that his taking the wall was only *se defendendo*, the prosecutor should let him escape with life, and content himself with the flitting of his nose, and cutting off both his ears." Mr Bickerstaff, smiling upon the court told them, "that he thought the punishment, even under its present mitigation, too severe; and that such penalties might be of ill consequence in a trading manner." He therefore pronounced sentence against the criminal in the following manner: "that his hat, which was the instrument of offence, should be forfeited to the court: that the criminal should go to the warehouse from whence he came, and thence, as occasion should require, proceed to the Exchange, or Garraway's coffee-house, in what manner he pleased; but that neither he, nor any of the family of the Plumbs, should hereafter appear in the streets of London out of their coaches, that so the foot-way might be left open and undisturbed for their betters."

Dathan, a pedling Jew, and T. R.—, a Welshman, were indicted by the keeper of an alehouse in Westminster, for breaking the peace and two earthen mugs, in a dispute about the antiquity of their families, to  
the

the great detriment of the house, and disturbance of the whole neighbourhood. Dathan said for himself, "that he was provoked to it by the Welshman, who pretended that the Welsh were an ancients people than the Jews; whereas," says he, "I can shew by this genealogy in my hand, that I am the son of Mesheck, that was the son of Naboth, that was the son of Shalem, that was the son of —." The Welshman here interrupted him, and told him, "that he could produce *shennalogy* as well as himself;" for "that he was John ap Rice, ap Shenken, ap Shones." He then turned himself to the Censor, and told him in the same broken accent, and with much warmth, "that the Jew would needs uphold, that King Cadwallader was younger than Isachar." Mr Bickerstaff seemed very much inclined to give sentence against Dathan, as being a Jew; but finding reasons, by some expressions which the Welshman let fall in asserting the antiquity of his family, to suspect that the said Welshman was a Præ-Adamite, he suffered the jury to go out, without any previous admonition. After some time they returned, and gave their verdict, "that it appearing the persons at the bar did neither of them wear a sword, and that consequently they had no right to quarrel upon a point of honour; to prevent such frivolous appeals for the future, they should both of them be tossed in the same blanket, and there adjust the superiority as they could agree on it between themselves." The Censor confirmed the verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted by Major Punto, for having used the words, "perhaps it may be so," in a dispute with the said Major. The Major urged, "that the word *perhaps* was questioning his veracity, and that it was an indirect manner of giving him the lie." Richard Newman had nothing more to say for himself, than that "he intended no such thing;" and threw himself upon the mercy of the court. The jury brought in their verdict special.

Mr Bickerstaff stood up, and, after having cast his eyes over the whole assembly, hemmed thrice. He then acquainted them, "that he had laid down a rule

"to

“ to himself, which he was resolv'd never to depart  
 “ from, and which, as he conceived, would very much  
 “ conduce to the shortening the business of the court:  
 “ I mean,” says he, “ never to allow of the lie being  
 “ given by construction, implication, or induction, but  
 “ by the sole use of the word itself.” He then pro-  
 ceeded to shew the great mischiefs that had arisen to  
 the English nation from that pernicious monosyllable;  
 that it had bred the most fatal quarrels between the  
 dearest friends; that it had frequently thinned the  
 guards, and made great havock in the army; that it  
 had sometimes weakened the city trained-bands; and,  
 in a word, had destroyed many of the bravest men in  
 the isle of Great Britain. For the prevention of which  
 evils for the future, he instructed the jury to present  
 the word *itself* as a nuisance in the English tongue;  
 and further promised them, that he would, upon such  
 their preferment, publish an edict of the court, for the  
 entire banishment and exclusion of it out of the dis-  
 courses and conversation of all civil societies.

This is a true copy: Charles Lillie.

“ Monday next is set apart for the trial of several  
 “ female causes.

“ N. B. The case of the Haddock will come on be-  
 “ tween the hours of nine and ten.”

Thursday, November 30, 1710.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas*

*Corpora; Dii, captis, nam vos mutastis et illas,*

*Aspirate meis! ———*

OVID. Met. i. 1.

Of bodies chang'd to various forms I sing,

Ye gods, from whom these miracles did spring,

Assist me in this arduous task! ———

*From my own Apartment, November 29\*.*

**E**VERY nation is distinguished by productions  
 that are peculiar to it. Great Britain is parti-  
 cularly

\* No. 257.—Sir R. Steele assisted in this paper.

cularly fruitful in religions, that shoot up and flourish in this climate more than in any other. We are so famous abroad for our great variety of sects and opinions, that an ingenious friend of mine, who is lately returned from his travels, assures me, there is a show at this time carried up and down in Germany, which represents all the religions of Great Britain in wax-work. Notwithstanding that the pliancy of the matter, in which the images are wrought, makes it capable of being moulded into all shapes and figures; my friend tells me, that he did not think it possible for it to be twisted and tortured into so many screwed faces, and wry features, as appeared in several of the figures that composed the show. I was indeed so pleased with the design of the German artist, that I begged my friend to give me an account of it in all its particulars, which he did after the following manner:

“ I have often,” says he, “ been present at a show  
“ of elephants, camels, dromedaries, and other strange  
“ creatures, but I never saw so great an assembly of  
“ spectators as were met together at the opening of  
“ this great piece of wax-work. We were all placed  
“ in a large hall, according to the price that we had  
“ paid for our seats. The curtain that hung before  
“ the show was made by a master of tapestry, who had  
“ woven it in the figure of a monstrous Hydra that  
“ had several heads, which brandished out their  
“ tongues, and seemed to hiss at each other. Some  
“ of these heads were large and entire; and where any  
“ of them had been lopped away, there sprouted up  
“ several in the room of them; insomuch, that for  
“ one head cut off, a man might see ten, twenty, or  
“ an hundred, of a smaller size, creeping through the  
“ wound. In short, the whole picture was nothing  
“ but confusion and blood-shed. On a sudden,”  
says my friend, “ I was startled with a flourish of  
“ many musical instruments that I had never heard  
“ before, which was followed by a short tune, if it  
“ might be so called, wholly made up of jars and dis-  
“ cords. Among the rest, there was an organ, a bag-  
“ pipe, a groaning board, a stentorophonic trumpet,  
“ with

“ with several wind instruments of a most disagreeable  
 “ sound, which I do not so much as know the names  
 “ of. After a short flourish, the curtain was drawn  
 “ up, and we were presented with the most extraor-  
 “ dinary assembly of figures that ever entered into a  
 “ man’s imagination. The design of the workman  
 “ was so well expressed in the dumb show before us,  
 “ that it was not hard for an Englishman to compre-  
 “ hend the meaning of it.

“ The principal figures were placed in a row, con-  
 “ sisting of seven persons. The middle figure, which  
 “ immediately attracted the eyes of the whole com-  
 “ pany, and was much bigger than the rest, was formed  
 “ like a matron, dressed in the habit of an elderly  
 “ woman of quality in Queen Elizabeth’s days. The  
 “ most remarkable parts of her dress were, the  
 “ beaver with the steeple crown, the scarf that was  
 “ darker than sable, and the lawn apron that was  
 “ whiter than ermin. Her gown was of the richest  
 “ black velvet; and just upon her heart were se-  
 “ veral large diamonds of an inestimable value, dispos-  
 “ ed in the form of a cross. She bore an inexpress-  
 “ sible cheerfulness and dignity in her aspect; and,  
 “ though she seemed in years, appeared with so much  
 “ spirit and vivacity, as gave her at the same time an  
 “ air of old age and immortality. I found my heart  
 “ touched with so much love and reverence at the  
 “ sight of her, that the tears ran down my face as I  
 “ looked upon her; and still the more I looked upon  
 “ her, the more my heart was melted with the senti-  
 “ ments of filial tenderness and duty. I discovered  
 “ every moment something so charming in this figure,  
 “ that I could scarce take my eyes off it. On its  
 “ right-hand there sat the figure of a woman so cover-  
 “ ed with ornaments, that her face, her body, and her  
 “ hands, were almost entirely hid under them. The  
 “ little you could see of her face was painted; and,  
 “ what I thought very odd, had something in it like  
 “ artificial wrinkles; but I was the less surpris’d at it,  
 “ when I saw upon her forehead an old-fashioned  
 “ tower of gray-hairs. Her head-dress rose very high  
 “ by



“ by three several stories or degrees; her garments  
 “ had a thousand colours in them, and were embroid-  
 “ ered with crosses in gold, silver, and silk. She had  
 “ nothing on, so much as a glove or a slipper, which  
 “ was not marked with this figure; nay, so supersti-  
 “ tiously fond did she appear of it, that she sat cross-  
 “ legged. I was quickly sick of this tawdry composi-  
 “ tion of ribbands, silks, and jewels, and therefore  
 “ cast my eye on a dame which was just the reverse  
 “ of it. I need not tell my reader, that the lady be-  
 “ fore described was Popery, or that she I am going  
 “ to describe is Presbytery. She sat on the left-hand  
 “ of the venerable matron, and so much resembled  
 “ her in the features of her countenance, that she  
 “ seemed her sister; but at the same time that one  
 “ observed a likeness in her beauty, one could not but  
 “ take notice, that there was something in it sickly  
 “ and splenetic. Her face had enough to discover the  
 “ relation; but it was drawn up into a peevish fi-  
 “ gure, soured with discontent, and overcast with me-  
 “ lancholy. She seemed offended at the matron for  
 “ the shape of her hat, as too much resembling the  
 “ triple coronet of the person who sat by her. One  
 “ might see likewise, that she dissented from the white  
 “ apron and the cross; for which reasons she had  
 “ made herself a plain homely dowdy, and turned  
 “ her face towards the sectaries that sat on her left-  
 “ hand, as being afraid of looking upon the matron,  
 “ lest she should see the harlot by her.

“ On the right-hand of Popery sat Judaism, repre-  
 “ sented by an old man embroidered with phylacter-  
 “ ies, and distinguished by many typical figures, which  
 “ I had not skill enough to unriddle. He was placed  
 “ among the rubbish of a temple; but, instead of  
 “ weeping over it, which I should have expected  
 “ from him, he was counting out a bag of money up-  
 “ on the ruins of it.

“ On his right-hand was Deism, or Natural Reli-  
 “ gion. This was a figure of an half-naked awkward  
 “ country wench, who, with proper ornaments and  
 “ education, would have made an agreeable and beau-

“ tiful appearance ; but, for want of those advantages,  
 “ was such a spectacle as a man would blush to look  
 “ upon.

“ I have now,” continued my friend, “ given you  
 “ an account of those who were placed on the right-  
 “ hand of the matron, and who, according to the or-  
 “ der in which they sat, were Deism, Judaism, and  
 “ Popery. On the left-hand, as I told you, appeared  
 “ Presbytery. The next to her was a figure which  
 “ somewhat puzzled me : it was that of a man looking,  
 “ with horror in his eyes, upon a silver basin filled  
 “ with water. Observing something in his counte-  
 “ nance that looked like lunacy, I fancied at first, that  
 “ he was to express that kind of distraction which the  
 “ physicians call the *hydro-phobia* ; but considering  
 “ what the intention of the show was, I immediately  
 “ recollected myself, and concluded it to be Anabap-  
 “ tism.

“ The next figure was a man that sat under a most  
 “ profound composure of mind. He wore an hat  
 “ whose brims were exactly parallel with the horizon.  
 “ His garment had neither sleeve nor skirt, nor so  
 “ much as a superfluous button. What they called  
 “ his cravat, was a little piece of white linen quilled  
 “ with great exactness, and hanging below his chin  
 “ about two inches. Seeing a book in his hand, I ask-  
 “ ed our artist what it was ; who told me it was ‘ The  
 “ Quaker’s Religion ;’ upon which I desired a sight of  
 “ it. Upon perusal, I found it to be nothing but a  
 “ new-fashioned grammar, or an art of abridging or-  
 “ dinary discourse. The nouns were reduced to a very  
 “ small number, as *the Light, Friend, Babylon*. The  
 “ principal of his pronouns was *thou* ; and as for *you,*  
 “ *ye,* and *yours,* I found they were not looked upon  
 “ as parts of speech in this grammar. All the verbs  
 “ wanted the second person plural ; the participles  
 “ ended all in *ing* or *ed*, which were marked with a  
 “ particular accent. There were no adverbs besides  
 “ *yea* and *nay*. The same thrift was observed in the  
 “ prepositions. The conjunctions were only *hem!* and  
 “ *ho!*

“ *ha!* and the interjections brought under the three heads of *sighing*, *sobbing*, and *groaning*.

“ There was at the end of the grammar a little nomenclature, called, ‘ The Christian Man’s Vocabulary,’ which gave new appellations, or, if you will, Christian names, to almost every thing in life. I replaced the book in the hand of the figure, not without admiring the simplicity of its garb, speech, and behaviour.

“ Just opposite to this row of religions, there was a statue dressed in a fool’s coat, with a cap of bells upon his head, laughing and pointing at the figures that stood before him. This idiot is supposed to say in his heart what David’s fool did some thousands of years ago, and was therefore designed as a proper representative of those among us, who are called Atheists and Infidels by others; and Free-thinkers by themselves.

“ There were many other groupes of figures which I did not know the meaning of; but seeing a collection of both sexes turning their backs upon the company, and laying their heads very close together, I enquired after their religion, and found that they called themselves the Philadelphians, or the family of love.

“ In the opposite corner there sat another little congregation of strange figures, opening their mouths as wide as they could gape, and distinguished by the title of the Sweet Singers of Israel.

“ I must not omit, that in this assembly of wax there were several pieces that moved by clock-work, and gave great satisfaction to the spectators. Behind the matron there stood one of these figures, and behind Popery another, which, as the artist told us, were each of them the genius of the person they attended. That behind Popery represented Persecution, and the other Moderation. The first of these moved by secret springs towards a great heap of dead bodies, that lay piled upon one another at a considerable distance behind the principal figures. There were written on the foreheads of

“ these dead men several hard words, as Præ-Ada-  
 “ mites, Sabbatarians, Cameronians, Muggletonians,  
 “ Brownists, Independants, Masonites, Camifars, and  
 “ the like. At the approach of Persecution, it was so  
 “ contrived, that, as she held up her bloody flag, the  
 “ whole assembly of dead men, like those in the ‘ Re-  
 “ hearfal,’ started up and drew their swords. This  
 “ was followed by great clashings and noise, when,  
 “ in the midst of the tumult, the figure of Modera-  
 “ tion moved gently towards this new army, which,  
 “ upon her holding up a paper in her hand, inscribed  
 “ ‘ Liberty of Conscience,’ immediately fell into a heap  
 “ of carcaffes, remaining in the same quiet posture in  
 “ which they lay at first.”

Tuesday, December 5, 1710.

— *Vexat censura columbas.*

Juv. Sat. ii. 63.

Censure acquits the crow, condemns the dove,

ANON.

A Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, held in Sheer-lane on Monday the twenty-seventh of November, before Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; Censor of Great-Britain\*.

**E**LIZABETH MAKEBATE, of the parish of St. Catharine's, spinster, was indicted for surreptitiously taking away the hassock from under the Lady Grave-Airs, between the hours of four and five, on Sunday the 26th of November. The prosecutor deposed, “ that as she stood up to make a courtesy to a  
 “ person of quality in a neighbouring pew, the criminal conveyed away the hassock by stealth; in-  
 “ much, that the prosecutor was obliged to sit all the  
 “ while she was at church, or to say her prayers in a  
 “ posture that did not become a woman of her quality.”

The

\* No. 259.—Sir R. Steele assisted in this paper.

The prisoner pleaded inadvertency; and the jury were going to bring it in chance-medley, had not several witnesses been produced against the said Elizabeth Makebate, that she was an old offender, and a woman of a bad reputation. It appeared in particular, that, on the Sunday before, she had detracted from a new petticoat of Mrs Mary Doelittle, having said, in the hearing of several credible witnesses, "that the said petticoat was scoured," to the great grief and detriment of the said Mary Doelittle. There were likewise many evidences produced against the criminal, that though she never failed to come to church on Sunday, she was a most notorious sabbath-breaker; and that she spent her whole time, during divine service, in disparaging other people's cloathes, and whispering to those who sat next her. Upon the whole, she was found guilty of the indictment, and received sentence, "to ask pardon of the prosecutor upon her bare knees, without either cushion or hassock under her, in the face of the court."

N. B. As soon as the sentence was executed on the criminal, which was done in open court with the utmost severity, the first lady of the bench on Mr Bickerstaff's right-hand stood up, and made a motion to the court, "that whereas it was impossible for women of fashion to dress themselves before the church was half done; and whereas many confusions and inconveniencies did arise thereupon; it might be lawful for them to send a footman in order to keep their places, as was usual in other polite and well-regulated assemblies." The motion was ordered to be entered in the books, and considered at a more convenient time.

Charles Cambrick, linen-draper in the city of Westminster, was indicted for speaking obscenely to the lady Penelope Touchwood. It appeared, that the prosecutor and her woman going in a stage-coach from London to Brentford, where they were to be met by the lady's own chariot, the criminal and another of his acquaintance travelled with them in the same coach, at which time the prisoner talked bawdy for the space  
of

of three miles and a half. The prosecutor alledged, “ that over-against the Old Fox at Knightsbridge he  
 “ mentioned the word *linen*; that at the further end  
 “ of Kenfington he made use of the term *smock*; and  
 “ that, before he came to Hammerfmith, he talked  
 “ almost a quarter of an hour upon *wedding shifts*.” The  
 prosecutor’s woman confirmed what her lady had said,  
 “ and added further, that she had never seen her lady in  
 “ so great a confusion, and in such a taking, as she was  
 “ during the discourse of the criminal.” The prisoner had  
 little to say for himself, but “ that he talked only in his  
 own “ trade, and meant no hurt by what he had said.”  
 The jury, however, found him guilty, and represented  
 by their forewoman, that such discourses were apt to  
 fully the imagination; and that, by a concatenation of  
 ideas, the word *linen* implied many things that were  
 not proper to be stirred up in the mind of a woman  
 who was of the prosecutor’s quality, and therefore  
 gave it as their verdict, “ that the linen-draper should  
 “ lose his tongue.” Mr Bickerstaff said, he thought  
 the prosecutor’s ears were as much to blame as the  
 prisoner’s tongue, and therefore gave sentence as fol-  
 lows: “ that they should both be placed over-against one  
 “ another in the midst of the court, there to remain  
 “ for the space of one quarter of an hour, during  
 “ which time the linen-draper was to be gagged,  
 “ and the lady to hold her hands close upon both her  
 “ ears;” which was executed accordingly.

Edward Callicoat was indicted as an accomplice to  
 Charles Cambrick, for that he the said Edward Calli-  
 coat did, by his silence and smiles, seem to approve  
 and abet the said Charles Cambrick in every thing he  
 said. It appeared, that the prisoner was foreman of  
 the shop to the aforesaid Charles Cambrick, and by  
 his post, obliged to smile at every thing that the  
 other should be pleased to say: upon which he was  
 acquitted.

Josiah Shallow was indicted in the name of Dame  
 Winifred, sole relict of Richard Dainty, esquire, for  
 having said several times in company, and in the hear-  
 ing of several persons there present, “ that he was ex-  
 “ tremely

“ tremely obliged to the widow Dainty, and that he  
“ should never be able sufficiently to express his gra-  
“ titude.” The prosecutor urged, that this might  
blast her reputation, and that it was in effect a boast-  
ing of favours which he had never received. The  
prisoner seemed to be much astonished at the con-  
struction which was put upon his words, and said  
“ that he meant nothing by them, but that the widow  
“ had befriended him in a lease, and was very kind  
“ to his younger sister.” The jury finding him a lit-  
tle weak in his understanding, without going out of  
the court, brought in their verdict *ignoramus*.

Ursula Goodenough was accused by the lady Betty  
Wou'dbe, for having said that she, the lady Betty  
Wou'dbe, was painted. The prisoner brought sever-  
al persons of good credit to witness to her reputation,  
and proved, by undeniable evidences, that she was  
never at the place where the words were said to have  
been uttered. The Censor, observing the behaviour  
of the prosecutor, found reason to believe, that she  
had indicted the prisoner for no other reason, but to  
make her complexion be taken notice of; which  
indeed was very fresh and beautiful: he therefore  
asked the offender, with a very stern voice, how she  
could presume to spread so groundless a report? and  
whether she saw any colours in the lady Wou'dbe's  
face that could procure credit to such a falsehood!  
“ Do you see,” says he, “ any lilies or roses in her  
“ cheeks, any bloom, any probability?” The pro-  
secutor, not able to bear such language any longer,  
told him, “ that he talked like a blind old fool, and  
“ that she was ashamed to have entertained any o-  
“ pinion of his wisdom:” but she was put to silence,  
and sentenced “ to wear her mask for five months,  
“ and not to presume to shew her face until the town  
“ should be empty.”

Benjamin Buzzard, esquire, was indicted for having  
told the lady Everbloom at a public ball, that she look-  
ed very well for a woman of her years. The prison-  
er not denying the fact, and persisting before the court  
that

that he looked upon it as a compliment, the jury brought him in *non compos mentis*.

“ The court then adjourned to Monday the eleventh instant.”

*Copia vera.*

Charles Lillie.

Thursday, December 7. 1710.

*Non cuicumque datum est habere nasum.*

MART.

The nose, 'tis said, shews both our scorn and pride:  
And yet that feature is to some deny'd.

R. WYNNE.

*From my own Apartment, December 6\*.*

WE have a very learned and elaborate dissertation upon thumbs in Montaigne's Essays, and another upon ears in the “ Tale of a Tub.” I am here going to write one upon Noses, having chosen for my text the following verses out of Hudibras:

So learned Taliacotius from  
The brawny part of porter's bum  
Cut supplemental noses, which  
Lasted as long as parent breech;  
But when the date of nock was out  
Off dropp'd the sympathetic snout.

Notwithstanding that there is nothing obscene in natural knowledge, and that I intend to give as little offence as may be to readers of a well-bred imagination; I must, for my own quiet, desire the critics, who in all times have been famous for good noses, to refrain from the lecture of this curious Tract. These gentlemen were formerly marked out and distinguished by the little rhinocercical nose, which was always looked upon as an instrument of derision; and which



they were used to cock, toss, or draw up in a contemptuous manner, upon reading the works of their ingenious contemporaries. It is not, therefore, for this generation of men that I write the present transaction,

— *Mindis aptus acutis*  
*Naribus horum hominum* —

————— Unfit  
 For the brisk petulance of modern wit.

FRANCIS.

but for the sake of some of my philosophical friends in the Royal Society, who peruse discourses of this nature with a becoming gravity, and a desire of improving by them.

