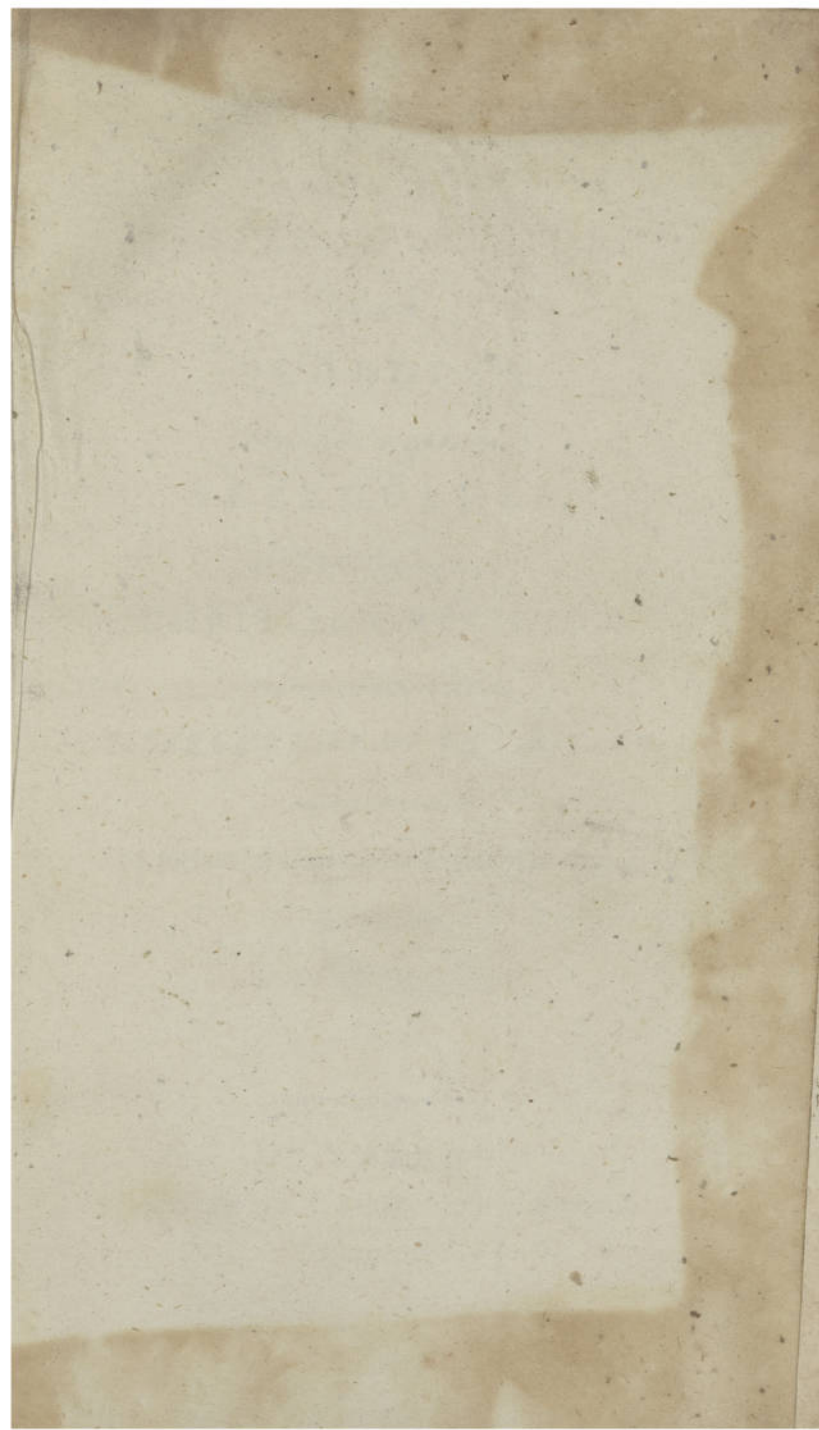
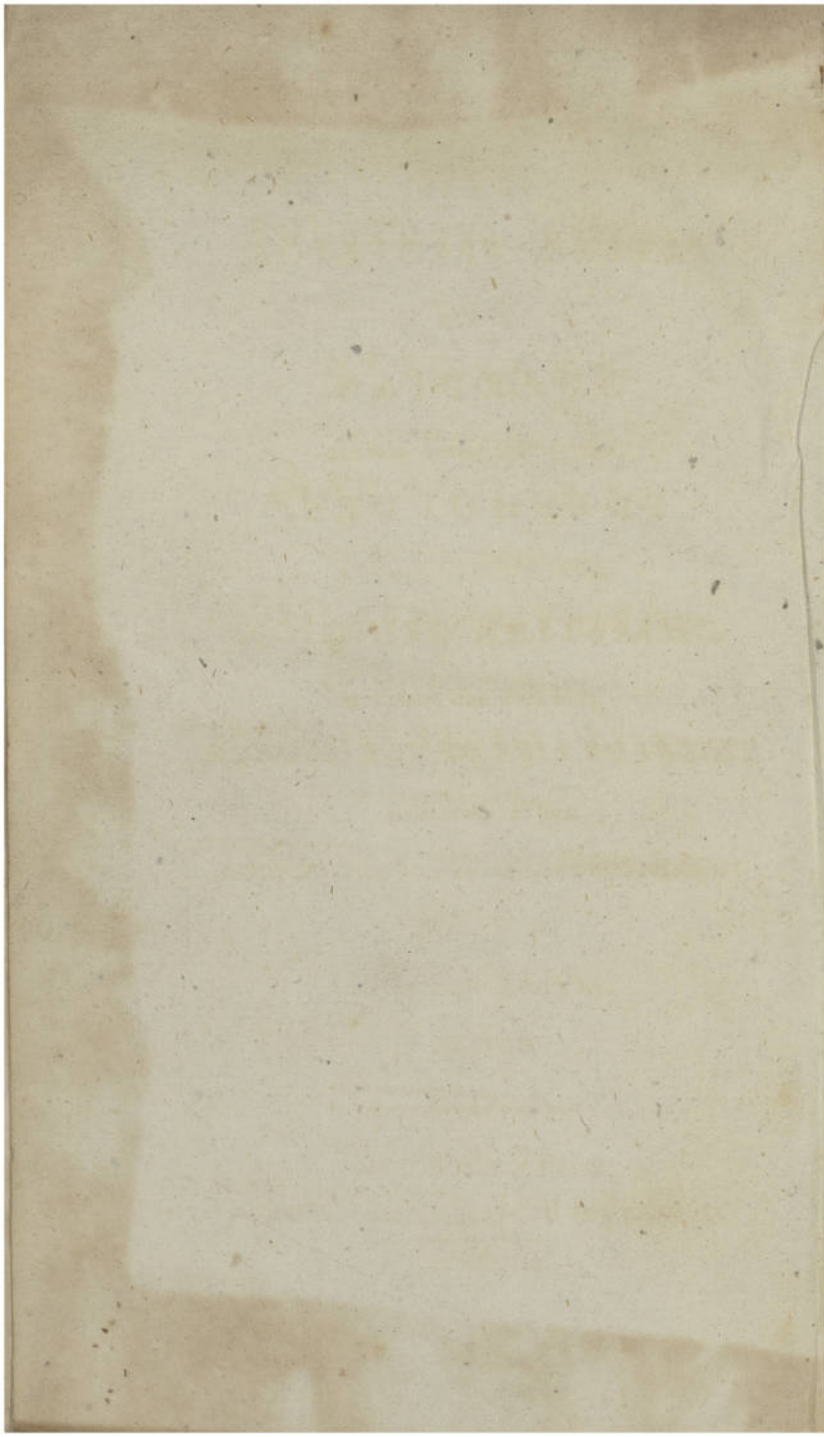




C. A. Lea





## ADDISON'S PAPERS

I N T H E

TATLER, SPECTATOR,

A N D

G U A R D I A N :

WITH SELECT ESSAYS FROM THE

F R E E H O L D E R ,

AND HIS TREATISE OF THE

C H R I S T I A N R E L I G I O N .

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

*TICKELL'S LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,*

AND EXTRACTS FROM

DR JOHNSTON'S REMARKS ON HIS PROSE WRITINGS,

WITH NOTES,

IN FOUR VOLUMES,

VOL. III,

---

 EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR W. CREECH AND J. SIBBALD.

---

 M. DCC. XC.


FATHER SPECTATOR

AND

GUARDIAN

THE FRENCH

CHRISTIAN RELIGION

TRICKLE LIFE OF THE MOTHER

BY JOHNSTON'S MESSRS ON ALL THESE MATTERS

WITH NOTES

BY JOHNSTON

VOL. III

LONDON

PRINTED BY W. CLAYTON AND SONS

IN 1840

ADDISON'S

P A P E R S

IN THE

S P E C T A T O R .

---

Saturday, February 16, 1711-12\*.

---

——— *volet hac sub luce videri,  
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 463.

——— Some choose the clearest light,  
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye.

ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE seen in the works of a modern philosopher, a map of the spots in the sun. My last paper of the faults and blemishes in Milton's Paradise Lost may be considered as a piece of the same nature. To pursue the allusion: as it is observed, that among the bright parts of the luminous body above mentioned, there are some which glow more intensely, and dart a stronger light than others; so, notwithstanding I have already shewn Milton's poem to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take notice of such beauties as appear to me more exquisite than the rest. Milton has proposed the subject of his poem in the following verses:

VOL. III.

A \* No. 303.

“ Of

" Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
 " Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
 " Brought death into the world and all our woe,  
 " With loss of Eden, till one greater man  
 " Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
 " Sing heav'nly muse !——"

These lines are perhaps as plain, simple, and unadorned, as any of the whole poem; in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of Homer, and the precept of Horace.

His invocation to a work which turns in a great measure upon the creation of the world, is very properly made to the muse who inspired Moses in those books from whence our author drew his subject, and to the holy spirit, who is therein represented as operating after a particular manner in the first production of nature. This whole *exordium* rises very happily into noble language and sentiment; as, I think, the transition to the fable is exquisitely beautiful and natural.

The nine days astonishment in which the angels lay entranced after their dreadful overthrow and fall from heaven, before they could recover either the use of thought or speech, is a noble *Circumstance*, and very finely imagined. The division of hell into seas of fire and into firm ground impregnated with the same furious element, with that particular circumstance of the exclusion of *Hope* from those infernal regions, are instances of the same great and fruitful invention.

The thoughts in the first speech, and description of Satan, who is one of the principal actors in this poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full idea of him. His pride, envy and revenge, obstinacy, despair and impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In short, his first speech is a complication of all those passions which discover themselves separately in several other of his speeches in the poem. The whole part of this great enemy  
of



of mankind is filled with such incidents as are very apt to raise and terrify the reader's imagination. Of this nature, in the book now before us, is his being the first that awakens out of the general trance, with his posture on the burning lake, his rising from it, and the description of his shield and spear.

“ Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,  
 “ With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes  
 “ That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides  
 “ Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
 “ Lay floating many a rood———  
 “ Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
 “ His mighty stature; on each hand the flames  
 “ Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and  
 roll'd  
 “ In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.  
 “ Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
 “ Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air  
 “ That felt unusual weight——  
 “ ——His pond'rous shield,  
 “ Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
 “ Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
 “ Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
 “ Thro' optic glass the Tuscan artists view  
 “ At ev'ning, from the top of Fesole,  
 “ Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
 “ Rivers or mountains on her spotty globe.  
 “ His spear (to equal which the tallest pine  
 “ Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast  
 “ Of some great Admiral, were but a wand)  
 “ He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps  
 “ Over the burning marle———”

To which we may add his call to the fallen angels that lay plunged and stupified in the sea of fire :

“ He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
 “ Of hell resounded.———”

But there is no single passage in the whole poem worked up to a greater sublimity than that wherein his person is described in those celebrated lines :

“ ———He, above the rest  
 “ In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
 “ Stood like a tower, &c.”

His sentiments are every way answerable to his character, and suitable to a created being of the most exalted and most depraved nature. Such is that in which he takes possession of his place of torments.

“ ———Hail horrors ! hail  
 “ Infernal world ! and thou profoundest hell  
 “ Receive thy new possessor ; one who brings  
 “ A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.”

And afterwards,

“ ———Here at least  
 “ We shall be free ; th' Almighty hath not built  
 “ Here for his envy, will not drive us hence :  
 “ Here we may reign secure ; and in my choice,  
 “ To reign is worth ambition, tho' in hell :  
 “ Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n.”

Amidst those impieties which this enraged spirit utters in other places of the poem, the author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with absurdity, and incapable of shocking a religious reader ; his words, as the poet himself describes them, bearing only a “ semblance of worth, not substance.” He is likewise with great art described as owning his adversary to be almighty. Whatever perverse interpretation he puts on the justice, mercy, and other attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confesses his omnipotence ; that being the perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only consideration  
 which

which could support his pride under the shame of his defeat.

Nor must I here omit that beautiful circumstance of his bursting out in tears, upon his survey of those innumerable spirits whom he had involved in the same guilt and ruin with himself.

“ ————He now prepared  
 “ To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
 “ From wing to wing, and half inclose him round  
 “ With all his peers. Attention held them mute.  
 “ Thrice he essay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn  
 “ Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth——”

The catalogue of evil spirits has abundance of learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of poetry, which rises in a great measure from its describing the places where they were worshipped, by those beautiful marks of rivers so frequent among the ancient poets. The author had doubtless in this place Homer's catalogue of ships, and Virgil's list of warriors in his view. The characters of Moloch and Belial prepare the reader's mind for their respective speeches and behaviour in the second and sixth book. The account of Thammuz is finely romantic, and suitable to what we read among the ancients of the worship which was paid to that idol.

“ ———Thammuz came next behind,  
 “ Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd  
 “ The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
 “ In am'rous ditties all a summer's day;  
 “ While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
 “ Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood  
 “ Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love tale  
 “ Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
 “ Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
 “ Ezekial saw, when, by the vision led,  
 “ His eye survey'd the dark idolatries  
 “ Of alienated Judah—————”

The reader will pardon me if I insert as a note on this beautiful passage the account given us by the late ingenious Mr. Maundrell of this ancient piece of worship, and probably the first occasion of such a superstition. "We came to a fair large river—doubtless the ancient river Adonis, so famous for the idolatrous rites performed here in lamentation of Adonis. We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates concerning this river, viz. That this stream, at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, is of a bloody colour, which the heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river for the death of Adonis, who was killed by a wild boar in the mountains out of which this stream rises. Something like this we saw actually come to pass; for the water was stained to a surprising redness, and, as we observed in travelling, had discoloured the sea a great way into a reddish hue, occasioned doubtless by a sort of minium, or red earth, washed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain from Adonis's blood."

The passage in the catalogue explaining the manner how spirits transform themselves by contraction or enlargement of their dimensions, is introduced with great judgment, to make way for several surprising accidents in the sequel of the poem. There follows one at the very end of the first book, which is what the French critics call *marvellous*, but at the same time *probable* by reason of the passage last mentioned. As soon as the infernal palace is finished, we are told the multitude and rabble of spirits immediately shrunk themselves into a small compass, that there might be room for such a numberless assembly in this capacious hall. But it is the poet's refinement upon this thought which I most admire, and which is indeed very noble in itself: For he tells us, that notwithstanding the vulgar among the fallen spirits contracted their forms, those of the first

first rank and dignity still preserved their natural dimensions.

“ Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms  
 “ Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,  
 “ Though without number, still amidst the hall  
 “ Of that infernal court. But far within,  
 “ And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
 “ The great seraphic lords and cherubim  
 “ In close recess and secret conclave sat ;  
 “ A thousand Demi-Gods on golden seats,  
 “ Frequent and full———”

The character of Mammon, and the description of the Pandæmonium, are full of beauties.

There are several other strokes in the first book wonderfully poetical, and instances of that sublime genius so peculiar to the author. Such is the description of Azazel's stature, and the infernal standard which he unfurls ; as also of that ghastly light by which the fiends appear to one another in their place of torments.

“ The seat of desolation, void of light,  
 “ Save what the glimm'ring of those livid flames  
 “ Casts pale and dreadful———”

The shout of the whole host of fallen angels when drawn up in battle array ;

“ ——The universal host up sent  
 “ A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
 “ Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.”

The review which the leader makes of his infernal army ;

“ ——He thro' the armed files  
 “ Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse  
 “ The whole battalion views ; their order due,  
 “ Their

" Their visages and stature as of Gods,  
 " Their number last he sums; and now his heart  
 " Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength  
 " Glories \_\_\_\_\_"

The flash of light which appeared upon the drawing of their swords;

" He spake; and to confirm his words out flew  
 " Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
 " Of Mighty Cherubim: the sudden blaze  
 " Far round illumin'd hell. \_\_\_\_\_"

The sudden production of the Pandæmonium;

" Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
 " Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
 " Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet."

The artificial illumination made in it;

" \_\_\_\_\_ From the arched roof,  
 " Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
 " Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
 " With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light  
 " As from a sky \_\_\_\_\_"

There are also several noble similes and allusions in the first book of "Paradise Lost." And here I must observe, that when Milton alludes either to things or persons, he never quits his simile until it rises to some very great idea, which is often foreign to the occasion that gave birth to it. The resemblance does not perhaps last above a line or two; but the poet runs on with the hint until he has raised out of it some glorious image or sentiment, proper to inflame the mind of the reader, and to give it that sublime kind of entertainment which is suitable to the nature of an heroic poem. Those who are acquainted with Homer's and Virgil's way of writing,

ing, cannot but be pleased with this kind of structure in Milton's similitudes. I am the more particular on this head, because ignorant readers, who have formed their taste upon the quaint similes and little turns of wit which are so much in vogue among modern poets, cannot relish these beauties, which are of a much higher nature, and are therefore apt to censure Milton's comparisons, in which they do not see any surprising points of likeness. Monsieur Perrault was a man of this vitiated relish, and for that very reason has endeavoured to turn into ridicule several of Homer's similitudes, which he calls *comparaisons a longue queue*, "long tail'd comparisons." I shall conclude this Paper on the first book of Milton with the answer which Monsieur Boileau makes to Perrault on this occasion: "Comparisons, says he, in odes and epic poems, are not introduced only to illustrate and embellish the discourse, but to amuse and relax the mind of the reader by frequently disengaging him from too painful an attention to the principal subject, and by leading him into other agreeable images. Homer, says he, excelled in this particular, whose comparisons abound with such images of nature as are proper to relieve and diversify his subjects. He continually instructs the reader, and makes him take notice even in objects which are every day before his eyes, of such circumstances as he should not otherwise have observed." To this he adds, as a maxim universally acknowledged, "That it is not necessary in poetry for the points of the comparison to correspond with one another exactly, but that a general resemblance is sufficient, and that too much nicety in this particular favours of the rhetorician and epigrammatist."

In short, if we look into the conduct of Homer, Virgil and Milton; as the great fable is the soul of each poem, so, to give their works an agreeable variety, their episodes are so many short fables, and their similes so many short episodes; to which you

may add, if you please, that their metaphors are fo many short similes. If the reader confiders the comparifons in the firft book of Milton, of the fun in an eclipse, of the fleeping Leviathan, of the bees fwarming about their hive, of the fairy dance, in the view wherein I have here placed them, he will eafily difcover the great beauties that are in each of thofe paffages.

Saturday, February 23, 1711-12 \*.

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

VIRG. Æn. 6. ver. 264.

Ye realms yet unreveal'd to human fight,  
Ye Gods who rule the regions of the night,  
Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate  
The myftic wonders of your filent ftate.

DRYDEN.

I HAVE before obferved in general, that the per-  
fons whom Milton introduces into his poem al-  
ways difcover fuch fentiments and behaviour as are  
in a peculiar manner conformable to their refpective  
characters. Every circumftance in their fpeeches and  
actions is with great juftnefs and delicacy adapted to  
the perfons who fpeak and act. As the poet very  
much excels in this confiftency of his characters, I  
fhall beg leave to confider feveral paffages of the fe-  
cond book in this light. That fuperior greatnefs and  
mock-majefty which is afcribed to the prince of the  
fallen angels, is admirably preferved in the beginning  
of this book. His opening and clofing the debate:

\* No. 309.

his



his taking on himself that great enterprize at the thought of which the whole infernal assembly trembled: his encountering the hideous phantom who guarded the gates of hell, and appeared to him in all his terrors; are instances of that proud and daring mind which could not brook submission even to Omnipotence.

“ Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
 “ The monster moving onward came as fast  
 “ With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode:  
 “ Th’ undaunted fiend what this might be admir’d,  
 “ Admir’d, not fear’d——”

The same boldness and intrepidity of behaviour discovers itself in the several adventures which he meets with during his passage through the regions of unformed matter, and particularly in his address to those tremendous powers who are described as pre-fiding over it.

The part of Moloc is likewise, in all its circumstances, full of that fire and fury which distinguish this spirit from the rest of the fallen angels. He is described in the first book as besmeared with the blood of human sacrifices, and delighted with the tears of parents and the cries of children. In the second book he is marked out as the fiercest spirit that fought in heaven. And if we consider the figure which he makes in the sixth book, where the battle of the angels is described, we find it every way answerable to the same furious enraged character.

“ ——Where the might of Gabriel fought,  
 “ And with fierce ensigns pierc’d the deep array  
 “ Of Moloc, furious King, who him defy’d,  
 “ And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound  
 “ Threaten’d: nor from the holy one of heav’n  
 “ Refrain’d his tongue blasphemous; but anon  
 “ Down cloven to the waste, with shatter’d arms  
 “ And uncouth pain fled bellowing.——”

It may be worth while to observe, that Milton has represented this violent impetuous spirit, who is hurried on by such precipitate passions, as the *first* that rises in that assembly to give his opinion upon their present posture of affairs. Accordingly he declares himself abruptly for war, and appears incensed at his companions for losing so much time as even to deliberate upon it. All his sentiments are rash, audacious and desperate; such as that of arming themselves with their tortures, and turning their punishments upon him who inflicted them.

“ ———No! let us rather choose,  
 “ Arm’d with hell flames and fury, all at once  
 “ O’er heaven’s high tow’rs to force resistless way,  
 “ Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
 “ Against the tort’rer: when to meet the noise  
 “ Of his almighty engine he shall hear  
 “ Infernal thunder, and for lightning see  
 “ Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
 “ Among his angels; and his throne itself  
 “ Mix with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,  
 “ His own invented torments——”

His preferring annihilation to shame or misery, is also highly suitable to his character; as the comfort he draws from their disturbing the peace of heaven, that if it be not victory it is revenge, is a sentiment truly diabolical, and becoming the bitterness of this implacable spirit.

Belial is described in the first book as the idol of the lewd and luxurious. He is in the second book, pursuant to that description, characterised as timorous and slothful. And if we look into the sixth book, we find him celebrated in the battle of angels for nothing but that scoffing speech which he makes to Satan on their supposed advantage over the enemy. As his appearance is uniform and of a piece in these three several views, we find his sentiments in the infernal assembly every way conformable to his character.

rafter. Such are his apprehensions of a second battle, his horrors of annihilation, his preferring to be miserable rather than *not to be*. I need not observe, that the contrast of thought in this speech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable variety to the debate.

Mammon's character is so fully drawn in the first book, that the poet adds nothing to it in the second. We were before told, that he was the first who taught mankind to ransack the earth for gold and silver, and that he was the architect of Pandæmonium or the infernal palace, where the evil spirits were to meet in council. His speech in this book is every way suitable to so depraved a character. How proper is that reflection, of their being unable to taste the happiness of heaven were they actually there, in the mouth of one, who, while he was in heaven, is said to have had his mind dazzled with the outward pomps and glories of the place, and to have been more intent on the riches of the pavement, than on the beatific vision. I shall also leave the reader to judge how agreeable the following sentiments are to the same character.

“ ——— This deep world  
 “ Of darkness do we tread? How oft amidst  
 “ Thick cloud and dark doth heav'n's all-ruling fire  
 “ Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,  
 “ And with the majesty of darkness round  
 “ Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar,  
 “ Mustering their rage, and heav'n resembles hell!  
 “ As he our darkness, cannot we his light  
 “ Imitate when we please? This desert soil  
 “ Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;  
 “ Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
 “ Magnificence: and what can heav'n shew more?”

Beelzebub, who is reckoned the second in dignity that fell, and is in the first book the second that awakens out of the trance and confers with Satan upon

upon the situation of their affairs, maintains his rank in the book now before us. There is a wonderful majesty described in his rising up to speak. He acts as a kind of moderator between the two opposite parties, and proposes a third undertaking, which the whole assembly gives into. The motion he makes of detaching one of their body in search of a new world is grounded upon a project devised by Satan, and cursorily proposed by him in the following lines of the first book.

“ Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife  
 “ There went a fame in heav’n, that he e’er long  
 “ Intended to create, and therein plant  
 “ A generation whom his choice regard  
 “ Should favour equal to the sons of heav’n :  
 “ Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
 “ Our first eruption ; thither or elsewhere :  
 “ For this infernal pit shall never hold  
 “ Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th’ abyfs  
 “ Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
 “ Full counsel must mature :——”

It is on this project that Beelzebub grounds his proposal.

“ ——What if we find  
 “ Some easier enterprize ? There is a place  
 “ (If ancient and prophetic fame in heav’n  
 “ Err not) another world, the happy seat  
 “ Of some new race call’d MAN, about this time  
 “ To be created like to us, though less  
 “ In pow’r and excellence, but favour’d more  
 “ Of him who rules above ; so was his will  
 “ Pronounc’d among the Gods, and by an oath  
 “ That shook heav’n’s whole circumference, con-  
 “ firm’d.”

The reader may observe how just it was, not to omit in the first book the project upon which the whole

whole poem turns : as also that the prince of the fallen angels was the only proper person to give it birth, and that the next to him in dignity was the fittest to second and support it.

There is besides, I think, something wonderfully beautiful, and very apt to affect the reader's imagination in this ancient prophecy or report in heaven concerning the creation of man. Nothing could shew more the dignity of the species than this tradition which ran of them before their existence. They are represented to have been the talk of heaven before they were created. Virgil, in compliment to the Roman commonwealth, makes the heroes of it appear in their state of pre-existence ; but Milton does a far greater honour to mankind in general, as he gives us a glimpse of them even before they are in being.

The rising of this great assembly is described in a very sublime and poetical manner.

“ Their rising all at once was as the sound  
“ Of thunder heard remote———”

The diversions of the fallen angels, with the particular account of their place of habitation, are described with great pregnancy of thought and copiousness of invention. The diversions are every way suitable to beings who had nothing left them but strength and knowledge misapplied. Such are their contentions at the race, and in feats of arms, with their entertainments, in the following lines.

“ Others with vast Typhæan rage more fell  
“ Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
“ In whirlwind : hell scarce holds the wild uproar.”

Their music is employed in celebrating their own criminal exploits, and their discourse in founding the unfathomable depths of fate, free-will and foreknowledge.

The

The several circumstances in the description of hell are finely imagined; as the four rivers which disgorge themselves into the sea of fire, the extremes of cold and heat, and the river of oblivion. The monstrous animals produced in that infernal world are represented by a single line, which gives us a more horrid idea of them than a much longer description would have done.

“ ————— Nature breeds,  
 “ Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
 “ Abominable, inutterable, and *worse*  
 “ *Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,*  
 “ Gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire.”

This episode of the fallen spirits, and their place of habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the mind of the reader from its attention to the debate. An ordinary poet would indeed have spun out so many circumstances to a great length, and by that means have weakened, instead of illustrated, the principal fable.

The flight of Satan to the gates of hell is finely imagined.

I have already declared my opinion of the allegory concerning Sin and Death, which is however a very finished piece in its kind, when it is not considered as a part of an epic poem. The genealogy of the several persons is contrived with great delicacy. Sin is the daughter of Satan, and Death the offspring of Sin. The incestuous mixture between Sin and Death produces those monsters and hell-hounds which from time to time enter into their mother, and tear the bowels of her who gave them birth. These are the terrors of an evil conscience, and the proper fruits of Sin, which naturally rise from the apprehensions of Death. This last beautiful moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the speech of Sin; where, complaining of this her dreadful issue, she adds,

“ *Before*

" *Before mine eyes in opposition sits*  
 " *Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,*  
 " *And me his parent would full soon devour*  
 " *For want of other prey, but that he knows*  
 " *His end with mine involv'd———*"

I need not mention to the reader the beautiful circumstance in the last part of this quotation. He will likewise observe how naturally the three persons concerned in this allegory are tempted by one common interest to enter into a confederacy together; and how properly Sin is made the portress of hell, and the only being that can open the gates to that world of tortures.

The descriptive part of this allegory is likewise very strong, and full of sublime ideas. The figure of Death, the regal crown upon his head, his menace of Satan, his advancing to the combat, the outcry at his birth, are circumstances too noble to be past over in silence, and extremely suitable to this King of Terrors. I need not mention the justness of thought which is observed in the generation of these several symbolical persons; that Sin was produced upon the first revolt of Satan, that Death appeared soon after he was cast into hell, and that the terrors of conscience were conceived at the gate of this place of torments. The description of the gates is very poetical; as the opening of them is full of Milton's spirit.

" ———On a sudden open fly  
 " With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
 " Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
 " Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 " Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut  
 " Excell'd her pow'r: the gates wide open stood,  
 " That with extended wings a banner'd host  
 " Under spread ensigns marching might pass through  
 " With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;  
 " So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth  
 " Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame."

In Satan's voyage through the Chaos there are several imaginary persons described as residing in that immense waste of matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the taste of those critics who are pleased with nothing in a poet which has not life and manners ascribed to it; but for my own part, I am pleased most with those passages in this description which carry in them a greater measure of probability, and are such as might possibly have happened. Of this kind is his first mounting in the smoke that rises from the infernal pit, his falling into a cloud of nitre, and the like combustible materials, that by their explosion still hurried him forward in his voyage; his springing upward like a pyramid of fire, with his laborious passage through that confusion of elements which the poet calls

“The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave.”

The glimmering light which shot into the Chaos from the utmost verge of the creation, with the distant discovery of the earth that hung close by the moon, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical.

---

Saturday, March 1, 1711-12\*.

---

*Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit*———

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 191.

Never presume to make a God appear,  
But for a business worthy of a God.

ROSCOMMON.

**H**ORACE advises a poet to consider thoroughly the nature and force of his genius. MILTON seems to have known perfectly well wherein his  
\* No. 315. strength



strength lay, and has therefore chosen a subject entirely conformable to those talents of which he was master. As his genius was wonderfully turned to the sublime, his subject is the noblest that could have entered into the thoughts of man. Every thing that is truly great and astonishing has a place in it. The whole system of the intellectual world; the chaos, and the creation; heaven, earth, and hell; enter into the constitution of his poem.

Having in the first and second books represented the infernal world with all its horrors, the thread of his fable naturally leads him into the opposite regions of bliss and glory.

If MILTON's majesty forsakes him any where, it is in those parts of his poem, where the divine persons are introduced as speakers. One may, I think, observe, that the author proceeds with a kind of fear and trembling, whilst he describes the sentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his imagination its full play; but chooses to confine himself to such thoughts as are drawn from the books of the most orthodox divines, and to such expressions as may be met with in scripture. The beauties, therefore, which we are to look for in these speeches, are not of a poetical nature, nor so proper to fill the mind with sentiments of grandeur, as with thoughts of devotion. The passions which they are designed to raise, are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the speeches in the third book, consists in that shortness and perspicuity of stile in which the poet has couched the greatest mysteries of christianity, and drawn together in a regular scheme, the whole dispensation of Providence with respect to man. He has represented all the abstruse doctrines of predestination, free-will and grace, as also the great points of incarnation and redemption (which naturally grow up in a poem that treats of the fall of man), with great energy of expression, and in a clearer and stronger light than I ever met with in any other writer. As these points are dry in them-

selfes to the generality of readers, the concise and clear manner in which he has treated them, is very much to be admired; as is likewise that particular art which he has made use of in the interspersing of all those graces of poetry which the subject was capable of receiving.

The survey of the whole creation, and of every thing that is transacted in it, is a prospect worthy of Omniscience; and as much above that in which Virgil has drawn his Jupiter, as the Christian idea of the Supreme Being is more rational and sublime than that of the Heathens. The particular objects on which he is described to have cast his eye, are represented in the most beautiful and lively manner.

“ Now had th’ Almighty Father from above  
 “ (From the pure Empyrean where he sits  
 “ High thron’d above all height) bent down his eye,  
 “ His own works and their works at once to view.  
 “ About him all the sanctities of heav’n  
 “ Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv’d  
 “ Beatitude past utterance. On his right  
 “ The radiant image of his glory sat,  
 “ His only Son. On earth he first beheld  
 “ Our two first parents, yet the only two  
 “ Of mankind, in the happy garden plac’d,  
 “ Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love;  
 “ Uninterrupted joy, unrival’d love,  
 “ In blisful solitude. He then survey’d  
 “ Hell and the gulph between, and Satan there  
 “ Coasting the wall of heav’n on this side night,  
 “ In the dun air sublime; and ready now  
 “ To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,  
 “ On the bare outside of this world, that seem’d  
 “ Firm land imbosom’d without firmament;  
 “ Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.  
 “ Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
 “ Wherein past, present, future he beholds,  
 “ Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake—”

Satan’s

Satan's approach to the confines of the creation is finely imaged in the beginning of the speech which immediately follows. The effects of this speech in the blessed spirits, and in the divine person to whom it was addressed, cannot but fill the mind of the reader with a secret pleasure and complacency.

“ Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
 “ All heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect  
 “ Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.  
 “ Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
 “ Most glorious ; in him all his Father shone  
 “ Substantially express'd ; and in his face  
 “ Divine compassion visibly appear'd :  
 “ Love without end, and without measure grace.”

I need not point out the beauty of that circumstance, wherein the whole host of angels are represented as standing mute ; nor shew how proper the occasion was to produce such a silence in heaven. The close of this divine colloquy, with the hymn of angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully beautiful and poetical, that I should not forbear inserting the whole passage, if the bounds of my paper would give me leave.

“ No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all  
 “ The multitude of angels with a shout  
 “ (Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 “ As from blest voices) utt'ring joy, heav'n rung  
 “ With jubilee ; and loud Hosannas fill'd  
 “ Th' eternal regions ; &c. &c.”

Satan's walk upon the outside of the universe, which at a distance appeared to him of a globular form, but upon his nearer approach looked like an unbounded plain, is natural and noble : as his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation between that mass of matter which was wrought into a world, and that shapeless unformed heap of materials which  
 still

still lay in chaos and confusion, strikes the imagination with something astonishingly great and wild. I have before spoken of the Limbo of vanity, which the poet places upon this outermost surface of the universe, and shall here explain myself more at large on that, and other parts of the poem which are of the same shadowy nature.

Aristotle observes, that the fable of an epic poem should abound in circumstances that are both credible and astonishing; or as the French critics choose to phrase it, the fable should be filled with the probable and the marvellous. This rule is as fine and just as any in Aristotle's whole art of poetry.

If the fable is only probable, it differs nothing from a true history; if it is only marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great secret, therefore, of heroic poetry is to relate such circumstances as may produce in the reader at the same time both belief and astonishment. This is brought to pass in a well chosen fable, by the account of such things as have really happened, or at least of such things as have happened according to the received opinions of mankind. Milton's fable is a master-piece of this nature; as the war in heaven, the condition of the fallen angels, the state of innocence, the temptation of the serpent, and the fall of man, though they are very astonishing in themselves, are not only credible, but actual points of faith.

The next method of reconciling miracles with credibility, is by a happy invention of the poet; as in particular, when he introduces agents of a superior nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary course of things. Ulysses's ship being turned into a rock, and Æneas's fleet into a shoal of water nymphs, though they are very surprising accidents, are nevertheless probable, when we are told that they were the Gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of machinery which fills the poems both of Homer and Virgil with such circumstances

as are wonderful but not impossible, and so frequently produce in the reader the most pleasing passion that can rise in the mind of man, which is admiration. If there be any instance in the *Æneid* liable to exception upon this account, it is in the beginning of the third book, where *Æneas* is represented as tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood. To qualify this wonderful circumstance, *Polydorus* tells a story, from the root of the myrtle, that the barbarous inhabitants of the country having pierced him with spears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree. This circumstance seems to have the marvellous without the probable, because it is represented as proceeding from natural causes, without the interposition of any God or other supernatural power capable of producing it. The spears and arrows grow of themselves, without so much as the modern help of an enchantment. If we look into the fiction of *Milton's* fable, though we find it full of surprising incidents, they are generally suited to our notions of the things and persons described, and tempered with a due measure of probability. I must only make an exception to the *Limbo of vanity*, with his episode of *Sin and Death*, and some of his imaginary persons in his *Chaos*. These passages are astonishing but not credible: the reader cannot so far impose upon himself as to see a possibility in them: they are the description of dreams and shadows, not of things or persons. I know that many critics look upon the stories of *Circe*, *Polypheme*, the *Sirens*, nay the whole *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, to be allegories. But allowing this to be true, they are fables, which, considering the opinions of mankind that prevailed in the age of the poet, might possibly have been according to the letter. The persons are such as might have acted what is ascribed to them, as the circumstances in which they are represented might possibly have been truth and realities. This appearance of probability is so absolutely requisite  
in

in the greater kinds of poetry, that Aristotle observes the ancient tragic writers made use of the names of such great men as had actually lived in the world, though the tragedy proceeded upon adventures they were never engaged in, on purpose to make the subject more credible. In a word, besides the hidden meaning of an epic allegory, the plain literal sense ought to appear probable. The story should be such as an ordinary reader may acquiesce in, whatever natural, moral, or political truth may be discovered in it by men of greater penetration.

Satan, after having long wandered upon the surface, or outmost wall of the universe, discovers at last a wide gap in it, which led into the creation, and is described as the opening through which the angels pass to and fro into the lower world, upon their errands to mankind. His sitting upon the brink of this passage and taking a survey of the whole face of nature that appeared to him new and fresh in all its beauties, with the simile illustrating this circumstance, fills the mind of the reader with as surprising and glorious an idea as any that arises in the whole poem. He looks down into that vast hollow of the universe with the eye, or (as MILTON calls it in his first book) with the ken of an angel. He surveys all the wonders in this immense amphitheatre that lie between both the poles of heaven, and takes in at one view the whole round of the creation.

His flight between the several worlds that shined on every side of him, with the particular description of the sun, are set forth in all the wantonness of a luxuriant imagination. His shape, speech, and behaviour upon his transforming himself into an angel of light, are touched with exquisite beauty. The poet's thought of directing Satan to the sun, which in the vulgar opinion of mankind is the most conspicuous part of the creation, the placing in it an angel, is a circumstance very finely contrived, and the more adjusted to a poetical probability, as it was a received doctrine among the most famous philosophers,

phers, that every orb had its *intelligence*; and as an apostle in sacred writ is said to have seen such an angel in the sun. In the answer which this angel returns to the disguised evil spirit, there is such a becoming majesty as is altogether suitable to a Superior Being. The part of it in which he represents himself as present at the creation, is very noble in itself, and not only proper where it is introduced, but requisite to prepare the reader for what follows in the seventh book.

“ I saw when at his word the formless mass,  
 “ This world’s material mould, came to a heap,  
 “ Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar  
 “ Stood rul’d, stood vast infinitude confin’d ;  
 “ Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
 “ Light shone, &c.”

In the following part of the speech he points out the earth with such circumstances, that the reader can scarce forbear fancying himself employed on the same distant view of it.

“ Look downward on the globe, whose hither side  
 “ With light from hence tho’ but reflected shines ;  
 “ That place is earth, the seat of man ; that light  
 “ His day, &c.”

I must not conclude my reflections upon this third book of “ Paradise Lost,” without taking notice of that celebrated complaint of MILTON with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the praises that have been given it ; though, as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked on as an excrescence than as an essential part of the poem. The same observation might be applied to that beautiful digression upon hypocrisy in the same book.

---

Saturday, March 8, 1711-12\*.

---

*Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunt.*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 99.

'Tis not enough a poem's finely writ;  
It must affect and captivate the soul.

THOSE who know how many volumes have been written on the poems of Homer and Virgil, will easily pardon the length of my discourse upon Milton. The "Paradise Lost" is looked upon by the best judges as the greatest production, or at least the noblest work of genius in our language, and therefore deserves to be set before an English reader in its full beauty. For this reason, though I have endeavoured to give a general idea of its graces and imperfections in my six first Papers, I thought myself obliged to bestow one upon every book in particular. The first three books I have already dispatched, and am now entering upon the fourth. I need not acquaint my reader that there are multitudes of beauties in this great author, especially in the descriptive parts of this poem, which I have not touched upon; it being my intention to point out those only which appear to me the most exquisite, or those which are not so obvious to ordinary readers. Every one that has read the critics who have written upon the *Odyssy*, the *Iliad*, and the *Æneid*, knows very well, that though they agree in their opinions of the great beauties in those poems, they have nevertheless each of them discovered several master-strokes which have escaped the observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not but any writer who shall treat of this subject after me, may find several beauties in Milton which I have

\* No. 321.



not taken notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the greatest masters of critical learning differ among one another as to some particular points in an epic poem, I have not bound myself scrupulously to the rules which any one of them has laid down upon that art, but have taken the liberty sometimes to join with one, and sometimes with another, and sometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the reason of the thing was on my side.

We may consider the beauties of the fourth book under three heads. In the first are those pictures of still life which we meet with in the description of Eden, Paradise, Adam's bower, &c. In the next are the machines, which comprehend the speeches and behaviour of the good and bad angels. In the last is the conduct of Adam and Eve, who are the principal actors in the poem.

In the description of Paradise, the poet has observed Aristotle's rule of lavishing all the ornaments of diction on the weak unactive parts of the fable, which are not supported by the beauty of sentiments and characters. Accordingly the reader may observe, that the expressions are more florid and elaborate in these descriptions than in most other parts of the poem. I must further add, that though the *drawings* of gardens, rivers, rainbows, and the like dead pieces of nature, are justly censured in an heroic poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length; the description of Paradise would have been faulty, had not the poet been very particular in it; not only as it is the scene of the principal action, but as it is requisite to give us an idea of that happiness from which our first parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the short sketch which we have of it in holy writ. Milton's exuberance of imagination has poured forth such a redundancy of ornaments on this feat of happiness and innocence, that it would be endless to point out each particular.

I must not quit this head, without further observing, that there is scarce a speech of Adam or Eve in the whole poem, wherein the sentiments and allusions are not taken from this their delightful habitation. The reader, during their whole course of action, always finds himself in the walks of Paradise. In short, as the critics have remarked, that in those poems wherein shepherds are actors, the thoughts ought always to take a tincture from the woods, fields, and rivers; so we may observe, that our first parents seldom lose sight of their happy station in any thing they speak or do; and, if the reader will give me leave to use the expression, that their thoughts are always Paradisiacal.

We are in the next place to consider the machines of the fourth book. Satan being now within prospect of Eden, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with sentiments different from those which he discovered whilst he was in hell. The place inspires him with thoughts more adapted to it. He reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a speech that is softened with several transient touches of remorse and self-accusation: but at length he confirms himself in impenitence, and in his design of drawing man into his own state of guilt and misery. This conflict of passions is raised with a great deal of art; as the opening of his speech to the sun is very bold and noble.

“ O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,  
 “ Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God  
 “ Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
 “ Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,  
 “ But with no friendly voice; and add thy name,  
 “ O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 “ That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 “ I fell; how glorious once above thy sphere !”

This

This speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to Satan in the whole poem. The evil spirit afterwards proceeds to make his discoveries concerning our first parents, and to learn after what manner they may be best attacked. His bounding over the walls of Paradise; his sitting in the shape of a cormorant upon the tree of life, which stood in the centre of it, and overtopped all the other trees of the garden; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about Adam and Eve; together with his transforming himself into different shapes in order to hear their conversation; are circumstances that give an agreeable surprize to the reader, and are devised with great art to connect that series of adventures in which the poet has engaged this artificer of fraud.

The thought of Satan's transformation into a cormorant, and placing himself on the tree of life, seems-raised upon that passage in the Iliad, where two deities are described as perching on the top of an oak in the shape of vultures.

His planting himself at the ear of Eve under the form of a toad, in order to produce vain dreams and imaginations, is a circumstance of the same nature; as his starting up in his own form is wonderfully fine, both in the literal description, and in the moral which is concealed under it. His answer upon his being discovered, and demanded to give an account of himself, is conformable to the pride and intrepidity of his character.

- “ Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn;  
 “ Know ye not me! ye knew me once, no mate  
 “ For you, there sitting where you durst not soar:  
 “ Not to know me argues yourselves unknown;  
 “ The lowest of your throng——”

Zephon's rebuke, with the influence it had on Satan, is exquisitely graceful and moral. Satan is afterwards led away to Gabriel, the chief of the guardian

dian angels who kept watch in Paradise. His disdainful behaviour on this occasion is so remarkable a beauty, that the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of it. Gabriel's discovering his approach at a distance, is drawn with great strength and liveliness of imagination.

“ O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
 “ Hastening this way, and now by glimpse discern  
 “ Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;  
 “ And with them comes a third of regal port,  
 “ But faded splendor wan, who by his gait  
 “ And fierce demeanor seems the prince of hell;  
 “ Not likely to part hence without contest:  
 “ Stand firm; for in his look defiance low'rs.”

The conference between Gabriel and Satan abounds with sentiments proper for the occasion, and suitable to the persons of the two speakers. Satan clothing himself with terror when he prepares for the combat, is truly sublime, and at least equal to Homer's description of Discord celebrated by Longinus, or to that of Fame in Virgil, who are both represented with their feet standing upon the earth, and their heads reaching above the clouds.

“ While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright  
 “ Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns  
 “ Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
 “ With ported spears, &c.  
 “ —On th' other side Satan alarm'd,  
 “ Collecting all his might dilated stood,  
 “ Like Teneriff, or Atlas, unremov'd:  
 “ His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
 “ Sat horror plum'd—”

I must here take notice, that Milton is every where full of hints and sometimes literal translations taken from the greatest of the Greek and Latin poets. But this I may reserve for a discourse by itself; because I  
 would

would not break the thread of these speculations, that are designed for English readers, with such reflections as would be of no use but to the learned.

I must however observe in this place, that the breaking off the combat between Gabriel and Satan by the hanging out of the golden scales in heaven, is a refinement upon Homer's thought, who tells us, that before the battle between Hector and Achilles, Jupiter weighed the event of it in a pair of scales. The reader may see the whole passage in the 22d Iliad.

Virgil, before the last decisive combat, describes Jupiter in the same manner, as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. Milton, though he fetched this beautiful circumstance from the Iliad and Æneid, does not only insert it as a poetical embellishment, like the authors above mentioned, but makes an artful use of it for the proper carrying on of his fable, and for the breaking off the combat between the two warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may further add, that Milton is the more justified in this passage, as we find the same noble allegory in holy writ, where a wicked prince, some few hours before he was assaulted and slain, is said to have been "weighed in the scales, and to have been found wanting."

I must here take notice, under the head of the machines, that Uriel's gliding down to the earth upon a sun beam, with the poet's device to make him *descend* as well in his return to the sun as in his coming from it, is a prettiness that might have been admired in a little fanciful poet, but seems below the genius of Milton. The description of the host of armed angels walking their nightly round in Paradise, is of another spirit.

"So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
"Dazzling the moon——"

as that account of the hymns which our first parents used

Bulkeley

used to hear them sing in these their midnight walks, is altogether divine, and inexpressibly amusing to the imagination.

We are, in the last place, to consider the parts which Adam and Eve act in the fourth book. The description of them, as they first appeared to Satan, is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen angel gaze upon them with all that astonishment and those emotions of envy in which he is represented.

“ Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
 “ God-like erect ! with native honour clad  
 “ In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all ;  
 “ And worthy seem'd : for in their looks divine  
 “ The image of their glorious Maker shone ;  
 “ Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure ;  
 “ Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd :  
 “ For contemplation he, and valour form'd ;  
 “ For softness she, and sweet attractive grace ;  
 “ He for God only ; she for God in him :  
 “ His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd  
 “ Absolute rule ; and Hyacinthin locks  
 “ Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 “ Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad :  
 “ She, as a veil, down to her slender waist  
 “ Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore  
 “ Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.  
 “ So pass'd they naked on ; nor shunn'd the sight  
 “ Of God or angel, for they thought no ill :  
 “ So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
 “ That ever since in love's embraces met.”

There is a fine spirit of poetry in the lines which follow, wherein they are described as sitting on a bed of flowers by the side of a fountain amidst a mixed assembly of animals.

The speeches of these two first lovers flow equally from passion and sincerity. The professions they make to one another are full of warmth ; but at the same

same time founded on truth. In a word, they are the gallantries of Paradise.

- “ —When Adam first of men —  
 “ Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,  
 “ Dearer thyself than all ; —  
 “ But let us ever praise him, and extol  
 “ His bounty, following our delightful task,  
 “ To prune those growing plants, and tend these  
 “ flow’rs ;  
 “ Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.  
 “ To whom thus Eve reply’d : O thou for whom  
 “ And from whom I was form’d, flesh of thy flesh,  
 “ And without whom am to no end, my guide  
 “ And head, what thou hast said is just and right,  
 “ For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
 “ And daily thanks ; I chiefly, who enjoy  
 “ So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
 “ Preeminent by so much odds, while thou  
 “ Like comfort to thyself canst no where find, &c.”

The remaining part of Eve’s speech, in which she gives an account of herself upon her first creation, and the manner in which she was brought to Adam, is I think as beautiful a passage as any in Milton, or perhaps in any other poet whatsoever. These passages are all worked off with so much art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without offending the most severe.

“ That day I oft remember, when from sleep, &c.”

A poet of less judgment and invention than this great author, would have found it very difficult to have filled these tender parts of the poem with sentiments proper for a state of innocence ; to have described the warmth of love, and the professions of it, without artifice or hyperbole ; to have made the man speak the most endearing things, without descending from his natural dignity, and the woman receiving

them without departing from the modesty of her character; in a word, to adjust the prerogatives of wisdom and beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper force and loveliness. This mutual subordination of the two sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole poem; as particularly in the speech of Eve I have before mentioned, and upon the conclusion of it in the following lines.

“ So spake our general mother, and with eyes  
 “ Of conjugal attraction unprov’d,  
 “ And meek surrender, half embracing lean’d  
 “ On our first father; half her swelling breast  
 “ Naked met his, under the flowing gold  
 “ Of her loose tresses hid; he, in delight  
 “ Both of her beauty and submissive charms,  
 “ Smil’d with superior love——”

The poet adds, that the devil turned away with envy at the sight of so much happiness.

We have another view of our first parents in their evening discourses, which is full of pleasing images and sentiments suitable to their condition and characters. The speech of Eve, in particular, is dressed up in such a soft and natural turn of words and sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.

I shall close my reflections upon this book, with observing the masterly transition which the poet makes to their evening worship, in the following lines.

“ Thus at their shady lodge arriv’d, both stood,  
 “ Both turn’d, and under open sky ador’d  
 “ The God that made both sky, air, earth, and  
 “ heav’n,  
 “ Which they beheld, the moon’s resplendent globe,  
 “ And starry pole: *Thou also mad’st the night,*  
 “ *Maker omnipotent! and thou the day, &c.*”

Most of the modern heroic poets have imitated the ancients in beginning a speech without premising that



that the person said thus or thus; but as it is easy to imitate the ancients in the omission of two or three words, it requires judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine instance of this kind out of Homer, in the twenty-third chapter of Longinus.

Saturday, March 15, 1711-12\*.

—*Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.*

VIRG. ÆN. vii. 43.

A larger scene of fiction is display'd.

DRYDEN.

WE were told in the foregoing book, how the evil spirit practis'd upon Eve as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride and ambition. The author, who shews a wonderful art throughout his whole poem in preparing the reader for the several occurrences that arise in it, founds upon the above mentioned circumstance the first part of the fifth book. Adam upon his awaking finds Eve still asleep, with an unusual discomposure in her looks. The posture in which he regards her is described with a tenderness not to be express'd; as the whisper with which he awakens her is the softest that ever was convey'd to a lover's ear.

" His wonder was, to find unwaken'd Eve,

" With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,

" As through unquiet rest; he on his side

" Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love

" Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld

" Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,

\* No. 327.

E 2

" Shot

- " Shot forth peculiar graces : then, with voice  
 " Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
 " Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus : Awake,  
 " My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
 " Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight !  
 " Awake ; the morning shines, and the fresh field  
 " Calls us : we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
 " Our tender plants ; how blows the citron grove ;  
 " What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed ;  
 " How nature paints her colours ; how the bee  
 " Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.  
 " Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled  
 " eye  
 " On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake :  
 " O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 " My glory, my perfection ! glad I see  
 " Thy face, and morn return'd ——"

I cannot but take notice that Milton, in the conferences between Adam and Eve, had his eye very frequently upon the book of Canticles, in which there is a noble spirit of eastern poetry, and very often not unlike what we meet with in Homer, who is generally placed near the age of Solomon. I think there is no question but the poet in the preceding speech remembered those two passages, which are spoken on the like occasion, and filled with the same pleasing images of nature.

" My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up,  
 " my love, my fair one, and come away ; for lo ! the  
 " winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers  
 " appear on the earth, the time of the singing of  
 " birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard  
 " in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green  
 " figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a  
 " good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and  
 " come away.

" Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the  
 " field ; let us get up early to the vineyards ; let us  
 " see

“ See if the vine flourish; whether the tender grapes  
“ appear, and pomegranates bud forth.”

His preferring the garden of Eden to that

“ ———Where the Sapiient king  
“ Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse,”

shews that the poet had this delightful scene in his mind.

Eve's dream is full of those high conceits engendering pride, which, we are told, the devil endeavoured to instil into her. Of this kind is that part of it where she fancies herself awakened by Adam in the following beautiful lines:

“ Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
“ The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
“ To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
“ Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns  
“ Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
“ Shadowy sets off the face of things: In vain,  
“ If none regard. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
“ Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire,  
“ In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment,  
“ Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze!”

An injudicious poet would have made Adam talk through the whole work in such sentiments as these: but flattery and falsehood are not the courtship of Milton's Adam, and could not be heard by Eve in her state of innocence, excepting only in a dream produced on purpose to taint her imagination. Other vain sentiments of the same kind, in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every reader. Though the catastrophe of the poem is finely prefigured on this occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadowed, that they do not anticipate the story which follows in the ninth book: I shall only add, that though the vision itself is founded upon truth, the circumstances

stances of it are full of that wildness and inconsistency which are natural to a dream. Adam, conformable to his superior character for wisdom, instructs and comforts Eve upon this occasion:

“ So cheer’d he his fair spouse; and she was cheer’d,  
 “ But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 “ From either eye, and wiped them with her hair;  
 “ Two other precious drops, that ready stood  
 “ Each in their crystal sluice, he e’er they fell  
 “ Kifs’d, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 “ And pious awe, that fear’d to have offended.”

The morning hymn is written in imitation of one of those psalms, where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praise, the Psalmist calls not only upon the angels, but upon the most conspicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to join with him in extolling their common maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of GOD’s works, and awaken that divine enthusiasm which is so natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature is at all times a proper kind of worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first parents, who had the creation fresh upon their minds, and had not seen the various dispensations of providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many topics of praise which might afford matter to the devotions of their posterity. I need not remark the beautiful spirit of poetry which runs through this whole hymn, nor the holiness of that resolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned those speeches which are assigned to the persons in this poem, I proceed to the description which the poet gives of Raphael. His departure from before the throne, and his flight through the choirs of angels, is finely imagined. As Milton every where fills his poem with circumstances that are marvellous and astonishing, he describes the gate of heaven as framed after such a manner, that

it

it opened of itself upon the approach of the angel who was to pass through it.

“ ———’Till at the gate  
 “ Of heav’n arriv’d, the gate self-open’d wide,  
 “ On golden hinges turning, as, by work  
 “ Divine, the sovereign architect had fram’d.”

The poet here seems to have regarded two or three passages in the 18th Iliad; as that in particular, where, speaking of Vulcan, Homer says that he had made twenty Tripodes running on golden wheels; which, upon occasion, might go of themselves to the assembly of the Gods, and when there was no more use for them, return again after the same manner. Scalliger has rallied Homer very severely upon this point; as M. Dacier has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether, in this particular of Homer, the marvellous does not lose sight of the probable. As the miraculous workmanship of Milton’s gates is not so extraordinary as this of the Tripodes; so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had he not been supported in it by a passage in the scripture, which speaks of wheels in heaven that had life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still, in conformity with the Cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no question but Milton had this circumstance in his thoughts; because, in the following book he describes the chariot of the Messiah with living wheels, according to the plan in Ezekiel’s vision.

“ ———Forth rush’d with whirlwind found  
 “ The chariot of *Paternal* Deity,  
 “ Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel un-  
 “ drawn,  
 “ Itself instinct with spirit———”

I question not but Bossu, and the two Daciers, who are for vindicating every thing that is censured in Homer,

Homer, by something parallel in Holy Writ, would have been very well pleas'd had they thought of conforming Vulcan's Tripodes with Ezekiel's wheels.

Raphael's descent to the earth, with the figure of his person, is represented in very lively colours. Several of the French, Italian, and English poets, have given a loose to their imaginations in the description of angels: but I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in Milton. After having set him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the earth, the poet concludes his description with a circumstance which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest strength of fancy.

“ ——— Like Maria's son he stood,  
 “ And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance  
 “ fill'd  
 “ The circuit wide. ——— ”

Raphael's reception by the guardian angels; his passing through the wilderness of sweets; his distant appearance to Adam; have all the graces that poetry is capable of bestowing. The author afterwards gives us a particular description of Eve in her domestic employments.

“ So saying, with dispatchful looks, in haste  
 “ She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,  
 “ What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
 “ What order, so contriv'd as not to mix  
 “ Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring  
 “ Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change;  
 “ Bestirs her then, &c.”

Though in this, and other parts of the same book, the subject is only the housewifery of our first parent, it is set off with so many pleasing images and strong expressions,

expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable parts in this divine work.

The natural majesty of Adam, and at the same time his submissive behaviour to the superior being who had vouchsafed to be his guest; the solemn HAIL which the angel bestows upon the mother of mankind, with the figure of Eve ministering at the table; are circumstances which deserve to be admired.

Raphael's behaviour is every way suitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a sociable spirit, with which the author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received instructions to converse with Adam, as one friend converses with another, and to warn him of the enemy who was contriving his destruction. Accordingly he is represented as sitting down at table with Adam, and eating of the fruits of Paradise. The occasion naturally leads him to his discourse on the food of angels. After having thus entered into conversation with man upon more indifferent subjects, he warns him of his obedience, and makes a natural transition to the history of that angel who was employed in the circumvention of our first parents.

Had I followed Monsieur Bossu's method in my first paper on Milton, I should have dated the action of Paradise Lost from the beginning of Raphael's speech in this book, as he supposes the action of the *Aeneid* to begin in the second book of that poem. I could allege many reasons for my drawing the action of the *Aeneid* rather from its immediate beginning in the first book, than from its remote beginning in the second; and shew why I have considered the sacking of Troy as an Episode, according to the common acceptance of that word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining piece of criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first Paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Whichever of the notions be true, the unity of Milton's action is preserved according to either of them; whether we consider the fall of man in its immediate beginning,

as proceeding from the resolutions taken in the infernal council, or in its more remote beginning, as proceeding from the first revolt of the angels in heaven. The occasion which Milton assigns for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in holy writ, and on the opinion of some great writers, so it was the most proper that the poet could have made use of.

The revolt in heaven is described with great force of imagination, and a fine variety of circumstances. The learned reader cannot but be pleased with the poet's imitation of Homer in the last of the following lines :

“ At length into the limits of the north  
 “ They came, and Satan took his royal seat  
 “ High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount  
 “ Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs  
 “ From diamonds quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,  
 “ The palace of great Lucifer (so call  
 “ That structure in the dialect of men  
 “ Interpreted)——”

Homer mentions persons and things, which he tells us in the language of the Gods are called by different names from those they go by in the language of men. Milton has imitated him with his usual judgment in this particular place ; wherein he has likewise the authority of Scripture to justify him. The part of Abdiel, who was the only spirit that in this infinite host of angels preserved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious singularity. The zeal of the seraphim breaks forth in a becoming warmth of sentiments and expressions ; as the character which is given us of him, denotes that generous scorn and intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The author doubtless designed it as a pattern to those who live among mankind in their present state of degeneracy and corruption.



" So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
 " Among the faithless, faithful only he ;  
 " Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
 " Unshaken, uneduc'd, unterrify'd ;  
 " His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal :  
 " Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
 " To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
 " Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,  
 " Long way thro' hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
 " Superior ; nor of violence fear'd aught :  
 " And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd  
 " On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd."

Saturday, March 22, 1711-12\*.

———*vocat in certamina divos.*

VIRG.

He calls embattled deities to arms.

WE are now entering upon the sixth book of "Paradise Lost," in which the poet describes the battle of the angels; having raised his reader's expectation, and prepared him for it by several passages in the preceding books. I omitted quoting these passages in my observations on the former books; having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the subject of which gave occasion to them. The author's imagination was so inflamed with this great scene of action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus, where he mentions Satan in the beginning of his poem:

" ——Him the almighty Power  
 " Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,  
 " With hideous ruin and combustion down  
 " To bottomless perdition, there to dwell

" No. 333.

F 2

" 12

“ In adamantine chains and penal fire,  
 “ Who durst defy th’ Omnipotent to arms.”

We have likewise several noble hints of it in the infernal conference.

“ O prince! O chief of many throned powers,  
 “ That led th’ embattled seraphim to war;  
 “ Too well I see, and rue the dire event  
 “ That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
 “ Hath lost us heav’n, and all this mighty host  
 “ In horrible destruction laid thus low.  
 “ But see! the angry victor has recall’d  
 “ His ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
 “ Back to the gates of heav’n. The sulphurous hail  
 “ Shot after us in storm, o’erblown, hath laid  
 “ The fiery furge, that from the precipice  
 “ Of heav’n receiv’d us falling: and the thunder,  
 “ Wing’d with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
 “ Perhaps has spent his shafts, and ceases now  
 “ To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.”

There are several other very sublime images on the same subject in the first book; as also in the second.

“ What! when we fled amain, pursued and struck  
 “ With heav’n’s afflicting thunder, and besought  
 “ The deep to shelter us; this hell then seem’d  
 “ A refuge from those wounds—”

In short, the poet never mentions any thing of this battle, but in such images of greatness and terror as are suitable to the subject. Among several others, I cannot forbear quoting that passage, where the Power who is described as presiding over the chaos, speaks in the third book.

“ Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,  
 “ With falt’ring speech and visage incompas’d,  
 “ Answer’d: I know thee, stranger, who thou art;  
 “ That

" That mighty leading angel who of late  
 " Made head against heaven's King, tho' overthrown,  
 " I saw and heard; for such a num'rous host  
 " Fled not in silence through the frightened deep,  
 " With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
 " Confusion worse confounded; and heaven's gates  
 " Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands  
 " Pursuing———"

It required great pregnancy of invention and strength of imagination, to fill this battle with such circumstances as should raise and astonish the mind of the reader; and at the same time an exactness of judgment, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into Homer, are surpris'd to find his battles still rising one above another, and improving in horror to the conclusion of the Iliad. Milton's fight of angels is wrought up with the same beauty. It is ushered in with such signs of wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first engagement is carried on under a cope of fire, occasioned by the flights of innumerable burning darts and arrows which are discharged from either host. The second onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial thunders, which seem to make the victory doubtful, and produce a kind of consternation even in the good angels. This is followed by the tearing up of mountains and promontories; till in the last place Messiah comes forth in the fulness of majesty and terror. The pomp of his appearance, amidst the roarings of his thunders, the flashes of his lightnings, and the noise of his chariot-wheels, is described with the utmost flights of human imagination.

There is nothing in the first and last day's engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the ideas most readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of angels.

The second day's engagement is apt to startle an imagination which has not been raised and qualified for

for such a description, by the reading of the ancient poets, and of Homer in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our author, to ascribe the first use of artillery to the rebel angels. But as such a pernicious invention may be well supposed to have proceeded from such authors; so it enters very properly into the thoughts of that being who is all along described as aspiring to the majesty of his Maker. Such engines were the only instruments he could have made use of to imitate those thunders, that in all poetry, both sacred and profane, are represented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether so daring a thought as the former. We are in some measure prepared for such an incident by the description of the giant's war, which we meet with among the ancient poets. What still made this circumstance the more proper for the poet's use, is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the giant's war, which makes so great a noise in antiquity, and gave birth to the sublimest description in Hesiod's works, was an allegory founded upon this very tradition of a fight between the good and bad angels.

It may perhaps be worth while to consider with what judgment Milton in this narration has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the descriptions of the Latin and Greek poets, and at the same time improved every great hint which he met with in their works upon this subject. Homer, in that passage which Longinus has celebrated for its sublimeness, and which Virgil and Ovid have copied after him, tells us that the giants threw Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa. He adds an epithet to Pelion (*ορειφυλλον*), which very much swells the idea, by bringing up to the reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There is further a greater beauty in his singling out by names these three remarkable mountains so well known to the Greeks. This last is such a beauty, as the scene of Milton's war could not possibly furnish him with.

Claudian,

Claudian, in his fragment upon the giant's war, has given full scope to that wildness of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us that the giants tore up whole islands by the roots, and threw them at the Gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up Lemnos in his arms, and whirling it to the skies, with all Vulcan's shop in the midst of it. Another tears up Mount Ida, with the river Enipeus, which ran down the sides of it; but the poet, not content to describe him with this mountain upon his shoulders, tells us that the river flowed down his back as he held it up in that posture. It is visible to every judicious reader, that such ideas favour more of the burlesque than of the sublime. They proceed from a wantonness of imagination, and rather divert the mind than astonish it. Milton has taken every thing that is sublime in these several passages, and composes out of them the following great image.

“ From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,  
 “ They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,  
 “ Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops  
 “ Uplifting, bore them in their hands.”

We have the full majesty of Homer in this short description, improved by the imagination of Claudian, without its puerilities.

I need not point out the description of the fallen angels seeing the promontories hanging over their heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless beauties in this book, which are so conspicuous that they cannot escape the notice of the most ordinary reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful strokes of poetry in this book, and such a variety of sublime ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this Paper. Besides that I find it in a great measure done to my hand at the end of my Lord Roscommon's Essay on  
 Translated

Translated Poetry. I shall refer my reader thither for some of the master-strokes of the sixth book of Paradise Lost, though at the same time there are many others which that noble author has not taken notice of.

Milton, notwithstanding the sublime genius he was master of, has in this book drawn to his assistance all the helps he could meet with among the ancient poets. The sword of Michael, which makes so great a havoc among the bad angels, was given him, we are told, out of the armoury of God.

“ ————— But the sword  
 “ Of Michael from the armoury of God  
 “ Was giv’n him, temper’d so that neither keen  
 “ Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
 “ The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite  
 “ Descending, and in half-cut sheer——”

This passage is a copy of that in Virgil, wherein the poet tells, that the sword of Æneas, which was given him by a deity, broke into pieces the sword of Turnus, which came from a mortal forge. As the moral in this place is divine; so by the way we may observe that the bestowing on a man who is favoured by heaven such an allegorical weapon, is very conformable to the old eastern way of thinking. Not only Homer has made use of it; but we find the Jewish hero in the book of Maccabees, who had fought the battles of the chosen people with so much glory and success, receiving in his dream a sword from the hand of the prophet Jeremiah. The following passage, wherein Satan is described as wounded by the sword of Michael, is in imitation of Homer.

“ The girding sword with discontinuous wound  
 “ Pass’d thro’ him; but th’ ethereal substance clos’d,  
 “ Not long divisible; and from the gash  
 “ A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow’d  
 “ Sanguine (such as celestial spirits may bleed),  
 “ And all his armour stain’d——”

Homer

Homer tells us in the same manner, that upon Diomedes wounding the Gods, there flowed from the wound an ichor, or pure kind of blood, which was not bred from mortal viands; and that though the pain was exquisitely great, the wound soon closed up and healed in those beings who are vested with immortality.

I question not but Milton, in his description of his furious Moloch flying from the battle, and bellowing with the wound he had received, had his eye on Mars in the Iliad; who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the fight, and making an outcry louder than that of a whole army when it begins the charge. Homer adds, that the Greeks and Trojans, who were engaged in a general battle, were terrified on each side with the bellowing of this wounded deity. The reader will easily observe how Milton has kept all the horror of this image, without running into the ridicule of it:

“ ——— Where the might of Gabriel fought,  
 “ And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array  
 “ Of Moloch, furious king! who him defy'd,  
 “ And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound  
 “ Threaten'd; nor from the Holy One of heav'n  
 “ Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous: but anon,  
 “ Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms  
 “ And uncouth pain fled bellowing ——— ”

Milton has likewise raised his description in this book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of Scripture. The Messiah's chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a vision of Ezekiel, who, as Grotius observes, has very much in him of Homer's spirit in the poetical parts of his prophecy.

The following lines, in that glorious commission which is given the Messiah to extirpate the host of rebel angels, is drawn from a sublime passage in the psalms:

VOL. III. — G 9

“ Go then, thou mightiest in thy Father’s might !

“ Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels

“ That shake heav’n’s basis ; bring forth all my war,

“ My bow, my thunder, my almighty arms ;

“ Gird on thy sword on thy puissant thigh—”

The reader will also discover many other strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but Milton had heated his imagination with the fight of the Gods in Homer, before he entered into this engagement of the angels. Homer there gives us a scene of men, heroes and Gods, mixed together in battle. Mars animates the contending armies, and lifts up his voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinctly amidst all the shouts and confusion of the fight. Jupiter at the same time thunders over their heads ; while Neptune raises such a tempest, that the whole field of battle and all the tops of the mountains shake about them. The poet tells us, that Pluto himself, whose habitation was in the very center of the earth, was so affrighted at the shock, that he leapt from his throne. Homer afterwards describes Vulcan as pouring down a storm of fire upon the river Xanthus, and Minerva as throwing a rock at Mars, who, he tells us, covered seven acres in his fall.

As Homer has introduced into his battle of the gods every thing that is great and terrible in nature, Milton has filled his fight of good and bad angels with all the like circumstances of horror. The shout of armies, the rattling of brazen chariots, the hurling of rocks and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employed to lift up the reader’s imagination, and give him a suitable idea of so great an action. With what art has the poet represented the whole body of the earth trembling, even before it was created?

“ All heav’n refounded ; and had earth been then,

“ All earth had to its’ centre shook——”

In



In how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole heaven shaking under the wheels of the Messiah's chariot, with that exception to the throne of God?

“ ————Under his burning wheels  
 “ The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,  
 “ All but the throne itself of God———”

Notwithstanding the Messiah appears clothed with so much terror and majesty, the poet has still found means to make his readers conceive an idea of him beyond what he himself is able to describe :

“ Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
 “ His thunder in mid volley; for he meant  
 “ Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven.”

In a word, Milton's genius, which was so great in itself, and so strengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to his subject, which was the most sublime that could enter into the thought of a poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he has given it certain resting-places, and opportunities of recovering itself from time to time; several speeches, reflections, similitudes, and the like reliefs, being interspersed to diversify his narration, and ease the attention of the reader.

Saturday, March 29, 1712\*.

— *Ut his exordia primis*

*Omnia, & ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.*

*Tum durare solum & discludere nereæ ponto.*

*Cæperit, & rerum paulatim sumere formas.*

VIRG. Ecl. vi. 33.

He fung the secret seeds of nature's frame:  
 How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,  
 Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall  
 Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.  
 The tender soil then stiff'ning by degrees,  
 Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas,  
 The earth and ocean various forms disclose,  
 And a new sun to the new world arose.

DRYDEN.

**L**ONGINUS has observed, that there may be a loftiness in sentiments where there is no passion; and brings instances out of ancient authors to support this his opinion. The pathetic, as that great critic observes, may animate and inflame the sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we often find that those who excel most in stirring up the passions, very often want the talent of writing in the great and sublime manner; and so on the contrary. Milton has shewn himself a master in both these ways of writing. The seventh book, which we are now entering upon, is an instance of that sublime which is not mixed and worked up with passion. The author appears in a kind of composed and sedate majesty; and though the sentiments do not give so great an emotion as those in the former book, they abound with as magnificent ideas. The

\* No. 339.

sixth book, like a troubled ocean, represents greatness in confusion: the seventh affects the imagination like the ocean in a calm, and fills the mind of the reader, without producing in it any thing like tumult or agitation.

The critic above mentioned, among the rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his reader that he should imitate the most celebrated authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in works of the same nature; as in particular, that if he writes on poetical subjects, he should consider how Homer would have spoken on such an occasion. By this means one great genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his spirit, without copying fervilely after him. There are a thousand shining passages in Virgil, which have been lighted up by Homer.

Milton, though his own natural strength of genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his conceptions by such an imitation as that which Longinus has recommended.

In this book, which gives us an account of the six days works, the poet received but very few assistances from heathen writers, who are strangers to the wonders of creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of poetry upon this subject in Holy Writ, the author has numberless allusions to them through the whole course of this book. The great critic I have before mentioned, though an heathen, has taken notice of the sublime manner in which the lawgiver of the Jews has described the creation in the first chapter of Genesis; and there are many other passages in scripture which rise up to the same majesty, where this subject is touched upon. Milton has shewn his judgment very remarkably in making use of such of these as were proper for his poem, and in duly qualifying those strains of Eastern poetry which were  
suited

suit'd to readers whose imaginations were set to an higher pitch than those of colder climates.

Adam's speech to the angel, wherein he desires an account of what had pass'd within the regions of nature before the creation, is very great and solemn. The following lines, in which he tells him that the day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind.

“ And the great light of day yet wants to run  
 “ Much of his race, though steep, suspense in heav'n  
 “ Held by thy voice; thy potent voice he hears,  
 “ And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
 “ His generation;” &c.

The angels encouraging our first parents in a modest pursuit after knowledge, with the causes which he assigns for the creation of the world, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in scripture, the heavens were made, goes forth in the power of his Father, surrounded with an host of angels, and clothed with such a majesty as becomes his entering upon a work which according to our conceptions appears the utmost exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful description has our author rais'd upon that hint in one of the prophets! And behold there came four chariots out from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of brass.

“ About his chariot numberless were pour'd,  
 “ Cherub and Seraph, potentates and thrones,  
 “ And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd  
 “ From the armoury of God, where stand of old  
 “ Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd  
 “ Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand;  
 “ Celestial equipage! and now came forth  
 “ Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,  
 “ Attendant on the Lord: Heav'n open'd wide  
 “ Her

“ Her ever-during gates ; harmonious found !”

“ On golden hinges moving——”

I have before taken notice of these chariots of God, and of these gates of Heaven ; and shall here only add, that Homer gives us the same idea of the latter, as opening of themselves ; though he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the hours first of all removed those prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole poem more sublime than the description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of his angels, as looking down into the chaos, calming its confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first outline of the creation.

“ On heav’nly ground they stood, and from the shore

“ They view’d the vast immeasurable abyss

“ Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,

“ Up from the bottom turn’d by furious winds

“ And surging waves, as mountains to assault

“ Heaven’s height, and with the centre mix the pole.

“ Silence ! ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace !

“ Said then th’ omnific Word ; your discord end :

“ Nor staid, but on the wings of Cherubim

“ Up-lifted, in paternal glory rode

“ Far into chaos, and the world unborn ;

“ For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train

“ Follow’d in bright procession, to behold

“ Creation, and the wonders of his might.

“ Then stay’d the fervid wheels, and in his hand

“ He took the golden compasses, prepar’d

“ In God’s eternal store to circumscribe

“ This universe, and all created things :

“ One foot he center’d, and the other turn’d

“ Round through the vast profundity obscure,

“ And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds ;

“ This be thy just circumference, O world !”

The thought of the golden compasses is conceived altogether in Homer's spirit, and is a very noble incident in this wonderful description. Homer, when he speaks of the Gods, ascribes to them several arms and instruments with the same greatness of imagination. Let the reader only peruse the description of Minerva's *Ægis*, or buckler, in the fifth book, with her spear which would overturn whole squadrons, and her helmet that was sufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities. The golden compasses in the above-mentioned passage appear a very natural instrument in the hand of him whom Plato somewhere calls the divine geometrician. As poetry delights in clothing abstracted ideas in allegories and sensible images, we find a magnificent description of the creation formed after the same manner in one of the prophets, wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, metting out the heavens with his span, comprehending the dust of the earth in a measure, weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Another of them, describing the Supreme Being in this great work of creation, represents him as laying the foundations of the earth, and stretching a line upon it: and in another place as garnishing the heavens, stretching out the north over the empty place, and hanging the earth upon nothing. This last noble thought Milton has expressed in the following verse:

“ And earth self-balanc'd on her centre hung.”

The beauties of description in this book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this Paper. The poet has employed on them the whole energy of our tongue. The several great scenes of the creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner that the reader seems present at this wonderful work, and to assist among the choirs of angels,

angels, who are the spectators of it. How glorious is the conclusion of the first day !

“ ——— Thus was the first day ev’n and morn :  
 “ Nor past uncelebrated, nor un sung  
 “ By the celestial choirs, when orient light  
 “ Exhaling first from darkness they beheld ;  
 “ Birth-day of Heav’n and Earth ! with joy and shout  
 “ The hollow universal orb they fill’d.”

We have the same elevation of thought in the third day, when the mountains were brought forth, and the deep was made.

“ Immediately the mountains huge appear  
 “ Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave  
 “ Into the clouds ; their tops ascend the sky :  
 “ So high as heav’d the tumid hills, so low  
 “ Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
 “ Capacious bed of waters——”

We have also the rising of the whole vegetable world described in this day’s work, which is filled with all the graces that other poets have lavished on their description of the spring, and leads the reader’s imagination into a theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several glories of the heavens make their appearance on the fourth day.

“ First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,  
 “ Regent of day, and all th’ horizon round  
 “ Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
 “ His longitude thro’ heaven’s high road ; the gray  
 “ Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc’d,  
 “ Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the Moon,  
 “ But opposite in level’d west was set,  
 “ His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
 “ From him ; for other lights she needed none  
 “ In that aspect, and still that distance keeps

" Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,  
 " Revolv'd on heaven's great axle, and her reign  
 " With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
 " With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
 " Spangling the hemisphere———."

One would wonder how the poet could be so concise in his description of the six days works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an episode, and at the same time so particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation, from the reptile to the behemoth. As the lion and the leviathan are two of the noblest productions in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a most exquisite spirit of poetry in the account which our author gives us of them. The sixth day concludes with the formation of man, upon which the angel takes occasion, as he did after the battle in heaven, to remind Adam of his obedience, which was the principal design of this visit.

The poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into heaven, and taking a survey of his great work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the poem, where the author describes the great period of time, filled with so many glorious circumstances; when the heavens and earth were finished: when the Messiah ascended up in triumph through the everlasting gates; when he looked down with pleasure upon his new creation; when every part of nature seemed to rejoice in its existence; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

" So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day :  
 " Yet not till the Creator, from his work  
 " Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,  
 " Up to the heaven of heavens, his high abode ;  
 " Thence to behold this new-created world,

" Th'



" Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd  
 " In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
 " Answering his great idea. Up he rode,  
 " Follow'd with acclamation and the sound  
 " Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd  
 " Angelic harmonies; the earth, the air  
 " Refounded (thou remember'ft, for thou heard'ft);  
 " The heavens and all the constellations rung;  
 " The planets in their station list'ning stood;  
 " While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
 " Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung;  
 " Open, ye heavens, your living doors; let in  
 " The great Creator from his work return'd  
 " Magnificent, his six days work, a world!"

I cannot conclude this book upon the creation, without mentioning a poem which has lately appeared under that title. The work was undertaken with so good an intention, and is executed with so great a mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse. The reader cannot but be pleased to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason, amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination. The author has shewn us that design in all the works of nature, which necessarily leads us to the knowledge of its first cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestible instances, that divine wisdom which the son of Sirach has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in his formation of the world, when he tells us, that " he created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works."

---

Saturday, April 5, 1712 \*.

---

*Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius alta  
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cetera possset,  
Natus homo est—*

OVID. Met. i. 76.

A creature of a more exalted kind  
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd;  
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,  
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest.

DRYDEN.

**T**HE accounts which Raphael gives of the battle of angels, and the creation of the world, have in them those qualifications which the critics judge requisite to an epifode. They are nearly related to the principal action, and have a just connection with the fable.

The eighth book opens with a beautiful description of the impression which this discourse of the archangel made on our first parents. Adam afterwards, by a very natural curiosity, enquires concerning the motions of those celestial bodies which make the most glorious appearance among the six days work. The poet here with a great deal of art represents Eve as withdrawing from this part of their conversation to amusements more suitable to her sex. He well knew that the epifode in this book, which is filled with Adam's account of his passion and esteem for Eve, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful reasons for her retiring.

“ So spake our fire, and by his countenance seem'd  
“ Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve  
No. 345. “ Perceiving,

- " Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,  
 " With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
 " And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
 " Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,  
 " To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
 " Her nursery: they at her coming sprung,  
 " And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.  
 " Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
 " Delighted, or not capable her ear  
 " Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,  
 " Adam relating, the sole auditress;  
 " Her husband the relater she preferr'd  
 " Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 " Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix  
 " Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
 " With conjugal caresses; from his lip  
 " Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now  
 " Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd!"

The angel's returning a doubtful answer to Adam's enquiries, was not only proper for the moral reason which the poet assigns, but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the function of an archangel to any particular system of philosophy. The chief points in the Ptolemaic and Copernican hypothesis are described with great conciseness and perspicuity, and at the same time dressed in very pleasing and poetical images.

Adam, to detain the angel, enters afterwards upon his own history, and relates to him the circumstances in which he found himself upon his creation; as also his conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with Eve. There is no part of the poem more apt to raise the attention of the reader than this discourse of our great ancestor; as nothing can be more surprising and delightful to us, than to hear the sentiments that arose in the first man, while he was yet new and fresh from the hands of his Creator. The poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this subject in Holy Writ with so many beautiful

ful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this whole episode. As our author knew this subject could not but be agreeable to his reader, he would not throw it into the relation of the six days work, but reserved it for a distinct episode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the poem, I cannot but take notice of two shining passages in the dialogue between Adam and the angel. The first is that wherein our ancestor gives an account of the pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble moral.

“ For while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven,  
 “ And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
 “ Than fruits of palm-trees (pleasanteft to thirst  
 “ And hunger both, from labour) at the hour  
 “ Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,  
 “ Tho’ pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine  
 “ Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.”

The other I shall mention, is that in which the angel gives a reason why he should be glad to hear the story Adam was about to relate.

“ For I that day was absent as befel,  
 “ Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
 “ Far on excursion towards the gates of hell,  
 “ Squar’d in full legion (such command we had)  
 “ To see that none thence issued forth a spy,  
 “ Or enemy, while God was in his work,  
 “ Lest he, incens’d at such eruption bold,  
 “ Destruction with creation might have mix’d.”

There is no question but our poet drew the image in what follows, from that in Virgil’s sixth book, where Æneas and the Sibyl stand before the adamantine gates, which are there described as shut upon the place of torments, and listen to the groans, the  
 clank

clank of chains, and the noise of iron whips that were heard in those regions of pain and sorrow.

“ ———Fast we found, fast shut  
 “ The dismal gates, and barricado’d strong;  
 “ But long e’er our approaching heard within  
 “ Noise other than the sound of dance or song;—  
 “ Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.”

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his condition and sentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeably does he represent the posture in which he found himself, the delightful landscape that surrounded him, and the gladness of heart which grew up in him on that occasion!

“ ———As new wak’d from soundest sleep,  
 “ Soft on the flow’ry herb I found me laid  
 “ In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun  
 “ Soon dry’d, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
 “ Straight toward heaven my wond’ring eyes I  
 “ turn’d,  
 “ And gaz’d a while the ample sky, till rais’d  
 “ By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
 “ As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
 “ Stood on my feet. About me round I saw  
 “ Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
 “ And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,  
 “ Creatures that liv’d and mov’d, and walk’d, or flew,  
 “ Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil’d  
 “ With fragrance, and with joy my heart o’erflow’d.

Adam is afterwards described as surpris’d at his own existence, and taking a survey of himself, and of all the works of nature. He likewise is represented as discovering by the light of reason, that he and every thing about him must have been the effect of some Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a right to his worship and adoration. His first address to the sun, and to those parts of the  
 creation

creation which made the most distinguished figure, is very natural and amusing to the imagination :

“ ——Thou Sun, said I, fair light,  
 “ And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,  
 “ Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains,  
 “ And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,  
 “ Tell, if ye saw, How came I thus? How here?”

His next sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired \*. His dream, in which he still preserves the consciousness of his existence, together with his removal into the garden which was prepared for his reception, are also circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred story.

These and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty, at the same time that they have all the graces of nature.

They are such as none but a great genius could have thought of, though, upon the perusal of them they seem to rise of themselves from the subject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural, they are not obvious, which is the true character of all fine writing.

The impression which the interdiction of the tree of life left in the mind of our first parent, is described with great strength and judgment; as the image of the several beasts and birds passing in review before him, is very beautiful and lively.

“ ——Each bird and beast behold  
 “ Approaching two and two, these cowering low  
 “ With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.  
 “ I nam'd them as they pass'd———”

Adam,

\* See Dr. BEATTIE'S "Essay on the Nat. and Immut. of Truth." Edinb. 1771. 8vo.

Adam, in the next place, describes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the subject of solitude. The poet here represents the Supreme Being as making of his own work, and putting to the trial that reasoning faculty with which he had endued his creature. Adam urges, in this divine colloquy, the impossibility of his being happy, though he was the inhabitant of Paradise, and lord of the whole creation, without the conversation and society of some rational creature, who should partake those blessings with him. This dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornaments, is as fine a part as any in the whole poem. The more the reader examines the justness and delicacy of its sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The poet has wonderfully preserved the character of majesty and condescension in the Creator, and at the same time that of humility and adoration in the creature, as particularly in the following lines :

“ Thus I presumptuous ; and the vision bright,  
 “ As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd, &c.  
 “ —I with leave of speech implor'd,  
 “ And humble deprecation thus reply'd :  
 “ Let not my words offend thee, heavenly Power ;  
 “ My Maker, be propitious while I speak, &c.”

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his second sleep, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of Eve. The new passion that was awakened in him at the sight of her, is touched very finely.

“ Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
 “ Manlike, but diff'rent sex : so lovely fair,  
 “ That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
 “ Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,  
 “ And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
 “ Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before :  
 “ And into all things from her air inspir'd  
 “ The spirit of love, and amorous delight.”

Adam's distress upon losing sight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the discovery of a real creature who resembled the apparition which had been presented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her; and his manner of courtship; are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of sentiment.

Though this part of the poem is worked up with great warmth and spirit, the love which is described in it is every way suitable to a state of innocence. If the reader compares the description which Adam here gives of his leading Eve to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr. Dryden has made on the same occasion in a scene of his "Fall of Man," he will be sensible of the great care which Milton took to avoid all thoughts on so delicate a subject that might be offensive to religion or good manners. The sentiments are chaste, but not cold; and convey to the mind ideas of the most transporting passion, and of the greatest purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the author joined together, in the reflection which Adam makes on the pleasures of love, compared to those of sense!

“ Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
 “ My story to the sum of earthly bliss  
 “ Which I enjoy; and must confess to find  
 “ In all things else delight indeed, but such  
 “ As, us'd or not, works in the mind no change  
 “ Nor vehement desire; these delicacies,  
 “ I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits and  
 “ flowers,  
 “ Walks, and the melody of birds: but here,  
 “ Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
 “ Transported touch; here passion first I felt,  
 “ Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else  
 “ Superior and unmov'd; here only weak  
 “ Against the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.  
 “ Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
 “ Not proof enough such object to sustain;

“ Or



" Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
 " More than enough ; at least on her bestow'd  
 " Too much of ornament, in outward shew  
 " Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
 " ————— When I approach  
 " Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
 " And in herself complete, so well to know  
 " Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
 " Seems wisest, virtuourest, discreetest, best ;  
 " All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 " Degraded ; wisdom in discourse with her  
 " Loses discountenanc'd, 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  
 " Abut her, as a guard angelic plac'd."

These sentiments of love in our first parent, gave the angel such an insight into human nature, that he seems apprehensive of the evils which might befall the species in general, as well as Adam in particular, from the excess of this passion. He therefore fortifies him against it by timely admonitions, which very artfully prepare the mind of the reader for the occurrences of the next book, where the weakness, of which Adam here gives such distant discoveries, brings about that fatal event which is the subject of the poem. His discourse which follows the gentle rebuke he received from the angel, shews that his love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in reason, and consequently not improper for Paradise.

" Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught  
 " In procreation common to all kinds  
 " ('Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
 " And with mysterious reverence I deem),  
 " So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
 " Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
 " From

“ From all her words and actions, mixt with love  
 “ And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
 “ Union of mind, or in us both one soul ;  
 “ Harmony to behold in wedded pair !”

Adam's speech, at parting with the angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature, and at the same time a certain dignity and greatness suitable to the father of mankind in his state of innocence.

---

Saturday, April 12, 1712\*.

---

*In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.*

VIRG. *Æn.* xii. 59.

On thee the fortunes of our house depend.

**I**F we look into the three great heroic poems which have appeared in the world, we may observe that they are built upon very slight foundations. Homer lived near 300 years after the Trojan war; and as the writing of history was not then in use among the Greeks, we may very well suppose that the tradition of Achilles and Ulysses had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge; though there is no question but he has wrought into his two poems such of their remarkable adventures as were still talked of among his contemporaries.

The story of *Æneas*, on which Virgil founded his poem, was likewise very bare of circumstances, and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embellishing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his fable, the principal particulars which were generally believed among the Romans of *Æneas's* voyage and settlement in Italy.

\* No. 351.

The

The reader may find an abridgment of the whole story as collected out of the ancient historians, and as it was received among the Romans, in Dionysius Halicarnassus.

Since none of the critics have considered Virgil's fable with relation to this history of Æneas; it may not perhaps be amiss to examine it in this light, so far as regards my present purpose. Whoever looks into the abridgment above mentioned, will find that the character of Æneas is filled with piety to the Gods, and a superstitious observation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions. Virgil has not only preserved this character in the person of Æneas; but has given a place in his poem to those particular prophecies which he found recorded of him in history and tradition. The poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprising. I believe very many readers have been shocked at that ludicrous prophecy which one of the Harpies pronounces to the Trojans in the third book, namely, that before they had built their intended city, they should be reduced by hunger to eat their very tables. But when they hear that this was one of the circumstances that had been transmitted to the Romans in the history of Æneas, they well think the poet did very well in taking notice of it. The historian above mentioned acquaints us, a prophetess had foretold Æneas that he should take his voyage westward, till his companions should eat their tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in Italy, as they were eating their flesh upon cakes of bread for want of other conveniencies, they afterwards fed on the cakes themselves; upon which one of the company said merrily, "We are eating our tables." They immediately took the hint, says the historian, and concluded the prophecy to be fulfilled. As Virgil did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the history of Æneas, it may be worth while to consider  
with

with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a passage in an heroic poem. The prophetess who foretels it, is an hungry Harpy; as the person who discovers it is young Ascanius.

*Heus ! etiam mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus.*

*Æn. vii. 116.*

See, we devour the plates on which we fed.

DRYDEN.

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the company. I am apt to think that the changing of the Trojan fleet into water-nymphs, which is the most violent machine in the whole *Æneid*, and has given offence to several critics, may be accounted for the same way. Virgil himself, before he begins that relation, premises, that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by tradition. What further confirms me that this change of the fleet was a celebrated circumstance in the history of *Æneas* is, that Ovid has given a place to the same Metamorphosis in his account of the heathen mythology.

None of the critics I have met with having considered the fable of the *Æneid* in this light, and taken notice how the tradition on which it was founded, authorises those parts in it which appear more exceptionable, I hope the length of this reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my readers.

The history which was the basis of Milton's poem, is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. The poet has likewise taken care to insert every circumstance of it in the body of his fable. The ninth book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the

the field; that he tempted the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit; that she was overcome by this temptation; and that Adam followed her example. From these few particulars, Milton has formed one of the most entertaining fables that invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several circumstances among so many beautiful and natural fictions of his own, that his whole story looks only like a comment upon sacred writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the disposition and contrivance of the fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more story in it, and is fuller of incidents than any other in the whole poem. Satan's traversing the globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his second series of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and, to avoid discovery, sinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and rises up again through a fountain that issued from it by the Tree of Life. The poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own person, and after the example of Homer, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a soliloquy of this infernal agent, who was thus restless in the destruction of man. He is then described as gliding through the garden under the resemblance of a mist, in order to find out the creature in which he designed to tempt our first parents. This description has something in it very poetical and surprising.

“ So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,  
“ Like a black mist low creeping, he led on  
“ His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
“ The

“ The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found  
 “ In labyrinth of many a round self-roll’d;  
 “ His head the midst, well stor’d with subtle wiles.”

The author afterwards gives us a description of the morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a divine poem, and peculiar to that first season of nature. He represents the earth, before it was curst, as a great altar, breathing out its incense from all parts, and sending up a pleasant favour to the nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of Adam and Eve, as offering their morning worship, and filling up the universal consort of praise and adoration:

“ Now when a sacred light began to dawn  
 “ In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed  
 “ Their morning incense, when all things that  
 “ breathe  
 “ From th’ Earth’s great altar send up silent praise  
 “ To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
 “ With grateful smell; forth came the human pair,  
 “ And join’d their vocal worship to the choir  
 “ Of creatures wanting voice——”

The dispute which follows between our two first parents, is represented with great art. It proceeds from a difference of judgment, not of passion, and is managed with reason, not with heat. It is such a dispute as we may suppose might have happened in Paradise, had man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interspersed in Adam’s discourse, and which the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of. That force of love which the father of mankind so finely describes in the eighth book, and which is inserted in my last Saturday’s Paper, shews itself here in many fine instances: as in those fond regards he casts towards Eve at her parting from him:

“ Her

" Her long with ardent look his eye purfu'd,  
 " Delighted ; but desiring more her stay,  
 " Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
 " Repeated ; she to him as oft engag'd  
 " To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r."

In his impatience and amusement during her absence :

" ————— Adam the while,  
 " Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
 " Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn  
 " Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,  
 " As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.  
 " Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
 " Solace in her return so long delay'd."

But particularly in that passionate speech, where, seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her rather than to live without her :

" ————— Some curst fraud  
 " Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
 " And me with thee hath ruin'd ; for with thee  
 " Certain my resolution is to die :  
 " How can I live without thee ! how forego  
 " Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,  
 " To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?  
 " Should God create another Eve, and I  
 " Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
 " Would never from my heart ; no, no ! I feel  
 " The link of nature draw me : flesh of flesh,  
 " Bone of my bone thou art ; and from thy state  
 " Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe !"

The beginning of this speech, and the preparation to it, are animated with the same spirit as the conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several wiles which are put in practice by the tempter, when he found Eve separated from her husband, the many pleasing images of nature which

are intermixed in this part of the story, with its gradual and regular progress to the fatal catastrophe, are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their respective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular similitudes in my remarks on this great work, because I have given a general account of them in my Paper on the first book. There is one, however, in this part of the poem, which I shall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole poem; I mean that where the serpent is described as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil spirit, and conducting Eve to her destruction, while Adam was at too great a distance from her to give her his assistance. These several particulars are all of them wrought into the following similitude:

“ ————— Hope elevates, and joy  
 “ Brightens his crest; as when a wandering fire,  
 “ Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night  
 “ Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
 “ Kindled through agitation to a flame  
 “ (Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends),  
 “ Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
 “ Misleads th’ amaz’d night-wanderer from his way  
 “ To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,  
 “ There swallow’d up and lost, from succour far.”

The secret intoxication of pleasure, with all those transient flushings of guilt and joy, which the poet represents in our first parents upon their eating the forbidden fruit, to those stagings of spirit, damps of sorrow, and mutual accusations which succeed it, are conceived with a wonderful imagination, and described in very natural sentiments.

When Dido, in the fourth *Æneid*, yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, Virgil tells us the earth trembled, the Heavens were filled with flashes of lightning, and the nymphs howled upon the mountain



tain tops. Milton, in the same poetical spirit, has described all nature as disturbed upon Eve's eating the forbidden fruit.

“ So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
 “ Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat :  
 “ Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat  
 “ Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe,  
 “ That all was lost———”

Upon Adam's falling into the same guilt, the whole creation appears a second time in convulsions.

“ ———— He scrupled not to eat,  
 “ Against his better knowledge ; not deceiv'd,  
 “ But fondly overcome with female charm.  
 “ Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
 “ In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan ;  
 “ Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
 “ Wept at completing of the mortal sin.”

As all nature suffered by the guilt of our first parents, these symptoms of trouble and consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of her sympathizing in the fall of man.

Adam's converse with Eve after having eaten the forbidden fruit, is an exact copy of that between Jupiter and Juno in the fourteenth Iliad. Juno there approaches Jupiter with the girdle which she had received from Venus ; upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desirable than she had ever done before, even when their loves were at the highest. The poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a summit of Mount Ida, which produced under them a bed of flowers, the *lotus*, the *crocus*, and the *hyacinth* ; and concludes his description with their falling asleep.

Let the reader compare this with the following passage in Milton, which begins with Adam's speech to Eve.

" For never did thy beauty, since the day  
 " I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd  
 " With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
 " With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 " Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.  
 " So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 " Of amorous intent, well understood  
 " Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
 " Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,  
 " Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,  
 " He led her, nothing loth; flowers were the couch,  
 " Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
 " And hyacinth, earth's freshest, softest lap.  
 " There they their fill of love and love's disport  
 " Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
 " The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep  
 " Oppress'd them————"

As no poet seems ever to have studied Homer more, or to have more resembled him in the greatness of genius than Milton, I think I should have given but a very imperfect account of its beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable passages which look like parallels in these two great authors. I might in the course of these criticisms have taken notice of many particular lines and expressions which are translated from the Greek poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater incidents, however, are not only set off by being shewn in the same light with several of the same nature in Homer, but by that means may be also guarded against the cavils of the tasteless or ignorant.

---

Saturday, April 19, 1712\*.

---

————— *Quis talia fando*  
*Temperet a lachrymis?* ———

VIRG. ii. 6.

Who can relate such woes without a tear?

THE tenth book of Paradise Lost has a greater variety of persons in it than any other in the whole poem. The author, upon the winding up of his action, introduces all those who had any concern in it, and shews with great beauty the influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the last act of a well-written tragedy, in which all who had part in it are generally drawn up before the audience, and represented under those circumstances in which the determination of the action places them.

I shall therefore consider this book under four heads, in relation to the celestial, the infernal, the humane, and the imaginary persons, who have their respective parts allotted in it.

To begin with the celestial persons. The guardian angels of Paradise are described as returning to heaven upon the fall of man, in order to approve their vigilance. Their arrival, their manner of reception, with the sorrow which appeared in themselves, and in those spirits who are said to rejoice at the conversion of a sinner, are very finely laid together in the following lines.

“ Up into Heav’n from Paradise in haste  
“ Th’ angelic guards ascended, mute and sad  
“ For man; for of his state by this they knew:  
“ Much wond’ring how the subtle fiend had stol’n  
\* No. 357. “ Entrance

" Entrance unfeen. Soon as th' unwelcome news  
 " From earth arriv'd at Heaven gate, displeas'd  
 " All were who heard: dim sadnefs did not spare  
 " That time celestial viſages; yet mixt  
 " With pity, violated not their bliſs.  
 " About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
 " Th' æthereal people ran, to hear and know  
 " How all beſel. They tow'rds the throne ſupreme  
 " Accountable made haſte, to make appear,  
 " With righteous plea, their utmoſt vigilance,  
 " And eaſily approv'd; when the moſt high  
 " Eternal Father, from his ſecret cloud  
 " Amidſt, in thunder utter'd thus his voice —"

The ſame divine perſon, who in the foregoing parts of this poem interceded for our firſt parents before their fall, otherthrew the rebel angels, and created the world, is now repreſented as deſcending to Paradiſe, and pronouncing ſentence upon the three offenders. The cool of the evening being a circumſtance with which Holy Writ introduces this great ſcene, it is poetically deſcribed by our author, who has alſo kept religiously to the form of words in which the three ſeveral ſentences were paſſed upon Adam, Eve, and the ſerpent. He has rather choſen to neglect the numerousneſs of his verſe, than to deviate from thoſe ſpeeches which are recorded on this great occaſion. The guilt and confuſion of our firſt parents, ſtanding naked before their judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of Sin and Death into the works of the creation, the Almighty is again introduced as ſpeaking to his angels that ſurrounded him.

" See! with what heat theſe dogs of hell advance,  
 " To waſte and havock yonder world, which I  
 " So fair and good created ;" &c.

The following paſſage is formed upon that glorious image in Holy Writ, which compares the voice of an

an innumerable host of angels uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunderings, or of many waters :

“ He ended ; and the heav’nly audience loud  
 “ Sung hallelujah, as the found of seas,  
 “ Through multitude that sung. Just are thy ways,  
 “ Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works ;  
 “ Who can extenuate thee ?——”

Though the author in the whole course of his poem, and particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite allusions to places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my remarks of such as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of his fable. Of this kind is that passage in the present book, where, describing Sin as marching through the works of nature, he adds,

“ ——Behind her Death  
 “ Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
 “ On his pale horse——”

Which alludes to that passage in Scripture so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination :  
 “ And I looked ; and behold a pale horse, and his  
 “ name that sat on him was Death, and Hell fol-  
 “ lowed with him : and power was given unto them  
 “ over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with  
 “ sword, and with hunger, and with sickness, and  
 “ with the beasts of the earth.” Under this first head of celestial persons we must likewise take notice of the command which the angels received, to produce the several changes in nature, and fully the beauty of the creation. Accordingly they are represented as infecting the stars and planets with malignant influences, weakening the light of the sun, bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature, planting winds and storms in several quarters

ters of the sky, storing the clouds with thunder, and, in short, perverting the whole frame of the universe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the poem, the following lines, in which we see the angels heaving up the earth, and placing it in a different posture to the sun from what it had before the fall of man, is conceived with that sublime imagination which was so peculiar to this great author.

“ Some say he bid his angels turn ascance  
 “ The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
 “ From the sun’s axle; they with labour push’d  
 “ Oblique the centric globe——”

We are in the second place to consider the infernal agents under the view which Milton has given us of them in this book. It is observed by those who would set forth the greatness of Virgil’s plan, that he conducts his reader through all the parts of the earth which were discovered in his time. Asia, Africa, and Europe, are the several scenes of his fable. The plan of Milton’s poem is of an infinitely greater extent, and fills the mind with many more astonishing circumstances. Satan having surrounded the earth seven times, departs at length from Paradise. We then see him steering his course among the constellations, and after having traversed the whole creation, pursuing his voyage through the chaos, and entering into his own infernal dominions.

His first appearance in the assembly of fallen angels, is worked up with circumstances which give a delightful surprize to the reader: but there is no incident in the whole poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of Satan himself is described after Ovid’s manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that poet’s works.

Milton

Milton never fails of improving his own hints, and bestowing the last finishing touches in every incident which is admitted into this poem. The unexpected his which arises in this episode, the dimensions and bulk of Satan, so much superior to those of the infernal spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole episode; as I have observed in the sixth part of these remarks, is also the great judgment with which it was contrived.

The parts of Adam and Eve, or the human persons, come next under our consideration. Milton's art is no-where more shewn than in his conducting the parts of these our first parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the reader with pity and compassion towards them. Though Adam involves the whole species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for Eve, that ruined Adam and his posterity. I need not add, that the author is justified in this particular by many of the fathers, and the most orthodox writers. Milton has by this means filled a great part of his poem with that kind of writing which the French critics call the *tender*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of readers.

Adam and Eve, in the book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such sentiments as do not only interest the reader in their afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration. When Adam sees the several changes of nature produced about him, he appears in a disorder of mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence and his happiness: he is filled with horror, remorse, despair. In the anguish

of his heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unasked existence.

“ Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
 “ To mould me man? Did I solicit thee  
 “ From darkness to promote me? or here place  
 “ In this delicious garden? As my will  
 “ Concurr'd not to my being, 'twere but right  
 “ And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
 “ Desirous to resign, and render back  
 “ All I receiv'd———”

He immediately after recovers from his presumption, owns his doom to be just, and begs that the death which is threatened him may be inflicted on him.

“ ———Why delays  
 “ His hand to execute what his decree  
 “ Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?  
 “ Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
 “ To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
 “ Mortality my sentence, and be earth  
 “ Insensible! how glad would lay me down,  
 “ As in my mother's lap! there should I rest  
 “ And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
 “ Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worse  
 “ To me and to my offspring would torment me  
 “ With cruel expectation———”

This whole speech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all those sentiments which we may suppose natural to a mind so broken and disturbed. I must not omit that generous concern which our first father shews in it for his posterity, and which is so proper to affect the reader:

“ ———Hide me from the face  
 “ Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
 “ Of happiness! yet well, if here would end  
 “ The



" The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear  
 " My own deservings: but this will not serve;  
 " All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,  
 " Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
 " Delightfully, *Increase and multiply*;  
 " Now death to hear! —————  
 " ————— In me all  
 " Posterity stands curs'd! Fair patrimony,  
 " That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able  
 " To waste it all myself, and leave you none!  
 " So disinherited, how would you bless  
 " Me now your curse! Ah! why should all mankind  
 " For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
 " If guiltless? But from me what can proceed  
 " But all corrupt? —————"

Who can afterwards behold the father of mankind, extended upon the earth, uttering his midnight complaints, bewailing his existence, and wishing for death, without sympathizing with him in his distress?

" Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
 " Through the still night; not now (as e'er man fell)  
 " Wholesome and cool, and mild, but with black air,  
 " Accompanied with damps and dreadful gloom,  
 " Which to his evil conscience represented  
 " All things with double terror. On the ground  
 " Outstretch'd he lay; on the cold ground! and oft  
 " Curs'd his creation; Death as oft accus'd  
 " Of tardy execution —————"

The part of Eve in this book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the reader in her favour. She is represented with great tenderness as approaching Adam, but is spurned from him with a spirit of upbraiding and indignation conformable to the nature of man, whose passions had now gained the dominion over him. The following passage, wherein she is described as renewing her addresses to him, with the whole

speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetic :

- “ He added not, and from her turn’d : but Eve  
 “ Not so repuls’d, with tears that ceas’d not flowing,  
 “ And tresses all disorder’d, at his feet  
 “ Fell humble ; and embracing them, besought  
 “ His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint :  
 “ Forfake me not thus, Adam ! Witness Heav’n  
 “ What love sincere, and rev’rence in my breast  
 “ I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
 “ Unhappily deceiv’d ! Thy suppliant,  
 “ I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not  
 “ (Whereon I live !) thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
 “ Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
 “ My only strength and stay ! Forlorn of thee,  
 “ Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?  
 “ While yet we live (scarce one short hour perhaps)  
 “ Between us two let there be peace, &c.

Adam’s reconciliation to her is worked up in the same spirit of tenderness. Eve afterwards proposes to her husband, in the blindness of her despair, that, to prevent their guilt from descending upon posterity, they should endeavour to live childless ; or if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods. As those sentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the mother of mankind with more than ordinary commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine moral. The resolution of dying to end our miseries, does not shew such a degree of magnanimity as a resolution to bear them, and submit to the dispensations of Providence. Our author has therefore with great delicacy represented Eve as entertaining this thought, and Adam as disapproving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the imaginary persons, or Death and Sin, who act a large part in this book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly some of the finest compositions of genius :  
 but

but as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the nature of an heroic poem. This of Sin and Death is very exquisite in its kind, if not considered as a part of such a work. The truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a reader who knows the strength of the English tongue, will be amazed to think how the poet could find such apt words and phrases to describe the actions of those two imaginary persons, and particularly in that part where Death is exhibited as forming a bridge over the chaos;—a work suitable to the genius of Milton.

Since the subject I am upon gives me an opportunity of speaking more at large of such shadowy and imaginary persons as may be introduced into heroic poems, I shall beg leave to explain myself in a matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the critics have treated of. It is certain Homer and Virgil are full of imaginary persons, who are very beautiful in poetry when they are just shewn without being engaged in any series of action. Homer indeed represents Sleep as a person, and ascribes a short part to him in his Iliad; but we must consider, that tho' we now regard such a person as entirely shadowy and unsubstantial, the heathens made statues of him, placed him in their temples, and looked upon him as a real deity. When Homer makes use of other such allegorical persons, it is only in short expressions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the most pleasing manner, and may rather be looked upon as poetical phrases than allegorical descriptions. Instead of telling us that men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the persons of Flight and Fear, who, he tells us, are inseparable companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when Apollo ought to have received his recompense, he tells us, that the Hours brought him his reward. Instead of describing the effects which Minerva's *Ægis* produced in battle, he tells us that the brims of it were encompassed by Terror, Rout, Discord, Fury, Pursuit,

fruit, Massacre and Death. In the same figure of speaking, he represents Victory as following Diomedes; Discord as the mother of funerals and mourning; Venus as dressed by the Graces; Bellona as wearing Terror and Consternation like a garment. I might give several other instances out of Homer, as well as a great many out of Virgil. Milton has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking; as where he tells us, that Victory sat on the right hand of the Messiah, when he marched forth against the rebel angels; that at the rising of the sun, the Hours unbarred the gates of light; that Discord was the daughter of Sin. Of the same nature are those expressions, where, describing the singing of the nightingale, he adds, "Silence was pleased:" and upon the Messiah's bidding peace to the chaos, "Confusion heard his voice." I might add innumerable instances of our poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which persons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are such short allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular circumstances to the reader, after an unusual and entertaining manner. But when such persons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an heroic poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking that Sin and Death are as improper agents in a work of this nature, as Strength and Necessity in one of the tragedies of Æschylus, who represented those two persons nailing down Prometheus to a rock; for which he has been justly censured by the greatest critics. I do not know any imaginary person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the prophets, who, describing God as descending from Heaven, and visiting the sins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumstance, "Before him went the Pestilence." It is certain this imaginary person might

might have been described in all her purple spots. The Fever might have marched before her; Pain might have stood at her right hand, Phrenzy on her left, and Death in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted from the earth in a flash of lightning. She might have tainted the atmosphere with her breath; the very glaring of her eyes might have scattered infection. But I believe every reader will think, that in such sublime writings, the mentioning of her, as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful poet could have bestowed upon her in the richness of his imagination.

---

Saturday, April 26, 1712\*.

---

———*Crudelis ubique*  
*Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.*  
 VIRG. *Æn.* ii. 368.

“ All parts resound with tumults, complaints, and fears;  
 “ And grisly Death in fundry shapes appears.”

DRYDEN.

MILTON has shewn a wonderful art in describing that variety of passions, which arise in our first parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the triumph of their guilt, through remorse, shame, despair, contrition, prayer and hope, to a perfect and complete repentance. At the end of the tenth book, they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: to which the poet joins this beautiful circumstance, that they offer'd up  
 \* No. 363. their

their penitential prayers on the very place where their judge appeared to them when he pronounced their sentence.

“ ——— They forthwith to the place  
 “ Repairing where he judg’d them, prostrate fell  
 “ Before him reverent, and both confess’d  
 “ Humbly their faults, and pardon begg’d, with tears  
 “ Watering the ground”——

There is a beauty of the same kind in a tragedy of Sophocles, where Oedipus, after having put out his own eyes, instead of breaking his neck from the palace-battlements (which furnishes so elegant an entertainment for our English audience), desires that he may be conducted to Mount Cithæron, in order to end his life in that very place where he was exposed in his infancy, and where he should then have died, had the will of his parents been executed.

As the author never fails to give a poetical turn to his sentiments, he describes in the beginning of this book the acceptance which these their prayers met with, in a short allegory, formed upon that beautiful passage in holy writ: And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne: and the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God.

“ ——— To heaven their prayers  
 “ Flew up, nor miss’d the way, by envious winds  
 “ Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass’d,  
 “ Dimensionless, through heavenly doors, then clad  
 “ With incense, where the golden altar fum’d;  
 “ By their great Intercessor came in sight  
 “ Before the Father’s throne——”

We have the same thought expressed a second time in the intercession of the Messiah, which is conceived in very emphatical sentiments and expressions.

Among the poetical parts of scripture which Milton has so finely wrought into this part of his narration, I must not omit that wherein Ezekiel, speaking of the angels who appeared to him in a vision, adds, that every one had four faces, and that their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings, were full of eyes round about.

“ ——The cohort bright  
 “ Of watchful cherubim, four faces each  
 “ Had, like a double Janus, all their shape  
 “ Spangled with eyes——”

The assembling of all the angels of heaven to hear the solemn decree passed upon man, is represented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here described as remembering mercy in the midst of judgment, and commanding Michael to deliver his message in the mildest terms, lest the spirit of man, which was already broken with the sense of his guilt and misery, should fail before him.

“ ——Yet lest they faint  
 “ At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd;  
 “ For I behold them softened, and with tears  
 “ Bewailing their excess; all terror hide.”

The conference of Adam and Eve is full of moving sentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy night which they had passed together, they discover the lion and the eagle, each of them pursuing their prey towards the eastern gates of Paradise. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it presents great and just omens, which are always agreeable in poetry, but as it expresses that enmity which was now produced in the animal creation. The poet, to shew the like changes in nature, as well

as to grace his fable with a noble prodigy, represents the sun in an eclipse. This particular incident has likewise a fine effect upon the imagination of the reader in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the sun is under an eclipse, a bright cloud descends in the western quarter of the heavens, filled with an host of angels, and more luminous than the sun itself. The whole theatre of nature is darkened, that this glorious machine may appear in all its lustre and magnificence.

“ ——— Why in the east

“ Darknefs e'erday's mid-course? and morning light

“ More orient in that western cloud that draws

“ O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,

“ And slow descends with something heavenly  
fraught?

“ He err'd not; for by this the heavenly bands

“ Down from a sky of jasper lighted now

“ In paradise, and on a hill made halt;

“ A glorious apparition——”

I need not observe how properly this author, who always suits his parts to the actors whom he introduces, has employed Michael in the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise. The archangel on this occasion neither appears in his proper shape, nor in the familiar manner with which Raphael the sociable spirit entertained the father of mankind before the fall. His person, his port and behaviour, are suitable to a spirit of the highest rank, and exquisitely described in the following passage:

“ ——— Th' archangel soon drew nigh,

“ Not in his shape celestial; but as man

“ Glad to meet man: over his lucid arms

“ A military vest of purple flow'd,

“ Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain

“ Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old

“ In time of truce: Iris had dipt the woof:

“ His



" His starry helm, unbuckled, shew'd him prime  
 " In manhood where youth ended; by his side,  
 " As in a glist'ring zodiac hung the sword,  
 " Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.  
 " Adam bow'd low: he kingly from his state  
 " Inclin'd not; but his coming thus declar'd."

Eve's complaint, upon hearing that she was to be removed from the garden of Paradise, is wonderfully beautiful. The sentiments are not only proper to the subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish.

" Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave  
 " Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades;  
 " Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend  
 " Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
 " That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,  
 " That never will in other climate grow,  
 " My early visitation, and my last  
 " At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
 " From the first opening bud, and gave you names;  
 " Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank  
 " Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?  
 " Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd  
 " With what to fight or sinell was sweet: from thee  
 " How shall I part? and whither wander down  
 " Into a lower world, to this, obscure  
 " And wild? How shall we breathe in other air  
 " Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits?"

Adam's speech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more sublime and poetical than the following passage in it:

" This most afflicts me, that departing hence  
 " As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd  
 " His blessed count'nance: Here I could frequent,  
 " With

- " With worship, place by place where he vouch-  
 saf'd  
 " Prefence divine ; and to my sons relate ;  
 " On this mount he appear'd, under this tree  
 " Stood visible, among these pines his voice  
 " I heard ; here with him at this fountain talk'd :  
 " So many grateful altars I would rear  
 " Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 " Of lustre from the brook, in memory  
 " Or monuments to ages, and thereon  
 " Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs.  
 " In yonder nether world, where shall I seek  
 " His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?  
 " For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd  
 " To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now  
 " Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 " Of glory, and far off his steps adore."

The angel afterwards leads Adam to the highest mount of Paradise, and lays before him a whole hemisphere, as a proper stage for those visions which were to be represented on it. I have before observed how the plan of Milton's poem is in many particulars greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. Virgil's hero, in the last of these poems, is entertained with a sight of all those who are to descend from him; but though that episode is justly admired as one of the noblest designs in the whole *Æneid*, every one must allow that this of Milton is of a much higher nature. Adam's vision is not confined to any particular tribe of mankind; but extends to the whole species.

In this great review which Adam takes of all his sons and daughters, the first objects he is presented with, exhibit to him the story of Cain and Abel, which is drawn together with much closeness and propriety of expression. That curiosity and natural horror which arises in Adam at the sight of the first dying man, is touched with great beauty.

" But

- “ But have I now seen death? Is this the way  
 “ I must return to native dust? O fight  
 “ Of terror foul, and ugly to behold!  
 “ Horrid to think! how horrible to feel!

The second vision sets before him the image of death in a great variety of appearances. The angel, to give him a general idea of those effects which his guilt had brought upon his posterity, places before him a large hospital or lazar-house, filled with persons lying under all kinds of mortal diseases. How finely has the poet told us that the sick persons languished under lingering and incurable distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such imaginary beings as those I mentioned in my last Saturday's paper!

- “ Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair  
 “ Tended the sick, busy from couch to couch;  
 “ And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 “ Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invoc'd  
 “ With vows, as their chief good and final hope.”

The passion, which likewise rises in Adam on this occasion, is very natural.

- “ Sight so deform what heart of rock could long  
 “ Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not; but wept,  
 “ Tho' not of woman born: compassion quell'd  
 “ His best of man, and gave him up to tears.”

The discourse between the angel and Adam, which follows, abounds with noble morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry than a contrast and opposition of incidents, the author, after this melancholy prospect of death and sickness, raises up a scene of mirth, love, and jollity. The secret pleasure that steals into Adam's heart, as he is intent upon this vision, is imagined with great delicacy. I must not omit the description of the loose  
 female

female troop, who seduced the sons of God, as they are called in Scripture.

“ For that fair female troop thou saw’st, that seem’d  
 “ Of goddesses, so blythe, so smooth, so gay,  
 “ Yet empty of all good, wherein consists  
 “ Woman’s domestic honour, and chief praise ;  
 “ Bred only and completed to the taste  
 “ Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance.  
 “ To dress, and trouble the tongue, and roll the eye :  
 “ To these that sober race of men, whose lives  
 “ Religious titled them the sons of God,  
 “ Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,  
 “ Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles  
 “ Of those fair atheists——”

The next vision is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrors of war. Adam at the sight of it melts into tears, and breaks out into that passionate speech,

“ —— O what are these !  
 “ Death’s ministers, not men, who thus deal death  
 “ Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
 “ Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew  
 “ His brother : for of whom such massacre  
 “ Make they, but of their brethren ? men of men !

Milton, to keep up an agreeable variety in his visions, after having raised in the mind of his reader the several ideas of terror which are conformable to the description of war, passes on to those softer images of triumphs and festivals, in that vision of lewdness and luxury which ushers in the flood.

As it is visible that the poet had his eye upon Ovid’s account of the universal deluge, the reader may observe with how much judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the Latin poet. We do not here see the wolf swimming among the sheep, nor any of those wanton imaginations,

tions which Seneca found fault with as unbecoming this great catastrophe of nature. If our poet has imitated that verse in which Ovid tells us that there was nothing but sea, and that this sea had no shore to it; he has not the thought in such a light as to incur the censure which critics have passed upon it. The latter part of that verse in Ovid is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in Milton.

*Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebat;  
Nil nisi pontus erat; deerant quoque littora ponto.*

Ovid. Met. i. 291.

“ Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;  
“ A world of waters, and without a coast.”

DRYDEN

“ ——— Sea cover'd sea,  
“ Sea without shore ———”

MILTON.

In Milton the former part of the description does not forestal the latter. How much more great and solemn on this occasion is that which follows in our English poet,

“ ——— And in their palaces,  
“ Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd  
“ And stabled ———”

than that in Ovid, where we are told that the sea-calves lay in those places where the goats were used to browse! The reader may find several other parallel passages in the Latin and English description of the deluge, wherein our poet has visibly the advantage. The sky's being over-charged with clouds, the descending of the rains, the rising of the seas, and the appearance of the rainbow, are such descriptions as every one must take notice of. The circumstance relating to Paradise is so finely imagined, and suitable

to the opinions of many learned authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this paper.

“ ——— Then shall this mount  
 “ Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd  
 “ Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,  
 “ With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift  
 “ Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,  
 “ And there take root; an island salt and bare,  
 “ The haunt of seals, and orcs and sea-mews clang.”

The transition which the poet makes from the vision of the deluge to the concern it occasioned in Adam, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after Virgil; though the first thought it introduces is rather in the spirit of Ovid.

“ How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
 “ The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
 “ Depopulation! Thee another flood,  
 “ Of tears and sorrow, a flood; thee also drown'd  
 “ And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd  
 “ By th' angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,  
 “ Tho' comfortless, as when a father mourns  
 “ His children all in view destroy'd at once.”

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh book of Paradise Lost, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining books of this poem; for which reason the reader might be apt to overlook those many passages in it which deserve our admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that single circumstance of the removal of our first parents from Paradise; but though this is not in itself so great a subject as that in most of the foregoing books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising incidents and pleasing episodes, that these two last books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this divine poem. I must further add, that had not  
 Milton

Milton represented our first parents as driven out of Paradise, his Fall of Man would not have been complete, and consequently his action would have been imperfect.

---

Saturday, May 3, 1712\*.

---

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus—*

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 279.

—What we hear moves less than what we see.

ROSCOMMON.

MILTON, after having represented in vision the history of mankind to the first great period of nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in narration. He has devised a very handsome reason for the angel's proceeding with Adam after this manner; though doubtless the true reason was the difficulty which the poet would have found to have shadowed out so mixed and complicated a story in visible objects. I could wish, however, that the author had done it, whatever pains it might have cost him. To give my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the history of mankind in vision, and part in narrative, is as if an history-painter should put in colours one half of his subject, and write down the remaining part of it. If Milton's poem flags anywhere, it is in this narration; where in some places the author has been so attentive to his divinity, that he has neglected his poetry. The narration, however, rises very happily on several occasions, where the subject is capable of poetical ornaments; as particularly in the confusion which he describes among the builders of Babel, and in his short sketch of the

VOL. III.

N

plagues

\* No. 369.

plagues of Egypt. The storm of hail and fire, with the darkness that overspread the land for three days, are described with great strength. The beautiful passage which follows, is raised upon noble hints in Scripture :

“ ——— Thus with ten wounds  
 “ The river-dragon tam'd at length submits  
 “ To let his sojourners depart ; and oft  
 “ Humbles his stubborn heart ; but still as ice  
 “ More harden'd after thaw : till in his rage  
 “ Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea  
 “ Swallows him with his host ; but them let pass  
 “ As on dry land between two crystal walls ;  
 “ Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand  
 “ Divided ——— ”

The river-dragon is an allusion to the crocodile, which inhabits the Nile, from whence Egypt derives her plenty. This allusion is taken from that sublime passage in Ezekiel : “ Thus saith the Lord God, Behold I am against thee, Pharaoh king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself.” Milton has given us another very noble and poetical image in the same description, which is copied almost word for word out of the history of Moses :

“ All night he will pursue, but his approach  
 “ Darkness defends between till morning watch ;  
 “ Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud  
 “ God looking forth, will trouble all his host,  
 “ And craze their chariot wheels : when by command  
 “ Moses once more his potent rod extends  
 “ Over the sea : the sea his rod obeys :  
 “ On their embattell'd ranks the waves return,  
 “ And overwhelm their war ——— ”



As the principal design of this Epifode was to give Adam an idea of the holy perfon who was to reinstate human nature in that happiness and perfection from which it had fallen, the poet confines himself to the line of Abraham, from whence the Messiah was to descend. The angel is described as seeing the patriarch actually travelling towards the Land of Promise, which gives a particular liveliness to this part of the narration.

“ I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
 “ He leaves his Gods, his friends, his native soil  
 “ Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford  
 “ To Haran; after him a cumbrous train  
 “ Of herds, and flocks, and num’rous servitude;  
 “ Not wand’ring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
 “ With God, who call’d him in a land unknown.  
 “ Canaan he now attains. I see his tents  
 “ Pitch’d about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain  
 “ Of Moren: There by promise he receives  
 “ Gift to his progeny of all that land;  
 “ From Hamath northward to the desert south;  
 “ (Things by their names I call, tho’ yet unnam’d.)”

As Virgil’s vision in the sixth *Æneid* probably gave Milton the hint of this whole Epifode, the last line is a translation of that verse where Anchises mentions the names of places, which they were to bear hereafter.

*Hæc tum nomina erunt; nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.*

The poet has very finely represented the joy and gladness of heart which rises in Adam upon his discovery of the Messiah. As he sees his day at a distance through types and shadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the redemption of man completed, and Paradise again renewed, he breaks forth in rapture and transport:

“ O goodness infinite ! goodness immense !  
 “ That all this good of evil shall produce, &c.”

I have hinted in my sixth paper on Milton, that an heroic poem, according to the opinion of the best critics, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of the reader, after having conducted it through many doubts and fears, sorrows and disquietudes, in a state of tranquillity and satisfaction. Milton's fable, which had so many other qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular. It is here, therefore, that the poet has shewn a most exquisite judgment, as well as the finest invention, by finding out a method to supply this natural defect in his subject. Accordingly he leaves the adversary of mankind, in the last view which he gives of him, under the lowest state of mortification and disappointment. We see him chewing ashes, groveling in the dust, and loaden with supernumerary pains and torments. On the contrary, our two first parents are comforted by dreams and visions, cheered with promises of salvation, and in a manner raised to a greater happiness than that which they had forfeited. In short, Satan is represented miserable in the height of his triumphs, and Adam triumphant in the height of misery.

Milton's poem ends very nobly. The last speeches of Adam and the archangel are full of moral and instructive sentiments. The sleep that fell upon Eve, and the effects it had in quieting the disorders of her mind, produces the same kind of consolation in the reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful speech which is ascribed to the mother of mankind, without a secret pleasure and satisfaction.

“ Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st,

“ I know ;

“ For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise ;

“ Which he hath sent propitious, some great good

“ Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress

“ Wearied I fell asleep. But now lead on ;

“ In

" In me is no delay : with thee to go,  
 " Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay,  
 " Is to go hence unwilling : thou to me  
 " Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,  
 " Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.  
 " This farther consolation yet secure  
 " I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,  
 " Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,  
 " By me the promis'd seed shall all restore."

The following lines, which conclude the poem, rise in a most glorious blaze of poetical images and expressions.

Heliodorus in his *Æthiopics* acquaints us, that the motion of the Gods differs from that of mortals ; as the former do not stir their feet, nor proceed step by step, but slide over the surface of the earth by an uniform swimming of the whole body. The reader may observe with how poetical a description Milton has attributed the same kind of motion to the angels who were to take possession of Paradise.

" So spake our mother Eve ; and Adam heard  
 " Well pleas'd, but answer'd not : for now too nigh  
 " Th' archangel stood ; and from the other hill  
 " To their fix'd station, all in bright array,  
 " The cherubim descended ; on the ground  
 " Gliding meteorous, as evening mist  
 " Ris'n from a river o'er the marsh glides,  
 " And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel,  
 " Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,  
 " The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd  
 " Fierce as a comet———"

The author helped his invention in the following passage, by reflecting on the behaviour of the angel, who, in holy writ, has the conduct of Lot and his family. The circumstances drawn from that relation are very gracefully made use of on this occasion.

" In

" In either hand the hast'ning angel caught  
 " Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate  
 " Led them direct ; and down the cliff as fast  
 " To the subjected plain ; then disappear'd,  
 " They looking back, &c."

The scene which our first parents are surpris'd with, upon their looking back on Paradise, wonderfully strikes the reader's imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the tears they shed on that occasion.

" They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld  
 " Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
 " Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate  
 " With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms :  
 " Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them  
 " soon :  
 " The world was all before them, where to choose  
 " Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

If I might presume to offer at the smallest alteration in this divine work, I should think the poem would end better with the passage here quoted, than with the two verses which follow :

" They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,  
 " Through Eden took their solitary way."

These two verses, though they have their beauty, fall very much below the foregoing passage, and renew in the mind of the reader that anguish which was pretty well laid by that consideration.

" The world was all before them where to choose  
 " Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

The number of Books in Paradise Lost is equal to those of the *Æneid*. Our author in his first edition had divided his poem into ten books, but afterwards broke

broke the seventh and eleventh each of them into two different books, by the help of some small additions. This second division was made with great judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a chimerical beauty as that of resembling Virgil in this particular, but for the more just and regular disposition of this great work.

Those who have read Bossu, and many of the critics who have written since his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular moral which is inculcated in *Paradise Lost*. Though I can by no means think with the last mentioned French author, that an epic writer first of all pitches upon a certain moral as the ground-work and foundation of his poem, and afterwards finds out a story to it; I am, however, of opinion, that no just heroic poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in Milton is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined. It is in short this: That obedience to the will of God makes men happy; and that disobedience makes them miserable. This is visibly the moral of the principal fable, which turns upon Adam and Eve, who continued in Paradise while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the moral of the principal episode, which shews us how an innumerable multitude of angels fell from their disobedience. Besides this great moral, which may be looked upon as the soul of the fable, there are an infinity of under-morals which are to be drawn from the several parts of the poem, and which makes this work more useful and instructive than any other poem in any language.

Those who have criticised on the *Odysey*, the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months and days contained in the action of each of those poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in Milton, he

he will find that from Adam's first appearance in the fourth book, to his expulsion from Paradise in the twelfth, the author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is described in the three first books, as it does not pass within the regions of nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any calculations of time.

I have now finished my observations on a work which does an honour to the English nation. I have taken a general view of it under these four heads; the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language; and made each of them the subject of a particular paper. I have in the next place spoken of the censures which our author may incur under each of these heads, which I have confined to two papers, though I might have enlarged the number if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a subject. I believe, however, that the severest reader will not find any little fault in heroic poetry which this author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those heads among which I have distributed his several blemishes. After having thus treated at large of Paradise Lost, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this poem in the whole, without descending to particulars. I have therefore bestowed a paper upon each book, and endeavoured not only to prove that the poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties, and to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavoured to shew how some passages are beautiful by being sublime, others by being soft, others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the passion, which by the moral, which by the sentiment, and which by the expression. I have likewise endeavoured to shew how the genius of the poet shines by a happy invention, a distant allusion, or a judicious imitation; how he has copied or improved Homer or Virgil, and raises his own imaginations by the use which he has made of several poetical passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several passages in Tasso, which our author

thor has imitated: But as I do not look upon Taffo to be a sufficient voucher, I would not perplex my reader with such quotations as might do more honour to the Italian than the English poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable kinds of beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to poetry, and which may be met with in the works of this great author. Had I thought at my first engaging in this design that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have entered upon it: But the kind reception which it has met with among those whose judgments I have a value for, as well as the uncommon demands which my bookseller tells me have been made for these particular discourses, give me no reason to repent of the pains I have been at in composing them.

---

Tuesday, January 8, 1711-12\*.

---

— *Ævo rarissima nostro*  
*Simplicitas* —

OVID. *ARS AM.* i. 241.

Most rare is now our old simplicity.

DRYDEN.

I WAS this morning surpris'd with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me and told me there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last

VOL. III.

O

night

\* No. 269.

night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's-Inn walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a fight of Prince Eugene, and he desired that I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's-Inn walks but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour; for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own expression), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who, before he saw me, was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket, and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service; and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Dr. Barrow. I have left, says he, all my affairs in his hands; and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty merks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners.

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand  
into



into his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation; for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. But for my own part, says Sir Roger, I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudible custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season; that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbours; and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs puddings, with a pack of cards, to every poor family in the parish. I have often thought, says Sir Roger, it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a-running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pye on the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry

as any of them, and shews a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions.

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late act of parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect; for that a rigid dissentor who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plumb-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of a smile, whether Sir Andrew had not taken the advantage of his absence, to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after, gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, Tell me truly, says he; don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the pope's procession?—but without giving me time to answer him, Well, well, says he, I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters.

The knight then asked me, If I had seen prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place, where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general; and I found that since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall-window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's? As I love the old man, I take delight

in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the Supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands; infomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, until the knight had got all his conveniencies about him.

---

Thursday, January 10, 1711-12\*.

---

*Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores.*

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 701.

Drawing a thousand colours from the light.

DRYDEN.