Many are the opinions of learned men concerning the rise of that fatal distemper, which has always taken a particular pleasure in venting its spight upon the nose. I have seen a little burlesque poem in Italian, that gives a very pleasant account of this matter. The fable of it runs thus: Mars, the god of war, having served during the siege of Naples in the shape of a French colonel, received a visit one night from Venus, the goddess of love, who had been always his professed mistress and admirer. The poem says, she came to him in the disguise of a sutting wench, with a bottle of brandy under her arm. Let that be as it will, he managed matters so well, that she went away big belied, and was at length brought to-bed of a little Cupid. This boy, whether it was by reason of any bad food that his father had eaten during the siege, or of any particular malignity in the stars that reigned at his nativity, came into the world with a very sickly look, and crazy constitution. As soon as he was able to handle his bow, he made discoveries of a most perverse disposition. He dipped all his arrows in poison, that rotted every thing they touched; and, what was more particular, aimed all his shafts at the nose, quite contrary to the practice of his elder brothers, who had

made a human heart their butt in all countries and ages. To break him of this roguish trick, his parents put him to school to Mercury, who did all he could to hinder him from demolishing the noses of mankind; but in spite of education, the boy continued very unlucky; and though his malice was a little softened by good instructions, he would very frequently let fly an invenomed arrow, and wound his votaries oftener in the nose than in the heart. Thus far the fable.

I need not tell my learned reader, that Correggio has drawn a Cupid taking his lesson from Mercury, conformable to this poem; nor that the poem itself was designed as a burlesque upon Fracastorius.

It was a little after this fatal siege of Naples, that Taliacotius began to practise in a town of Germany. He was the first love-doctor that I meet with in history, and a greater man in his age than our celebrated doctor Wall. He saw his species extremely mutilated and disfigured by this new distemper that was crept into it; and, therefore, in pursuance of a very reasonable invention, set up a manufacture of noses; having first got a patent that none should presume to make noses besides himself. His first patient was a great man of Portugal, who had done good services to his country, but, in the midst of them, unfortunately lost his nose. Taliacotius grafted a new one on the remaining part of the gristle or cartilaginous substance, which would sneeze, smell, take snuff, pronounce the letters M or N; and, in short, do all the functions of a genuine and natural nose. There was, however, one misfortune in this experiment: the Portuguese's complexion was a little upon the subsunk, with very black eyes and dark eye-brows; and the nose being taken from a porter that had a white German skin, and cut out of those parts that are not exposed to the sun, it was very visible that the features of his face were not fellows. In a word, the Comdé resembled one of those maimed antique statues that has often a modern nose of fresh marble glewed to a face of such a yellow, ivory complexion, as nothing can give but age. To remedy this particular for the future, the doctor got together a great collection

collection of porters, men of all complexions, black, fair, brown, dark, fallow, pale, and ruddy; so that it was impossible for a patient of the most out-of-the-way colour not to find a nose to match it.

The doctor's house was now very much enlarged, and became a college, or rather hospital, for the fashionable cripples of both sexes, that resorted to him from all parts of Europe. Over his door was fastened a large golden snout, not unlike that which is placed over the great gates at Brazen-nose college in Oxford; and, as it is usual for the learned in foreign Universities to distinguish their houses by a Latin sentence, the doctor writ underneath this great golden *proboscis* two verses out of OVID:

*Militat omnis amans, habet et sua castra Cupido;*

*Pontice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.*

OVID. Amor. El. ix. 1.

The toils of love require a warrior's art;  
And every lover plays the soldier's part.

It is reported that Taliacotius had at one time in his house, twelve German counts, nineteen French marquises, and a hundred Spanish cavaliers, besides one solitary English Esquire, of whom more hereafter. Though the doctor had the monopoly of noses in his own hands, he is said not to have been unreasonable. Indeed, if a man had occasion for a high Roman nose, he must go to the price of it. A carbuncle nose likewise bore an excessive rate; but for your ordinary short turned-up noses, of which there was the greatest consumption, they cost little or nothing; at least the purchasers thought so, who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them rather than to have gone without them.

The sympathy betwixt the nose and its parent was very extraordinary. Hudibras has told us, that when the porter died, the nose dropped of course, in which case it was always usual to return the nose, in order to have it interred with its first owner. The nose was likewise affected by the pain, as well as death of the original proprietor. An eminent instance of this na-

ture happened to three Spaniards, whose noses were all made out of the same piece of brawn. They found them one day shoot and swell extremely; upon which they sent to know how the porter did; and heard, upon enquiry, that the parent of the noses had been severely kicked the day before, and that the porter kept his bed on account of the bruises which it had received. This was highly resented by the Spaniards, who found out the person that had used the porter so unmercifully, and treated him in the same manner, as if the indignity had been done to their own noses. In this, and several other cases, it might be said, that the porters led the gentlemen by the nose.

On the other hand, if any thing went amiss with the nose, the porter felt the effects of it; insomuch, that it was generally articulated with the patient, that he should not only abstain from all his old courses, but should, on no pretence whatsoever, smell pepper, or eat mustard; on which occasion, the part where the incision had been made, was seized with unspeakable twinges and prickings.

The Englishman I before mentioned was so very irregular, and relapsed so frequently into the distemper which at first brought him to the learned Talliacotius, that in the space of two years he wore out five noses; and, by that means, so tormented the porters, that if he would have given five hundred pounds for a nose, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young gentleman was born of honest parents, and passed his first years in fox-hunting; but accidentally quitting the woods, and coming up to London, he was so charmed with the beauties of the playhouse, that he had not been in town two days before he got the misfortune which carried off this part of his face. He used to be called in Germany, "The Englishman of five noses," and "the gentleman that had thrice as many noses as he had ears." Such was the raillery of those times.

I shall close this Paper with an admonition to the young men of this town; which I think the more necessary, because I see several new fresh-coloured faces, that  
have

have made their first appearance in it, this winter. I must, therefore, assure them, that the art of making noses is entirely lost; and, in the next place, beg them not to follow the example of our ordinary town-rakes, who live as if there was a Taliacotius to be met with at the corner of every street. Whatever young men may think, the nose is a very becoming part of the face; and a man makes but a very silly figure without it. But it is the nature of youth not to know the value of any thing until they have lost it. The general precept, therefore, I shall leave with them is, to regard every town-woman as a particular kind of syren, that has a design upon their noses; and that, amidst her flatteries and allurements, they will fancy she speaks to them in that humourous phrase of old Plautus, *Ego tibi faciem denasabo mordicus*. “Keep your face out of my way, or I will bite off your nose.”

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*Tuesday, December 12, 1710.*

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*Verba togæ sequeris, junctura callidus acris,  
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere mores,  
Doctus, et ingenus culpam desigere ludo.*

PERS. Sat. v. ver. 14.

Soft elocution does thy stile renown,  
And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown;  
Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,  
To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.

DRYDEN.

Journal of the Court of Honour, &c\*.

**T**IMOTHY TREATALL, gentleman, was indicted by several ladies of his sister's acquaintance for a very rude affront offered to them at an entertainment, to which he had invited them on Tuesday the seventh of November last past, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening. The indictment set forth, “that the said Mr Treatall, upon the serving up

of

\* No. 262.—*Sir R. Steele assisted in this Paper.*

“ of the supper, desired the ladies to take their places according to their different age and seniority; for that it was the way always at his table to pay respect to years.” The indictment added, “ that this produced an unspeakable confusion in the company; for that the ladies, who before had pressed together for a place at the upper end of the table, immediately crouded with the same disorder towards the end that was quite opposite; that Mrs Frontley had the insolence to clap herself down at the very lowest place of the table; that the widow Partlet seated herself on the right-hand of Mrs Frontley, alledging for her excuse, that no ceremony was to be used at a round table; that Mrs Fidget and Mrs Fescue disputed above half-an-hour for the same chair, and that the latter would not give up the cause until it was decided by the parish register, which happened to be kept hard by.” The indictment further saith, “ that the rest of the company who sat down did it with a reserve to their right, which they were at liberty to assert on another occasion; and that Mrs Mary Pippe, an old maid, was placed by the unanimous vote of the whole company at the upper end of the table, from whence she had the confusion to behold several mothers of families among her inferiors.” The criminal alledged in his defence, “ that what he had done was to raise mirth, and avoid ceremony; and that the ladies did not complain of his rudeness until the next morning, having eaten up what he had provided for them with great readiness and alacrity.” The Censor, frowning upon him, told him, “ that he ought not to discover so much levity in matters of a serious nature;” and, upon the jury’s bringing him in guilty, sentenced him “ to treat the whole assembly of ladies over again,” and to take care that he did it with the decorum which was due to persons of their quality.

Rebecca Shapely, spinster, was indicted by Mrs Sarah Smack, for speaking many words reflecting upon her reputation, and the heels of her silk slippers, which the prisoner had maliciously suggested to be two inches high-

er than they really were. The prosecutor urged, as an aggravation of her guilt, that the prisoner was herself guilty of the same kind of forgery which she had laid to the prosecutor's charge; for that she, the said Rebecca Shapely, did always wear a pair of steel boddices, and a false rump. The Censor ordered the slippers to be produced in open court, where the heels were adjudged to be of the statutable size. He then ordered the grand jury to search the criminal, who, after some time spent therein, acquitted her of the boddices, but found her guilty of the rump: upon which she received sentence as is usual in such cases.

William Trippet, esquire, of the Middle Temple, brought his action against the lady Elizabeth Prudely, for having refused him her hand as he offered to lead her to her coach from the opera. The plaintiff set forth, that he had entered himself into the list of those volunteers, who officiate every night behind the boxes as gentlemen-ushers of the playhouse: that he had been at a considerable charge in white gloves, periwigs, and snuff-boxes, in order to qualify himself for that employment, and in hopes of making his fortune by it. The counsel for the defendant replied, that the plaintiff had given out that he was within a month of wedding their client, and that she had refused her hand to him in ceremony, lest he should interpret it as a promise that she would give it him in marriage. As soon as the pleadings on both sides were finished, the Censor ordered the plaintiff to be cashiered from his office of gentleman-usher to the playhouse, since it was too plain that he had undertaken it with an ill design; and at the same time ordered the defendant either to marry the said plaintiff, or to pay him half-a-crown for the new pair of gloves and coach-hire that he was at the expence of in her service.

The lady Townly brought an action of debt against Mrs Flambeau, for that the said Mrs Flambeau had not been to see the lady Townly, and wish her joy, since her marriage with Sir Ralph, notwithstanding she, the said lady Townly, had paid Mrs Flambeau a visit upon her first coming to town. It was urged in the  
behalf

behalf of the defendant, that the plaintiff had never given her any regular notice of her being in town; that the visit she alledged had been made on Monday, which she knew was a day on which Mrs Flambeau was always abroad, having set aside that only day in the week to mind the affairs of her family: that the servant, who enquired whether she was at home, did not give the visiting knock: that it was not between the hours of five and eight in the evening: that there were no candles lighted up: that it was not on Mrs Flambeau's day: and, in short, that there was not one of the essential points observed that constitute a visit. She further proved by her porter's book, which was produced in court, that she had paid the lady Townly a visit on the twenty-fourth day of March, just before her leaving the town, in the year seventeen hundred and nine-ten, for which she was still creditor to the said lady Townly. To this the plaintiff only replied, that she was now under covert, and not liable to any debts contracted when she was a single woman. Mr Bickerstaff finding the cause to be very intricate, and that several points of honour were likely to arise in it, he deferred giving judgment upon it until the next session day, at which time he ordered the ladies on his left-hand to present to the court a table of all the laws relating to visits.

Winifred Leer brought her action against Richard Sly for having broken a marriage-contract, and wedded another woman, after he had engaged himself to marry the said Winifred Leer. She alledged, that he had ogled her twice at an opera, thrice in St James's church, and once at Powel's puppet-show, at which time he promised her marriage by a side-glance, as her friend could testify that sat by her. Mr Bickerstaff finding that the defendant had made no further overture of love or marriage, but by looks and ocular engagement; yet at the same time considering how very apt such impudent seducers are to lead the ladies hearts astray, ordered the criminal "to stand upon the stage  
" in the Hay-market, between each act of the next  
" opera,



opera, there to be exposed to public view as a false ogler."

Upon the rising of the court, Mr Bickerstaff having taken one of these counterfeits in the very fact, as he was ogling a lady of the grand jury, ordered him to be seized, and prosecuted upon the statute of ogling. He likewise directed the clerk of the court to draw up an edict against these common cheats, that make women believe they are distracted for them, by staring them out of countenance, and often blast a lady's reputation, whom they never spoke to, by saucy looks and distant familiarities.

Tuesday, December 19, 1710.

*Arbiter hic igitur factus de lite jocosâ.*

OVID. Met. iii. 331.

————— Him therefore they create  
The sov'reign umpire of their droll debate.

Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, &c\*.

AS soon as the court was sat, the ladies of the bench presented, according to order, a table of all the laws now in force relating to visits and visiting-days, methodically digested under their respective heads, which the Cenfor ordered to be laid upon the table, and afterwards proceeded upon the business of the day.

Henry Heedless, esquire, was indicted by colonel Touchy of her majesty's trained-bands, upon an action of assault and battery; for that he, the said Mr Heedless, having espied a feather upon the shoulder of the said colonel, struck it off gently with the end of a walking-staff, value three-pence. It appeared, that the prosecutor did not think himself injured till a few days after

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\* No. 265.—Sir R. Steele assisted in this Paper.

the aforefaid blow was given him; but that, having ruminated with himfelf for feveral days, and conferred upon it with other officers of the militia, he concluded, that he had in effect been cudgelled by Mr Heedlefs, and that he ought to refent it accordingly. The counfel for the profecutor alledged, that the foulder was the tendereft part in a man of honour; that it had a natural antipathy to a ftick; and that every touch of it, with any thing made in the fafhion of a cane, was to be interpreted as a wound in that part, and a violation of the perfon's honour who received it. Mr Heedlefs replied, "that what he had done was out  
 " of kindnefs to the profecutor, as not thinking it pro-  
 " per for him to appear at the head of the trained-  
 " bands with a feather upon his foulder;" and further added, "that the ftick he had made ufe of on  
 " this occafion was fo very fmall, that the profecutor  
 " could not have felt it had he broken it upon his  
 " foulders." The Cenfor hereupon directed the jury to examine into the nature of the ftaff, for that a great deal would depend upon that particular. Upon which he explained to them the different degrees of offence that might be given by the touch of crabtree from that of cane, and by the touch of cane from that of a plain hazle ftick. The jury, after a fhort perufal of the ftaff, declared their opinion by the mouth of their foreman, "that the fubftance of the ftaff was Britifh oak." The Cenfor then obferving, that there was fome duft on the fkirts of the criminal's coat, ordered the profecutor to beat it off with the aforefaid oaken plant; "and thus," faid the Cenfor, "I fhall decide this  
 " caufe by the law of retaliation. If Mr Heedlefs did  
 " the colonel a good office, the colonel will by this  
 " means return it in kind; but if Mr Heedlefs fhould at  
 " any time boast that he had cudgelled the colonel,  
 " or laid his ftaff over his foulders, the colonel might  
 " boast, in his turn, that he has brushed Mr Heed-  
 " lefs's jacket, or, to ufe the phrafe of an ingenious  
 " author, that he has rubbed him down with an oak-  
 " en towel."

Benjamin

Benjamin Busy of London, merchant, was indicted by Jasper Tattle, Esquire, for having pulled out his watch, and looked upon it thrice, while the said Esquire Tattle was giving him an account of the funeral of the said Esquire Tattle's first wife. The prisoner alledged in his defence, that he was going to buy stocks at the time when he met the prosecutor; and that, during the story of the prosecutor, the said stocks rose above two *per cent.* to the great detriment of the prisoner. The prisoner further brought several witnesses to prove, that the said Jasper Tattle, Esquire, was a most notorious story-teller; that, before he met the prisoner, he had hindered one of the prisoner's acquaintance from the pursuit of his lawful business, with the account of his second marriage; and that he had detained another by the button of his coat, that very morning, until he had heard several witty sayings and contrivances of the prosecutor's eldest son, who was a boy of about five years of age. Upon the whole matter, Mr Bickerstaff dismissed the accusation as frivolous, and sentenced the prosecutor "to pay damages to the prisoner, for what the prisoner had lost by giving him so long and patient an hearing." He further reprimanded the prosecutor very severely, and told him, "that if he proceeded in his usual manner to interrupt the business of mankind, he would set a fine upon him for every quarter of an hour's impertinence, and regulate the said fine according as the time of the person so injured should appear to be more or less precious."

Sir Paul Swash, knight, was indicted by Peter Double, gentleman, for not returning the bow which he received of the said Peter Double, on Wednesday the sixth instant, at the play-house in the Hay-market. The prisoner denied the receipt of any such bow, and alledged in his defence, that the prosecutor would oftentimes look full in his face, but that when he bowed to the said prosecutor, he would take no notice of it, or bow to somebody else that sat quite on the other side of him. He likewise alledged, that several ladies had complained of the prosecutor, who, after og-

ling them a quarter of an hour, upon their making a courtesy to him, would not return the civility of a bow. The Censor observing several glances of the prosecutor's eye, and perceiving that when he talked to the court he looked upon the jury, found reason to suspect there was a wrong cast in his sight, which upon examination proved true. The Censor therefore ordered the prisoner, that he might not produce any more confusions in public assemblies, "never to bow  
"to any body whom he did not at the same time  
"call to by name."

Oliver Bluff and Benjamin Browbeat were indicted for going to fight a duel since the erection of "The Court of Honour." It appeared, that they were both taken up in the street as they passed by the court in their way to the fields behind Montague-house. The criminals would answer nothing for themselves, but that they were going to execute a challenge which had been made a week before the "Court of Honour" was erected. The Censor finding some reason to suspect, by the sturdiness of their behaviour, that they were not so very brave as they would have the court believe them, ordered them both to be searched by the grand jury, who found a breast-plate upon the one, and two quires of paper upon the other. The breast-plate was immediately ordered to be hung upon a peg over Mr Bickerstaff's tribunal, and the paper to be laid upon the table for the use of his clerk. He then ordered the criminals to button up their bosoms, and, if they pleased, proceed to their duel. Upon which they both went very quietly out of the court, and retired to their respective lodgings.—"The court  
"then adjourned until after the holidays."

*Copia vera.*

CHARLES LILLIE.

*Saturday,*

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Saturday, December 23, 1710.

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*Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes  
 Restinxit stellas, exortus uti aërius sol.* LUCR. iii. 1056.

His genius quite obscur'd the brightest ray  
 Of human thought, as Sol's effulgent beams  
 At morn's approach, extinguish all the stars.

R. WYNNE.

*From my own Apartment, December 22\*.*

I HAVE heard that it is a rule among the conventuals of several orders in the Romish church, to shut themselves up at a certain time of the year, not only from the world in general, but from the members of their own fraternity; and to pass away several days by themselves in settling accounts between their Maker and their own souls, in cancelling unrepented crimes, and renewing their contracts of obedience for the future. Such stated times for particular acts of devotion, or the exercise of certain religious duties, have been enjoined in all civil governments, whatever deity they worshipped, or whatever religion they professed. That which may be done at all times, is often totally neglected and forgotten, unless fixed and determined to some time more than another; and therefore, though several duties may be suitable to every day of our lives, they are most likely to be performed, if some days are more particularly set apart for the practice of them. Our church has accordingly instituted several seasons of devotion, when time, custom, prescription, and, if I may so say, the fashion itself, call upon a man to be serious and attentive to the great end of his being.

I have hinted in some former Papers, that the greatest and wisest of men in all ages and countries, particularly in Rome and Greece, were renowned for

\* No. 267.

their

their piety and virtue. It is now my intention to shew, how those in our own nation, that have been unquestionably the most eminent for learning and knowledge, were likewise the most eminent for their adherence to the religion of their country.

I might produce very shining examples from among the clergy; but because priest-craft is the common cry of every cavilling, empty scribbler, I shall shew that all the laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary genius in their writings, and were the glory of their times, were men whose hopes were filled with immortality, and the prospect of future rewards, and men who lived in a dutiful submission to all the doctrines of revealed religion.

I shall, in this Paper, only instance Sir Francis Bacon, a man who, for greatness of genius, and compass of knowledge, did honour to his age and country; I could almost say to human nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary talents, which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound; distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination.

This author has remarked in several parts of his works, that a thorough insight into philosophy makes a good believer, and that a smattering in it naturally produces such a race of despicable infidels as the little profligate writers of the present age, whom, I must confess, I have always accused to myself, not so much for their want of faith as their want of learning.

I was infinitely pleased to find, among the works of this extraordinary man, a prayer of his own composing, which, for the elevation of thought, and greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an angel than a man. His principal fault seems to have been the excess of that virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to so great an indulgence towards his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of all those riches and honours which

which a long series of merits had heaped upon him. But in this prayer, at the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great mercy-seat, and humbled under afflictions, which at that time lay heavy upon him, we see him supported by the sense of his integrity, his zeal, his devotion, and his love to mankind; which give him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall beg leave to write down the prayer itself, with the title with it, as it was found amongst his lordship's papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furnish my readers with an entertainment more suitable to this solemn time.

*A Prayer, or Psalm, made by my Lord Bacon  
Chancellor of England.*

“ MOST gracious Lord God, my merciful Father;  
 “ from my youth up my Creator, my Redeemer, my  
 “ Comforter. Thou, O Lord, foundest and searchest  
 “ the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknow-  
 “ ledgest the upright of heart; thou judgest the hypo-  
 “ crite; thou ponderest mens thoughts and doings as  
 “ in a balance; thou measurest their intentions as  
 “ with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be  
 “ hid from thee.

“ Remember, O Lord! how thy servant hath walk-  
 “ ed before thee; remember what I have first sought,  
 “ and what hath been principal in my intentions. I  
 “ have loved thy assemblies, I have mourned for the  
 “ divisions of thy church, I have delighted in the  
 “ brightness of thy sanctuary. This vine, which  
 “ thy right-hand hath planted in this nation, I have  
 “ ever prayed unto thee that it might have the first  
 “ and the latter rain, and that it might stretch her  
 “ branches to the seas, and to the floods. The state  
 “ and bread of the poor and oppressed have been pre-  
 “ cious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and  
 “ hardness of heart; I have, though in a despised  
 “ weed, procured the good of all men. If any have  
 “ been

" been my enemies, I thought not of them, neither  
 " hath the sun almost set upon my displeasure; but  
 " I have been, as a dove, free from superfluity of ma-  
 " liciousness. Thy creatures have been my books,  
 " but thy scriptures much more. I have sought thee  
 " in the courts, fields, and gardens; but I have found  
 " thee in thy temples.

" Thousands have been my sins, and ten thousands  
 " my transgressions, but thy sanctifications have re-  
 " mained with me, and my heart, thro' thy grace,  
 " hath been an unquenched coal upon thine altar.