I RECEIVE a double advantage from the letters of my correspondents; first, as they shew me which of my Papers are most acceptable to them; and in the next place, as they furnish me with materials for new speculations. Sometimes indeed I do not make use of the letter itself, but form the hints of it into plans of my own invention; sometimes I take the liberty to change the language or thought into my own way of speaking and thinking, and always (if it can be done without prejudice to the sense) omit the many compliments and applauses which are usually bestowed upon me.

\* No. 271.

Besides

Besides the two advantages above mentioned which I receive from the letters that are sent me, they give me an opportunity of lengthening out my Paper by the skilful management of the subscribing part at the end of them, which perhaps does not a little conduce to the ease both of myself and reader.

Some will have it, that I often write to myself, and am the only punctual correspondent I have. This objection would indeed be material, were the letters I communicate to the public stuffed with my own commendations; and if instead of endeavouring to divert or instruct my readers, I admired in them the beauty of my own performances. But I shall leave these wise conjecturers to their own imaginations, and produce the three following letters for the entertainment of the day.

“ SIR,

“ I WAS last Thursday in an assembly of ladies,  
 “ where there were thirteen different coloured  
 “ hoods. Your Spectator of that day lying upon  
 “ the table, they ordered me to read it to them, which  
 “ I did with a very clear voice, until I came to the  
 “ Greek verse at the end of it. I must confess I was  
 “ a little startled at its popping upon me so unexpect-  
 “ edly. However, I covered my confusion as well as  
 “ I could, and after having muttered two or three  
 “ hard words to myself, laughed heartily, and cried,  
 “ A very good jest faith. The ladies desired me to  
 “ explain it to them; but I begged their pardon for  
 “ that, and told them, that if it had been proper for  
 “ them to hear, they might be sure the author would  
 “ not have wrapped it up in Greek. I then let drop  
 “ several expressions, as if there was something in it  
 “ that was not fit to be spoken before a company of  
 “ ladies. Upon which the matron of the assembly,  
 “ who was dressed in a cherry-coloured hood, com-  
 “ mended the discretion of the writer for having  
 “ thrown his filthy thoughts into Greek, which was  
 “ likely to corrupt but few of his readers. At the  
 “ same time she declared herself very well pleased,  
 “ that

" that he had not given a decisive opinion upon the  
 " *new-fashioned* hoods; for to tell you truly, says she,  
 " I was afraid he would have made us ashamed to  
 " shew our heads. Now, Sir, you must know, since  
 " this unlucky accident happened to me in a com-  
 " pany of ladies, among whom I passed for a most  
 " ingenious man, I have consulted one who is well  
 " versed in the Greek language, and he assures me  
 " upon his word, that your late quotation means no  
 " more than that "Manners and not dress are the or-  
 " naments of a woman." If this comes to the know-  
 " ledge of my female admirers, I shall be very hard  
 " put to it to bring myself off handsomely. In the  
 " mean while, I give you this account, that you may  
 " take care hereafter not to betray any of your well-  
 " wishers into the like inconveniencies. It is in the  
 " number of these that I beg leave to subscribe my-  
 " self,

" TOM TRIPPIT."

" Mr. SPECTATOR,

" YOUR readers are so well pleased with your  
 " character of Sir Roger de Coverley, that there  
 " appeared a sensible joy in every coffee-house upon  
 " hearing the old knight was come to town. I am  
 " now with a knot of his admirers, who make it  
 " their joint request to you, that you would give us  
 " public notice of the window or balcony where the  
 " knight intends to make his appearance. He has  
 " already given great satisfaction to several who have  
 " seen him at Squire's coffee-house. If you think  
 " fit to place your short face at Sir Roger's left el-  
 " bow, we shall take the hint, and gratefully ac-  
 " knowledge so great a favour.

" I am, SIR,

" Your most devoted humble Servant,

" C. D."

" SIR,

“ SIR,

“ **K**NOWING that you are very inquisitive after  
 “ every thing that is curious in nature, I will  
 “ wait on you if you please in the dusk of the even-  
 “ ing, with my *show* upon my back, which I carry  
 “ about with me in a box, as only consisting of a  
 “ man, a woman, and an horse. The two first are  
 “ married; in which state the little cavalier has so  
 “ well acquitted himself, that his lady is with child.  
 “ The big-bellied woman, and her husband, with  
 “ their whimsical palfry, are so very light, that when  
 “ they are put together into a scale, an ordinary man  
 “ may weigh down the whole family. The little  
 “ man is a bully in his nature; but when he grows  
 “ choleric, I confine him to his box until his wrath  
 “ is over; by which means I have hitherto prevent-  
 “ ed him from doing mischief. His horse is likewise  
 “ very vicious; for which reason I am forced to tie  
 “ him close to his manger with a packthread. The  
 “ woman is a coquette. She struts as much as it is  
 “ possible for a lady of two feet high, and would  
 “ ruin me in silks, were not the quantity that goes  
 “ to a large pin-cushion sufficient to make her a gown  
 “ and petticoat. She told me the other day, that she  
 “ heard the ladies wore coloured hoods, and ordered  
 “ me to get her one of the finest blue. I am forced  
 “ to comply with her demands whilst she is in her  
 “ present condition, being very willing to have more  
 “ of the same breed. I do not know what she may  
 “ produce me; but provided it be a *show*, I shall be  
 “ very well satisfied. Such novelties should not, I  
 “ think, be concealed from the British Spectator;  
 “ for which reason I hope you will excuse this pre-  
 “ sumption in

“ Your most dutiful, and obedient,

“ and most humble Servant,

“ S. T.”

---

Tuesday, January 15, 1711-12\*.

---

—Tribus Anticyris caput insanabile—

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 300.

A head no Helebore can cure.

I WAS yesterday engaged in an assembly of virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious observations which he had lately made in the anatomy of an human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries which he had also made on the same subject by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion, presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild and extravagant dream.

I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a Beau's head and of a Coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains, were not such in reality, but an heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us that the blood of the goats is not real blood, but only something like it: so we found that the brain of a Beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

VOL. III.

P

The

\* No. 275:

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrours, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, insomuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sinuciput, that was filled with ribbons, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of network; the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a-sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side of the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *galamatias*, and the English nonsense.

The



The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surpris'd us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded, that the party, when alive, must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The *os cribriforme* was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the eye, saving only that the *musculi amatori*, or as we may translate it into English, the ogling muscles, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas on the contrary, the *elevator*, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. We were informed, that the person to whom this head belonged, had pass'd for *a man* above five and thirty years; during which time he eat and drank like other people, dress'd well, talk'd loud, laugh'd frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the

flower of his age by the blow of a paring-shovel, having been surpris'd by an eminent citizen, as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head with all its apartments, and its several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be *prepared*, and kept in a great repository of dissections; our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed several of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a kind of mercurial substance, which he looked upon to be true quick-silver.

He applied himself in the next place to the coquette's heart, which he likewise laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this dissection; but being unwilling to burden my reader's memory too much, I shall reserve this subject for the speculation of another day.

---

*Tuesday, January 22, 1711-12\*.*

---

*Pectoribus inbians, spirantia consulit exta.*

VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 64.

Anxious, the reeking entrails he consults.

**H**AVING already given an account of the dissection of a Beau's head, with the several discoveries made on that occasion; I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a Coquette's heart, and communicate to the public such particularities as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should perhaps have waved this undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my promise by several of

\* No. 281.

my

my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is therefore in compliance with the request of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without farther preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the *pericordium*, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this *pericordium*, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapours which exhale out of the heart, and, being stopt here, are condensed into this watry substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer to shew the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it shewed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach

proach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house. Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this invention whenever he had a man of sense, or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the *pericordium*, or the case, and liquor above mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the *micra*, or point, so very cold withal, that upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together in a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, whilst it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels that came into it or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice likewise, that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall therefore only take

take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it, and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-coloured hood.

We were informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addressees of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impression of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart; but to our great surprize not a single print of this nature discovered itself until we came into the very core and centre of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastick manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when, at length, one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, shewed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart, was the deceased beau whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's Paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapour. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my  
brain,

brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

Tuesday, January 29, 1712\*.

Ω φίλιατα γη ματέρ, ὡς σεμνὸν σφῶδρ' εἰ  
Τοῖς ἴσιν ἔχουσι κλημαῖ; —

Menand.

Dear native land, how do the good and wise  
Thy happy clime and countless blessings prize!

I LOOK upon it as a peculiar happiness, that were I to choose of what religion I would be, and under what government I would live, I should most certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is established in my own country. In this point I think I am determined by reason and conviction; but if I shall be told that I am acted by prejudice, I am sure it is an honest prejudice; it is a prejudice that arises from the love of my country, and therefore such an one as I will always indulge. I have in several Papers endeavoured to express my duty and esteem for the church of England, and design this as an essay upon the civil part of our constitution, having often entertained myself with reflections on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers.

That form of government appears to me the most reasonable, which is most conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be consistent with public peace and tranquillity. This is what may properly be called liberty, which exempts one man from subjection to another so far as the order and œconomy of government will permit.

Liberty should reach every individual of a people, as they all share one common nature. If it only spreads among particular branches, there had better be none

at all, since such a liberty only aggravates the misfortune of those who are deprived of it, by setting before them a disagreeable subject of comparison.

This liberty is best preserved where the legislative power is lodged in several persons, especially if those persons are of different ranks and interests; for where they are of the same rank, and consequently have an interest to manage peculiar to that rank, it differs but little from a despotical government in a single person. But the greatest security a people can have for their liberty, is when the legislative power is in the hands of persons so happily distinguished, that by providing for the particular interests of their several ranks, they are providing for the whole body of the people; or in other words, when there is no part of the people that has not a common interest with at least one part of the legislators.

If there be but one body of legislators, it is no better than a tyranny: If there are only two, there will want a casting voice; and one of them must at length be swallowed up by disputes and contentions that will necessarily arise between them. Four would have the same inconvenience as two; and a greater number would cause too much confusion. I could never read a passage in Polybius, and another in Cicero, to this purpose, without a secret pleasure in applying it to the English constitution, which it suits much better than the Roman. Both these great authors give the pre-eminence to a mixt government, consisting of three branches, the regal, the noble, and the popular. They had doubtless in their thoughts the constitution of the Roman commonwealth, in which the consul represented the king, the senate the nobles, and the tribunes the people. This division of the three powers in the Roman constitution was by no means so distinct and natural as it is in the English form of government. Among several objections that might be made to it, I think the chief are those that affect the consular power, which had only the ornaments without the force of the regal authority. Their

number had not a casting voice in it; for which reason, if one did not chance to be employed abroad while the other sat at home, the public business was sometimes at a stand, while the consuls pulled two different ways in it. Besides, I do not find that the consuls had ever a negative voice in the passing of a law or decree of senate; so that indeed they were rather the chief body of the nobility, or the first ministers of state, than a distinct branch of the sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a part, who are not a part of the legislature. Had the consuls been invested with the regal authority to as great a degree as our monarchs, there would never have been any occasions for a dictatorship, which had in it the power of all the three orders, and ended in the subversion of the whole constitution.

Such an history as that of Suetonius, which gives us a succession of absolute princes, is to me an unanswerable argument against despotic power. Where the prince is a man of wisdom and virtue, it is indeed happy for his people that he is absolute; but since in the common run of mankind, for one that is wise and good you find ten of a contrary character, it is very dangerous for a nation to stand to its chance, or to have its public happiness or misery depend on the virtues or vices of a single person. Look into the history I have mentioned, or into any series of absolute princes, how many tyrants must you read through, before you come to an emperor that is supportable. But this is not all: An honest private man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an absolute prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleases with impunity, you extinguish his fear, and consequently overturn in him one of the great pillars of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs apparent to grand empires, when in the possession of them, have become such monsters of lust and cruelty as are a reproach to human nature.

Some



Some tell us we ought to make our government on earth like that in heaven, which, say they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodness and justice, I should be for following this great model; but where goodness and justice are not essential to the ruler, I would by no means put myself into his hands, to be disposed of according to his particular will and pleasure.

It is odd to consider the connection between despotic government and barbarity, and how the making of one person more than man, makes the rest less. Above nine parts of the world in ten are in the lowest state of slavery, and consequently sunk in the most gross and brutal ignorance. European slavery is indeed a state of liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three divisions of the world; and therefore it is no wonder that those who grovel under it, have many tracks of light among them, of which the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty; and where these abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately lift up their heads and flourish. As a man must have no slavish fears and apprehensions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or speculation, and push his researches into all the abstruse corners of truth; so it is necessary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniencies of life.

The first thing every one looks after, is to provide himself with necessaries. This point will engross our thoughts until it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleasures and amusements; and among a great number of idle people, there will be many whose pleasures will lie in reading and contemplation. These are the two great sources of knowledge; and as men grow wise they naturally love to communicate their discoveries; and others, seeing the happiness of such a learned life, and improving by their conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, until a nation is filled

with races of wise and understanding persons. Ease and plenty are therefore the great cherishers of knowledge: and as most of the despotic governments of the world have neither of them, they are naturally over-run with ignorance and barbarity. In Europe indeed, notwithstanding several of its princes are absolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning; but the reason is, because the subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full tyranny like the princes of the eastern nations, lest his subjects should be invited to new-mould their constitution, having so many prospects of liberty within their view. But in all despotic governments, though a particular prince may favour arts and letters, there is a natural degeneracy of mankind; as you may observe from Augustus's reign, how the Romans lost themselves by degrees until they fell to an equality with the most barbarous nations that surrounded them. Look upon Greece under its free states, and you would think the inhabitants lived in different climates, and under different heavens from those at present; so different are the geniuses which are formed under Turkish slavery and Grecian liberty.

Besides poverty and want, there are other reasons that debase the minds of men who live under slavery, though I look on this as the principal. This natural tendency of despotic power to ignorance and barbarity, though not insisted upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable argument against that form of government, as it shews how repugnant it is to the good of mankind, and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the great ends of all civil institutions.

---

Thursday, January 31, 1711-12\*.

---

*Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.*

HOR. I. Od. iv. 15.

Life's span forbids us to extend our cares,  
And stretch our hopes beyond our years.

CREECH.

UPON taking my seat in a coffeehouse, I often draw the eyes of the whole room upon me, when in the hottest seasons of news, and at a time perhaps that the Dutch mail is just come in, they hear me ask the coffeeeman for his last week's bill of mortality. I find that I have been sometimes taken on this occasion for a parish sexton, sometimes for an undertaker, and sometimes for a doctor of physic. In this, however, I am guided by the spirit of a philosopher, as I take occasion from hence to reflect upon the regular increase and diminution of mankind, and consider the several various ways through which we pass from life to eternity. I am very well pleased with these weekly admonitions, that bring into my mind such thoughts as ought to be the daily entertainment of every reasonable creature; and can consider with pleasure to myself, by which of those deliverances, or, as we commonly call them, distempers, I may possibly make my escape out of this world of sorrows into that condition of existence, wherein I hope to be happier than it is possible for me at present to conceive.

But this is not all the use I make of the above-mentioned weekly paper. A bill of mortality is in my opinion an unanswerable argument for a Providence. How can we, without supposing ourselves

\* No. 289.

under

under the constant care of a Supreme Being, give any possible account for that nice proportion which we find in every great city between the deaths and births of its inhabitants, and between the number of males and that of females who are brought into the world? What else could adjust in so exact a manner the recruits of every nation to its losses, and divide these new supplies of people into such equal bodies of both sexes? Chance could never hold the balance with so steady a hand. Were we not counted out by an intelligent supervisor, we should sometimes be overcharged with multitudes, and at others waste away into a desert: we should be sometimes a *populus virorum*, as Florus elegantly expresses it, a *generation of males*, and at others a species of women. We may extend this consideration to every species of living creatures, and consider the whole animal world as an huge army made up of innumerable corps, if I may use that term, whose quotas have been kept entire near five thousand years, in so wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a single species lost during this long tract of time. Could we have general bills of mortality of every kind of animals, or particular ones of every species in each continent and island, I could almost say in every wood, marsh, or mountain, what astonishing instances would they be of that Providence which watches over all its works?

I have heard of a great man in the Romish church, who, upon reading those words in the 5th chapter of Genesis, "And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died; and all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years, and he died; and all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and he died;" immediately shut himself up in a convent, and retired from the world, as not thinking any thing in this life worth pursuing, which had not regard to another.

The truth of it is, there is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader as those accounts which

which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season. I may also add, that there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so sensible a manner. The reason I take to be this; because there is no other single circumstance in the story of any person, which can possibly be the case of every one who reads it. A battle or a triumph are conjunctures in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged: But when we see a person at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does, because we are sure that some time or other we shall ourselves be in the same melancholy circumstances. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher, are perhaps characters which we may never act in; but the dying man is one whom sooner or later we shall certainly resemble.

It is perhaps for the same kind of reason, that few books written in English have been so much perused as Dr. Sherlock's discourse upon death; though at the same time I must own that he who has not perused this excellent piece, has not perhaps read one of the strongest persuasives to a religious life that ever was written in any language.

The consideration with which I shall close this essay upon death, is one of the most ancient and most beaten morals that has been recommended to mankind. But its being so very common and so universally received, though it takes away from it the grace of novelty, adds very much to the weight of it, as it shews that it falls in with the general sense of mankind. In short, I would have every one consider that he is in this life nothing more than a passenger, and that he is not to set up his rest here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that state of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent. This single consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the bitterness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

I am

I am very much pleased with the passage of Antiphanes, a very ancient poet, who lived near an hundred years before Socrates, which represents the life of man under this view, as I have here translated it word for word. "Be not grieved," says he, "above measure for thy deceased friends. They are not dead, but have only finished that journey which it is necessary for every one of us to take. We ourselves must go to that great place of reception in which they are all of them assembled, and in this general rendezvous of mankind live together in another state of being."

I think I have in a former Paper taken notice of those beautiful metaphors in scripture, where life is termed a pilgrimage, and those who pass through it are all called strangers, and sojourners upon earth. I shall conclude this with a story, which I have somewhere read in the travels of Sir John Chardin. That gentleman, after having told us that the inns which receive the caravans in Persia and the Eastern countries are called by the name of caravanfaries, gives us a relation to the following purpose.

A Dervise travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn, or caravanfary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the Eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The Dervise told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravanfary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravanfary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the Dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravanfary?

fary? Sir, fays the Dervife, give me leave to ask your Majesty a queftion or two. Who were the perfons that lodged in this houfe when it was firft built? The king replied, His anceftors. And who, fays the Dervife, was the laft perfon that lodged here? The king replied, His father. And who is it, fays the Dervife, that lodges here at prefent? The king told him, that it was he himfelf. And who, fays the Dervife, will be here after you? The king answered, The young prince his fon. " Ah, Sir, faid the Dervife, a houfe that changes its inhabitants fo often, and receives fuch a perpetual fucceffion of guefts, is not a palace but a caravanfary."

Tuesday, February 5, 1712\*.

Πασι νηρ ευφρανσι συνεαχει τυχη.

FRAG. Vet. Poet.

The prudent ftill have fortune on their fide.

**T**HE famous Gracian, in his little book wherein he lays down maxims for a man's advancing himfelf at court, advifes his reader to affociate himfelf with the fortunate, and to fhun the company of the unfortunate; which, notwithstanding the bafenefs of the precept to an honeft mind, may have fomething ufeful in it for thofe who push their intereft in the world. It is certain, a great part of what we call good or ill fortune rifes out of right or wrong meafures and fchemes of life. When I hear a man complain of his being unfortunate in all his undertakings, I fhrewdly fufpect him for a very weak man in his affairs. In conformity with this way of thinking, Cardinal Richlieu ufed to fay that unfortunate and imprudent were but two words for the fame thing.

VOL. III.

R

thing.

\* No. 293.

thing. As the cardinal himself had a great share both of prudence and good fortune, his famous antagonist the Count d'Olivarez was disgraced at the court of Madrid, because it was alleged against him that he had never any success in his undertakings. This, says an eminent author, was indirectly accusing him of imprudence.

Cicero recommended Pompey to the Romans for their general upon three accounts; as he was a man of courage, conduct, and good fortune. It was perhaps for the reason above mentioned, namely, that a series of good fortune supposes a prudent management in the person whom it befalls, that not only Sylla the dictator, but several of the Roman emperors, as is still to be seen upon their medals, among their other titles, gave themselves that of *felix* or fortunate. The heathens, indeed, seem to have valued a man more for his good fortune than for any other quality, which I think is very natural for those who have not a strong belief of another world. For how can I conceive a man crowned with any distinguishing blessings, that has not some extraordinary fund of merit and perfection in him, which lies open to the supreme eye, though perhaps it is not discovered by my observation? What is the reason Homer's and Virgil's heroes do not form a resolution or strike a blow without the conduct and direction of some deity? Doubtless, because the poets esteemed it the greatest honour to be favoured by the gods, and thought the best way of praising a man was to recount those favours which naturally implied an extraordinary merit in the person on whom they descended.

Those who believe a future state of rewards and punishments act very absurdly if they form their opinions of a man's merit from his successes. But certainly, if I thought the whole circle of our being was concluded between our births and deaths, I should think a man's good fortune the measure and standard of his real merit, since Providence would have no opportunity



opportunity of rewarding his virtue and perfections but in the present life. A virtuous unbeliever, who lies under the pressure of misfortunes, has reason to cry out, as they say Brutus did a little before his death: "O virtue, I have worshipped thee as a substantial good; but I find thou art an empty name."

But to return to our first point. Though prudence does undoubtedly in a great measure produce our good or ill fortune in the world, it is certain there are many unforeseen accidents and occurrences which very often pervert the finest schemes that can be laid by human wisdom. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Nothing less than infinite wisdom can have an absolute command over fortune; the highest degree of it which man can possess, is by no means equal to fortuitous events, and to such contingencies as may arise in the prosecution of our affairs. Nay, it very often happens, that prudence, which has always in it a great mixture of caution, hinders a man from being so fortunate as he might possibly have been without it. A person who only aims at what is likely to succeed, and follows closely the dictates of human prudence, never meets with these great and unforeseen successes which are often the effect of a sanguine temper, or a more happy rashness; and this perhaps may be the reason, that, according to the common observation, Fortune, like other females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

Upon the whole, since man is so short-sighted a creature, and the accidents which may happen to him so various, I cannot but be of Dr. Tillotson's opinion in another case, that were there any doubt of Providence, yet it certainly would be very desirable there should be such a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness, on whose direction we might rely in the conduct of human life.

It is a great presumption to ascribe our successes to our own management, and not to esteem ourselves upon any blessing, rather as it is the bounty of hea-

ven than the acquisition of our own prudence. I am very well pleased with a medal which was struck by Queen Elizabeth a little after the defeat of the invincible armada, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event. It is well known how the king of Spain, and others who were the enemies of that great princess, to derogate from her glory, ascribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of storms and tempests than to the bravery of the English. Queen Elizabeth, instead of looking upon this as a diminution of her honour, valued herself upon such a signal favour of Providence, and accordingly you see in the reverse of the medal above mentioned, has represented a fleet beaten by a tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inscription, *Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur*. "He blew  
" with his wind, and they were scattered."

It is remarked of a famous Grecian general, whose name I cannot at present recollect, and who had been a particular favourite of fortune, that, upon recounting his victories among his friends, he added at the end of several great actions, "And in this fortune  
" had no share." After which it is observed in history, that he never prospered in any thing he undertook.

As arrogance and a conceitedness of our own abilities are very shocking and offensive to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble mind, and by several of his dispensations seems purposely to shew us that our own schemes or prudence have no share in our advancements.

Since on this subject I have already admitted several quotations which have occurred to my memory upon writing this Paper, I will conclude it with a little Persian fable. A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: "Alas! What an inconsiderable  
" creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters;  
my

“ my existence is of no concern to the universe; I  
 “ am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than  
 “ the least of the works of God.” It so happened  
 that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of  
 this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the  
 midst of this its humble soliloquy. The drop, says  
 the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell,  
 until by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which  
 falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series  
 of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which  
 is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem.

---

Thursday, February 7, 1711-12 \*.

---

*Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœmina censum :  
 At velut exhausta redivivus pullulet arca  
 Nummus, et e pleno semper tollatur acervo,  
 Non unquam reputat quanti sibi gaudia constant.*  
 Juv. Sat. vi. 361.

But womankind, that never knows a mean,  
 Down to the dregs their sinking fortunes drain :  
 Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear,  
 And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.

DRYDEN.

“ MR SPECTATOR,

“ I AM turned of my great climacteric, and am  
 “ naturally a man of a meek temper. About  
 “ a dozen years ago I was married, for my sins, to  
 “ a young woman of a good family, and of an high  
 “ spirit; but could not bring her to close with me,  
 “ before I had entered into a treaty with her long-  
 “ er than that of the grand alliance. Among other  
 “ articles, it was therein stipulated, that she should  
 “ have 400 l. a year for *pin-money*, which I ob-  
 “ liged myself to pay quarterly into the hands of  
 “ one who acted as her plenipotentiary in that affair.

\* No. 295.

“ I have

" I have ever since religiously observed my part in  
 " this solemn agreement. Now, Sir, so it is that  
 " the lady has had several children since I married  
 " her; to which, if I should credit our malicious  
 " neighbours, her *pin-money* has not a little contri-  
 " buted. The education of these my children, who,  
 " contrary to my expectation, are born to me every  
 " year, straitens me so much that I have begged  
 " their mother to free me from the obligation of the  
 " above mentioned *pin-money*, that it may go towards  
 " making a provision for her family. This propo-  
 " sal makes her noble blood swell in her veins; in-  
 " fomuch, that finding me a little tardy in her last  
 " quarter's payment, she threatens me every day to  
 " arrest me; and proceeds so far as to tell me, that  
 " if I do not do her justice, I shall die in a jail. To  
 " this she adds, when her passion will let her argue  
 " calmly, that she has several play-debts on her  
 " hand, which must be discharged very suddenly,  
 " and that she cannot lose her money as becomes a  
 " woman of her fashion, if she makes me any abate-  
 " ment in this article. I hope, Sir, you will take  
 " an occasion from hence to give your opinion upon  
 " a subject which you have not yet touched, and in-  
 " form us if there are any precedents for this usage  
 " among our ancestors; or whether you find any  
 " mention of *pin-money* in Grotius, Puffendorf, or  
 " any other of the civilians.

" I am ever the humblest of your admirers,

" JOSIAH FRIBBLE, Esq."

As there is no man living who is a more professed  
 advocate for the fair-sex than myself, so there is none  
 that would be more unwilling to invade any of their  
 ancient rights and privileges; but as the doctrine of  
*pin-money* is of a very late date, unknown to our  
 great grandmothers, and not yet received by many  
 of our modern ladies, I think it is for the interest of  
 both sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr.

Mr. Fribble may not perhaps be much mistaken where he intimates, that the supplying of a man's wife with *pin-money* is furnishing her with arms against himself, and in a manner becoming necessary to his own dishonour. We may indeed generally observe, that in proportion as a woman is more or less beautiful, and her husband advanced in years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of *pins*, and upon a treaty of marriage rises or falls in her demands accordingly. It must likewise be owned, that high quality in a mistress does very much inflame this article in the marriage-reckoning.

But where the age and circumstances of both parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the insisting upon *pin-money* is very extraordinary; and yet we find several matches broken off upon this very head. What would a foreigner, or one who is a stranger to this practice, think of a lover that forsakes his mistress, because he is not willing to keep her in *pins*? But what would he think of the mistress, should he be informed, that she asks five or six hundred pounds a year for this use? Should a man unacquainted with our customs be told the sums which are allowed in Great Britain under the title of *pin-money*, what a prodigious consumption of *pins* would he think there was in this island? "A *pin* a day, says our frugal proverb, is a groat a year;" so that, according to this calculation, my friend Fribble's wife must every year make use of eight millions six hundred and forty thousand *new pins*.

I am not ignorant that our British ladies allege they comprehend under this general term several other conveniencies of life: I could therefore wish, for the honour of my country-women, that they had called it *needle-money*, which might have implied something of good housewifery, and not have given the malicious world occasion to think, that dress and trifles have always the uppermost place in a woman's thoughts.

I know

I know several of my fair readers urge in defence of this practice, that it is but a necessary provision they make for themselves in case their husband proves a churl or a miser; so that they consider this allowance as a kind of alimony, which they may lay their claim to without actually separating from their husbands. But with submission, I think a woman who will give up herself to a man in marriage where there is the least room for such an apprehension, and trust her person to one whom she will not rely on for the common necessaries of life, may very properly be accused (in the phrase of an homely proverb) of being "penny wise and pound foolish."

It is observed of over cautious generals, that they never engage in a battle without securing a retreat, in case the event should not answer their expectations. On the other hand, the greatest conquerors have burnt their ships, or broke down the bridges behind them, as being determined either to succeed or die in the engagement. In the same manner, I should very much suspect a woman who takes such precautions for her retreat, and contrives methods how she may live happily without the affection of one to whom she joins herself for life. Separate purses between man and wife are in my opinion as unnatural as separate beds. A marriage cannot be happy, where the pleasures, inclinations and interests of both parties are not the same. There is no greater incitement to love in the mind of man than the sense of a person's depending upon him for her ease and happiness; as a woman uses all her endeavours to please the person whom she looks upon as her honour, her comfort and her support.

For this reason, I am not very much surpris'd at the behaviour of a rough country squire, who, being not a little shocked at the proceeding of a young widow that would not recede from her demands of *pin-money*, was so enraged at her mercenary temper, that he told her in great wrath, "As much as she thought  
" him her slave, he would shew all the world he did  
" not

"not care a pin for her." Upon which he flew out of the room, and never saw her more.

Socrates, in Plato's Alcibiades, says he was informed by one who had travelled through Persia, that as he passed over a great tract of lands, and enquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the "Queen's Girdle;" to which he adds, that another wide field which lay by it, was called the "Queen's Veil;" and that in the same manner there was a large portion of ground set aside for every part of her majesty's dress. These lands might not improperly be called the Queen of Persia's *pin-money*.

I remember my friend Sir Roger, who I dare say never read this passage in Plato, told me some time since, that upon his courting the perverse widow (of whom I have given an account in former papers) he had disposed of an hundred acres in a diamond ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it; and that upon her wedding-day she should have carried on her head fifty of the tallest oaks upon his estate. He further informed me, that he would have given her a coal-pit to keep her in clean linen; that he would have allowed her the profits of a windmill for her fans, and have presented her once in three years with the shearing of his sheep for her under petticoats. To which the knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine clothes himself, there should not have been a woman in the country better dressed than my Lady Coverley. Sir Roger perhaps may in this, as well as in many other of his devices, appear something odd and singular; but if the humour of *pin-money* prevails, I think it would be very proper for every gentleman of an estate to mark out so many acres of it under the title of *The Pins*.

---

Tuesday, February 12, 1711-12\*.

---

*Malo venusinam, quam te, Cornelia, mater  
Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus offers  
Grande supercilium, et numeros in dote triumphos:  
Tolle tuum, precor, Annibalem, victumque Syphacem  
In castris; et cum tota Carthagine migra.*

JUV. Sat. vi. 166.

Some country girl, scarce to a curtsy bred,  
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed,  
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,  
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.  
Away with all your Carthaginian state;  
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without doors wait,  
Too bulky and too big to pass my narrow gate. }

DRYDEN.

IT is observed, that a man improves more by reading the story of a person eminent for prudence and virtue, than by the finest rules and precepts of morality. In the same manner a representation of those calamities and misfortunes which a weak man suffers from wrong measures and ill-concerted schemes of life, is apt to make a deeper impression upon our minds than the wisest maxims and instructions that can be given us, for avoiding the like follies and indiscretions in our own private conduct. It is for this reason that I lay before my reader the following letter, and leave it with him to make his own use of it, without adding any reflections of my own upon the subject matter.

“ Mr

\* No. 299.



“ Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ HAVING carefully perused a letter sent you by  
 “ Josiah Fribble, Esq. with your subsequent  
 “ discourse upon pin-money, I do presume to trouble  
 “ you with an account of my own case, which I  
 “ took upon to be no less deplorable than that of  
 “ Squire Fribble. I am a person of no extraction,  
 “ having begun the world with a small parcel of  
 “ rusty iron, and was for some years commonly  
 “ known by the name of Jack Anvil. I have  
 “ naturally a very happy genius for getting money;  
 “ infomuch that by the age of five and twenty I had  
 “ scraped together four thousand two hundred pounds  
 “ five shillings and a few odd pence. I then launch-  
 “ ed out into considerable business, and became a  
 “ bold trader both by sea and land, which in a few  
 “ years raised me a very great fortune. For these  
 “ my good services I was knighted in the thirty-fifth  
 “ year of my age, and lived with great dignity  
 “ among my city neighbours by the name of Sir  
 “ John Anvil. Being in my temper very ambitious,  
 “ I was now bent upon making a family; and I ac-  
 “ cordingly resolved that my descendants should have  
 “ a dash of good blood in their veins. In order to  
 “ this I made love to the Lady Mary Oddly, an in-  
 “ digent young woman of quality. To cut short  
 “ the marriage treaty, I threw her a *carte blanche*,  
 “ as our newspapers call it, desiring her to write up-  
 “ on it her own terms. She was very concise in her  
 “ demands, insisting only that the disposal of my for-  
 “ tune, and the regulation of my family should be  
 “ entirely in her hands. Her father and brothers  
 “ appeared exceedingly averse to this match, and  
 “ would not see me for some time; but at present  
 “ are so well reconciled that they dine with me almost  
 “ every day, and have borrowed considerable sums  
 “ of me, which my Lady Mary very often twits me  
 “ with when she would shew me how kind her rela-  
 “ tions are to me. She had no portion, as I told you

“ before; but what she wanted in fortune, she makes  
“ up in spirit. She at first changed my name to Sir  
“ John Enville; and at present writes herself Mary  
“ Enville. I have had some children by her, whom  
“ she has christened with the surnames of her fa-  
“ mily, in order, as she tells me, to wear out the  
“ homeliness of their parentage by the father’s  
“ side. Our eldest son is the honourable Oddly En-  
“ ville, Esq. and our eldest daughter Harriet En-  
“ ville. Upon her first coming into my family, she  
“ turned off a parcel of very careful servants, who  
“ had been long with me, and introduced in their  
“ stead a couple of blackamoors, and three or four  
“ very genteel fellows in laced liveries, besides her  
“ French-woman, who is perpetually making a noise  
“ in the house in a language which nobody under-  
“ stands except my Lady Mary. She next set her-  
“ self to reform every room of my house, having  
“ glazed all my chimney-pieces with looking-glasses,  
“ and planted every corner with such heaps of china,  
“ that I am obliged to move about my own house with  
“ the greatest caution and circumspection, for fear of  
“ hurting some of our brittle furniture. She makes  
“ an illumination once a week with wax candles in  
“ one of the largest rooms, in order, as she phrases  
“ it, to see company. At which time she always  
“ desires me to be abroad, or to confine myself to  
“ the cock-loft, that I may not disgrace her among  
“ her visitants of quality. Her footmen, as I told  
“ you before, are such beaux that I do not much  
“ care for asking them questions; when I do, they  
“ answer me with a saucy frown, and say that every  
“ thing which I find fault with was done by Lady  
“ Mary’s order. She tells me, that she intends they  
“ shall wear swords with their next liveries, having  
“ lately observed the footmen of two or three per-  
“ sons of quality hanging behind the coach with  
“ swords by their sides. As soon as the first honey-  
“ moon was over, I represented to her the unreason-  
“ ableness of those daily innovations which she made

“ in my family : but she told me, I was no longer  
“ to consider myself as Sir John Anvil, but as her  
“ husband ; and added with a frown, that I did not  
“ seem to know who she was. I was surpris'd to be  
“ treated thus, after such familiarities as had pass'd  
“ between us. But she has since given me to know,  
“ that whatever freedoms she may sometimes indulge  
“ me in, she expects in general to be treated with the  
“ respect that is due to her birth and quality. Our  
“ children have been trained up from their infancy  
“ with so many accounts of their mother's family,  
“ that they know the stories of all the great men  
“ and women it has produced. Their mother tells  
“ them, that such an one commanded in such a sea-  
“ engagement ; that their grandfather had a horse shot  
“ under him at Edge-hill ; that their uncle was at  
“ the siege of Buda ; and that her mother danced in  
“ a ball at court with the Duke of Monmouth ;  
“ with abundance of fiddle-faddle of the same na-  
“ ture. I was the other day a little out of coun-  
“ tenance at a question of my little daughter Harriet,  
“ who ask'd me with a great deal of innocence, why  
“ I never told them of the generals and admirals  
“ that had been in my family ? As for my eldest  
“ son Oddly, he has been so spirited up by his mo-  
“ ther, that if he does not mend his manners, I shall  
“ go near to disinherit him. He drew his sword up-  
“ on me before he was nine years old, and told me  
“ that he expected to be us'd like a gentleman. Up-  
“ on my offering to correct him for his insolence,  
“ my Lady Mary stept in between us, and told me,  
“ that I ought to consider there was some difference  
“ between his mother and mine. She is perpetually  
“ finding out the features of her own relations in  
“ every one of my children ; though, by the way,  
“ I have a little chubfaced boy as like me as he can  
“ stare, if I durst say so. But what most angers me,  
“ when she sees me playing with any of them upon  
“ my knee, she has begged me more than once to  
“ converse

“ converse with the children as little as possible, that they may not learn any of my awkward tricks.

“ You must further know, since I am opening my heart to you, that she thinks herself my superior in sense as much as she is in quality, and therefore treats me like a plain well-meaning man who does not know the world. She dictates to me in my own business, sets me right in point of trade, and if I disagree with her about any of my ships at sea, wonders that I will dispute with her, when I know very well that her great grandfather was a flag-officer.

To complete my sufferings, she has teased me for this quarter of a year last past to remove into one of the squares at the other end of the town, promising for my encouragement that I shall have as good a cock-loft as any gentleman in the square; to which the honourable Oddly Enville, Esq. always adds, like a jackanapes as he is, that he hopes it will be as near the court as possible.

“ In short, Mr. Spectator, I am so much out of natural element, that to recover my old way of life, I would be content to begin the world again, and be plain Jack Anvil: but, alas! I am in for life, and am bound to subscribe myself, with great sorrow of heart,

“ Your humble servant,

“ JOHN ENVILLE, Knt.”

---

Tuesday, February 9, 1711-12\*.

---

*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis  
Tempus eget*—————

VIRG. ÆN. ii. ver. 521.

These times want other aids.

DRYDEN.

OUR late newspapers being full of the project now on foot in the court of France, for establishing a political academy, and I myself having received letters from several virtuosos among my foreign correspondents, which give some light into that affair, I intend to make it the subject of this day's Speculation. A general account of this project may be met with in the Daily Courant of last Friday, in the following words, translated from the gazette of Amsterdam.

“ Paris, February 12. It is confirmed that the  
“ king has resolved to establish a new academy for  
“ politics, of which the Marquis de Torcy, minister  
“ and secretary of state, is to be protector: Six aca-  
“ demicians are to be chosen, endowed with proper  
“ talents for beginning to form this academy, into  
“ which no person is to be admitted under twenty-five  
“ years of age: They must likewise have each an estate  
“ of two thousand livres a year, either in possession, or  
“ to come to them by inheritance. The king will  
“ allow to each a pension of a thousand livres. They  
“ are likewise to have able masters to teach them the  
“ necessary sciences, and to instruct them in all the  
“ treaties of peace, alliance and others which have  
“ been made in several ages past. These members  
“ are to meet twice a week at the Louvre. From  
“ this seminary are to be chosen secretaries to em-  
“ \* No. 305. “ bassies,

“bassies, who by degrees may advance to higher employments.”

Cardinal Richlieu's politics made France the terror of Europe. The statesmen who have appeared in that nation of late years have on the contrary rendered it either the pity or contempt of its neighbours. The Cardinal erected that famous academy which has carried all the parts of polite learning to the greatest height. His chief design in that institution, was to divert the men of genius from meddling with politics; a province in which he did not care to have any one else to interfere with him. On the contrary, the Marquis de Torcy seems resolved to make several young men in France as wise as himself, and is therefore taken up at present in establishing a nursery of statesmen.

Some private letters add, that there will also be erected a seminary of petticoat politicians, who are to be brought up at the feet of Madam de Maintenon, and to be dispatched into foreign courts upon any emergencies of state. But as the news of this last project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no farther notice of it.

Several of my readers may doubtless remember, that upon the conclusion of the last war, which had been carried on so successfully by the enemy, their generals were many of them transformed into ambassadors: But the conduct of those who have commanded in the present war, has, it seems, brought so little honour and advantage to their great monarch, that he is resolved to trust his affairs no longer in the hands of those military gentlemen.

The regulations of this new academy very much deserve our attention. The students are to have, in possession or reversion, an estate of two thousand French livres *per annum*, which, as the present exchange runs, will amount to at least one hundred and twenty-six pounds English. This, with the royal allowance of a thousand livres, will enable them to find themselves in coffee and snuff; not to mention news-papers, pens  
and

and ink, wax and wafers, with the like necessaries for politicians.

A man must be at least five-and-twenty before he can be initiated into the mysteries of this academy, though there is no question but many grave persons of a much more advanced age, who have been constant readers of the Paris gazette, will be glad to begin the world anew, and enter themselves upon this list of politicians.

The society of these hopeful young gentlemen is to be under the direction of six professors, who, it seems, are to be speculative statesmen, and drawn out of the body of the royal academy. These six wise masters, according to my private letters, are to have the following parts allotted them.

The first is to instruct the students in State Legerdemain, as how to take off the impression of a seal, to split a wafer, to open a letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious feats of dexterity and art. When the students have accomplished themselves in this part of their profession, they are to be delivered into the hands of their second instructor, who is a kind of posture-master.

This artist is to teach them how to nod judiciously, to shrug up their shoulders in a dubious case, to connive with either eye, and in a word, the whole practice of political grimace.

The third is a sort of language master, who is to instruct them in the stile proper for a foreign minister in his ordinary discourse. And to the end that this college of statesmen may be thoroughly practised in the political stile, they are to make use of it in their common conversation, before they are employed either in foreign or domestic affairs. If one of them asks another what o'clock it is, the other is to answer him indirectly, and if possible, to turn off the question. If he is desired to change a Louis d'or, he must beg time to consider of it. If it be enquired of him, whether the king is at Versailles or Marli, he must answer in a whisper. If he be asked the news of the

late gazette, or the subject of a proclamation, he is to reply that he has not yet read it; or if he does not care for explaining himself so far, he needs only draw his brow up in wrinkles, or elevate the left shoulder.

The fourth professor is to teach the whole art of political characters and hieroglyphics; and to the end that they may be perfect also in this practice, they are not to send a note to one another (though it be but to borrow a Tacitus, or a Machiavel) which is not written in cypher.

Their fifth professor, it is thought, will be chosen out of the society of Jesuits, and is to be well read in the controversies of probable doctrines, mental reservations, and the rights of princes. This learned man is to instruct them in the grammar, syntax, and construing part of Treaty Latin; how to distinguish between the spirit and the letter, and likewise demonstrate how the same form of words may lay an obligation upon any prince in Europe, different from that which it lays upon his most Christian Majesty. He is likewise to teach them the art of finding flaws, loop-holes, and evasions, in the most solemn compacts, and particularly a great Rabbinical secret, revived of late by the fraternity of Jesuits, namely, that contradictory interpretations of the same article may both of them be true and valid.

When our statesmen are sufficiently improved by these several instructors, they are to receive their last polishing from one who is to act among them as master of the ceremonies. This gentleman is to give them lectures upon the important points of the Elbow Chair, and the Stair-Head; to instruct them in the different situations of the right-hand; and to furnish them with bows and inclinations of all sizes, measures and proportions. In short, this professor is to give the society their stiffening, and infuse into their manners that beautiful political starch, which may qualify them for levees, conferences, visits, and

to give them all these, and to make



make them shine in what vulgar minds are apt to look upon as trifles.

I have not yet heard any further particulars which are to be observed in this society of unfledged statesmen; but I must confess, had I a son of five-and-twenty, that should take it into his head at that age to set up for a politician, I think I should go near to disinheritor him for a blockhead. Besides, I should be apprehensive lest the same arts which are to enable him to negotiate between potentates, might a little infect his ordinary behaviour between man and man. There is no question but these young Machiavels will in a little time turn their college upside-down with plots and stratagems, and lay as many schemes to circumvent one another in a frog or fallad, as they may hereafter put in practice to over-reach a neighbouring prince or state.

We are told that the Spartans, though they punished theft in their young men when it was discovered, looked upon it as honourable if it succeeded. Provided the conveyance was clean and unsuspected, a youth might afterwards boast of it. This, say the historians, was to keep them sharp, and to hinder them from being imposed upon, either in public or private negotiations. Whether any such relaxations of morality, such little *jeux d'esprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended seminary of politicians, I shall leave to the wisdom of their founder.

In the mean time we have fair warning given us by this doughty body of statesmen: and as Sylla saw many Mariuses in Cæsar; so I think we may discover many Torcoys in this college of academicians. Whatever we think of ourselves, I am afraid neither our Smyrna or St. James's will be a match for it. Our coffee-houses are indeed very good institutions; but whether or no these our British schools of politics may furnish out as able envoys and secretaries as an academy that is set apart for that purpose, will deserve our serious consideration, especially if we remember that our country is more famous for producing

ducing men of integrity than statesmen: And that on the contrary, French truth and British policy make a conspicuous figure in nothing; as the Earl of Rochester has very well observed in his admirable poem upon that barren subject.

Tuesday, February 26, 1712\*.

*Nec Veneris pharetris macer est, aut lampade fervet :  
Inde faces ardent, veniunt a dote sagittæ.*

JUV. Sat. vi. ver. 137.

He fights, adores, and courts her every hour :  
Who would not do as much for such a dower ?

DRYDEN.

“ Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ I AM amazed that among all the variety of characters with which you have enriched your speculations, you have never given us a picture of those audacious young fellows among us, who commonly go by the name of *Fortune-Stealers*. You must know, Sir, I am one who live in a continual apprehension of this sort of people that lie in wait day and night for our children, and may be considered as a kind of kidnappers within the law. I am the father of a young heiress, whom I begin to look upon as marriageable, and who has looked upon herself as such for above these six years. She is now in the eighteenth year of her age. The fortune-hunters have already cast their eyes upon her, and a care to plant themselves in her view whenever she appears in any public assembly. I have myself caught a young jackanapes with a pair of silver fringed gloves in the very fact. You must know, Sir, I have kept her as a prisoner

\* No. 311.

“ of

“ of state ever since she was in her teens. Her  
“ chamber windows are cross-barred ; she is not  
“ permitted to go out of the house but with her  
“ keeper, who is a stayed relation of my own : I  
“ have likewise forbid her the use of pen and ink for  
“ this twelvemonth last past ; and do not suffer a  
“ band-box to be carried into her room before it has  
“ been searched. Notwithstanding these precautions,  
“ I am at my wits end for fear of any sudden sur-  
“ prise. There were two or three nights ago some  
“ fiddles heard in the street, which I am afraid por-  
“ tend me no good ; not to mention a tall Irishman  
“ that has been seen walking before my house more  
“ than once this winter. My kinswoman likewise  
“ informs me, that the girl has talked to her twice  
“ or thrice of a young gentleman in a fair wig, and  
“ that she loves to go to church more than ever she  
“ she did in her life. She gave me the slip about a  
“ week ago, upon which my whole house was in  
“ alarm. I immediately dispatched a hue and cry  
“ after her to the 'Change to her mantua-maker, and  
“ to the young Ladies that visit her ; but after above  
“ an hour's search, she returned of herself, having  
“ been taking a walk as she told me by Rosamond's  
“ pond. I have hereupon turned off her woman,  
“ doubled her guards, and given new instructions to  
“ my relation, who, to give her her due, keeps a  
“ watchful eye over all her motions. This, Sir,  
“ keeps me in a perpetual anxiety, and makes me  
“ very often watch when my daughter sleeps, as I  
“ am afraid she is even with me in her turn. Now,  
“ Sir, what I would desire of you is, to represent to  
“ this fluttering tribe of young fellows who are for  
“ making their fortunes by these indirect means,  
“ that stealing a man's daughter for the sake of her  
“ portion, is but a kind of a tolerated robbery ; and  
“ that they make but a poor amends to the father  
“ whom they plunder after this manner, by going  
“ to bed with his child. Dear Sir, be speedy in  
“ your

“ your thoughts on this subject, that if possible they  
 “ may appear before the disbanding of the army.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ TIM. WATCHWELL.”

Themistocles the great Athenian general, being asked whether he would choose to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man of an estate? replied, That he should prefer a man without an estate, to an estate without a man. The worst of it is, our modern fortune-hunters are those who turn their heads that way, because they are good for nothing else. If a young fellow finds he can make nothing of Coke and Littleton, he provides himself with a ladder of ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the premises.

The same art of scaling has likewise been practised with good success by many military engineers. Stratagems of this nature make parts and industry superfluous, and cut short the way to riches.

Nor is vanity a less motive than idleness to this kind of mercenary pursuit. A fop who admires his person in a glass, soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning but every woman that falls in this way will do him as much justice as he does himself. When an heiress sees a man throwing particular graces into his ogle, or talking loud within her hearing, she ought to look to herself: but if withal she observes a pair of red heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dress, she cannot take too much care of her person. These are baits not to be trifled with; charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impregnable. The force of a man with these qualifications are so well known, that I am credibly informed there are several female undertakers about the 'Change, who, upon the

the arrival of a likely man out of a neighbouring kingdom, will furnish him with proper dress from head to foot, to be paid for at a double price on the day of marriage.

We must however distinguish between fortune-hunters and fortune-stealers. The first are those assiduous gentlemen who employ their whole lives in the chase without ever coming at the quarry. Sufenus has combed and powdered at the ladies for thirty years together, and taken his stand in a side-box until he has grown wrinkled under their eyes. He is now laying the same snares for the present generation of beauties which he practised on their mothers. Cottilus, after having made his applications to more than you meet with in Mr Cowley's ballad of mistresses, was at last smitten with a city lady of 20,000*l.* Sterling; but died of old age before he could bring matters to bear. Nor must I here omit my worthy friend Mr. Honeycomb, who has often told us in the club, that for twenty years successively, upon the death of a childless rich man, he immediately drew on his boots, called for his horse, and made up to the widow. When he is rallied upon his ill-success, Will with his usual gaiety tells us that he always found her pre-engaged.

Widows are indeed the great game of your fortune-hunters. There is scarce a young fellow in the town of six foot high that has not passed in review before one or other of these wealthy relicts. Hudibras's Cupid, who

“ ———took his stand

“ Upon a widow's jointure land,”

is daily employed in throwing darts and kindling flames. But as for widows, they are such a subtle generation of people, that they may be left to their own conduct; or if they make a false step in it, they are answerable for it to nobody but themselves. The young innocent creatures who have no knowledge and experience of the world, are those whose safety

I would

I would principally consult in this Speculation. The stealing of such an one should, in my opinion, be as punishable as a rape. Where there is no judgment there is no choice; and why the inveigling a woman before she is come to the years of discretion should not be as criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten years old, I am at a loss to comprehend.

Tuesday, March 4, 1712 \*.

— *Fruges consumere nati.*

HOR. I Ep. ii. 27.

— Born to drink and eat.

CREECH.

**A**UGUSTUS, a few moments before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, "let me then," says he, "go off the stage with your applause;" using the expression with which the Roman actors made their exit at the conclusion of a dramatic piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them: whether it was worth coming into the world for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant, or buffoon, the satirist, or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it would redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in England eat better; that he had an admirable talent

\* No. 317.

at

at turning his friends into ridicule; that nobody out-did him at an ill-natured jest; or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations and eulogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence; but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significancy to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere to the following purpose: I have often seen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance and endowed with reason. These two intellectual beings are employed from morning to night in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phrase is, in polishing marble.

My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen who died a few days since. This honest man being of greater consequence in his own thoughts than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew shewed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it, after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade; but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

MONDAY, eight o'clock. I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go ill in the North. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. Mem. Too many plums and no fuet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind S. S. E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed. Slept sound.

TUESDAY, being holiday, eight o'clock. Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned. Dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem. Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Visier strangled.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the grand visier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, eight o'clock. Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands, but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten,



Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and an half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. Mem. Cook maid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffeehouse. Advice from Smyrna, that the grand visier was first of all strangled and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. Mr Nisby of opinion that the grand visier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking until nine next morning.

THURSDAY, nine o'clock. Staid within until two o'clock for Sir Timothy, who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small-beer four. Beef over corned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five, Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cook maid. Sent a message to Sir Timothy. Mem. I did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined, and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the coffeehouse. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr.

Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock. At the Club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed. Dreamed that I drank small-beer with the grand visier.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven. Walked in the fields. Wind N. E.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Returned home and dried myself.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course, marrow-bones; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three o'clock. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Visier certainly dead, &c.

I question not but the reader will be surpris'd to find the above mentioned journalift taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements; and yet if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time who is not engaged in public affairs or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously

riously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

Tuesday, March 11, 1712\*.

— *Modo vir, modo femina*—

VIRG.

Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman.

THE journal with which I presented my reader on Tuesday last has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the "Rake's Journal," the "Sot's Journal," the "Whoremaster's Journal;" and among several others, a very curious piece, intitled, "The Journal of a Mohock." By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifles and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shews the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself Clarinda, is such a journalist as I require. She seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shewn her wholly di-

\* No. 323.

vested

vested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

“ Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ YOU having set your readers an exercise in one  
 “ of your last week’s Papers; I have perform-  
 “ ed mine according to your orders, and herewith  
 “ send it you inclosed. You must know, Mr. SPECT-  
 “ TATOR, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune,  
 “ who have had several matches offered me for these  
 “ ten years last past, and have at present warm ap-  
 “ plications made to me by a very pretty fellow.  
 “ As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town  
 “ every winter, and pass my time in it after the man-  
 “ ner you will find in the following journal, which  
 “ I began to write upon the very day after your  
 “ SPECTATOR upon that subject.”

TUESDAY night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

WEDNESDAY. From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter. Drank a dish of bohea. Read the SPECTATOR.

From eleven to one. At my toilette. Tried a new hood. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. Mem. I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. Mem. Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed. Paid a visit to old lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of the town that day.

From

From six to eleven. At Basset. Mem. Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY. From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dreamed that I punted to Mr. Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in Aurengzebe a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow lady Faddle's Cupid for Veny. Read the play bills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. Fontange. The tire-woman. Her account of my lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my lady Hectick rested after her monkey's leaping out at the window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy for a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

FRIDAY. Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters. Cupid and Veny.

Ten o'clock. Stayed within all day; not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbons. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myself up in my chamber. Practised lady Betty Modley's skuttle.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet leaf in it. Eyes ached, and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of Aurengzebe.

From three to four. Dined.

From

From four to twelve. Changed my mind; dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spiteley at home. Conversation. Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townley has red hair. Mem. Mrs. Spiteley whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth. I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.

SATURDAY. Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eye-brow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. Mem. The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried Encore. Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. Eight o'clock. Walked by Miss Kitty. Aurengzebe lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated

repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobbs to the dumb man according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. Mem. The conjurer was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, &c.

“ Upon looking back into this my journal, I find  
 “ that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my  
 “ time well or ill; and indeed never thought of con-  
 “ sidering how I did it before I perused your specu-  
 “ lation upon that subject. I scarce find a single ac-  
 “ tion in these five days that I can thoroughly ap-  
 “ prove of, except the working upon the violet-leaf,  
 “ which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at  
 “ leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not  
 “ think they took up so much of my time and  
 “ thoughts, as I find they do upon my journal. The  
 “ latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it;  
 “ and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a con-  
 “ clusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run  
 “ away in a dream.

“ Your humble servant,

“ CLARINDA.”

To resume one of the morals of my first Paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my Paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

## On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.

" Underneath this marble hearse  
 " Lies the subject of all verse,  
 " Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :  
 " Death, e'er thou hast killed another,  
 " Fair and learned, and good as she,  
 " Time shall throw a dart at thee."

*Tuesday, March 18. 1712\*.*

*Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit, & Ancus.*

HOR. I Ep. vi. 27.

With Ancus and with Numa, kings of Rome,  
 We must descend into the silent tomb.

MY friend Sir Roger de Coverly told me the other night, that he had been reading my Paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another Paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow Truby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at

\* No. 329.

the



the same time with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzick: when of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Truby's water, telling me that the widow Truby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country: that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her: that she distributed her water *gratis* among all sorts of people; to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her: and truly, says Sir Roger, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this

would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cry'd out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudsley Shovel, he flung his head that way, and cry'd "Sir Cloudsley Shovell! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner, "Dr. Busby! a great man! he whipp'd my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleas'd to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle."

We were then convey'd to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, "what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland?" the fellow, instead of re-  
turning

turning him an answer, told him, "that he hoped "his honour would pay his forfeit." I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, "that if Will Wimble were with "us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard "but he would get a tobacco stopper out of one or "t'other of them."

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shewn Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir ROGER acquainted us, "that "he was the first who touched for the evil:" and afterwards Henry the Fourth's; upon which he shook his head, and told us "there was fine reading in the "casualties of that reign."

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since: "Some Whig, I'll warrant "you," says Sir Roger; "you ought to lock up "your kings better; they will carry off the body "too, if you do not take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, "who," as our knight observed with some surprise, "had a "great many kings in him, whose monuments he "had not seen in the abbey."

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight shew such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man: for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, "that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure."

Tuesday, March 25, 1712\*.

*Respicere exemplar vite morumque jubebo  
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.*

HOR. Ars Poet. 317.

Keep Nature's great original in view,  
And thence the living images pursue.

FRANCIS.

MY friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. The last I saw, said Sir Roger, was the Committee, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good church of England comedy. He then proceeded to enquire of me who this Distressed Mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man; and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the Dictionary. My friend asked me in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad †. I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or

\* No. 335.

three

† See SPECT. Nos. 324, 332, and 347.

three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet-street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know, continued the knight with a smile, I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shewn them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dogged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before. Sir Roger added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out, says he, at the end of Norfolk-street, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the knight, if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my coach in readiness to attend you; for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left-hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with

with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added with a more than ordinary vehemence, You can't imagine, Sir, what it is to have to do with a widow. Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, Ay, do if you can. This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear, These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray, says he, you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. Well, says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost. He then renewed his attention, and from time to time fell

fell a-praising the widow. He made indeed a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though at the same time he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap; to which Sir Roger added, On my word, a notable young baggage!

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: And let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them. Captain Sentry seeing two or three wags who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smother the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death; and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes in his madness looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it, being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the croud. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his

entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the play-house; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man.

Thursday, April 3, 1712\*.

—*Errat, et illinc  
Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus  
Spiritus; eque feris humana in corpora transit,  
Inque feras nosfer*—

PYTHAG. ap. Ovid. Metam. xv. 165.

—All things are but alter'd, nothing dies,  
And here and there the unbody'd spirit flies,  
By time, or force, or sickness dispossest,  
And lodges where it lights, in man or beast.

DRYDEN.

**W**ILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to shew upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. Sir Paul Rycout, says he, gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it as we should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. You must know, says Will, the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though

\* No. 343.

unde



under such mean circumstances. They will tell you, says Will, that the soul of a man when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute which he resembled in his humour or his fortune when he was one of us.

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, Will told us that Jack Freeclove, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very pretty epistle upon this hint. Jack, says he, was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress in the person of the monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window and went about his business.

The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt, says Will, whether it was written by Jack or the monkey.

“MADAM,

“NOT having the gift of speech, I have a long  
 “time waited in vain for an opportunity of  
 “making myself known to you; and having at present  
 “the conveniencies of pen, ink and paper by  
 “me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my  
 “history in writing, which I could not do by word  
 “of mouth. You must know, Madam, that about  
 “a thousand years ago I was an Indian Brachman,  
 “and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your  
 “European philosopher called Pythagoras is said to  
 “have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated  
 “myself by my great skill in the occult  
 “sciences with a Dæmon whom I used to converse

Y 2

“with,

" with, that he promised to grant me whatever I  
 " should ask of him. I desired that my soul might  
 " never pass into the body of a brute creature; but  
 " this he told me was not in his power to grant me.  
 " I then begged, that into whatever creature I should  
 " chance to transmigrate, I might still retain my me-  
 " mory, and be conscious that I was the same person  
 " who lived in different animals. This, he told me,  
 " was within his power, and accordingly promised, on  
 " the word of a Dæmon, that he would grant me  
 " what I desired. From that time forth I lived so  
 " very unblameably, that I was made president of a  
 " college of Brachmans; an office which I discharged  
 " with great integrity till the day of my death.

" I was then shuffled into another human body, and  
 " acted my part so well in it, that I became first mi-  
 " nister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of  
 " the Ganges. I here lived in great honour for fe-  
 " veral years; but by degrees lost all the innocence  
 " of the Brachman, being obliged to rife and oppress  
 " the people to enrich my sovereign; till at length  
 " I became so odious, that my master, to recover his  
 " credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart  
 " with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself  
 " to him at the head of his army.

" Upon my next remove, I found myself in the  
 " woods under the shape of a jack-call, and soon lift-  
 " ed myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp  
 " near his den about midnight, which was his time  
 " of rousing and seeking after prey. He always fol-  
 " lowed me in the rear; and when I had run down  
 " a fat buck, a wild goat, or an hare, after he had  
 " feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now  
 " and then throw me a bone that was but half pick-  
 " ed for my encouragement; but upon my being  
 " unsuccessful in two or three chaces, he gave me  
 " such a confounded gripe in his anger, that I died  
 " of it.

" In my next transmigration, I was again set upon  
 " legs, and became an Indian tax-gatherer; but hav-  
 " ing

“ing been guilty of great extravagances, and being  
“married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so  
“curfedly in debt, that I durst not shew my head.  
“I could no sooner step out of my house but I was  
“arrested by somebody or other that lay in wait for  
“me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk  
“of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a  
“dungeon, where I died, a few months after.

“My soul then entered into a flying-fish, and in  
“that state led a most melancholy life for the space  
“of six years. Several fishes of prey pursued me  
“when I was in the water; and if I betook myself  
“to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock  
“of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying  
“amidst a fleet of English ships, I observed a huge  
“sea-gull whetting his bill and hovering just over  
“my head: Upon my dipping into the water to  
“avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous  
“shark that swallowed me down in an instant.

“I was some years afterwards, to my great sur-  
“prise, an eminent banker in Lombard-street; and  
“remembering how I had formerly suffered for want  
“of money, became so very sordid and avaritious,  
“that the whole town cried shame of me. I was a  
“miserable little old fellow to look upon; for I had  
“in a manner starved myself, and was nothing but  
“skin and bone when I died.

“I was afterwards very much troubled and amaz-  
“to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was  
“heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure;  
“and did not know but some time or other I might  
“be reduced to a mite, if I did not mend my man-  
“ners. I therefore applied myself with great dili-  
“gence to the offices that were allotted me, and was  
“generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the  
“whole mole-hill. I was at last picked up, as I was  
“groaning under a burthen, by an unlucky cock  
“sparrow that lived in the neighbourhood, and had  
“before made great depredations upon our common-  
“wealth.

“I then

" I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a  
 " whole summer in the shape of a bee; but being  
 " tired with the painful and penurious life I had un-  
 " dergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into  
 " the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one  
 " day headed a party to plunder an hive, we were  
 " received so warmly by the swarm which defended  
 " it, that we were most of us left dead upon the  
 " spot.

" I might tell you of many other transmigrations  
 " which I went through: how I was a town rake,  
 " and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for  
 " ten years; as also how I was a taylor, a shrimp,  
 " and a tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes, I  
 " was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young  
 " jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun  
 " upon me.

" But I shall pass over these and several other  
 " stages of life, to remind you of the young beau  
 " who made love to you about six years since. You  
 " may remember, Madam, how he masked, and danc-  
 " ed, and sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain  
 " you; and how he was at last carried off by a cold  
 " that he got under your window one night in a fe-  
 " renade. I was that unfortunate young fellow to  
 " whom you were then so cruel. Not long after my  
 " shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a  
 " hill in Æthiopia, where I lived in my present  
 " grotesque shape, till I was caught by a servant of  
 " the English factory, and sent over into Great Bri-  
 " tain. I need not inform you how I came into  
 " your hands. You see, Madam, this is not the first  
 " time that you have had me in a chain: I am,  
 " however, very happy in this my captivity, as you  
 " often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which  
 " I would have given the world for when I was a  
 " man. I hope this discovery of my person will not  
 " tend to my disadvantage; but that you will still  
 " continue your accustomed favours to

" Your most devoted humble servant,

" PUGG."

“ P. S. I would advise your little shock-dog to keep out of my way ; for as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he will not like.”

Thursday, April 10, 1712 \*.

— *Quos ille timorum*

*Maximus haud urget lethi metus : inde ruendi*

*In ferrum mens prona viris, animaeque capaces*

*Mortis —*

LUCAN. i. 454.

Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,  
 Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise !  
 Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,  
 But rush undaunted on the pointed steel,  
 Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn  
 To spare that life which must so soon return.

ROWE.

I AM very much pleased with a consolatory letter of Phalaris, to one who had lost a son that was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father is, to the best of my memory, as follows : That he should consider death had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy : That while he lived, he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise till his head is laid in the dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to re-

\* No. 349.

tract

tract our opinions. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy; so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration, that Epaminondas, being asked whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or he himself deserved most to be esteemed? You must first see us die, saith he, before that question can be answered.

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change; so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great person in the Grecian or Roman history, whose death has not been remarked upon by some writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the person who has descanted on it. Monsieur de St. Evremond is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of Petronius Arbiter during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution, than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates. There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflection. It was Petronius's merit, that he died in the same gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and dissolute, the indifference which he shewed at the close of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural carelessness and levity, rather than fortitude. The resolution of Socrates proceeded from very

very different motives ; the consciofnefs of a well-fpent life, and the profpect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author above mentioned was fo pleafed with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler inftance of it in our countryman Sir Thomas More.

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary difcourfes with wit and pleafantry : and as Erasmus tells him in an epiftle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a fecond Democritus.