" O Lord, my strength! I have since my youth  
 " met with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly com-  
 " passions, by thy comfortable chastisements, and by  
 " thy most visible providence. As thy favours have  
 " increased upon me, so have thy corrections; so as  
 " thou hast been always near me, O Lord! and ever  
 " as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts  
 " from thee have pierced me; and when I have as-  
 " cended before men, I have descended in humilia-  
 " tion before thee. And now when I thought most  
 " of peace and honour, thy hand is heavy upon me,  
 " and hath humbled me according to thy former lo-  
 " ving-kindness, keeping me still in thy fatherly  
 " school, not as a bastard, but as a child. Just are  
 " thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are  
 " more in number than the sands of the sea, but have  
 " no proportion to thy mercies; for what are the sands  
 " of the sea? Earth, heavens, and all these, are no-  
 " thing to thy mercies. Besides my innumerable sins,  
 " I confess before thee, that I am debtor to Thee for  
 " the gracious talent of thy gifts and graces, which I  
 " have neither put into a napkin, nor put it, as I  
 " ought, to exchangers, where it might have been best  
 " profit, but mispent it in things for which I was  
 " least fit: so I may truly say, my soul hath been a  
 " stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be mer-  
 " ciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake, and  
 " receive me unto thy bosom, or guide me in thy  
 " ways."

ADDISON'S



ADDISON'S

P A P E R S

IN THE

S P E C T A T O R.

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Thursday, March 1, 1710-11\*.

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*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.*

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 143.

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;  
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,  
And (without raising expectation high)  
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.      ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next, as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

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I was

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son, whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamed that she was brought to-bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very fullen youth, but was always a favourite of my school-master, who used to say, 'that my parts were solid, and would wear well.' I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for, during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and, indeed, do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and, therefore, left the university, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow,

fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would shew it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that, having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid: and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and, while I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politicks in the inner-room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-Tree, and in the theatres both of Drury-Lane and the Hay-Market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator of mankind, than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband, or a father, and can discern errors in the œconomy, business, and diversion of

others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this Paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following Papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and, since I have neither time, nor inclination, to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is a pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this Paper; and which for several important reasons I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in any thing that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my Paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities,

which

which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible, but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's Paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted, (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr Buckley's in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night for the inspection of all such Papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

Friday, March 2. 1710-11\*.

— *Ast alii sex*  
*Et plures, uno conclamantore* —

Juv. Sat. vii. 167.

Six more at least join their consenting voice.

**T**HE first of our society is a Gentleman of Worcester-shire, of an ancient descent, a Baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the

\* No. 2.

world,

world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho-Square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson in a publick coffee-house for calling him Youngster. But being ill-used by the above mentioned-widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot his cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gypsies: but this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, chearful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the Quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago, gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among  
us

us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner-Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humourfome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be enquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critick, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New-Inn, crosses through Ruffel-Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins: he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London. A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no  
great

great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell, that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, 'A penny saved is a penny got.' A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass, but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges: but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitable to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty, and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to  
him



him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will however in his way of talk excuse generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it: for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humourists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman, who according to his years should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity

nity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, 'He has good blood in his veins, Tom Mirable begot him, the rogue cheated me in that affair, that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to.' This way of talking of his, very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophick man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to: he is therefore among divines, what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one  
 who

who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions\*.

Saturday, March 3, 1710-11 †.

*Et quoi quisque fere studio devinctus adhæret,  
Aut quibus in rebus multum sumus ante morati,  
Atque in qua ratione fuit contenta magis mens,  
In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.*

LUCR. l. iv. 959.

—What studies please, what most delight,  
And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at night.

CREECH.

**I**N one of my late rambles, or rather speculations, I looked into the great hall, where the bank is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their several stations, according to the parts they act, in that just, and regular œconomy. This revived in my memory the many discourses which I had both read and heard, concerning the decay of publick credit, with the methods of restoring it, and which in my opinion have always been defective, because they have always been made with an eye to separate interests, and party principles.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for the whole night, so that I fell insensibly into a kind of methodical dream, which disposed all my contemplations

\* Though this Paper, in former Editions, is not marked with any letter of the word CLIO, by which Mr Addison distinguished his performances, it was thought necessary to insert it, as containing characters of the several persons mentioned in the whole course of this work.

plations into a vision or allegory, or what else the reader shall please to call it.

Methought I returned to the great hall, where I had been the morning before, but, to my surprize, instead of the company that I left there, I saw towards the upper end of the hall, a beautiful virgin, seated on a throne of gold. Her name (as they told me) was Public Credit. The walls, instead of being adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many acts of parliament written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the Magna Charta, with the act of Uniformity on the right-hand, and the act of Toleration on the left. At the lower end of the hall was the act of Settlement, which was placed full in the eye of the virgin that sat upon the throne. Both the sides of the hall were covered with such acts of parliament as had been made for the establishment of public funds. The lady seemed to set an unspeakable value upon these several pieces of furniture, insomuch that she often refreshed her eye with them, and often smiled with a secret pleasure, as she looked upon them; but, at the same time, shewed a very particular uneasiness, if she saw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared, indeed, infinitely timorous in all her behaviour: and, whether it was from the delicacy of her constitution, or that she was troubled with vapours, as I was afterwards told by one, who I found was none of her well-wishers, she changed colour, and startled at every thing she heard. She was likewise (as I afterwards found) a greater valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own sex, and subject to such momentary consumptions, that, in the twinkling of an eye, she would fall away from the most florid complexion, and most healthful state of body, and wither into a skeleton. Her recoveries were often as sudden as her decays, insomuch that she would revive in a moment out of a wasting distemper, into a habit of the highest health and vigour.

I had very soon an opportunity of observing these quick turns and changes in her constitution. There sat at her feet a couple of secretaries, who received every

every hour letters from all parts of the world, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her; and, according to the news she heard, to which she was exceedingly attentive, she changed colour, and discovered many symptoms of health, or sickness.

Behind the throne was a prodigious heap of bags of money, which were piled upon one another so high that they touched the ceiling. The floor, on her right-hand, and on her left, was covered with vast sums of gold that rose up in pyramids on either side of her. But this I did not so much wonder at, when I heard, upon enquiry, that she had the same virtue in her touch, which the poets tell us a Lydian king was formerly possessed of: and that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious metal.

After a little dizziness, and confused hurry of thought, which a man often meets with in a dream, methought the hall was alarmed, the doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the most hideous phantoms that I had ever seen (even in a dream) before that time. They came in two by two, though matched in the most dissoluble manner, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to describe their habits and persons, for which reason I shall only inform my reader, that the first couple were tyranny and anarchy, the second were bigotry and atheism, the third the genius of a commonwealth, and a young man of about twenty-two years of age, whose name I could not learn. He had a sword in his right-hand, which in the dance he often brandished at the act of Settlement; and a citizen, who stood by me, whispered in my ear, that he saw a sponge in his left-hand. The dance of so many jarring natures put me in mind of the sun, moon, and earth, in the Rehearsal, that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the lady on the throne would have been almost frightened to distraction, had she seen but any one of these spectres; what then must have been her condition when she saw them all in a body? She fainted and died away at the sight.

*Et neque jam color est misto candore rubori ;  
 Nic vigor, et vires, et quæ modo visa placebant ;  
 Nec corpus remanet* ——— Ovid. Met. iii. 491.

————— Her spirits faint,  
 Her blooming cheeks assume a palid teint,  
 And scarce her form remains.

THERE was as great a change in the hill of money-bags and the heaps of money, the former shrinking and falling into so many empty bags, that I now found, not above a tenth-part of them had been filled with money.

The rest that took up the same space, and made the same figure, as the bags that were really filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind which Homer tells us his hero received as a present from Æolus. The great heaps of gold on either side the throne now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched sticks, bound up together in bundles, like Bath-faggots.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole scene vanished: In the room of the frightful spectres, there now entered a second dance of apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms. The first pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right-hand. The second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third, a person whom I had never seen, with the genius of Great Britain. At the first entrance the lady revived, the bags swelled to their former bulk, the pile of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of guineas: And, for my own part, I was so transported with joy, that I awaked, though I must confess, I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my vision, if I could have done it.

Tuesday,

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Tuesday, March 6, 1710-11\*.

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*Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?*—

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 5.

Admitted to the fight, would you not laugh?

**A**N opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its decorations, as its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common sense however requires, that there should be nothing in the scenes and machines which may appear childish and absurd. How would the wits of king Charles's time have laughed, to have seen Nicolini exposed to a tempest in robes of ermine, and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of paste-board? What a field of raillery would they have been led into, had they been entertained with painted dragons spitting wild-fire, enchanted chariots drawn by Flanders mares, and real cascades in artificial landscapes? A little skill in criticism would inform us, that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece; and that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves. If one would represent a wide champaign country filled with herds and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the scenes, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and oxen. This is joining together inconsistencies, and making the decoration partly real, and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said, to the directors, as well as to the admirers of our modern opera.

As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and, as I was wondering with myself what use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the

\* No. 5.

same

same curiosity. Upon his asking what he had upon his shoulder, he told him that he had been buying sparrows for the opera. Sparrows for the opera, says his friend, licking his lips; what, are they to be roasted? No, no, says the other, they are to enter towards the end of the first act, and to fly about the stage.

This strange dialogue awakened my curiosity so far, that I immediately bought the opera, by which means I perceived the sparrows were to act the part of singing-birds in a delightful grove; though upon a nearer enquiry, I found the sparrows put the same trick upon the audience, that Sir Martin Mar-all practised upon his mistress: for though they flew in sight, the music proceeded from a concert of flagelets and bird-calls which were planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found by the discourse of the actors, that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the wall, and to surprize the audience with a party of an hundred horse, and that there was actually a project of bringing the New-river into the house, to be employed in jetteaus and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is postponed till the summer-season; when it is thought the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the winter-season, the opera of Rinaldo is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fire-works; which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt; for there are several engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen. However, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of this theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to *insure* his house before he would let this opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder, that those scenes should be very surprizing, which were contrived by two poets of different nations, and raised by two magicians of different



ent sexes. Armida (as we are told in the argument) was an Amazonian enchantress, and poor Signior Casfani (as we learn from the persons represented) a christian conjurer (Mago Christiano). I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an Amazon should be versed in the black art, or how a good christian, for such is the part of the magician, should deal with the devil.

To consider the poet after the conjurers. I shall give you a taste of the Italian from the first lines of his preface. *Eccoti, benigno lettore, un parto di poche sero, che se ben eato di notte, non è però aborto di tenebre, mà si farà conoscere figlio d' Apollo con qualche raggio di Parnasse.* "Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which, though it be the offsprings of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make itself known to be the son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Parnassus." He afterwards proceeds to call Mynheer Handel the Orpheus of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of stile, that he composed this opera in a fortnight. Such are the wits to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform ourselves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern Italians express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but pedants in our own country; and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits as our youths are ashamed of, before they have been two years at the university. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations; but to shew there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old Italians, such as Cicero and Virgil, we shall find that the English writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those authors much more than the modern Italians pretend to do. And as for the poet himself, from whom the dreams of this opera are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur Boileau, that one verse in Virgil is worth all the clincant or tinsel of Tasso.

( But to return to the sparrows ; there have been so many flights of them let loose in this opera, that it is feared the house will never get rid of them ; and that in other plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper scenes, so as to be seen flying in a lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a king's throne ; besides the inconveniencies which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a design of casting into an opera the story of Whittington and his cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of mice ; but Mr Rich, the proprietor of the play-house, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the cat to kill them all, and that consequently the princes of the stage might be as much infested with mice, as the prince of the island was before the cat's arrival upon it ; for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house. And indeed I cannot blame him : for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our opera pretend to equal the famous pied piper, who made all the mice of a great town in Germany follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before I dismiss this Paper, I must inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot between London and Wife\* (who will be appointed gardeners of the play house) to furnish the opera of Rinaldo and Armida with an orange-grove ; and that the next time it is acted, the singing-birds will be personated by tom-tits ; the undertakers being resolved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience.

\* The Queen's Gardeners.

Thursday

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Thursday, March 8, 1710-11\*.

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*Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, fagas,  
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?*

Hor. 2 Ep. ii. 208.

Visions, and magic ſpells, can you deſpiſe,  
And laugh at witches, ghoſts, and prodigies?

GOING yeſterday to dine with an old acquaint-  
ance, I had the miſfortune to find his whole  
family very much dejected. Upon aſking him the oc-  
caſion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamed a  
ſtrange dream the night before, which they were afraid  
portended ſome miſfortune to themſelves, or to their  
children. At her coming into the room, I obſerved  
a ſettled melancholy in her countenance, which I ſhould  
have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence  
it proceeded. We were no ſooner ſat down, but after  
having looked upon me a little while, “My dear,”  
(ſays ſhe, turning to her huſband) “you may now ſee  
“the ſtranger that was in the candle laſt night.” Soon  
after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little  
boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was  
to go into join-hand on Thursday. “Thursday! (ſays  
ſhe) “No, child, if it pleaſe God, you ſhall not begin  
“upon Childermas-day; tell your writing-maſter that  
“Friday will be ſoon enough.” I was reflecting with  
myſelf on the oddneſs of her fancy, and wondering that  
any body would eſtabliſh it as a rule, to loſe a day in  
every week. In the miſt of theſe my muſings, ſhe  
deſired me to reach her a little ſalt upon the point of  
my knife, which I did in ſuch a trepidation and hurry  
of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which  
ſhe immediately ſtartled, and ſaid it fell towards her.  
Upon this I looked very blank; and, obſerving the con-  
cern of the whole table, began to conſider myſelf, with

some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband, with a sigh, "My dear, misfortunes never come single." My friend, I found, acted but an under-part at his table, and, being a man of more good nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow. "Do not you remember," "child," (says she) "that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?" "Yes," (says he) "my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of *Almanza*." The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could with my usual taciturnity; when, to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and, therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen  
a man

a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognosticks. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixed assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when, on a sudden, an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated *Sybils*, that forebodes and prophecies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was, the other day, almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog, that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death, (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies

prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

*I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence; not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care: when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.*

Friday, March 9, 1710-11\*.

*At Venus obscuro gradientes aere sepsit,  
Et multo nebulae circum Dea fudit amictu,  
Cernere ne quis eos* — — —

Virg. Æn. i. 415.

They march obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds,  
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds.

DRYDEN.

**I** SHALL here communicate to the world a couple of letters, which I believe will give the reader as good an entertainment as any that I am able to furnish

him with, and, therefore, shall make no apology for them.

‘ *To the SPECTATOR, &c.*

‘ SIR,

‘ I AM one of the directors of the society for the  
 ‘ reformation of manners, and, therefore, think  
 ‘ myself a proper person for your correspondence.  
 ‘ I have thoroughly examined the present state of re-  
 ‘ ligion in Great Britain, and am able to acquaint you  
 ‘ with the predominant vice of every market-town in  
 ‘ the whole island. I can tell you the progress that  
 ‘ virtue has made in all our cities, boroughs, and cor-  
 ‘ porations; and know as well the evil practices that  
 ‘ are committed in Berwick or Exeter, as what is done  
 ‘ in my own family. In a word, Sir, I have my cor-  
 ‘ respondents in the remotest parts of the nation, who  
 ‘ send me up punctual accounts, from time to time, of  
 ‘ all the little irregularities, that fall under their no-  
 ‘ tice in their several districts and divisions.

‘ I am no less acquainted with the particular quar-  
 ‘ ters and regions of this great town, than with the  
 ‘ different parts and distributions of the whole na-  
 ‘ tion. I can describe every parish by its impieties,  
 ‘ and can tell you in which of our streets lewdness pre-  
 ‘ vails, which gaming has taking the possession of, and  
 ‘ where drunkenness has got the better of them both.  
 ‘ When I am disposed to raise a fine for the poor, I  
 ‘ know the lanes and alleys that are inhabited by  
 ‘ common swearers. When I would encourage the  
 ‘ hospital of Bridewell, and improve the hempen  
 ‘ manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the  
 ‘ haunts and resorts of female night-walkers.

‘ After this short account of myself, I must let you  
 ‘ know, that the design of this Paper is to give you in-  
 ‘ formation of a certain irregular assembly, which I  
 ‘ think falls very properly under your observation, espe-  
 ‘ cially since the persons it is composed of are criminals  
 ‘ too considerable for the animadversions of our society.

‘ I mean, Sir, the midnight mask, which has of late  
 ‘ been

' been frequently held in one of the most conspicuous  
 ' parts of the town, and which I hear will be conti-  
 ' nued with additions and improvements. As all the  
 ' persons who compose this lawless assembly are mask-  
 ' ed, we dare not attack any of them in *our way*, lest  
 ' we should send a woman of quality to Bridewell,  
 ' or a peer of Great Britain to the Counter: besides  
 ' that their numbers are so very great, that I am a-  
 ' fraid they would be able to rout our whole fraterni-  
 ' ty, though we were accompanied with all our  
 ' guards of constables. Both these reasons, which se-  
 ' cure them from our authority, make them obnoxious  
 ' to yours; as both their disguise and their numbers  
 ' will give no particular person reason to think him-  
 ' self affronted by you.

' If we are rightly informed, the rules that are ob-  
 ' served by this new society are wonderfully con-  
 ' trived for the advancement of cuckoldom. The wo-  
 ' men either come by themselves, or are introduced by  
 ' friends who are obliged to quit them, upon their first  
 ' entrance, to the conversation of any body that addres-  
 ' ses himself to them. There are several rooms where  
 ' the parties may retire, and, if they please, shew  
 ' their faces by consent. Whispers, squeezes, nods, and  
 ' embraces, are the innocent freedoms of the place.  
 ' In short, the whole design of this libidinous assem-  
 ' bly, seems to terminate in assignations and intrigues;  
 ' and I hope you will take effectual methods by your  
 ' publick advice and admonitions, to prevent such a  
 ' promiscuous multitude of both sexes from meeting  
 ' together in so clandestine a manner. I am

' Your humble servant,

' And fellow-labourer,

' T. B.'

Not long after the perusal of this letter, I received  
 another upon the same subject; which by the date  
 and stile of it, I take to be written by some young  
 Templar.

' SIR,



SIR,

*Middle-Temple, 1710-11.*

WHEN a man has been guilty of any vice or folly, I think the best atonement he can make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the like. In order to this I must acquaint you, that some time in February last I went to the Tuesday's masquerade. Upon my first going in I was attacked by half a dozen female quakers, who seemed willing to adopt me for a brother; but upon a nearer examination I found they were a sifterhood of coquettes, disguised in that precise habit. I was soon after taken out to dance, and, as I fancied, by a woman of the first quality, for she was very tall, and moved gracefully. As soon as the minuet was over, we ogled one another through our masks; and as I am very well read in Waller, I repeated to her the four following verses out of his poem to Vandike:

The heedless lover does not know  
 Whose eyes they are that wound him so;  
 But confounded with thy art,  
 Inquires her name that has his heart.'

I pronounced these words with such a languishing air, that I had some reason to conclude I had made a conquest. She told me that she hoped my face was not akin to my tongue, and looking upon her watch, I accidentally discovered the figure of a coronet on the back part of it. I was so transported with the thought of such an amour, that I plied her from one room to another with all the gallantries I could invent; and at length brought things to so happy an issue, that she gave me a private meeting the next day, without page or footman, coach or equipage. My heart danced in raptures, but I had not lived in this golden dream above three days, before I found good reason to wish that I had continued true to my laundress. I have since heard, by a very great accident, that this fine lady does not live far from Covent-Garden, and that I am

‘ not the first cully whom she has passed herself upon  
‘ for a countess.

‘ Thus, Sir, you see how I have mistaken a Cloud  
‘ for a Juno; and if you can make any use of this ad-  
‘ venture, for the benefit of those who may possibly be  
‘ as vain young coxcombs as myself, I do most heartily  
‘ give you leave. I am, SIR,

‘ Your most humble admirer, B. L.’

I design to visit the next masquerade myself. in  
the same habit I wore at Grand Cairo; and till then  
shall suspend my judgment of this midnight enter-  
tainment.

Saturday March 10, 1710-11\*.

—*Tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem  
Perpetuam, sevis inter se convenit urfis.*

Juv. Sat. xv. ver. 163.

Tiger with Tiger, Bear with Bear, you'll find  
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.

TATE.

**M**AN is said to be a sociable animal, and, as an  
instance of it, we may observe, that we take  
all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into  
those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly  
known by the name of Clubs. When a set of men  
find themselves agree in any particular, though never  
so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fra-  
ternity, and meet once or twice a-week, upon the ac-  
count of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a con-  
siderable market-town, in which there was a club of  
fat men, that did not come together, as you may well  
suppose, to entertain one another with sprightliness  
and wit, but to keep one another in countenance:  
the room where the club met was something of the  
largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of  
a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding  
doors.

doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage and could not force his way thro' it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three tun.

In opposition to this society, there sprung up another, composed of scarecrows and skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the corporation in pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation; that the two bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs; by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the club, or rather the confederacy, of the Kings. This grand alliance was formed a little after the return of King Charles the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in the surname of King, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with republican and anti-monarchical principles.

A christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a club. That of the George's, which used to meet at the sign of the George on St George's day, and swear Before George, is still fresh in every one's memory.

There are at present in several parts of this city what they call Street-clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the street converse together every night. I remember, upon my enquiring after lodgings in Ormond-Street, the landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me, there was at that time a very good club in it; he also told me, upon further discourse with

him, that two or three noisy country Squires, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the club (to prevent the like inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a tenant for it, of a sociable nature, and good conversation.

The Hum Drum club, of which I was formerly an unworthy member, was made up of very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight. The Mum club (as I am informed) is an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the reign of King Charles the Second: I mean the club of Duellists, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The president of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single combat; and, as for the other members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a side-table, for such as had only drawn blood, and shewn a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This club, consisting only of men of honour, did not continue long, most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution.

Our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit-Cat itself is said to have taken its original from a mutton-pye. The Beef-stake, and October clubs, are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles.

When men are thus knit together, by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least, to

relax

relax themselves from the business of the day, by an innocent and chearful conversation, there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a scheme of laws that I met with upon a wall in a little alehouse. How I came thither I may inform my reader at a more convenient time. These laws were enacted by a knot of artificans and mechanicks, who used to meet every night; and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of low life, I shall transcribe them word for word.

**RULES to be observed in the Twopenny CLUB,  
erected in this Place for the Preservation of  
Friendship and Good Neighbourhood.**

I. Every member at his first coming in shall lay down his twopence.

II. Every member shall fill his pipe out of his own box.

III. If any member absents himself he shall forfeit a penny for the use of the club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.

IV. If any member swears or curses, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.

V. If any member tells stories in the club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie, an half-penny.

VI. If any member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his club for him.

VII. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.

VIII. If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him without the door.

IX. If any member calls another Cuckold, he shall be turned out of the club.

X. None shall be admitted into the club that is of the same trade with any member of it.

XI. None

XI. None of the club shall have his clothes or shoes made or mended, but by a brother-member.

XII. No non-juror shall be capable of being a member.

The morality of this little club is guarded by such wholesome laws and penalties, that I question not but my reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of Ben Johnson, the regulations of an old Roman club cited by *Lipsius*, or the rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient Greek author.