He died upon a point of religion, and is refpected as a martyr by that fide for which he fuffered. That innocent mirth which had been fo confpicuous in his life, did not forfake him to the laft. He maintained the fame cheerfulness of heart upon the fcaffold which he ufed to fhew at his table ; and upon laying his head on the block, gave inftances of that good humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the moft ordinary occurences. His death was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced or affected. He did not look upon the fevering his head from his body as a circumftance that ought to produce any change in the difpofition of his mind ; and as he died under a fixed and fettled hope of immortality, he thought any unufual degree of forrow and concern improper on fuch an occafion as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example. Men's natural fears will be a fufficient guard againft it. I fhall only obferve, that what was philofophy in this extraordinary man, would be frenzy in one who does not refemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the fanctity of his life and manners.

I fhall conclude this Paper with the inftance of a perfon who feems to me to have fhewn more intrepidity and greatness of foul in his dying moments, than what we meet with among any of the moft celebrated Greeks and Romans. I met with this in-

stance in the History of the Revolutions in Portugal written by the Abbot de Vertot.

When Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muli Moluc, Emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle began, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge, which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where, laying his finger on his mouth to enjoin secrecy to his officers who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.



---

Thursday, April 17, 1712\*.

---

*Non ergo mordaci disfrinxi carmine quinquam.*

OID. Thrift. ii. 563.

“ I ne’er in gall dipp’d my invenom’d pen,  
 “ Nor branded the bold front of shameless men.”

I HAVE been very often tempted to write invectives upon those who have detracted from my works, or spoken in derogation of my person; but I look upon it as a particular happiness, that I have always hindered my resentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone through half a satire; but found so many motions of humanity rising in me towards the persons whom I had severely treated, that I threw it into the fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry enough to make several little epigrams and lampoons; and after having admired them a day or two, have likewise committed them to the flames. These I look upon as so many sacrifices to humanity, and have received much greater satisfaction from the suppressing such performances than I could have done from any reputation they might have procured me, or from any mortification they might have given my enemies, in case I had made them public. If a man has any talent in writing, it shews a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches in the same spirit of bitterness with which they are offered. But when a man has been at some pains in making suitable returns to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath and stifle his resentments, seems to have something in it great

Z 2

and

and heroical. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater still is the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in Epictetus, which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The sense of it is as follows: Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? Consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true. If they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches; but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appearest to be. If his reproaches are true; if thou art the envious ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn; become mild, affable, and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally cease. His reproaches may indeed continue; but thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches.

I often apply this rule to myself; and when I hear of a satirical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falsehood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why should a man be sensible of the sting of a reproach who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it? or subject himself to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any  
merit

merit or figure to live at peace with himself in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

The famous Monsieur Balzac, in a letter to the chancellor of France, who had prevented the publication of a book against him, has the following words, which are a lively picture of the greatness of mind so visible in the works of that author: "If it  
 " was a new thing, it may be I should not be dis-  
 " pleased with the suppression of the first libel that  
 " should abuse me; but since there are enough of  
 " them to make a small library, I am secretly pleas-  
 " ed to see the number increased, and take delight  
 " in raising a heap of stones that envy has cast at me  
 " without doing me any harm."

The author here alludes to those monuments of the eastern nations, which were mountains of stones raised upon the dead bodies by travellers, that used to cast every one his stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain that no monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the hands of envy. For my part, I admire an author for such a temper of mind as enables him to bear an undeserved reproach without resentment, more than for all the wit of any the finest satirical reply.

Thus far I thought necessary to explain myself in relation to those who have animadverted on this Paper, and to shew the reasons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal answer. I must further add, that the work would have been of very little use to the public had it been filled with personal reflections and debates; for which reason I have never once turned out of my way to observe those little cavils which have been made against it by envy or ignorance. The common fry of scribblers, who have no other way of being taken notice of but by attacking what has gained some reputation in the world, would have furnished me with business enough had they found me disposed to enter the lists with them.

I shall

I shall conclude with the fable of Boccacini's traveller, who was so pestered with the noise of grasshoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horse in great wrath to kill them all. This, says the author, was troubling himself to no manner of purpose. Had he pursued his journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome insects would have died of themselves in a very few weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them.

Thursday, April 24, 1712\*.

*Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus omnis  
Contremuit domus*——

VIRG. Æn. vii. 514.

“ The blast Tartarean spreads its notes around ;  
“ The house astonish'd trembles at the sound.”

I HAVE lately received the following letter from a country gentleman.

“ Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ THE night before I left London, I went to see  
“ a play called The Humorous Lieutenant.  
“ Upon the rising of the curtain, I was very much  
“ surpris'd with the great consort of cat-calls which  
“ was exhibited that evening, and began to think  
“ with myself that I had made a mistake, and gone  
“ to a music meeting instead of the playhouse. It  
“ appeared indeed a little odd to me to see so many  
“ persons of quality of both sexes assembled toge-  
“ ther at a kind of caterwawling ; for I cannot look  
“ upon that performance to have been any thing bet-  
“ ter, whatever the musicians themselves might  
“ think of it. As I had no acquaintance in the

\* No. 361.

“ house

" house to ask questions of, and was forced to go  
 " out of town early the next morning, I could not  
 " learn the secret of this matter. What I would  
 " therefore desire of you is, to give me some ac-  
 " count of this strange instrument, which I found  
 " the company called a Cat-call; and particularly,  
 " to let me know whether it be a piece of music  
 " lately come from Italy. For my own part, to be  
 " plain with you, I would rather hear an English  
 " fiddle: though I durst not shew my dislike whilst  
 " I was in the playhouse, it being my chance to sit  
 " the very next man to one of the performers.

" I am, Sir,  
 " Your most affectionate friend and servant,  
 " JOHN SHALLOW, Esq."

In compliance with Squire Shallow's request, I design this paper as a dissertation upon the Cat-call. In order to make myself a master of the subject, I purchased one the beginning of last week, though not without great difficulty, being informed at two or three toyshops that the players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned antiquaries in relation to its original; and find them very much divided among themselves upon that particular. A Fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes from the simplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its sound, that the Cat-call is older than any of the inventions of Jubal.

He observes very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds, and other melodious animals; and what, says he, was more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat, that lived under the same roof with them? He added, that the cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind instrument, but for our string-music in general.

Another

Another virtuoso of my acquaintance will not allow the cat-call to be older than Thespis, and is apt to think it appeared in the world soon after the ancient comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our dramatic entertainments. Nor must I here omit what a very curious gentleman, who is lately returned from his travels, has more than once assured me, namely, that there was lately dug up at Rome the statue of a Momus, who holds an instrument in his right-hand very much resembling our modern cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this invention to Orpheus, and look upon the cat-call to be one of those instruments which that famous musician made use of to draw the beasts about him. It is certain, that the roaring of a cat does not call together a greater audience of that species than this instrument, if dexterously played upon in proper time and place.

But notwithstanding these various and learned conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the cat-call is originally a piece of English music. Its resemblance to the voice of some of our British songsters, as well as the use of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion. It has at least received great improvements among us, whether we consider the instrument itself, or those several quavers and graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this who heard that remarkable overgrown cat-call which was placed in the centre of the pit, and presided over all the rest at the celebrated performance lately exhibited in Drury-Lane.

Having said thus much concerning the original of the cat-call, we are in the next place to consider the use of it. The cat-call exerts itself to most advantage in the British theatre. It very much improves the sound of nonsense, and often goes along with the voice of the actor who pronounces it, as the violin or harpsichord accompanies the Italian *recitativo*.

It

It has often supplied the place of the ancient chorus, in the words of Mr. \* \* \*. In short, a bad poet has as great an antipathy to a cat-call as many people have to a real cat.

Mr. Collier, in his ingenious essay upon music, has the following passage :

“ I believe it is possible to invent an instrument that shall have a quite contrary effect to those martial ones now in use : An instrument that shall sink the spirits, and shake the nerves, and curdle the blood, and inspire despair, and cowardice, and consternation, at a surprizing rate. 'Tis probable the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and screech-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention. Whether such anti-music as this might not be of service in a camp, I shall leave to the military men to consider.”

What this learned gentleman supposes in Speculation, I have known actually verified in practice. The cat-call has struck a damp into generals, and frightened heroes off the stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a crowned head tremble, and a princess fall into fits. The Humorous Lieutenant himself could not stand it. Nay, I am told that even Almanzor looked like a mouse, and trembled at the voice of this terrifying instrument.

As it is of a dramatic nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the stage, I can by no means approve the thought of that angry lover, who, after an unsuccessful pursuit of some years, took leave of his mistress in a serenade of cat-calls.

I must conclude this Paper with the account I have lately received of an ingenious artist who has long studied this instrument, and is very well versed in all the rules of the drama. He teaches to play on it by book, and to express by it the whole art of criticism. He has his bass and his treble cat-call ; the former for tragedy, the latter for comedy : only in tragi-co-

medies they may both play together in concert. He has a particular squeak to denote the violation of each of the unities, and has different founds to shew whether he aims at the poet or the player. In short, he teaches the smut note, the fustian note, the stupid note; and has composed a kind of air that may serve as an act-tune to an incorrigible play, and which takes in the whole compass of the cat-call.

---

Thursday, May 1, 1712\*.

---

——— *Peritura parcite charta.*

Juv. Sat. 1. ver. 18.

In mercy spare us, when we do our best  
To make as much waste paper as the rest.

I HAVE often pleased myself with considering the two kinds of benefits which accrue to the public from these my Speculations, and which, were I to speak after the manner of logicians, I would distinguish into the material and the formal. By the latter I understand those advantages which my readers receive, as their minds are either improved or delighted by these my daily labours; but having already several times descanted on my endeavours in this light, I shall at present wholly confine myself to the consideration of the former. By the word material, I mean those benefits which arise to the public from these my Speculations, as they consume a considerable quantity of our paper-manufacture, employ our artificers in printing, and find business for great numbers of indigent persons.

Our paper-manufacture takes into it several mean materials which could be put to no other use, and affords work for several hands in the collecting of them, which are incapable of any other employment.

\* No. 367,

Those



Those poor retailers, whom we see so busy in every street, deliver in their respective gleanings to the merchant. The merchant carries them in loads to the paper-mill, where they pass through a fresh set of hands, and give life to another trade. Those who have mills on their estates, by this means considerably raise their rents; and the whole nation is in a great measure supplied with a manufacture, for which formerly she was obliged to her neighbours.

The materials are no sooner wrought into paper, but they are distributed among the presses, where they again set innumerable artists at work, and furnish business to another mystery. From hence accordingly, as they are stained with news or politics, they fly through the town in Post-Men, Post-Boys, Daily Courants, Reviews, Medleys, and Examiners. Men, women and children contend who shall be the first bearers of them, and get their daily sustenance by spreading them. In short, when I trace in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of Spectators, I find so many hands employed in every step they take through their whole progress, that while I am writing a Spectator, I fancy myself providing bread for a multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my Paper, after it is thus printed and published, is still beneficial to the public on several occasions. I must confess I have lighted my pipe with my own works for this twelvemonth past. My landlady often sends up her little daughter to desire some of my old Spectators, and has frequently told me, that the paper they are printed on is the best in the world to wrap spice in. They likewise make a good foundation for a mutton pye, as I have more than once experienced, and were very much sought for last Christmas by the whole neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the changes that a linen fragment undergoes, by passing through the several hands above mentioned. The finest pieces of  
holland,

holland, when worn to tatters, assume a new whiteness more beautiful than their first, and often return in the shape of letters to their native country. A lady's shift may be metamorphosed into billets-doux, and come into her possession a second time. A beau may peruse his cravat after it is worn out with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he did in a glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for some years as a towel or a napkin, may by this means be raised from a dunghill, and become the most valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet.

The politest nations of Europe have endeavoured to vie with one another for the reputation of the finest printing. Absolute governments, as well as republics, have encouraged an art which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial that ever was invented among the sons of men. The present king of France, in his pursuits after glory, has particularly distinguished himself by the promoting of this useful art; insomuch that several books have been printed in the Louvre at his own expence, upon which he sets so great a value, that he considers them as the noblest presents he can make to foreign princes and ambassadors. If we look into the commonwealths of Holland and Venice, we shall find that in this particular they have made themselves the envy of the greatest monarchies. Elzevir and Aldus are more frequently mentioned than any pensioner of the one, or doge of the other.

The several presses which are now in England, and the great encouragement which has been given to learning for some years last past, has made our own nation as glorious upon this account, as for its late triumphs and conquests. The new edition which is given us of *Cæsar's Commentaries*, has already been taken notice of in foreign Gazettes, and is a work that does honour to the English press. It is no wonder that an edition should be very correct, which has passed through the hands of one of the most

most accurate, learned, and judicious writers this age has produced. The beauty of the paper, of the character, and of the several cuts with which this noble work is illustrated, makes it the finest book that I have ever seen; and is a true instance of the English genius, which, though it does not come the first into any art, generally carries it to greater heights than any other country in the world. I am particularly glad that this author comes from a British printing house in so great a magnificence, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable account of our country.

My illiterate readers, if any such there are, will be surpris'd to hear me talk of learning as the glory of a nation, and of printing as an art that gains reputation to a people among whom it flourishes. When men's thoughts are taken up with avarice and ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary power or interest to the person who is concern'd in it. But as I shall never sink this Paper so far as to engage with Goths and Vandals, I shall only regard such kind of reasoners with that pity which is due to so deplorable a degree of stupidity and ignorance.

---

Tuesday, May 6, 1712\*.

---

*Famne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus unus  
Ridebat? —*

Juv. Sat. x. 28.

“And shall the sage your approbation win,  
“Whose laughing features wore a constant grin?”

**I** SHALL communicate to my reader the following letter for the entertainment of this day.

\* No. 371.

“SIR,

“ SIR,

“ YOU know very well that our nation is more  
 “ famous for that sort of men who are called  
 “ Whims and Humourists, than any other country  
 “ in the world; for which reason it is observed, that  
 “ our English comedy excels that of all other nations  
 “ in the novelty and variety of its characters.

“ Among those innumerable sets of whims which  
 “ our country produces, there are none whom I have  
 “ regarded with more curiosity than those who have  
 “ invented any particular kind of diversion for the  
 “ entertainment of themselves or their friends. My  
 “ letter shall single out those who take delight in  
 “ forming a company that has something of burlesque  
 “ and ridicule in its appearance. I shall make my-  
 “ self understood by the following example. One  
 “ of the wits of the last age, who was a man of a good  
 “ estate, thought he never laid out his money better  
 “ than in a jest. As he was one year at the Bath, ob-  
 “ serving that in the great confluence of fine people,  
 “ there were several among them with long chins, a  
 “ part of the visage by which he himself was very  
 “ much distinguished, he invited to dinner half a  
 “ score of these remarkable persons who had their  
 “ mouths in the middle of their faces. They had  
 “ no sooner placed themselves about the table, but  
 “ they began to stare upon one another, not being  
 “ able to imagine what had brought them together.  
 “ Our English proverb says,

“ 'Tis merry in the hall,

“ When beards wag all.”

“ It proved so in the assembly I am now speaking  
 “ of, who, seeing so many peaks of faces agitated  
 “ with eating, drinking and discourse, and observing  
 “ all the chins that were present meeting together  
 “ very often over the centre of the table, every one  
 “ grew sensible of the jest, and gave into it with so  
 “ much

“ much good humour, that they lived in strict friend-  
“ ship and alliance from that day forward.

“ The same gentleman some time after packed to-  
“ gether a set of Oglers, as he called them, consist-  
“ ing of such as had an unlucky cast in their eyes.  
“ His diversion on this occasion was to see the cross  
“ bows, mistaken signs, and wrong connivances,  
“ that passed amidst so many broken and refracted  
“ rays of sight.

“ The third feast which this merry gentleman ex-  
“ hibited was to the Stammerers, whom he got to-  
“ gether in a sufficient body to fill his table. He  
“ had ordered one of his servants, who was placed  
“ behind a screen, to write down their table-talk,  
“ which was very easy to be done without the help  
“ of short hand. It appears by the notes which were  
“ taken, that though their conversation never fell,  
“ there were not above twenty words spoken during  
“ the first course; that upon serving up the second,  
“ one of the company was a quarter of an hour in  
“ telling them, that the ducklings and asparagus  
“ were very good; and that another took up the  
“ same time in declaring himself of the same opinion.  
“ This jest did not, however, go off so well as the  
“ former; for one of the guests being a brave man,  
“ and fuller of resentment than he knew how to ex-  
“ press, went out of the room, and sent the facetious  
“ inviter a challenge in writing, which, though it  
“ was afterwards dropped by the interposition of  
“ friends, put a stop to these ludicrous entertain-  
“ ments.

“ Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me,  
“ that as there is no moral in these jests, they ought  
“ to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces  
“ of unluckiness than wit. However, as it is natu-  
“ ral for one man to refine upon the thought of an-  
“ other, and impossible for any single person, how  
“ great soever his parts may be, to invent an art,  
“ and bring it to its utmost perfection, I shall, here  
“ give you an account of an honest gentleman of my  
“ acquaintance,

acquaintance, who, upon hearing the character of the  
 wit above mentioned, has himself assumed it, and  
 endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind.  
 He invited half a dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant phrases in their discourse, as d'ye hear me, d'ye see, that is, and so Sir. Each of his guests making frequent use of his particular eloquence, appeared so ridiculous to his neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the company. By this means, before they had sat long together, every one talking with the greatest circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite expletive, the conversation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of sense, though less of sound in it.

The same well-meaning gentleman took occasion, at another time, to bring together such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual custom of swearing. In order to shew them the absurdity of the practice, he had recourse to the invention above mentioned, having placed an amanuensis in a private part of the room. After the second bottle, when men open their minds without reserve, my honest friend began to take notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary words that had passed in his house since their sitting down at table, and how much good conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous phrases. What a tax, says he, would they have raised for the poor, had we put the laws in execution upon one another! Every one of them took this gentle reproof in good part. Upon which he told them, that, knowing their conversation would have no secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in writing, and for the humour sake would read it to them, if they pleased. There were ten sheets of it, which might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable interpolations I  
 have

“ have before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in  
 “ cold blood, it looked rather like a conference of  
 “ fiends than of men. In short, every one trembled at  
 “ himself upon hearing calmly what he had pro-  
 “ nounced amidst the heat and inadvertency of dis-  
 “ course.

“ I shall only mention another occasion wherein he  
 “ made use of the same invention to cure a different  
 “ kind of men, who are the pests of all polite con-  
 “ versation, and murder time as much as either of  
 “ the two former, though they do it more innocent-  
 “ ly; I mean that dull generation of story-tellers.  
 “ My friend got together about half a dozen of his  
 “ acquaintance who were infected with this strange  
 “ malady. The first day, one of them, sitting down,  
 “ entered upon the siege of Namur, which lasted till  
 “ four o’clock, their time of parting. The second  
 “ day, a North Briton took possession of the dis-  
 “ course, which it was impossible to get out of his  
 “ hands so long as the company stayed together.  
 “ The third day was engrossed after the same man-  
 “ ner by a story of the same length. They at last  
 “ began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treat-  
 “ ing one another, and by this means awakened out  
 “ of that lethargy with which each of them had  
 “ been seized for several years.

“ As you have somewhere declared, that extraor-  
 “ dinary and uncommon characters of mankind are  
 “ the game which you delight in, and as I look up-  
 “ on you to be the greatest sportsman, or, if you  
 “ please, the Nimrod among this species of writers,  
 “ I thought this discovery would not be unaccept-  
 “ able to you.

“ I am,

“ Sir,” &c.

---

Tuesday, May 13, 1712\*.

---

*Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis  
Cautum est in horas—*

HOR. Od. xiii. 13.

What each should fly is seldom known ;  
We, unprovided, are undone.

CREECH.

**L**OVE was the mother of poetry, and still produces, among the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand imaginary distresses and poetical complaints. It makes a footman talk like Oroonates, and converts a brutal rustic into a gentle swain. The most ordinary plebeian or mechanic in love, bleeds and pines away with a certain elegance and tenderness of sentiments which this passion naturally inspires.

These inward languishings of a mind infected with this softness, have given birth to a phrase which is made use of by all the melting tribe, from the highest to the lowest ; I mean that of dying for love.

Romances, which owe their very being to this passion, are full these metaphorical deaths. Heroes and heroines, knights, squires and damsels, are all of them in a dying condition. There is the same kind of mortality in our modern tragedies, where every one gasps, faints, bleeds, and dies. Many of the poets, to describe the execution which is done by this passion, represent the fair sex as basilisks that destroy with their eyes ; but I think Mr. Cowley has with greater justness of thought compared a beautiful woman to a porcupine, that sends an arrow from every part.

\* No. 377.

I have



I have often thought, that there is no way so effectual for the cure of this general infirmity, as a man's reflecting upon the motives that produce it. When the passion proceeds from the sense of any virtue or perfection in the person beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a man considers that all his heavy complaints of wounds and deaths arise from some little affectation of coquetry, which are improved into charms by his own fond imagination, the very laying before himself the cause of his distemper may be sufficient to effect the cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several bundles of letters which I have received from dying people, and composed out of them the following bill of mortality, which I shall lay before my reader without any further preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several places where there is most danger, and those fatal arts which are made use of to destroy the heedless and unwary.

Lyfander, slain at a puppet-show on the third of September.

Thirfis, shot from a casement in Piccadilly.

T. S. wounded by Zelinda's *scarlet* stocking, as she was stepping out of a coach.

Will. Simple, smitten at the opera by the glance of an eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

Tho. Vainlove, lost his life at a ball.

Tim. Tattle, killed by the tap of a fan on his left shoulder by Coquetilla, as he was talking carelessly with her in a bow-window.

Sir Simon Softly, murdered at the playhouse in Drury-Lane by a frown.

Philander, mortally wounded by Cleora as she was adjusting her tucker.

Ralph Gapley, Esq. hit by a random shot at the ring.

F. R. caught his death upon the water April the first.

W. W. killed by an unknown hand that was playing with the glove off upon the side of the front box in Drury-Lane.

Sir Christopher Crazy, Bart. hurt by the brush of a whalebone petticoat.

Sylvius, shot through the sticks of a fan at St. James's church.

Damon, struck through the heart by a diamond necklace.

Thomas Trusty, Francis Goosequill, William Meanwell, Edward Callow, Esqrs. standing in a row, fell all four at the same time by an ogle of the Widow Trapland.

Tom Rattle, chancing to tread upon a lady's tail as he came out of the playhouse, she turned full upon him and laid him dead upon the spot.

Dick Tastewell, slain by a blush from the Queen's box in the third act of *The Trip to the Jubilee*.

Samuel Felt, haberdasher, wounded in his walks to Islington by Mrs. Sufanna Crossstitch as she was clambering over a stile.

R. F., T. W., S. I., M. P., &c. put to death in the last birth-day massacre.

Roger Blinko, cut off in the twenty-first year of his age by a white wash.

Mufidorus, slain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in Belinda's left cheek.

Ned Courtly, presenting Flavia with her glove (which she had dropped on purpose), she received it, and took away his life with a curtsy.

John Goffelin, having received a slight hurt from a pair of blue eyes, as he was making his escape, was dispatched by a smile.

Strephon, killed by Clarinda as she looked down into the pit.

Charles Careless, shot flying by a girl of fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her head upon him out of a coach.

Josiah Wither, aged three score and three, sent to his long home by Elizabeth Jetwell, spinster.

Jack

Jack Freelove, murdered by Melissa in her hair.  
 William Wiseacre, gent. drowned in a flood of  
 tears by Moll Common.

John Pleadwell, Esq. of the Middle Temple, barrister at law, assassinated in his chambers on the 6th instant by Kitty Sly, who pretended to come to him for his advice.

Saturday, May 17, 1712 \*.

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis  
 Servare mentem, non secus in bonis,  
 Ab insolenti temperatam  
 Lætitia, morituri, Deli.*

HOR. 3 Od. ii. 1.

“ Be calm, my Delius, and serene,  
 “ However fortune change the scene.  
 “ In thy most dejected state,  
 “ Sink not underneath the weight ;  
 “ Nor yet when happy days begin,  
 “ And the full tide comes rolling in,  
 “ Let a fierce unruly joy  
 “ The settled quiet of thy mind destroy.

ANON.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient; cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds,

\* No. 381.

clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred person, who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions: It is of a serious and composed nature: it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul. His imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed. His temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons with whom he converses, it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden

sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness or tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we may meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen and cavil. It is indeed no wonder that men who are uneasy to themselves,

themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally rise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity; when it takes a view of those improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will still be receiving an increase of perfection,

fection, and consequently an increase of happiness? The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind, is in the consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us; to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we were made to please.

---

Tuesday, May 20, 1712\*.

---

*Criminibus debent hortos*—

Juv. Sat. i. 75.

“A beauteous garden, but by vice maintain'd.”

AS I was fitting in my chamber and thinking on a subject for my next Spectator, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door; and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice enquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring-Garden, in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the stair-case; but told me that if I was speculating, he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy on the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple stairs, but we were surrounded with a croud of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden-leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, “You must know,” says Sir Roger, “I never make use of any body to row me that has not lost either a leg or an arm. I would rather bate  
\* No. 383. “him



“ him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an  
“ honest man that has been wounded in the Queen’s  
“ service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a  
“ barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that  
“ had not a wooden leg.”

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way to Vaux-Hall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg; and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight in the triumph of his heart made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London-Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old knight turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. “ A most  
“ heathenish sight !” says Sir Roger: “ There is no  
“ religion at this end of the town. The fifty new  
“ churches will very much mend the prospect; but  
“ church-work is slow, church-work is slow.”

I do not remember I have any where mentioned, in Sir Roger’s character, his custom of saluting every body that passes by him with a good-morrow, or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even

in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us on the water; but, to the knight's great surprize, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us, what queer old put we had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a wenching at his years? with a great deal of the like Thames ribbaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first; but at length assuming a face of magistracy, told us, "That if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land."

We were now arrived at Spring-Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me, it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moon-light nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the knight, being startled at so unexpected familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her, "She was a wanton baggage," and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton-ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating

eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow flared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden, if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets.

Saturday, May 12, 1712 \*.

*Quid pure tranquillet*—

HOR. I Ep. xviii. 102.

“What calms the breast, and makes the mind serene.”

**I**N my last Saturday's Paper I spoke of cheerfulness as it is a moral habit of the mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy temper in the soul of man. I shall now consider cheerfulness in its natural state, and reflect on those motives to it which are indifferent either to virtue or vice.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such,

\* No. 387.

who

who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body. It banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world in which we are placed is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes and rivers are as refreshing to the imagination as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye, instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon after too great an application

to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner. All colours that are more luminous overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight: On the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of cheerful.

To consider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman after the same manner is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but of the harvest and increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing, that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable

able figure. And why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a cheerful temper as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this cheerfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of dæmon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with the flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus. " In the gloomy  
" month of November, when the people of England  
" hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover  
" walk'd out into the fields, &c.

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up cheerfully against those little evils and misfortunes which  
are

are common to human nature, and which by a right improvement of them will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that cheerfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interperision of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his Essay on Human Understanding, to a moral reason, in the following words:

“ Beyond all this we may find another reason why  
“ God hath scattered up and down several degrees of  
“ pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and  
“ affect us, and blended them together in almost all  
“ that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that  
“ we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want  
“ of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which  
“ the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek  
“ it in the enjoyment of him with whom there is  
“ fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.”

---

Thursday, May 29, 1712\*.

---

— Non tu prece poscis emaci,  
 Quæ nisi seductus nequeas committere divis :  
 At bona pars procerum tacita libabit acerra.  
 Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilsque susurros  
 Tollere de templis, et aperto vivere voto.  
 Mens bona, fama, fides ; hæc clare, et ut audiat hospes,  
 Illa sibi introrsum, et sub lingua immurmurat : O si  
 Ebullit patrum præclarum funus ! Et O si  
 Sub rastris crepet argenti mihi seria dextro,  
 Hercule ! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus hæres  
 Impello, expungam !

PERS. Sat. ii. v. 3.

— “ Thou know’st to join  
 “ No bribe unhallow’d to a prayer of thine ;  
 “ Thine which can ev’ry ear’s full test abide,  
 “ Nor need be mutter’d to the Gods aside !  
 “ No, *thou* aloud may’st thy petitions trust ;  
 “ Thou need’st not whisper ; other great ones must.  
 “ For few, my friend, few dare like thee be plain,  
 “ And prayer’s low artifice at shrines disdain.  
 “ Few from their pious mumblings dare depart,  
 “ And make profession of their inmost heart.  
 “ Keep me, indulgent Heaven, through life sincere, }  
 “ Keep my mind sound, my reputation clear ; }  
 “ These wishes they can speak, and we can hear. }  
 “ Thus far their wants are audibly express’d ; [rest.  
 “ Then sinks the voice, and mutterings groan the  
 “ Hear, hear at length, good Hercules, my vow ;  
 “ O think some pot of gold beneath my plow.  
 “ Could I, O could I, to my ravish’d eyes  
 “ See my rich uncle’s pompous funeral rise ;  
 “ Or could I once my ward’s cold corpse attend ;  
 “ Then all were mine.”

\* No. 391.



WHERE Homer represents Phœnix the tutor of Achilles as persuading his pupil to lay aside his resentment, and give himself up to the entreaties of his countrymen, the poet, in order to make him speak in character, ascribes to him a speech full of those fables and allegories which old men take delight in relating, and which are very proper for instruction. "The Gods," says he, "suffer themselves to be prevailed upon by entreaties. When mortals have offended them by their transgressions, they appease them by vows and sacrifices. You must know, Achilles, that prayers are the daughters of Jupiter. They are crippled by frequently kneeling, have their faces full of scars and wrinkles, and their eyes always cast towards heaven. They are constant attendants on the goddess Ate, and march behind her. This goddess walks forward with a bold and haughty air; and being very light of foot, runs through the whole earth, grieving and afflicting the sons of men. She gets the start of Prayers, who always follow her, in order to heal those persons whom she wounds. He who honours these daughters of Jupiter when they draw near to him, receives great honours from them; but as for him who rejects them, they entreat their father to give orders to the goddess Ate to punish him for his hardness of heart." This noble allegory needs but little explanation; for whether the goddess Ate signifies injury, as some have explained it, or guilt in general, as others, or divine justice, as I am more apt to think, the interpretation is obvious enough.

I shall produce another heathen fable relating to prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think by some passages in it, that it was composed by Lucian, or at least by some author who has endeavoured to imitate his way of writing: but as dissertations of this nature are more curious than useful, I shall give my reader the fable without any further enquiries after the author.

“ Menippus the philosopher was a second time taken  
“ up into heaven by Jupiter, when for his entertain-  
“ ment he lifted up a trap-door that was placed by  
“ his foot-stool. At its rising, there issued through  
“ it such a din of cries as astonished the philosopher.  
“ Upon his asking what they meant, Jupiter told  
“ him they were the prayers that were sent up to  
“ him from the earth. Menippus, amidst the con-  
“ fusion of voices, which was so great that nothing  
“ less than the ear of Jove could distinguish them,  
“ heard the words *riches, honour, and long life*, re-  
“ peated in several different tones and languages.  
“ When the first hubbub of sounds was over, the  
“ trap-door being left open, the voices came up more  
“ separate and distinct. The first prayer was a very  
“ odd one: It came from Athens, and desired Jupi-  
“ ter to increase the wisdom and beard of his humble  
“ supplicant. Menippus knew it by the voice to  
“ be the prayer of his friend Licander the philoso-  
“ pher. This was succeeded by the petition of one  
“ who had just laden a ship, and promised Jupiter,  
“ if he took care of it, and returned it home again  
“ full of riches, he would make him an offering of  
“ a silver cup. Jupiter thanked him for nothing;  
“ and bending down his ear more attentively than  
“ ordinary, heard a voice complaining to him of the  
“ cruelty of an Ephesian widow, and begging him  
“ to breed compassion in her heart. This, says Ju-  
“ piter, is a very honest fellow: I have received a  
“ great deal of incense from him: I will not be so  
“ cruel to him as not to hear his prayers. He was  
“ then interrupted with a whole volley of vows  
“ which were made for the health of a tyrannical  
“ prince by his subjects who prayed for him in his  
“ presence. Menippus was surprised, after having  
“ listened to prayers offered up with so much ardour  
“ and devotion, to hear low whispers from the same  
“ assembly, expostulating with Jove for suffering  
“ such a tyrant to live, and asking him how his  
“ thunder could lie idle? Jupiter was so offended

“ at

“ at these prevaricating rascals, that he took down  
“ the first vows, and puffed away the last. The  
“ philosopher seeing a great cloud mounting up-  
“ wards, and making its way directly to the trap-  
“ door, enquired of Jupiter what it meant. This,  
“ says Jupiter, is the smoke of a whole hecatomb  
“ that is offered me by the general of an army, who  
“ is very importunate with me to let him cut off an  
“ hundred thousand men that are drawn up in array  
“ against him. What does the impudent wretch  
“ think I see in him to believe that I will make a  
“ sacrifice of so many mortals as good as himself;  
“ and all this to his glory forsooth? But hark,  
“ says Jupiter, there is a voice I never heard but  
“ in time of danger: 'tis a rogue that is shipwreck-  
“ ed in the Ionian sea. I saved him on a plank but  
“ three days ago, upon his promise to mend his man-  
“ ners; the scoundrel is not worth a groat, and yet has  
“ the impudence to offer me a temple if I will keep  
“ him from sinking.——But yonder, says he, is  
“ a special youth for you: He desires me to take his  
“ father, who keeps a great estate from him, out of  
“ the miseries of human life. The old fellow shall  
“ live till he makes his heart ake, I can tell him  
“ that for his pains. This was followed up by the  
“ soft voice of a pious lady, desiring Jupiter that she  
“ might appear amiable and charming in the sight  
“ of her emperor. As the philosopher was reflecting  
“ on this extraordinary petition, there blew a gentle  
“ wind through the trap-door, which he at first mis-  
“ took for a gale of Zephyrs, but afterwards found  
“ to be a breeze of sighs. They smelt strong of flowers  
“ and incense, and were succeeded by most passionate  
“ complaints of wounds and torments, fires and ar-  
“ rows, cruelty, despair and death. Menippus fancied  
“ that such lamentable cries arose from some general  
“ execution, or from wretches lying under the tor-  
“ ture; but Jupiter told him that they came up to  
“ him from the isle of Paphos, and that he every day  
“ received complaints of the same nature from that  
whimsical

“ whimsical tribe of mortals who are called lovers.  
 “ I am so trifled with, says he, by this generation  
 “ of both sexes, and find it so impossible to please  
 “ them, whether I grant or refuse their petitions,  
 “ that I shall order a western wind for the future to  
 “ intercept them on their passage, and blow them  
 “ at random upon the earth. The last petition I  
 “ heard was from a very aged man of near an hun-  
 “ dred years old, begging but for one year more  
 “ of life, and then promising to die contented.  
 “ This is the rarest old fellow! says Jupiter: He  
 “ has made this prayer to me for above twenty years  
 “ together. When he was but fifty years old,  
 “ he desired only that he might live to see his son  
 “ settled in the world. I granted it. He then beg-  
 “ ged the same favour for his daughter; and after-  
 “ wards that he might see the education of a grand-  
 “ son. When all this was brought about, he puts  
 “ up a petition that he might live to finish a house  
 “ he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable  
 “ old cur, and never wants an excuse; I will hear  
 “ no more of him. Upon which he flung down the  
 “ trap-door in a passion, and was resolved to give no  
 “ more audiences that day.”

Notwithstanding the levity of this fable, the moral  
 of it very well deserves our attention, and is the same  
 with that which has been inculcated by Socrates and  
 Plato, not to mention Juvenal and Persius, who have  
 each of them made the finest satire in their whole  
 works upon this subject. The vanity of men's wishes,  
 which are the natural prayers of the mind, as well  
 as many of those secret devotions which they offer  
 to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it.  
 Among other reasons for set forms of prayer, I have  
 often thought it a very good one, that by this means  
 the folly and extravagance of men's desires may be  
 kept within due bounds, and not break out in absurd  
 and ridiculous petitions on so great and solemn an  
 occasion.

---

Saturday, May 31, 1712\*.

---

*Nescio qua præter solitum dulcedine lati.*

VIRG. Georg. i. 412.

“ Unusual sweetness purer joys inspires.

LOOKING over the letters that have been sent me, I chanced to find the following one, which I received about two years ago from an ingenious friend who was then in Denmark.

“ Dear Sir, Copenhagen, May 1, 1710.

“ THE spring with you has already taken possession of the fields and woods. Now is the season of solitude, and of moving complaints upon trivial sufferings. Now the griefs of lovers begin to flow, and their wounds to bleed afresh. I too, at this distance from the softer climates, am not without my discontents at present. You may perhaps laugh at me for a most romantic wretch, when I have disclosed to you the occasion of my uneasiness; and yet I cannot help thinking my unhappiness real, in being confined to a region which is the very reverse of Paradise. The seasons here are all of them unpleasants, and the country quite destitute of rural charms. I have not heard a bird sing, nor a brook murmur, nor a breeze whisper, neither have I been blest with the sight of a flowery meadow these two years. Every wind here is a tempest, and every water a turbulent ocean. I hope, when you reflect a little, you will not think the grounds of my complaint in the least frivolous and unbecoming a man of serious thought; since the love of woods, of fields

\* No. 393.

“ and

“ and flowers, of rivers and fountains, seems to be  
 “ a passion implanted in our natures the most early  
 “ of any, even before the fair sex had a being.

I am, Sir, &c.

Could I transport myself with a wish from one country to another, I should choose to pass my winter in Spain, my spring in Italy, my summer in England, and my autumn in France. Of all these seasons there is none that can vie with the spring for beauty and delightfulness. It bears the same figure among the seasons of the year, that the morning does among the divisions of the day, or youth among the stages of life. The English summer is pleasanter than that of any other country in Europe, on no other account but because it has a greater mixture of spring in it. The mildness of our climate, with those frequent refreshments of dews and rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual cheerfulness in our fields, and fill the hottest months of the year with a lively verdure.

In the opening of the spring, when all nature begins to recover herself, the same animal pleasure which makes the birds sing, and the whole brute creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the heart of man. I know none of the poets who have observed so well as Milton those secret overflowings of gladness which diffuse themselves through the mind of the beholder upon surveying the gay scenes of nature: he has touched upon it twice or thrice in his *Paradise Lost*, and describes it very beautifully under the name of “ vernal delight,” in that passage where he represents the Devil himself as almost sensible of it:

“ Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue  
 “ Appear’d with gay enamel’d colours mixt:  
 “ On which the sun more glad impress’d his beams  
 “ Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
 “ When God hath shower’d the earth; so lovely  
 “ seem’d

“ That

- " That landscape: and of pure now purer air  
 " Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 " Vernal delight, and joy able to deprive  
 " All sadness but despair, &c.

Many authors have written on the vanity of the creature, and represented the barrenness of every thing in this world, and its incapacity of producing any solid or substantial happiness. As discourses of this nature are very useful to the sensual and voluptuous, those Speculations which shew the bright side of things, and lay forth those innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the several objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers. It was for this reason that I endeavoured to recommend a cheerfulness of mind in my two last Saturday's papers; and which I would still inculcate, not only from the consideration of ourselves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general survey of that universe in which we are placed at present, but from reflections on the particular season in which this Paper is written. The creation is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man; every thing he sees cheers and delights him. Providence has imprinted so many smiles on nature, that it is impossible for a mind which is not sunk in more gross and sensual delights, to take a survey of them without several secret sensations of pleasure. The Psalmist has in several of his divine poems, celebrated those beautiful and agreeable scenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that vernal delight which I have before taken notice of.

Natural philosophy quickens this taste of the creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the imagination, but to the understanding. It does not rest in the murmur of brooks and the melody of birds, in the shade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows; but considers the several ends of Providence which are served by them, and the

wonders of divine wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleasures of the eye, and raises such a rational admiration in the soul as is little inferior to devotion.

It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worship to the great Author of Nature, and to indulge these more refined meditations of heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his sight. I shall therefore conclude this short essay on that pleasure which the mind naturally conceives from the present season of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has sufficient abilities.

I would have my readers endeavour to moralize this natural pleasure of the soul, and to improve this *vernal delight*, as Milton calls it, into a Christian virtue. When we find ourselves inspired with this pleasing instinct, this secret satisfaction and complacency arising from the beauties of the creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these entertainments of sense, and who it is that thus opens his hand and fills the world with good. The apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present temper of mind, to graft upon it such a religious exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing psalms. The cheerfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of nature's works, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving that is filled with such a secret gladness. A grateful reflection on the supreme cause who produces it sanctifies it in the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness.



---

Thursday, June 5, 1712\*.

---

————— *Dolor ipse disertam*  
*Fecerat* —————

OVID. *Metam.* xiii. 225.

Her grief inspir'd her then with eloquence.

AS the Stoic philosophers discard all passions in general, they will not allow a wise man so much as to pity the afflictions of another. If thou see'st thy friend in trouble, says Epictetus, thou mayest put on a look of sorrow, and condole with him; but take care that thy sorrow be not real. The more rigid of this sect would not comply so far as to shew even such an outward appearance of grief; but when one told them of any calamity that had befallen even the nearest of their acquaintance, would immediately reply, What is that to me? If you aggravated the circumstances of the affliction, and shewed how one misfortune was followed by another, the answer was still, All this may be true; but what is it to me?

For my own part, I am of opinion, compassion does not only refine and civilize human nature, but has something in it more pleasing and agreeable than what can be met with in such an indolent happiness, such an indifference to mankind as that in which the Stoics placed their wisdom. As love is the most delightful passion, pity is nothing else but love softened by a degree of sorrow. In short, it is a kind of pleasing anguish, as well as generous sympathy, that knits mankind together, and blends them in the same common lot.

Those who have laid down rules for rhetoric or poetry, advise the writer to work himself up, if possible, to the pitch of sorrow which he endeavours to

produce in others. There are none therefore who stir up pity so much as those who indite their own sufferings. Grief has a natural eloquence belonging to it, and breaks out in more moving sentiments than can be supplied by the finest imagination. Nature on this occasion dictates a thousand passionate things which cannot be supplied by art.

It is for this reason that the short speeches or sentences which we often meet with in histories, make a deeper impression on the mind of the reader, than the most laboured strokes in a well-written tragedy. Truth and matter of fact sets the person actually before us in the one, whom fiction places at a greater distance from us in the other. I do not remember to have seen any ancient or modern story more affecting than a letter of Ann of Boleyn, wife to King Henry the Eighth, and mother to Queen Elizabeth, which is still extant in the Cotton library, as written by her own hand.

Shakespear himself could not have made her talk in a strain so suitable to her condition and character. One sees in it the expostulations of a slighted lover, the resentments of an injured woman, and the sorrows of an imprisoned queen. I need not acquaint my reader that this princess was then under prosecution for disloyalty to the King's bed, and that she was afterwards publicly beheaded upon the same account, though this persecution was believed by many to proceed, as she herself intimates, rather from the king's love to Jane Seymour, than from any actual crime of Ann of Boleyn.

Queen Ann Boleyn's last letter to King Henry.

“ SIR,

*Cotton Lib.* “ **Y**OUR Grace's displeasure, and my  
*Otho C. 10.* “ imprisonment, are things so strange  
 “ unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I  
 “ am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto  
 “ me (willing me to confess a truth, and to obtain  
 “ your

“ your favour) by such an one, whom you know  
“ to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner  
“ received this message by him, than I rightly con-  
“ ceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confes-  
“ sing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall  
“ with all willingness and duty perform your com-  
“ mand.

“ But let not your Grace ever imagine that your  
“ poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a  
“ fault, where not so much as a thought thereof pre-  
“ ceded. And to speak a truth, never prince had  
“ wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affec-  
“ tion, than you have ever found in Ann Boleyn:  
“ with which name and place I could willingly have  
“ contented myself, if God and your Grace’s plea-  
“ sure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any  
“ time so far forget myself in my exaltation or re-  
“ ceived queenship, but that I always looked for  
“ such an alteration as I now find; for the ground  
“ of my preferment being on no surer foundation  
“ than your Grace’s fancy, the least alteration I knew  
“ was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some  
“ other object. You have chosen me from a low  
“ estate to be your queen and companion, far be-  
“ yond my desert or desire. If then you found  
“ me worthy of such honour, good your Grace let  
“ not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine ene-  
“ mies, withdraw your princely favour from me;  
“ neither let that stain, that unworthy stain of a  
“ disloyal heart towards your good Grace ever cast  
“ so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the  
“ infant princess your daughter. Try me, good  
“ King; but let me have a lawful trial, and let not  
“ my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges;  
“ yea let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall  
“ fear no open shame; then shall you see either my  
“ innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience  
“ satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world  
“ stopped, or my guilt openly declared: So that  
“ whatsoever God or you may determine of me,  
“ your

“ your Grace may be freed from an open censure ;  
 “ and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your  
 “ Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not  
 “ only to execute worthy punishment on me as an  
 “ unlawful wife, but to follow your affection already  
 “ settled on that party for whose sake I am now  
 “ as I am, whose name I could some good while  
 “ since have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant  
 “ of my suspicion therein.

“ But if you have already determined of me, and  
 “ that not only my death, but an infamous slander  
 “ must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness ;  
 “ then I desire of God, that he will pardon  
 “ your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies,  
 “ the instruments thereof, and that he will not call  
 “ you to a strict account for your unprincely and  
 “ cruel usage of me at his general judgment seat,  
 “ where both you and myself must shortly appear,  
 “ and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever  
 “ the world may think of me) mine innocence shall  
 “ be openly known and sufficiently cleared.

“ My last and only request shall be, that myself  
 “ may only bear the burden of your Grace’s displeasure,  
 “ and that it may not touch the innocent  
 “ souls of those poor gentlemen, who (as I understand)  
 “ are likewise in strait imprisonment for my  
 “ sake. If ever I found favour in your sight, if  
 “ ever the name of Ann Boleyn hath been pleasing  
 “ in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and  
 “ I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further,  
 “ with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have  
 “ your Grace in good keeping, and to direct you in  
 “ all your actions. From my doleful prison in the  
 “ Tower, this sixth of May.

“ Your most loyal

“ and ever faithful wife,

“ ANN BOLEYN.”

---

Saturday, June 7, 1712\*.

---

*Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere!*—

PERS. Sat. iv. 23.

None, none descends into himself, to find  
The secret imperfections of his mind.

DRYDEN.

**H**YPOCRISY at the fashionable end of the town is very different from hypocrisy in the city. The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is; the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the shew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours which he is not guilty of. The latter assumes a face of sanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious deportment.

But there is another kind of hypocrisy which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the subject of this Paper: I mean that hypocrisy, by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes on himself; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocrisy and self-deceit which is taken notice of in these words: "Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults."

If the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost application and endeavours of moral writers to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay a claim to their care and compassion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they

\* No. 399.

fancy

fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue! I shall endeavour therefore to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the secret corners of the soul, and to shew my reader those methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose, are to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in sacred writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those who receive his doctrines. Though these two heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propose the following methods to the consideration of such as would find out their secret faults, and make a true estimate of themselves.

In the first place, let them consider well what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us as much as our own hearts. They either do not see our faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their representations, after such a manner that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us, discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers, and though his malice may set them in too strong a light, it has generally some ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues; an enemy inflames his crimes. A wise man should give a just attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the improvement of one, and the diminution of the other. Plutarch has written an essay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies; and, among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the reproaches which it casts upon us we see the worst side of ourselves, and open our eyes to several blemishes and defects in our lives  
and

and conversations which we should not have observed without the help of such ill-natured monitors.

In order likewise to come at a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider on the other hand how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which the world bestow upon us: whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really possessed of the virtues which gain us applause among those with whom we converse. Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the opinions of others, and to sacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourselves in a point of so much importance, we should not lay too great a stress on any supposed virtues we possess that are of a doubtful nature: and such we may esteem all those in which multitudes of men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as ourselves. We should always act with great cautiousness and circumspection in points where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry and persecution for any party or opinion, how praise-worthy soever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature; and yet how many persons eminent for piety suffer such monstrous and absurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I must own I never yet knew any party so just and reasonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those actions which proceed from natural constitution, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly interest or advantage. In these and the like cases, a man's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. These

are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thousand errors and secret faults find admission, without being observed or taken notice of. A wise man will suspect those actions to which he is directed by something besides reason, and always apprehend some concealed evil in every resolution that is of a disputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleasure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us than thus diligently to lift our thoughts, and examine all these dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

I shall conclude this Essay with observing that the two kinds of hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely, that of deceiving the world, and that of imposing on ourselves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred and thirty ninth psalm. The folly of the first kind of hypocrisy is there set forth by reflections on God's omniscience and omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble strains of poetry as any other I ever met with either sacred or profane. The other kind of hypocrisy, whereby a man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last verses, where the psalmist addresses himself to the great searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition; "Try me, O God! and seek the ground of my heart: prove me, and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."



---

Thursday, June 12, 1712\*.

---

*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit*——

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 142.

“Of many men he saw the manners.”

**W**HEN I consider this great city in its several quarters and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners and interests. The courts of two countries do not so much differ from one another as the court and city in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their way of thinking and conversing together.

For this reason, when any public affair is upon the anvil, I love to hear the reflections that arise upon it in the several districts and parishes of London and Westminster, and to ramble up and down a whole day together, in order to make myself acquainted with the opinions of my ingenious countrymen. By this means I know the faces of all the principal politicians within the bills of mortality; and as every coffee-house has some particular statesman belonging to it, who is the mouth of the street where he lives, I always take care to place myself near him, in order to know his judgment on the present posture of affairs. The last progress that I made with this intention, was about three months ago, when we had a current report of the King of France's death. As

\* No. 403.

I forefaw this would produce a new face of things in Europe, and many curious speculations in our British coffee-houfes, I was very defirous to learn the thoughts of our moft eminent politicians on that occafion.

That I might begin as near the fountain-head as poffible, I firft of all called in at St. James's, where I found the whole outward room in a buz of politics. The speculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were fo very much improved by a knot of theorifts who fat in the inner room within the fteams of the coffee-pot, that I there heard the whole Spanifh monarchy difpofed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for in lefs than a quarter of an hour.

I afterwards called in at Giles's, where I faw a board of French gentlemen fitting upon the life and death of their Grand Monarque. Thofe among them who had espoufed the Whig intereft, very pofitively affirmed, that he departed this life about a week fince, and therefore proceeded without any further delay to the releafe of their friends in the gallies, and to their own re-eftablifhment; but finding they could not agree among themfelves, I proceeded on my intended progrefs.

Upon my arrival at Jenny Man's, I faw an alert young fellow that cock'd his hat upon a friend of his who entered juft at the fame time with myfelf, and accofed him after the following manner: Well, Jack, the old prig is dead at laft. Sharp's the word. Now or never, boy. Up to the walls of Paris directly; with feveral other deep reflections of the fame nature.

I met with very little variation in the politics between Charing-Crofs and Covent-Garden. And upon my going into Wills's, I found their difcourfe was gone off from the death of the French King to that of Monsieur Boileau, Racine, Corneille, and feveral other poets, whom they regretted on this occafion as perfons who would have obliged the world with  
very

very noble elegies on the death of so great a prince, and so eminent a patron of learning.

At a coffee-house near the Temple, I found a couple of young gentlemen engaged very smartly in a dispute on the succession to the Spanish monarchy. One of them seemed to have been retained as advocate for the Duke of Anjou; the other for his Imperial Majesty. They were both for regulating the title to that kingdom by the statute laws of England; but finding them going out of my depth, I passed forward to St. Paul's church-yard, where I listened with great attention to a learned man who gave the company an account of the deplorable state of France during the minority of the *deceased* King.

I then turned on my right hand into Fish-street, where the chief politician of that quarter, upon hearing the news (after having taken a pipe of tobacco, and ruminated for some time), If, says he, the King of France is certainly dead, we shall have plenty of mackerel this season: our fishery will not be disturbed by privateers, as it has been for these ten years past. He afterwards considered how the death of this great man would affect our pilchards; and by several other remarks infused a general joy into his whole audience.

I afterwards entered a by-coffee-house that stood at the upper end of a narrow lane, where I met with a Nonjuror, engaged very warmly with a Laceman who was the great support of a neighbouring conventicle. The matter in debate was, whether the late French King was most like Augustus Cæsar or Nero. The controversy was carried on with great heat on both sides; and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the course of their debate, I was under some apprehension that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my penny at the bar, and made the best of my way to Cheapside.

I here gazed upon the signs for some time before I found one to my purpose. The first object I met in the coffee-room, was a person who expressed a great

great grief for the death of the French King; but upon his explaining himself, I found his sorrow did not arise from the loss of the monarch, but for his having sold out of the Bank about three days before he heard the news of it. Upon which a haberdasher, who was the oracle of the coffee-house, and had his circle of admirers about him, called several to witness that he had declared his opinion above a week before, that the French King was certainly dead; to which he added, that considering the late advices we had received from France, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying these together, and dictating to his hearers with great authority, there came in a gentleman from Garraway's, who told us that there were several letters from France just come in, with advice that the King was in good health, and was gone out a-hunting the very morning the post came away: upon which the haberdasher stole off his hat that hung upon a wooden peg by him, and retired to his shop with great confusion. This intelligence put a stop to my travels, which I had prosecuted with so much satisfaction; not being a little pleased to hear so many different opinions upon so great an event, and to observe how naturally upon such a piece of news every one is apt to consider it with regard to his particular interest and advantage.

---

Saturday, June 14, 1712\*.

---

Οἱ δὲ πανηγυριοὶ πολλὰ θεῶν ἱλασκόντο,  
 Καλὸν αἰδύνητες Παιήονα κέρας Ἀχαιῶν,  
 Μελπομένης Ἐκαεργονὸς δὲ φρένα τέρπειτ' ἀκῶν.

HOM. Iliad. i. 472.

With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends;  
 The pæans lengthen'd till the fun descends;  
 The Greeks restor'd the grateful notes prolong;  
 Apollo listens, and approves the song.

POPE.

I AM very sorry to find, by the opera bills for this day, that we are likely to lose the greatest performer in dramatic music that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared upon a stage. I need not acquaint my reader, that I am speaking of Signior Nicolini. The town is highly obliged to that excellent artist for having shewn us the Italian music in its perfection, as well as for that generous approbation he lately gave to an opera of our own country, in which the composer endeavoured to do justice to the beauty of the words, by following that noble example which has been set him by the greatest foreign masters in that art.

I could heartily wish there was the same application and endeavours to cultivate and improve our church-music, as have been lately bestowed on that of the stage. Our composers have one very great incitement to it. They are sure to meet with excellent words, and at the same time a wonderful variety of them. There is no passion that is not finely expressed in those parts of the inspired writings which are proper for divine songs and anthems.

There

There is a certain coldness and indifference in the phrases of our European languages, when they are compared with the oriental forms of speech; and it happens very luckily, that the Hebrew idioms run into the English tongue with a particular grace and beauty. Our language has received innumerable elegancies and improvements from that infusion of Hebraisms, which are derived to it out of the poetical passages in Holy Writ. They give a force and energy to our expression, warm and animate our language, and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intense phrases than any that are to be met with in our own tongue. There is something so pathetic in this kind of diction, that it often sets the mind in a flame, and makes our hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a prayer appear, that is composed in the most elegant and polite forms of speech, which are natural to our tongue, when it is not heightened by that solemnity of phrase which may be drawn from the sacred writings. It has been said by some of the ancients, that if the Gods were to talk with men, they would certainly speak in Plato's style; but I think we may say with justice, that when mortals converse with their Creator, they cannot do it in so proper a style as in that of the Holy Scriptures.

If any one would judge of the beauties of poetry that are to be met with in the divine writings, and examine how kindly the Hebrew manners of speech mix and incorporate with the English language; after having perused the book of Psalms, let him read a literal translation of Horace or Pindar. He will find in these two last such an absurdity and confusion of style, with such a comparative poverty of imagination, as will make him very sensible of what I have been here advancing.

Since we have therefore such a treasury of words, so beautiful in themselves, and so proper for the airs of music, I cannot but wonder that persons of distinction should give so little attention and encouragement to that kind of music, which would have its  
 foundation

foundation in reason, and which would improve our virtue in proportion as it raised our delight. The passions that are excited by ordinary compositions generally flow from such silly and absurd occasions, that a man is ashamed to reflect upon them seriously; but the fear, the love, the sorrow, the indignation that are awakened in the mind by hymns and anthems, make the heart better, and proceed from such causes as are altogether reasonable and praise-worthy. Pleasure and duty go hand in hand; and the greater our satisfaction is, the greater is our religion.

Music among those who were stiled the chosen people was a religious art. The songs of Sion, which we have reason to believe were in high repute among the courts of the eastern monarchs, were nothing else but psalms and pieces of poetry that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greatest conqueror in this holy nation, after the manner of the old Grecian lyrics, did not only compose the words of his divine odes, but generally set them to music himself: After which, his works, though they were consecrated to the tabernacle, became the national entertainment as well as the devotion of his people.

The first original of the drama was a religious worship consisting only of a chorus, which was nothing else but a hymn to a deity. As luxury and voluptuousness prevailed over innocence and religion, this form of worship degenerated into tragedies; in which however the chorus so far remembered its first office as to brand every thing that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was laudable, to intercede with Heaven for the innocent, and to implore its vengeance on the criminal.

Homer and Hesiod intimate to us how this art should be applied, when they represent the muses as surrounding Jupiter, and warbling their hymns about his throne. I might shew from innumerable passages in ancient writers, not only that vocal and instrumental music were made use of in their religious worship, but that their most favourite diversions were

filled with songs and hymns to their respective deities. Had we frequent entertainments of this nature among us, they would not a little purify and exalt our passions, give our thoughts a proper turn, and cherish those divine impulses in the soul which every one feels that has not stifled them by sensual and immoral pleasures.

Music, when thus applied, raises noble hints in the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions. It strengthens devotion, and advances praise into rapture; it lengthens out every act of worship, and produces more lasting and permanent impressions in the mind than those which accompany any transient form of words that are uttered in the ordinary method of religious worship.

Tuesday, June 17, 1712\*.

— *Abest facundis gratia dictis.*

OVID. Met. xiii. 127.

Eloquent words a graceful manner want.

**M**OST foreign writers who have given any character of the English nation, whatever vices they ascribe to it, allow in general that the people are naturally modest. It proceeds perhaps from this our national virtue, that our orators are observed to make use of less gesture or action than those of other countries. Our preachers stand stock still in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a finger to set off the best sermon in the world. We meet with the same speaking statues at our bars, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a smooth continued stream, without those strainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majesty of the hand, which are so much celebrated in the orators of

\* No. 407.



Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a discourse which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the finest tropes and figures, it is not able to stir a limb about us. I have heard it observed more than once by those who have seen Italy, that an untravelled Englishman cannot relish all the beauties of Italian pictures, because the postures which are expressed in them are often such as are peculiar to that country. One who has not seen an Italian in the pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble gesture in Raphael's picture of St. Paul preaching at Athens, where the apostle is represented as lifting up both his arms, and pouring out the thunder of his rhetoric amidst an audience of Pagan philosophers.

It is certain, that proper gestures and vehement exertions of the voice cannot be too much studied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters, and enforce every thing he says with weak hearers better than the strongest argument he can make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them; at the same time that they shew the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others. Violent gesture and vociferation naturally shake the hearts of the ignorant, and fill them with a kind of religious horror. Nothing is more frequent than to see women weep and tremble at the sight of a moving preacher, though he is placed quite out of their hearing; as in England we very frequently see people lulled asleep with solid and elaborate discourses of piety, who would be warmed and transported out of themselves by the bellowings and distortions of enthusiasm.

If nonsense, when accompanied with such an emotion of voice and body, has such an influence on men's minds, what might we not expect from many of those admirable discourses which are printed in our tongue, were they delivered with a becoming fer-

vour, and with the most agreeable graces of voice and gesture?

We are told that the great Latin orator very much impaired his health by this *laterum contentis*, this vehemence of action with which he used to deliver himself. The Greek orator was likewise so very famous for this particular in rhetoric, that one of his antagonists, whom he had banished from Athens, reading over the oration which had procured his banishment, and seeing his friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, if they were so much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more would they have been alarmed had they heard him actually throwing out such a storm of eloquence?

How cold and dead a figure, in comparison of these two great men, does an orator often make at the British bar, holding up his head with the most insipid serenity, and stroking the sides of a long wig that reaches down to his middle? The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the gestures of an English speaker: You see some of them running their hands into their pockets as far as ever they can thrust them, and others looking with great attention on a piece of paper that has nothing written on it. You may see many a smart rhetorician turning his hat in his hands, moulding it into several different cocks, examining sometimes the lining of it, and sometimes the button, during the whole course of his harangue. A deaf man would think he was cheapening a beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the British nation. I remember, when I was a young man, and used to frequent Westminster-hall, there was a counsellor who never pleaded without a piece of packthread in his hand, which he used to twist about a thumb or a finger all the while he was speaking. The wags of those days used to call it the thread of his discourse; for he was unable to utter a word without it. One of his clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one day in the midst of his pleading: but he had

had better have let it alone; for he lost his cause by his jest.

I have all along acknowledged myself to be a dumb man, and therefore may be thought a very improper person to give rules for oratory; but I believe every one will agree with me in this, that we ought either to lay aside all kinds of gesture (which seems to be very suitable to the genius of our nation), or at least to make use of such only as are graceful and expressive.

Thursday, June 20, 1712\*.

*Musæo contingere cuncta lepore.*

LUCR. i. 933.

To grace each subject with enliv'ning wit.

**G**RATIAN very often recommends fine taste as the utmost perfection of an accomplished man.

As this word arises very often in conversation, I shall endeavour to give some account of it, and to lay down rules how we may know whether we are possessed of it, and how we may acquire that fine taste of writing which is so much talked of among the polite world.

Most languages make use of this metaphor to express that faculty of the mind which distinguishes all the most concealed faults and nicest perfections in writing. We may be sure this metaphor would not have been so general in all tongues, had there not been a very great conformity between that mental taste which is the subject of this Paper, and that sensitive taste which gives us a relish of every different flavour that affects the palate. Accordingly we find there are as many degrees of refinement in

\* No. 409.

the intellectual faculty, as in the sense which is marked out by this common denomination.

I know a person who possessed the one in so great a perfection, that after having tasted ten different kinds of tea, he would distinguish, without seeing the colour of it, the particular sort which was offered him; and not only so, but any two sorts of them that were mixed together in an equal proportion; nay, he has carried the experiment so far, as upon tasting the composition of three different sorts, to name the parcels from whence the three several ingredients were taken. A man of a fine taste in writing will discern after the same manner, not only the general beauties and imperfections of an author, but discover the several ways of thinking and expressing himself which diversify him from all other authors, with the several foreign infusions of thought and language, and the particular authors from whom they were borrowed.

After having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine taste in writing, and shewn the propriety of the metaphor which is used on this occasion, I think I may define it to be that faculty of the soul which discerns the beauties of an author with pleasure, and the imperfections with dislike. If a man would know whether he is possessed of this faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated works of antiquity which have stood the test of so many different ages and countries, or those works among the moderns which have the sanction of the politer part of our cotemporaries. If upon the perusal of such writings he does not find himself delighted in an extraordinary manner, or if, upon reading the admired passages in such authors, he finds a coldness and indifference in his thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too usual among tasteless readers) that the author wants those perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himself wants the faculty of discovering them.

He

He should, in the second place, be very careful to observe whether he tastes the distinguishing perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them so, the specific qualities of the author whom he peruses; whether he is particularly pleased with Livy for his manner of telling a story, with Sallust for entering into those internal principles of action which arise from the characters and manners of the persons he describes, or with Tacitus for his displaying those outward motives of safety and interest, which gave birth to the whole series of transactions which he relates.

He may likewise consider how differently he is affected by the same thought which presents itself in a great writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a person of an ordinary genius. For there is as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the sun.

It is very difficult to lay down rules for the acquirement of such taste as that I am here speaking of. The faculty must in some degree be born with us; and it very often happens, that those who have other qualities in perfection are wholly void of this. One of the most eminent mathematicians of the age has assured me, that the greatest pleasure he took in reading Virgil, was in examining *Æneas* his voyage by the map; as I question not but many a modern compiler of history would be delighted with little more in that divine author than the bare matters of fact.

But notwithstanding this faculty must in some measure be born with us, there are several methods for cultivating and improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little use to the person that possesses it. The most natural method for this purpose is to be conversant among the writings of the most polite authors. A man who has any relish for fine writing, either discovers new beauties, or  
receives

receives stronger impressions from the masterly strokes of a great author every time he peruses him ; besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of speaking and thinking.

Conversation with men of a polite genius is another method for improving our natural taste. It is impossible for a man of the greatest parts to consider any thing in its whole extent, and in all its variety of lights. Every man, besides those general observations which are to be made upon an author, forms several reflections that are peculiar to his own manner of thinking ; so that conversation will naturally furnish us with hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other men's parts and reflections as well as our own. This is the best reason I can give for the observation which several have made, that men of great genius in the same way of writing seldom rise up singly, but at certain periods of time appear together, and in a body ; as they did at Rome in the reign of Augustus, and in Greece about the age of Socrates. I cannot think that Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Boileau, la Fontaine, Bruyere, Bossu, or the Daciens, would have written so well as they have done, had they not been friends and cotemporaries.

It is likewise necessary for a man who would form to himself a finished taste of good writing, to be well versed in the works of the best critics both ancient and modern. I must confess that I could wish there were authors of this kind, who, beside the mechanical rules which a man of very little taste may discourse upon, would enter into the very spirit and soul of fine writing, and shew us the several sources of that pleasure which rises in the mind upon the perusal of a noble work. Thus, although in poetry it be absolutely necessary that the unities of time, place and action, with other points of the same nature, should be thoroughly explained and understood, there is still something more essential to the art, something that elevates and astonishes the fancy,  
and

and gives a greatness of mind to the reader, which few of the critics beside Longinus have considered.

Our general taste in England is for epigram, turns of wit, and forced conceits, which have no manner of influence either for the bettering or enlarging the mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greatest writers both among the ancients and moderns. I have endeavoured in several of my Speculations to banish this Gothic taste, which has taken possession among us. I entertained the town for a week together with an essay upon wit, in which I endeavoured to detect several of those false kinds which have been admired in the different ages of the world, and at the same time to shew wherein the nature of true wit consists. I afterwards gave an instance of the great force which lies in a natural simplicity of thought to affect the mind of the reader from such vulgar pieces as have little else besides this single qualification to recommend them. I have likewise examined the works of the greatest poet which our nation, or perhaps any other, has produced, and particularized most of those rational and manly beauties which give a value to that divine work. I shall next Saturday enter upon an essay *on the pleasures of the imagination*, which, though it shall consider the subject at large, will perhaps suggest to the reader what it is that gives a beauty to many passages of the finest writers both in prose and verse. As an undertaking of this nature is entirely new, I question not but it will be received with candour.

---

Saturday, June 21, 1712\*.

---

*Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante  
Trita solo: juvat integros accedere fontes,  
Atque haurire:—*

LUCR. i. 925.

In wild unclear'd, to muses a retreat,  
O'er ground untrod before I devious roam;  
And, deep-enamour'd, into latent springs  
Presume to peep at coy virgin Naiads.

OUR sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or fatiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extention, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours; but at the same time it is very much straitened and confined in its operations to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects. Our sight seems designed to supply all these defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of touch, that spreads itself over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largest figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote parts of the universe.

It is this sense which furnishes the imagination with its ideas; so that by the pleasures of the imagination or fancy (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by paintings, statues, descriptions, or any the like occasion. We

\* No. 411.

cannot



cannot indeed have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight; but we have the power of retaining, altering and compounding those images which we have once received into all the variety of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the imagination: for by this faculty a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.

There are few words in the English language which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed sense than those of the *fancy* and the *imagination*. I therefore thought it necessary to fix and determine the notion of these two words, as I intend to make use of them in the thread of my following speculations, that the reader may conceive rightly what is the subject which I proceed upon. I must therefore desire him to remember, that by the pleasures of the imagination I mean only such pleasures as arise originally from sight, and that I divide these pleasures into two kinds: my design being first of all to discourse of those primary pleasures of the imagination which entirely proceed from such objects as are before our eyes; and in the next place, to speak of those secondary pleasures of the imagination which flow from the ideas of visible objects, when the objects are not actually before the eye, but are called up into our memories, or formed into agreeable visions of things that are either absent or fictitious.

The pleasures of the imagination, taken in their full extent, are not so gross as those of sense, nor so refined as those of the understanding. The last are indeed more preferable, because they are founded on some new knowledge or improvement in the mind of man; yet it must be confessed that those of the imagination are as great and as transporting as the other. A beautiful prospect delights the soul as much as a demonstration; and a description in Homer has charmed more readers than a chapter in Aristotle. Be-

fides, the pleasures of the imagination have this advantage above those of the understanding, that they are more obvious and more easy to be acquired. It is but opening the eye and the scene enters. The colours paint themselves on the fancy, with very little attention of thought or application of mind in the beholder. We are struck, we know not how, with the symmetry of any thing we see, and immediately assent to the beauty of an object, without enquiring into the particular causes and occasions of it.

A man of a polite imagination is led into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows than another does in the possession. It gives him indeed a kind of property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures; so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

There are indeed but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a relish of any pleasures that are not criminal; every diversion they take is at the expence of some one virtue or another, and their very first step out of business is into vice or folly. A man should endeavour, therefore, to make the sphere of his innocent pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with safety, and find in them such a satisfaction as a wise man would not blush to take. Of this nature are those of the imagination, which do not require such a bent of thought as is necessary to our more serious employments, nor, at the same time, suffer the mind to sink into that negligence and remissness which are apt to accompany our more sensual delights; but, like a gentle exercise to the faculties, awaken them from sloth

stoth and idleness, without putting them upon any labour or difficulty.

We might here add, that the pleasures of the fancy are more conducive to health than those of the understanding, which are worked out by dint of thinking, and attended with too violent a labour of the brain. Delightful scenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on the body as well as the mind, and not only serve to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to disperse grief and melancholy, and to set the animal spirits in pleasing and agreeable motions. For this reason Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his *Essay upon Health*, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his reader a poem or a prospect, where he particularly dissuades him from knotty and subtle disquisitions, and advises him to pursue studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

I have in this Paper, by way of introduction, settled the notions of those pleasures of the imagination which are the subject of my present undertaking, and endeavoured by several considerations to recommend to my reader the pursuit of those pleasures. I shall in my next Paper examine the several sources from whence these pleasures are derived.

Monday, June 23, 1712\*.

— *Divisum, sic breve fiet opus.*

MART. Ep. iv. 83.

The work, divided aptly, shorter grows.

I SHALL first consider those pleasures of the imagination which arise from the actual view and survey of outward objects: and these, I think, all

\* No. 412.

proceed

proceed from the sight of what is *great, uncommon, or beautiful*. There may indeed be something so terrible or offensive, that the horror or loathsomeness of an object may overbear the pleasure which results from its *greatness, novelty, or beauty* but still there will be such a mixture of delight in the very disgust it gives us, as any of these three qualifications are most conspicuous and prevailing.

By *greatness* I do not only mean the bulk of any single object, but the largeness of a whole view considered as one entire piece. Such are the prospects of an open champain country, a vast uncultivated desert, a huge heap of mountains, high rocks and precipices, or a wide expanse of water, where we are not struck with the novelty or beauty of the sight, but with that rude kind of magnificence which appears in many of the stupendous works of Nature. Our imagination loves to be filled with an object, or to grasp at any thing that is too big for its capacity. We are flung into a pleasing kind of astonishment at such unbounded views, and feel a delightful stillness and amazement in the soul at the apprehensions of them. The mind of man naturally hates every thing that looks like a restraint upon it, and is apt to fancy itself under a sort of confinement when the sight is pent up in a narrow compass, and shortened on every side by the neighbourhood of walls or mountains. On the contrary, a spacious horizon is an image of liberty, where the eye has room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the immensity of its views, and to lose itself amidst the variety of objects that offer themselves to its observation. Such wide and undetermined prospects are as pleasing to the fancy, as the speculations of eternity or infinitude are to the understanding. But if there be a beauty or uncommonness joined with this grandeur; as in a troubled ocean, a heaven adorned with stars or meteors, or a spacious landscape cut out into rivers, woods, rocks, and meadows, the  
pleasure

pleasure still grows upon us, as it arises from more than a single principle.

Every thing that is *new* or *uncommon* raises a pleasure in the imagination, because it fills the soul with an agreeable surprize, gratifies its curiosity, and gives it an idea of which it was not before possessed. We are indeed so often conversant with one set of objects, and tired out with so many repeated shews of the same things, that whatever is *new* or *uncommon* contributes a little to vary human life, and to divert our minds for a while with the strangeness of its appearance. It serves us for a kind of refreshment, and takes off from that satiety we are apt to complain of in our usual and ordinary entertainments. It is this that bestows charms on a monster, and makes even the imperfections of nature please us. It is this that recommends variety, where the mind is every instant called off to something new, and the attention not suffered to dwell too long, and waste itself on any particular object. It is this likewise that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it afford the mind a double entertainment. Groves, fields, and meadows, are at any season of the year pleasant to look upon; but never so much as in the opening of the spring, when they are all new and fresh, with their first gloss upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the eye. For this reason there is nothing that more enlivens a prospect than rivers, jet d'eaus, or falls of water, where the scene is perpetually shifting, and entertaining the sight every moment with something that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon hills and valleys, where every thing continues fixt and settled in the same place and posture; but find our thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the sight of such objects as are ever in motion, and sliding away from beneath the eyes of the beholder.

But there is nothing that makes its way more directly to the soul than beauty, which immediately diffuses a secret satisfaction and complacency through  
the

the imagination, and gives a finishing to any thing that is great or uncommon. The very first discovery of it strikes the mind with an inward joy, and spreads a cheerfulness and delight through all its faculties. There is not perhaps any real beauty or deformity more in one piece of matter than another, because we might have been so made, that whatsoever now appears loathsome to us, might have shewn itself agreeable. But we find by experience that there are several modifications of matter which the mind, without any previous consideration, pronounces at first sight beautiful or deformed. Thus we see that every different species of sensible creatures has its different notions of beauty; and that each of them is most affected with the beauties of its own kind. This is no where more remarkable than in birds of the same shape and proportion, where we often see the male determined in his courtship by the single grain or tincture of a feather, and never discovering any charms but in the colour of its species.

*Scit thalamo servare fidem, sanctasque veretur  
 Connubii leges; non illum in pectore candor  
 Sollicitat niveus; neque pravam accendit amorem  
 Splendida lanugo, vel honesta in vertice crista,  
 Purpureusve nitor pennarum; ast agmina late  
 Fœminea explorat cautus, maculasque requirit  
 Cognatas, paribusque interlita corpora guttis:  
 Ni faceret, pictis sylvam circum undique monstris  
 Confusam aspiceres vulgo, partusque bisformes,  
 Et genus ambiguum, & veneris monumenta nefanda.*

*Hinc merula in nigro se oblectat nigra marito;  
 Hinc socium lasciva petit philomela canorum,  
 Agnoscitque pares sonitus; hinc noctua tetram  
 Canitiem alarum, & glaucos miratur ocellos.  
 Nempe sibi semper constat, crescitque quotannis  
 Lucida progenies, castos confessa parentes;  
 Dum virides inter saltus lucosque sonoros  
 Vere novo exultat, plumasque decora juvenus  
 Explicat ad solem, patriisque coloribus ardet.*

The feather'd husband, to his partner true,  
 Preserves connubial rites inviolate.  
 With cold indifference every charm he fees,  
 The milky whiteness of the stately neck,  
 The shining down, proud crest, and purple wings:  
 But cautious with a searching eye explores  
 The female tribes, his proper mate to find,  
 With kindred colours mark'd: Did he not so,  
 The grove which painted monsters would abound,  
 Th' ambiguous product of unnatural love.  
 The black-bird hence selects her sooty spouse;  
 The nightingale her musical compeer,  
 Lur'd by the well-known voice: the bird of night,  
 Smit with his dusky wings and greenish eyes,  
 Woos his dun paramour. The beauteous race  
 Speak the chaste loves of their progenitors;  
 When, by the spring invited, they exult  
 In woods, and fields, and to the sun unfold  
 Their plumes, that with paternal colours glow.

There is a second kind of beauty that we find in the several products of art and nature, which does not work in the imagination with that warmth and violence as the beauty that appears in our proper species; but is apt however to raise in us a secret delight; and a kind of fondness for the places or objects in which we discover it. This consists either in the gaiety or variety of colours; in the symmetry and proportion of parts; in the arrangement and disposition of bodies; or in a just mixture and concurrence of all together. Among these several kinds of beauty, the eye takes most delight in colours. We no where meet with a more glorious or pleasing show in nature, than what appears in the heavens at the rising and setting of the sun, which is wholly made up of those different stains of light that shew themselves in clouds of a different situation. For this reason, we find the poets, who are always addressing themselves to the imagination, borrowing more of their epithets from colours than from any other topic.

As the fancy delights in every thing that is great, strange or beautiful, and is still more pleased the more it finds of these perfections in the same object; so it is capable of receiving a new satisfaction by the assistance of another sense. Thus any continued sound, as the music of birds, or a fall of water, awakens every moment the mind of the beholder, and makes him more attentive to the several beauties of the place that lie before him. Thus, if there arises a fragrancy of smells or perfumes, they heighten the pleasures of the imagination, and make even the colours and verdure of the landscape appear more agreeable; for the ideas of both senses recommend each other, and are pleasanter together, than when they enter the mind separately: as the different colours of a picture, when they are well disposed, set off one another, and receive an additional beauty from the advantage of their situation.

---

Tuesday, June 24, 1712\*.

---

— *Causa latet, vis est notissima* —

OVID. Met. ix. 207.

The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

ADDISON.

**T**HOUGH in yesterday's Paper we considered how every thing that is *great, new, or beautiful*, is apt to affect the imagination with pleasure, we must own that it is impossible for us to assign the necessary cause of this pleasure, because we know neither the nature of an idea, nor the substance of a human soul, which might help us to discover the conformity or disagreeableness of the one to the other; and therefore, for want of such a light, all that we can do in speculations of this kind, is to reflect on

\* No. 413.

those



those operations of the soul that are most agreeable, and to range, under their proper heads, what is pleasing or displeasing to the mind, without being able to trace out the several necessary and efficient causes from whence the pleasure or displeasure arises.

*Final causes* lie more bare and open to our observation, as there are often a greater variety that belong to the same effect; and these, though they are not altogether so satisfactory, are generally more useful than the other, as they give us greater occasion of admiring the goodness and wisdom of the first contriver.

One of the final causes of our delight in any thing that is *great*, may be this. The Supreme Author of our being has so formed the soul of man, that nothing but himself can be its last, adequate, and proper happiness. Because, therefore, a great part of our happiness must arise from the contemplation of his being, that he might give our souls a just relish of such a contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the apprehension of what is great or unlimited. Our admiration, which is a very pleasing motion of the mind, immediately rises at the consideration of any object that takes up a great deal of room in the fancy, and by consequence will improve into the highest pitch of astonishment and devotion, when we contemplate his nature, that is neither circumscribed by time nor place, nor to be comprehended by the largest capacity of a created being.

He has annexed a secret pleasure to the idea of any thing that is *new* or *uncommon*, that he might encourage us in the pursuit after knowledge, and engage us to search into the wonders of his creation; for every new idea brings such a pleasure along with it as rewards any pains we have taken in its acquisition, and consequently serves as a motive to put us upon fresh discoveries.

He has made every thing that is *beautiful in our own species* pleasant, that all creatures might be tempted to multiply their kind, and fill the world with inha-

bitants; for it is very remarkable, that wherever nature is crossed in the production of a monster (the result of any unnatural mixture), the breed is incapable of propagating its likeness, and of founding a new order of creatures; so that unless all animals were allured by the beauty of their own species, generation would be at an end, and the earth unpeopled.

In the last place, he has made every thing that is beautiful in all other objects pleasant, or rather has made so many objects appear beautiful, that he might render the whole creation more gay and delightful. He has given almost every thing about us the power of raising an agreeable idea in the imagination: so that it is impossible for us to behold his works with coldness or indifference, and to survey so many beauties without a secret satisfaction and complacency. Things would make but a poor appearance to the eye, if we saw them only in their proper figures and motions: and what reason can we assign for their exciting in us many of those ideas which are different from any thing that exists in the objects themselves (for such are light and colours), were it not to add supernumerary ornaments to the universe, and make it more agreeable to the imagination? We are every where entertained with pleasing shows and apparitions; we discover imaginary glories in the Heavens, and in the earth; and see some of this visionary beauty poured out upon the whole creation: but what a rough unsightly sketch of nature should we be entertained with, did all her colouring disappear, and the several distinctions of light and shade vanish? In short, our souls are at present delightfully lost and bewildered in a pleasing delusion, and we walk about like the enchanted hero in a romance, who sees beautiful castles, woods, and meadows; and at the same time hears the warbling of birds, and the purling of streams; but upon the finishing of some secret spell, the fantastic scene breaks up, and the disconsolate knight finds himself on a barren heath, or in a solitary desert. It is not improbable that

that something like this may be the state of the soul after its first separation in respect of the images it will receive from matter, though indeed the ideas of colours are so pleasing and beautiful in the imagination, that it is possible the soul will not be deprived of them, but perhaps find them excited by some other occasional cause, as they are at present by the different impressions of the subtle matter on the organ of sight.

I have here supposed that my reader is acquainted with that great modern discovery, which is at present universally acknowledged by all the enquirers into natural philosophy: namely, that light and colours, as apprehended by the imagination, are only ideas in the mind, and not qualities that have any existence in matter. As this is a truth which has been proved incontestable by many modern philosophers, and is indeed one of the finest speculations in that science, if the English reader would see the notion explained at large, he may find it in the eighth chapter of the second book of Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding.

The following letter of STEELE to ADDISON, is reprinted here from the original publication in folio.

“ Mr. SPECTATOR, June 24. 1712.  
 “ I WOULD not divert the course of your discourses when you seem bent upon obliging the world with a train of thinking, which rightly attended to, may render the life of every man who reads it more easy and happy for the future. The pleasures of the imagination are what bewilder life, when reason and judgment do not interpose; it is therefore a worthy action in you to look carefully into the powers of fancy, that other men from the knowledge of them may improve their joys and allay their griefs by a just use of  
 “ that

“ that faculty: I say, Sir, I would not interrupt  
“ you in the progress of this discourse; but if you  
“ will do me the favour of inserting this Letter in  
“ your next Paper, you will do some service to the  
“ public, though not in so noble a way of obliging  
“ as that of improving their minds. Allow me,  
“ Sir, to acquaint you with a design (of which I am  
“ partly author), though it tends to no greater a good  
“ than that of getting money. I should not hope for  
“ the favour of a philosopher in this matter, if it  
“ were not attempted under all the restrictions which  
“ you yourselves put upon private acquisitions. The first  
“ purpose which every good man is to propose to  
“ himself, is the service of his prince and country:  
“ after that is done, he cannot add to himself, but  
“ he must also be beneficial to them. This scheme  
“ of gain is not only consistent with that end, but  
“ has its very being in subordination to it; for no  
“ man can be a gainer here but at the same time he  
“ himself or some other must succeed in their deal-  
“ ings with the government. It is called the Multi-  
“ plication Table, and is so far calculated for the im-  
“ mediate service of her Majesty, that the same per-  
“ son who is fortunate in the lottery of the state  
“ may receive yet further advantage in this Table.  
“ And I am sure nothing can be more pleasing to  
“ her gracious temper than to find out additional  
“ methods of increasing their good fortune who ad-  
“ venture any thing in her service, or laying occa-  
“ sions for others to become capable of serving their  
“ country who are at present in too low circumstan-  
“ ces to exert themselves. The manner of execut-  
“ ing the design is by giving out receipts for half  
“ guineas received, which shall entitle the fortunate  
“ bearer to certain sums in the Table, as is set forth  
“ at large in the proposals printed in the 23d instant.  
“ There is another circumstance in this design which  
“ gives me hopes of your favour to it; and that is  
“ what *Tully* advises, to wit, that the benefit is made  
“ as diffusive as possible. Every one that has half

“ a guinea is put into the possibility from that small  
 “ sum to raise to himself an easy fortune. When these  
 “ little parcels of wealth are, as it were, thus thrown  
 “ back again into the redonation of providence, we  
 “ are to expect that some who live under hardships  
 “ or obscurity, may be produced to the world in  
 “ the figure they deserve by this means. I doubt  
 “ not but this last argument will have force with  
 “ you; and I cannot add another to it, but what  
 “ your severity will, I fear, very little regard, which  
 “ is, that I am,

“ SIR,

“ Your greatest admirer,

“ RICHARD STEELE.”

Wednesday, June 25, 1712\*.

— — — *Alterius sic*

*Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amice.*

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 411.

But mutually they need each other's help.

ROSCOMMON.

**I**F we consider the works of *Nature* and *Art*, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall find the last very defective, in comparison of the former; for though they may sometimes appear as beautiful or strange, they can have nothing in them of that vastness and immensity, which afford so great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never shew herself so august and magnificent in the design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough careless strokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embellishments of

art. The beauties of the most stately garden or palace in a narrow compass; the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratify her: but in the wide fields of nature, the sight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain stint or number. For this reason we always find the poet in love with a country life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes that are most apt to delight the imagination.

*Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes.*  
HOR. Ep. ii. 77.

—To grottoes and to groves we run;  
To ease and silence ev'ry Muse's son.

POPE.

*Hic secura quies, & nescia fallere vita,  
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis  
Spelunca, vivique lacus; hic frigida Tempe,  
Mugitusque bouum, mollesque sub arbore samni.*

VIRG. Georg. ii. 476.

Here easy quiet, a secure retreat,  
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,  
With home-bred plenty the rich owner blest,  
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.  
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,  
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:  
Cool grotts, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride  
Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide;  
And shady groves that easy sleep invite;  
And, after toilsome days, a sweet repose at night.

DRYDEN.

But though there are several of those wild scenes, that are more delightful than any artificial shows; yet we find the works of nature still more pleasant, the

the more they resemble those of art: for in this case our pleasure rises from a double principle; from the agreeableness of the objects to the eye, and from their similitude to other objects. We are pleased as well with comparing their beauties, as with surveying them, and can represent them to our minds, either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in those accidental landscapes of trees, clouds and cities, that are sometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fret-work of rocks and grottoes; and in a word, in any thing that hath such a variety or regularity as may seem the effect of design in what we call the works of chance.

If the products of nature rise in value according as they more or less resemble those of art, we may be sure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their resemblance of such as are natural; because here the similitude is not only pleasant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettiest landscape I ever saw, was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might discover the waves and fluctuations of the water in strong and proper colours, with the picture of a ship entering at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece: On another there appeared the green shadows of trees waving to and fro with the wind, and herds of deer among them in miniature leaping about upon the wall. I must confess, the novelty of such a sight may be one occasion of its pleasantness to the imagination; but certainly the chief reason is its near resemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in nature something more grand and august than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When,

therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent every where an artificial rudeness much more charming than that neatness and elegance which we meet with in those of our own country. It might indeed be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage and the plough, in many parts of a country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of a garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful but more beneficial than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect; and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them; if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers that the soil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landscape of his own possessions.

Writers who have given us an account of China, tell us the inhabitants of that country laugh at the plantations of our Europeans, which are laid out by the rule and line; because, they say, any one may place trees in equal rows and uniform figures. They choose rather to shew a genius in works of this nature; and therefore always conceal the art by which they direct themselves. They have a word, it seems, in their language, by which they express the particular beauty of a plantation that thus strikes the imagination at first sight, without discovering what



it is that has so agreeable an effect. Our British gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humouring nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our trees rise in cones, globes, and pyramids. We see the marks of the scissars upon every plant and bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion; but for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriancy and diffusion of boughs and branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure; and cannot but fancy that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful, than all the little labyrinths of the most finished parterre. But as our great modellers of gardens have their magazines of plants to dispose of, it is very natural for them to tear up all the beautiful plantations of fruit-trees, and contrive a plan that may most turn to their own profit, in taking off their ever-greens, and the like moveable plants, with which their shops are plentifully stocked.

Thursday, June 26, 1712 \*.

*Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem.*

VIRG. Georg. ii. 155.

Witness our cities of illustrious name,  
Their costly labour, and stupendous frame.

DRYDEN.

HAVING already shewn how the fancy is affected by the works of nature, and afterwards considered in general both the works of nature and of art, how they mutually assist and complete each other in forming such scenes and prospects as are most apt to delight the mind of the beholder, I shall in this Paper throw together some reflections on that particular art which has a more immediate tendency

than any other to produce those primary pleasures of the imagination which have hitherto been the subject of this discourse. The art I mean is that of architecture, which I shall consider only with regard to the light in which the foregoing speculations have placed it, without entering into those rules and maxims which the great masters of architecture have laid down and explained at large in numberless treatises upon that subject.

*Greatness*, in the works of architecture, may be considered as relating to the bulk and body of the structure, or to the manner in which it is built. As for the first, we find the ancients, especially among the eastern nations of the world, infinitely superior to the moderns.

Not to mention the Tower of Babel, of which an old author says, there were the foundations to be seen in his time, which looked like a spacious mountain; what could be more noble than the walls of Babylon, its hanging gardens, and its temple to Jupiter Belus, that rose a mile high by eight several stories, each story a furlong in height, and on the top of which was the Babylonian observatory? I might here likewise take notice of the huge rock that was cut into the figure of Semiramis, with the smaller rocks that lay by it in the shape of tributary kings; the prodigious basin or artificial lake which took in the whole Euphrates, till such time as a new canal was formed for its reception, with the several trenches through which that river was conveyed. I know there are persons who look upon some of these wonders of art as fabulous; but I cannot find any ground for such a suspicion, unless it be that we have no such works among us at present. There were indeed many greater advantages for building in those times, and in that part of the world, than have been met with ever since. The earth was extremely fruitful: men lived generally on pasturage, which requires a much smaller number of hands than agriculture: there were few trades to employ the busy  
part

part of mankind, and fewer arts and sciences to give work to men of speculative tempers: and what is more than all the rest, the prince was absolute; so that when he went to war, he put himself at the head of a whole people: as we find Semiramis leading her three millions to the field, and yet overpowered by the number of her enemies. 'Tis no wonder therefore, when she was at peace, and turning her thoughts on building, that she could accomplish such great works with such a prodigious multitude of labourers: besides that in her climate there was small interruption of frosts and winters, which make the northern workmen lie half the year idle. I might mention too, among the benefits of the climate, what historians say of the earth, that it sweat-ed out a bitumen or natural kind of mortar, which is doubtless the same with that mentioned in Holy Writ as contributing to the structure of Babel: *Slime they used instead of mortar.*

In Egypt we still see their pyramids, which answer to the descriptions that have been made of them; and I question not but a traveller might find out some remains of the labyrinth that covered a whole province, and had a hundred temples disposed among its several quarters and divisions.

The wall of China is one of these eastern pieces of magnificence, which makes a figure even in the map of the world, although an account of it would have been thought fabulous, were not the wall itself still extant.

We are obliged to devotion for the noblest buildings that have adorned the several countries of the world. It is this which has set men at work on temples and public places of worship, not only that they might by the magnificence of the building invite the deity to reside within it, but that such stupendous works might at the same time open the mind to vast conceptions, and fit it to converse with the divinity of the place: For every thing that is majestic imprints an awfulness and reverence on the mind  
of

of the beholder, and strikes in with the natural greatness of the soul.

In the second place, we are to consider *greatness of manner* in architecture, which has such force upon the imagination, that a small building, where it appears, shall give the mind nobler ideas than one of twenty times the bulk, where the manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a man would have been more astonished with the majestic air that appeared in one of Lyfippus's statues of Alexander, though no bigger than the life, than he might have been with mount Athos, had it been cut into the figure of the hero, according to the proposal of Phidias, with a river in one hand, and a city in the other.

Let any one reflect upon the disposition of mind he finds in himself at his first entrance into the Pantheon at Rome, and how the imagination is filled with something great and amazing; and at the same time consider how little in proportion he is affected with the inside of a Gothic cathedral, though it be five times larger than the other; which can arise from nothing else but the greatness of the manner in the one, and the meanness in the other.

I have seen an observation upon this subject in a French author which very much pleased me. It is in Monsieur Freart's parallel of the ancient and modern architecture. I shall give it to the reader with the same terms of art which he has made use of.

“ I am observing (says he) a thing, which in my  
 “ opinion is very curious; Whence it proceeds that  
 “ in the same quantity of superficies, the one *manner*  
 “ seems great and magnificent, and the other poor  
 “ and trifling: the reason is fine and uncommon.  
 “ I say then, that to introduce into architecture this  
 “ grandeur of manner, we ought so to proceed, that  
 “ the division of the principal members of the or-  
 “ der may consist but of few parts; that they be all  
 “ great and of a bold and ample relieve and swelling;  
 “ ing; and that the eye beholding nothing little and  
 “ mean, the imagination may be more vigorously  
 “ touched

" touched and affected with the work that stands be-  
 " fore it. For example: in a cornice, if the gola  
 " or cymatium of the corona, the coping, the mo-  
 " dillions or dentelli, make a noble shew by their  
 " graceful projections; if we see none of that or-  
 " dinary confusion which is the result of those little  
 " cavities, quarter rounds of the astragal, and I  
 " know not how many other intermingled particu-  
 " lars, which produce no effect in great and massy  
 " works, and which very unprofitably take up place,  
 " to the prejudice of the principal member, it is  
 " most certain that this manner will appear solemn  
 " and great; as, on the contrary, that it will have  
 " but a poor and mean effect where there is a re-  
 " dundancy of those smaller ornaments which divide  
 " and scatter the angles of the sight into such a mul-  
 " titude of rays so pressed together that the whole  
 " will appear but a confusion."

Among all the figures in architecture, there are  
 none that have a greater air than the concave and the  
 convex; and we find in all the ancient and modern  
 architecture, as well in the remote parts of China,  
 as in countries nearer home, that round pillars and  
 vaulted roofs make a great part of those buildings  
 which are designed for pomp and magnificence. The  
 reason I take to be, because in these figures we ge-  
 nerally see more of the body than in those of other  
 kinds. There are indeed figures of bodies where the  
 eye may take in two thirds of the surface; but as in  
 such bodies the sight must split upon several angles,  
 it does not take in one uniform idea, but several  
 ideas of the same kind. Look upon the outside of  
 a dome, your eye half surrounds it; look up into the  
 inside, and at one glance you have all the prospect of  
 it; the entire concavity falls into your eye at once,  
 the sight being as the centre that collects and gathers  
 into it the lines of the whole circumference: in a  
 square pillar the sight often takes in but a fourth  
 part of the surface; and in a square concave must  
 move up and down to the different sides before it is  
 master

master of all the inward surface. For this reason, the fancy is infinitely more struck with the view of the open air and skies that pass through an arch, than what comes through a square or any other figure. The figure of the rainbow does not contribute less to its magnificence than the colours to its beauty, as it is very poetically described by the son of Sirach: "Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it; very beautiful it is in its brightness: it encompasses the heavens with a glorious circle; and the hands of the most high have bend-  
"ed it."

Having thus spoken of that greatness which affects the mind in architecture, I might next shew the pleasure that rises in the imagination from what appears new and beautiful in this art; but as every beholder has naturally a greater taste of these two perfections in every building which offers itself to his view than of that which I have hitherto considered, I shall not trouble my readers with any reflections upon it. It is sufficient for my present purpose to observe, that there is nothing in this whole art which pleases the imagination, but as it is great, uncommon, or beautiful.

---

Friday, June 27, 1712\*.

---

*Quatenus hoc simile est oculis, quod mente videmus.*

LUCR. iv. 754.

— Objects still appear the same  
To mind and eye, in colour and in frame.

CREECH.

**I** AT first divided the pleasures of the imagination into such as arise from objects that are actually before our eyes, or that once entered in at our eyes, and are afterwards called up into the mind either barely by its own operations, or on occasion of something without us, as statues or descriptions. We have already considered the first division, and shall therefore enter on the other, which for distinction-sake I have called the secondary pleasures of the imagination. When I say the ideas we receive from statues, descriptions, or such like occasions, are the same that were once actually in our view, it must not be understood that we had once seen the very place, action or person that are carved or described. It is sufficient that we have seen places, persons or actions in general which bear a resemblance, or at least some remote analogy with what we find represented; since it is in the power of the imagination, when it is once stocked with particular ideas, to enlarge, compound and vary them at her own pleasure.

Among the different kinds of representation, *statuary* is the most natural, and shews us something *likest* the object that is represented. To make use of a common instance, let one who is born blind take an image in his hands, and trace out with his fingers the different furrows and impressions of the chisel,

VOL. III.

L 1

and

\* No. 416.

and he will easily conceive how the shape of a man or beast may be represented by it; but should he draw his hand over a picture, where all is smooth and uniform, he would never be able to imagine how the several prominencies and depressions of a human body could be shewn on a plain piece of canvass, that has in it no unevenness or irregularity. *Description* runs yet farther from the things it represents than painting; for a picture bears a real resemblance to its original, which letters and syllables are wholly void of. Colours speak all languages; but words are understood only by such a people or nation. For this reason, though men's necessities quickly put them on finding out speech, writing is probably of a later invention than painting; particularly, we are told that in America, when the Spaniards first arrived there, expresses were sent to the emperor of Mexico in paint, and the news of his country delineated by the strokes of a pencil, which was a more natural way than that of writing, though at the same time much more imperfect, because it is impossible to draw the little connections of speech, or to give the picture of a conjunction or an adverb. It would be yet more strange to represent visible objects by sounds that have no ideas annexed to them, and to make something like description in *music*. Yet it is certain there may be confused imperfect notions of this nature raised in the imagination by an artificial composition of notes; and we find that great masters in the art are able sometimes to set their hearers in the heat and hurry of a battle, to overcast their minds with melancholy scenes, and apprehensions of deaths and funerals, or to lull them into pleasing dreams of groves and elysiums.

In all these instances, this secondary pleasure of the imagination proceeds from that action of the mind which compares the ideas arising from the original objects with the ideas we receive from the statue, picture, description, or sound that represents them.



them. It is impossible for us to give the necessary reason why this operation of the mind is attended with so much pleasure, as I have before observed on the same occasion; but we find a great variety of entertainments derived from this single principle: for it is this that not only gives us a relish of statuary, painting and description, but makes us delight in all the actions and arts of mimicry. It is this that makes the several kinds of wit pleasant, which consists, as I have formerly shewn, in the affinity of ideas: and we may add, it is this also that raises the little satisfaction we sometimes find in the different sorts of false wit; whether it consists in the affinity of letters, as an anagram, acrostic; or of syllables, as in doggerel rhimes, echoes; or of words, as in puns, quibbles; or of a whole sentence or poem, as wings and altars. The *final cause* probably of annexing pleasure to this operation of the mind, was to quicken and encourage us in our searches after truth, since the distinguishing one thing from another, and the right discerning betwixt our ideas, depends wholly upon our comparing them together, and observing the congruity or disagreement that appears among the several works of nature.

But I shall here confine myself to those pleasures of the imagination which proceed from ideas raised by *words*, because most of the observations that agree with descriptions, are equally applicable to painting and statuary.

Words, when well chosen, have so great a force in them, that a description often gives us more lively ideas than the sight of things themselves. The reader finds a scene drawn in stronger colours, and painted more to the life in his imagination, by the help of words than by an actual survey of the scene which they describe. In this case the poet seems to get the better of nature: he takes indeed the landscape after her, but gives it more vigorous touches, heightens its beauty, and so enlivens the whole piece, that the images which flow from the objects them-

selves appear weak and faint in comparison of those that come from the expressions. The reason probably may be, because in the survey of any object we have only so much of it painted on the imagination as comes in at the eye; but in its description, the poet gives us as free a view of it as he pleases, and discovers to us several parts, that either we did not attend to, or that lay out of our sight when we first beheld it. As we look on any object, our idea of it is perhaps made up of two or three simple ideas; but when the poet represents it, he may either give us a more complex idea of it, or only raise in us such ideas as are most apt to affect the imagination.

It may be here worth our while to examine how it comes to pass that several readers who are all acquainted with the same language, and know the meaning of the words they read, should nevertheless have a different relish of the same descriptions. We find one transported with a passage, which another runs over with coldness and indifference, or finding the representation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of likeness and conformity. This different taste must proceed either from the *perfection of imagination* in one more than in another, or from the *different ideas* that several readers affix to the same words. For to have a true relish, and form a right judgment of a description, a man should be born with a good imagination, and must have well weighed the force and energy that lie in the several words of a language, so as to be able to distinguish which are most significant and expressive of their proper ideas, and what additional strength and beauty they are capable of receiving from conjunction with others. The fancy must be warm, to retain the print of those images it hath received from outward objects, and the judgment discerning, to know what expressions are most proper to clothe and adorn them to the best advantage. A man who is deficient in either of these respects, though he may receive the general notion of a description, can never see distinct-

ly all its particular beauties; as a person with a weak sight may have the confused prospect of a place that lies before him, without entering into its several parts, or discerning the variety of its colours in their full glory and perfection.

Saturday, June 28, 1712\*.

*Quem tu, Melpomene, semel  
Nascentem placido lumine videris,  
Non illum labor Isthmius  
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger, &c.  
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt,  
Et spissæ nemorum comæ  
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.*

HOR. Od. iii. 1.

“ He, on whose birth the Lyric queen  
“ Of numbers smil’d, shall never grace  
“ The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen  
“ First in the fam’d Olympic race.  
“ But him the streams that warbling flow  
“ Rich Tibur’s fertile meads along,  
“ And shady groves, his haunts shall know  
“ The master of th’ Æolian song.”

ATTERBURY.

**W**E may observe, that any single circumstance of what we have formerly seen often raises up a whole scene of imagery, and awakens numberless ideas that before slept in the imagination. Such a particular smell or colour is able to fill the mind on a sudden with a picture of the fields or gardens where we first met with it, and to bring up into view all the variety of images that once attended it. Our imagination takes the hint, and leads us unexpectedly into cities or theatres, plains or meadows.

\* No. 417.

We may further observe, when the fancy thus reflects on the scenes that have passed in it formerly, those which were at first pleasant to behold, appear more so upon reflection; and that the memory heightens the delightfulness of the original. A Cartesian would account for both these instances in the following manner.

The set of ideas which we received from such a prospect or garden, having entered the mind at the same time, have a set of traces belonging to them in the brain bordering very near upon one another; when therefore any one of these ideas arises in the imagination, and consequently dispatches a flow of animal spirits to its proper trace, these spirits, in the violence of their motion, run not only into the trace to which they were more particularly directed, but into several of those that lie about it. By this means they awaken other ideas of the same set, which immediately determine a new dispatch of spirits, that in the same manner open their neighbouring traces, till at last the whole set of them is blown up, and the whole prospect or garden flourishes in the imagination. But because the pleasure we received from these places far surmounted and overcame the little disagreeableness we found in them; for this reason there was at first a wider passage worn in the pleasure traces; and on the contrary, so narrow a one in those which belonged to the disagreeable ideas, that they were quickly stopt up, and rendered incapable of receiving any animal spirits, and consequently of exciting any unpleasant ideas in the memory.

It would be in vain to enquire, whether the power of imagining things strongly proceeds from any greater perfection in the soul, or from any nicer texture in the brain of one man than of another. But this is certain, that a noble writer should be born with this faculty in its full strength and vigour, so as to be able to receive lively ideas from outward objects, to retain them long, and to range them together upon occasion in such figures and representations

tions as are most likely to hit the fancy of the reader. A poet should take as much pains in forming his imagination as a philosopher in cultivating his understanding. He must gain a due relish of the works of nature, and be thoroughly conversant in the various scenery of a country life.

When he is stored with country images, if he would go beyond pastoral, and the lower kinds of poetry, he ought to acquaint himself with the pomp and magnificence of courts. He should be very well versed in every thing that is noble and stately in the productions of art, whether it appear in painting or statuary, in the great works of architecture which are in their present glory, or in the ruins of those which flourished in former ages.

Such advantages as these help to open a man's thoughts, and to enlarge his imagination, and will therefore have their influence on all kinds of writing, if the author knows how to make right use of them. And among those of the learned languages who excel in this talent, the most perfect in their several kinds are perhaps Homer, Virgil, and Ovid. The first strikes the imagination wonderfully with what is great, the second with what is beautiful, and the last with what is strange. Reading the Iliad is like travelling through a country uninhabited, where the fancy is entertained with a thousand savage prospects of vast deserts, wide uncultivated marshes, huge forests, misshapen rocks and precipices. On the contrary, the *Æneid* is like a well ordered garden, where it is impossible to find out any part unadorned, or to cast our eyes upon a single spot that does not produce some beautiful plant or flower. But when we are in the *Metamorphosis*, we are walking on enchanted ground, and see nothing but scenes of magic lying round us.

Homer is in his province, when he is describing a battle or a multitude, a hero or a god. Virgil is never better pleased, than when he is in his Elysium, or copying out an entertaining picture. Homer's  
epithets

epithets generally mark out what is great, Virgil's what is agreeable. Nothing can be more magnificent than the figure Jupiter makes in the first Iliad, nor more charming than that of Venus in the first Æneid.

Ἡ, καὶ κυανέσσειν ἄπ' ὀφρῶσι νηυσὶ Κρονίων,  
Ἀμβροσίου δ' ἀραια χλαίται ἐπέβρασαντο ἀνακτός  
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μίγαν δ' ἐλιλίξεν Ὀλύμπου.

ILIAD. i. 528.

He spake, and awful bends his sable brows ;  
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,  
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God :  
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,  
And all Olympus to the center shook.

POPE.

*Dixit, & avertens rosea cervice refulsit :*  
*Ambrosiaque comæ divinum vertice odorem*  
*Spiravere : Pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,*  
*Et vera incessu patuit Dea——*

ÆN, i. 406.

Thus having said, she turn'd and made appear  
Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair,  
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the  
ground,  
And widely spread ambrosial scents around :  
In length of train descends her sweeping gown,  
And by her graceful walk the queen of Love is  
known.

DRYDEN.

Homer's persons are most of them godlike and terrible; Virgil has scarce admitted any into his poem, who are not beautiful; and has taken particular care to make his hero so.

*Lumenque*

*Lumenque juventa  
Purpureum, et letos oculis afflavit honores.*

ÆN. i. 590.

And gave his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,  
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face.

DRYDEN.

In a word, Homer fills his readers with sublime ideas, and I believe has rais'd the imagination of all the good poets that have come after him. I shall only instance Horace, who immediately takes fire at the first hint of any passage in the Iliad or Odyssæy, and always rises above himself, when he has Homer in his view. Virgil has drawn together into his Æneid all the pleasing scenes his subject is capable of admitting, and in his Georgics has given us a collection of the most delightful landscapes that can be made out of fields and woods, herds of cattle, and swarms of bees.

Ovid in his Metamorphoses, has shewn us how the imagination may be affected by what is strange. He describes a miracle in every story, and always gives us the sight of some new creature at the end of it. His art consists chiefly in well timing his description, before the first shape is quite worn off, and the new one perfectly finished; so that he every where entertains us with something we never saw before, and shews monster after monster to the end of the Metamorphoses.

If I were to name a poet that is a perfect master in all these arts of working on the imagination, I think Milton may pass for one: and if his Paradise Lost falls short of the Æneid or Iliad in this respect, it proceeds rather from the fault of the language in which it is written, than from any defect of genius in the author. So divine a poem in English, is like a stately palace built of brick, where one may see architecture in as great a perfection as in one of marble, though the materials are of a coarser nature.

But to consider it only as it regards our present subject; what can be conceived greater than the battle of angels, the majesty of Messiah, the stature and behaviour of Satan and his peers? What more beautiful than Pandæmonium, Paradise, Heaven, Angels, Adam and Eve? What more strange, than the creation of the world, the several metamorphoses of the fallen angels, and the surprising adventures their leader meets with in his search after Paradise? No other subject could have furnished a poet with scenes so proper to strike the imagination, as no other poet could have painted those scenes in more strong and lively colours.

---

Monday, June 30, 1712 \*.

---

——— *Feret & rubus asper amomum.*

VIRG. Ecl. iii. 89.

The rugged thorn shall bear the fragrant rose.

THE pleasures of these secondary views of the imagination are of a wider and more universal nature than those it has when joined with sight; for not only what is great, strange or beautiful, but any thing that is disagreeable when looked upon, pleases us in an apt description. Here, therefore, we must enquire after a new principle of pleasure, which is nothing else but the action of the mind, which compares the ideas that arise from words with the ideas that arise from the objects themselves; and why this operation of the mind is attended with so much pleasure, we have before considered. For this reason therefore, the description of a dunghill is pleasing to the imagination, if the image be represented to our minds by suitable expressions; though perhaps this may be more properly called the pleasure of the understanding



derstanding than of the fancy, because we are not so much delighted with the image that is contained in the description, as with the aptness of the description to excite the image.

But if the description of what is little, common or deformed, be acceptable to the imagination, the description of what is great, surprising or beautiful, is much more so; because here we are not only delighted with comparing the representation with the original, but are highly pleased with the original itself. Most readers, I believe, are more charmed with Milton's description of Paradise than of Hell: They are both perhaps equally perfect in their kind; but in the one the brimstone and sulphur are not so refreshing to the imagination, as the beds of flowers and the wilderness of sweets in the other.

There is yet another circumstance which recommends a description more than all the rest, and that is, if it represents to us such objects as are apt to raise a secret ferment in the mind of the reader, and to work with violence upon his passions: For in this case we are at once warmed and enlightened; so that the pleasure becomes more universal, and is several ways qualified to entertain us. Thus in painting, it is pleasant to look on the picture of any face, where the resemblance is hit; but the pleasure increases, if it be the picture of a face that is beautiful; and is still greater, if the beauty be softened with an air of melancholy or sorrow. The two leading passions which the more serious parts of poetry endeavour to stir up in us, are terror and pity. And here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to pass that such passions as are very unpleasant at all other times, are very agreeable when excited by proper descriptions. It is not strange, that we should take delight in such passages as are apt to produce hope, joy, admiration, love, or the like emotions in us, because they never rise in the mind without an inward pleasure which attends them. But how comes it to pass, that we should take delight in being terrified or de-

jected by a description, when we find so much uneasiness in the fear or grief which we receive from any other occasion?

If we consider, therefore, the nature of this pleasure, we shall find that it does not arise so properly from the description of what is terrible, as from the reflection we make on ourselves at the time of reading it. When we look on such hideous objects, we are not a little pleased to think we are in no danger of them. We consider them at the same time as dreadful and harmless; so that the more frightful appearance they make, the greater is the pleasure we receive from the sense of our own safety. In short, we look upon the terrors of a description with the same curiosity and satisfaction that we survey a dead monster.

————— *Informe cadaver*

*Protrahitur : nequeunt expleri corda tuendo*

*Terribiles oculos, vultum, villosaque setis*

*Pectora semiferi, atque extinctos faucibus ignes.*

VIRG. *Æn.* viii. 264.

————— They drag him from his den :

The wond'ring neighbourhood, with glad surprize, }  
Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size, }  
His mouth that flames no more, and his extin- }  
guish'd eyes. }

DRYDEN.

It is for the same reason that we are delighted with reflecting upon dangers that are past, or in looking on a precipice at a distance, which would fill us with a different kind of horror if we saw it hanging over our heads.

In the like manner, when we read of torments, wounds, deaths, and the like dismal accidents, our pleasure does not flow so properly from the grief which such melancholy descriptions give us, as from the secret comparison which we make between ourselves

selves and the person who suffers. Such representations teach us to set a just value upon our own condition, and make us prize our good fortune, which exempts us from the like calamities. This is, however, such a kind of pleasure as we are not capable of receiving, when we see a person actually lying under the tortures that we meet with in a description; because in this case the object presses too close upon our senses, and bears so hard upon us, that it does not give us time or leisure to reflect on ourselves. Our thoughts are so intent upon the miseries of the sufferer, that we cannot turn them upon our own happiness. Whereas, on the contrary, we consider the misfortunes we read in history or poetry, either as past, or as fictitious; so that the reflection upon ourselves rises in us insensibly, and overbears the sorrow we conceive for the sufferings of the afflicted.

But because the mind of man requires something more perfect in matter than what it finds there, and can never meet with any sight in nature which sufficiently answers its highest ideas of pleasantness; or, in other words, because the imagination can fancy to itself things more great, strange or beautiful than the eye ever saw, and is still sensible of some defect in what it has seen; on this account it is the part of a poet to humour the imagination in our own notions, by mending and perfecting nature where he describes a reality, and by adding greater beauties than are put together in nature, where he describes a fiction.

He is not obliged to attend her in the slow advances which she makes from one season to another, or to observe her conduct in the successive production of plants and flowers. He may draw into his description all the beauties of the spring and autumn, and make the whole year contribute something to render it the more agreeable. His rose-trees, woodbines and jessamines may flower together, and his beds be covered at the same time with lilies, violets and amaranths. His soil is not restrained to any particular

ticular set of plants, but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itself to the products of every climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; myrrh may be met with in every hedge; and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of spices, he can quickly command sun enough to raise it. If all this will not furnish out an agreeable scene, he can make several new species of flowers, with richer scents and higher colours than any that grow in the gardens of nature. His concerts of birds may be as full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy as he pleases. He is at no more expence in a long vista than a short one; and can as easily throw his cascades from a precipice of half a mile high, as from one of twenty yards. He has his choice of the winds, and can turn the course of his rivers into all the variety of meanders that are most delightful to the reader's imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of nature in his own hands, and may give her what charms he pleases, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into absurdities by endeavouring to excel.

---

Tuesday, July 1, 1712\*.

---

— *Mentis gratissimus error.*

HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 40.

The sweet delusion of a raptur'd mind.

THERE is a kind of writing wherein the poet quite loses sight of nature, and entertains his reader's imagination with the characters and actions of such persons as have many of them no existence but what he bestows on them. Such are fairies, witches, magicians, demons, and departed spirits. This Mr. Dryden calls "The fairy way of writing,"

\* No. 419.

which

which is indeed more difficult than any other that depends on the poet's fancy, because he has no pattern to follow in it, and must work altogether out of his own invention.

There is a very odd turn of thought required for this sort of writing; and it is impossible for a poet to succeed in it who has not a particular cast of fancy, and an imagination naturally fruitful and superstitious. Besides this, he ought to be very well versed in legends and fables, antiquated romances, and the traditions of nurses and old women, that he may fall in with our natural prejudices, and humour those notions which we have imbibed in our infancy: For otherwise he will be apt to make his fairies talk like people of his own species, and not like other sets of beings, who converse with different objects, and think in a different manner from that of mankind,

*Sylvæ deducti caveant, me judice, fauni,  
Ne velut imati triviis, ac pene forenses,  
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus.*

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 244.

Let not the wood-born satyr fondly sport  
With am'rous verses, as if bred at court.

FRANCIS.

I do not say, with Mr. Bays in the Rehearsal, that spirits must not be confined to speak sense; but it is certain their sense ought to be a little discoloured, that it may seem particular, and proper to the person and condition of the speaker.

These descriptions raise a pleasing kind of horror in the mind of the reader, and amuse his imagination with the strangeness and novelty of the persons who are represented in them. They bring up into our memory the stories we have heard in our childhood, and favour those secret terrors and apprehensions to which the mind of man is naturally subject. We are pleased with surveying the different habits

and

and behaviours of foreign countries; how much more must we be delighted and surpris'd when we are led as it were into a new creation, and see the persons and manners of another species. Men of cold fancies and philosophical dispositions object to this kind of poetry, that it has not probability enough to affect the imagination. But to this it may be answered, that we are sure in general that there are many intellectual beings in the world besides ourselves, and several species of spirits, who are subject to different laws and œconomies from those of mankind: When we see therefore any of these represented naturally, we cannot look upon the representation as altogether impossible; nay, many are prepossessed with such false opinions as dispose them to believe these particular delusions; at least we have all heard so many pleasing relations in favour of them, that we do not care for seeing through the falsehood, and willingly give ourselves up to so agreeable an imposture.

The ancients have not much of this poetry among them; for indeed almost the whole substance of it owes its original to the darkness and superstition of later ages, when pious frauds were made use of to amuse mankind, and frighten them into a sense of their duty. Our forefathers looked upon nature with more reverence and horror before the world was enlightened by learning and philosophy, and loved to astonish themselves with apprehensions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms, and enchantments. There was not a village in England that had not a ghost in it; the church-yards were all haunted; every large common had a circle of fairies belonging to it; and there was scarce a shepherd to be met with who had not seen a spirit.

Among all the poets of this kind, our English are much the best by what I have yet seen; whether it be that we abound with more stories of this nature, or that the genius of our country is fitter for this sort of poetry: For the English are naturally fanciful,

ciful, and very often disposed by that gloominess and melancholy of temper which is so frequent in our nation, to many wild notions and visions to which others are not so liable.

Among the English, Shakespear has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy which he had in so great perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak superstitious part of his reader's imagination, and made him capable of succeeding where he had nothing to support him besides the strength of his own genius. There is something so wild and yet so solemn in the speeches of his ghosts, fairies, witches, and the like imaginary persons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, though we have no rule by which to judge of them, and must confess, if there are such beings in the world, it looks highly probable they should talk and act as he has represented them.

There is another sort of imaginary beings that we sometimes meet with among the poets, when the author represents any passion, appetite, virtue or vice under a visible shape, and makes it a person or an actor in his poem. Of this nature are the descriptions of Hunger and Envy in Ovid, of Fame in Virgil, and of Sin and Death in Milton. We find a whole creation of the like shadowy persons in Spenser, who had an admirable talent in representations of this kind. I have discoursed of these emblematical persons in former Papers, and shall therefore only mention them in this place. Thus we see how many ways poetry addresses itself to the imagination, as it has not only the whole circle of nature for its province, but makes new worlds of its own, shews us persons who are not to be found in being, and represents even the faculties of the soul, with the several virtues and vices, in a sensible shape and character.

I shall in my two following Papers consider in general how other kinds of writing are qualified to

please the imagination, with which I intend to conclude this essay.

---

Wednesday, July 2, 1712\*.

---

— *Quocunque volunt mentem auditoris agunto.*

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 100.

And raise men's passions to what height they will.  
ROSCOMMON.

AS the writers in poetry and fiction borrow their several materials from outward objects, and join them together at their own pleasure, there are others who are obliged to follow nature more closely, and to take entire scenes out of her. Such are historians, natural philosophers, travellers, geographers, and in a word, all who describe visible objects of a real existence.

It is the most agreeable talent of an historian to be able to draw up his armies and fight his battles in proper expressions, to set before our eyes the divisions, cabals and jealousies of great men, and to lead us step by step into the several actions and events of his history. We love to see the subject unfolding itself by just degrees, and breaking upon us insensibly, that so we may be kept in a pleasing suspense, and have time given us to raise our expectations, and to side with one of the parties concerned in the relation. I confess this shews more the art than the veracity of the historian; but I am only to speak of him as he is qualified to please the imagination. And in this respect Livy has perhaps excelled all who went before him, or have written since his time. He describes every thing in so lively a manner, that his whole history is an admirable picture, and touches on such proper circumstances in every story, that his

\* No. 420.

reader



reader becomes a kind of spectator, and feels in himself all the variety of passions which are correspondent to the several parts of the relation.

But among this set of writers, there are none who more gratify and enlarge the imagination than the authors of the new philosophy, whether we consider their theories of the earth or heavens, the discoveries they have made by glasses, or any other of their contemplations on nature. We are not a little pleased to find every green leaf swarm with millions of animals, that at their largest growth are not visible to the naked eye. There is something very engaging to the fancy as well as to our reason, in the treatises of metals, minerals, plants, and meteors. But when we survey the whole earth at once, and the several planets that lie within its neighbourhood, we are filled with a pleasing astonishment, to see so many worlds hanging one above another, and sliding round their axles in such an amazing pomp and solemnity. If after this we contemplate those wild fields of æther, that reach in height as far as from Saturn to the fixed stars, and run abroad almost to an infinitude, our imagination finds its capacity filled with so immense a prospect, and puts itself upon the stretch to comprehend it. But if we yet rise higher, and consider the fixed stars as so many vast oceans of flame, that are each of them attended with a different set of planets, and still discover new firmaments and new lights that are sunk farther in those unfathomable depths of æther, so as not to be seen by the strongest of our telescopes, we are lost in such a labyrinth of suns and worlds, and confounded with the immensity and magnificence of nature.

Nothing is more pleasant to the fancy than to enlarge itself by degrees in its contemplation of the various proportions which its several objects bear to each other, when it compares the body of man to the bulk of the whole earth, the earth to the circle it describes round the sun, that circle to the sphere of the fixed stars, the sphere of the fixed stars to the

circuit of the whole creation, the whole creation itself to the infinite space that is every where diffused about it ; or when the imagination works downward, and considers the bulk of a human body in respect of an animal a hundred times less than a mite, the particular limbs of such an animal, the different springs that actuate the limbs, the spirits which set the springs a-going, and the proportionable minuteness of these several parts before they have arrived at their full growth and perfection : but if, after all this, we take the least particle of these animal spirits, and consider its capacity of being wrought into a world that shall contain within those narrow dimensions a heaven and earth, stars and planets, and every different species of living creatures, in the same analogy and proportion they bear to each other in our universe ; such a speculation, by reason of its nicety, appears ridiculous to those who have not turned their thoughts that way, though at the same time it is founded on no less than the evidence of a demonstration. Nay, we may yet carry it farther, and discover in the smallest particle of this little world a new unexhausted fund of matter, capable of being spun out into another universe.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because I think it may shew us the proper limits, as well as the defectiveness of our imagination ; how it is confined to a very small quantity of space, and immediately stopt in its operation when it endeavours to take in any thing that is very great or very little. Let a man try to conceive the different bulk of an animal which is twenty, from another which is an hundred times less than a mite ; or to compare in his thoughts a length of a thousand diameters of the earth with that of a million, and he will quickly find that he has no different measures in his mind adjusted to such extraordinary degrees of grandeur or minuteness. The understanding indeed opens an infinite space on every side of us ; but the imagination,  
after

after a few faint efforts, is immediately at a stand, and finds itself swallowed up in the immensity of the void that surrounds it. Our reason can pursue a particle of matter through an infinite variety of divisions; but the fancy soon loses sight of it, and feels in itself a kind of chasm that wants to be filled with matter of a more sensible bulk. We can neither widen nor contract the faculty to the dimensions of either extreme. The object is too big for our capacity when we would comprehend the circumference of a world; and dwindles into nothing when we endeavour after the idea of an atom.

It is possible this defect of imagination may not be in the soul itself but as it acts in conjunction with the body. Perhaps there may not be room in the brain for such a variety of impressions, or the animal spirits may be incapable of figuring them in such a manner as is necessary to excite so very large or very minute ideas. However it be, we may well suppose that beings of a higher nature very much excel us in this respect, as it is probable the soul of man will be infinitely more perfect hereafter in this faculty, as well as in all the rest; inasmuch that perhaps the imagination will be able to keep pace with the understanding, and to form in itself distinct ideas of all the different modes and quantities of space.

---

Thursday, July 3, 1712\*.

---

*Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre  
 Ælumina gaudebat; studio minuenta laborem.*

OVID. MET. IV. 294.

He fought fresh fountains in a foreign foil;  
 The pleasures lessen'd the attending toil.

ADDISON.

THE pleasures of the imagination are not wholly confined to such particular authors as are conversant in material objects; but are often to be met with among the polite masters of morality, criticism, and other speculations abstracted from matter; who, though they do not directly treat of the visible parts of nature, often draw from them their similitudes, metaphors, and allegories. By these allusions, a truth in the understanding is as it were reflected by the imagination; we are able to see something like colour and shape in a notion, and to discover a scheme of thoughts traced out upon matter. And here the mind receives a great deal of satisfaction, and has two of its faculties gratified at the same time, while the fancy is busy in copying after the understanding, and transcribing ideas out of the intellectual world into the material.

The great art of a writer shews itself in the choice of pleasing allusions, which are generally to be taken from the *great* or *beautiful* works of art or nature; for though whatever is new or uncommon is apt to delight the imagination, the chief design of an allusion being to illustrate and explain the passage of an author, it should be always borrowed from what is more known and common than the passages which are to be explained.

No. 421.

Allegories.

Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble metaphor, when it is placed to an advantage, casts a kind of glory round it, and darts a lustre through a whole sentence. These different kinds of allusion are but so many different manners of similitude; and, that they may please the imagination, the likenesses ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to see a picture where the resemblance is just, or the posture and air graceful. But we often find eminent writers very faulty in this respect: great scholars are apt to fetch their comparisons and allusions from the sciences in which they are most conversant; so that a man may see the compass of their learning in a treatise on the most indifferent subject. I have read a discourse upon love which none but a profound chymist could understand, and have heard many a sermon which should only have been preached before a congregation of Cartesians. On the contrary, your men of business usually have recourse to such instances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the reader into a game of chess or tennis, or for leading him from shop to shop in the cant of particular trades and employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite variety of very agreeable allusions in both these kinds; but, for the generality, the most entertaining ones lie in the works of nature, which are obvious to all capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in arts and sciences.

It is this talent of affecting the imagination that gives an embellishment to good sense, and makes one man's compositions more agreeable than another's. It sets off all writings in general; but is the very life and highest perfection of poetry, where it shines in an eminent degree. It has preserved several poems for many ages that have nothing else to recommend them; and where all the other beauties are present, the work appears dry and insipid, if this single one be wanting. It has something in it like creation.

It

It bestows a kind of existence, and draws up to the reader's view several objects which are not to be found in being. It makes additions to nature, and gives greater variety to God's works. In a word, it is able to beautify and adorn the most illustrious scenes in the universe, or fill the mind with more glorious shows and apparitions than can be found in any part of it.

We have now discovered the several originals of those pleasures that gratify the fancy; and here, perhaps, it would not be very difficult to cast under their proper heads those contrary objects, which are apt to fill it with distaste and terror; for the imagination is as liable to pain as pleasure. When the brain is hurt by any accident, or the mind disordered by dreams or sickness, the fancy is over-run with wild dismal ideas, and terrified with a thousand hideous monsters of its own framing.

*Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,  
Et solem geminum, et duplices se ostendere Thebas:  
Aut Agamemnonius sceris agitatus Orestes,  
Armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris  
Cum fugit, ultricesque sedent in limine dira.*

VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 469.

Like Pentheus, when distracted with his fear,  
He saw two suns and double Thebes appear:  
Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost  
Full in his face infernal torches tost,  
And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight, }  
Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright; }  
The furies guard the door, and intercept his flight. }

DRYDEN.

There is not a sight in nature so mortifying as that of a distracted person, when his imagination is troubled and his whole soul disordered and confused: Babylon in ruins is not so melancholy a spectacle. But to quit so disagreeable a subject, I shall only consider  
by

by way of conclusion, what an infinite advantage this faculty gives an almighty Being over the soul of man, and how great a measure of happiness or misery we are capable of receiving from the imagination only.

We have already seen the influence that one man has over the fancy of another, and with what ease he conveys into it a variety of imagery: How great a power then may we suppose lodged in him who knows all the ways of affecting the imagination; who can infuse what ideas he pleases, and fill those ideas with terror and delight to what degree he thinks fit? He can excite images in the mind without the help of words, and make scenes rise up before us and seem present to the eye without the assistance of bodies or exterior objects. He can transport the imagination with such beautiful and glorious visions as cannot possibly enter into our present conceptions, or haunt it with such ghastly spectres and apparitions as would make us hope for annihilation, and think existence no better than a curse. In short, he can so exquisitely ravish or torture the soul through this single faculty, as might suffice to make up the whole heaven or hell of any finite being.

---

Thursday, July 17, 1712\*.

---

*Perlege Mæonio cantatas carmine ranas,  
Et frontem nugis solvere disce meis.*

MART. Epig. clxxxiii. 14.

To banish anxious thought, and quiet pain,  
Read Homer's frogs, or my more trifling strain.

THE moral world, as consisting of males and females, is of a mixt nature, and filled with several

VOL. III.

O o

veral

\* No. 433.

veral customs, fashions and ceremonies, which would have no place in it, were there but one sex. Had our species no females in it, men would be quite different creatures from what they are at present; their endeavours to please the opposite sex polishes and refines them out of those manners which are most natural to them, and often sets them upon modelling themselves, not according to the plans which they approve in their own opinions, but according to those which they think are most agreeable to the female world. In a word, man would not only be an unhappy, but a rude unfinished creature, were he conversant with none but those of his own make.

Women, on the other side, are apt to form themselves in every thing with regard to that other half of reasonable creatures, with whom they are here blended and confused; their thoughts are ever turned upon appearing amiable to the other sex; they talk, and move, and smile, with a design upon us; every feature of their faces, every part of their dress is filled with snares and allurements. There would be no such animals as prudes or coquettes in the world, were there not such an animal as man. In short, it is the male that gives charms to womankind, that produces an air in their faces, a grace in their motions, a softness in their voices, and a delicacy in their complexions.

As this mutual regard between the two sexes tends to the improvement of each of them, we may observe that men are apt to degenerate into rough and brutal natures, who live as if there were no such things as women in the world; as on the contrary, women who have an indifference or aversion for their counter-parts in human nature, are generally sour and unamiable, fluttish and censorious.

I am led into this train of thoughts by a little manuscript which is lately fallen into my hands, and which I shall communicate to the reader, as I have done some other curious pieces of the same nature, without troubling him with any enquiries about the

author



author of it. It contains a summary account of two different states which bordered upon one another. The one was a commonwealth of Amazons, or women without men; the other was a republic of males that had not a woman in their whole community. As these two states bordered upon one another, it was their way, it seems, to meet upon their frontiers at a certain season of the year, where those among the men who had not made their choice at any former meeting, associated themselves with particular women, whom they were afterwards obliged to look upon as their wives in every one of these yearly rencounters. The children that sprung from this alliance, if males, were sent to their respective fathers; if females, continued with their mothers. By means of this anniversary carnival, which lasted about a week, the commonwealths were recruited from time to time, and supplied with their respective subjects.

These two states were engaged together in a perpetual league offensive and defensive; so that if any foreign potentate offered to attack either of them, both the sexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to reason. It was remarkable that for many ages this agreement continued inviolable between the two states, notwithstanding, as was said before, they were husbands and wives: but this will not appear so wonderful, if we consider that they did not live together above a week in a year.

In the account which my author gives of the male republic, there were several customs very remarkable. The men never shaved their beards, or pared their nails above once in a twelvemonth, which was probably about the time of the great annual meeting upon their frontiers. I find the name of a minister of state in one part of their history, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean linen; and of a certain great general who was turned out of his post for effeminacy, it having been proved upon him by several credible witnesses that he washed his face

every morning. If any member of the commonwealth had a soft voice, a smooth face, or a supple behaviour, he was banished into the commonwealth of females, where he was treated as a slave, dressed in petticoats, and set a-spinning. They had no titles of honour among them, but such as denoted some bodily strength or perfection, as such an one *the tall*, such an one *the stocky*, such an one *the gruff*. Their public debates were generally managed with kicks and cuffs; infomuch that they often came from the council-table with broken shins, black eyes, and bloody noses. When they would reproach a man in the most bitter terms, they would tell him his teeth were white, or that he had a fair skin, and a soft hand. The greatest man I meet with in their history, was one who could lift five hundred weight, and wore such a prodigious pair of whiskers as had never been seen in the commonwealth before his time. These accomplishments, it seems, had rendered him so popular, that if he had not died very seasonably, it is thought he might have enslaved the republic. Having made this short extract out of the history of the male commonwealth, I shall look into the history of the neighbouring state which consisted of females; and if I find any thing in it, shall not fail to communicate it to the public.

---

Friday, July 18, 1712\*.

---

*Quales Thraciae, cum flumina Thermodoontis  
Pulsant, & pictis bellantur Amazones armis:  
Seu circum Hippolyten, seu cum se martia curru  
Penthesilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu  
Foemineae exultant lunatis agmina peltis.*

VIRG. ÆN. xi. 660.

So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,  
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd;  
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,  
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen.  
Such to the field Penthesilea led,  
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled.  
With such return'd triumphant from the war,  
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car:  
They clash with manly force their moony shields;  
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.