Monday March 12, 1710-11\*.

*Non aliter quàm qui adverso vix flumine lembum  
Remigiis subigit: si brachia forte remisit,  
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.*

Virg. Georg. i. 201.

So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,  
And slow advancing, struggle with the stream;  
But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,  
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.

DRYDEN.

IT is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my Papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me, that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day: So that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about three-score thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and inattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no

\* No. 10.

pains

pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the Speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates, that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my Speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this Paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea-equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the Spectator appears, the other public prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable.

In the next place, I would recommend this Paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean  
the

the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having any thing to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind, but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, fellows of the royal society, templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgement of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the Blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve o'clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave and impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them, that I will daily insfil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this Paper will be more useful, than to the Female world, I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and  
the



the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribbands is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweet-meats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male-beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily Paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent, if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments, of the sex. In the mean while, I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this Paper, since they may do it without any hinderance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a Paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day: but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such an

handle given them of being witty. But let them remember, that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery.

Wednesday March 14. 1710-11\*.

— *Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.*

Perf. Sat. v. 92.

I root th' old woman from thy trembling heart.

**A**T my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious landlady, that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty man, had put me into an advertisement of the Daily Courant in the following words, "Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Iflington; if any one can give notice of him to R. B. fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be well rewarded for his pains." As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the fishmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a widow woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour

in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years; my coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire I point to my chimney, if water to my basin; upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modelled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not disturb the gentleman. At my first entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room: but my landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried *pish*, and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house; so that at present I walk in to the kitchen or parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress (though I am by) whether the gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress (who is indeed an excellent housewife) scolds at the servants as heartily before my face, as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house, and enter into all companies, with the same liberty as a cat, or any other domestick animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing that I hear or see.

I remember last winter there were several young girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my landlady's daughters, and telling stories of spirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door the young women broke off their discourse, but my landlady's daughters telling them that it was nobody but the gentleman (for that is the name that I go by in the neighbourhood, as well as in the family) they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of ghosts as pale as ashes that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moon-light: and of others that

had been conjured into the Red-Sea, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their curtains at midnight, with many other old women's fables of the like nature. As one spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks, and crouded about the fire. I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this twelve-month. Indeed they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and, I am sure, will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself, if I did not retire; for which reason I took the candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors and imaginations, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow, and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who the day before had marched up against a battery of cannon. There are instances of persons, who have been terrified even to distraction, at the figure of a tree, or the shaking of a bullrush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment, and a good conscience. In the meantime, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, to *pull the old woman out of our hearts*, (as Persius expresses it in the motto of my paper) and extinguish those impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were not able

able to judge of their absurdity. Or, if we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to ourselves an interest in Him who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hands, and moderates them after such a manner, that it is impossible for one being to break loose upon another, without *his* knowledge and permission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, when we think ourselves most alone; but instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society, in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same consort of praise and adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in paradise; and had doubtless his eye upon a verse in old Hesiod, which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage:

“ — Nor think, though men were none,  
 “ That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:  
 “ Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
 “ Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;  
 “ All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
 “ Both day and night. How often from the steep  
 “ Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
 “ Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
 “ Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
 “ Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,  
 “ While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
 “ With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,  
 “ In full harmonick number join'd, their songs  
 “ Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n.”

*Par. Lost.*

*Thursday,*

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Thursday, March 15, 1710-11\*.

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*Dic mihi, sit fueris tu leo, qualis eris?*

Mart.

Were you a lion, how wou'd you behave?

**T**HERE is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amusement to the town than Signior Nicolini's combat with a lion in the Haymarket, which has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom of Great Britain. Upon the first rumour of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed, by many in both galleries, that there would be a tame lion from the Tower every opera night, in order to be killed by Hydaspes; this report, though altogether groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper regions of the play-house, that some of the most refined politicians in those parts of the audience, gave it out in whisper, that the lion was a counsingerman of the tiger who made his appearance in King William's days, and that the stage would be supplied with lions at the public expence, during the whole session. Many likewise were the conjectures of the treatment which this lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior Nicolini; some supposed that he was to subdue him in *Recitativo*, as Orpheus used to serve the wild beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head: some fancied that the lion would not pretend to lay his paws upon the hero, by reason of the received opinion, that a lion will not hurt a virgin. Several, who pretended to have seen the opera in Italy, had informed their friends, that the lion was to act a part in *High Dutch*, and roar twice or thrice to a *Thorough-Bass*, before he fell at the feet of Hydaspes. To clear up a matter that was so variously reported, I have made it my business to examine

\* No. 13.

whether

whether this pretended lion is really the savage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

But before I communicate my discoveries, I must acquaint the reader, that, upon my walking behind the scenes last winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally jostled against a monstrous animal that extremely startled me, and, upon my nearer survey of it, appeared to be a lion rampant. The lion seeing me very much surpris'd, told me, in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleas'd; "for, (says he) "I do not intend to hurt any body." I thanked him very kindly, and pass'd by him: and, in a little time after, saw him leap upon the stage, and act his part with very great applause. It has been observed by several, that the lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my reader that the lion has been changed upon the audience three several times. The first lion was a candle-snuffer, who, being a fellow of a testy choleric temper, over-did his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observed of him, that he grew more surly every time he came out of the lion; and, having dropt some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffer'd himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr Nicolini for what he pleas'd, out of his lion's skin, it was thought proper to discard him: and, it is verily believed, to this day, that, had he been brought upon the stage another time, he would certainly have done mischief. Besides it was objected against the first lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.

The second lion was a tailor by trade, who belonged to the play-house, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish for his part; insomuch, that after a short modest walk upon the stage, he would fall at the first touch of Hydaspes, without

without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of shewing his variety of Italian trips. It is said, indeed, that he once gave him a rip in his flesh-colour doublet; but this was only to make work for himself, in his private character of a tailor. I must not omit that it was this second lion who treated me with so much humanity behind the scenes.

The acting lion at present is, as I am informed, a country-gentleman, who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed. He says, very handsomely, in his own excuse, that he does not act for gain, that he indulges an innocent pleasure in it; and that it is better to pass away an evening, in this manner, than in gaming and drinking: but, at the same time, says, with a very agreeable raillery upon himself, that, if his name should be known, the ill-natur'd world might call him, "The ass in the lion's skin." This gentleman's temper is made out of such a happy mixture of the mild and the choleric, that he outdoes both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my narrative, without taking notice of a groundless report that has been raised, to a gentleman's disadvantage, of whom I must declare myself an admirer; namely, that Signior Nicolini and the lion have been sitting peaceably by one another, and smoking a pipe together behind the scenes; by which their enemies would insinuate, that it is but a sham combat which they represent upon the stage: but, upon enquiry I find, that if any such correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the combat was over, when the lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the *Drama*. Besides, this is what is practised every day in Westminster-Hall, where nothing is more usual than to see a couple of lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought in any part of this relation, to reflect upon Signior Nicolini, who, in acting this

part,



part, only complies with the wretched taste of his audience; he knows very well, that the lion has many more admirers than himself; as they say of the famous Equestrian statue on the Pont-Neuf at Paris, that more people go to see the horse, than the king who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just indignation to see a person whose action gives new majesty to kings, resolution to heroes, and softness to lovers, thus sinking from the greatness of his behaviour, and degraded into the character of the London Prentice. I have often wished, that our tragedians would copy after this great master in action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an English tragedy appear with that action which is capable of giving dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian opera. In the mean time, I have related this combat of the lion, to shew what are at present the reigning entertainments of the politer part of Great Britain.

Audiences have often been reproached by writers for the coarseness of their taste: but our present grievance does not seem to be the want of a good taste, but of common sense.

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Saturday, March 15, 1710-11\*.

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*Parva leves capiunt animos*——

OVID, *Ars Am.* i. 159.

Light minds are pleas'd with trifles.

WHEN I was in France, I used to gaze with great astonishment at the splendid equipages, and party coloured habits of that fantastick nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a lady that sat in a coach adorned with gilded Cupids, and finely painted with the loves of Venus and Adonis. The coach

was drawn by six milk-white horses, and loaded behind with the same number of powdered footmen. Just before the lady were a couple of beautiful pages, that were stuck among the harness, and, by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the coach.

The lady was the unfortunate *Cleante*, who afterwards gave an occasion to a pretty melancholy novel. She had, for several years, received the addresses of a gentleman, whom, after a long and intimate acquaintance, she forsook, upon the account of this shining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover distress; for in two months after, she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence; being sent thither partly by the loss of one lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with myself on this unaccountable humour in womenkind, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless evils that befall the sex, from this light fantastical disposition. I myself remember a young lady, that was very warmly solicited by a couple of importunate rivals, who, for several months together, did all they could to recommend themselves, by complacency of behaviour, and agreeableness of conversation. At length, when the competition was doubtful, and the lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young lovers very luckily be-thought himself of adding a supernumerary lace to his liveries, which had so good an effect, that he married her the very week after.

The usual conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes this natural weakness of being taken with outside and appearance. Talk of a new married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their coach and six, or eat in plate. Mention the name of an absent lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her gown and petticoat. A ball

is a great help to discourse, and a birth-day furnishes conversation for a twelve-month after. A furbelow of precious stones, an hat buttoned with a diamond, a brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topicks. In short, they consider only the drapery of the species, and never cast away a thought on those ornaments of the mind that make persons illustrious in themselves, and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colours, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life, than the solid and substantial blessings of it. A girl, who has been trained up in this kind of conversation, is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed gloves may be her ruin. In a word, lace and ribbons, silver and gold galloons, with the like glittering gewgaws, are so many lures to women of weak minds and low educations, and when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy coquette from the wildest of her flights and rambles.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise: it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions: it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: in short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

*Aurelia*, though a woman of great quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her husband, who is her bosom friend and companion in her solitudes, has been in love with her ever since he

knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an œconomy, and its hours of devotion and repast, employment and diversion, that it looks like a little commonwealth within itself. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another: and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of *Fulvia*! she considers her husband as her steward, and looks upon discretion and good housewifery as little domestick virtues, unbecoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies herself out of the world, when she is not in the ring, the play-house or the drawing-room. She lives in a perpetual motion of body, and restlessness of thought, and is never easy in any one place, when she thinks there is more company in another. The missing of an opera the first night, would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex, and calls every woman of a prudent, modest, and retired life, a poor-spirited unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to *Fulvia*, if she knew that her setting herself to view, is but exposing herself, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicuous.

I cannot conclude my paper, without observing, that *Virgil* has very finely touched upon this female passion for dress and show, in the character of *Camilla*; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us, that after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. "A golden bow," says he,  
 "hung

“ hung upon his shoulder ; his garment was buckled  
 “ with a golden clasp ; and his head covered with an  
 “ helmet of the same shining metal.” The Amazon  
 immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, be-  
 ing seized with a woman’s longing for the pretty trap-  
 pings that he was adorned with.

—*Totumque incauta per agmen  
 Fœmineo prædæ & spoliis ardebat amore.*

Æn. xi. 782.

This heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles, the poet (by a nice concealed moral) represents to have been the destruction of his female hero.

Monday, March 19, 1710-11\*.

*Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.*

HOR. I Ep. i. 11.

What right, what true, what fit, we justly call,  
 Let this be all my care—for this is all.

POPE.

I HAVE received a letter, desiring me to be very satirical upon the little muff that is now in fashion ; another informs me of a pair of silver garters buckled below the knee, that have been lately seen at the Rainbow coffee-house in Fleet-street ; a third sends me an heavy complaint against fringed gloves. To be brief, there is scarce an ornament of either sex which one or other of my correspondents has not inveighed against with some bitterness, and recommended to my observation. I must, therefore, once for all, inform my readers, that it is not my intention to sink the dignity of this my Paper with reflections upon red-heels or top-knots, but rather to enter into the passions of mankind, and to correct those depraved sentiments that give birth to all those little extravagancies which ap-

\* NO. 16.

pear

pear in their outward dress and behaviour. Foppish and fantastick ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves, when the root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my remedies to the first seeds and principles of an affected dress, without descending to the dress itself; though, at the same time I must own, that I have thought of creating an officer under me, to be intitled *The Censor of Small Wares*, and of allotting him one day in a week for the execution of such his office. An operator of this nature might act under me, with the same regard as a surgeon to a physician; the one might be employed in healing those blotches and tumours which break out in the body, while the other is sweetening the blood, and rectifying the constitution. To speak truly, the young people of both sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot out into long swords or sweeping trains, bushy head-dresses or full-bottomed periwigs, with several other incumbrances of dress, that they stand in need of being pruned very frequently, lest they should be oppressed with ornaments, and overrun with the luxuriancy of their habits. I am much in doubt, whether I should give the preference to a quaker that is trimmed close, and almost cut to the quick, or to a beau that is loaden with such a redundancy of excrescences. I must therefore desire my correspondents to let me know how they approve my project, and whether they think the erecting of such a petty censorship may not turn to the emolument of the publick? for I would not do any thing of this nature rashly and without advice.

There is another set of correspondents to whom I must address myself in the second place; I mean such as fill their letters with private scandal and black accounts of particular persons and families. The world is so full of ill-nature, that I have lampoons sent me by people who cannot spell, and satires composed by those  
 who

who scarce know how to write. By the last post, in particular, I received a packet of scandal which is not legible; and have a whole bundle of letters in women's hands, that are full of blots and calumnies, inasmuch, that when I see the name *Cælia*, *Phillis*, *Pastora*, or the like, at the bottom of a scrawl, I conclude on course that it brings me some account of a fallen virgin, a faithless wife, or an amorous widow. I must, therefore, inform these my correspondents, that it is not my design to be a publisher of intrigues and cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous stories out of their present lurking-holes into broad day-light. If I attack the vicious, I shall only set upon them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular criminal. In short, I have so much of a *Drawcansir* in me, that I shall pass over a single foe to charge whole armies. It is not *Lais* or *Silenus*, but the harlot and the drunkard, whom I shall endeavour to expose; and shall consider the crime as it appears in a species, not as it is circumstanced in an individual. I think it was *Caligula*, who wished the whole city of Rome had but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall do out of humanity, what that emperor would have done in the cruelty of his temper, and aim every stroke at a collective body of offenders. At the same time, I am very sensible, that nothing spreads a Paper like private calumny and defamation; but as my speculations are not under this necessity, they are not exposed to this temptation.

In the next place, I must apply myself to my party correspondents, who are continually teasing me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often am I asked by both sides, if it is possible for me to be an unconcerned spectator of the rogueries that are committed by the party which is opposite to him that writes the letter. About two days since, I was reproached with an old Grecian law, that forbids any man to stand as neuter or a looker-on in the divisions of his country. However, as I am very sensible my Paper would lose its whole effect, should it run into the

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the outrages of a party, I shall take care to keep clear of every thing which looks that way. If I can any way assuage private inflammations, or allay public ferments, I shall apply myself to it with my utmost endeavours; but will never let my heart reproach me with having done any thing towards increasing those feuds and animosities, that extinguish religion, deface government, and make a nation miserable.

What I have said under the three foregoing heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the number of my correspondents. I shall, therefore, acquaint my reader, that, if he has started any hint which he is not able to pursue, if he has met with any surprising story which he does not know how to tell, if he has discovered any epidemical vice which has escaped my observation, or has heard of any uncommon virtue which he would desire to publish; in short, if he has any materials that can furnish out an innocent diversion, I shall promise him my best assistance in the working of them up for a public entertainment.

This Paper, my reader will find, was intended for an answer to a multitude of correspondents: but I hope he will pardon me if I single out one of them in particular who has made me so very humble a request, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

*To the SPECTATOR.*

SIR,

*March 15, 1710-II.*

‘ I AM am at present so fortunate, as to have no  
 ‘ thing to do but to mind my own business; and,  
 ‘ therefore, beg of you that you will be pleased to put  
 ‘ me into some small post under you. I observe that  
 ‘ you have appointed your printer and publisher to  
 ‘ receive letters and advertisements for the city of  
 ‘ London; and shall think myself very much honour-  
 ‘ ed by you, if you will appoint me to take in letters  
 ‘ and advertisements for the city of Westminster and  
 ‘ the dutchy of Lancaster. Though I cannot promise  
 ‘ to fill such an employment with sufficient abilities,  
 I will



' I will endeavour to make up, with industry and fidelity, what I want in parts and genius. I am,

' SIR,

' Your most obedient servant,

Charles Lillie.'

Wednesday, March 21, 1710-11\*.

—*Equitis, quæque jam migravit ab aure voluptas  
Omnis ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.*

Hor. 2 Ep. i. 187.

But now our nobles too are fops and vain,  
Neglect the sense, but love the painted scene.

CREECH.

**I**T is my design in this Paper to deliver down to posterity a faithful account of the Italian opera, and of the gradual progress which it has made upon the English stage; for there is no question but our great grand-children will be very curious to know the reason why their forefathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand.

*Arfinoe* was the first opera that gave us a taste of Italian music. The great success this opera met with produced some attempts of forming pieces upon Italian plans, which should give a more natural and reasonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the poetasters and fiddlers of the town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware; and, therefore, laid down an established rule, which is received as such to this day, "That nothing is capable of being well set to music, that is not nonsense."

This maxim was no sooner received, but we immediately fell to translating the Italian operas; and as there was no great danger of hurting the sense of those extraordinary pieces, our authors would often make words of their own which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the passages they pretended to translate; their chief care being to make the numbers of the English verse answer to those of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same tune. Thus the famous song in *Camilla*,

*Barbara si t'intendo, &c.*

Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning, which expresses the resentments of an angry lover, was translated into that English lamentation,

“Frail are a lover’s hopes, &c.

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined persons of the British nation dying away and languishing to notes that were filled with a spirit of rage and indignation. It happened also very frequently, where the sense was rightly translated, the necessary transposition of words, which were drawn out of the phrase of one tongue into that of another, made the music appear very absurd in one tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an Italian verse that ran thus, word for word,

“And turn’d my rage into pity;”

which the English for rhyme-sake translated,

“And into pity turn’d my rage.”

By this means the soft notes that were adapted to pity in the Italian, fell upon the word *rage* in the English, and the angry sounds that were turned to *rage* in the original, were made to express *pity* in the translation. It oftentimes happened likewise, that the finest notes in the air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I have known the word *and* pursued through the whole gamut, have been entertained with  
many

many a melodious *the*, and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions bestowed upon *then*, *for*, and *from*; to the eternal honour of our English particles.

The next step to our refinement was the introducing of Italian actors into our opera; who sung their parts in their own language, at the same time that our countrymen performed theirs in our native tongue. The king or hero of the play generally spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English. The lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his princess, in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues after this manner, without an interpreter between the persons that conversed together; but this was the state of the English stage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the opera; and, therefore, to ease themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present, that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the language of our own stage; inasmuch, that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves: but I hope, since we do put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an historian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wise forefathers, will make the following reflection: "In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Italian tongue was so well understood in England, that operas were acted on the public stage in that language."

One scarce knows how to be serious in the confutation of an absurdity that shews itself at the first sight. It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice; but what makes

it the more astonishing, it is not the taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politeness, which has established it.

If the Italians have a genius for music above the English, the English have a genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a time when an author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) for a people to be so stupidly fond of the Italian opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy? Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment: but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature; I must confess, I would allow it no better quarter than Plato has done, who banishes it out of his commonwealth.

At present our notions of music are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English: so it be of a foreign growth, let it be Italian, French, or High Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English music is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a royal palace is burned to the ground, every man is at liberty to present his plan for a new one; and, though it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several hints that may be of use to a good architect. I shall take the same liberty in a following paper, of giving my opinion upon the subject of music; which I shall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be considered by those who are masters in the art.

Saturday,

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Saturday, March 24, 1710-11\*.

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—*Locus est & pluribus umbris.* HOR. I. Ep. v. 28,

There's room enough, and each may bring his friend.  
CREECH.

I Am sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great professions of Divinity, Law, and Physick; how they are each of them overburdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field Officers, and Subalterns. Among the first we may reckon Bishops, Deans, and Arch-Deacons. Among the second are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all that wear scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the Subalterns. As for the first class, our constitution preserves it from any redundancy of incumbents, notwithstanding competitors are numberless. Upon a strict calculation, it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late years in the second division, several brevets having been granted for the converting of Subalterns into Scarf-Officers; in so much, that within my memory the price of lutestring is raised above two-pence in a yard. As for the Subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our Clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the Laity, by the splitting of their freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the elections in England.

The body of the Law is no less incumbered with superfluous members, that are like Virgil's army, which he tells us was so crowded, many of them had not room to use their weapons. This prodigious society of men may be divided into the litigious, and peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in coach-fulls to Westminster

Hall, every morning in term-time. Martial's description of this species of Lawyers is full of humour :

*Iras et verba locant.*

“ Men that hire out their words and anger;” that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I must however observe to the reader, that above three parts of those whom I reckon among the litigious are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of shewing their passion at the bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall every day, that they may shew themselves in a readiness to enter the lists, whenever there shall be occasion for them.

The peaceable Lawyers are, in the first place, many of the Benchers of the several Inns of Court, who seem to be the dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with those qualifications of mind that accomplish a man rather for a ruler than a pleader. These men live peaceably in their habitations, eating once a day, and dancing once a year, for the honour of their respective societies.

Another numberless branch of peaceable Lawyers, are those young men who being placed at the Inns of Court in order to study the laws of their country, frequent the play-house more than Westminster-Hall, and are seen in all publick assemblies, except in a Court of Justice. I shall say nothing of those silent and busy multitudes that are employed within doors in the drawing up of writings and conveyances; nor of those greater numbers that palliate their want of business with a pretence to such chamber-practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the profession of Physick, we shall find a most formidable body of men. The sight of them is enough to make a man serious, for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in Physicians, it grows thin of people. Sir William Temple is very much puzzled to find out a reason

a reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out so prodigious swarms, and over-run the world with Goths and Vandals, as it did formerly; but had that excellent author observed that there were no students in Physick among the subjects of Thor and Woden, and that this science very much flourishes in the north at present, he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of. This body of men in our own country, may be described like the British army in Cæsar's time. Some of them slay in chariots and some on foot. If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried so soon into all quarters of the town, and dispatch so much business in so short a time. Besides this body of regular troops, there are stragglers, who without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable retainers to Physic, who for want of other patients amuse themselves with the stifling of cats in an air-pump, cutting up dogs alive, or impaling of insects upon the point of a needle for microscopical observations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of weeds, and the chase of butterflies: not to mention the cockleshell-merchants, and spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these professions are crowded with multitudes that seek their livelihood in them, and how many men of merit there are in each of them, who may be rather said to be of the science, than the profession; I very much wonder at the humour of parents, who will not rather choose to place their sons in a way of life where an honest industry cannot but thrive, than in stations where the greatest probity, learning, and good sense may miscarry. How many men are Country-Curates, that might have made themselves Aldermen of London, by a right improvement of a smaller sum of money than what is usually laid out upon a learned education? A sober frugal person, of slender parts, and a slow apprehension, might have thrived in trade, though he starves upon  
Physick;

Physick; as a man would be well enough pleased to buy silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his pulse. Vagellius is careful, studious, and obliging, but withal a little thick-skulled; he has not a single client, but might have had abundance of customers. The misfortune is, that parents take a liking to a particular profession, and therefore desire their sons may be of it: whereas, in so great an affair of life, they should consider the genius and abilities of their children, more than their own inclinations.

It is the great advantage of a trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in stations of life, which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like Law, Physick, or Divinity, to be overstocked with hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its professors. Fleets of merchant-men are so many squadrons of floating shops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the tropicks.

Tuesday March 27, 1711\*.

*Sæviti atrox Volsæns; nec teli conspicit usquam  
Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immittere possit.*

Virg. Æn. ix. 420.

Fierce *Volsæns* foams with rage, and gazing round  
Descry'd not him, who gave the fatal wound;  
Nor knew to fix revenge.—

DRYDEN.

† THERE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous spirit, than the giving of secret stabs to a man's reputation; lampoons and satires, that are written with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason I am very much troubled when I see

\* No. 23.

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† It has been supposed that *Addison* in this paper points to the character of *Dr Swift*.



the talents of humour and ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuman wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a civil society. His satire will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, merit, and every thing that is praise worthy, will be made the subject of ridicule and buffoonery. It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from these arrows that fly in the dark, and I know no other excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret shame or sorrow in the mind of the suffering person. It must, indeed, be confessed, that a lampoon or a satire do not carry in them robbery or murder; but, at the same time, how many are there that would not rather loose a considerable sum of money, or even life itself, than be set up as a mark of infamy and derision? and in this case a man should consider, that an injury is not to be measured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Those who can put the best countenance upon the outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their secret anguish. I have often observed a passage in Socrates's behaviour at his death, in a light wherein none of the critics have considered it. That excellent man entertaining his friends, a little before he drank the bowl of poison, with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, at his entering upon it, says, that he does not believe any the most comic genius can censure him for talking upon such a subject at such a time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon Aristophanes, who writ a comedy on purpose to ridicule the discourses of that divine philosopher. It has been observed by many writers, that Socrates was so little moved at this piece of buffoonery,

that he was several times present at its being acted upon the stage, and never expressed the least resentment of it. But, with submission, I think the remark I have here made shews us, that this unworthy treatment made an impression upon his mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When Julius Cæsar was lampooned by Catullus, he invited him to a supper, and treated him with such a generous civility, that he made the poet his friend ever after. Cardinal Mazarine gave the same kind of treatment to the learned Quillet, who had reflected upon his eminence in a famous Latin poem. The Cardinal sent for him, and after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good abbey that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had so good an effect upon the author, that he dedicated the second edition of his book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the passages which had given him offence.

Sextus Quintus was not of so generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made Pope, the statue of Pasquin was one night dressed in a very dirty shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen, because his landress was made a princess. This was a reflection upon the pope's sister, who, before the promotion of her brother, was in those mean circumstances that Pasquin represented her. As this pasquinade made a great noise in Rome, the pope offered a considerable sum of money to any person that should discover the author of it. The author relying upon his holiness's generosity, as also on some private overtures which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the pope gave him the reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the satirist for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off. Aretine is too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the kings of Europe were his tributaries. Nay, there is a letter of his extant, in which he makes his boast, that he had laid the Sophi of Persia under contribution. Though,

Though, in the various examples which I have here drawn together, these several great men behaved themselves very indifferently towards the wits of the age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly shewed that they were very sensible of their reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a man that I thought was capable of giving these secret wounds; and cannot but think, that he would hurt the person whose reputation he thus assaults; in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the same security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary scribblers of lampoons. An innocent young lady shall be exposed for an unhappy feature. A father of a family turned to ridicule, for some domestic calamity. A wife be made uneasy all her life for a misinterpreted word or action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a just man, shall be put out of countenance by the representation of those qualities that should do him honour. So pernicious a thing is wit, when it is not tempered with virtue and humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedless inconsiderate writers, that without any malice have sacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance, to a certain levity of temper, and a silly ambition, of distinguishing themselves by a spirit of raillery and satire: as if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured man than a wit. Where there is this little petulant humour in an author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which reason I always lay it down as a rule, that an indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the latter will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion, transcribing a fable out of Sir Roger l'Étrange, which accidentally lies, before me. ‘A company of waggish boys were watching of frogs at the side of a pond, and still as any of them put up their heads, they would be pelting them down again with stones. “Children,”

U u 2

says

says one of the frogs, "you never consider, that though this may be play to you, it is death to us."

As this week is in a manner set apart and dedicated to serious thoughts, I shall indulge myself in such speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the season; and, in the mean time, as the settling in ourselves a charitable frame of mind is a work very proper for the time, I have in this Paper endeavoured to expose that particular breach of charity, which has been generally overlooked by divines, because they are but few who can be guilty of it.

Thursday, March 29, 1711\*.

— *Ægrefcitque medendo.*

Virg. *Æn.* xii. 46.

And sickens by the very means of health.

THE following letter will explain itself, and needs no apology.

‘ SIR,

‘ I AM one of that sickly tribe who are commonly  
 ‘ known by the name of Valetudinarians; and do  
 ‘ confess to you, that I first contracted this ill habit of  
 ‘ body, or rather of mind, by the study of physic.  
 ‘ I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature, but  
 ‘ I found my pulse was irregular; and scarce ever read  
 ‘ the account of any disease that I did not fancy myself  
 ‘ afflicted with. Dr Sydenham’s learned treatise of  
 ‘ fevers threw me into a lingering heftick, which hung  
 ‘ upon me all the while I was reading that excellent  
 ‘ piece. I then applied myself to the study of several  
 ‘ authors, who have written upon phthifical distem-  
 ‘ pers, and, by that means, fell into a consumption;  
 ‘ till at length, growing very fat, I was in a manner  
 ‘ shamed out of that imagination. Not long after this  
 ‘ I found in myself all the symptoms of the gout, ex-  
 ‘ cept pain; but was cured of it by a treatise upon the  
 ‘ gravel,

\* No. 25.

‘ gravel, written by a very ingenious author who (as  
‘ it is usual for physicians to convert one distemper  
‘ into another) eased me of the gout by giving me the  
‘ stone. I at length studied myself into a complication  
‘ of distempers; but, accidentally taking into my hand  
‘ that ingenious discourse written by Sanctorius, I was  
‘ resolved to direct myself by a scheme of rules which  
‘ I had collected from his observations. The learned  
‘ world are very well acquainted with that gentleman’s  
‘ invention; who, for the better carrying on of his ex-  
‘ periments, contrived a certain mathematical chair,  
‘ which was so artificially hung upon springs, that it  
‘ would weigh any thing as well as a pair of scales.  
‘ By this means he discovered how many ounces of his  
‘ food passed by perspiration, what quantity of it was  
‘ turned into nourishment, and how much went away  
‘ by the other channels and distributions of nature.

‘ Having provided myself with this chair, I used to  
‘ study, eat, drink, and sleep in it; insomuch, that  
‘ I may be said, for these last three years, to have li-  
‘ ved in a pair of scales. I compute myself, when I  
‘ am in full health, to be precisely two hundred weight,  
‘ falling short of it about a pound after a day’s fast,  
‘ and exceeding it as much after a very full meal; so  
‘ that it is my continual employment, to trim the ba-  
‘ lance between these two volatile pounds in my con-  
‘ stitution. In my ordinary meals I fetch myself up to  
‘ two hundred weight and half a pound; and if, after  
‘ having dined, I find myself fall short of it, I drink  
‘ just so much small beer, or eat such a quantity of  
‘ bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In my  
‘ greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the  
‘ other half pound; which, for my health’s sake, I do  
‘ the first Monday in every month. As soon as I find  
‘ myself duly poised after dinner, I walk till I have  
‘ perspired five ounces and four scruples; and, when  
‘ I discover by my chair, that I am so far reduced,  
‘ I fall to my books, and study away three ounces more.  
‘ As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no  
‘ account of them. I do not dine and sup by the clock,  
‘ but by my chair; for, when that informs me my  
‘ pound

‘ pound of food is exhausted, I conclude myself to be  
 ‘ hungry, and lay in another with all diligence. In  
 ‘ my days of abstinence I lose a pound and a half, and  
 ‘ on solemn fasts am two pound lighter than on other  
 ‘ days in the year.

‘ I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter  
 ‘ of a pound of sleep, within a few grains more or less;  
 ‘ and if upon my rising I find that I have not con-  
 ‘ sumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my  
 ‘ chair. Upon an exact calculation of what I expend-  
 ‘ ed and received the last year, which I always register  
 ‘ in a book, I find the medium to be two hundred  
 ‘ weight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired  
 ‘ one ounce in my health during the whole twelve-  
 ‘ month. And yet, Sir, notwithstanding this my great  
 ‘ care to ballast myself equally every day, and to keep  
 ‘ my body in its proper poise, so it is, that I find my-  
 ‘ self in a sick and languishing condition. My com-  
 ‘ plexion is grown very fallow, my pulse low, and my  
 ‘ body hydropical. Let me, therefore, beg you, Sir,  
 ‘ to consider me as your patient, and do give me more  
 ‘ certain rules to walk by than those I have already  
 ‘ observed, and you will very much oblige,

‘ Your humble servant.’

This letter puts me in mind of an Italian epitaph written on the monument of a Valetudinarian; *Stavo ben, ma per star meglio, sto qui*; which it is impossible to translate\*. The fear of death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflection made by some historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a flight, than in a battle; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their constitutions by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of death, by endeavouring to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable creature. To consult the preservation of life, as the only

\* The following will give some idea of it to an English reader:  
 “ I was well, but by trying to be better, I am here.”

end of it, to make our health our business, to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or course of physic, are purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy human nature, that a generous soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides, that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature; as it is impossible we should take delight in any thing that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind, and capacity for business, are in a great measure the effects of a well-tempered constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care, which we are prompted to, not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live, than how to live. In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the direction of it our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we shall take the best means to preserve life, without being over-solicitous about the event; and shall arrive at that point of felicity which Martial has mentioned as the perfection of happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for death.

In answer to the gentleman, who tempers his health by ounces and by scruples, and, instead of complying with those natural solicitations of hunger and thirst, drowsiness or love of exercise, governs himself by the prescriptions of his chair, I shall tell him a short fable. Jupiter, says the mythologist, to reward the piety of a certain countryman, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The countryman desired that he might have the management of the weather in his own estate. He obtained his request, and immediately distributed rain, snow, and sunshine, among his several fields, as he thought the nature of the soil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that

that of his neighbours. Upon which (says the fable) he desired Jupiter to take the weather again into his own hands, or, that otherwise, he should utterly ruin himself.

Friday, March 30, 1711\*.

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
Reginque turres, O beate sexti.  
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam,  
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,  
Et domus exilis Plutonia.*

HOR. 1 Od. iv. 13.

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate  
Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate:  
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,  
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years:  
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go  
To story'd ghosts, and Pluto's house below.

CREECH:

**W**HEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster-Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were



born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαυκοντι, Μιδοντα τε, Θερσιλοχου τε. Hom.

*Glaucumque, Medontaque, Therfilochumque.* VIRG.

*Glaucus, and Medon, and Therfilochus.*

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by the path of an arrow, which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or scull, intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of an human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and, by that means, are not un-

derstood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and, therefore, do honour to the living as well as the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesly Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence. Instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expence, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to excite dark and dismal thoughts

in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can, therefore, take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

Monday, April 2, 1711\*.

— *Neque semper arcum  
Tendit Apollo.*

HOR. OD. X. 19.

Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.

I SHALL here present my reader with a letter from a projector, concerning a new office which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishment of the city, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a satire upon projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern criticism.

X x 2

\* NO. 28.

SIR,

‘ S I R,

‘ **O**bserving that you have thoughts of creating  
 ‘ certain officers under you, for the inspection  
 ‘ of several petty enormities which you yourself can-  
 ‘ not attend to; and finding daily absurdities hung  
 ‘ out upon the sign-posts of this city, to the great scan-  
 ‘ dal of foreigners, as well as those of our country,  
 ‘ who are curious spectators of the same, I do hum-  
 ‘ bly propose, that you would be pleased to make me  
 ‘ your superintendant of all such figures and devices,  
 ‘ as are or shall be made use of on this occasion; with  
 ‘ full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall  
 ‘ find irregular or defective. For want of such an officer,  
 ‘ there is nothing like sound literature and good sense  
 ‘ to be met with in those objects, that are every where  
 ‘ thrusting themselves out to the eye, and endeavour-  
 ‘ ing to become visible. Our streets are filled with  
 ‘ blue boars, black swans, and red lions; not to men-  
 ‘ tion flying pigs, and hogs in armour, with many o-  
 ‘ ther creatures more extraordinary than any in the  
 ‘ deserts of Africk. Strange! that one who has all  
 ‘ the birds and beasts in nature to choose out of, should  
 ‘ live at the sign of an *Ens Rationis*!

‘ My first task therefore should be, like that of Her-  
 ‘ cules, to clear the city from monsters. In the se-  
 ‘ cond place, I would forbid, that creatures of jarring  
 ‘ and incongruous nature, should be joined together  
 ‘ in the same sign; such as the bell and the neat’s  
 ‘ tongue, the dog and the gridiron. The fox and  
 ‘ goose may be supposed to have met, but what has  
 ‘ the fox and the seven stars to do together? And  
 ‘ when did the lamb and dolphin ever meet, except  
 ‘ upon a sign-post? As for the cat and fiddle, there is a  
 ‘ conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that  
 ‘ any thing I have here said should affect it. I must  
 ‘ however observe to you upon this subject, that it is  
 ‘ usual for a young tradesman, at his first setting up,  
 ‘ to add to his own sign that of the master whom he  
 ‘ served: as the husband, after marriage, gives a place  
 ‘ to his mistress’s arms in his own coat. This I take  
 ‘ to have given rise to many of those absurdities which  
 ‘ are

are committed over our heads; and, as I am informed, first occasioned the three nuns and a hare, which we see so frequently joined together. I would therefore establish certain rules, for the determining how far one tradesman may give the sign of another, and in what cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

In the third place, I would enjoin every shop to make use of a sign which bears some affinity to the wares in which it deals. What can be more inconsistent, than to see a bawd at the sign of the angel, or a tailor at the lion? A cook should not live at the boot, nor a shoemaker at the roasted pig; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have seen a goat set up before the door of a perfumer, and the French king's head at a sword-cutler's.

An ingenious foreigner observes, that several of those gentlemen who value themselves upon their families and overlook such as are bred to trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their coats of arms. I will not examine how true this is in fact. But though it may not be necessary for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers, I think it highly proper for those who actually profess the trade, to shew some such marks of it before their doors.

When the name gives an occasion for an ingenious sign-post, I would likewise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs Salmon to have lived at the sign of the trout; for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her name-fake. Mr Bell has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same nature: and here, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular figure of a bell has given occasion to several pieces of wit in this kind. A man of your reading must know, that Abel Drugger gained great applause by it in the time of Ben Johnson. Our apocryphal heathen god is also represented by the figure; which, in conjunc-  
tion

' tion with the dragon, makes a very handsome pic-  
 ' ture in several of our streets. As for the bell-savage,  
 ' which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell,  
 ' I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit  
 ' of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an  
 ' old romance translated out of the French; which  
 ' gives an account of a very beautiful woman who  
 ' was found in a wilderness, and is called in the  
 ' French *La belle Sauvage!* and is every where transla-  
 ' ted by our countrymen 'the bell-savage.' This piece  
 ' of philosophy will, I hope, convince you that I have  
 ' made sign-posts my study, and consequently qualified  
 ' myself for the employment which I solicit at your  
 ' hands. But before I conclude my letter, I must  
 ' communicate to you another remark, which I have  
 ' made upon the subject with which I am now enter-  
 ' taining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd guess at  
 ' the humour of the inhabitant by the sign that hangs  
 ' before his door. A surly cholerick fellow generally  
 ' makes choice of a bear; as men of milder dispositions  
 ' frequently live at the lamb. Seeing a punch-bowl  
 ' painted upon a sign near Charing-Cross, and very  
 ' curiously garnished, with a couple of angels hovering  
 ' over it, and squeezing a lemon into it, I had the  
 ' curiosity to ask after the master of the house, and  
 ' found, upon enquiry, as I had guessed by the little  
 ' *agremens* upon his sign, that he was a Frenchman.  
 ' I know, Sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge up-  
 ' on these hints to a gentleman of your great abilities;  
 ' so humbly recommending myself to your favour and  
 ' patronage,

I remain, &c.

I shall add to the foregoing letter another, which came to me by the same penny-post.

*From my own apartment near Charing-Cross.*

' Honoured Sir,

' **H**AVING heard that this nation is a great en-  
 ' courager of ingenuity, I have brought with  
 ' me a rope-dancer that was caught in one of the  
 ' woods

‘ woods belonging to the Great Mogul. He is by  
 ‘ birth a monkey; but swings upon a rope, takes a  
 ‘ pipe of tobacco, and drinks a glass of ale, like any  
 ‘ reasonable creature. He gives great satisfaction to  
 ‘ the quality; and if they will make a subscription  
 ‘ for him, I will send for a brother of his out of Hol-  
 ‘ land, that is a very good tumbler; and also for an-  
 ‘ other of the same family whom I design for my  
 ‘ Merry-Andrew, as being an excellent mimic, and  
 ‘ the greatest droll in the country where he now is.  
 ‘ I hope to have this entertainment in a readiness for  
 ‘ the next winter; and doubt not but it will please  
 ‘ more than the opera, or puppet-show. I will not  
 ‘ say that a monkey is a better man than some of the  
 ‘ opera heroes; but certainly he is a better represen-  
 ‘ tative of a man, than the most artificial composition  
 ‘ of wood and wire. If you will be pleased to give  
 ‘ me a good word in your Paper, you shall be every  
 ‘ night a Spectator at my show for nothing.

‘ I am, &c.’

Tuesday, April 3, 1711\*.

—Sermo lingua concinnus utraque  
 Suavior: ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.

Hor. 1 Sat. x. 23.

Both tongues united sweeter sounds produce,  
 Like China mix'd with the Falernian juice.

THERE is nothing that has more startled our En-  
 glish audience, than the Italian *recitativo* at its  
 first entrance upon the stage. People were wonder-  
 fully surpris'd to hear generals singing the word of  
 command, and ladies delivering messages in musick.  
 Our countrymen could not forbear laughing when  
 they heard a lover chanting out a billet-doux, and even  
 the superscription of a letter set to a tune. The fa-

mous blunder in an old play of *Enter a king and two fiddlers* solus, was now no longer an absurdity; when it was impossible for a hero in a desert, or a princess in her closet, to speak any thing unaccompanied with musical instruments.

But however this Italian method of acting in *recitativo* might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our English opera before this innovation: The transition from an air to recitative musick being more natural, than the passing from a song to plain and ordinary speaking, which was the common method in Purcell's operas.

The only fault I find in our present practice is, the making use of the Italian *recitativo* with English words.

To go to the bottom of this matter I must observe, that the tone, or (as the French call it) the accent of every nation in their ordinary speech is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may see even in the Welsh and Scotch, who border so near upon us. By the tone or accent I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the sound of the whole sentence. Thus it is very common for an English gentleman, when he hears a French tragedy, to complain that the actors all of them speak in a tone; and therefore he very wisely prefers his own countrymen, not considering that a foreigner complains of the same tone in an English actor.

For this reason, the recitative musick, in every language, should be as different as the tone or accent of each language; for likewise, what may properly express a passion in one language, will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in Italy knows very well, that the cadences in the *recitativo* bear a remote affinity to the tone of their voices in ordinary conversation, or, to speak more properly, are only the accents of their language made more musical and tuneful.

Thus the notes of interrogation, or admiration, in the Italian musick (if one may so call them) which resemble their accents in discourse on such occasions,  
are



are not unlike the ordinary tones of an English voice when we are angry; infomuch that I have often seen our audiences extremely mistaken as to what has been doing upon the stage, and expecting to see the hero knock down his messenger, when he has been asking him a question; or fancying that he quarrels with his friend, when he only bids him good-morrow.

For this reason the Italian artists cannot agree with our English musicians in admiring Purcell's compositions, and thinking his tunes so wonderfully adapted to his words; because both nations do not always express the same passions by the same sounds.

I am therefore humbly of opinion, that an English composer should not follow the Italian recitative too servilely, but make use of many gentle deviations from it, in compliance with his own native language. He may copy out of it all the lulling softness and dying falls (as Shakespeare calls them,) but should still remember that he ought to accommodate himself to an English audience; and by humouring the tone of our voices in ordinary conversation, have the same regard to the accent of his own language, as those persons had to theirs whom he professes to imitate. It is observed, that several of the singing birds of our own country learn to sweeten their voices, and mellow the harshness of their natural notes, by practising under those that come from warmer climates. In the same manner I would allow the Italian opera to lend our English music as much as may grace and soften it, but never entirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let the infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the subject matter of it be English.

A composer should fit his music to the genius of the people, and consider that the delicacy of hearing, and taste of harmony, has been formed upon those sounds which every country abounds with. In short, that music is of a relative nature, and what is harmony to one ear, may be dissonance to another.

The same observations which I have made upon the recitative part of music, may be applied to all our songs and airs in general.

Signior Baptift Lully acted like a man of sense in this particular. He found the French music extremely defective, and very often barbarous. However, knowing the genius of the people, the humour of their language, and the prejudiced ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the French music, and plant the Italian in its stead; but only to cultivate and civilize it with innumerable graces and modulations which he borrowed from the Italians. By this means the French music is now perfect in its kind; and when you say it is not so good as the Italian, you only mean that it does not please you so well; for there is scarce a Frenchman who would not wonder to hear you give the Italian such a preference. The music of the French is indeed very properly adapted to their pronounciation and accent, as their whole opera wonderfully favours the genius of such a gay airy people. The chorusses, in which that opera abounds, gives the parterre frequent opportunities of joining in consort with the stage. This inclination of the audience to sing along with the actors, so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the performer on the stage do no more in a celebrated song, than the clerk of a parish-church, who serves only to raise the psalm, and is afterwards drowned in the music of the congregation. Every actor that comes on the stage is a beau. The queens and heroines are so painted, that they appear as ruddy and cherry-cheeked as milkmaids. The shepherds are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedge and bull-rushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed periwig, and a plume of feathers: but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country-brook the much more agreable music.