DRYDEN.

HAVING carefully perused the manuscript I mentioned in my yesterday's paper so far as it relates to the republic of women, I find in it several particulars which may very well deserve the reader's attention.

The girls of quality, from six to twelve years old, were put to public schools, where they learned to box and play at cudgels, with several other accomplishments of the same nature; so that nothing was more usual than to see a little miss returning home at night with a broken pate, or two or three teeth knocked out of her head. They were afterwards taught to ride the great horse, to shoot, dart, or sling, and listed into several companies, in order to perfect themselves in military exercises. No woman was to

\* No. 434.

be

be married till she had killed her man. The ladies of fashion used to play with young lions instead of lap-dogs, and when they made any parties of diversion, instead of entertaining themselves at ombre and piquet, they would wrestle and pitch the bar for a whole afternoon together. There was never any such thing as a blush seen or a sigh heard in the commonwealth. The women never dressed but to look terrible; to which end they would sometimes after a battle paint their cheeks with the blood of their enemies. For this reason likewise the face which had the most scars was looked upon as the most beautiful. If they found lace, jewels, ribbands, or any ornaments in silver or gold among the booty which they had taken, they used to dress their horses with it; but never entertained a thought of wearing it themselves. There were particular rights and privileges allowed to any member of the commonwealth who was a mother of three daughters. The senate was made up of old women; for by the laws of the country none was to be a counsellor of state that was not past child-bearing. They used to boast their republic had continued four thousand years, which is altogether improbable, unless we may suppose, what I am very apt to think, that they measured their time by lunar years.

There was a great revolution brought about in this female republic by means of a neighbouring king who had made war upon them several years with various success, and at length overthrew them in a very great battle. This defeat they ascribe to several causes: Some say that the secretary of state having been troubled with the vapours, had committed some fatal mistakes in several dispatches about that time: Others pretend, that the first minister being big with child, could not attend the public affairs as so great an exigency of state required; but this I can give no manner of credit to, since it seems to contradict a fundamental maxim in their government which I have before mentioned. My author gives the most probable

probable reason of this great disaster; for he affirms that the general was brought to bed, or (as others say) miscarried the very night before the battle: however it was, this single overthrow obliged them to call in the male republic to their assistance; but notwithstanding their common efforts to repulse the victorious enemy, the war continued for many years before they could entirely bring it to a happy conclusion.

The campaign which both sexes passed together, made them so well acquainted with one another, that at the end of the war they did not care for parting. In the beginning of it they lodged in separate camps; but afterwards, as they grew more familiar, they pitched their tents promiscuously.

From this time the armies being checkered with both sexes, they polished apace. The men used to invite their fellow soldiers into their quarters, and would dress their tents with flowers and boughs for their reception. If they chanced to like one more than another, they would be cutting her name in the table, or chalking out her figure upon a wall, or talking of her in a kind of rapturous language, which by degrees improved into verse and sonnet. These were as the first rudiments of architecture, painting and poetry among this savage people. After any advantages over the enemy, both sexes used to jump together, and make a clattering with their swords and shields for joy, which in a few years produced several regular tunes and set dances.

As the two armies romped together on these occasions, the women complained of the thick bushy beards and long nails of their confederates, who thereupon took care to prune themselves into such figures as were most pleasing to their friends and allies.

When they had taken any spoils from the enemy, the men would make a present of every thing that was rich and showy to the women whom they most admired, and would frequently dress the necks, or  
heads,

heads, or arms of their mistresses with any thing which they thought appeared gay or pretty. The women, observing that the men took delight in looking upon them when they were adorned with such trappings and gewgaws, set their heads at work to find out new inventions, and to outline one another in all councils of war or the like solemn meetings. On the other hand, the men observing how the women's hearts were set upon finery, began to embellish themselves, and look as agreeably as they could in the eyes of their associates. In short, after a few years conversing together, the women had learnt to smile, and the men to ogle; the women grew soft, and the men lively.

When they had thus insensibly formed one another, upon the finishing of the war, which concluded with an entire conquest of their common enemy, the colonels in one army married the colonels in the other; the captains in the same manner took the captains to their wives: The whole body of common soldiers were matched, after the example of their leaders. By this means the two republics incorporated with one another, and became the most flourishing and polite government in the part of the world which they inhabited.

---

Saturday, July 19, 1712\*.

---

*Nec duo sunt, at forma duplex, nec femina dici  
Nec puer ut possint, neutrumque & utrumque videntur.*  
OVID. Met. iv. 378.

Both bodies in a single body mix,  
A single body with a double sex.

ADDISON.

**M**OST of the Papers I give the public are written on subjects that never vary, but are for ever fixed and immutable. Of this kind are all my more serious essays and discourses; but there is another sort of speculations, which I consider as occasional Papers, that take their rise from the folly, extravagance, and caprice of the present age: For I look upon myself as one set to watch the manners and behaviour of my countrymen and contemporaries, and to mark down every absurd fashion, ridiculous custom, or affected form of speech that makes its appearance in the world during the course of these my speculations. The petticoat no sooner begun to swell, but I observed its motions. The party-patches had not time to muster themselves before I detected them. I had intelligence of the coloured hood the very first time it appeared in a public assembly. I might here mention several other the like contingent subjects, upon which I have bestowed distinct Papers. By this means I have so effectually quashed those irregularities which gave occasion to them, that I am afraid posterity will scarce have a sufficient idea of them to relish those discourses which were in no little vogue at the time when they were written. They will be apt to think that the fashions and customs I attacked

VOL. III.

P p

were

\* No. 435.

were some fantastic conceits of my own, and that their great grandmothers could not be so whimsical as I have represented them. For this reason, when I think on the figure my several volumes of Speculations will make about a hundred years hence, I consider them as so many pieces of old plate, where the weight will be regarded, but the fashion lost.

Among the several female extravagancies I have already taken notice of, there is one which still keeps its ground; I mean that of the ladies who dress themselves in a hat and feather, a riding coat and a periwig, or at least tie up their hair in a bag or ribbon, in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex. As in my yesterday's Paper I gave an account of the mixture of two sexes in one commonwealth, I shall here take notice of this mixture of two sexes in one person. I have already shewn my dislike of this immodest custom more than once; but in contempt of every thing I have hitherto said, I am informed that the highways about this great city are still very much infested with these female cavaliers.

I remember, when I was at my friend Sir Roger de Coverley's about this time twelvemonth, an equestrian lady of this order appeared upon the plains which lay at a distance from his house. I was at that time walking in the fields with my old friend; and as his tenants ran out on every side to see so strange a sight, Sir Roger asked one of them who came by us what it was? To which the country fellow replied, 'Tis a gentlewoman, saving your worship's presence, in a coat and hat. This produced a great deal of mirth at the Knight's house, where we had a story at the same time of another of his tenants, who, meeting this gentleman-like lady on the highway, was asked by her, whether that was Coverley-Hall? the honest man seeing only the male part of the querist, replied, yes, Sir; but upon the second question, whether Sir Roger de Coverley was a married man? having dropped his eye upon the petticoat, he changed his note into no, Madam.

Had



Had one of these hermaphrodites appeared in Juvenal's days, with what an indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent satirist? He would have represented her in a riding habit, as a greater monster than the centaur. He would have called for sacrifices of purifying waters, to expiate the appearance of such a prodigy. He would have invoked the shades of Portia and Lucretia, to see into what the Roman ladies had transformed themselves.

For my own part, I am for treating the sex with greater tenderness, and have all along made use of the most gentle methods to bring them off from any little extravagance into which they have sometimes unwarily fallen. I think it however absolutely necessary to keep up the partition between the two sexes, and to take notice of the smallest encroachments which the one makes upon the other. I hope therefore that I shall not hear any more complaints on this subject. I am sure my she-disciples who peruse these my daily lectures, have profited but little by them, if they are capable of giving into such an amphibious dress. This I should not have mentioned, had I not lately met one of these my female readers in Hyde-Park, who looked upon me with a masculine assurance, and cocked her hat full in my face.

For my part, I have one general key to the behaviour of the fair sex. When I see them singular in any part of their dress, I conclude it is not without some evil intention; and therefore question not but the design of this strange fashion is to smite more effectually their male beholders. Now, to set them right in this particular, I would fain have them consider with themselves whether we are not more likely to be struck by a figure entirely female, than with such an one as we may see every day in our glasses. Or, if they please, let them reflect upon their own hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a man on horseback, in his breeches and

jack-boots, and at the same time dressed up in a com-  
mode and a nightraile.

I must observe that this fashion was first of all brought to us from France; a country which has infected all the nations of Europe with its levity. I speak not this in derogation of a whole people, having more than once found fault with those general reflections which strike at kingdoms or commonwealths in the gross: a piece of cruelty which an ingenious writer of our own compares to that of Caligula, who wished the Roman people had all but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall therefore only remark, that as liveliness and assurance are in a peculiar manner the qualifications of the French nation, the same habits and customs will not give the same offence to that people, which they produce among those of our own country. Modesty is our distinguishing character, as vivacity is theirs: and when this our national virtue appears in that female beauty for which our British ladies are celebrated above all others in the universe, it makes up the most amiable object that the eye of man can possibly behold.

---

Thursday, July 24, 1712\*.

---

*Hi narrata ferunt alio: mensuraque ficti  
Crescit; & auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.*

OVID. Met. xii. 57.

Some tell what they have heard, or tales devise;  
Each fiction still improv'd with added lies.

OVID describes the Palace of Fame as situated in the very centre of the universe, and perforated with so many windows and avenues as gave her the sight of every thing that was done in the  
\* No. 439. heavens,

heavens, in the earth, and in the sea. The structure of it was contrived in so admirable a manner, that it echoed every word which was spoken in the whole compass of nature; so that the palace, says the poet, was always filled with a confused hubbub of low dying sounds, the voices being almost spent and worn out before they arrived at this general rendezvous of speeches and whispers.

I consider courts with the same regard to the governments which they superintend, as Ovid's Palace of Fame with regard to the universe. The eyes of a watchful minister run through the whole people. There is scarce a murmur or complaint that does not reach his ears. They have news-gatherers and intelligencers distributed into their several walks and quarters, who bring in their respective quotas, and make them acquainted with the discourse and conversation of the whole kingdom or commonwealth where they are employed. The wisest of kings, alluding to these invisible and unsuspected spies who are planted by kings and rulers over their fellow-citizens, as well as to those voluntary informers that are buzzing about the ears of a great man, and making their court by such secret methods of intelligence, has given us a very prudent caution: "Curse not the king, no not in thy thought, and curse not the rich in thy bed-chamber: for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

As it is absolutely necessary for rulers to make use of other people's eyes and ears, they should take particular care to do it in such a manner, that it may not bear too hard on the person whose life and conversation are inquired into. A man who is capable of so infamous a calling as that of a spy, is not very much to be relied upon. He can have no great ties of honour or checks of conscience to restrain him in those covert evidences, where the person accused has no opportunity of vindicating himself. He will be more industrious to carry that which is grateful than

than that which is true. There will be no occasion for him if he does not hear and see things worth discovery; so that he naturally inflames every word and circumstance, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and misrepresents what is indifferent. Nor is it to be doubted but that such ignominious wretches let their private passions into these their clandestine informations, and often wreck their particular spite and malice against the person whom they are set to watch. It is a pleasant scene enough, which an Italian author describes between a spy and a cardinal who employed him. The cardinal is represented as minuting down every thing that is told him. The spy begins with a low voice: Such an one the advocate whispered to one of his friends within my hearing, that your eminence was a very great poltroon; and after having given his patron time to take it down, adds, that another called him a mercenary rascal in a public conversation. The cardinal replies, Very well, and bids him go on. The spy proceeds and loads him with reports of the same nature, till the cardinal rises in great wrath, calls him an impudent scoundrel, and kicks him out of the room.

It is observed of great and heroic minds, that they have not only shewn a particular disregard to those unmerited reproaches which have been cast upon them, but have been altogether free from that impertinent curiosity of inquiring after them, or the poor revenge of resenting them. The histories of Alexander and Cæsar are full of this kind of instances. Vulgar souls are of a quite contrary character. Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, had a dungeon which was a very curious piece of architecture; and of which, as I am informed, there are still to be seen some remains in that island. It was called Dionysius's ear, and built with several little windings and labyrinths in the form of a real ear. The structure of it made it a kind of whispering place; but such a one as gathered the voice of him who spoke into a funnel, which was placed at the very top of it. The tyrant

tyrant used to lodge all his state criminals, or those whom he supposed to be engaged together in any evil designs upon him, in this dungeon. He had at the same time an apartment over it, where he used to apply himself to the funnel, and by that means overheard every thing that was whispered in the dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a Caesar or an Alexander would have rather died by the treason, than have used such disingenuous means for the detecting it.

A man, who in ordinary life is very inquisitive after every thing which is spoken ill of him, passes his time but very indifferently. He is wounded by every arrow that is shot at him, and puts it in the power of every insignificant enemy to disquiet him. Nay, he will suffer from what has been said of him, when it is forgotten by those who said or heard it. For this reason I could never bear one of those officious friends that would be telling every malicious report, every idle censure that passed upon me. The tongue of man is so petulant, and his thoughts so variable, that one should not lay too great a stress upon any present speeches and opinions. Praise and obloquy proceed very frequently out of the same mouth upon the same person, and upon the same occasion. A generous enemy will sometimes bestow commendations; as the dearest friend cannot sometimes refrain from speaking ill. The man who is indifferent in either of these respects, gives his opinion at random, and praises or disapproves as he finds himself in humour.

I shall conclude this essay with part of a character, which is finely drawn by the Earl of Clarendon in the first book of his history, and which gives us the lively picture of a great man teasing himself with an absurd curiosity.

“ He had not that application and submission, and  
 “ reverence for the queen as might have been ex-  
 “ pected from his wisdom and breeding; and often  
 “ crossed her pretences and desires with more rude-  
 “ nefs

“ nefs than was natural to him ; yet he was imper-  
 “ tinently folicitous to know what her majesty said  
 “ of him in private, and what resentments she had  
 “ towards him. And when by some confidants, who  
 “ had their ends upon him from those offices, he was  
 “ informed of some bitter expressions fallen from her  
 “ majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted and tor-  
 “ mented with the sense of it, that sometimes by  
 “ passionate complaints and representations to the  
 “ king, sometimes by more dutiful addresses and  
 “ expostulations with the queen in bewailing his  
 “ misfortune, he frequently exposed himself, and  
 “ left his condition worse than it was before ; and the  
 “ eclaircissement commonly ended in the discovery  
 “ of the persons from whom he had received his  
 “ most secret intelligence.”

---

Friday, July 25, 1712\*.

---

*Vivere si recte nescis, discede peritis.*

HOR. Ep. ii. 213.

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will.

POPE.

I HAVE already given my readers an account of  
 a set of merry fellows who are passing their  
 summer together in the country, being provided of a  
 great house where there is not only a convenient ap-  
 partment for every particular person, but a large infir-  
 mary for the reception of such of them as are in any  
 way indisposed or out of humour. Having lately re-  
 ceived a letter from the secretary of the society, by  
 order of the whole fraternity, which acquaints me  
 with their behaviour during the last week, I shall  
 here make a present of it to the public.

\* No. 440.

“ Mr.

“ Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ WE are glad to find that you approve the  
 “ establishment which we have here made  
 “ for the retrieving of good manners and agreeable  
 “ conversation, and shall use our best endeavours so  
 “ to improve ourselves in this our summer retire-  
 “ ment, that we may next winter serve as patterns  
 “ to the town. But to the end that this our insti-  
 “ tution may be no less advantageous to the public  
 “ than to ourselves, we shall communicate to you  
 “ one week of our proceedings, desiring you at the  
 “ same time, if you see any thing faulty in them,  
 “ to favour us with your admonitions: For you  
 “ must know, Sir, that it has been proposed amongst  
 “ us to choose you for our visitor; to which I must  
 “ further add, that one of the college having de-  
 “ clared last week, he did not like the Spectator of  
 “ the day, and not being able to assign any just rea-  
 “ sons for such his dislike, he was sent to the infir-  
 “ mary, *nemine contradicente*.

“ On Monday the assembly was in very good hu-  
 “ mour, having received some recruits of French  
 “ claret that morning: when unluckily, towards the  
 “ middle of the dinner, one of the company swore  
 “ at his servant in a very rough manner for having  
 “ put too much water in his wine. Upon which the  
 “ president of the day, who is always the mouth of  
 “ the company, after having convinced him of the  
 “ impertinence of his passion, and the insult he had  
 “ made upon the company, ordered his man to take  
 “ him from the table and convey him to the infir-  
 “ mary. There was but one more sent away that  
 “ day: this was a gentleman who is reckoned by  
 “ some persons one of the greatest wits, and by  
 “ others one of the greatest boobies about town.  
 “ This you will say is a strange character; but what  
 “ makes it stranger yet, it is a very true one; for he  
 “ is perpetually the reverse of himself, being always  
 “ merry or dull to excess. We brought him hither  
 “ to divert us, which he did very well upon the

“ road, having lavished away as much wit and  
 “ laughter upon the hackney coachman as might  
 “ have served him during his whole stay here, had  
 “ it been duly managed. He had been lumpish for  
 “ two or three days, but was so far connived at  
 “ in hopes of recovery, that we dispatched one of  
 “ the briskest fellows among the brotherhood into  
 “ the infirmary for having told him at table he was  
 “ not merry. But our president observing that he  
 “ indulged himself in this long fit of stupidity, and  
 “ construing it as a contempt of the college, order-  
 “ ed him to retire into the place prepared for such  
 “ companions. He was no sooner got into it, but  
 “ his wit and mirth returned upon him in so violent  
 “ a manner, that he shook the whole infirmary with  
 “ the noise of it, and had so good an effect upon the  
 “ rest of the patients, that he brought them all out  
 “ to dinner with him the next day.

“ On Tuesday we were no sooner sat down, but  
 “ one of the company complained that his head  
 “ ached; upon which another asked him in an inso-  
 “ lent manner, what he did there then. This in-  
 “ sensibly grew into some warm words; so that the  
 “ president, in order to keep the peace, gave direc-  
 “ tions to take them both from the table and lodge  
 “ them in the infirmary. Not long after, another of  
 “ the company telling us, he knew by a pain in his  
 “ shoulder that we should have some rain, the pre-  
 “ sident ordered him to be removed, and placed as  
 “ a weather-glass in the apartment above mentioned.

“ On Wednesday, a gentleman having received a  
 “ letter written in a woman’s hand, and changing  
 “ colour twice or thrice as he read it, desired leave  
 “ to retire into the infirmary. The president con-  
 “ sented; but denied him the use of pen, ink and  
 “ paper, till such time as he had slept upon it. One  
 “ of the company being seated at the lower end of  
 “ the table, and discovering his secret discontent by  
 “ finding fault with every dish that was served up,  
 “ and refusing to laugh at any thing that was said,  
 “ the



“ the president told him, that he found he was in  
 “ an uneasy seat, and desired him to accommodate  
 “ himself better in the infirmary. After dinner,  
 “ a very honest fellow chancing to let a pun fall  
 “ from him, his neighbour cried out, *To the infir-*  
 “ *mary*; at the same time pretending to be sick at  
 “ it, as having the same natural antipathy to a pun  
 “ which some have to a cat. This produced a long  
 “ debate. Upon the whole, the punster was acquit-  
 “ ted, and his neighbour sent off.

“ On Thursday there was but one delinquent.  
 “ This was a gentleman of strong voice, but weak  
 “ understanding. He had unluckily engaged him-  
 “ self in a dispute with a man of excellent sense,  
 “ but of a modest elocution. The man of heat re-  
 “ plied to every answer of his antagonist with a loud-  
 “ er note than ordinary, and only raised his voice  
 “ when he should have enforced his argument. Find-  
 “ ing himself at length driven to an absurdity, he  
 “ still reasoned in a more clamorous and confused  
 “ manner; and, to make the greater impression up-  
 “ on his hearers, concluded with a loud thump up-  
 “ on the table. The president immediately ordered  
 “ him to be carried off, and dieted with water-gruel,  
 “ till such time as he should be sufficiently weaken-  
 “ ed for conversation.

“ On Friday there passed very little remarkable,  
 “ saving only that several petitions were read of the  
 “ persons in custody, desiring to be released from  
 “ their confinement, and vouching for one another’s  
 “ good behaviour for the future.

“ On Saturday we received many excuses from  
 “ persons who had found themselves in an unfociable  
 “ temper, and had voluntarily shut themselves up.  
 “ The infirmary was never indeed so full as on this  
 “ day, which I was at some loss to account for, till  
 “ upon my going abroad I observed that it was an  
 “ easterly wind. The retirement of most of my  
 “ friends has given me opportunity and leisure of  
 “ writing you this letter, which I must not conclude

“ without assuring you, that all the members of our  
 “ college, as well those who are under confinement,  
 “ as those who are at liberty, are your very humble  
 “ servants, though none more than,

Yours, &c.

Saturday, July 26, 1712\*.

*Si fractus illabatur orbis  
 Impavidum ferient ruinae.*

HOR. 3 Od. iii. 7.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,  
 In ruin and confusion hurl'd,  
 He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,  
 And stand secure amidst a falling world.

ANON.

**M**AN, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

The natural homage which such a creature bears to so infinitely wise and good a Being, is a firm reliance on him for the blessings and conveniencies of life, and an habitual trust in him for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

\* No. 441.

The man who always lives in this disposition of mind, has not the same dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own weakness and imperfection, he comforts himself with the contemplation of those divine attributes which are employed for his safety and his welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up by the omniscience of him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength, when he knows that his helper is almighty. In short, the person who has a firm trust on the Supreme Being is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute, and loses his own insufficiency in the fulness of infinite perfection.

To make our lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our trust in him who is thus able to relieve and succour us; the divine goodness having made such a reliance a duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable had it been forbidden us.

Among several motives which might be made use of to recommend this duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow.

The first and strongest is, that we are promised he will not fail those who put their trust in him.

But without considering the supernatural blessing which accompanies this duty, we may observe that it has a natural tendency to its own reward; or, in other words, that this firm trust and confidence in the great disposer of all things contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A person who believes he has his succour at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his friend, often exerts himself beyond his abilities, and does wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a confidence of success. I could produce instances from history of generals, who, out of a belief that they were under the protection

tection of some invisible assistant, did not only encourage their soldiers to do their utmost, but have acted themselves beyond what they would have done had they not been inspired by such a belief. I might in the same manner shew how such a trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

The practice of this virtue administers great comfort to the mind of man in time of poverty and affliction, but most of all in the hour of death. When the soul is hovering in the last moments of its separation; when it is just entering on another state of existence, to converse with scenes, and objects, and companions that are altogether new; what can support her under such tremblings of thought, such fear, such anxiety, such apprehensions, but the casting of all her cares upon him who first gave her being, who has conducted her through one stage of it, and will be always with her to guide and comfort her in her progress through eternity?

David has very beautifully represented this steady reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third psalm, which is a kind of *pastoral* hymn, and filled with those allusions which are usual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my reader with the following translation of it.

## I.

- “ The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
- “ And feed me with a shepherd’s care ;
- “ His presence shall my wants supply,
- “ And guard me with a watchful eye ;
- “ My noon-days walks he shall attend,
- “ And all my midnight hours defend.

## II.

- “ When in the sultry glebe I faint,
- “ Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;

“ To

- " To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 " My weary wand'ring steps he leads;  
 " Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 " Amid the verdant landscape flow.

## III.

- " Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
 " With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 " My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 " For thou, O Lord! art with me still;  
 " Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 " And guide me through the dreadful shade.

## IV.

- " Tho' in a bare and rugged way,  
 " Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 " Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:  
 " The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 " With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
 " And streams shall murmur all around."

---

Thursday, July 31, 1712\*.

---

*Tanti non es, ais: Sapis, Luperce.*

MART. Epig. cxviii. l. i. v. ult.

You say, Luperus, what I write  
 I'n't worth so much: You're in the right.

**T**HIS is the day on which many eminent writers will probably publish their last words. I am afraid that few of our weekly historians, who are men that above all others delight in war, will be able to subsist under the weight of a stamp, and an approaching peace. A sheet of blank paper that must have this new *imprimatur* clapt upon it before it is

\* No. 445.

qualified

qualified to communicate any thing to the public, will make its way into the world but very heavily. In short, the necessity of carrying a stamp, and the improbability of notifying a bloody battle, will, I am afraid, both concur to the sinking of those thin folios which have every other day retailed to us the history of Europe for several years last past. A facetious friend of mine, who loves a pun, calls this present mortality among authors, "The fall of the leaf."

I remember, upon Mr. Baxter's death, there was published a sheet of very good sayings, inscribed, "The last words of Mr. Baxter." The title sold so great a number of these papers, that about a week after there came out a second sheet, inscribed, "More last words of Mr. Baxter." In the same manner I have reason to think, that several ingenious writers, who have taken their leave of the public in farewell papers, will not give over so, but intend to appear again, though under another form, and with a different title. Be that as it will, it is my business in this place to give an account of my own intentions, and to acquaint my reader with the motives by which I act in this great crisis of the republic of letters.

I have been long debating in my own heart, whether I should throw up my pen as an author that is cashiered by the act of parliament which is to operate within these four and twenty hours, or whether I should still persist in laying my speculations from day to day before the public. The argument which prevails with me most on the first side of the question is, that I am informed by my bookseller he must raise the price of every single paper to twopence, or that he shall not be able to pay the duty of it. Now, as I am very desirous my readers should have their learning as cheap as possible, it is with great difficulty that I comply with him in this particular.

However, upon laying my reasons together in the balance, I find that those who plead for the continuance

nuance of this work have much the greater weight : For, in the first place, in recompence for the expence to which this will put my readers, it is to be hoped they may receive from every paper so much instruction as will be a very good equivalent. And in order to this, I would not advise any one to take it in, who, after the perusal of it, does not find himself twopence the wiser or the better man for it ; or who, upon examination, does not believe that he has had two-penny-worth of mirth or instruction for his money.

But I must confess there is another motive which prevails with me more than the former. I consider that the tax on paper was given for the support of the government ; and as I have enemies who are apt to pervert every thing I do or say, I fear they would ascribe the laying down my paper on such an occasion to a spirit of malcontentedness, which I am resolved none shall ever justly upbraid me with. No, I shall glory in contributing my utmost to the public weal ; and if my country receives five or six pounds a day by my labours, I shall be very well pleased to find myself so useful a member. It is a received maxim, that no honest man should enrich himself by methods that are prejudicial to the community in which he lives ; and by the same rule I think we may pronounce the person to deserve very well of his countrymen, whose labours bring more into the public coffers than into his own pocket.

Since I have mentioned the word enemies, I must explain myself so far as to acquaint my reader, that I mean only the insignificant party zealots on both sides : men of such poor narrow souls, that they are not capable of thinking on any thing but with an eye to Whig or Tory. During the course of this Paper, I have been accused by these despicable wretches of trimming, time-serving, personal reflection, secret satire, and the like. Now, though in these my compositions, it is visible to any reader of common sense that I consider nothing but my sub-

ject, which is always of an indifferent nature; how is it possible for me to write so clear of party, as not to lie open to the censures of those who will be applying every sentence, and finding out persons and things in it which it has no regard to?

Several paltry scribblers and declaimers have done me the honour to be dull upon me in reflections of this nature; but notwithstanding my name has been sometimes traduced by this contemptible tribe of men, I have hitherto avoided all animadversions upon them. The truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear considerable by taking notice of them; for they are like those imperceptible insects which are discovered by the microscope, and cannot be made the subject of observation without being magnified.

Having mentioned those few who have shewn themselves the enemies of this Paper, I should be very ungrateful to the public, did I not at the same time testify my gratitude to those who are its friends; in which number I may reckon many of the most distinguished persons of all conditions, parties and professions in the isle of Great Britain. I am not so vain as to think this approbation is so much due to the performance as to the design. There is and ever will be justice enough in the world to afford patronage and protection for those who endeavour to advance truth and virtue, without regard to the passions and prejudices of any particular cause or faction. If I have any other merit in me, it is that I have new-pointed all the batteries of ridicule. They have been generally planted against persons who have appeared serious rather than absurd; or at best have aimed rather at what is unfashionable than what is vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing ridiculous that is not in some measure criminal. I have set up the immoral man as the object of derision. In short, if I have not formed a new weapon against vice and irreligion, I have at least shewn how that weapon may be put to a right use  
which



Which has so often fought the battles of impiety and profaneness.

Friday, August 1, 1712\*.

*Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat error.*  
HOR. Ars Poet. v. 308.

What fit, what not; what excellent, or ill.

ROSCOMMON.

SINCE two or three writers of comedy who are now living, have taken their farewell of the stage, those who succeed them, finding themselves incapable of rising up to their wit, humour and good sense, have only imitated them in some of those loose unguarded strokes, in which they complied with the corrupt taste of the more vicious part of their audience. When persons of a low genius attempt this kind of writing, they know no difference between being merry and being lewd. It is with an eye to some of those degenerate compositions that I have written the following discourse.

Were our English stage but half so virtuous as that of the Greeks or Romans, we should quickly see the influence of it in the behaviour of all the politer part of mankind. It would not be fashionable to ridicule religion or its professors; the man of pleasure would not be the complete gentleman; vanity would be out of countenance; and every quality which is ornamental to human nature, would meet with that esteem which is due to it.

If the English stage were under the same regulations the Athenian was formerly, it would have the same effect that it had in recommending the religion, the government, and public worship of its country. Were our plays subject to proper inspections and li-

imitations, we might not only pass away several of our vacant hours in the highest entertainments, but should always rise from them wiser and better than we sat down to them.

It is one of the most unaccountable things in our age, that the lewdness of our theatre should be so much complained of, so well exposed, and so little redressed. It is to be hoped, that some time or other we may be at leisure to restrain the licentiousness of the theatre, and make it contribute its assistance to the advancement of morality, and to the reformation of the age. As matters stand at present, multitudes are shut out from this noble diversion by reason of those abuses and corruptions that accompany it. A father is often afraid that his daughter should be ruined by those entertainments which were invented for the accomplishment and refining of human nature. The Athenian and Roman plays were written with such a regard to morality, that Socrates used to frequent the one, and Cicero the other.

It happened once indeed, that Cato dropped into the Roman theatre when the Floralia were to be represented; and as in that performance, which was a kind of religious ceremony, there were several indecent parts to be acted, the people refused to see them whilst Cato was present. Martial on this hint made the following epigram, which we must suppose was applied to some grave friend of his, that had been accidentally present at some such entertainment.

*Nesses jocosæ dulce cum sacrum Floræ,  
Festosque lusus, & licentiam vulgi,  
Cur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?  
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?*

I Epig. i.

Why dost thou come, great censor of thy age,  
To see the loose diversions of the stage?  
With awful countenance and brow severe,  
What in the name of goodness dost thou here?

See

See the mixt croud ! how giddy, lewd and vain !  
Didst thou come in, but to go out again ?

An accident of this nature might happen once in an age among the Greeks and Romans ; but they were too wise and good to let the constant nightly entertainment be of such a nature, that people of the most sense and virtue could not be at it. Whatever vices are represented upon the stage, they ought to be so marked and branded by the poet as not to appear either laudable or amiable in the person who is tainted with them. But if we look into the English comedies above mentioned, we would think they were formed upon a quite contrary maxim, and that this rule, though it held good upon the heathen stage, was not to be regarded in christian theatres. There is another rule likewise, which was observed by authors of antiquity, and which these modern geniuses have no regard to ; and that was, never to choose an improper subject for ridicule. Now, a subject is improper for ridicule, if it is apt to stir up horror and commiseration rather than laughter : For this reason, we do not find any comedy in so polite an author as Terence raised upon the violations of the marriage bed. The falsehood of the wife or husband has given occasion to noble tragedies ; but a Scipio and Lelius would have looked upon incest or murder to have been as proper subjects for comedy. On the contrary, cuckoldom is the basis of most of our modern plays. If an alderman appears upon the stage, you may be sure it is in order to be cuckolded. A husband that is a little grave or elderly, generally meets with the same fate. Knights and baronets, country squires, and justices of the *quorum*, come up to town for no other purpose. I have seen poor Dogget cuckolded in all these capacities. In short, our English writers are as frequently severe upon this innocent unhappy creature commonly known by the name of a cuckold, as the ancient comic writers were

were upon an eating parasite, or a vain-glorious soldier.

At the same time the poet so contrives matters, that the two criminals are the favourites of the audience. We sit still, and wish well to them through the whole play; are pleased when they meet with proper opportunities, and out of humour when they are disappointed. The truth of it is, the accomplished gentleman upon the English stage is the person that is familiar with other men's wives, and indifferent to his own; as the fine woman is generally a composition of sprightliness and falsehood. I do not know whether it proceeds from barrenness of invention, depravation of manners, or ignorance of mankind; but I have often wondered that our ordinary poets cannot frame to themselves the idea of a fine man who is not a whoremaster, or of a fine woman that is not a jilt.

I have sometimes thought of compiling a system of ethics out of the writings of those corrupt poets, under the title of Stage Morality. But I have been diverted from this thought by a project which has been executed by an ingenious gentleman of my acquaintance. He has composed, it seems, the history of a young fellow who has taken all his notions of the world from the stage, and who has directed himself in every circumstance of his life and conversation by the maxims and examples of the fine gentlemen in English comedies. If I can prevail upon him to give me a copy of this new-fashioned novel, I will bestow on it a place in my works, and question not but it may have as good an effect upon the drama as Don Quixote had upon romance.

---

Saturday, August 2, 1712\*.

---

Φημι πολυχρονην μελετην εμειναι, φιλι' και δη  
 Ταυτην ανθρωποισι τεγεστωσαν Φυσιν ειναι.

Long exercise, my friend, inures the mind;  
 And what we once dislik'd, we pleasing find.

**T**HERE is not a common saying which has a better turn of sense in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that custom is a second nature. It is indeed able to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr. Plot, in his history of Staffordshire, tells us of an idiot that chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck, the clock being spoiled by some accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this story, it is very certain that custom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the same time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I shall in this Paper consider one very remarkable effect which custom has upon human nature, and which, if rightly observed, may lead us into very useful rules of life. What I shall here take notice of in custom, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an inclination towards it, and gives himself up so entirely to it, that it seems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or busy life will grow upon a

\* No. 447.

man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some time disused. Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art or science, rises and improves in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus, what was at first an exercise, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into our diversions. The mind grows fond of those actions she is accustomed to, and is drawn with reluctance from those paths in which she has been used to walk.

Not only such actions as were at first indifferent to us, but even such as were painful, will by custom and practice become pleasant. Sir Francis Bacon observes in his natural philosophy, that our taste is never pleased better than with those things which at first created a disgust in it. He gives particular instances of claret, coffee, and other liquors which the palate seldom approves upon the first taste; but when it has once got a relish of them, generally retains it for life. The mind is constituted after the same manner; and after having habituated herself to any particular exercise or employment, not only loses her first aversion towards it, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several rolls and records, that notwithstanding such an employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil or Cicero. The reader will observe that I have not here considered custom as it makes things easy, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the same reflections, it is possible they may not have drawn those uses from it with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this Paper.

If we consider attentively this property of human nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. In the first place, I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life or series of action in which the choice of others or his own necessities may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first; but use and application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second place, I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which Pythagoras is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged upon, *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundissimum*. Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful. Men whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination, since by the rule above mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious man to overlook those hardships and difficulties which are apt to discourage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. "The gods, said Hesiod, have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the further you advance in it." The man who proceeds in it with steadiness and resolution, will in a little time find that her "ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace."

To enforce this consideration, we may further observe, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleasure which naturally accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but

with those supernumerary joys of heart that rise from the consciousness of such a pleasure, from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason, and from the prospect of an happy immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this observation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any the most innocent diversions and entertainments, since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and by degrees exchange that pleasure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature of being delighted with those actions to which it is accustomed, is to shew how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call heaven, will not be capable of affecting those minds which are not thus qualified for it; we must in this world gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in her during this her present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

On the other hand, those evil spirits, who by long custom have contracted in the body habits of lust and sensuality, malice and revenge, an aversion to every thing that is good, just or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery. Their torments have already taken root in them; they cannot be happy when divested of the body, unless we may suppose that Providence will in a manner create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may indeed taste a kind of  
malignant



malignant pleasure in those actions to which they are accustomed whilst in this life; but when they are removed from all those objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful habits of mind which are called in Scripture phrase, "the worm which never dies." This notion of heaven and hell is so conformable to the light of nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the last age; as in particular by Archbishop Tillotson and Dr. Sherlock: but there is none who have raised such noble speculations upon it as Dr. Scott, in the first book of his Christian Life, which is one of the finest and most rational schemes of divinity that is written in our tongue, or in any other. That excellent author has shewn how every particular custom and habit of virtue will in its own nature produce the heaven or a state of happiness in him who shall hereafter practise it: as, on the contrary, how every custom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it subsists.

---

Thursday, August 3, 1712\*.

---

——— *Jam seivus apertam*  
*In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, et per honestas*  
*Ire minax impune domos* ——

HOR. Ep. i. l. 2. v. 148.

——— Times corrupt, and nature ill-inclin'd,  
 Produc'd the point that left the sting behind;  
 'Till friend with friend, and families at strife,  
 Triumphant malice rag'd through private life.

POPE.

**T**HERE is nothing so scandalous to a government, and detestable in the eyes of all good men,

men, as defamatory papers and pamphlets; but at the same time there is nothing so difficult to tame as a satirical author. An angry writer who cannot appear in print, naturally vents his spleen in libels and lampoons. A gay old woman, says the fable, seeing all her wrinkles represented in a large looking-glass, threw it upon the ground in a passion and broke it into a thousand pieces: but as she was afterwards surveying the fragments with a spiteful kind of pleasure, she could not forbear uttering herself in the following soliloquy: What have I got by this revengeful blow of mine; I have only multiplied my deformity, and see an hundred ugly faces, where before I saw but one.

It has been proposed "to oblige every person that writes a book or a paper to swear himself the author of it, and enter down in a public register his name and place of abode."

This indeed would have effectually suppressed all printed scandal, which generally appears under borrowed names, or under none at all. But it is to be feared that such an expedient would not only destroy scandal but learning. It would operate promiscuously, and root up the corn and tares together. Not to mention some of the most celebrated works of piety which have proceeded from anonymous authors, who have made it their merit to convey to us so great a charity in secret; there are few works of genius that come out at first with the author's name. The writer generally makes a trial of them in the world before he owns them; and I believe very few who are capable of writing, would set pen to paper, if they knew before-hand that they must not publish their productions but on such conditions. For my own part, I must declare, the Papers I present the public are like fairy favours, which shall last no longer than while the author is concealed.

That which makes it particularly difficult to restrain these sons of calumny and defamation is, that all sides are equally guilty of it, and that every  
dirty

dirty scribbler is countenanced by great names, whose interests he propagates by such vile and infamous methods. I have never yet heard of a ministry who have inflicted an exemplary punishment on an author that has supported their cause with falsehood and scandal, and treated in a most cruel manner the names of those who have been looked upon as their rivals and antagonists. Would a government set an everlasting mark of their displeasure upon one of those infamous writers who makes his court to them by tearing to pieces the reputation of a competitor, we should quickly see an end put to this race of vermin, that are a scandal to government, and a reproach to human nature. Such a proceeding would make a minister of state shine in history, and would fill all mankind with a just abhorrence of persons who should treat him unworthily, and employ against him those arms which he scorned to make use of against his enemies.

I cannot think that any one will be so unjust as to imagine what I have here said is spoken with respect to any party or faction. Every one who has in him the sentiments either of a christian or gentleman, cannot but be highly offended at this wicked and ungenerous practice which is so much in use among us at present, that it is become a kind of national crime, and distinguishes us from all the governments that lie about us. I cannot but look upon the finest strokes of satire which are aimed at particular persons, and which are supported even with the appearances of truth, to be the marks of an evil mind, and highly criminal in themselves. Infamy, like other punishments, is under the direction and distribution of the magistrate, and not of any private person. Accordingly we learn from a fragment of Cicero, that though there were very few capital punishments in the twelve tables, a libel or lampoon, which took away the good name of another, was to be punished by death. But this is far from being our case. Our satire is nothing but ribaldry and Billingsgate. Scurrility

rility passes for wit; and he who can call names in the greatest variety of phrases is looked upon to have the shrewdest pen. By this means the honour of families is ruined, the highest posts and greatest titles are rendered cheap and vile in the sight of the people; the noblest virtues and most exalted parts exposed to the contempt of the vicious and the ignorant. Should a foreigner, who knows nothing of our private factions, or one who is to act his part in the world when our present heats and animosities are forgot; should, I say, such an one form to himself a notion of the greatest men of all sides in the British nation who are now living, from the characters which are given them in some or other of those abominable writings which are daily published among us, what a nation of monsters must we appear!

As this cruel practice tends to the utter subversion of all truth and humanity among us, it deserves the utmost detestation and discouragement of all who have either the love of their country, or the honour of their religion at heart. I would therefore earnestly recommend it to the consideration of those who deal in these pernicious arts of writing; and of those who take pleasure in the reading of them. As for the first, I have spoken of them in former papers, and have not stuck to rank them with the murderer and assassin. Every honest man sets as high a value upon a good name as upon life itself; and I cannot but think that those who privily assault the one would destroy the other, might they do it with the same security and impunity.

As for persons who take pleasure in the reading and dispersing such detestable libels, I am afraid they fall very little short of the guilt of the first composers. By a law of the emperors Valentinian and Valens, it was made death for any person, not only to write a libel, but if he met with one by chance, not to tear or burn it. But because I would not be thought singular in my opinion of this matter, I shall conclude my paper with the words of Monsieur Bayle, who

was

was a man of great freedom of thought, as well as of exquisite learning and judgment.

“ I cannot imagine that a man who disperses a libel is less desirous of doing mischief than the author himself. But what shall we say of the pleasure which a man takes in the reading of a defamatory libel? Is it not an heinous sin in the sight of God? We must distinguish in this point. The pleasure is either an agreeable sensation we are affected with when we meet with a witty thought which is well expressed, or it is a joy which we conceive from the dishonour of the person who is defamed. I will say nothing to the first of these cases; for perhaps some would think that my morality is not severe enough if I should affirm that a man is not master of those agreeable sensations any more than of those occasioned by sugar and honey when they touch his tongue: But as to the second, every one will own that pleasure to be a heinous sin. The pleasure in the first case is of no continuance; it prevents our reason and reflection, and may be immediately followed by a secret grief to see our neighbour's honour blasted. If it does not cease immediately, it is a sign that we are not displeas'd with the ill-nature of the satirist, but are glad to see him defame his enemy by all kinds of stories; and then we deserve the punishment to which the writer of the libel is subject. I shall here add the words of a modern author. St. Gregory, upon excommunicating those writers who had dishonour'd Castorius, does not except those who read their works, because, says he, if calumnies have always been the delight of their hearers, and a gratification of those persons who have no other advantage over honest men, is not he who takes pleasure in reading them as guilty as he who compos'd them? It is an uncontest'd maxim, that they who approve an action would certainly do it if they could; that is, if some reason of self-love did not hinder them.

“ There

“ There is no difference, says Cicero, between advising a crime and approving it when committed. The Roman law confirmed this maxim, having subjected the approvers and authors of this evil to the same penalty. We may therefore conclude, that those who are pleased with reading defamatory libels, so far as to approve the authors and dispersers of them, are as guilty as if they had composed them; for if they do not write such libels themselves, it is because they have not the talent of writing, or because they will run no hazard.”

The author produces other authorities to confirm his judgment in this particular.

Friday, August 8, 1712\*.

*Est natura hominum novitatis avida.*

PLIN. apud Lillium.

Human nature is fond of novelty.

THERE is no humour in my countrymen which I am more inclined to wonder at than their general thirst after news. There are about half a dozen ingenious men who live very plentifully upon this curiosity of their fellow-subjects. They all of them receive the same advices from abroad, and very often in the same words; but their way of cooking it is so different, that there is no citizen who has an eye to the public good, that can leave the coffee-house with peace of mind before he has given every one of them a reading. These several dishes of news are so very agreeable to the palate of my countrymen, that they are not only pleased with them when they are served up hot, but when they are again set cold before them, by those penetrating politicians who oblige the public with their reflections

tions and observations upon every piece of intelligence that is sent us from abroad. The text is given us by one set of writers, and the comment by another.

But notwithstanding we have the same tale told us in so many different papers, and if occasion requires, in so many articles of the same paper; notwithstanding in a scarcity of foreign posts we hear the same story repeated by different advices from Paris, Brussels, the Hague, and from every great town in Europe; notwithstanding the multitude of annotations, explanations, reflections, and various readings which it passes through, our time lies heavy on our hands till the arrival of a fresh mail: we long to receive further particulars; to hear what will be the next step, or what will be the consequences of that which we have already taken. A westerly wind puts the whole town in suspense, and puts a stop to conversation.

This general curiosity has been raised and inflamed by our late wars, and if rightly directed might be of good use to a person who has such a thirst awakened in him. Why should not a man who takes delight in reading every thing that is new apply himself to history, travels, and other writings of the same kind, where he will find perpetual fuel for his curiosity, and meet with much more pleasure and improvement than in these papers of the week? An honest tradesman who languishes a whole summer in expectation of a battle, and perhaps is baulked at last, may here meet with half-a-dozen in a day. He may read the news of a whole campaign in less time than he now bestows upon the productions of a single post. Fights, conquests and revolutions lie thick together. The reader's curiosity is raised and satisfied every moment, and his passions disappointed or gratified, without being detained in a state of uncertainty from day to day, or lying at the mercy of sea and wind; in short, the mind is not here kept in a perpetual gape after knowledge, nor punished with that eternal

thirst which is the portion of all our modern news-mongers and coffee-house politicians.

All matters of fact which a man did not know before, are news to him: and I do not see how any haberdasher in Cheapside is more concerned in the present quarrel of the cantons than he was in that of the league. At least, I believe every one will allow me, it is of more importance to an Englishman to know the history of his ancestors than that of his contemporaries who live upon the banks of the Danube or the Boristhenes. As for those who are of another mind, I shall recommend to them the following letter from a projector, who is willing to turn a penny by this remarkable curiosity of his countrymen.

“ Mr SPECTATOR,

“ YOU must have observed, that men who frequent coffeehouses, and delight in news, are pleased with every thing that is matter of fact, so it be what they have not heard before. A victory or a defeat are equally agreeable to them. The shutting of a cardinal’s mouth pleases them one post, and the opening of it another. They are glad to hear the French court is moved to Marli, and are afterwards as much delighted with its return to Versailles. They read the advertisements with the same curiosity as the articles of public news; and are as pleased to hear of a pyebald horse that is strayed out of a field near Islington, as of a whole troop that have been engaged in any foreign adventure. In short, they have a relish for every thing that is news, let the matter of it be what it will; or to speak more properly, they are men of a voracious appetite, but no taste. Now, Sir, since the great fountain of news, I mean the war, is very near being dried up, and since these gentlemen have contracted such an inextinguishable thirst after it, I have taken their case and my own into consideration, and have thought

“ of



“ of a project which may turn to the advantage of  
 “ us both. I have thoughts of publishing a daily  
 “ paper, which shall comprehend in it all the most  
 “ remarkable occurrences in every little town, vil-  
 “ lage and hamlet that lie within ten miles of Lon-  
 “ don, or in other words, within the verge of the  
 “ penny-post. I have pitched upon this scene of  
 “ intelligence for two reasons: first, because the  
 “ carriage of letters will be very cheap; and, second-  
 “ ly, because I may receive them every day. By  
 “ this means my readers will have their news fresh  
 “ and fresh; and many worthy citizens who cannot  
 “ sleep with any satisfaction at present for want of  
 “ being informed how the world goes, may go to  
 “ bed contentedly, it being my design to put out my  
 “ paper every night at nine o'clock precisely. I  
 “ have already established correspondences in these  
 “ several places, and received very good intelli-  
 “ gence.

“ By my last advices from Knightsbridge, I hear  
 “ that a horse was clapped into the pond on the third  
 “ instant, and that he was not released when the let-  
 “ ters came away.

“ We are informed from Pankridge, that a dozen  
 “ weddings were lately celebrated in the mother  
 “ church of that place; but are referred to their next  
 “ letters for the names of the parties concerned.

“ Letters from Brumpton advise, that the Widow  
 “ Blight had received several visits from John Mill-  
 “ dew, which affords great matter of speculation in  
 “ those parts.

“ By a fisherman who lately touched at Hammer-  
 “ smith, there is advice from Putney, that a certain  
 “ person well known in that place, is like to lose  
 “ his election for church-warden; but this being boat  
 “ news, we cannot give entire credit to it.

“ Letters from Paddington bring little more than  
 “ that William Squeak the sow-gelder passed through  
 “ that place the fifth instant.

“ They advise from Fulham, that things remained  
 “ there in the same state they were. They had in-  
 “ telligence, just as the letters came away, of a tub  
 “ of excellent ale just set abroach at Parsons Green ;  
 “ but this wanted confirmation.

“ I have here, Sir, given you a specimen of the  
 “ news with which I intend to entertain the town, and  
 “ which, when drawn up regularly in the form a  
 “ newspaper, will I doubt not be very acceptable to  
 “ many of those public-spirited readers, who take  
 “ more delight in acquainting themselves with other  
 “ people’s business than their own. I hope a paper  
 “ of this kind, which lets us know what is done  
 “ near home, may be more useful to us than those  
 “ which are filled with advices from Zug and Ben-  
 “ der, and make some amends for that dearth of in-  
 “ telligence which we may justly apprehend from  
 “ times of peace. If I find that you receive this  
 “ project favourably, I will shortly trouble you with  
 “ one or two more ; and in the mean time am, most  
 “ worthy Sir, with all due respect,

“ Your most obedient,  
 “ and humble servant.”

---

Saturday, August 9, 1712\*.

---

*Non usitata nec tenui ferar  
 Penna*—————

HOR. 2 Od. xx i.

No weak, no common wing shall bear  
 My rising body through the air.

CREECH.

**T**HERE is not a more pleasing exercise of the  
 mind than gratitude. It is accompanied with  
 such an inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficient-

\* No. 453.

ly

ly rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us these bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of him who is the great author of good and father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man, it exalts the soul into rapture when it is employed on this great object of gratitude; on this beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the works of the pagan poets were either direct hymns to their deities, or tended indirectly to the celebration of their respective attributes and perfections. Those who are acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets which are still extant, will upon reflection find this observation so true; that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Christian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, especially if we consider that our idea of the Supreme Being is not only infinitely more great and noble than what could possibly enter into the heart of an heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the imagination, and give an opportunity for the sublimest thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who was singing an hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human sacrifices, and other instances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet who was  
present

present at this piece of devotion, and seems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary by way of reproof, that in recompence for his hymn, he heartily wished he might have a daughter of the same temper with the goddess he celebrated. It was indeed impossible to write the praises of one of those false deities, according to the pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and absurdity.

The Jews, who before the time of christianity were the only people who had the knowledge of the true God, have set the christian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent of which I am speaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without considering them as inspired writers, they have transmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel those that are delivered to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans in the poetry, as much as in the subject to which it was consecrated. This I think might be easily shewn if there were occasion for it.

I have already communicated to the public some pieces of divine poetry; and as they have met with a very favourable reception, I shall from time to time publish any work of the same nature which has not yet appeared in print, and may be acceptable to my readers.

## I.

“ **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God!  
 “ My rising soul surveys,  
 “ Transported with the view, I’m lost  
 In wonder, love and praise.

## II.

“ O how shall words with equal warmth  
 “ The gratitude declare  
 “ That glows within my ravish’d heart?  
 “ But thou canst read it there.

## III.

## III.

- “ Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
“ And all my wants redrest,  
“ When in the silent tomb I lay,  
“ And hung upon the breast.

## IV.

- “ To all my weak complaints and cries  
“ Thy mercy lent an ear,  
“ E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
“ To form themselves in pray'r.

## V.

- “ Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
“ Thy tender care bestow'd,  
“ Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
“ From whom those comforts flow'd.

## VI.

- “ When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
“ With heedless steps I ran,  
“ Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
“ And led me up to man.

## VII.

- “ Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths  
“ It gently clear'd my way,  
“ And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
“ More to be fear'd than they.

## VIII.

- “ When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
“ With health renew'd my face;  
“ And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
“ Reviv'd my soul with grace.

## IX.

## IX.

- " Thy bounteous hand with worldly blifs  
 " Has made my cup run o'er,  
 " And in a kind and faithful friend  
 " Has doubled all my store.

## X.

- " Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 " My daily thanks employ ;  
 " Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
 " That tastes those gifts with joy.

## XI.

- " Through every period of my life  
 " Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
 " And after death in distant worlds  
 " The glorious theme renew.

## XII.

- " When nature fails, and day and night  
 " Divide thy works no more,  
 " My ever grateful heart, O Lord !  
 " Thy mercy shall adore.

## XIII.

- " Through all eternity to thee  
 " A joyful song I'll raise ;  
 " For oh ! eternity's too short  
 " To utter all thy praise."

---

Thursday, August 14, 1712\*.

---

— *Multa & præclara minantis.*

HOR. SAT. III. l. 2 v. 9.

Seeming to promise something wond'rous great.

I SHALL this day lay before my readers a letter written by the same hand with that of last Friday, which contained proposals for a printed newspaper that should take in the whole circle of the penny-post.

“ SIR,

“ THE kind reception you gave my last Friday's letter, in which I broached my project of a news-paper, encourages me to lay before you two or three more; for you must know, Sir, that we look upon you to be the Lowndes of the learned world, and cannot think any scheme practicable or rational before you have approved of it, though all the money we raise by it is on our own funds, and for our private use.

“ I have often thought that a news-letter of whispers, written every post, and sent about the kingdom after the same manner as that of Mr. Dyer, Mr. Dawkes, or any other epistolary historian, might be highly gratifying to the public, as well as beneficial to the author. By whispers I mean those pieces of news which are communicated as secrets, and which bring a double pleasure to the hearer; first, as they are private history, and in the next place, as they have always in them a dash of scandal. These are the two chief qualifications in an article of news, which recommend it in a

Vol. III.

U u

“ more

\* No. 457.

“ more than ordinary manner to the ears of the  
“ curious. Sicknefs of persons in high posts, twi-  
“ light visits paid and received by ministers of state,  
“ clandestine courtships and marriages, secret amours,  
“ losses at play, applications for places, with their  
“ respective successes or repulses, are the materials  
“ in which I chiefly intend to deal. I have two  
“ persons that are each of them the representative of  
“ of a species, who are to furnish me with those  
“ whispers which I intend to convey to my corre-  
“ spondents. The first of these is Peter Hush, de-  
“ scended from the ancient family of the Hushes:  
“ The other is the old Lady Blast, who has a very  
“ numerous tribe of daughters in the two great  
“ cities of London and Westminster. Peter Hush  
“ has a whispering hole in most of the great coffee-  
“ houses about town. If you are alone with him in  
“ a wide room, he carries you up into a corner of it,  
“ and speaks in your ear. I have seen Peter seat  
“ himself in a company of seven or eight persons  
“ whom he never saw before in his life; and after  
“ having looked about to see there was no one that  
“ over-heard him, has communicated to them in a  
“ low voice, and under the seal of secrecy, the death  
“ of a great man in the country, who was perhaps  
“ a-fox-hunting the very moment this account was  
“ given of him. If upon your entering into a coffee-  
“ house you see a circle of heads bending over the  
“ table, and lying close to one another, it is ten to  
“ one but my friend Peter is among them. I have  
“ known Peter publishing the whisper of the day by  
“ eight o'clock in the morning at Garraway's, by  
“ twelve at Will's, and before two at the Smyrna.  
“ When Peter has thus effectually launched a secret,  
“ I have been very well pleased to hear people whif-  
“ pering it to one another at second hand, and  
“ spreading it about as their own; for you must  
“ know, Sir, the great incentive to whispering is the  
“ ambition which every one has of being thought in  
“ the secret, and being looked upon as a man who  
has



“ has access to greater people than one would ima-  
 “ gine. After having given you this account of  
 “ Peter Hush, I proceed to that virtuous lady, the  
 “ old Lady Blast, who is to communicate to me the  
 “ private transactions of the crimp table, with all  
 “ the *arcana* of the fair sex. The Lady Blast, you  
 “ must understand, has such a particular malignity  
 “ in her whisper, that it blights like an easterly wind,  
 “ and withers every reputation that it breathes upon.  
 “ She has a particular knack at making private  
 “ weddings, and last winter married above five wo-  
 “ men of quality to their footmen. Her whisper  
 “ can make an innocent young woman big with  
 “ child, or fill an healthful young fellow with dis-  
 “ tempers that are not to be named. She can turn  
 “ a visit into an intrigue, and a distant salute into an  
 “ assignation. She can beggar the wealthy and de-  
 “ grade the noble. In short, she can whisper men  
 “ base or foolish, jealous or ill-natured, or, if occa-  
 “ sion requires, can tell you the slips of their great  
 “ grandmothers, and traduce the memory of honest  
 “ coachmen that have been in their graves above  
 “ these hundred years. By these and the like helps,  
 “ I question not but I shall furnish out a very hand-  
 “ some news-letter. If you approve my project, I  
 “ shall begin to whisper by the very next post, and  
 “ question not but every one of my customers will  
 “ be very well pleased with me, when he considers  
 “ that every piece of news I send him is a word in  
 “ his ear, and lets him into a secret.

“ Having given you a sketch of this project, I  
 “ shall in the next place suggest to you another for  
 “ a monthly pamphlet, which I shall likewise sub-  
 “ mit to your spectatorial wisdom. I need not tell  
 “ you, Sir, that there are several authors in France,  
 “ Germany and Holland, as well as in our own  
 “ country, who publish every month what they call  
 “ An Account of the Works of the Learned, in  
 “ which they give us an abstract of all such books  
 “ as are printed in any part of Europe. Now, Sir,

“ it is my design to publish every month, An Account of the Works of the Unlearned. Several late productions of my own countrymen, who many of them make a very eminent figure in the illiterate world, encourage me in this undertaking. I may in this work possibly make a review of several pieces which have appeared in the foreign accounts above mentioned, though they ought not to have been taken notice of in works which bear such a title. I may likewise take into consideration such pieces as appear from time to time under the names of those gentlemen who compliment one another in public assemblies by the title of the learned gentlemen. Our party-authors will also afford me a great variety of subjects, not to mention the editors, commentators and others, who are often men of no learning, or what is as bad, of no knowledge. I shall not enlarge upon this hint; but if you think any thing can be made of it, I shall set about it with all the pains and application that so useful a work deserves.

“ I am ever,

“ Most worthy Sir, &c.”

Friday, August 15, 1712\*.

\* *Αἶδος ἢ ἀναιδία*—

HESIOD.

— *Pudor malus* —

HOR.

Falſe modeſty.

I COULD not but ſmile at the account that was yeſterday given me of a modeſt young gentleman, who being invited to an entertainment, though he

\* No. 458.

was

was not used to drink, had not the confidence to refuse his glass in his turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered that he took all the talk of the table into his own hands, abused every one of the company, and flung a bottle at the head of the gentleman who treated him. This has given me occasion to reflect upon the ill effects of a vicious modesty, and to remember the saying of Brutus, as it is quoted by Plutarch, that "the person has but an ill education who has not been taught to deny any thing." This false kind of modesty has perhaps betrayed both sexes into as many vices as the most abandoned impudence, and is the more inexcusable to reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than itself, and is punished with a kind of remorse, not only like other vicious habits when the crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humour of the company. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal; false modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

We may conclude that modesty to be false and vicious which engages a man to do any thing that is ill or indiscreet, or which restrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary nature. How many men, in the common concerns of life, lend sums of money which they are not able to spare, are bound for persons whom they have but little friendship for, give recommendatory characters of men whom they are not acquainted with, bestow places on those whom they do not esteem, live in such a manner as they themselves do not approve; and all this merely be-  
cause

cause they have not the confidence to resist solicitation, importunity, or example?

Nor does this false modesty expose us only to such actions as are indiscreet; but very often to such as are highly criminal. When Xenophanes was called timorous because he would not venture his money in a game at dice; "I confess," said he, "that I am exceeding timorous; for I dare not do an ill thing." On the contrary, a man of vicious modesty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look singular in the company where he is engaged. He falls in with the torrent, and lets himself go to every action or discourse, however unjustifiable in itself, so it be in vogue among the present party. This, though one of the most common, is one of the most ridiculous dispositions in human nature, that men should not be ashamed of speaking or acting in a dissolute or irrational manner; but that one who is in their company should be ashamed of governing himself by the principles of reason and virtue.

In the second place, we are to consider false modesty as it restrains a man from doing what is good and laudable. My reader's own thoughts will suggest to him many instances and examples under this head. I shall only dwell upon one reflection, which I cannot make without a secret concern. We have in England a particular bashfulness in every thing that regards religion. A well-bred man is obliged to conceal any serious sentiment of this nature, and very often to appear a greater libertine than he is, that he may keep himself in countenance among the men of mode. Our excess of modesty makes us shamefaced in all the exercises of piety and devotion. This humour prevails upon us daily; insomuch that at many well-bred tables the master of the house is so very modest a man that he has not the confidence to say grace at his own table; a custom which is not only practised by all the nations about us, but was never omitted by the heathens themselves. English gentlemen

gentlemen who travel into Roman-catholic countries are not a little surpris'd to meet with people of the best quality kneeling in their churches, and engaged in their private devotions, though it be not at the hours of public worship. An officer of the army, or a man of wit and pleasure in those countries, would be afraid of passing not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred man, should he be seen to go to bed or sit down at table without offering up his devotions on such occasions. The same show of religion appears in all the foreign reformed churches, and enters so much into their ordinary conversation, that an Englishman is apt to term them hypocritical and precise.

This little appearance of a religious deportment in our nation may proceed in some measure from that modesty which is natural to us; but the great occasion of it is certainly this. Those swarms of sectaries that over-ran the nation in the time of the great rebellion carried their hypocrisy so high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthusiasm; insomuch that, upon the restoration, men thought they could not recede too far from the behaviour and practice of those persons who had made religion a cloak to so many villanies. This led them into the other extreme: every appearance of devotion was looked upon as puritanical; and falling into the hands of the ridiculers who flourished in that reign, and attacked every thing that was serious, it has ever since been out of countenance among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that vicious modesty, which has in some measure worn out from among us the appearance of christianity in ordinary life and conversation, and which distinguishes us from all our neighbours.

Hypocrisy cannot indeed be too much detested; but at the same time is to be preferred to open impiety. They are both equally destructive to the person who is possessed with them; but in regard to others, hypocrisy is not so pernicious as barefaced irreligion.

The

The due mean to be observed is TO BE SINCERELY VIRTUOUS, AND AT THE SAME TIME TO LET THE WORLD SEE WE ARE SO. I do not know a more dreadful menace in the Holy Writings, than that which is pronounced against those who have this perverted modesty, to be ashamed before men in a particular of such unspeakable importance.

Saturday, August 16, 1712\*.

— *Quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.*

HOR. I Ep. iv. 5.

— What befits the wise and good.

CREECH.

**R**ELIGION may be considered under two general heads. The first comprehends what we are to believe; the other what we are to practise. By those things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the Holy Writings, and which we could not have obtained the knowledge of by the light of nature; by the things which we are to practise, I mean all those duties to which we are directed by reason or natural religion. The first of these I shall distinguish by the name of Faith; the second by that of Morality.

If we look into the more serious part of mankind, we find many who lay so great a stress upon faith, that they neglect morality; and many who build so much upon morality, that they do not pay a due regard to faith. The perfect man should be defective in neither of these particulars, as will be very evident to those who consider the benefits which arise from each of them, and which I shall make the subject of this day's Paper.

\* No. 459.

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding this general division of christian duty into morality and faith, and that they have both their peculiar excellencies, the first has the preeminence in several respects.

First, Because the greatest part of morality (as I have stated the notion of it) is of a fixt eternal nature, and will endure when faith shall fail, and be lost in conviction.

Secondly, Because a person may be qualified to do greater good to mankind, and become more beneficial to the world by morality without faith, than by faith without morality.

Thirdly, Because morality gives a greater perfection to human nature, by quieting the mind, moderating the passions, and advancing the happiness of every man in his private capacity.

Fourthly, Because the rule of morality is much more certain than that of faith; all the civilized nations of the world agreeing in the great points of morality, as much as they differ in those of faith.

Fifthly, Because infidelity is not of so malignant a nature as immorality; or to put the same reason in another light, because it is generally owned there may be salvation for a virtuous infidel (particularly in the case of invincible ignorance), but none for a vicious believer.

Sixthly, Because faith seems to draw its principal, if not all its excellency, from the influence it has upon morality; as we shall see more at large, if we consider wherein consists the excellency of faith, or the belief of revealed religion; and this I think is,

First, In explaining, and carrying to greater heights several points of morality.

Secondly, In furnishing new and stronger motives to enforce the practice of morality.

Thirdly, In giving us more amiable ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing notions of one another, and a truer state of ourselves, both in regard to the grandeur and vileness of our natures.

Fourthly, By shewing us the blackness and deformity of vice, which in the christian system is so very great, that he who is possessed of all perfection and the sovereign judge of it, is represented by several of our divines as hating sin to the same degree that he loves the sacred person who was made the propitiation for it.

Fifthly, In being the ordinary and prescribed method of making morality effectual to salvation.

I have only touched on these several heads, which every one who is conversant in discourses of this nature will easily enlarge upon in his own thoughts, and draw conclusions from them which may be useful to him in the conduct of his life. One I am sure is so obvious, that he cannot miss it; namely, that a man cannot be perfect in his scheme of morality, who does not strengthen and support it with that of the christian faith.

Besides this, I shall lay down two or three other maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been said.

First, That we should be particularly cautious of making any thing an article of faith which does not contribute to the confirmation or improvement of morality.

Secondly, That no article of faith can be true and authentic, which weakens or subverts the practical part of religion, or what I have hitherto called morality.

Thirdly, That the greatest friend of morality and natural religion cannot possibly apprehend any danger from embracing christianity, as it is preserved pure and uncorrupt in the doctrines of our national church.

There is likewise another maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing considerations, which is this, that we should in all dubious points consider any ill consequences that may arise from them, supposing they should be erroneous, before we give up our assent to them.