I remember the last opera I saw in that merry nation was the rape of Proserpine, where Pluto, to make the more tempting figure, puts himself in a French equipage, and brings Ascalaphus along with him as his

Valet

Valet de Chambre. This is what we call folly and impertinence: but what the French look upon as gay and polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offered, than that music, architecture, and painting, as well as poetry and oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those arts themselves; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing.

Thursday, April 5, 1711 \*.

*Sit mihi fas audita loqui*———

Virg. Æn. vi. 266.

What I have heard, permit me to relate.

**L**AST night, upon my going into a coffee-house not far from the Hay-market theatre, I diverted myself for above half an hour with overhearing the discourse of one, who, by the shabbiness of his dress, the extravagance of his conceptions, and the hurry of his speech, I discovered to be of that species who are generally distinguished by the title of Projectors. This gentleman, for I found he was treated as such by his audience, was entertaining a whole table of listeners with the project of an opera, which he told us had not cost him above two or three mornings in the contrivance, and which he was ready to put in execution, provided he might find his account in it. He said, that he had observed the great trouble and inconvenience which ladies were at, in travelling up and down

to the several shows that are exhibited in different quarters of the town. The dancing monkeys are in one place; the puppet-show in another: the opera in a third; not to mention the lions, that are almost a whole day's journey from the politer part of the town. By this means people of figure are forced to lose half the winter after their coming to town, before they have seen all the strange sights about it. In order to remedy this great inconvenience, our projector drew out of his pocket the scheme of an opera, intitled, *The Expedition of Alexander the Great*; in which he had disposed all the remarkable shows about town, among the scenes and decorations of his piece. The thought, he confessed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the hint of it from several performances which he had seen upon our stage: in one of which there was a raree-show; in another, a ladder-dance; and in others a posture-man, a moving picture, with many curiosities of the like nature.

—This *Expedition of Alexander* opens with his consulting the oracle at Delphos, in which the dumb conjuror, who has been visited by so many persons of quality of late years, is to be introduced as telling his fortune. At the same time Clinch of Barnet is represented in another corner of the temple, as ringing the bells of Delphos, for joy of his arrival. The tent of Darius is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs Salmon, where Alexander is to fall in love with a piece of wax work, that represents the beautiful Statira. When Alexander comes into that country, in which Quintus Curtius tells us the dogs were so exceeding fierce, that they would not lose their hold, though they were cut to pieces limb by limb, and that they would hang upon their prey by their teeth when they had nothing but a mouth left, there is to be a scene of Hockley in the Hole, in which is to be represented all the diversions of that place, the bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the theatre, by reason of the lowness of the roof. The several woods in Asia, which Alexander must be supposed to pass through, will give the audience a sight of monkeys dancing

dancing upon ropes, with many other pleasantries of that ludicrous species. At the same time, if there chance to be any strange animals in town, whether birds or beasts, they may be either let loose among the woods, or driven across the stage by some of the country people of Asia. In the last great battle, Pinkethman is to personate king Porus upon an elephant, and is to be encountered by Powell, representing Alexander the Great, upon a dromedary, which nevertheless Mr Powell is desired to call by the name of Bucephalus. Upon the close of this great decisive battle, when the two kings are thoroughly reconciled, to shew the mutual friendship and good correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a puppet-show, in which the ingenious Mr Powell junior may have an opportunity of displaying his whole art of machinery, for the diversion of the two monarchs. Some at the table urged, that a puppet-show was not a suitable entertainment for Alexander the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we suppose the conqueror touched upon that part of India which is said to be inhabited by the pygmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the proposal immediately over-ruled. Our projector further added, that after the reconciliation of these two kings, they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his guest with the German artist, Mr Pinkethman's heathen gods, or any of the like diversions, which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great applause by the whole table. Upon which the undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his design; for that Alexander being a Greek, it was his intention that the whole opera should be acted, in that language, which was a tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the ladies, especially when it was a little raised and rounded by the Ionic dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole audience, because there are fewer of them who understand Greek than Italian. The only difficulty that remained was, how

how to get performers, unless we could persuade some gentlemen of the universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the stage; but this objection soon vanished, when the projector informed us that the Greeks were at present the only musicians in the Turkish empire, and that it would be very easy for our factory at Smyrna to furnish us every year with a colony of musicians, by the opportunity of the Turkey fleet; besides, says he, if we want any single voice for any lower part in the opera, Lawrence can learn to speak Greek, as well as he does Italian, in a fortnight's time.

The projector having thus settled matters, to the good-liking of all that heard him, he left his seat at the table, and planted himself before the fire, where I had unluckily taken my stand for the convenience of overhearing what he said. Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a quarter of a minute, but he turned short upon me on a sudden, and catching me by a button of my coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner: Besides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary genius for music that lives in Switzerland, who has so strong a spring in his fingers, that he can make the board of an organ sound like a drum, and if I could but procure a subscription of about ten thousand pound every winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the English stage. After this he looked full in my face, expecting I would make an answer, when, by good luck, a gentleman that had entered the coffee-house since the Projector applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his Swiss compositions, cried out in a kind of laugh. Is our music then to receive further improvements from Switzerland? This alarmed the Projector, who immediately let go my button, and turned about to answer him. I took the opportunity of the diversion which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my penny upon the bar, retired with some precipitation.

*Monday,*

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Monday, April 9, 1711\*.

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—parcit  
*Cognatis maculis similis fera*—

Juv. Sat. xv. 159.

From spotted skins the leopard does refrain. TATE.

**T**HE club of which I am a member is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind. By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know every thing that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers too have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my Speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, That there were some ladies (but for your comfort, says Will, they are not those of the most wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet-show; that some of them were likewise very much surpris'd, that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality, proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him, That the Papers he hinted at, had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and further added, that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues and cuckoldoms. In short, says Sir Andrew, if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your Paper must needs be of general use.

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew, That he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then shewed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. But, after all, says he, I think your raillery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the inns of court; and I do not believe you can shew me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular.

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a pish! and told us, That he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. Let our good friend, says he, attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr Spectator, applying himself to me, to take care how you meddle with country-squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation: men of good heads, and sound bodies! and let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect.

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in



not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the club; and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the Clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us, that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised. That it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof. That vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my Paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this Paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me, that whoever might be displeas'd with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honour to persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid ingenious manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed, that what he had said was right; and that, for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same

frankness. The Templar would not stand out, and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain; who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased; provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription; and, at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found; I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely. If the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with any thing in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I must, however, intreat every particular person, who does me the honour to be reader of this Paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single Paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love to mankind.

Tuesday,

Tuesday, April 10, 1711\*.

*Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.*

Nothing so foolish as the laugh of fools.

**A**MONG all kinds of writing, there is none in which authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, an head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet, if we look into the productions of several writers, who set up for men of humour, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought do we meet with? If they speak nonsense, they believe they are talking humour; and, when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of wits and humourists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam; not considering that humour should always lie under the check of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time, that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskilful author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr Shadwell, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty rake, in one of his plays, as very much surpris'd

to hear one say that breaking of windows was not humour; and I question not, but several English readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd chimerical titles, are rather the offsprings of a distempered brain than works of humour.

It is, indeed, much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise, than as Cowley has done wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of collateral line called Mirth, by whom he had issue Humour. Humour, therefore, being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour and fantastic in his dress: insomuch, that at different times, he appears as serious as a judge, and as jocular as a Merry-Andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But since there is an impostor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world; to the end, that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would desire my reader, when they meet with this pretender, to look into his parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to Truth, and lineally descended from Good Sense; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as True Humour generally looks serious while every body laughs about him, False Humour is  
always

always laughing whilst every body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of Wit without Mirth, or Mirth without Wit, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious and a cheat.

The impostor of whom I am speaking, descends originally from Falsehood, who was the mother of Nonsense, who was brought to bed of a son called Frenzy, who married one of the daughters of Folly, commonly known by the name of Laughter, on whom he begot that monstrous infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of False Humour, and, at the same time, place under it the genealogy of True Humour, that the reader may, at one view, behold their different pedigrees and relations.

Falsehood.

Nonsense.

Frenzy.—Laughter.

False Humour.

Truth.

Good Sense.

Wit.—Mirth.

Humour.

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning several of the children of False Humour, who are more in number than the sands of the sea, and might in particular enumerate the many sons and daughters which he has begot in this island. But as this would be a very invidious task, I shall only observe in general, that False Humour differs from the True, as a monkey does from a man.

First of all, He is exceedingly given to little apish tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, He so much delights in mimicry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, infomuch, that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. For having but small talents, he must be merry where he *can*, not where he *should*.

Fourthly, Being entirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of morality or instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, Being incapable of having any thing but mock-representations, his ridicule is always personal, and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer; not at the vice, or at the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of False Humourists; but as one of my principal designs in this Paper is to beat down that malignant spirit, which discovers itself in the writings of the present age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small wits, that infest the world with such compositions as are ill-natured, immoral, and absurd. This is the only exception which I shall make to the general rule I have prescribed myself, of attacking multitudes, since every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the libeller and lampooner, and to annoy them wherever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.

Thursday, April 12, 1711\*.

—Non illa colit calathiferae Minerva  
Femineas assueta manus.—

Virg. Æn. vii. 805.

Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd.

DRYDEN.

SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, inclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady whom I shall here call by the name of

\* NO. 37.

Leonora,

*Leonora*, and, as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly, I waited upon her ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her lady's library, till such time as she was in a readiness to receive me. The very sound of a *Lady's Library* gave me a great curiosity to see it; and as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the Folios, which were finely bound and gilt, were great jars of China placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The Quartos were separated from the Octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The Octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colours, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame, that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the library, which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was inclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that I ever saw, and made up of scarrouches, lions, monnies, mandarines, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in China ware. In the midst of the room was a little japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the numbers like faggots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixed kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto, or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen

seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

- Ogleby's Virgil.
- Dryden's Juvenal.
- Castandra.
- Cleopatra.
- Astræa.
- Sir Isaac Newton's works.
- The Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.
- Pembroke's Arcadia.
- Locke of Human Understanding; with a paper of patches in it.
- A Spelling Book.
- A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.
- Sherlock upon Death.
- The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.
- Sir William Temple's Essays.
- Father Malebranche's Search after Truth, translated into English.
- A Book of Novels.
- The Academy of Compliments.
- Culpepper's Midwifery.
- The Ladies Calling.
- Tales in Verse by Mr Dursley; bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.
- All the Classic Authors, in wood.
- A Set of Elzevirs, by the same hand.
- Clelia; which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.
- Baker's Chronicle.
- Advice to a Daughter.
- The New Atalantis, with a Key to it.
- Mr Steele's Christian Hero.
- A Prayer Book; with a bottle of Hungary water by the side of it.
- Dr Sacheverell's Speech.
- Fielding's Trial.
- Seneca's Morals.



Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.

La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these, and several other authors, when Leonora entered; and, upon my presenting her with the letter from the knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health: I answered, *Yes*, for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and, being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favourite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men, as she has often said herself, but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male-visitants, except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country-seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about it are shaped into artificial grottoes covered with woodbines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to mutmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of *the Purling Stream*. The knight likewise tells me, that this lady

preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country; not, says Sir Roger, that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants, as upon her larks and nightingales. For she says, that every bird which is killed upon her ground, will spoil a concert, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year.

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex, who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable, though more in fashion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading, shall be the subject of another Paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it.

Saturday, April 14, 1711\*.

*Multa fero, ut placeam genus irritabile vatum,  
Cum scribo* ———

Hor. 2 Ep. ii. 102.

IMITATED.

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace  
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head rhyming race. POPE.

**A**S a perfect tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the  
\* No. 39. mind

mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments. A virtuous man, says Seneca, struggling with misfortunes, is such a spectacle as gods might look upon with pleasure; and such a pleasure it is which one meets with in the representation of a well-written tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They soften insolence, soothe affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of Providence.

It is no wonder, therefore, that in all the polite nations of the world, this part of the Drama has met with public encouragement.

The modern tragedy excels that of Greece and Rome, in the intricacy and disposition of the fable; but, what a christian writer would be ashamed to own, falls infinitely short of it in the moral part of the performance.

This I may show more at large hereafter; and in the mean time, that I may contribute something towards the improvement of the English tragedy, I shall take notice, in this and in other following Papers, of some particular parts in it that seem liable to exception.

Aristotle observes, that the Iambick verse in the Greek tongue was the most proper for tragedy: because, at the same time that it lifted up the discourse from prose, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of verse. For, says he, we may observe that men in ordinary discourse very often speak Iambicks, without taking notice of it. We may make the same observation of our English blank verse, which often enters into our common discourse, though we do not attend to it, and is such a due medium between rhyme and prose, that it seems wonderfully adapted to tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I see a play in rhyme; which is as absurd in English, as a tragedy of Hexameters would have been in Greek or Latin. The solecism is, I think, still greater in those plays that have some scenes in rhyme and some in

blank verse, which are to be looked upon as two several languages; or where we see some particular similes dignified with rhyme, at the same time that every thing about them lies in blank verse. I would not however debar the poet from concluding his tragedy, or, if he pleases every act of it, with two or three couplets, which may have the same effect as an air in the Italian opera after a long recitativo, and give the actor a graceful exit. Besides that we see a diversity of numbers in some parts of the old tragedy, in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the same continued modulation of voice. For the same reason I do not dislike the speeches in our English tragedy that close with an Hemistich, or half verse, notwithstanding the person who speaks after it begins a new verse, without filling up the preceding one; nor with abrupt pauses and breakings off in the middle of a verse, when they humour any passion that is expressed by it.

Since I am upon this subject, I must observe that our English poets have succeeded much better in the stile than in the sentiments of their tragedies. Their language is very often noble and sonorous, but the sense either very trifling, or very common. On the contrary, in the ancient tragedies, and indeed in those of Corneille and Racine, though the expressions are very great, it is the thought that bears them up and swells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble sentiment that is depressed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the sound and energy of expression. Whether this defect in our tragedies may arise from want of genius, knowledge, or experience in the writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taste of their readers, who are better judges of the language than of the sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectify the conduct both of the one and of the other, if the writer laid down the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain English, before he turned it into blank verse; and if the reader, after the perusal of a scene, would consider the naked thought of every  
speech

speech in it, when divested of all its tragic ornaments. By this means, without being imposed upon by words, we may judge impartially of the thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a blaze of eloquence, or shew itself in such a variety of lights as are generally made use of by the writers of our English tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding phrases, hard metaphors, and forced expressions in which they are clothed. Spakepeare is often very faulty in this particular. There is a fine observation in Aristotle to this purpose, which I have never seen quoted. The expression, says he, ought to be very much laboured in the unactive parts of the fable, as in descriptions, similitudes, narrations, and the like; in which the opinions, manners, and passions of men are not represented; for these (namely the opinions, manners, and passions) are apt to be obscured by pompous phrases and elaborate expressions. Horace, who copied most of his criticisms after Aristotle, seems to have had his eye on the foregoing rule in the following verses;

*Et tragicus plerùmque dolet sermone pedestri :  
Telephus et Peleus, cùm pauper et exul uterque,  
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,  
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.*

Ars. Poët, ver. 95.

Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve:  
Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,  
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.

ROSCOMMON.

AMONG our modern English poets, there is none who was better turned for tragedy than Lee; if, instead of favouring the impetuosity of his genius, he had restrained it, and kept it within its proper bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully suited to tragedy, but frequently lost in such a cloud of words, that it is hard

to see the beauty of them. There is an infinite fire in his works, but so involved in smoke, that it does not appear in half its lustre. He frequently succeeds in the passionate parts of the tragedy, but more particularly where he slackens his efforts, and eases the stile of those epithets and metaphors, in which he so much abounds. What can be more natural, more soft, or more passionate, than that line in Statira's speech, where she describes the charms of Alexander's conversation?

' Then he would talk—Good Gods! how he would talk!'

That unexpected break in the line, and turning the description of his manner of talking into an admiration of it, is inexpressibly beautiful, and wonderfully suited to the fond character of the person that speaks it. There is a simplicity in the words, that outshines the utmost pride of expression.

Otway has followed nature in the language of his tragedy, and therefore shines in the passionate parts, more than any of our English poets. As there is something familiar and domestic in the fable of his tragedy, more than in those of any other poet, he has little pomp, but great force in his expressions: for which reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting part of his tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great a familiarity of phrase in those parts, which, by Aristotle's rule, ought to have been raised and supported by the dignity of expression.

It has been observed by others, that this poet has founded his tragedy of Venice Preserved on so wrong a plot, that the greatest characters in it are those of rebels and traitors. Had the hero of his play discovered the same good qualities in the defence of his country that he shewed for its ruin and subversion, the audience could not enough pity and admire him: but as he is now represented, we can only say of him what the Roman historian says of Catiline, that his fall would have been glorious, *si pro patria sic concidisset*, had he so fallen in the service of his country.

Monday,

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Monday, April 16, 1711\*.

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*Ac ne fortè putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem,  
Cum rectè tractant alii, laudare malignè ;  
Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur  
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,  
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,  
Ut magus ; et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.*

HOR. 2 Ep. i. 208.

IMITATED.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,  
Or praise, malignant, arts I cannot reach,  
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,  
To know the poet from the man of rhymes.  
'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,  
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns ;  
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,  
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart ;  
And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,  
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

POPE.

**T**HE English writers of tragedy are possessed with a notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of poetical justice. Who were the first that established this rule I know not ; but I am sure it has no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave ; and as the principal design of tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy

and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the tragedy, they will make but small impression on our minds, when we know that in the last act he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason, the ancient writers of tragedy treated men in their plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their audience in the most agreeable manner. Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these kinds, and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the public disputes of the stage, from those that ended happily. Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish in the mind; and fix the audience in such a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly we find, that more of our English tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience sink under their calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them. The best plays of this kind are, *The Orphan*, *Venice Preserved*, *Alexander the Great*, *Theodosius*, *All for Love*, *Oedipus*, *Oroonoko*, *Othello*, &c. *King Lear* is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as *Shakespeare* wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty. At the same time, I must allow, that there are very noble tragedies, which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good tragedies which have been written since the starting of the above-mentioned criticism, have taken this turn: as *The Mourning Bride*, *Tamerlane*, *Ulysses*, *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, with most of *Mr Dryden's*. I must also allow, that many of *Shakespeare's*,



Shakespeare's, and several of the celebrated tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not, therefore, dispute against this way of writing tragedies, but against the criticism that would establish this as the only method; and, by that means, would very much cramp the English tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The tragi-comedy, which is the product of the English theatre, is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into a poet's thoughts. An author might as well think of weaving the adventures of *Aeneas* and *Hudibras* into one poem, as of writing such a motely piece of mirth and sorrow. But the absurdity of these performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same objections which are made to tragi-comedy, may in some measure be applied to all tragedies that have a double plot in them; which are likewise more frequent upon the English stage than upon any other: for though the grief of the audience, in such performances, be not changed into another passion, as in tragi-comedies; it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of sorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience, however, may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skilful choice of an under-plot, which may bear such a near relation to the principal design, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the same catastrophe.

There is also another particular, which may be reckoned among the blemishes, or rather the false beauties of our English tragedy: I mean those particular speeches which are commonly known by the name of *Rants*. The warm and passionate parts of a tragedy, are always the most taking with the audience; for which reason we often see the players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, several parts of the tragedy which the author writ with great temper, and designed that they should have been so acted. I have seen *Powell* very often raise himself a loud clap by this arti-

fice. The poets that were acquainted with this secret, have given frequent occasion for such emotions in the actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no passion, or inflaming a real passion into fustian. This hath filled the mouths of our heroes with bombast; and given them such sentiments, as proceed rather from a swelling than a greatness of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curses, vows, blasphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the gods, frequently pass upon the audience for towering thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applause.

I shall here add a remark, which I am afraid our tragic writers may make an ill use of. As our heroes are generally lovers, their swelling and blustering upon the stage very much recommends them to the fair part of their audience. The ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a man insulting kings, or affronting the gods, in one scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the men, and abjectly towards the fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves a favourite of the boxes. Dryden and Lee, in several of their tragedies, have practised this secret with good success.

But to shew how a *Rant* pleases beyond the most just and natural thought that is not pronounced with vehemence, I would desire the reader, when he sees the tragedy of Oedipus, to observe how quietly the hero is dismissed at the end of the third act, after having pronounced the following lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move compassion:

- “ To you, good gods, I make my last appeal;  
 “ Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.  
 “ If in the maze of fate I blindly run,  
 “ And backward trod those paths I fought to shun;  
 “ Impute my errors to your own decree:  
 “ My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.”

Let us then observe with what thunder-claps of applause he leaves the stage, after the impieties and execrations at the end of the fourth act; and you will wonder

wonder to see an audience so cursed and so pleased at the same time.

“ O that, as oft I have at Athens seen

[*Where, by the way, there was no stage till many years after Oedipus*]

“ The stage arise, and the big clouds descend;  
 “ So now, in very deed, I might behold  
 “ This pond’rous globe, and all yon marble roof,  
 “ Meet, like the hands of Jove, and crush mankind;  
 “ For all the elements,” &c.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Having spoken of Mr Powell, as sometimes raising himself applause from the ill taste of an audience; I must do him the justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a tragedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the admiration of the best judges; as I doubt not, but he will in the Conquest of Mexico, which is acted for his own benefit to-morrow night.

Wednesday, April 18, 1711\*.

*Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare Thuscum;  
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,  
 Divitiæque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor  
 Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera levæ.  
 Dixit adhuc aliqui d? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?  
 Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.*

Hor. 2 Ep. i. 202.

## IMITATED.

Loud as the wolves, on Orca’s stormy steep,  
 Howl to the roarings of the northern deep:  
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,  
 At Quin’s high plume, or Oldfield’s petticoat;  
 Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow’d  
 Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.

\* No. 42.

3 B 2

Booth

Booth enters——hark! the universal peal!—

But has he spoken?—Not a syllable.—

What shook the stage, and made the people stare?

Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair,

POPE.

**A**RISTOTLE has observed, that ordinary writers in tragedy endeavour to raise terror and pity in their audience, not by proper sentiments and expressions, but by the dresses and decorations of the stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the English theatre. When the author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders; when he would make us melancholy, the stage is darkened. But, among all our tragic artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent ideas of the persons that speak. The ordinary method of making an hero, is to clap a huge plume of feathers upon his head, which rises so very high, that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head, than to the sole of his foot. One would believe, that we thought a great man and a tall man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the actor, who is forced to hold his neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks; and, notwithstanding any anxieties which he pretends for his mistress, his country, or his friends, one may see by his action, that his greatest care and concern is to keep the plume of feathers from falling off his head. For my own part, when I see a man uttering his complaints under such a mountain of feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate lunatic, than a distressed hero. As these superfluous ornaments upon the head make a great man, a princess generally receives her grandeur from those additional incumbrances that fall into her tail: I mean the broad sweeping train that follows her in all her motions, and finds constant employment for a boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this sight, but I must confess, my eyes are wholly taken up with the page's part; and, as for the queen, I am not so attentive to any thing she speaks, as to the right adjusting of her train, lest it should

should chance to trip up her heels, or incommode her, as she walks to and fro upon the stage. It is, in my opinion, a very odd spectacle, to see a queen venting her passion in a disordered motion, and a little boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the tail of her gown. The parts that the two persons act on the stage at the same time are very different. The princess is afraid lest she should incur the displeasure of the king her father, or lose the hero her lover, whilst her attendant is only concerned lest she should intangle her feet in her petticoat.

We are told, that an ancient tragic poet, to move the pity of his audience for his exiled kings and distressed heroes, used to make the actors represent them in dresses and clothes that were thread bare and decayed. This artifice for moving pity, seems as ill-contrived as that we have been speaking of, to inspire us with a great idea of the persons introduced upon the stage. In short, I would have our conceptions raised by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, rather than by a train of robes, or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making great men, and adding dignity to kings and queens, is to accompany them with halberts and battle-axes. Two or three shifters of scenes, with the two candle-snuffers, make up a complete body of guards upon the English stage; and by the addition of a few porters dressed in red coats, can represent above a dozen legions. I have sometimes seen a couple of armies drawn up together upon the stage, when the poet has been disposed to do honour to his generals. It is impossible for the reader's imagination to multiply twenty men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such a nature should be told, not represented.

—————*Non tamen intus*

*Digna veri promes in scenam : multaque tolles*

*Eh oculis, quæ mox narret sacundia præfens.*

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 182.

Yet there are things improper for a scene,  
Which men of judgment only will relate.

ROSCOMMON,

I SHOULD, therefore, in this particular, recommend to my countrymen the example of the French stage, where the kings and queens always appear unattended, and leave their guards behind the scenes. I should likewise be glad if we imitated the French in banishing from our stage the noise of drums, trumpets, and huzzas; which is sometimes so very great, that when there is a battle in the Haymarket theatre, one may hear it as far as Charing-Cross.

I have here only touched upon those particulars which are made use of to raise and aggrandize the persons of a tragedy; and shall shew, in another Paper, the several expedients which are practised by authors of a vulgar genius, to move terror, pity, or admiration, in their hearers.

The tailor and the painter often contribute to the success of a tragedy more than the poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as speeches; and our actors are very sensible, that a well-dressed play has sometimes brought them as full audiences, as a well-written one. The Italians have a very good phrase to express this art of imposing upon the spectators by appearances; they call it the *Fourberia della scena*, "The knavery, or "trickish part of the drama." But, however the show and outside of the tragedy may work upon the vulgar, the more understanding part of the audience immediately see through it, and despise it.

A good poet will give the reader a more lively idea of an army or a battle in a description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in squadrons and battalions, or engaged in the confusion of a fight. Our minds should be opened to great conceptions, and inflamed with glorious sentiments, by what the actor speaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the trappings or equipage of a king or hero, give Brutus half that pomp and majesty which he receives from a few lines in Shakespeare?

Friday,

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Friday, April 20, 1711\*.

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*Tu quid ego et populus mecum desideret audi.*

Hor. Ars. Poet. ver. 153.

Now hear what ev'ry auditor expects.      ROSCOMMON.

**A**MONG the several artifices which are put in practice by the poets to fill the minds of an audience with terror, the first place is due to thunder and lightning, which are often made use of at the descending of a god, or the rising of a ghost, at the vanishing of a devil, or at the death of a tyrant. I have known a bell introduced into several tragedies with good effect; and have seen the whole assembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our English theatre so much as a ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody shirt. A spectre has very often saved a play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the stage, or rose through a cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking one word. There may be a proper season for these several terrors; and when they only come in as aids and assistances to the poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus the sounding of the clock in Venice Preserved, makes the hearts of the whole audience quake; and conveys a stronger terror to the mind than it is possible for words to do. The appearance of the ghost in Hamlet is a master-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the circumstances that can create either attention or horror. The mind of the reader is wonderfully prepared for his reception by the discourses that precede it. His dumb behaviour at his first entrance, strikes the imagination very strongly; but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the speech with which young Hamlet accosts him, without trembling?

- " *Hor.* Look, my Lord, it comes!  
 " *Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
 " Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd;  
 " Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from  
     " hell;  
 " Be thy event wicked or charitable;  
 " Thou com'st in such a questionable shape  
 " That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,  
 " King, father, royal Dane: Oh! answer me,  
 " Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
 " Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,  
 " Have burst their cerements? Why the sepulchre,  
 " Wherein we saw thee quietly inturn'd,  
 " Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws  
 " To cast thee up again? What may this mean?  
 " That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel  
 " Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 " Making night hideous?"

I do not, therefore, find fault with the artifices above-mentioned, when they are introduced with skill, and accompanied by proportionable sentiments and expressions in the writing.

For the moving of pity, our principal machine is the handkerchief; and, indeed, in our common tragedies, we should not know very often that the persons are in distress by any thing they say, if they did not from time to time, apply their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this instrument of sorrow from the stage; I know a tragedy could not subsist without it: all that I would contend for, is to keep it from being misapplied. In a word, I would have the actor's tongue sympathize with his eyes.

A disconsolate mother, with a child in her hand, has frequently drawn compassion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in several tragedies. A modern writer, that observed how this had took in other plays, being resolved to double the distress, and melt his audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a princess upon the stage with a little boy in one hand, and a girl in the other. This too had



had a very good effect. A third poet being resolved to out-write all his predecessors, a few years ago introduced three children with great success: and, as I am informed, a young gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate hearts, has a tragedy by him, where the first person that appears upon the stage is an afflicted widow in her mourning weeds with half a dozen fatherless children attending her, like those that usually hang about the figure of charity. Thus several incidents that are beautiful in a good writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one.

But among all our methods of moving pity or terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is very frequent upon the English stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign of a cruel temper: and as this is often practised before the British audience, several French critics, who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a people that delight in blood. It is, indeed, very odd, to see our stage strewed with carcases in the last scenes of a tragedy; and to observe in the wardrobe in the playhouse several daggers, poniards, wheels, bowls for poison, and many other instruments of death. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the French theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people: but as there are no exceptions to this rule on the French stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present censure. I remember in the famous play of *Cornelle*, written upon the subject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*; the fierce young hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another, instead of being congratulated by his sister for his victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her lover, in the height of his passion and resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the sentiments of nature, reason, or

manhood, could take place in him. However, to avoid public bloodshed, as soon as his passion has wrought to its height, he follows his sister the whole length of the stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the scenes. I must confess, had he murdered her before the audience, the indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold blood. To give my opinion upon this case, the fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the reader to see how Sophocles has conducted a tragedy under the like delicate circumstances. Orestes was in the same condition with Hamlet in Shakespeare, his mother having murdered his father, and taken possession of his kingdom in conspiracy with her adulterer. That young prince, therefore, being determined to revenge his father's death upon those who filled his throne, conveys himself by a beautiful stratagem into his mother's apartment, with a resolution to kill her. But because such a spectacle would have been too shocking to the audience, this dreadful resolution is executed behind the scenes: the mother is heard calling out to her son for mercy; and the son answering her, that she shewed no mercy to his father; after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our plays there are speeches made behind the scenes, though there are other instances of this nature to be met with in those of the ancients: and I believe my reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful dialogue between the mother and her son behind the scenes, than could have been in any thing transacted before the audience. Orestes immediately after meets the usurper at the entrance of his palace; and, by a very happy thought of the poet, avoids killing him before the audience, by telling him that he should live some time in his present bitterness of soul before he would dispatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the palace where he  
had

had slain his father, whose murder he would revenge in the very same place where it was committed. By this means the poet observes that decency, which Horace afterwards established by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murders before the audience.

*Nec coram populo natos Medea trucidet.*

Ars. Poet. ver. 185.

Let not Medea draw her murd'ring knife,  
And spill her children's blood upon the stage.

ROSCOMMON.

THE French have therefore refined too much upon Horace's rule, who never designed to banish all kinds of death from the stage; but only such as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when transacted behind the scenes. I would, therefore, recommend to my countrymen the practice of the ancient poets, who were very sparing of their public executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the scenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the audience. At the same time, I must observe, that though the devoted persons of the tragedy were seldom slain before the audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their death, which has always in it something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but also as an improbability.

*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;  
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;  
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem,  
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 185.

Medea must not draw her murd'ring knife,  
Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare;

3 C 2

Cadmus

Cadmus and Progne's metamorphosis,  
 (She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake;)  
 And whatsoever contradicts my sense,  
 I hate to see, and never can believe.

ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE now gone through the several dramatic inventions which are made use of by the ignorant poets to supply the place of tragedy, and by the skilful to improve it; some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with caution. It would be an endless task to consider comedy in the same light, and to mention the innumerable shifts that small wits put in practice to raise a laugh. Bullock in a short coat, and Norris in a long one, seldom fail of this effect. In ordinary comedies, a broad and a narrow brimmed hat are different characters. Sometimes the wit of the scene lies in a shoulder-belt, and sometimes in a pair of whiskers. A lover running about the stage, with his head peeping out of a barrel, was thought a very good jest in king Charles the Second's time; and invented by one of the first wits of that age. But because ridicule is not so delicate as compassion, and because the objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater latitude for comic than tragic artifices, and by consequence a much greater indulgence to be allowed them.

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Saturday, April 21, 1711\*.

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*Natio comæda est.* ———

Juv. Sat. iii. 100.

The nation is a company of players.

**T**HERE is nothing which I desire more than a safe and honourable peace, though at the same time, I am very apprehensive of many ill consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our poli-

\* No. 45.

tics,

tics, but to our manners. What an inundation of ribbons and brocades will break in upon us? What peals of laughter and impertinence shall we be exposed to? For the prevention of these great evils, I could heartily wish that there was an act of parliament for prohibiting the importation of French fopperies.

The female inhabitants of our island have already received very strong impressions from this ludicrous nation; though by the length of the war, as there is no evil which has not some good attending it, they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well-bred countrywomen kept their *valet de chambre*, because, forsooth, a man was much more handy about them than one of their own sex. I myself have seen one of these male Abigails tripping about the room with a looking-glass in his hand, and combing his lady's hair a whole morning together. Whether or no there was any truth in the story of a lady's being got with child by one of these her handmaids, I cannot tell; but I think at present the whole race of them is extinct in our own country.

About the time that several of our sex were taken into this kind of service, the ladies likewise brought up the fashion of receiving visits in their beds. It was then looked upon as a piece of ill-breeding for a woman to refuse to see a man, because she was not stirring; and a porter would have been thought unfit for his place, that could have made so awkward an excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my friend Will. Honeycomb to carry me along with him to one of these travelled ladies, desiring him, at the same time, to present me as a foreigner who could not speak English, that so I might not be obliged to bear a part in the discourse. The lady, tho' willing to appear undressed, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the nightgown which was thrown upon her shoulders was rustled with great care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the fair sex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her  
when

when she moved in her bed, and was in the greatest confusion imaginable every time she stirred a leg or an arm. As the coquettes who introduced this custom grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing, that a woman of threescore may kick and tumble her heart out, without making any impressions.

Sempronia is at present the most profest admirer of the French nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no farther than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talking politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass which does such execution upon all the male standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her woman and her visitants? What sprightly transitions does she make from an opera or a sermon, to an ivory comb or a pin-cushion? How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels, by a message to her footman; and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch?

There is nothing which exposes a woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airiness of temper which are natural to most of the sex. It should be therefore the concern of every wise and virtuous woman, to keep this sprightliness from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole discourse and behaviour of the French is to make the sex more fantastical, or, as they are pleased to term it, *more awakened*, than is consistent either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in public assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private or in whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time, a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, discretion and modesty, which in all other ages and countries have been regarded as the greatest ornaments of the fair sex, are regarded as the ingredients of narrow conversation, and family behaviour.

Some years ago I was at the tragedy of Macbeth, and unfortunately placed myself under a woman of quality  
that

that is since dead; who, as I found by the noise she made, was newly returned from France. A little before the rising of the curtain, she broke out into a loud soliloquy, "When will the dear witches enter?" and immediately upon their first appearance, asked a lady that sat three boxes from her, on her right-hand, if those witches were not charming creatures. A little after, as Betterton was in one of the finest speeches of the play, she shook her fan at another lady, who sat as far on the left-hand, and told her with a whisper that might be heard all over the pit, We must not expect to see Balloon to-night. Not long after, calling out to a young baronet by his name, who sat three seats before me, she asked him whether Macbeth's wife was still alive; and, before he could give an answer, fell a talking of the ghost of Banquo. She had by this time formed a little audience to herself, and fixed the attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the play, I got out of the sphere of her impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest corners of the pit.

This pretty childishness of behaviour is one of the most refined parts of coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection by ladies that do not travel for their improvement. A natural and unconstrained behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no wonder to see people endeavouring after it. But, at the same time, it is so very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themselves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious French author tells us, that the ladies of the court of France, in his time, thought it ill-breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce an hard word right; for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might shew a politeness in murdering them. He further adds, that a lady of some quality at court, having accidentally made use of a hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her.

I must,

I must, however, be so just to own, that there are many ladies who have travelled several thousands of miles without being the worse for it, and have brought home with them all the modesty, discretion, and good-sense, that they went abroad with. As, on the contrary, there are great numbers of *travelled* ladies, who have lived all their days within the smoke of London. I have known a woman that never was out of the parish of St James's, betray as many foreign fopperies in her carriage, as she could have gleaned up in half the countries of Europe.

Tuesday, April 23, 1711\*.

*Non bene junctarum discordia femina rerum.*

Ovid. Met. l. i. ver. 9.

The jarring seeds of ill-conforted things.

WHEN I want materials for this Paper, it is my custom to go abroad in quest of game; and when I meet any proper subject, I take the first opportunity of setting down an hint of it upon paper. At the same time, I look into the letters of my correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford matter of Speculation, I likewise enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole sheetful of hints, that would look like a rhapsody of nonsense to any body but myself. There is nothing in them but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are my Speculations in the first principles, that, like the world in its chaos, are void of all light, distinction, and order.

About a week since there happened to me a very odd accident, by reason of one of these my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at Lloyd's coffee-house, where the auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a cluster of people who had

\* No. 46.

found



found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one end of the coffee-house. It had raised so much laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The boy of the coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, asking every body if they had dropped a written paper; but no body challenging it, he was ordered by those merry gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the auction pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it, they might. The boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and with a very audible voice read as follows :

## MINUTES.

Sir Roger de Coverley's country-feat—Yes, for I hate long speeches—Query, if a good Christian may be a Conjuror—Childermas-day, saltfeller, house-dog, screech-owl, cricket—Mr Thomas Inkle of London, in the good ship called the Achilles, Yarico—Ægrefcitique medendo—Ghosts—The Lady's library—Lion by trade a tailor—Dromedary called Bucephalus—Equipage the lady's *summum bonum*—Charles Lillie to be taken notice of—Short face a relief to envy—Redundancies in the three professions—King Latinus a recruit—Jew devouring a ham of bacon—Westminster Abbey—Grand Cairo—Procrastination—April fools—Blue boars, red lions, hogs in armour—Enter a King and two Fiddlers *solus*—Admission into the Ugly Club—Beauty how improveable—Families of true and false humour—The parrot's school-mistress—Face half Piſt half Britiſh—No man to be an hero of a tragedy under six foot—Club of fighers—Letters from flower pots, elbow-chairs, tapestry-figures, lion, thunder—The bell rings to the puppet-show—Old woman with a beard married to a smock-faced boy—My next coat to be turned up with blue—Fable of tongs and gridiron—Flower dyers—The soldier's prayer—Thank ye for nothing, says the gally pot—Pactolus in stockings, with golden clocks to

them---Bamboos, cudgels, drum-flicks---Slip of my landlady's eldest daughter---The black mare with a star in her forehead---The barber's pole---Will. Honeycomb's coat-pocket---Cæsar's behaviour and my own in parallel circumstances---Poem in patch-work---*Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles*---The female conventicler---The ogle-master.

The reading of this paper made the whole coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a madman, and others, by somebody that had been taking notes out of the SPECTATOR. One who had the appearance of a very substantial citizen, told us, with several political winks and nods, that he wished there was no more in the paper than what was expressed in it: that, for his part, he looked upon the dromedary, the gridiron, and the barber's pole, to signify something more than what was usually meant by those words; and that he thought the coffee-man could not do better than to carry the paper to one of the secretaries of state. He further added, that he did not like the name of the out-landish man with the golden clock in his stockings. A young Oxford scholar, who chanced to be with his uncle at the coffee-house, discovered to us who this Pactolus was: and, by that means, turned the whole scheme of this worthy citizen into ridicule. While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the boy, as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but, after having cast a cursory glance over it, and shook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of match, and lighted my pipe with it. My profound silence, together with the steadiness of my countenance, and the gravity of my behaviour during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped all suspicion of being the author, I was very well satisfied, and, applying myself to my pipe and the Postman, took no further notice of any thing that passed about me.

My

My reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and, will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched, were such provisions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I shall only give him the letters which related to the two last hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many an husband who suffers very much in his private affairs by the indiscreet zeal of such a partner as is here after mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous inscription quoted by the Bishop of Salisbury in his travels; *Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia*: "Through too much piety she became  
"impious."

'SIR,

I AM one of those unhappy men that are plagued with a gospel-gossip, so common among dissenters, especially friends. Lectures in the morning, church-meetings at noon, and preparation sermons at night, take up so much of her time, it is very rare she knows what we have for dinner, unless when the preacher is to be at it. With him come a tribe, all brothers and sisters it seems; while others, really such, are deemed no relations. If at any time I have her company alone, she is a mere sermon popgun, repeating and discharging texts, proofs, and applications so perpetually, that, however weary I may go to bed, the noise in my head will not let me sleep till towards morning. The misery of my case, and great numbers of such sufferers, plead your pity and speedy relief; otherwise must expect, in a little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into want, unless the happiness of being sooner talked to death prevent it. I am, &c.

R. G.

The Second Letter, relating to the Ogling-Master,  
runs thus :

‘ Mr SPECTATOR,

‘ I AM an Irish gentleman that have travelled many  
‘ years for my improvement ; during which time,  
‘ I have accomplished myself in the whole art of Ogling,  
‘ as it is at present practised in the polite nations of  
‘ Europe. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the ad-  
‘ vice of my friends, to set up for an Ogling-master.  
‘ I teach the Church Ogle in the morning, and the  
‘ Playhouse Ogle by candle-light. I have also brought  
‘ over with me a new flying Ogle fit for the ring ; which  
‘ I teach in the dusk of the evening, or in any hour of  
‘ the day, by darkening one of my windows. I have  
‘ a manuscript by me called *The complete Ogler*, which  
‘ I shall be ready to shew you upon any occasion. In  
‘ the mean time, I beg you will publish the substance  
‘ of this letter in an advertisement, and you will very  
‘ much oblige,

‘ Your, &c.’

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*Tuesday, April 24, 1711\*.*

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*Ride si sapiis*—————

Mart.

Laugh, if you're wise.

**M**R Hobbs, in his Discourse of Human Nature,  
which, in my humble opinion, is much the best  
of all his works, after some very curious observations  
upon Laughter, concludes thus : ‘ The passion of Laugh-  
‘ ter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from  
‘ some sudden conception of some eminency in our-  
‘ selves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or  
‘ with our own formerly : for men laugh at the follies of  
‘ themselves past, when they come suddenly to remem-

\* NO. 47.

‘ brance,

‘brance, except they bring with them any present dishonour.’

According to this author, therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And, indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in his opinion. Every one laughs at somebody that is in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly the custom for every great house in England to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him and diverting himself with his absurdities. For the same reason idiots are still in request in most of the courts of Germany, where there is not a Prince of any great magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their industry and application, than for wit and humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the *Gaper*, that is, the head of an idiot dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner. This is a standing jest at Amsterdam.

Thus every one diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes. Mr Dennis has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a translation of a satire in Monsieur Boileau:

“ Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,  
“ And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.”

Mr Hobbs’ reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people above mentioned are stirrers up of laughter among men of a gross taste: but as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth  
the

the while to examine into the several provocatives of laughter, in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place, I must observe, that there is a set of merry-drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well, that they could eat them, according to the old proverb: I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland they are termed *Pickled Herrings*; in France, *Jean Pottages*; in Italy, *Maccaronies*; and, in Great Britain, *Jack Puddings*. These merry wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is no where more visible than in that custom which prevails every where among us on the first day of the present month, when every body takes it in his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his boast, that for these ten years successively he has not made less than an hundred April fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy an half-penny worth of inclé at a shoe-maker's; the eldest daughter was dispatched half a mile to see a monster; and, in short, the whole family of innocent children made April fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him. This empty fellow has laughed upon these conceits ever since.

This art of wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years, who are for making April fools every day in the year. These gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of Biters:

a race

a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chooses his fool out of a lower or higher class of mankind, or, to speak in a more philosophical language, that secret elation or pride of heart, which is generally called Laughter, arises in him, from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool. It is indeed very possible, that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too abstracted in my Speculations, if I shew that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

But to come into common life: I shall pass by the consideration of those stage coxcombs that are able to shake a whole audience, and take notice of a particular sort of men, who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a club or merry meeting to subsist without them; I mean those honest gentlemen that are always exposed to the wit and raillery of their well-wishers and companions; that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends and foes, and, in a word, stand as butts in conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these butts who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humour, some unlucky cast in their person or behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a butt, who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. A stupid butt is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people: men of wit require one that will give them

them play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behaviour. A butt with these accomplishments frequently gets the laugh of his side, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir John Falstaff was an hero of this species, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a butt, after the following manner: "Men of all sorts," (says that merry knight) "take a pride to gird at me. The brain of "man is not able to invent any thing that tends to "laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. "I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that "wit is in other men.

Friday, April 27, 1711\*.

*Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.*

Juv. Sat. xix. 321.

Good taste and nature always speak the same.

**W**HEN the four Indian kings were in this country about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many enquiries of their landlord the upholsterer, relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to the forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The upholsterer finding my friend very inquisitive about these his lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by King *Sa Ga Yem Qua Rasb Tow*, and, as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd

\* No. 50.

observations,



observations, which I find this little fraternity of kings made during their stay in the isle of Great Britain. I shall present my reader with a short specimen of them in this Paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of London are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the church of St Paul.