For



For example, In that disputable point of persecuting men for conscience sake, besides the imbittering their minds with hatred, indignation, and all the vehemence of resentment, and insnaring them to profess what they do not believe, we cut them off from the pleasures and advantages of society, afflict their bodies, distress their fortunes, hurt their reputations, ruin their families, make their lives painful, or put an end to them. Sure, when I see such dreadful consequences rising from a principle, I would be as fully convinced of the truth of it as of a mathematical demonstration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my religion.

In this case the injury done our neighbour is plain and evident; the principle that puts us upon doing it, of a dubious and disputable nature. Morality seems highly violated by the one; and whether or no a zeal for what a man thinks the true system of faith may justify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think, if our religion produces charity as well as zeal, it will not be for shewing itself by such cruel instances. But to conclude with the words of an excellent author, "We have just enough of religion  
" to make us hate, but not enough to make us love  
" one another."

---

Thursday, August 21, 1712\*.

---

*Omnia quæ sensu voluntur vota diurno,  
 Pectore sopito reddit amica quies.  
 Venator defessa toro cum membra reponit,  
 Mens tamen ad sylvas & sua lustra redit.  
 Judicibus lites, aurigis somnia currus,  
 Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.  
 Me quoque musarum studium sub nocte silenti  
 Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet.*

CLAUD.

In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,  
 Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day.  
 Tho' farther toil his tired limbs refuse,  
 The dreaming hunter still the chace pursues.  
 The judge a-bed dispenses still the laws,  
 And sleeps again o'er the unfinish'd cause.  
 The dozing racer hears his chariot roll,  
 Smacks the vain whip, and shuns the fancy'd goal.  
 Me too the muses, in the silent night,  
 With wonted chimes of gingling verse delight.

**I** WAS lately entertaining myself with comparing Homer's balance, in which Jupiter is represented as weighing the fates of Hector and Achilles, with a passage of Virgil, wherein that deity is introduced as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. I then considered how the same way of thinking prevailed in the eastern parts of the world, as in those noble passages of Scripture, wherein we are told, that the great King of Babylon the day before his death had been weighed in the balance, and been found wanting. In other places of the Holy Writings, the Almighty is described as weighing the mountains in scales, making the weight for the winds,

\* No. 463.

knowing

knowing the balancings of the clouds; and in others, as weighing the actions of men, and laying their calamities together in a balance. Milton, as I have observed in a former Paper, had an eye to several of these foregoing instances in that beautiful description wherein he represents the archangel and the evil spirit as addressing themselves for the combat, but parted by the balance which appeared in the heavens and weighed the consequences of such a battle.

“ The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
 “ Hung forth in heaven his golden scales; yet seen  
 “ Betwixt Aftrea and the Scorpion sign,  
 “ Wherein all things created first he weighed;  
 “ The pendulous round earth, with balanc’d air  
 “ In counterpoise; now ponders all events,  
 “ Battles and realms: in these he puts two weights,  
 “ The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
 “ The latter quick up flew and kick’d the beam;  
 “ Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend:

“ Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know’st  
 “ mine;  
 “ Neither our own, but given: what folly then  
 “ To boast what arms can do, since thine no more  
 “ Than heaven permits; nor mine, tho’ doubl’d  
 “ now  
 “ To trample thee as mire: For proof, look up  
 “ And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
 “ Where thou art weigh’d, and shewn how light,  
 “ how weak,  
 “ If thou resist. The fiend look’d up, and knew  
 “ His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
 “ Murm’ring, and with him fled the shades of  
 “ night.”

These several amusing thoughts having taken possession of my mind some time before I went to sleep, and mingling themselves with my ordinary ideas, raised in my imagination a very odd kind of vision. I was,  
 methought,

methought, replaced in my study, and seated in my elbow-chair, where I had indulged the foregoing speculations, with my lamp burning by me as usual. Whilst I was here meditating on several subjects of morality, and considering the nature of many virtues and vices, as materials for those discourses with which I daily entertain the public, I saw, methought, a pair of golden scales hanging by a chain of the same metal over the table that stood before me; when on a sudden there were great heaps of weights thrown down on each side of them. I found, upon examining these weights, they shewed the value of every thing that is in esteem among men. I made an essay of, them, by putting the weight of wisdom in one scale, and that of riches in another; upon which the latter, to shew its comparative lightness, immediately "flew up and kick'd the beam."

But, before I proceed, I must inform my reader that these weights did not exert their natural gravity until they were laid in the golden balance; inasmuch that I could not guess which was light or heavy whilst I held them in my hand. This I found by several instances; for upon my laying a weight in one of the scales, which was inscribed by the word "Eternity;" though I threw in that of time, prosperity, affliction, wealth, poverty, interest, success, with many other weights, which in my hand seemed very ponderous, they were not able to stir the opposite balance, though assisted with the weight of the sun, the stars, and the earth.

Upon emptying the scales, I laid several titles and honours, with pomps, triumphs, and many weights of the like nature, in one of them; and seeing a little glittering weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other scale, when to my great surprise it proved so exact a counterpoise, that it kept the balance in an equilibrium. This little glittering weight was inscribed upon the edges of it with the word "Vanity." I found there were several other weights which were equally heavy, and exact counterpoises

to one another: a few of them I tried; as avarice and poverty, riches and contempt, with some others.

There were likewise several weights that were of the same figure, and seemed to correspond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the scales; as religion and hypocrisy, pedantry and learning, wit and vivacity, superstition and devotion, gravity and wisdom, with many others.

I observed one particular weight lettered on both sides; and upon applying myself to the reading of it, I found on one side written, "In the dialect of men," and underneath it, "CALAMITIES:" on the other side was written "In the language of the gods," and underneath "BLESSINGS." I found the intrinsic value of this weight to be much greater than I imagined; for it overpowered health, wealth, good-fortune, and many other weights, which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

There is a saying among the Scotch, that an ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy\*. I was sensible of the truth of this saying, when I saw the difference between the weight of natural parts and that of learning. The observation which I made upon these two weights opened to me a new field of discoveries; for notwithstanding the weight of the natural parts was much heavier than that of learning, I observed that it weighed an hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put learning into the same scale with it. I made the same observation upon faith and morality; for notwithstanding the latter outweighed the former separately, it received a thousand times more additional weight from its conjunction with the former than what it had by itself. This odd phenomenon shewed itself in other particulars; as in wit and judgment, philosophy and religion, justice and humanity, zeal and charity, depth of sense and perspicuity of stile, with innumerable other

\* See Dr. Beattie's "Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth," chap. 1, p. 45, 2 Edit. 1771.

other particulars too long to be mentioned in this Paper.

As a dream seldom fails of dashing seriousness with impertinence, mirth with gravity; methought I made several other experiments of a more ludicrous nature: by one of which I found that an English octavo was very often heavier than a French folio; and by another, that an old Greek or Latin author weighed down a whole library of moderns. Seeing one of my Spectators lying by me, I laid it into one of the scales, and flung a two-penny piece into the other. The reader will not inquire into the event, if he remembers the first trial which I have recorded in this paper. I afterwards threw both the sexes into the balance; but as it is not for my interest to disoblige either of them, I shall desire to be excused from telling the result of this experiment. Having an opportunity of this nature in my hands, I could not forbear throwing into one scale the principles of a Tory, and into the other those of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this to be a neutral paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this head also, though, upon examining one of the weights, I saw the word **TEKEL** engraven on it in capital letters.

I made many other experiments; and though I have not room for them all in this day's speculation, I may perhaps reserve them for another. I shall only add, that upon my awaking I was sorry to find my golden scales vanished; but resolved for the future to learn this lesson from them, not to despise or value any things for their appearances, but to regulate my esteem and passion towards them according to their real and intrinsic value.

---

Friday, August 22, 1712 \*.

---

*Auream quisquis mediocritatem  
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti  
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda  
Sobrius aula.*

HOR. Od. x. l. 2. ver. 5.

The golden mean, as she's too nice to dwell  
Among the ruins of a filthy cell;  
So is her modesty withal as great,  
To balk the envy of a princely feat.

NORRIS.

I AM wonderfully pleased when I meet with any passage in an old Greek or Latin author that is not blown upon, and which I have never met with in a quotation. Of this kind is a beautiful saying in Theognis; "Vice is covered by wealth, and virtue by poverty;" or, to give it in the verbal translation, "Among men there are some who have their vices concealed by wealth, and others who have their virtues concealed by poverty." Every man's observation will supply him with instances of rich men who have several faults and defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hidden, by means of their riches; and I think we cannot find a more natural description of a poor man whose merits are lost in his poverty, than that in the words of the wise man: "There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now, there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then said I, wisdom

VOL. III.

Y y

is

\*No. 464.

“ is better than strength; nevertheless the poor man’s wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.”

The middle condition seems to be the most advantageously situated for the gaining of wisdom. Poverty turns our thoughts too much upon the supplying of our wants, and riches upon enjoying our superfluities; and as Cowley has said in another case, “ It is hard for a man to keep a steady eye upon truth who is always in a battle or a triumph.”

If we regard poverty and wealth as they are apt to produce virtues or vices in the mind of man, one may observe that there is a set of each of these growing out of poverty quite different from that which rises out of wealth. Humility and patience, industry and temperance, are very often the good qualities of a poor man. Humanity and good-nature, magnanimity and a sense of honour, are as often the qualifications of the rich. On the contrary, poverty is apt to betray a man into envy; riches into arrogance. Poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur and discontent. Riches expose a man to pride and luxury, a foolish elation of heart, and too great a fondness for the present world. In short, the middle condition is most eligible to the man who would improve himself in virtue; as I have before shewn, it is the most advantageous for the gaining of knowledge. It was upon this consideration that Agur founded his prayer, which for the wisdom of it is recorded in Holy Writ. “ Two things have I required of thee; deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.”

I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a very pretty allegory, which is wrought into a play by Aristophanes the Greek comedian. It seems originally designed as a satire upon the rich, though in  
some



some parts of it, it is like the foregoing discourse, a kind of comparison between wealth and poverty.

Chremylus, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The first person he chanced to see was to appearance an old fordid blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he at last found by his own confession that he was Plutus the god of riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. Plutus further told him, that when he was a boy, he used to declare that as soon as he came of age he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which Jupiter, considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and left him to stroll about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her not only from his own house, but of all Greece, if she made any more words upon the matter. Poverty on this occasion pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts and sciences would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments and conveniences of life which made riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving them from gouts, dropies, unwieldiness, and intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. Chremylus immediately considered how he might re-

store Plutus to his sight; and in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of *Æsculapius*, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the deity recovered his eyes and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards the gods, and justice towards men; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry incidents; till in the last act Mercury descends with great complaints from the gods, that since the good men were grown rich they had received no sacrifices, which is confirmed by a priest of Jupiter, who enters with a remonstrance, that since the late innovation he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who in the beginning of the play was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a proposal which was relished by all the good men, who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry Plutus in a solemn procession to the temple, and instal him in the place of Jupiter. This allegory instructed the Athenians in two points; first, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distribution of wealth; and in the next place, as it shewed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possessed them.

---

Saturday, August 23, 1712\*.

---

*Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum:  
 Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido;  
 Ne pavor & rerum mediocriter utilium spes.*

HOR. Ep. xviii. l. i. ver. 97.

“ How you may glide with gentle ease  
 “ Adown the current of your days;  
 “ Nor vex’d by mean and low desires,  
 “ Nor warm’d by wild ambitious fires;  
 “ By hope alarm’d, depress’d by fear  
 “ For things but little worth your care.

FRANCIS.

**H**AVING endeavoured in my last Saturday’s Paper to shew the great excellency of faith, I shall here consider what are the proper means of strengthening and confirming it in the mind of man. Those who delight in reading books of controversy, which are written on both sides of the question in points of faith, do very seldom arrive at a fixed and settled habit of it. They are one day entirely convinced of its important truths, and the next meet with something that shakes and disturbs them. The doubt which was laid revives again, and shews itself in new difficulties: and that generally for this reason; because the mind which is perpetually tossed in controversies and disputes, is apt to forget the reasons which had once set it at rest, and to be disquieted with any former perplexities, when it appears in a new shape, or is started by a different hand. As nothing is more laudable than an enquiry after truth; so nothing is more irrational than to pass away our whole lives without determining ourselves one way or other in those points which are of the last im-  
 \* No. 465. portance

portance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may withhold our assent; but in cases by which we are to regulate our lives, it is the greatest absurdity to be wavering and unsettled, without closing with that side which appears the most safe and the most probable. The first rule therefore which I shall lay down is this, that when by reading or discourse we find ourselves thoroughly convinced of the truth of any article, and of the reasonableness of our belief in it, we should never after suffer ourselves to call it into question. We may perhaps forget the arguments which occasioned our conviction; but we ought to remember the strength they had with us, and therefore still to retain the conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common art and science; nor is it possible to act otherwise, considering the weakness and limitation of our intellectual faculties. It was thus, that Latimer, one of the glorious army of martyrs who introduced the reformation in England, behaved himself in that great conference which was managed between the most learned among the protestants and papists in the reign of Queen Mary. This venerable old man, knowing how his abilities were impaired by age, and that it was impossible for him to recollect all those reasons which had directed him in the choice of his religion, left his companions, who were in the full possession of their parts and learning, to baffle and confound their antagonists by the force of reason. As for himself, he only repeated to his adversaries the articles in which he firmly believed; and in the possession of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the mathematician proceeds upon propositions which he has once demonstrated; and though the demonstration may have slipped out of his memory, he builds upon the truth, because he knows it was demonstrated. This rule is absolutely necessary for weaker minds, and in some measure for men of the greatest abilities; but to these last I would propose, in the  
second

second place, that they should lay up in their memories, and always keep by them in readiness, those arguments which appear to them of the greatest strength, and which cannot be got over by all the doubts and cavils of infidelity.

But, in the third place, there is nothing which strengthens faith more than morality. Faith and morality naturally produce each other. A man is quickly convinced of the truth of religion, who finds it is not against his interest that it should be true. The pleasure he receives at present, and the happiness which he promises himself from it hereafter, will both dispose him very powerfully to give credit to it, according to the ordinary observation, that we are easy to believe what we wish. It is very certain, that a man of sound reason cannot forbear closing with religion upon an impartial examination of it; but at the same time it is certain that faith is kept alive in us, and gathers strength from practice more than from speculation.

There is still another method, which is more persuasive than any of the former; and that is an habitual adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in constant acts of mental worship, as in outward forms. The devout man does not only believe, but feels there is a deity: He has actual sensations of him; his experience concurs with his reason; he sees him more and more in all his intercourses with him, and even in this life almost loses his faith in conviction.

The last method which I shall mention for the giving life to a man's faith, is frequent retirement from the world, accompanied with religious meditation. When a man thinks of any thing in the darkness of the night, whatever deep impressions it may make in his mind, they are apt to vanish as soon as the day breaks about him. The light and noise of the day, which are perpetually solliciting his senses and calling off his attention, wear out of his mind the thoughts that imprinted themselves in it with so much strength during the silence and darkness

ness of the night. A man finds the same difference as to himself in a crowd and in a solitude. The mind is stunned and dazzled amidst the variety of objects which press upon her in a great city. She cannot apply herself to the consideration of those things which are of the utmost concern to her. The cares or pleasures of the world strike in with every thought; and a multitude of vicious examples gives a kind of justification to our folly. In our retirements every thing disposes us to be serious. In courts and cities we are entertained with the works of men; in the country with those of God. One is the province of art; the other of nature. Faith and devotion naturally grow in the mind of every reasonable man, who sees the impressions of divine power and wisdom in every object on which he casts his eye. The Supreme Being has made the best arguments for his own existence in the formation of the heavens and the earth; and these are the arguments which a man of sense cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the noise and hurry of human affairs. Aristotle says, that should a man live under ground, and there converse with works of art and mechanism, and should afterwards be brought up into the open day, and see the several glories of the heaven and earth, he would immediately pronounce them the works of such a Being as we define God to be. The Psalmist has very beautiful strokes of poetry to this purpose in that exalted strain: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. One day telleth another; and one night certifieth another. There is neither speech nor language; but their voices are heard among them. Their sound is gone out into all lands; and their words into the ends of the world." As such a bold and sublime manner of thinking furnishes very noble matter for an ode, the reader may see it wrought into the following one.

## I. The

## I.

- “ The spacious firmament on high,  
“ With all the blue ethereal sky,  
“ And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
“ Their great Original proclaim.  
“ Th’ unwearied sun from day to day  
“ Does his Creator’s power display,  
“ And publishes to every land  
“ The work of an almighty hand.

## II.

- “ Soon as the ev’ning shades prevail,  
“ The moon takes up the wond’rous tale,  
“ And nightly to the list’ning earth  
“ Repeats the story of her birth;  
“ Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
“ And all the planets in their turn  
“ Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
“ And spread the truth from pole to pole.

## III.

- “ What though in solemn silence all  
“ Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
“ What though nor real voice nor sound  
“ Amid their radiant orbs be found?  
“ In reason’s ear they all rejoice,  
“ And utter forth a glorious voice;  
“ For ever singing as they shine,  
“ The hand that made us is Divine.”

---

Tuesday, August 28, 1712\*.

---

*Detrahere aliquid alteri, et hominem hominis incommodum suum augere commodum, magis est contra naturam quam mors, quam paupertas, quam dolor, quam cætera quæ possunt aut corpori accidere, aut rebus externis.*

TULL.

“ To detract any thing from another, and for one  
 “ man to multiply his own conveniences by the  
 “ inconveniences of another, is more against na-  
 “ ture than death, than poverty, than pain, and  
 “ the other things which can befall the body, or  
 “ external circumstances.”

I AM persuaded there are few men of generous principles who would seek after great places, were it not rather to have an opportunity in their hands of obliging their particular friends, or those whom they look upon as men of worth, than to procure wealth and honour for themselves. To an honest mind the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.

Those who are under the great officers of state, and are the instruments by which they act, have more frequent opportunities for the exercise of compassion and benevolence than their superiors themselves. These men know every little case that is to come before the great man; and if they are possessed with honest minds, will consider poverty as a recommendation in the person who applies himself to them, and make the justice of his cause the most powerful solicitor in his behalf. A man of this temper, when he is in a post of business, becomes a blessing to the public. He patronises the orphan and the widow, assists the friendless, and guides the ignorant. He

\* No. 469.



does not reject the person's pretensions who does not know how to explain them, or refuse doing a good office for a man because he cannot pay the fee of it. In short, though he regulates himself in all his proceedings by justice and equity, he finds a thousand occasions for all the good-natured offices of generosity and compassion.

A man is unfit for such a place of trust who is of a sour untractable nature, or has any other passion that makes him uneasy to those who approach him. Roughness of temper is apt to discountenance the timorous or modest. The proud man discourages those from approaching him who are of a mean condition, and who most want his assistance. The impatient man will not give himself time to be informed of the matter that lies before him. An officer, with one or more of these unbecoming qualities, is sometimes looked upon as a proper person to keep off impertinence and solicitation from his superior: and this is a kind of merit that can never atone for the injustice which may very often arise from it.

There are two other vicious qualities which render a man very unfit for such a place of trust. The first of these is a dilatory temper, which commits innumerable cruelties without design. The maxim which several have laid down for a man's conduct in ordinary life, should be inviolable with a man in office, never to think of doing that to-morrow which may be done to-day. A man who defers doing what ought to be done is guilty of injustice so long as he defers it. The dispatch of a good office is very often as beneficial to the solicitor as the good office itself. In short, if a man compared the inconveniences which another suffers by his delays, with the trifling motives and advantages which he himself may reap by them, he would never be guilty of a fault which very often does an irreparable prejudice to the person who depends upon him, and which might be remedied with little trouble to himself.

But in the last place, there is no man so improper to be employed in business as he who is in any degree capable of corruption; and such an one is the man who upon any pretence whatsoever receives more than what is the stated and unquestioned fee of his office. Gratifications, tokens of thankfulness, dispatch money, and the like specious terms, are the pretences under which corruption very frequently shelters itself. An honest man will however look on all these methods as unjustifiable, and will enjoy himself better on a moderate fortune that is gained with honour and reputation, than in an overgrown estate that is cankered with the acquisitions of rapine and exaction. Were all our offices discharged with such an inflexible integrity, we should not see men in all ages who grow up to exorbitant wealth with the abilities which are to be met with in an ordinary mechanic. I cannot but think that such a corruption proceeds chiefly from men's employing the first that offer themselves, or those who have the character of shrewd worldly men, instead of searching out such as have had a liberal education, and have been trained up in the studies of knowledge and virtue.

It has been observed, that men of learning who take to business, discharge it generally with greater honesty than men of the world. The chief reason for it I take to be as follows. A man that has spent his youth in reading, has been used to find virtue extolled and vice stigmatized. A man that has past his time in the world, has often seen vice triumphant and virtue discountenanced. Extortion, rapine, and injustice, which are branded with infamy in books, often give a man a figure in the world; while several qualities which are celebrated in authors, as generosity, ingenuity and good-nature, impoverish and ruin him. This cannot but have a proportionable effect on men whose tempers and principles are equally good and vicious.

There would be at least this advantage of employing men of learning and parts in business, that their prosperity

prosperity would fit more gracefully on them, and that we should not see many worthless persons shot up into the greatest figures of life.

---

Friday, August 29, 1712\*.

---

*Turpe est difficiles habere mugas,  
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.*

MART. Epig. lxxxvi. l. 2. ver. 9.

'Tis folly only, and defect of sense,  
Turns trifles into things of consequence.

I HAVE been very often disappointed of late years, when upon examining the new edition of a classic author, I have found above half the volume taken up with various readings. When I have expected to meet with a learned note upon a doubtful passage in a Latin poet, I have only been informed that such or such ancient manuscripts for an *et* write an *ac*, or of some other notable discovery of the like importance. Indeed, when a different reading gives a different sense, or a new elegance in an author, the editor does very well in taking notice of it; but when he only entertains us with the several ways of spelling the same word, and gathers together the various blunders and mistakes of twenty or thirty different transcribers, they only take up the time of the learned reader, and puzzle the minds of the ignorant. I have often fancied with myself how enraged an old Latin author would be, should he see the several absurdities in sense and grammar which are imputed to him by some or other of these various readings. In one he speaks nonsense; in another makes use of a word that was never heard of: and indeed there is scarce a solecism in writing which the best author is not guilty of, if we may be at liberty

\* No .470.

to read him in the words of some manuscript which the laborious editor has thought fit to examine in the prosecution of his work.

I question not but the ladies and pretty fellows will be very curious to understand what it is that I have been hitherto talking of. I shall therefore give them a notion of this practice, by endeavouring to write after the manner of several persons who make an eminent figure in the republic of letters. To this end we will suppose that the following song is an old ode, which I present to the public in a new edition, with the several various readings which I find of it in former editions and in ancient manuscripts. Those who cannot relish the various readings will perhaps find their account in the song, which never before appeared in print.

“ My love was fickle once and changing,  
 “ Nor e'er would settle in my heart ;  
 “ From beauty still to beauty ranging,  
 “ In ev'ry face I found a dart.

“ 'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,  
 “ An eye that gave the fatal stroke ;  
 “ 'Till by her wit Corinna sav'd me,  
 “ And all my former fetters broke.

“ But now a long and lasting anguish  
 “ For Belvidera I endure ;  
 “ Hourly I sigh and hourly languish,  
 “ Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

“ For here the false unconstant lover,  
 “ After a thousand beauties shewn,  
 “ Does new surprizing charms discover,  
 “ And finds variety in one.”

*Various Readings.*

Stanza the first, verse the first. *And changing*] The *and* in some manuscripts is written thus, & ; but that

that in the *Cotton* library writes it in three distinct letters.

Verse the second, *Nor e'er would.*] *Aldus* reads it *ever would*; but as this would hurt the metre, we have restored it to the genuine reading, by observing that *synæresis* which had been neglected by ignorant transcribers.

*Ibid.* *In my heart.*] *Scaliger* and others, *on my heart.*

Verse the fourth. *I found a dart.*] The *Vatican* manuscript for *I* reads *it*; but this must have been the hallucination of the transcriber, who probably mistook the dash of the *I* for a *T*.

Stanza the second, verse the second. *The fatal stroke.*] *Scioppius*, *Salamasius*, and many others, for *the* read *a*; but I have stuck to the usual reading.

Verse the third. *Till by her wit.*] Some manuscripts have it *his wit*, others *your*, others *their wit*; but as I find *Corinna* to be the name of a woman in other authors, I cannot doubt but it should be *her*.

Stanza the third, verse the first. *A long and lasting anguish.*] The *German* manuscript reads *a lasting passion*; but the rhyme will not admit it.

Verse the second. *For Belvidera I endure.*] Did not all the manuscripts reclaim, I should change *Belvidera* into *Pelvidera*; *Pelvis* being used by several of the ancient comic writers for a looking-glass; by which means the etymology of the word is very visible, and *Pelvidera* will signify a lady who often looks in her glass; as indeed she had very good reason, if she had all those beauties which our poet here ascribes to her.

Verse the third. *Hourly I sigh and hourly languish.*] Some for the word *hourly* read *daily*, and others *nightly*; the last has great authorities on its side.

Verse the fourth. *The wanted cure.*] The elder *Stevens* reads *wanted cure*.

Stanza the fourth, verse the second. *After a thousand beauties.*] In several copies we meet with a *hundred beauties*, by the usual error of the transcribers, who probably omitted a cypher, and had not taste enough to know that the word *thousand* was ten times  
a greater

a greater compliment to the poet's mistress than an hundred.

Verse the fourth. *And finds variety in one.*] Most of the ancient manuscripts have it *in two*. Indeed so many of them concur in this last reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two reasons which incline me to the reading as I have published it: First, because the rhyme; and, secondly, because the sense is preserved by it. It might likewise proceed from the oscitancy of transcribers, who, to dispatch their work the sooner, used to write all numbers in cypher, and seeing the figure 1 followed by a little dash of the pen, as is customary in old manuscripts, they perhaps mistook the dash for a second figure; and by casting up both together, composed out of them the figure 2. But this I shall leave to the learned, without determining any thing in a matter of so great uncertainty.

---

*Saturday, August 30, 1712\*.*

---

Εν ελπίσιν χερὴ τῆς σοφῆς εἶχεν βίον.

EURIPID.

The wife with hope support the pains of life.

**T**HE time present seldom affords sufficient employment to the mind of man. Objects of pain or pleasure, love or admiration, do not lie thick enough together in life to keep the soul in constant action, and supply an immediate exercise to its faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this defect, that the mind may not want business, but always have materials for thinking, she is endowed with certain powers that can recal what is passed, and anticipate what is to come.

\* No. 471.

That

That wonderful faculty which we call the memory is perpetually looking back when we have nothing present to entertain us. It is like those repositories in several animals that are filled with stores of their former food, on which they may ruminate when their present pasture fails.

As the memory relieves the mind in her vacant moments, and prevents any chasms of thought by ideas of what is *past*, we have other faculties that agitate and employ her upon what is to *come*. These are the passions of hope and fear.

By these two passions we reach forward into futurity, and bring up to our present thoughts objects that lie hid in the remotest depths of time. We suffer misery, and enjoy happiness, before they are in being; we can set the sun and stars forward, or lose sight of them, by wandering into those retired parts of eternity when the heavens and earth shall be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the existence of a creature is to be circumscribed by time, whose thoughts are not? But I shall in this paper confine myself to that particular passion which goes by the name of HOPE.

Our actual enjoyments are so few and transient, that man would be a very miserable being were he not endowed with this passion, which gives him a taste of those good things that may possibly come into his possession. "We should hope for every thing that is good," says the old poet Linus, "because there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the Gods are able to give us." Hope quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives habitual serenity and good humour. It is a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens her when she does not attend to it. It makes pain easy, and labour pleasant.

Besides these several advantages which rise from hope, there is another, which is none of the least;

and that is, its great efficacy in preserving us from setting too high a value on present enjoyments. The saying of Cæsar is very well known. When he had given away all his estate in gratuities amongst his friends, one of them asked what he had left for himself; to which that great man replied, HOPE. His natural magnanimity hindered him from prizing what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his thoughts upon something more valuable that he had in view. I question not but every reader will draw a moral from this story, and apply it to himself without my direction.

The old story of Pandora's box (which many of the learned believe was formed among the heathens upon the tradition of the fall of man) shews us how deplorable a state they thought the present life without hope. To set forth the utmost condition of misery, they tell us, that our forefather, according to the pagan theology, had a great vessel presented him by Pandora. Upon his lifting up the lid of it, says the fable, there flew out all the calamities and distempers incident to men, from which till that time they had been altogether exempt. Hope, who had been inclosed in the cup with so much bad company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the lid of it that it was shut down upon her.

I shall make but two reflections upon what I have hitherto said. First, that no kind of life is so happy as that which is full of hope, especially when the hope is well grounded, and when the object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its nature proper to make that person happy who enjoys it. This proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present enjoyments of the most happy man, and how insufficient to give him an entire satisfaction and acquiescence in them.

My next observation is this, that a religious life is that which most abounds in a well-grounded HOPE, and such an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This hope in a religious



gious man is much more sure and certain than the hope of any temporal blessing, as it is strengthened not only by reason but by faith. It has at the same time its eye perpetually fixed on that state which implies in the very notion of it the most full and the most complete happiness.

I have before shewn how the influence of hope in general sweetens life, and makes our present condition supportable, if not pleasing; but a religious hope has still greater advantages: It does not only bear up the mind under her sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the instruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of all her hope.

Religious hope has likewise this advantage above any other kind of hope, that it is able to revive the *dying* man, and to fill his mind not only with secret comfort and refreshment, but sometimes with rapture and transport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilst the soul springs forward with delight to the great object which she has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being re-united to her in a glorious and joyful resurrection.

I shall conclude this essay with those emblematical expressions of a lively hope which the Psalmist made use of in the midst of those dangers and adversities which surrounded him; for the following passage had its present and personal, as well as its future and prophetic sense. "I have set the Lord always before me: Because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope: For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption. Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

---

Thursday, September 4, 1712\*.

---

— *Quæ res in se neque consilium neque modum  
Habit ullum, eam consilio regere non potes.*

TER. EUN. ACT. I. SC. I.

The thing that in itself has neither measure nor consideration, counsel cannot rule.

IT is an old observation which has been made of politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with their sovereign than promote his real service, that they accommodate their counsels to his inclinations, and advise him to such actions only as his heart is naturally set upon. The privy counsellor of one in love must observe the same conduct, unless he would forfeit the friendship of the person who desires his advice. I have known several odd cases of this nature. Hipparchus was going to marry a common woman; but being resolved to do nothing without the advice of his friend Philander, he consulted him upon the occasion. Philander told him his mind freely, and represented his mistress to him in such strong colours, that the next morning he received a challenge for his pains, and before twelve o'clock was run through the body by the man who had asked his advice. Celia was more prudent on the like occasion. She desired Leonilla to give her opinion freely upon a young fellow who made his addresses to her. Leonilla, to oblige her, told her with great frankness, that she looked upon him to be one of the most worthless—Celia, foreseeing what a character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a fortnight. The truth of it is, a woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding clothes.

clothes. When she has made her own choice, for form's sake she sends a *conge d'elire* to her friends.

If we look into the secret springs and motives that set people at work on these occasions, and put them upon asking advice which they never intend to take, I look upon it to be none of the least, that they are incapable of keeping a secret which is so very pleasing to them. A girl longs to tell her confident that she hopes to be married in a little time; and in order to talk of the pretty fellow that dwells so much in her thoughts, asks her very gravely what she would advise her to do in a case of so much difficulty. Why else should Melissa, who has not a thousand pounds in the world, go into every quarter of the town to ask her acquaintance whether they would advise her to take Tom Townly, that made his addresses to her with an estate of five thousand a year! It is very pleasant on this occasion to hear the lady propose her doubts, and to see the pains she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a practice which is in use among the vainer part of our sex, who will often ask a friend's advice in relation to a fortune whom they are never like to come at. Will Honeycomb, who is now on the verge of threescore, took me aside not long since, and asked me in his most serious look, whether I would advise him to marry my Lady Betty Single, who, by the way, is one of the greatest fortunes about town. I stared him full in the face upon so strange a question; upon which he immediately gave me an inventory of her jewels and estate, adding, that he was resolved to do nothing in a matter of such consequence without my approbation. Finding he would have an answer, I told him, if he could get the lady's consent he had mine. This is about the tenth match which, to my knowledge, Will has consulted his friends upon, without ever opening his mind to the party herself.

I have been engaged in this subject by the following letter, which comes to me from some notable young

young female scribe, who by the contents of it seems to have carried matters so far, that she is ripe for asking advice; but as I would not lose her good-will, nor forfeit the reputation which I have with her for wisdom, I shall only communicate the letter to the public, without returning any answer to it.

“ Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ **N**OW, Sir, the thing is this: Mr. Shapely is  
 “ the prettiest gentleman about town. He  
 “ is very tall; but not too tall neither. He dances  
 “ like an angel. His mouth is made I do not know  
 “ how; but it is the prettiest that I ever saw in my  
 “ life. He is always laughing; for he has an in-  
 “ finite deal of wit. If you did but see how he rolls  
 “ his stockings! He has a thousand pretty fancies;  
 “ and I am sure if you saw him you would like  
 “ him. He is a very good scholar, and can talk  
 “ Latin as fast as English. I wish you could but  
 “ see him dance. Now you must understand poor  
 “ Mr. Shapely has no estate; but how can he help  
 “ that you know? And yet my friends are so un-  
 “ reasonable as to be always teasing me about him  
 “ because he has no estate: but I am sure he has that  
 “ that is better than an estate; for he is a good-na-  
 “ tured, ingenious, modest, civil, tall, well-bred,  
 “ handsome man, and I am obliged to him for his  
 “ civilities ever since I saw him. I forgot to tell  
 “ you that he has black eyes, and looks upon me  
 “ now and then as if he had tears in them. And  
 “ yet my friends are so unreasonable, that they would  
 “ have me be uncivil to him. I have a good por-  
 “ tion which they cannot hinder me of; and I shall  
 “ be fourteen on the 29th day of August next; and  
 “ am therefore willing to settle in the world as soon  
 “ as I can; and so is Mr. Shapely. But every body  
 “ I advise with here is poor Mr. Shapely’s enemy.  
 “ I desire therefore you will give me your advice,  
 “ for I know you are a wise man; and if you ad-  
 “ vise  
 “ wise

“ wife me well, I am resolv'd to follow it. I heartily wish you could see him dance; and am, Sir,  
 “ Your most humble servant,  
 “ B. D.  
 “ He loves your Spectators mightily.”

Friday, September 5, 1712\*.

———*Lucidus ordo.*

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 41.

Method gives light.

A MONG my daily papers which I bestow on the public, there are some which are written with regularity and method, and others that run out into the wildness of those compositions which go by the name of *Essays*. As for the first, I have the whole scheme of the discourse in my mind before I set pen to paper. In the other kind of writing, it is sufficient that I have several thoughts on a subject, without troubling myself to range them in such order, that they may seem to grow out of one another and be disposed under the proper heads. Seneca and Montaigne are patterns for writing in this last kind; as Tully and Aristotle excel in the other. When I read an author of genius who writes without method, I fancy myself in a wood that abounds with a great many noble objects, rising one among another in the greatest confusion and disorder. When I read a methodical discourse, I am in a regular plantation, and can place myself in its several centres, so as to take a view of all the lines and walks that are struck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole day together, and every moment discover something or other that is new to you; but when you have done, you will have but a confused imperfect notion

\* No. 476.

of the place: in the other, your eye commands the whole prospect, and gives you such an idea of it as is not easily worn out of the memory.

Irregularity and want of method are only supportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of stringing them.

Method is of advantage to a work both in respect to the writer and the reader. In regard to the first, it is a great help to his invention. When a man has planned his discourse, he finds a great many thoughts rising out of every head that do not offer themselves upon the general survey of a subject. His thoughts are at the same time more intelligible, and better discover their drift and meaning when they are placed in their proper lights, and follow one another in a regular series, than when they are thrown together without order and connection. There is always an obscurity in confusion; and the same sentence that would have enlightened the reader in one part of a discourse, perplexes him in another. For the same reason likewise, every thought in a methodical discourse shews itself in its greatest beauty; as the several figures in a piece of painting receive new grace from their disposition in the picture. The advantages of a reader from a methodical discourse are correspondent with those of the writer. He comprehends every thing easily, takes it in with pleasure, and retains it long.

Method is no less requisite in ordinary conversation than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himself understood. I, who hear a thousand coffeehouse debates every day, am very sensible of this want of method in the thoughts of my honest countrymen. There is not one dispute in ten which is managed in those schools of politics, where after the three first sentences the question is not entirely lost. Our disputants put me in mind of the scuttlefish, that, when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens

blackens all the water about him until he becomes invisible. The man who does not know how to methodize his thoughts, has always, to borrow a phrase from the Dispensary, "a barren superfluity of words;" the fruit is lost among the exuberance of leaves.

Tom Puzzle is one of the most eminent immethodical disputants of any that has fallen under my observation. Tom has read enough to make him very impertinent; his knowledge is sufficient to raise doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he has so much learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With these qualifications Tom sets up for a freethinker, finds a great many things to blame in the constitution of his country, and gives shrewd intimations that he does not believe another world. In short, Puzzle is an atheist as much as his parts will give him leave. He has got about half-a-dozen common-place topics, into which he never fails to turn the conversation, whatever was the occasion of it. Though the matter in debate be about Doway or Demain, it is ten to one but half his discourse runs upon the unreasonableness of bigotry and priestcraft. This makes Mr. Puzzle the admiration of all those who have less sense than himself, and the contempt of all those who have more. There is none in town whom Tom dreads so much as my friend Will Dry. Will, who is acquainted with Tom's logic, when he finds him running off the question, cuts him short with a "What then? We allow all this to be true; but what is it to our present purpose?" I have known Tom eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing as he thought in the superiority of the argument, when he has been nonplussed on a sudden, by Mr. Dry's desiring him to tell the company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In short, Dry is a man of a clear methodical head, but few words, and gains the same advantages over Puzzle that a small body of regular troops would gain over a numberless undisciplined militia.

---

Saturday, September 6, 1712\*.

---

— *An me ludit amabilis*  
*Infania? audire & videor pios*  
*Errare per lucos, amœne*  
*Quos & aquæ subeunt & auræ.*

HOR. Od. iv. l. 4. ver. 5.

— Does airy fancy cheat  
 My mind, well-pleas'd with the deceit?  
 I seem to hear, I seem to move,  
 And wander thro' the happy grove,  
 Where smooth springs flow, and murm'ring breeze  
 Wantons through the waving trees.

CREECH.

SIR,

HAVING lately read your Essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination, I was so taken with your thoughts upon some of our English gardens, that I cannot forbear troubling you with a letter upon that subject. I am one, you must know, who am looked upon as an humourist in gardening. I have several acres about my house, which I call my garden, and which a skilful gardener would not know what to call. It is a confusion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower garden, which lie so mixt and interwoven with one another, that if a foreigner, who had seen nothing of our country, should be conveyed into my garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderness, and one of the uncultivated parts of our country. My flowers grow up in several parts of the garden in the greatest luxuriance and profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one by reason of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleases me, I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when

No. 477.

a stranger



a stranger walks with me, he is surpris'd to see several large spots of ground covered with ten thousand different colours, and has often singled out flowers that he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field, or in a meadow, as some of the greatest beauties of the place. The only method I observe in this particular, is to range in the same quarter the products of the same season, that they may make their appearance together, and compose a picture of the greatest variety. There is the same irregularity in my plantations, which run into as great a wildness as their nature will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the soil, and am pleas'd when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next tree I shall meet with is an apple or an oak, an elm or a pear-tree. My kitchen has likewise its particular quarters assign'd it; for besides the wholesome luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a kitchen garden a more pleasing sight than the finest orangery or artificial green-house. I love to see every thing in its perfection, and am more pleas'd to survey my rows of colworts and cabbages, with a thousand nameless pot-herbs, springing up in their full fragrancy and verdure, than to see the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit, that there is a fountain rising in the upper part of my garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and administers to the pleasure as well as the plenty of the place. I have so conducted it, that it visits most of my plantations; and have taken particular care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an open field; so that it generally passes through banks of violets and primroses, plats of willow, or other plants that seem to be of its own producing. There is another circumstance in which I am very particular, or as my neighbours call me, very whimsical: As my garden invites into it all the birds of the country, by offering them the

conveniency of springs and shades, solitude and shelter, I do not suffer any one to destroy their nests in the spring, or drive them from their usual haunts in fruit-time; I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs. By this means I have always the music of the season in its perfection, and am highly delighted to see the jay or the thrush hopping about my walks, and shooting before my eyes across the several little glades and alleys that I pass through. I think there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry: your makers of parterres and flower-gardens, are epigrammatists and sonneteers in this art: contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and cascades, are romance writers: *Wife* and *London* are our heroic poets; and if, as a critic, I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at *Kennington*, which was at first nothing but a gravel pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening, that could have thought of forming such an unlightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast; for as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its several little plantations, lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder; on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees rising one higher than another, in proportion as they approach the centre. A spectator who has not heard this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who has walked in this garden, who was not struck with that part of it which I have here mentioned. As for myself, you will find, by the account which I have already given you, that my compositions in gardening are altogether  
after

after the Pindaric manner, and run into the beautiful wildness of nature, without affecting the nicer elegancies of art. What I am now going to mention, will perhaps deserve your attention more than any thing I have yet said. I find that in the discourse which I spoke of at the beginning of my letter, you are against filling an English garden with ever-greens; and indeed I am so far of your opinion, that I can by no means think the verdure of an ever-green comparable to that which shoots out annually, and clothes our trees in the summer season. But I have often wondered that those who are like myself, and love to live in gardens, have never thought of contriving a winter-garden, which would consist of such trees only as never cast their leaves. We have very often little snatches of sunshine and fair weather in the most uncomfortable parts of the year, and have frequently several days in November and January, that are as agreeable as any in the finest months. At such times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater pleasure than to walk in such a winter-garden as I have proposed. In the summer season the whole country blooms, and is a kind of garden; for which reason we are not so sensible of those beauties that at this time may be every-where met with; but when nature is in her desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren prospects, there is something unspeakably cheerful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees that smile amidst all the rigour of winter, and give us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy. I have so far indulged myself in this thought, that I have set apart a whole acre of ground for the executing of it. The walls are covered with ivy instead of vines. The laurel, the horn-beam, and the holly, with many other trees and plants of the same nature, grow so thick in it that you cannot imagine a more lively scene. The glowing redness of the berries with which they are hung at this time, vies with the verdure of their leaves, and are apt to inspire

inspire the heart of the beholder with that vernal delight which you have somewhere taken notice of in your former Papers. It is very pleasant, at the same time, to see the several kinds of birds retiring into this little green spot, and enjoying themselves among the branches and foliage, when my great garden, which I have before mentioned to you, does not afford a single leaf for their shelter.

You must know, Sir, that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden, as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous habit of mind. For all which reasons I hope you will pardon the length of my present letter.

I am,

SIR, &c.

---

Thursday, September 11, 1712\*.

---

Uti non

*Compositus melius cum Bitbo Bacchius, in jus  
Acres procurrunt*

HOR. Sat. vii. l. i. ver. 19.

Who shall decide when Doctors disagree,  
And foundest casuists doubt like you and me?

POPE.

IT is sometimes pleasant enough to consider the different notions which different persons have of

\* No. 481.

the

the same thing. If men of low condition very often set a value on things which are not prized by those who are in a higher station of life, there are many things these esteem which are of no value among persons of an inferior rank. Common people are in particular very much astonished when they hear of those solemn contests and debates which are made among the great upon the punctilios of a public ceremony; and wonder to hear that any business of consequence should be retarded by those little circumstances, which they represent to themselves as trifling and insignificant. I am mightily pleased with a porter's decision in one of Mr. Southern's plays, which is founded upon that fine distress of a virtuous woman's marrying a second husband while her first was yet living. The first husband, who was supposed to have been dead, returning to his house after a long absence, raises a noble perplexity for the tragic part of the play. In the mean while, the nurse and the porter conferring upon the difficulties that would ensue in such a case, honest Samson thinks the matter may be easily decided, and solves it very judiciously, by the old proverb, that if his first master be still living, "the man must have his mare again." There is nothing in my time which has so much surprised and confounded the greatest part of my honest countrymen, as the present controversy between Count Rechteren and Monsieur Mesnager, which employs the wise heads of so many nations, and holds all the affairs of Europe in suspense.

Upon my going into a coffeehouse yesterday, and lending an ear to the next table, which was encompassed with a circle of inferior politicians, one of them, after having read over the news very attentively, broke out into the following remarks. I am afraid, says he, this unhappy rupture between the footmen at Utrecht will retard the peace of Christendom. I wish the Pope may not be at the bottom of it. His holiness has a very good hand at fomenting a division, as the poor Swiss Cantons have lately experienced

perienced to their cost. If Monsieur What d'ye call him's domestics will not come to an accommodation, I do not know how the quarrel can be ended but by a religious war.

Why truly, says a wiseacre that sat by him, were I as the king of France, I would scorn to take part with the footmen of either side: here's all the business of Europe stands still, because Monsieur Mefnager's man has had his head broke. If Count Rectrum had given them a pot of ale after it, all would have been well without any of this bustle; but they say he's a warm man, and does not care to be made mouths at.

Upon this, one that had held his tongue hitherto began to speak; declaring, that he was very well pleased the plenipotentiaries of our christian princes took this matter into their serious consideration; for that lackeys were never so saucy and pragmatical as they are now-a-days; and that he should be glad to see them taken down in the treaty of peace, if it might be done without prejudice to the public affairs.

One who sat at the other end of the table, and seemed to be in the interests of the French king, told them that they did not take the matter right; for that his most christian majesty did not resent this matter because it was an injury done to Monsieur Mefnager's footmen; for, says he, what are Monsieur Mefnager's footmen to him? but because it was done to his subjects. Now, says he, let me tell you, it would look very odd for a subject of France to have a bloody nose, and his sovereign not to take notice of it. He is obliged in honour to defend his people against hostilities; and if the Dutch will be so insolent to a crowned head as in anywise to cuff or kick those who are under *his* protection, I think he is in the right to call them to an account for it.

This distinction set the controversy upon a new foot, and seemed to be very well approved by most that heard it, until a little warm fellow, who declared

clared himself a friend to the house of Austria, fell most unmercifully upon his Gallic Majesty, as encouraging his subjects to make mouths at their betters, and afterwards skreening them from the punishment that was due to their insolence. To which he added, that the French nation was so much addicted to grimace, that if there was not a stop put to it at the general congress, there would be no walking the streets for them in a time of peace, especially if they continued masters of the West Indies. The little man proceeded with a great deal of warmth; declaring, that if the allies were of his mind, he would oblige the French king to burn his gallies, and tolerate the protestant religion in his dominions, before he would sheath his sword. He concluded with calling Monsieur Mesnager an insignificant prig.

The dispute was now growing very warm, and one does not know where it might have ended, had not a young man of about one and twenty, who seems to have been brought up with an eye to the law, taken the debate into his hand, and given it as his opinion that neither Count Rechteren nor Monsieur Mesnager had behaved themselves right in this affair. Count Rechteren, says he, should have made affidavit that his servants had been affronted, and then Monsieur Mesnager would have done him justice by taking away their liveries from them, or some other way that he might have thought the most proper; for, let me tell you, if a man makes a mouth at me, I am not to knock the teeth out of it for his pains. Then again, as for Monsieur Mesnager, upon his servants being beaten, why, he might have had his action of assault and battery. But as the case now stands, if you will have my opinion, I think they ought to bring it to referees.

I heard a great deal more of this conference, but I must confess with little edification; for all I could learn at last from these honest gentlemen was, that the matter in debate was of too high a nature for such heads as theirs or mine to comprehend.

---

Friday, September 12, 1712\*.

---

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant.*

LUCT. iii. 11.

As from the sweetest flower the lab'ring bee  
Extracts her precious sweets.

CREECH.

WHEN I have published any single paper that falls in with the popular taste, and pleases more than ordinary, it always brings me in a great return of letters. My Tuesday's discourse, wherein I gave several admonitions to the fraternity of the henpecked, has already produced me very many correspondents; the reason I cannot guess, unless it be that such a discourse is of general use, and every married man's money. An honest tradesman, who dates his letter from Cheapside, sends me thanks in the name of a club, who, he tells me, meet as often as their wives will give them leave, and stay together until they are sent for home. He informs me that my paper has administered great consolation to their whole club, and desires me to give some further account of Socrates, and to acquaint them in whose reign he lived; whether he was a citizen or a courtier; whether he buried Xantippe, with many other particulars: for that by his sayings he appears to have been a very wise man and a good Christian. Another, who writes himself Benjamin Bamboo, tells me, that being coupled with a shrew, he had endeavoured to tame her by such lawful means as those which I mentioned in my last Tuesday's paper, and that in his wrath he had often gone further than Bracton allows in those cases; but that for the future he was resolved to bear it like

\* No. 482.

a man



a man of temper and learning, and consider her only as one who lives in his house to teach him philosophy. Tom Dapperwit says that he agrees with me in that whole discourse, excepting only the last sentence, where I affirm the married state to be either a heaven or a hell. Tom has been at the charge of a penny upon this occasion, to tell me that by his experience it is neither one nor the other, but rather that middle kind of state commonly known by the name of Purgatory.

The fair sex have likewise obliged me with their reflections upon the same discourse. A lady, who calls herself Euterpe, and seems a woman of letters, asks me whether I am for establishing the Salic law in every family, and why it is not fit that a woman who has discretion and learning should sit at the helm, when the husband is weak and illiterate? Another, of a quite contrary character, subscribes herself Xantippe, and tells me that she follows the example of her namesake; for, being married to a bookish man who has no knowledge of the world, she is forced to take their affairs into her own hands, and to spirit him up now and then, that he may not grow musty and unfit for conversation.

After this abridgement of some letters which are come to my hands upon this occasion, I shall publish one of them at large.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ YOU have given us a lively picture of that  
 “ kind of husband who comes under the de-  
 “ nomination of the henpecked; but I do not re-  
 “ member that you have ever touched upon one that  
 “ is of the quite different character, and who in se-  
 “ veral places of England goes by the name of a  
 “ Cotquean. I have the misfortune to be joined  
 “ for life with one of this character, who in reality  
 “ is more a woman than I am. He was bred up  
 “ under the tuition of a tender mother, till she had  
 “ made him as good a housewife as herself. He

“ could preserve apricots and make jellies before he  
“ had been two years out of the nursery. He was  
“ never suffered to go abroad, for fear of catching  
“ cold: when he should have been hunting down a  
“ buck, he was by his mother’s side learning how  
“ to season it, or put it in crust; and was making  
“ paper boats with his sisters at an age when other  
“ young gentlemen are crossing the seas, or travel-  
“ ling into foreign countries. He has the whitest  
“ hand that you ever saw in your life, and raises  
“ paste better than any woman in England. These  
“ qualifications make him a sad husband. He is  
“ perpetually in the kitchen, and has a thousand  
“ squabbles with the cook-maid. He is better  
“ acquainted with the milk-score than his steward’s  
“ accounts. I fret to death when I hear him find  
“ fault with a dish that is not dressed to his liking,  
“ and instructing his friends that dine with him in  
“ the best pickle for a walnut, or sauce for an haunch  
“ of venison. With all this he is a very good-natured  
“ husband, and never fell out with me in his life but  
“ once, upon the over-roasting of a dish of wild  
“ fowl. At the same time I must own I would ra-  
“ ther he was a man of a rough temper, that would  
“ treat me harshly sometimes, than of such an effe-  
“ minate busy nature in a province that does not  
“ belong to him. Since you have given us the cha-  
“ racter of a wife who wears the breeches, pray say  
“ somewhat of a husband that wears the petticoat.  
“ Why should not a female character be as ridicu-  
“ lous in a man as a male character in one of our  
“ sex?

“ I am, &c.”

---

Saturday, September 13, 1712\*.

---

*Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit*—

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 19.

Never presume to make a god appear  
But for a business worthy of a god.

ROSCOMMON.

WE cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableness than to interpret the afflictions which befall our neighbours as punishments and judgments. It aggravates the evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the mark of divine vengeance, and abates the compassion of those towards him who regard him in so dreadful a light. This humour of turning every misfortune into a judgment proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which in its own nature produces good will toward men, and puts the mildest construction upon every accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not religion that sours a man's temper; but it is his temper that sours his religion. People of gloomy uncheerful imaginations, or of envious malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will discover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words and actions. As the finest wines have often the taste of the soil; so even the most religious thoughts often draw something that is particular from the constitution of the mind in which they arise. When folly or superstition strike in with this natural depravity of temper, it is not in the power even of religion itself to preserve the character of the person who is possessed with it from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

\* No. 483.

An

An old maiden gentlewoman, whom I shall conceal under the name of Nemefis, is the greatest discoverer of judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what sin it was that set such a man's house on fire, or blew down his barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young lady that lost her beauty by the small-pox, she fetches a deep sigh, and tells you, that when she had a fine face she was always looking on it in her glass. Tell her of a piece of good fortune that has befallen one of her acquaintance, and she wishes it may prosper with her; but her mother used one of her nieces very barbarously. Her usual remarks turn upon people who had great estates, but never enjoyed them by reason of some flaw in their own or their father's behaviour. She can give you the reason why such an one died childless: why such an one was cut off in the flower of his youth: why such an one was unhappy in her marriage: why one broke his leg on such a particular spot of ground: and why another was killed with a back-sword rather than with any other kind of weapon. She has a crime for every misfortune that can befall any of her acquaintance; and when she hears of a robbery that hath been made, or a murder that hath been committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the suffering person than on that of the thief or assassin. In short, she is so good a Christian, that whatever happens to herself is a trial, and whatever happens to her neighbours is a judgment.

The very description of this folly in ordinary life is sufficient to expose it; but when it appears in a pomp and dignity of stile, it is very apt to amuse and terrify the mind of the reader. Herodotus and Plutarch very often apply their judgments as impertinently as the old woman I have before mentioned, though their manner of relating them makes the folly itself appear venerable. Indeed most historians, as well christian as pagan, have fallen into this idle superstition, and spoken of ill success, unforeseen disasters, and terrible events, as if they had been let  
into

into the secrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private conduct by which the world is governed. One would think several of our own historians in particular had many revelations of this kind made to them. Our old English monks seldom let any of their kings depart in peace, who had endeavoured to diminish the power or wealth of which the ecclesiastics were in those times possessed. William the Conqueror's race generally found their judgments in the New Forest, where their father had pulled down churches and monasteries. In short, read one of the chronicles written by an author of this frame of mind, and you would think you were reading an history of the kings of Israel and Judah, where the historians were actually inspired, and where by a particular scheme of Providence the kings were distinguished by judgments or blessings, according as they promoted idolatry or the worship of the true God.

I cannot but look upon this manner of judging upon misfortunes, not only to be very uncharitable in regard to the person whom they befall, but very presumptuous in regard to him who is supposed to inflict them. It is a strong argument for a state of retribution hereafter, that in this world virtuous persons are very often unfortunate, and vicious persons prosperous, which is wholly repugnant to the nature of a Being who appears infinitely wise and good in all his works, unless we may suppose that such a promiscuous and undistinguishing distribution of good and evil, which was necessary for carrying on the designs of Providence in this life, will be rectified and made amends for in another. We are not therefore to expect that fire should fall from heaven in the ordinary course of Providence; nor when we see triumphant guilt or depressed virtue in particular persons, that Omnipotence will make bare its holy arm in the defence of one or punishment of the other. It is sufficient that there is a day set apart for the  
hearing

hearing and requiting of both according to their respective merits.

The folly of ascribing temporal judgments to any particular crimes, may appear from several considerations. I shall only mention two. First, that generally speaking there is no calamity or affliction which is supposed to have happened as a judgment to a vicious man, which does not sometimes happen to men of approved religion and virtue. When Diagoras the atheist was on board one of the Athenian ships, there arose a very violent tempest; upon which the mariners told him that it was a just judgment upon them for having taken so impious a man on board. Diagoras begged them to look upon the rest of the ships that were in the same distress, and asked them whether or no Diagoras was on board every vessel in the fleet. We are all involved in the same calamities, and subject to the same accidents: and when we see any one of the species under any particular oppression, we should look upon it as arising from the common lot of human nature, rather than from the guilt of the person who suffers.

Another consideration that may check our presumption in putting such a construction upon a misfortune is this, that it is impossible for us to know what are calamities and what are blessings. How many accidents have passed for misfortunes, which have turned to the welfare and prosperity of the person to whose lot they have fallen? How many disappointments have in their consequences saved a man from ruin? If we could look into the effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon blessings and judgments; but for a man to give his opinion of what he sees but in part and in its beginnings, is an unjustifiable piece of rashness and folly. The story of Biton and Clitobus, which was in great reputation among the heathens (for we see it quoted by all the ancient authors, both Greek and Latin, who have written upon the immortality of the soul), may teach us a caution in this matter.

matter. These two brothers being the sons of a lady who was priestess to Juno, drew their mother's chariot to the temple at the time of a great solemnity; the persons being absent who by their office were to have drawn her chariot on that occasion. The mother was so transported with this instance of filial duty, that she petitioned her goddess to bestow upon them the greatest gift that could be given to men; upon which they were both cast into a deep sleep, and the next morning found dead in the temple. This was such an event as would have been construed into a judgment had it happened to the two brothers after an act of disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any ancient historian who had given us an account of it.

---

Thursday, September 18, 1712 \*.

---

— *Cum prostrata sopore*  
*Urget membra quies, & mens sine pondere ludit.*

PETR.

While sleep oppresses the tir'd limbs, the mind  
 Plays without weight, and wantons unconfin'd.

**T**HOUGH there are many authors who have written on dreams, they have generally considered them only as revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the world, or as prefaces of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I shall consider this subject in another light; as dreams may give us some idea of the great excellency of a human soul, and some intimations of its independency on matter.

In the first place, our dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears to be tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in action until her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul when she is disincumbered of her machine, her sports and recreations when she has laid her charge asleep.

In the second place, dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind when they are disengaged from the body. The soul is clogged and retarded in her operations when she acts in conjunction with a companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its motion. But in dreams, it is wonderful to observe with what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself. The flow of speech make unpremeditated harrangues, or converse readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleasantries; the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind than invention; yet in dreams it works with that ease and activity that we are not sensible of when the faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one some time or other dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters; in which case the invention prompts so readily, that the mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own suggestions for the compositions of another.

I shall under this head quote a passage out of the *Religio Medici*, in which the ingenious author gives an account of himself in his dreaming, and also his waking thoughts. "We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps; and the slumber of the body  
" seems



“ seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the  
 “ ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and  
 “ our waking conceptions do not match the fancies  
 “ of our sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant was  
 “ the watery sign of Scorpius: I was born in the  
 “ planetary hour of Saturn; and I think I have a  
 “ piece of that leaden planet in me. I am nowise  
 “ facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliar-  
 “ dize of company; yet in one dream I can com-  
 “ pose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend  
 “ the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits  
 “ thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my rea-  
 “ son is then fruitful, I would never study but in  
 “ my dreams; and this time also would I choose for  
 “ my devotions: but our grosser memories have  
 “ then so little hold of our abstracted understandings,  
 “ that they forget the story, and can only relate to  
 “ our awakened souls a confused and broken tale of  
 “ that that has passed. Thus it is observed, that  
 “ men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure,  
 “ do speak and reason above themselves; for then the  
 “ soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of  
 “ the body, begins to reason like herself, and to  
 “ discourse in a strain above mortality.”

We may likewise observe in the third place, that the  
 passions affect the mind with greater strength when we  
 are asleep than when we are awake. Joy and sorrow  
 give us more vigorous sensations of pain or pleasure  
 at this time than at any other. Devotion likewise, as  
 the excellent author above mentioned has hinted, is  
 in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed  
 when it rises in the soul at a time that the body is  
 thus laid at rest. Every man's experience will in-  
 form him in this matter, though it is very probable  
 that this may happen differently in different consti-  
 tutions. I shall conclude this head with the two fol-  
 lowing problems, which I shall leave to the solution  
 of my reader. Supposing a man always happy in his  
 dreams, and miserable in his waking thoughts, and  
 that his life was equally divided between them, whe-

ther would he be more happy or miserable? Were a man a king in his dreams and a beggar awake, and dreamt as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken schemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a king or a beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another circumstance which methinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul in regard to what passes in dreams; I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. Were that active and watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what a painful solitude would her hours of sleep be? Were the soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she dreams that she is in such solitude.

————— *Semperque relinqui*

*Sola sibi, semper longam incommunitata videtur*

*Ire viam*—————

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 466.

————— She seems alone

To wander in her sleep through ways unknown,

Guideless and dark.

DRYDEN,

But this observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful power in the soul of producing her own company on these occasions. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actor, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus; “That all men whilst they are awake are in one common world; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a world of his own.” The waking man is conversant in the world of nature: when he sleeps

sleeps, he retires to a private world that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul which I have seen quoted out of Tertulian; namely, its power of divining in dreams. That several such divinations have been made, none can question who believes the holy writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night, proceed from any latent power in the soul during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned: The matter of fact is I think incontestible, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have never been suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

I do not suppose that the soul in these instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the body: It is sufficient if she is not so far sunk and immersed in matter, nor entangled and perplexed in her operations with such motions of blood and spirits, as when she actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is slackened enough to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring which is broke and weakened when she operates more in concert with the body.

The speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, they are at least strong intimations, not only of the excellency of a human soul, but of its independence on the body; and if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great points, which are established by many other reasons which are altogether unanswerable.

---

Friday, September 19, 1712\*.

---

*Quanti empta? Parvo. Quanti ergo? Octo assibus. Eheu!*  
 HOR. Sat. 3. l. ii. ver. 156.

What doth it cost? Not much upon my word.  
 How much pray? Why, twopence. Towpence!  
 O Lord! CREECH.

I Find by several letters which I receive daily, that many of my readers would be better pleased to pay three-halfpence for my Paper than twopence. The ingenious T. W. tells me, that I have deprived him of the best part of his breakfast; for that since the rise of my Paper, he is forced every morning to drink his dish of coffee by itself, without the addition of the Spectator, that used to be better than lace to it. Eugenius informs me very obligingly, that he never thought he should have disliked any passage in my Paper; but that of late there have been two words in every one of them which he could heartily wish left out, viz. *Price twopence*. I have a letter from a sope-boiler, who condoles with me very affectionately upon the necessity we both lie under of setting a higher price on our commodities since the late tax has been laid upon them, and desiring me, when I write next on that subject, to speak a word or two upon the present duties of castile sope. But there is none of these my correspondents who writes with a greater turn of good sense and elegance of expression than the generous Philomedes, who advises me to value every Spectator at sixpence, and promises that he himself will engage for above an hundred of his acquaintance who will take it in at that price.

\* No. 488.

Letters

Letters from the female world are likewise come to me in great quantities upon the same occasion; and as I naturally bear a great deference to this part of our species, I am very glad to find that those who approve my conduct in this particular are much more numerous than those who condemn it. A large family of daughters have drawn me up a very handsome remonstrance, in which they set forth that their father having refused to take in the Spectator since the additional price was set upon it, they offered him unanimously to bate him the article of bread and butter in the tea-table account, provided the Spectator might be served up to them every morning as usual. Upon this the old gentleman, being pleased it seems with their desire of improving themselves, has granted them the continuance both of their Spectator and their bread and butter; having given particular orders that the tea-table shall be set forth every morning with its customary bill of fare, and without any manner of defalcation. I thought myself obliged to mention this particular, as it does honour to this worthy gentleman: and if the young lady Lætitia, who sent me this account, will acquaint me with his name, I will insert it at length in one of my Papers if he desires it.

I should be very glad to find out any expedient that might alleviate the expence which this my Paper brings to any of my readers: and in order to it must propose two points to their consideration. First, that if they retrench any the smallest particular in their ordinary expence, it will easily make up the half-penny a day which we have now under consideration. Let a lady sacrifice but a single ribbon to her morning studies, and it will be sufficient: let a family burn but a candle a night less than their usual number, and they may take in the Spectator without detriment to their private affairs.

In the next place, if my readers will not go to the price of buying my papers by retail, let them have patience and they may buy them in lump, without

out the burthen of a tax upon them. My speculations, when they are sold single, like cherries upon the stick, are delights for the rich and wealthy: after some time they come to market in greater quantities, and are every ordinary man's money. The truth of it is, they have a certain flavour at their first appearance, from several accidental circumstances of time, place, and person, which they may lose if they are not taken early; but in this case every reader is to consider, whether it is not better for him to be half a year behind hand with the fashionable and polite part of the world, than to strain himself beyond his circumstances. My bookseller has now about ten thousand of the third and fourth volumes; which he is ready to publish, having already disposed of as large an edition both of the first and second volume. As he is a person whose head is very well turned to his business, he thinks they would be a very proper present to be made to persons at christenings, marriages, visiting days, and the like joyful solemnities, as several other books are frequently given at funerals. He has printed them in such a little portable volume, that many of them may be ranged together upon a single plate; and is of opinion, that a salver of Spectators would be as acceptable an entertainment to the ladies as a salver of sweetmeats.

I shall conclude this Paper with an epigram lately sent to the writer of the Spectator, after having returned my thanks to the ingenious author of it.

“ SIR,

“ **H**AVING heard the following epigram very  
 “ much commended, I wonder that it has  
 “ not yet had a place in any of your papers; I think  
 “ the suffrage of our poet laureat should not be  
 “ overlooked, which shews the opinion he entertains  
 “ of your Paper. Whether the notion he proceeds  
 “ upon be true or false, I make bold to convey it

“ to

“ to you, not knowing if it has yet come to your  
“ hands.”

ON THE SPECTATOR. BY MR. TATE.

——— *Aliusque et idem*  
*Nasceris* ——

HOR. Carm. Sec. v. 10.

You rise another and the same.

WHEN first the Tatler to a mute was turn'd,  
Great Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd;  
Robb'd of his sprightly beams she wept the night,  
'Till the Spectator rose and blaz'd as bright.  
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,  
And sigh'd, 'till circling day his joys renew'd.

Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,  
Whether a bright successor, or the same.  
So we: but now from this suspense are freed,  
Since all agree, who both with judgment read,  
'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed. }

---

Saturday, September 20, 1712\*.

---

—Βαθυρρεταο μεγα σθενος Ωκεανου.

HOM.

The mighty force of ocean's troubled flood.

SIR,

UPON reading your Essay concerning the pleasures of the imagination, I find among the three sources of those pleasures which you have discovered, that greatness is one. This has suggested

VOL. III.

3 E

\* No. 489.

to me the reason why, of all objects that I have ever seen, there is none which affects my imagination so much as the sea or ocean. I cannot see the heavings of this prodigious bulk of waters, even in a calm, without a very pleasing astonishment; but when it is worked up in a tempest, so that the horizon on every side is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable horror that rises from such a prospect. A troubled ocean, to a man who sails upon it, is, I think, the biggest object that he can see in motion, and consequently gives his imagination one of the highest kinds of pleasure that can arise from greatness. I must confess, it is impossible for me to survey this world of fluid matter without thinking on the hand that first poured it out, and made a proper channel for its reception. Such an object naturally raises in my thoughts the idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his existence as much as a metaphysical demonstration. The imagination prompts the understanding; and, by the greatness of the sensible object, produces in it the idea of a Being who is neither circumscribed by time nor space.

As I have made several voyages upon the sea, I have often been tossed in storms, and on that occasion have frequently reflected on the descriptions of them in ancient poets. I remember Longinus highly recommends one in Homer, because the poet has not amused himself with little fancies upon the occasion, as authors of an inferior genius whom he mentions had done, but because he has gathered together those circumstances which are the most apt to terrify the imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a tempest. It is for the same reason that I prefer the following description of a ship in a storm which the Psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with. "They that go down to the sea in ships,  
 " that do business in great waters: these see the  
 " works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep:  
 " For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind,  
 " which



“ which lifteth up the waters thereof. They mount  
 “ up to the heaven; they go down again to the  
 “ depths; their soul is melted because of trouble.  
 “ They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken  
 “ man, and are at their wit’s end. Then they cry  
 “ unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth  
 “ them out of their distreffes. He maketh the storm  
 “ a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then  
 “ they are glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth  
 “ them unto their desired haven.”

By the way, how much more comfortable as well as rational is this system of the Psalmist than the pagan scheme in Virgil and other poets, where one deity is represented as raising a storm, and another as laying it? Were we only to consider the sublime in this piece of poetry, what can be nobler than the idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raising a tumult among the elements, and recovering them out of their confusion, thus troubling and becalming nature?

Great painters do not only give us landscapes of gardens, groves and meadows; but very often employ their pencils upon sea-pieces. I could wish you would follow their example. If this small sketch may deserve a place among your works, I shall accompany it with a divine ode made by a gentleman upon the conclusion of his travels.

## I.

**H**OW are thy servants blest, O Lord!  
 How sure is their defence!  
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide;  
 Their help, Omnipotence.

## II.

In foreign realms and lands remote,  
 Supported by thy care,  
 Through burning climes I pass’d unhurt,  
 And breath’d in tainted air.

## III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every foil,  
 Made ev'ry region please:  
 The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,  
 And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

## IV.

Think, O my soul! devoutly think,  
 How with affrighted eyes  
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep  
 In all its horrors rise!

## V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,  
 And fear in every heart;  
 When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs  
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

## VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!  
 Thy mercy set me free,  
 Whilst in the confidence of prayer  
 My soul took hold on thee.

## VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung  
 High on the broken wave,  
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
 Nor impotent to save.

## VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,  
 Obedient to thy will;  
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,  
 At thy command was still.

## IX.

## IX.

In midst of dangers, fears and death,  
 Thy goodnels I'll adore,  
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.

## X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
 And death, if death must be my doom,  
 Shall join my soul to thee.

Friday, September 26, 1712\*.

*Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maxime detestabilem,  
 quorum est tandem philosophorum ?*

CICERO.

What kind of philosophy is it to extol melancholy,  
 the most detestable thing in nature ?

**A**BOUT an age ago, it was the fashion in England for every one that would be thought religious to throw as much sanctity as possible into his face, and in particular to abstain from all appearances of mirth and pleasantry, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The saint was of a sorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with spleen and melancholy. A gentleman who was lately a great ornament to the learned world, has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous independent minister, who was head of a college in those times. This gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republic of letters, and just fitted out for the university with a good cargo of Latin and

\* No. 494.

Greek.

Greek. His friends were resolved that he should try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the independent minister whom I have before mentioned was governour. The youth, according to custom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a servant, who was one of that gloomy generation that were then in fashion. He conducted him with great silence and seriousness to a long gallery which was darkened at noon-day, and had only a single candle burning in it. After a short stay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a taper, until at length the head of the college came out to him from an inner room, with half a dozen night-caps upon his head, and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled; but his fears increased, when, instead of being asked what progress he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace. His Latin and Greek stood him in little stead; he was to give an account only of the state of his soul; whether he was of the number of the elect; what was the occasion of his conversion; upon what day of the month and hour of the day it happened; how it was carried on, and when completed. The whole examination was summed up with one short question, namely, "Whether he was prepared for death?" The boy, who had been bred up by honest parents, was frightened out of his wits at the solemnity of the proceeding, and by the last dreadful interrogatory; so that upon making his escape out of this house of mourning, he could never be brought a second time to the examination, as not being able to go through the terrors of it.

Notwithstanding this general form and outside of religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many persons, who, by natural uncheerfulness of heart, mistaken notions of piety, or weakness of understanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way  
of

of life, and give up themselves a prey to grief and melancholy. Superstitious fears and groundless scruples cut them off from the pleasures of conversation, and all those social entertainments which are not only innocent but laudable: as if mirth was made for reprobates, and cheerfulness of heart denied those who are the only persons that have a proper title to it.

Sombrius is one of these sons of sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptismal vow. An innocent jest startles him like blasphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a title of honour, he lifts up his hands and eyes; describe a public ceremony, he shakes his head; shew him a gay equipage, he blesses himself. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and wit profane. He is scandalized at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He sits at a christening or a marriage-feast as at a funeral; sighs at the conclusion of a merry story, and grows devout when the rest of the company grow pleasant. After all, Sombrius is a religious man, and would have behaved himself very properly had he lived when christianity was under a general persecution.

I would by no means presume to tax such characters with hypocrisy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none but he who knows the secrets of men's hearts should pretend to discover in another, where the proofs of it do not amount to a demonstration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent persons who are weighed down by this habitual sorrow of heart, they rather deserve our compassion than our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider whether such a behaviour does not deter men from a religious life, by representing it as an unfociable state, that extinguishes all joy and gladness, darkens the face of nature, and destroys the relish of being itself.

I have

I have in former papers shewn how great a tendency there is to cheerfulness in religion, and how such a frame of mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous person. In short, those who represent religion in so unamiable a light, are like the spies sent by Moses to make a discovery of the Land of Promise, when by their reports they discouraged the people from entering upon it. Those who shew us the joy, the cheerfulness, the good humour, that naturally spring up in this happy state, are like the spies bringing along with them the clusters of grapes and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleasant country which produced them.

An eminent pagan writer has made a discourse to shew that the atheist who denies a God, does himself dishonour than the man who owns his being, but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to human nature. For my own part, says he, I would rather it should be said of me that there was never any such man as Plutarch, than that Plutarch was ill-natured, capricious, or inhumane.

If we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures; but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the Divine Being, and the exercise of virtue, are in their own nature so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul; it banishes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth; but in exchange fills the mind  
with

with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself.

Thursday, October 2, 1712\*.

————— *Nimis unci*  
*Naribus indulges*—————

PERS. Sat. i. 40.

—— You drive the jest too far.

DRYDEN.

**M**Y friend Will Honeycomb has told me for above this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a Spectator, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my works. This morning I received from him the following letter, which, after having rectified some little orthographical mistakes, I shall make a present of to the public.

“ Dear SPEC,

“ **I** WAS about two nights ago in company with  
“ very agreeable young people of both sexes,  
“ where, talking of some of your papers which are  
“ written on conjugal love, there arose a dispute  
“ among us, whether there were not more bad husbands in the world than bad wives. A gentleman, who was advocate for the ladies, took this  
“ occasion to tell us the story of a famous siege in  
“ Germany, which I have since found related in my  
“ historical dictionary after the following manner:  
“ When the emperor Conrade the Third had besieged Guelphus duke of Bavaria in the city of Herberg, the women finding that the town could not  
“ possibly hold out long, petitioned the emperor  
“ Vol. III. 3 F “ that

\* No. 499.

“ that they might depart out of it with so much as  
 “ each of them could carry. The emperor knowing  
 “ they could not convey away many of their effects,  
 “ granted them their petition: when the women, to  
 “ his great surprize, came out of the place with  
 “ every one her husband upon her back. The em-  
 “ peror was so moved at the sight, that he burst into  
 “ tears; and after having very much extolled the  
 “ women for their conjugal affection, gave the men  
 “ to their wives, and received the duke into his  
 “ favour.

“ The ladies did not a little triumph at this story,  
 “ asking us at the same time, whether in our con-  
 “ sciences we believed that the men in any town of  
 “ Great Britain would upon the same offer and at  
 “ the same conjuncture have loaded themselves with  
 “ their wives; or rather, whether they would not  
 “ have been glad of such an opportunity to get rid  
 “ of them? To this my very good friend Tom  
 “ Dapperwit, who took upon him to be the mouth  
 “ of our sex, replied, that they would be very much  
 “ to blame if they would not do the same good of-  
 “ fice for the women, considering that their strength  
 “ would be greater and their burdens lighter. As  
 “ we were amusing ourselves with discourses of this  
 “ nature, in order to pass away the evening, which  
 “ now begins to grow tedious, we fell into that  
 “ laudable and primitive diversion of questions and  
 “ commands. I was no sooner vested with the regal  
 “ authority, but I enjoined all the ladies, under  
 “ pain of my displeasure, to tell the company in-  
 “ geniously, in case they had been in the siege  
 “ above mentioned, and had the same offers made  
 “ them as the good women of that place, what every  
 “ one would have brought off with her, and have  
 “ thought most worth the saving? There were se-  
 “ veral merry answers made to my question, which  
 “ entertained us until bed-time. This filled my  
 “ mind with such a huddle of ideas, that upon my  
 “ going to sleep I fell into the following dream:

“ I saw



“ I saw a town of this island, which shall be name-  
“ less, invested on every side, and the inhabitants of  
“ it so straitened as to cry for quarter. The general  
“ refused any other terms than those granted to the  
“ above mentioned town of Hensberg; namely, that  
“ the married women might come out with what  
“ they could bring along with them. Immediately  
“ the city gates flew open, and a female procession  
“ appeared, multitudes of the sex following one  
“ another in a row, and staggering under their re-  
“ spective burdens. I took my stand upon an emi-  
“ nence in the enemy’s camp, which was appointed  
“ for the general rendezvous of these female carriers,  
“ being very desirous to look into their several lad-  
“ ings. The first of them had a huge sack upon  
“ her shoulders, which she set down with great care.  
“ Upon the opening of it, when I expected to have  
“ seen her husband shot out of it, I found it filled  
“ with china-ware. The next appeared in a more  
“ decent figure, carrying a handsome young fellow  
“ upon her back. I could not forbear commending  
“ the young woman for her conjugal affection, when  
“ to my great surprize I found that she had left the  
“ good man at home, and brought away her gallant.  
“ I saw the third at some distance with a little  
“ withered face peeping over her shoulder, whom I  
“ could not suspect for any but her spouse, until, up-  
“ on her setting him down, I heard her call him dear  
“ pug, and found him to be her favourite monkey.  
“ A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along with  
“ her: and the fifth a Bologna lap dog; for her hus-  
“ band, it seems, being a very burly man, she thought  
“ it would be less trouble for her to bring away lit-  
“ tle Cupid. The next was the wife of a rich usur-  
“ er, loaded with a bag of gold: she told us that her  
“ spouse was very old, and by the course of nature  
“ could not expect to live long; and that to shew  
“ her tender regards for him, she had saved that  
“ which the poor man loved better than his life.  
“ The next came towards us with her son upon her

“ back, who, we were told, was the greatest rake  
 “ in the place, but so much the mother’s darling,  
 “ that she left her husband behind with a large fa-  
 “ mily of hopeful sons and daughters, for the sake  
 “ of this graceless youth.

“ It would be endless to mention the several per-  
 “ sons, with their several loads, that appeared to me  
 “ in this strange vision. All the place about me  
 “ was covered with packs of ribbons, brocades, em-  
 “ broidery, and ten thousand other materials, suffi-  
 “ cient to have furnished a whole street of toy shops.  
 “ One of the women having a husband, who was  
 “ none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon  
 “ her shoulders, at the same time that she carried a  
 “ great bundle of Flanders lace under her arm; but  
 “ finding herself so overloaded that she could not save  
 “ both of them, she dropped the good man, and  
 “ brought away the bundle. In short, I found but  
 “ one husband among this great mountain of bag-  
 “ gage, who was a lively cobbler, that kicked and  
 “ spurred all the while his wife was carrying him  
 “ on; and, as it was said, he had scarce passed a  
 “ day in his life without giving her the discipline of  
 “ the strap.

“ I cannot conclude my letter, dear Spec, with-  
 “ out telling thee one very odd whim in this my  
 “ dream. I saw methought a dozen women em-  
 “ ployed in bringing off one man. I could not guess  
 “ who it should be, until upon his nearer approach  
 “ I discovered thy short phiz. The women all de-  
 “ clared that it was for the sake of thy works and  
 “ not thy person that they brought thee off, and  
 “ that it was on condition that thou shouldst conti-  
 “ nue the Spectator. If thou thinkest this dream  
 “ will make a tolerable one, it is at thy service,  
 “ from,

“ Dear Spec, thine, sleeping or waking,

“ WILL HONEYCOMB.”

The ladies will see by this letter what I have of-  
 ten told them, that Will is one these old fashioned  
 men

men of wit and pleasure of the town, that shews his parts by raillery on marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without success. I cannot however dismiss his letter without observing, that the true story on which it is built does honour to the sex; and that in order to abuse them, the writer is obliged to have recourse to dream and fiction.

Friday, October 3, 1712\*.

*Huc natas adjice septem,  
Et totidem juvenes; Et mox generosque nurusque:  
Querite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam.*

OID. Met. vi. 182.

Seven are my daughters, of a form divine,  
With seven fair sons, an indefective line.  
Go, fools, consider this, and ask the cause,  
From which my pride its strong presumption draws.

CROXAL.

SIR,

“ YOU who are so well acquainted with the story  
“ of Socrates, must have read how, upon his  
“ making a discourse concerning love, he pressed his  
“ point with so much success, that all the bachelors  
“ in his audience took a resolution to marry by the  
“ first opportunity; and that all the married men  
“ immediately took horse and galloped home to their  
“ wives. I am apt to think your discourses, in  
“ which you have drawn so many agreeable pictures  
“ of marriage, have had a very good effect this way  
“ in England. We are obliged to you at least for  
“ having taken off that senseless ridicule which for  
“ many years the wittings of the town have turned  
“ upon their fathers and mothers. For my own  
“ part, I was born in wedlock, and I do not care  
“ No. 500. “ who

“ who knows it: for which reason, among many  
 “ others, I should look upon myself as a most in-  
 “ sufferable coxcomb, did I endeavour to maintain  
 “ that cuckoldom was inseparable from marriage,  
 “ or to make use of husband and wife as terms of  
 “ reproach. Nay, Sir, I will go one step farther,  
 “ and declare to you before the whole world that I  
 “ am a married man; and at the same time I have  
 “ so much assurance as not to be ashamed of what I  
 “ have done.

“ Among the several pleasures that accompany  
 “ this state of life, and which you have described in  
 “ your former papers, there are two you have not  
 “ taken notice of, and which are seldom cast into  
 “ the account by those who write on this subject.  
 “ You must have observed in your speculations on  
 “ human nature, that nothing is more gratifying to  
 “ the mind of man than power or dominion; and  
 “ this I think myself amply possessed of, as I am the  
 “ father of a family. I am perpetually taken up in  
 “ giving out orders, in prescribing duties, in hearing  
 “ parties, in administering justice, and in distributing  
 “ rewards and punishments. To speak in the lan-  
 “ guage of the centurion, I say unto one, go, and he  
 “ goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh; and  
 “ to my servant, do this, and he doth it. In short,  
 “ Sir, I look upon my family as a patriarchal so-  
 “ vereignty, in which I am myself both king and  
 “ priest. All great governments are nothing else  
 “ but clusters of these little private royalties; and  
 “ therefore I consider the masters of families as small  
 “ deputy-governors presiding over the several little  
 “ parcels and divisions of their fellow-subjects. As  
 “ I take great pleasure in the administration of my  
 “ government in particular; so I look upon myself  
 “ not only as a more useful, but as a much greater  
 “ and happier man than any bachelor in England of  
 “ my rank and condition.

“ There is another accidental advantage in mar-  
 “ riage, which has likewise fallen to my share; I  
 “ mean

“ mean the having a multitude of children. These  
“ I cannot but regard as very great blessings. When  
“ I see my little troop before me, I rejoice in the  
“ additions which I have made to my species, to my  
“ country, and to my religion, in having produced  
“ such a number of reasonable creatures, citizens,  
“ and christians. I am pleased to see myself thus  
“ perpetuated; and as there is no production com-  
“ parable to that of a human creature, I am more  
“ proud of having been the occasion of ten such  
“ glorious productions, than if I had built an hundred  
“ pyramids at my own expence, or published as  
“ many volumes of the finest wit and learning. In  
“ what a beautiful light has the holy scripture repre-  
“ sented Abdon, one of the judges of Israel, who  
“ had forty sons and thirty grandsons, that rode on  
“ threescore and ten ass-colts, according to the mag-  
“ nificence of the eastern countries? How must the  
“ heart of the old man rejoice, when he saw such a  
“ beautiful procession of his own descendants, such a  
“ numerous cavalcade of his own raising? For my  
“ own part, I can sit in my parlour with great  
“ content, when I take a review of half a dozen of  
“ my little boys mounting upon hobby-horses, and  
“ of as many little girls tutoring their babies; each  
“ of them endeavouring to excel the rest, and to do  
“ something that may gain my approbation. I can-  
“ not question but he who has blessed me with so  
“ many children, will assist my endeavours in pro-  
“ viding for them. There is one thing I am able to  
“ give each of them, which is a virtuous education.  
“ I think it is Sir Francis Bacon’s observation, that  
“ in a numerous family of children, the eldest is oft-  
“ en spoiled by the prospect of an estate, and the  
“ youngest by being the darling of their parents;  
“ but that some one or other in the middle, who has  
“ not perhaps been regarded, has made his way into  
“ the world and overtopped the rest. It is my busi-  
“ ness to implant in every one of my children the  
“ same seeds of industry, and the same honest prin-  
“ ciples.

“ ciples. By this means I think I have a fair chance  
 “ that one or other of them may grow considerable  
 “ in some or other way of life, whether it be in the  
 “ army or in the fleet, in trade or in any of the three  
 “ learned professions; for you must know, Sir, that  
 “ from long experience and observation, I am per-  
 “ suaded of what seems a paradox to most of those  
 “ with whom I converse; namely, that a man who  
 “ has many children, and gives them a good educa-  
 “ tion, is more likely to raise a family than he who  
 “ has but one, notwithstanding he leaves him his  
 “ whole estate. For this reason, I cannot forbear  
 “ amusing myself with finding out a general, an ad-  
 “ miral, or an alderman of London, a divine, a phy-  
 “ sician, or a lawyer, among my little people, who  
 “ are now perhaps in petticoats; and when I see the  
 “ motherly airs of my little daughters when they  
 “ are playing with their puppets, I cannot but flat-  
 “ ter myself that their husbands and children will be  
 “ happy in the possession of such wives and mo-  
 “ thers.

“ If you are a father, you will not perhaps think  
 “ this letter impertinent: but if you are a single  
 “ man, you will not know the meaning of it, and  
 “ probably throw it into the fire. Whatever you  
 “ determine of it, you may assure yourself that it  
 “ comes from one who is

“ Your most humble servant

“ and well-wisher,

“ PHILOGAMUS.”

---

Thursday, October 9, 1712\*.

---

*Non habeo denique nauci Marsum augurem,  
 Non vicanos aruspices, non de circo astrologos,  
 Non isiacos conjectores, non interpretes somnium:  
 Non enim sunt ii, aut scientia, aut arte divini,  
 Sed superstitionis vates, impudentesque harioli,  
 Aut inertes, aut insani, aut quibus egestas imperat:  
 Qui sui questus causa fictas suscitant sententias;  
 Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam:  
 Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt:  
 De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cetera.*

ENNIUS.

Augurs and soothsayers, astrologers,  
 Diviners and interpreters of dreams  
 I ne'er consult, and heartily despise.  
 Vain their pretence to more than human skill:  
 For gain, imaginary schemes they draw;  
 Wand'ers themselves, they guide another's steps,  
 And for poor sixpence promise countless wealth.  
 Let them, if they expect to be believed,  
 Deduct the sixpence, and bestow the rest.

**T**HOSE who have maintained that men would be more miserable than beasts were their hopes confined to this life only, among other considerations take notice that the latter are only afflicted with the anguish of the present evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the reflection on what is past, and the fear of what is to come. This fear of any future difficulties or misfortunes is so natural to the mind, that were a man's sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehension

hension of such evils as never happened to him, than from those evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among those evils which befall us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the prospect than by their actual pressure.

This natural impatience to look into futurity, and know what accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and inventions. Some found their prescience on the lines of a man's hand, others on the features of his face; some on the signatures which nature has impressed on his body, and others on his own hand-writing. Some read men's fortunes in the stars; as others have searched after them in the entrails of beasts, or the flight of birds. Men of the best sense have been touched more or less with these groundless horrors and presages of futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent works of nature. Can any thing be more surprising than to consider Cicero, who made the greatest figure at the bar and in the senate of the Roman commonwealth, and at the same time outshined all the philosophers of antiquity in his library and in his retirements, as busying himself in the college of augurs, and observing with a religious attention after what manner the chickens pecked the several grains of corn which were thrown to them?

Notwithstanding these follies are pretty well worn out of the minds of the wise and learned in the present age, multitudes of weak and ignorant persons are still slaves to them. There are numberless arts of prediction among the vulgar which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite observation of days, numbers, voices, and figures, which are regarded by them as portents and prodigies. In short, every thing prophecies to the superstitious man: there is scarce a straw or a rusty piece of iron that lies in his way by accident.

It is not to be conceived how many wizards, gypsies and cunning men are dispersed through all the countries and market-towns of Great Britain, not to mention



mention the fortune-tellers and astrologers, who live very comfortably upon the curiosity of several well-disposed persons in the cities of London and Westminster.

Among the many pretended arts of divination, there is none which so universally amuses as that by dreams. I have indeed observed in a late speculation, that there have been sometimes, upon very extraordinary occasions, supernatural revelations made to certain persons by *this* means; but as it is the chief business of this paper to root out popular errors, I must endeavour to expose the folly and superstition of those persons who, in the common and ordinary course of life, lay any stress upon things of so uncertain, shadowy and chimerical a nature. This I cannot do more effectually than by the following letter, which is dated from a quarter of the town that has always been the habitation of some prophetic *Philomath*; it having been usual, time out of mind, for all such people as have lost their wits to resort to the place either for their cure or for their instruction.

“ MR. SPECTATOR, Moorfields, Oct. 4. 1712.

“ **H**AVING long considered whether there be  
 “ any trade wanting in this great city, after  
 “ having surveyed very attentively all kinds of ranks  
 “ and professions, I do not find in any quarter of the  
 “ town an Oneiro-critic, or, in plain English, an in-  
 “ terpreter of dreams. For want of so useful a per-  
 “ son, there are several good people who are very  
 “ much puzzled in this particular, and dream a whole  
 “ year together without being ever the wiser for it.  
 “ I hope I am pretty well qualified for this office,  
 “ having studied by candle-light all the rules of art  
 “ which have been laid down upon this subject. My  
 “ great uncle by my wife’s side was a Scotch High-  
 “ lander, and second-fighted. I have four fingers  
 “ and two thumbs upon one hand, and was born on

“ the longest night of the year. My christian and  
“ surname begin and end with the same letters. I  
“ am lodged in Moorfields, in a house that for these  
“ fifty years has always been tenanted by a con-  
“ jurer.

“ If you had been in company, so much as my-  
“ self, with ordinary women of the town, you must  
“ know that there are many of them who every day  
“ in their lives, upon seeing or hearing of any thing  
“ that is unexpected, cry, *My dream is out*; and can-  
“ not go to sleep in quiet the next night, until some-  
“ thing or other has happened which has expounded  
“ the visions of the preceding one. There are others,  
“ who are in very great pain for not being able to  
“ recover the circumstances of a dream that made  
“ strong impressions upon them while it lasted. In  
“ short, Sir, there are many whose waking thoughts  
“ are wholly employed on their sleeping ones. For  
“ the benefit, therefore, of this curious and inquisitive  
“ part of my fellow-subjects, I shall, in the first place,  
“ tell those persons what they dreamed of, who fancy  
“ they never dream at all. In the next place, I shall  
“ make out any dream upon hearing a single cir-  
“ cumstance of it: And, in the last place, shall ex-  
“ pound to them the good or bad fortune which such  
“ dreams portend. If they do not presage good  
“ luck, I shall desire nothing for my pains; not  
“ questioning at the same time that those who con-  
“ sult me will be so reasonable as to afford me a mo-  
“ derate share out of any considerable estate, profit  
“ or emolument which I shall thus discover to them.  
“ I interpret to the poor for nothing, on condition  
“ that their names may be inserted in public adver-  
“ tisements, to attest the truth of such my interpret-  
“ ations. As for people of quality, or others who  
“ are indisposed, and do not care to come in person,  
“ I can interpret their dreams by seeing their water.  
“ I set aside one day in the week for lovers; and  
“ interpret by the great for any gentlewoman who  
“ is turned of sixty, after the rate of half-a-crown

“ per

“ *per week, with the usual allowances for good luck.*  
 “ I have several rooms and apartments fitted up at  
 “ reasonable rates for such as have not convenien-  
 “ cies for dreaming at their own houses.

“ TITUS TROPHONIUS.”

“ N. B. I am not dumb.”

Saturday, October 11, 1712\*.

*Defendit numerus, junctaque umbone phalanges.*

JUV. Sat. ii. 46.

Preserv'd from shame by numbers on our side.

THERE is something very sublime, though very fanciful, in Plato's description of the Supreme Being; That “ truth is his body, and light “ his shadow.” According to this definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his nature as error and falsehood. The Platonists have so just a notion of the Almighty's aversion to every thing which is false and erroneous, that they looked upon truth as no less necessary than virtue to qualify a human soul for the enjoyment of a separate state. For this reason, as they recommended moral duties to qualify and season the soul for a future life, so they prescribed several contemplations and sciences to rectify the understanding. Thus Plato has called mathematical demonstrations the cathartics or purgatives of the soul, as being the most proper means to cleanse it from error and to give it a relish of truth, which is the natural food and nourishment of the understanding, as virtue is the perfection and happiness of the will.

There are many authors who have shewn wherein the malignity of a *lie* consists, and set forth in proper colours the heinousness of the offence. I shall

\* No. 507.

here

here consider one particular kind of this crime which has not been so much spoken to; I mean that abominable practice of *party lying*. This vice is so very predominant among us at present, that a man is thought of no principles who does not propagate a certain system of lies. The coffeehouses are supported by them; the press is choked with them; eminent authors live upon them. Our bottle conversation is so infected with them, that a party lie is grown as fashionable an entertainment as a lively catch or a merry story. The truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be struck dumb were this fountain of discourse dried up. There is however one advantage resulting from this detestable practice; the very appearances of truth are so little regarded, that lies are at present discharged in the air and begin to hurt nobody. When we hear a party story from a stranger, we consider whether he is a whig or a tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are words of course, in which the honest gentleman designs to recommend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common sense that gives credit to the relations of party writers; nay, his own friends shake their heads at him, and consider him in no other light than an officious tool, or a well-meaning idiot. When it was formerly the fashion to husband a lie, and trump it up in some extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little serviceable to the faction that made use of it; but at present every man is upon his guard: the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I have frequently wondered to see men of probity, who would scorn to utter a falsehood for their own particular advantage, give so readily into a lie when it becomes the voice of their faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are men of honour in their persons thus to become notorious liars in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter,

we may find, I think, three reasons for it, and at the same time discover the insufficiency of these reasons to justify so criminal a practice.

In the first place, men are apt to think that the guilt of a lie, and consequently the punishment, may be very much diminished, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of those who partake in it. Though the weight of a falsehood would be too heavy for one to bear, it grows light in their imaginations when it is shared among many. But in this case a man very much deceives himself: guilt, when it spreads through numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied. Every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not to the number of those who are his companions in it. Both the crime and the penalty lie as heavy upon every individual of the offending multitude, as they would upon any single person, had none shared with him in the offence. In a word, the division of the guilt is like to that of matter; though it may be separated into infinite portions, every portion shall have the whole essence of matter in it, and consist of as many parts as the whole did before it was divided.

But in the second place, though multitudes who join in a lie cannot exempt themselves from the guilt, they may from the shame of it. The scandal of a lie is in a manner lost and annihilated, when diffused among several thousands; as a drop of the blackest tincture wears away and vanishes when mixed and confused in a considerable body of water: the blot is still in it, but is not able to discover itself. This is certainly a very great motive to several party-offenders, who avoid crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their virtue, but to their reputation. It is enough to shew the weakness of this reason, which palliates guilt without removing it; that every man who is influenced by it declares himself in effect an infamous hypocrite, prefers the appearance of virtue to its reality, and is determined in his conduct neither by the dictates of his own conscience, the suggestions

suggestions of true honour, nor the principles of religion.

The third and last great motive for men's joining in a popular falshood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a party lie, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing good to a cause which every party may be supposed to look upon as the most meritorious. The unsoundness of this principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a man must be an utter stranger to the principles either of natural religion or christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a man might promote the supposed good of his country by the blackest calumnies and falshoods, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the christian world. When Pompey was desired not to set sail in a tempest that would hazard his life, "It is necessary for me," says he, "to sail; but it is not necessary for me to live." Every man should say to himself with the same spirit, It is my duty to speak truth, though it is not my duty to be in an office. One of the fathers hath carried this point so high as to declare, "He would not tell a lie though he were sure to gain heaven by it." However extravagant such a protestation may appear, every one will own that a man may say very reasonably, "He would not tell a lie if he were sure to gain hell by it;" or, if you have a mind to soften the expression, that he would not tell a lie to gain any temporal reward, when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain.

---

Thursday, October 16, 1712 \*.

---

*Quis non invenit turba quod amaret in illa?*

OVID. Ars Am. i. 175.

———Who could fail to find,  
In such a croud, a mistress to his mind?

“ Dear SPEC,

“ **F**INDING that my last letter took, I do in-  
 “ tend to continue my epistolary correspondence  
 “ with thee, on those dear confounded creatures,  
 “ women. Thou knowest all the little learning I  
 “ am master of is upon that subject; I never looked  
 “ in a book but for their sakes. I have lately met  
 “ with two pure stories for a Spectator, which I am  
 “ sure will please mightily, if they pass through thy  
 “ hands. The first of them I found by chance in an  
 “ English book called Herodotus, that lay in my  
 “ friend Dapperwit’s window as I visited him one  
 “ morning. It luckily opened in the place where I  
 “ met with the following account. He tells us that  
 “ it was the manner among the Persians to have fe-  
 “ veral fairs in the kingdom, at which all the young  
 “ unmarried women were annually exposed to sale.  
 “ The men who wanted wives came hither to pro-  
 “ vide themselves. Every woman was given to the  
 “ highest bidder, and the money which she fetched  
 “ laid aside for the public use, to be employed as  
 “ thou shalt hear by and by. By this means the  
 “ richest people had the choice of the market, and  
 “ culled out all the most extraordinary beauties. As  
 “ soon as the fair was thus picked, the refuse was to  
 “ be distributed among the poor, and among those  
 “ who could not go to the price of a beauty. Se-  
 “ VOL. III. 3 H “ veral

\* No. 511.

“veral of these married the agreeables without pay-  
 “ing a farthing for them, unless somebody chanced  
 “to think it worth his while to bid for them; in  
 “which case the best bidder was always the pur-  
 “chaser. But now you must know, Spec, it hap-  
 “pened in Persia as it does in our own country,  
 “that there was as many ugly women as beauties  
 “or agreeables; so that by consequence, after the  
 “magistrates had put off a great many, there were  
 “still a great many that stuck upon their hands. In  
 “order therefore to clear the market, the money  
 “which the beauties had sold for, was disposed of  
 “among the ugly; so that a poor man who could  
 “not afford to have a beauty for his wife, was forced  
 “to take up with a fortune; the greatest portion  
 “being always given to the most deformed. To this  
 “the author adds, that every poor man was forced  
 “to live kindly with his wife; or in case he repent-  
 “ed of his bargain, to return her portion with her  
 “to the next public sale.

“What I would recommend to thee on this occa-  
 “sion is, to establish such an imaginary fair in Great  
 “Britain: thou couldst make it very pleasant, by  
 “matching women of quality with cobblers and car-  
 “men, or describing titles and garters leading off in  
 “great ceremony shopkeepers and farmers daugh-  
 “ters. Though, to tell thee the truth, I am con-  
 “foundedly afraid, that as the love of money pre-  
 “vails in our island more than it did in Persia, we  
 “should find that some of our greatest men would  
 “choose out the portions, and rival one another for  
 “the richest piece of deformity; and that, on the  
 “contrary, the toasts and belles would be bought  
 “up by extravagant heirs, gamesters and spendthrifts.  
 “Thou couldst make very pretty reflections upon  
 “this occasion in honour of the Persian politics, who  
 “took care, by such marriages, to beautify the  
 “upper part of the species, and to make the great-  
 “est persons in the government the most graceful.  
 “But this I shall leave to thy judicious pen.

“ I have



“ I have another story to tell thee, which I like-  
“ wise met with in a book. It seems the general of  
“ the Tartars, after having laid siege to a strong  
“ town in China, and taken it by storm, would set  
“ to sale all the women that were found in it. Ac-  
“ cordingly, he put each of them into a sack, and  
“ after having thoroughly considered the value of  
“ the woman who was inclosed, marked the price  
“ that was demanded for her upon the sack. There  
“ was a great confluence of chapmen, that resorted  
“ from every part with a design to purchase, which  
“ they were to do unsight unseen. The book men-  
“ tions a merchant in particular, who observing one  
“ of the sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained  
“ for it, and carried it off with him to his house.  
“ As he was resting with it upon a halfway bridge,  
“ he was resolved to take a survey of his purchase:  
“ upon opening the sack, a little old woman popped  
“ her head out of it: at which the adventurer was  
“ in so great a rage, that he was going to shoot her  
“ out into the river. The old lady, however, begged  
“ him first of all to hear her story; by which he  
“ learned that she was sister to a great Mandarin,  
“ who would infallibly make the fortune of his  
“ brother-in-law as soon as he should know to whose  
“ lot she fell. Upon which the merchant again tied  
“ her up in his sack, and carried her to his house,  
“ where she proved an excellent wife, and procured  
“ him all the riches from her brother that she had  
“ promised him.

“ I fancy, if I was disposed to dream a second  
“ time, I could make a tolerable vision upon this  
“ plan. I would suppose all the unmarried women  
“ in London and Westminster brought to market  
“ in sacks, with their respective prices on each sack.  
“ The first sack that is sold is marked with five  
“ thousand pound. Upon the opening of it, I find  
“ it filled with an admirable housewife, of an agree-  
“ able countenance. The purchaser, upon hearing  
“ her good qualities, pays down her price very cheer-

“ fully. The second I would open, should be a five  
 “ hundred pound sack. The lady in it, to our sur-  
 “ prise, has the face and person of a toast. As we  
 “ are wondering how she came to be set at so low a  
 “ price, we hear that she would have been valued at  
 “ ten thousand pound, but that the public had made  
 “ those abatements for her being a scold. I would  
 “ afterwards find some beautiful modest and discreet  
 “ woman, that should be the top of the market :  
 “ and perhaps discover half-a-dozen romps tied up  
 “ together in the same sack, at one hundred pound  
 “ an head. The prude and the coquette should be  
 “ valued at the same price, though the first should  
 “ go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldst  
 “ like such a vision, had I time to finish it ; be-  
 “ cause, to talk in thy own way, there is a moral in  
 “ it. Whatever thou mayest think of it, prythee do  
 “ not make any of thy queer apologies for this let-  
 “ ter, as thou didst for my last. The women love  
 “ a gay lively fellow, and are never angry at the  
 “ railleries of one who is their known admirer. I  
 “ am always bitter upon them, but well with them.  
 “ Thine,

“ HONEYCOMB.”

---

Friday, October 17, 1712\*.

---

*Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 344

Mixing together profit and delight.

**T**HERE is nothing which we receive with so  
 much reluctance as advice. We look upon  
 the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our  
 understanding, and treating us like children or idiots.  
 We consider the instruction as an implicit censure,

\* No. 512.

and

and the zeal which any one shews for our good on such an occasion as a piece of presumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the person who pretends to advise, does in that particular exercise a superiority over us, and can have no other reason for it but that in comparing us with himself, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our understanding. For these reasons, there is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and indeed all the writers, both ancient and modern, have distinguished themselves among one another according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many advices have been made use of to render this bitter potion palatable? Some convey their instructions to us in the best chosen words, others in the most harmonious numbers; some in points of wit, and others in short proverbs.

But among all the different ways of giving counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is Fable, in whatever shape it appears. If we consider this way of instructing or giving advice, it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to those exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect in the first place, that upon the reading of a fable we are made to believe we advise ourselves. We peruse the author for the sake of the story, and consider the precepts rather as our own conclusions than his instructions. The moral insinuates itself imperceptibly; we are taught by surprise, and become wiser and better unawares. In short, by this method a man is so far over-reached as to think he is directing himself, while he is following the dictates of another; and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most unpleasing circumstance in advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we shall find that the mind is never so much pleased as when she exerts herself in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities.

This

This natural pride and ambition of the soul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable; for in writings of this kind the reader comes in for half of the performance; every thing appears to him like a discovery of his own; he is buied all the while in applying characters and circumstances; and is in this respect both a reader and composer. It is no wonder, therefore, that on such occasions, when the mind is thus pleased with itself, and amused with its own discoveries, that it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occasion of it. For this reason, the "Abfalom and Achitophel" was one of the most popular poems that appeared in English. The poetry is indeed very fine; but had it been much finer, it would not have so much pleased without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient histories we find the wise men of old very often choose to give counsel to their kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty instance of this nature in a Turkish tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The visier to this great sultan (whether an humourist or an enthusiast we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain dervise to understand the language of birds; so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the visier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the emperor, in their return from hunting they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of an heap of rubbish. "I would fain know," says the sultan, "what those two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an  
" account

“account of it.” The vizier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the sultan, “Sir,” says he, “I have heard part of their conversation; but dare not tell you what it is.” The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had said. “You must know then,” said the Vizier, “that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing; Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied, Instead of fifty, I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined villages.”

The story says, the Sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

To fill up my paper, I shall add a most ridiculous piece of natural magic which was taught by no less a philosopher than Democritus; namely, that if the blood of certain birds which he mentioned were mixed together, it would produce a serpent of such a wonderful virtue, that whoever did eat it should be skilled in the language of birds, and understand every thing they said to one another. Whether the Dervise above mentioned might not have eaten such a serpent, I shall leave to the determinations of the learned.

---

Saturday, October 18, 1712\*.

---

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

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 50.

When all the God came rushing on her soul.

DRYDEN.

THE following letter comes to me from that excellent man in holy orders whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that society who assists me in my speculations. It is a thought in sickness, and of a very serious nature; for which reason I give it a place in the paper of this day.

“ SIR,

“ THE indisposition which has long hung upon  
 “ me is at last grown to such a head, that it  
 “ must quickly make an end of me or of itself. You  
 “ may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad state of  
 “ health, there are none of your works which I  
 “ read with greater pleasure than your Saturday’s  
 “ papers. I should be very glad if I could furnish  
 “ you with any hints for that day’s entertainment.  
 “ Were I able to dress up several thoughts of a  
 “ serious nature, which have made great impres-  
 “ sions on my mind during a long fit of sickness,  
 “ they might not be an improper entertainment for  
 “ that occasion.

“ Among all the reflections which usually arise in  
 “ the mind of a sick man, who has time and incli-  
 “ nation to consider his approaching end, there is  
 “ none more natural than that of his going to ap-  
 “ pear naked and unbodied before him who made  
 “ him. When a man considers, that as soon as the

\* No. 513.

“ vital

" vital union is dissolved, he shall see that Supreme  
 " Being whom he now contemplates at a distance,  
 " and only in his works; or, to speak more philo-  
 " sophically, when by some faculty in the soul he  
 " shall apprehend the Divine Being, and be more  
 " sensible of his presence than we are now of the  
 " presence of any object which the eye beholds; a  
 " man must be lost in carelessness and stupidity who  
 " is not alarmed at such a thought. Dr. Sherlock,  
 " in his excellent treatise upon death, has represent-  
 " ed in very strong and lively colours the state of  
 " the soul in its first separation from the body, with  
 " regard to that invisible world which every where  
 " surrounds us, though we are not able to discover  
 " it through this grosser world of matter, which is  
 " accommodated to our senses in this life. His  
 " words are as follow:

" That death, which is our leaving this world, is  
 " nothing else but our putting off these bodies, teaches  
 " us, that it is only our union to these bodies which  
 " intercepts the sight of the other world. The other  
 " world is not at such a distance from us as we may  
 " imagine; the throne of God indeed is at a great  
 " remove from this earth, above the third heavens,  
 " where he displays his glory to those blessed spirits  
 " which encompass his throne: but as soon as we  
 " step out of these bodies, we step into the other  
 " world, which is not so properly another world (for  
 " there is the same heaven and earth still) as a new  
 " state of life. To live in these bodies is to live in  
 " this world; to live out of them is to remove into  
 " the next: for while our souls are confined to these  
 " bodies, and can look only through these material  
 " casements, nothing but what is material can affect  
 " us; nay, nothing but what is so gross that it can  
 " reflect light, and convey those shapes and colours  
 " of things with it to the eye: so that though within  
 " this visible world there be a more glorious scene  
 " of things than what appears to us, we perceive

“ nothing at all of it ; for this veil of flesh parts the  
 “ visible and invisible world : But when we put off  
 “ these bodies there are new and surprising wonders  
 “ present themselves to our views. When these  
 “ material spectacles are taken off, the soul with its  
 “ own naked eyes sees what was invisible before ;  
 “ and then we are in the other world, when we can  
 “ see it and converse with it. Thus St. Paul tells  
 “ us, that ‘ when we are at home in the body, we  
 “ are absent from the Lord ; but when we are ab-  
 “ sent from the body, we are present with the Lord.’  
 “ 2 Cor. v. 6, 8. And methinks this is enough to  
 “ cure us of our fondness for these bodies, unless  
 “ we think it more desirable to be confined to a pri-  
 “ son and to look through a grate all our lives,  
 “ which gives us but a very narrow prospect, and  
 “ that none of the best neither, than to be set at li-  
 “ berty to view all the glories of the world. What  
 “ would we give now for the least glimpse of that  
 “ invisible world, which the first step we take out of  
 “ these bodies will present us with ? There are such  
 “ things ‘ as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nei-  
 “ ther hath it entered into the heart of man to con-  
 “ ceive.’ Death opens our eyes, enlarges our pro-  
 “ spect, presents us with a new and more glorious  
 “ world, which we can never see while we are shut  
 “ up in flesh, which should make us as willing to  
 “ part with this veil as to take the film off our eyes  
 “ which hinders our sight.”

“ As a thinking man cannot but be very much  
 “ affected with the idea of his appearing in the pre-  
 “ sence of that Being whom none can see and live,  
 “ he must be much more affected when he considers  
 “ that this Being whom he appears before, will ex-  
 “ amine all the actions of his past life, and reward  
 “ or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I  
 “ think there is no scheme of religion besides that  
 “ of Christianity which can possibly support the  
 “ most virtuous person under this thought. Let a  
 “ man’s



“ man’s innocence be what it will ; let his virtues  
 “ rise to the highest pitch of perfection attainable in  
 “ this life, there will be still in him so many secret  
 “ sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of  
 “ ignorance, passion and prejudice, so many unguard-  
 “ ed words and thoughts, and in short, so many de-  
 “ fects in his best actions, that, without the advan-  
 “ tages of such an expiation and atonement as Chri-  
 “ stianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he  
 “ should be cleared before his sovereign judge, or  
 “ that he should be able to stand in his sight. Our  
 “ holy religion suggests to us the only means where-  
 “ by our guilt may be taken away, and our imper-  
 “ fect obedience accepted.

“ It is this series of thought that I have endea-  
 “ voured to express in the following hymn, which  
 “ I have composed during this my sickness.

## I.

“ **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,  
 “ O’erwhelm’d with guilt and fear,  
 “ I see my Maker face to face,  
 “ O how shall I appear !

## II.

“ If yet, while pardon may be found,  
 “ And mercy may be sought,  
 “ My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
 “ And trembles at the thought ;

## III.

“ When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos’d  
 “ In Majesty severe,  
 “ And sit in judgment on my soul,  
 “ O how shall I appear !

## IV.

“ But thou hast told the troubled mind,  
 “ Who does her sins lament,  
 “ The timely tribute of her tears  
 “ Shall endless woe prevent.

## V.

“ Then see the sorrows of my heart,  
 “ E'er yet it be too late;  
 “ And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
 “ To give those sorrows weight.

## VI.

“ For never shall my soul despair  
 “ Her pardon to procure,  
 “ Who knows thine only Son has died  
 “ To make her pardon sure.

“ There is a noble hymn in French, which Monsieur Bayle has celebrated for a *very fine one*, and which the famous author of the Art of Speaking calls an *admirable one*, that turns upon a thought of the same nature. If I could have done it justice in English, I would have sent it to you translated: it was written by Monsieur Des Barreaux, who had been one of the greatest wits and libertines in France; but in his last years was as remarkable a penitent.

“ Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité;  
 “ Toujours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice:  
 “ Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté  
 “ Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta justice.  
 “ Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété  
 “ Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice:  
 “ Ton intérêt s'oppose à ma félicité;  
 “ Et ta clemence même attend que je périsse.  
 “ Contenté ton desir, puis qu'il t'est glorieux;  
 “ Offense toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;

“ Tonne

" Tonne, frappe, il est tems ; rens moi guerre pour guerre ;  
 " J' adore en perissant la raison qui t' aigrit.  
 " Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,  
 " Qui ne soi tout couvert du sang de JESUS CHRIST.

" If these thoughts may be serviceable to you, I  
 " desire you would place them in a proper light, and  
 " am ever, with great sincerity,

" SIR,

" Yours, &c."

---

Thursday, October 23, 1712\*.

---

*Heu pietas ! heu prisca fides !* —————

VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 878.

Mirroure of ancient faith !

Undaunted worth ! Inviolable truth !

DRYDEN.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-fessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have

\* No. 517.

likewise

likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

“ Honoured Sir,  
 “ **K**NOWING that you was my old master's  
 “ good friend, I could not forbear sending  
 “ you the melancholy news of his death, which has  
 “ afflicted the whole country as well as his poor ser-  
 “ vants, who loved him, I may say, better than we  
 “ did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death  
 “ the last county-fessions, where he would go to see  
 “ justice done to a poor widow woman and her fa-  
 “ therless children, that had been wronged by a  
 “ neighbouring gentleman; for you know, Sir, my  
 “ good master was always the poor man's friend.  
 “ Upon his coming home, the first complaint he  
 “ made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach,  
 “ not being able to touch a furloin which was served  
 “ up according to custom; and you know he used  
 “ to take great delight in it. From that time for-  
 “ ward he grew worse and worse; but still kept a  
 “ good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in  
 “ great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message  
 “ that was sent him from the widow lady whom he  
 “ had made love to the forty last years of his life;  
 “ but this only proved a lightening before death.  
 “ He has bequathed to this lady, as a token of his  
 “ love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of sil-  
 “ ver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to  
 “ my good old lady his mother. He has bequeath-  
 “ ed the fine white gelding that he used to ride a-  
 “ hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought  
 “ he would be kind to him; and has left you all his  
 “ books. He has moreover bequeathed to the  
 “ chaplain a very pretty tenement, with good lands  
 “ about

“ about it. It being a very cold day when he made  
“ his will, he left for mourning, to every man in  
“ the parish a great frize coat, and to every woman  
“ a black riding hood. It was a moving sight to see  
“ him take leave of his poor servants, commending  
“ us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to  
“ speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are  
“ grown grey-headed in our dear master’s service,  
“ he has left us pensions and legacies, which we  
“ may live very comfortably upon the remaining  
“ part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal  
“ more in charity, which is not yet come to my  
“ knowledge; and it is peremptorily said in the pa-  
“ rish that he has left money to build a steeple to  
“ the church; for he was heard to say some time  
“ ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverly  
“ church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain  
“ tells every body he made a very good end, and  
“ never speaks of him without tears. He was bu-  
“ ried according to his own directions, among the  
“ family of the Coverlies, on the left hand of his  
“ father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six  
“ of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the  
“ *quorum*. The whole parish followed the corpse  
“ with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits;  
“ the men in frize, and the women in riding hoods.  
“ Captain Sentry, my master’s nephew, has taken  
“ possession of the Hall-house and the whole estate.  
“ When my old master saw him a little before his  
“ death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him  
“ joy of the estate which was falling to him, desir-  
“ ing him only to make a good use of it, and to pay  
“ the several legacies and the gifts of charity, which  
“ he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the  
“ estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man,  
“ though he says but little. He makes much of  
“ those whom my master loved, and shews great  
“ kindness to the old house-dog that you know my  
“ poor master was so fond of. It would have gone  
“ to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb  
“ creature

“ creature made on the day of my master’s death.  
 “ He has never joyed himself since; no more has  
 “ any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the  
 “ poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire.  
 “ This is all from, honoured Sir,  
 “ Your most sorrowful servant,  
 “ EDWARD BISCUIT.”

“ P. S. My master desired, some weeks before he  
 “ died, that a book, which comes up to you by the  
 “ carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport  
 “ in his name.”

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler’s manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the act of uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger’s own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man’s writing burst into tears, and put the book in his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me, that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

INDEX TO VOL. III.

A.

	Page.
ARTILLERY, invention of, to whom ascribed,	46
Authors, for what most to be admired, -	179
Atheism, an enemy to cheerfulness, -	196
Ann Boleyn's last letter to King Henry VIII,	220
Admiration, a pleasing motion of the mind, -	250
Art, works of, defective in entertaining the imagination, - - -	250
Architecture, the ancients perfection in it, -	260
Americans used painting instead of writing, -	265
Almighty, his power over the imagination, -	282
Allusions, the great art of a writer, -	286
Amazons, their commonwealth, -	298
———— their wars, &c. - - -	293
Appearances not to be always trusted to, -	353
Advice usually received with reluctance	428

B.

Beau's head dissected, - - -	113
Bills of mortality, their use, - -	125
Boccalini's fable of the Grasshoppers, -	182
Bar oratory, reflections on it, - -	237
Bacon, Sir Francis, his prescription -	245
———— what he says upon taste,	320
Beauty of objects, what understood by it, &c.	245
Birds, how affected by colours, -	248
Babel, tower of, - - -	260
Business, men of, their error in similitude,	287
———— men of learning fittest for it,	364

	Page.
Bayle, Mr. what he says on libels, -	327
Blast, Lady, her character - -	338
Belvidera, a critic on a song upon her, -	366
Bamboo, Benjamin, how he is to treat his wife,	386
Biton and Clitobus, their story, - -	393

## C.

Coverley, Sir Roger de, returns to town,	105
-----his generosity to his widow,	137
-----his reflections in Westminster abbey,	164
-----goes with the spectator and Capt. Sentry to a play, called the Distressed Mother,	167
-----his observations in his passage to Spring Garden,	202
-----in what manner affronted,	204
-----his death and legacies,	437
Coquette's heart dissected, - -	116
Cat-call, a dissertation on, - -	182
Cesar's Commentaries, a new edition, an honour to the English press, - -	188
Cheerfulness preferable to mirth, - -	197
-----its advantages, - -	205
Church work slow, - -	203
Court and city, their peculiar ways of life and conversation, - -	237
Conversation, an improvement of taste in letters,	237
Colours, the eye takes most delight in them,	245
-----speak all languages, - -	265
Concave and convex figures in architecture have the greatest air, - -	263
Country life, why the poets in love with it,	256
Chinefe laugh at our gardens, and why,	258



Cartesian, how he would account for the ideas formed by the fancy from a single circum- stance of the memory, - - -	270
Commonwealth of Amazons, - - -	289
Curiosity, absurd instance of it, - - -	303
Comedy, English, vicious, - - -	313
Custom second nature, - - -	319
Calumny, its ill effects, - - -	323
Chremylus, his character, - - -	356
Coffeehouse debates seldom methodical -	375
Cotqueans described, - - -	387
Calamities not to be distinguished from blessings,	389
Children a blessing, - - -	413
Cicero, his superstition, - - -	418

## D.

Deaths, the, of eminent persons instructive,	126
Death, benefit of it, - - -	175
Drama, its first original a religious worship	233
Devotion, the noblest buildings owing to it,	261
Descriptions, short, of statuary and painting, &c,	265
----- what pleases in them, -	271
Dangers, past, why the reflection of them pleases,	277
Distracted persons, the sight of, very mortifying,	288
Dress, the ladies, extravagance in it, &c.	297
Dogget, how cuckolded on the stage, -	317
Defamatory papers a scandal to government,	323
Diana's sacrifices condemned, - - -	334
Drinking, its effects on modesty, - - -	340
Dream of golden scales, - - -	349
Dry, Will, a man of clear head, - - -	377
Dreams, dissertation on, - - -	393
----- folly to rely on them, -	417
Dapperwit, Tom, his opinion of matrimony,	387
Diagoras the Atheist, his behaviour to the Athe- nians in a storm, - - -	392

## E.

Elizabeth, Queen, her medal, on the defeat of the Spanish Armada, - - -	132
Eating, drinking, and sleeping, among the ge- nerality of people, the three important ar- ticles of life, - - -	156
St. Evremond, the singularity of his remarks,	176
Epietetus, his rule for a person's behaviour un- der detraction, - - -	180
Earth, why covered with green rather than any other colour, - - -	206
English nation generally inclined to melancholy,	208
----- naturally modest,	234 & 297
Enmity, the effects of it, - - -	224
Euphrates river contained in one basin,	260
Emblematical persons, - - -	278
Ether fields, of the pleasure of surveying them,	283
Essay on the pleasures of the imagination,	242 to 289
Equestrian ladies, who, - - -	297
Editors of the classics, their faults, - - -	365
Essays, wherein differing from methodical dis- courses, - - -	375

## F.

Fable of a drop of water, - - -	103
Fortune to be controlled by nothing but infinite wisdom, - - -	101
----- stealers, who, - - -	148
----- hunters, who, - - -	151
Faults, secret, how to find them out, - - -	224
----- covered by friends, - - -	ib.
Fancy, all its images enter by the sight, - - -	242
Feeling not so perfect a sense as sight, - - -	ib.
Final causes lie bare and open, &c. - - -	251
Frears, Monsieur, his remarks on the ancient and modern architecture, - - -	262
Fairy writing, &c. - - -	278

I N D E X.

445

	Page.
Fiction pleases the imagination, - - -	279
French, their levity, - - -	300
——addicted to grimace, - - -	385
Fame, palace of, described, - - -	300
Faith, the benefit of it, - - -	344
——the means of confirming it, - - -	357
Fear, passion of, - - -	369
Fairs for buying and selling women, &c.	425
Fables, their use, &c. - - -	429

G.

Government, what form of it the most reasonable, - - -	120
God, the being of one the greatest of certainties, - - -	197
Green, why called in poetry the cheerful colour, - - -	207
Gesture, good, in oratory, - - -	234
Greatness of objects, what, &c. 245 &	250
Gardening, errors in it, &c. - - -	255
Georgics, Virgil's, their beauty - - -	273
Ghosts, dissertation on, &c. - - -	279
Grandeur and minuteness, the extremes pleasing to the fancy, - - -	283
Grace at meals used by Pagans, - - -	342
Garden, its delights, &c. - - -	378
Gladness of heart moderated and restrained, but not banished by virtue, - - -	408

H.

Hypocrisy, the various kinds of it, - - -	223
——to be preferred to open impiety, - - -	343
Hebrew idioms run into English, - - -	232
Health, what conduces to it, - - -	245
Homer's descriptions charm more than Aristotle's reasonings, - - -	245
——compared with Virgil, - - -	272

	Page,
Horace takes fire at every hint of the Iliad and Odyfley, - - - -	273
Historian, his moft agreeable talent, -	420
Hymn on Providence, - - - -	310
----- on gratitude, - - - -	453
----- on the glories of the heavens, -	361
Hefiod's faying of a virtuous life, -	521
Heaven and hell, the notion of, agreeable to the light of nature, - - - -	447
Hufh, Peter, his character, - - - -	338
Heavens, verfes on the glory of them, -	361
Hope, paffion of, treated, - - - -	368
Honeycomb, Will, refolved not to marry without the confent of his friends, -	373
----- makes application to rich widows, -	151
Heraclitus, a remarkable faying of his, -	396

## I.

Journal of a deceafed citizen, - - - -	134
Idle and innocent, few know how to be fo, -	144
Imagination, pleasures of, &c. - - - -	242 to 281
Imagining, the art of it, - - - -	286
Infirmary for good humour, - - - -	305
Impudence miftaken for wit, - - - -	311
Idiot, the ftory of one, - - - -	319
Invention the moft painful action of the mind, -	394
Independent minifter, behaviour of one, &c. -	405

## K.

Knowledge, its main fources, - - - -	123
----- of one's felf rules for it, - - - -	224

## L.

Liberty of the people, when beft preferved, -	121
Life, we are in this life only paffengers, -	128
----- three important articles of it, - - - -	156

I N D E X,

	Page.
Love the mother of poetry, - - -	447
— its capriciousness, - - -	194
Letter from Queen Ann of Boleyn to Henry 8th, - - - - -	372
London, the differences of the manners and po- litics of one part from the other, -	320
Languages, European, cold to the Oriental,	227
Light and colours only ideas in the mind,	232
Landkip, a pretty one, - - -	253
Livy, wherein he excels all other historians,	255
Leaf, green, swarms of insects on it, -	282
Latymer the martyr, his behaviour, -	283
Learning, men of, who take to business, best fit- ted for it, - - - - -	358
London, Mr. the gardener, an heroic poet,	364
Laughter, the distinguishing faculty of man,	380
Lying, the malignity of it, - - -	408
	421

M.

Merit, no judgment to be formed of it by success,	130
Milton's Paradise Lost, criticism on, - I to	105
— his vast genius, - - -	273
More, Sir Thomas, his gaiety at his death,	177
Muly Moloch, his intrepidity at death,	178
Monuments raised by envy the most glorious,	181
Mortality, the lover's bill of, - - -	195
Music, church, of the improvement of it,	233
Monsters, novelty bestows charms on them,	247
— incapable of propagation, -	252
— what is pleasing in the sight of them,	276
Mimicry, art of, why we delight in it,	267
Memory, how improved by the ideas of the ima- gination, - - - - -	273
Metamorphoses, Ovid's, like enchanted ground,	ib.
Matter, the least particle of, contains an inex- hausted fund, - - - - -	283
Metaphor, when noble, casts a glory around it,	286
Minister, a watchful one described, -	301

	Page
Man, what he is in himself, -	308
— by what distinguished from other animals,	408
— suffers more imaginary than real evils,	417
Martial, an epigram of his, - -	316
Modesty, false, the danger of it, &c. -	341
Morality, the benefits of it, - -	344
—strengthens faith, - -	357
Method, the want of it, in whom supportable,	375
Misfortunes, our judgments upon them reprov- ed, - - -	389
Marriage preferable to a single state, -	413
Moorfields, by whom resorted to, -	419

## N.

Nightingale, its music highly delightful to a man in love, - - -	204
Nicolini, his perfection in music, -	231
New and uncommon objects, why and how they affect the imagination, -	242 to 265
Names of authors to be put to their works, the hardship of it, - - -	324
News, how the English thirst for them,	328
— project for a supply of it, &c. -	337
Nemesis, a great discoverer of judgments,	390

## O.

Ovid, in what he excels, - -	273
— his description of the palace of fame,	300

## P.

Power, despotic, an argument against it,	121
Prudence, its influence on our fortune, -	129
Pin money condemned, - -	104
Petticoat politicians, - - -	143
Petronius and Socrates, discourse on, -	176
Praise, why not freely conferred on men till dead, - - -	<i>ib.</i>

	Page.
Printing encouraged, - - -	188
Prayers, set forms necessary, - -	211
Philosophy, natural, its use, - -	217
----- new, gratifies the imagination,	283
Pfalmist against hypocrisy, - -	226
----- on Providence, - -	310
Pity is love softened by sorrow, - -	219
----- and terror, leading passions in poetry,	275
Party not to be followed with innocence,	225
Politics of the coffeehouses, - -	227
Prospect, beautiful, delights the soul,	242
----- also of rivers and falls of water,	245
Polite imaginations give pleasures incapable to be tasted by the vulgar, - -	244
Pantheon at Rome, how it strikes the imagina- tion at the first entrance, - -	262
Phidias, his proposal of a prodigious statue to Alexander, - - - -	<i>ib.</i>
Pyramids of Egypt, - - - -	262
Picture not so natural a representation as statu- ary, - - - -	265
----- what pleases most in one, - -	275
Paradise Lost, its fine images, - -	273
Poets, the pains they should take to form the imagination, - - - -	272
----- should mend nature, &c. - - -	275
Passions in all men, - - - -	<i>ib.</i>
----- hope and fear, - - - -	368
Precipice, distant, why its prospect pleases,	276
Poetry has the whole circle of nature for its province, - - - -	280
Planets, the survey of, fills us with astonish- ment, - - - -	283
Poems preserved for their similés, - -	287
Pythagoras, his precepts, - -	321
Pamphlets, defamatory, detestable, - -	328
Persecution immoral, - - - -	347
Places of trust, who most fit for them, - -	364
Puzzle, Tom, an immethodical disputant,	377

	Page.
Plutarch, for what reproved by the Spectator,	390
Prediction, the art of it among the vulgar,	418
Plato, his description of the Supreme Being,	421

## R.

Richlieu, Cardinal, his politics made France the terror of Europe, - - -	144
Rainbow, its beauty, - - -	264
Riding dress of ladies, extravagance of,	297
Ridicule put to a good use, - - -	314
Religion considered, - - -	344
——— a morose behaviour in it reproved,	465
Rich men, their defects overlooked, -	354

## S.

Slavery, what kind of government the most re- moved from it, - - -	123
Spectator sometimes taken for a parish sexton,	125
Sherlock, Dr., why his discourse on death is so much perused, - - -	127
——— improved the notion of heaven and hell. - - -	323
Spring Garden, a kind of Mahometan paradise,	209
——— the pleasantest season of the year,	216
Stoics discarded all passions, - - -	219
Sallust, his excellence, - - -	239
Sight the most perfect sense, - - -	242
Symmetry of objects, how it strikes, -	243
Sun rise and sun set, the most glorious sight in nature, - - -	246
Soul, its happiness the contemplation of God,	252
——— its excellence, - - -	393
Semiramis, her prodigious works and power,	260
Statuary the most natural representation,	265
Sounds, how improper for description, -	266
Spirits, several species in the world besides us,	280



I N D E X.

451

	Page,
Spencer, his whole creation of shadowy persons, - - - -	281
Shakespeare excels all writers in ghosts, -	<i>ib.</i>
Stars, fixed, how their immensity confounds us,	283
Sexes, advantages of amity between them,	290
Stamps fatal to weekly historians, -	311
Scribblers against the Spectator, why neglected by him, - - - -	312
Satires, the English, ribaldry and Billingsgate,	326
Scandal, how monstrous it renders us, -	<i>ib.</i>
Scales, golden, a dream of, - - -	350
Scots, a saying of theirs, - - -	351
Song, with notes, - - - -	366
Socrates, the effect of his discourse on marriage,	414
Sickness, a thought on it, - - -	432
Sentry, Captain, takes possession of his uncle's estate, - - - -	448

T.

Themistocles, his answer to a question relating to the marrying his daughter, -	130
Trueby, widow, her water, - - -	163
Transmigration of souls asserted by William Honeycomb, - - - -	170
Thoughts, of the highest importance to sift them, - - - -	224
Taste of writing, what, - - - -	237
Trees more beautiful when not cut, -	258
Terror and pity, why those passions please,	275
Torture, why the description pleases, and not the prospect, - - - -	277
Tale bearers censured, - - - -	301
Trimming, the Spectator unjustly accused of it, - - - -	315
Tillotson, Archbishop, improved the notion of heaven and hell, - - - -	323

	Page
Theognis, a beautiful saying of his,	353
Truth, the excellency of it,	421

## V.

Virtues, supposed ones not to be relied on,	125
Venus, the figure she makes in the first Aeneid,	272
Virgil compared with Homer,	273
Universe, how pleasing the contemplation of,	283
Understanding, wherein more perfect than the imagination,	284

## W.

Widows the great game of fortune hunters,	151
World, the, both useful and entertaining,	206
Wig, long one, the eloquence of the bar,	236
Wall, the prodigious one of China,	261
Wit, false, why it pleases,	267
Words, the pleasures proceeding from them,	267
Writer, how to perfect his imagination, &c.	271
Witchcraft generally believed by our forefathers,	288
Women have always designs upon men,	290
Whispering place, Dionysius the tyrant's,	302
Whisperers, political,	337
Wars, the late, made us so greedy of news,	329
Wealthy men, remarks on,	363
Wife, Mr., the heroic poet,	380
Winter Gardens recommended,	381

## Z.

Zeal intemperate, criminal,	223
-----------------------------	-----