‘ On the most rising part of the town there stands  
 ‘ a huge house, big enough to contain the whole na-  
 ‘ tion of which I am king. Our good brother *E Tow*  
 ‘ *O Koam*, king of the Rivers, is of opinion it was made  
 ‘ by the hands of that great God to whom it is con-  
 ‘ secrated. The kings of Granajah and of the Six  
 ‘ Nations believe that it was created with the earth,  
 ‘ and produced on the same day with the sun and  
 ‘ moon. But for my own part, by the best informa-  
 ‘ tion that I could get of this matter, I am apt to think  
 ‘ that this prodigious pile was fashioned into the  
 ‘ shape it now bears by several tools and instruments,  
 ‘ of which they have a wonderful variety in this coun-  
 ‘ try. It was probably at first an huge mis-shapen  
 ‘ rock that grew upon the top of the hill, which the  
 ‘ natives of the country (after having cut it into a kind  
 ‘ of regular figure) bored and hollowed with incredi-  
 ‘ ble pains and industry. till they had wrought it into  
 ‘ all those beautiful vaults and caverns into which it  
 ‘ is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was  
 ‘ thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious  
 ‘ number of hands must have been employed in chip-  
 ‘ ping the outside of it, which is now as smooth as  
 ‘ the surface of a pebble; and is in several places hewn  
 ‘ out into pillars that stand like the trunks of so many  
 ‘ trees bound about the top with garlands of leaves.  
 ‘ It is probable that when this great work was begun,  
 ‘ which must have been many hundred years ago,  
 ‘ there was some religion among this people; for they  
 ‘ give it the name of a temple, and have a tradition  
 ‘ that it was designed for men to pay their devotion  
 ‘ in. And indeed there are several reasons which  
 ‘ make us think that the natives of this country had  
 ‘ formerly among them some sort of worship; for  
 ‘ they

they set apart every seventh day as sacred: but upon my going into one of these holy houses on that day, I could not observe any circumstance of devotion in their behaviour. There was indeed a man in black, who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence; but as for those underneath him, instead of paying their worship to the deity of the place, they were most of them bowing and courtesying to one another, and a considerable number of them fast asleep.

The queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make shift to gather out of one of them, that this island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of animals, in the shape of men, called Whigs; and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being kings.

Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a Tory, that was as great a monster as the Whig, and would treat us as ill for being foreigners. These two creatures, it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country.

These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works, but withal so

very

‘ very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned  
 ‘ fellows, carried up and down the streets in little cov-  
 ‘ ered rooms, by a couple of porters, who are hired  
 ‘ for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbar-  
 ‘ ous, for they almost strangle themselves about the  
 ‘ neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures,  
 ‘ that we are apt to think are the occasion of several  
 ‘ distempers among them, which our country is en-  
 ‘ tirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers  
 ‘ with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up  
 ‘ a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads,  
 ‘ and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of  
 ‘ their backs; with which they walk up and down the  
 ‘ streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their  
 ‘ own growth.

‘ We were invited to one of their public diversions,  
 ‘ where we hoped to have seen the great men of their  
 ‘ country running down a stag, or pitching a bar,  
 ‘ that we might have discovered who were the persons  
 ‘ of the greatest abilities among them; but, instead of  
 ‘ that, they conveyed us into an huge room lighted up  
 ‘ with abundance of candles, where this lazy people  
 ‘ sat still above three hours to see several feats of in-  
 ‘ genuity performed by others, who it seems were paid  
 ‘ for it.

‘ As for the women of the country, not being able  
 ‘ to talk with them, we could only make our remarks  
 ‘ upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their  
 ‘ heads grow to a great length; but as the men make  
 ‘ a great show with heads of hair that are none of  
 ‘ their own, the women, who they say have very fine  
 ‘ heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from  
 ‘ being seen. The women look like angels, and would  
 ‘ be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for little  
 ‘ black spots that are apt to break out in their faces,  
 ‘ and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have ob-  
 ‘ served that those little blemishes wear off very soon;  
 ‘ but, when they disappear in one part of the face,  
 ‘ they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch,  
 ‘ that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the  
 ‘ afternoon which was upon the chin in the morning.’

The author then proceeds to shew the absurdity of breeches and petticoats, with many other curious observations, which I shall reserve for another occasion. I cannot, however, conclude this Paper without taking notice, That amidst these wild remarks there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking which we meet with in this abstract of the Indian journal, when we fancy the customs, dresses, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.

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Thursday, May 3, 1711\*.

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— *Intus et in jecore agro*  
*Nascuntur Domini* —

Perf. Sat. v. 129.

Our passions play the tyrants in our breasts.

**M**OST of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into Luxury, and the latter into Avarice. As these two principles of action draw different ways, Persius has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was roused out of his bed, in order to be sent upon a long voyage, by Avarice, and afterwards overpersuaded and kept at home by Luxury. I shall set down at length the pleadings of these two imaginary persons, as they are in the original, with Mr Dryden's translation of them.

*Mane, piger, stertis: surge, inquit Avaritia; eja*  
*Surge. Negas, inflat, surge, inquit. Non queo. Surge,*  
*Et quid agam? Rogitas? saperdas advehe ponto,*  
*Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.*

\* NO. 55.

Toll.

*Tolle recens primus piper e stiente camelo,  
 Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter audiet. Eheu!  
 Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum  
 Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.  
 Jam pueris pellem succinctus et ænophorum aptas:  
 Ocyus ad navem. Nil obstat quin trabe vasta  
 Ægeum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria ante  
 Seductum moneat; quo deinde insane ruis? Quo?  
 Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore mascula bilis  
 Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicute.  
 Tun' mare transflias? Tibi torta cannabe fulto  
 Cœna fit in transtro? Veientanumque rubellum  
 Exhalet vapide læsum pice sessilis obba?  
 Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto  
 Nutrieras, peragant avidos sudore deunces?  
 Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; nostrum est  
 Quod vivis; cinis, et manes, et fabula fies.  
 Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc, quod loquor, inde est.  
 En quid agis? Duplici in diversum scinderis hamo.  
 Huncine, an hunc sequeris? ————— Sat. v. 131.*

Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,  
 When thou would'st take a lazy morning's nap;  
 Up, up, says AVARICE; thou snor'st again,  
 Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.  
 The rugged tyrant no denial takes;  
 At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes.  
 What must I do? he cries; What? says his lord:  
 Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:  
 With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;  
 Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight  
 Of pepper, and Sabean incense, take  
 With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back,  
 And with post-haste thy running markets make.  
 Be sure to turn the penny; lye and swear,  
 'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will hear.  
 Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even;  
 A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heav'n?  
 Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,  
 Each saddled with his burden on his back;  
 Nothing retards thy voyage now, but he,

That

That soft voluptuous prince, call'd Luxury;  
 And he may ask this civil question; Friend,  
 What dost thou make a shipboard? To what end?  
 Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?  
 Stark, staring-mad, that thou would'st tempt the sea?  
 Cubb'd in a cabbin, on a mattress laid,  
 On a brown George, with lousy swobbers fed;  
 Dead wine that stinks of the Borachio, sup  
 From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup?  
 Say, would'st thou bear all this, to raise thy store,  
 From six i'th' hundred to six hundred more?  
 Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;  
 For, not to live at ease, is not to live.  
 Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour  
 Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.  
 Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all  
 A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.  
 Speak: wilt thou Avarice or Pleasure chuse  
 To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuse.

When a government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of luxury; and, as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption; so that Avarice and Luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the republic sunk into those two vices of a quite different nature, Luxury and Avarice: and accordingly describes Catiline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendor, and having no fears to alarm them

them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession; which naturally produces Avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myself in the Speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other. The name of the first was Luxury, and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness: he had likewise a privy-counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this privy-counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood neuter; but alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said, that Luxury began the parley; and, after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his

his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty, the first minister of his antagonist, to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary, That each of them should immediately dismiss his privy-counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, inasmuch, that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors above mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.

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*Friday, May, 4, 1711\*.*

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*Felices errore suo*——

Lucan, i. 454.

Happy in their mistake.

**T**HE Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses; and that as any



of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of Plato's followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance Albertus Magnus, who in his Dissertation upon the Loadstone observing, that fire will destroy its magnetick virtues, tells us, that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst an heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the *substantial form*, that is, in our West-Indian phrase, the *soul* of the loadstone.

There is a tradition among the Americans, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or, as we call it here, to the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of every thing he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings, to enquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter; which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows:

The visionary, whose name was Marraton, after having travelled for a long space under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or path-

way that might be worn in any part of it, he saw a huge lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up an huge stone in his hand; but to his infinite surprize grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest: when again, to his great surprize, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briars and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quickset hedge to the ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further, when he observed the thorns and briars to end, and gave place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those rugged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it inclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition

apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about an hundred beagles, that were hunting down the ghost of an hare, which run away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince Nicharagua, who died about half a year before, and, by reason of his great virtues, was at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, funny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions, according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a coit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of *departed utensils*, for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country: but he quickly found, that though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay slouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader, that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish they may live

together like Marraton and Yaratilda. Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman, when he saw the shadow of his beloved Yaratilda, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes: her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her, and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was unpassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear Yaratilda? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, stalked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach Yaratilda flew into his arms, whilst Marraton wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the souls of barbar-

barbarous Europeans, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal. But having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of my Paper, I shall not give any further account of it.

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Saturday, May 5, 1711\*.

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*Quem præstare potest mulier Galata pudorem,*

*Quæ fugit a sexu? —*

Juv. Sat vi. 251.

What sense of shame in woman's breast can lie

Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly?

DRYDEN.

**W**HEN the wife of Hector, in Homer's Iliad, discourses with her husband about the battle in which he was going to engage, the hero, desiring her to leave the matter to his care, bids her go to her maids, and mind her spinning: by which the poet intimates, that men and women ought to busy themselves in their proper spheres, and on such matters only as are suitable to their respective sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young gentleman, who has passed a great part of his life in the nursery, and upon occasion can make a caudle or a sack-poffet better than any man in England. He is likewise a wonderful critic in cambrick and muslins, and he will talk an hour together upon a sweet-meat. He entertains his mother every night with observations that he makes both in town and court: as what lady shews the nicest fancy in her dress; what man of quality wears the fairest wig; who has the finest linen, who the prettiest snuff-box, with many other the like curious remarks, that may be made in good company.

On the other hand, I have very frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural Andromache, who came up to town last winter, and is one of the greatest foxhun-

ters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her, in her wrath, call a substantial tradesman a lousy cur; and remember one day, when she could not think of the name of a person, she described him in a large company of men and ladies, by the fellow with the broad shoulders.

If those speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imperfections of one sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the men, I shall not in this Paper any further concern myself about them; but as I would fain contribute to make womankind, which is the most beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes, that are apt to rise among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this Paper to their service. The spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that party-rage which of late years is very much crept into their conversation. This is, in its nature, a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel passions that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair sex. Women were formed to temper mankind, and soothe them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. When I have seen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not have given to have stopt it? How have I been troubled to see some of the finest features in the world grow pale, and tremble with party-rage: Camilla is one of the greatest beauties in the British nation, and yet values herself more upon being the Virago of one party, than upon being the toast of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountered the

fierce

fiere and beautiful Penthesilea across a tea-table; but in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to shake with the earnestness of the dispute, she scalded her fingers, and spilt a dish of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, no body knows where it would have ended.

There is one consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my female readers, and which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the face as party-zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look; besides that it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman's face break out in heats, as she has been talking against a great lord, whom she had never seen in her life: and indeed I never knew a party-woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth. I would therefore advise all my female readers, as they value their complexions, to let alone all disputes of this nature; though, at the same time, I would give free liberty to all saperannuated motherly partizans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For my own part, I think a man makes an odious and despicable figure, that is violent in a party; but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that temper and reservedness which are requisite in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagancies; their generous souls set no bounds to their love, or to their hatred; and whether a whig or tory, a lap-dog or a gallant, an opera or a puppet-show, be the object of it, the passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole woman.

I remember when Dr Titus Oates was in all his glory, I accompanied my friend Will Honeycomb in a visit to a lady of his acquaintance. We were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my eyes about the room, I found in almost every corner of it a print that represented

represented the doctor in all magnitudes and dimensions. A little after, as the lady was discoursing my friend, and held her snuff-box in her hand, who should I see in the lid of it but the doctor. It was not long after this when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which upon the first opening, discovered among the plaits of it the figure of the doctor. Upon this my friend Will, who loves raillery, told her, That if he was in Mr Truelove's place (for that was the name of her husband) he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever Othello was. I am afraid, said she, "Mr Honeycomb, you are a Tory: tell me truly, are you a friend to the doctor, or not?" Will, instead of making her a reply, smiled in her face (for indeed she was very pretty) and told her that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, "Well," says she, "I will be hanged if you and your silent friend are not against the doctor in your hearts, I suspected as much by his saying nothing." Upon this she took her fan into her hand, and upon the opening of it, again displayed to us the figure of the doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the sticks of it. In a word, I found that the doctor had taken possession of her thoughts, her discourse, and most of her furniture; but finding myself pressed too close by her question, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly.

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*Monday, May 7, 1711\*.*

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*Ut pictura poesis erit*—— Hor. Ars. Poet. ver. 351.

Poems like pictures are.

**N**OTHING is so much admired, and so little understood, as wit. No author, that I know of, has written professedly upon it: and as for those who

\* NO. 58.

make



make any mention of it, they only treat on the subject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little short reflections, or in general exclamatory flourishes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope, therefore, I shall perform an acceptable work to my countrymen, if I treat at large upon this subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the censure which a famous critic bestows upon one who had written a treatise on *the Sublime* in a low grovelling stile. I intend to lay aside a whole week for this undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise myself, if my readers will give me a week's attention, that this great city will be very much changed for the better by next Saturday night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my readers meet with any Paper that in some parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only end of these my Speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a taste of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to set my readers right in several points relating to operas and tragedies; and shall, from time to time, impart my notions of comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find by my bookseller, that these Papers of criticism, with that upon humour, have met with a more kind reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such subjects; for this reason I shall enter upon my present undertaking with greater cheerfulness.

In this, and one or two following Papers, I shall trace out the history of false wit, and distinguish the several kinds of it as they have prevailed in different ages of the world. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were attempts on foot last winter to revive some of those antiquated modes

of wit that have been long exploded out of the commonwealth of letters. There were several satires and panegyrics handed about in acrostic, by which means some of the most arrant undisputed blockheads about the town, began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to set up for polite authors. I shall, therefore, describe at length those many arts of false wit, in which a writer does not shew himself a man of a beautiful genius, but of great industry.

The first species of false wit which I have met with is very venerable for its antiquity, and has produced several pieces which have lived very near as long as the Iliad itself: I mean those short poems printed among the minor Greek poets, which resemble the figure of an egg, a pair of wings, an axe, a shepherd's pipe, and an altar.

As for the first, it is a little oval poem, and may not improperly be called a scholar's egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible language, to translate it into English, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his poem than upon the sense of it.

The pair of wings consist of twelve verses, or rather feathers, every verse decreasing gradually in its measure according to its situation in the wing. The subject of it, as in the rest of the poems which follow, bears some remote affinity with the figure, for it describes a god of love, who is always painted with wings.

The axe, methinks, would have been a good figure for a lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satirical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing else but the poetry of an axe which was consecrated to Minerva, and was thought to have been the same that Epeus made use of in the building of the Trojan horse; which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the critics. I am apt to think that the poetry was written originally upon the axe, like those which our modern cutlers inscribe upon their knives; and that, therefore, the poetry still remains in its ancient shape, though the axe itself is lost.

The

The shepherd's pipe may be said to be full of music, for it is composed of nine different kinds of verse, which by their several lengths resemble the nine stops of the old musical instrument, that is likewise the subject of the poem.

The altar is inscribed with the epitaph of Troilus the son of Hecuba; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false pieces of wit are much more ancient than the authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least, I will never be persuaded, that so fine a writer as Theocritus could have been the author of any such simple works.

It was impossible for a man to succeed in these performances who was not a kind of painter, or at least a designer. He was first of all to draw the out-line of the subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the description to the figure of his subject. The poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the mould in which it was cast. In a word, the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the tyrant Procrustus used to lodge in his iron bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a rack; and, if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr Dryden hints at this obsolete kind of wit in one of the following verses in his *Mac Fleckno*; which an English reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little poems above mentioned in the shape of wings and altars.

“ ————Chuse for thy command

“ Some peaceful province in acrostic land;

“ There may'st thou Wings display, and Altars raise,

“ And torture one poor word a thousand ways.

This fashion of false wit was revived by several poets of the last age, and in particular may be met with among Mr Herbert's poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the translation of Du Bartas. I do not remember any other

kind of work among the moderns which more resembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of King Charles the First, which has the whole Book of Psalms written in the lines of the face, and the hair of the head. When I was last at Oxford I perused one of the whiskers, and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent writing-master in town, who has transcribed all the Old Testament in a full-bottomed periwig; and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of wigs, which were in vogue some years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary locks that should contain all the Apocrypha. He designed this wig originally for King William, having disposed of the two books of Kings in the two forks of the foretop; but that glorious monarch dying before the wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient poems in picture. I would humbly propose, for the benefit of our modern smatterers in poetry, that they should imitate their brethren among the ancients in those ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical lover of my acquaintance, who intends to present his mistress with a copy of verses made in the shape of her fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the measure of his mistress's marriage finger, with a design to make a poesy in the fashion of a ring, which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good hint, that I do not question but my ingenious readers will apply what I have said to many other particulars: and that we shall see the town filled in a very little time with poetical tippetts, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments. I shall, therefore, conclude with a word of advice to those admirable English authors who call themselves Pindaric writers, that they would apply themselves to this kind of wit  
without

without loss of time, as being provided better than any other poets with verses of all sizes and dimensions.

Tuesday, May 8, 1711\*.

*Operose nihil agunt.* Seneca.

Busy about nothing.

**T**HERE is nothing more certain than that every man would be a wit if he could; and, notwithstanding, pedants of a pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite author, as *flask* and *froth*, they all of them shew, upon occasion, that they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise. For this reason we often find them endeavouring at works of fancy, which cost them infinite pangs in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a galley-slave than a wit, were one to gain that title by those elaborate trifles which have been the inventions of such authors as were often masters of great learning, but no genius.

In my last Paper I mentioned some of these false wits among the ancients, and in this shall give the reader two or three other species of them, that flourished in the same early ages of the world. The first I shall produce are the Lipogrammatists or Letter-droppers of antiquity, that would take an exception without any reason against some particular letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole poem. One Tryphiodorus was a great master in this kind of writing. He composed an *Odyssy* or epic poem on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of four and twenty books, having entirely banished the letter *A* from his first book, which was called *Alpha*, as *lucus a non lucendo*, because there was not an Alpha in it. His second book was inscribed *Beta* for the same reason. In short, the poet excluded the whole four and twenty letters in their turns,

\* NO. 59.

and

and shewed them, one after another, that he could do his business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this poet avoiding the reprobate letter, as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it through the several Greek dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular syllable. For the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected; like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong letter. I shall only observe upon this head, that if the work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyssæy* of Tryphiodorus, in all probability, would have been oftener quoted by our learned pedants, than the *Odyssæy* of Homer. What a perpetual fund would it have been of obsolete words and phrases, unusual barbarisms and rusticities, absurd spellings and complicated dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable treasures of the Greek tongue.

I find likewise among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit, which the moderns distinguish by the name of a *Rebus*, that does not sink a letter, but a whole word, by substituting a picture in its place. When Cæsar was one of the masters of the Roman mint, he placed the figure of an elephant upon the reverse of the public money; the word Cæsar signifying an elephant in the Punic language. This was artificially contrived by Cæsar, because it was not lawful for a private man to stamp his own figure upon the coin of the commonwealth. Cicero, who was so called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the nose with a little wen like a vetch, which is *Cicer* in Latin, instead of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, ordered the words *Marcus Tullius*, with a figure of a vetch at the end of them, to be inscribed on a public monument. This was done probably to shew that he was neither ashamed of his name or family, notwithstanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous building that was marked in several parts of it with the figures of a frog and a lizard; those words in  
Greek

Greek having been the names of the architects, who, by the laws of their country, were never permitted to inscribe their own names upon their work. For the same reason it is thought, that the forelock of the horse in the antique equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, represents at a distance the shape of an owl, to intimate the country of the statuary, who, in all probability, was an Athenian. This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own countrymen about an age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique reason, as the ancients above mentioned, but purely for the sake of being witty. Among innumerable instances that may be given of this nature, I shall produce the device of one Mr Newberry, as I find it mentioned by our learned Camden in his remains. Mr Newberry, to represent his name by a picture, hung up at his door the sign of a yew-tree, that had several berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden *N* hung upon a bough of the tree, which by the help of a little false spelling made up the word *New-berry*.

I shall conclude this topic with a Rebus, which has been lately hewn out in free-stone, and erected over two of the portals of Blenheim House, being the figure of a monstrous lion tearing to pieces a little cock. For the better understanding of which device, I must acquaint my English reader, that a cock has the misfortune to be called in Latin by the same word that signifies a French-man, as a lion is the emblem of the English nation. Such a device in so noble a pile of building, looks like a pun in an heroic poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious architect would suffer the statuary to blemish his excellent plan with so poor a conceit. But I hope what I have said will gain quarter for the cock, and deliver him out of the lion's paw.

I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer, it would be in Ovid, where he introduces the echo as a nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a voice. The learned Erasmus, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a dialogue upon this silly kind of device, and  
made

made use of an echo who seems to have been a very extraordinary linguist, for she answers the person she talks with in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, according as she found the syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. Hudibras, in ridicule of this false kind of wit, has described Bruin bewailing the loss of his bear to a solitary echo, who is of great use to the poet in several distichs, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his verse, and furnishes him with rhymes.

He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as  
 Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas ;  
 Forcing the valleys to repeat  
 The accents of his sad regret ;  
 He beat his breast, and tore his hair,  
 For loss of his dear crony bear,  
 That Echo from the hollow ground  
 His doleful wailings did resound  
 More wittfully, by many times,  
 Than in small poets, splay-foot rhymes,  
 That make her, in their rueful stories,  
 To answer to int'rogatories,  
 And most unconscionably depose  
 Things of which she nothing knows ;  
 And when she has said all she can say,  
 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.  
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,  
 Art thou fled to my——(Echo) Ruin ?  
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step  
 For fear. (Quoth Echo) Marry guep.  
 Am I not here to take thy part !  
 Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart ?  
 Have these bones rattled, and this head  
 So often in thy quarrel bled ?  
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,  
 For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) Mum budget.  
 Think'st thou 'twill not be lain i' th' dish,  
 Thou turn'st thy back ? (Quoth Echo) Pish,  
 To run from those th' hadst overcome  
 Thus cowardly ? (Quoth Echo) Mum.

But



- ‘ But what a-vengeance makes thee fly  
‘ From me too as thine enemy?  
‘ Or if thou hadst not thought of me,  
‘ Nor what I have endur’d for thee,  
‘ Yet shame and honour might prevail  
‘ To keep thee thus from turning tail:  
‘ For who could grudge to spend his blood in  
‘ His honour’s cause? Quoth she, a Pudding.’

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