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 surprise,
Behold his shagged breast, his giant size,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd eyes.
Dryden.

It is for the same reason that we are delighted with the 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 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 jasmines, 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 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 expense 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 the choice of the winds, and can turn the course of his rivers in 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.

O.

* 'Suave mare dulci turbantibus æquora ventis,' &c. *Lucr.*

No. 419.] *Tuesday, July* 1, 1712.

PAPER IX.

ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

Contents.—Of that kind of poetry which Mr. Dryden calls 'the fairy way of writing.' How a poet should be qualified for it. The pleasures of the imagination that arise from it. In this respect why the moderns excel the ancients. Why the English excel the moderns. Who the best among the English. Of emblematical persons.

——————Mentis gratissimus error.
Hor. 2. Ep. ii. Lib. 2. 140.

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,' 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.

Sylvis deducti caveant, me judice, fauni,
Ne velut innati 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 to 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 behaviours of foreign countries: how much more must we be delighted and surprised when we are led, as it were, into a new creation, and see the person 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, there are many intellectual beings in the world besides ourselves, and several species of spirits, who are subject to different laws and economies 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 the 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, 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, Shakspeare 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 Spencer, 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, shows 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.

O.

No. 420.] *Wednesday, July* 2, 1712.

PAPER X.

ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

Contents.—What authors please the imagination. Who have nothing to do with fiction. How history pleases the imagination. How the authors of the new philosophy please the imagination. The bounds and defects of the imagination. Whether these defects are essential to the imagination.

——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, an jealousies of great men, 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, so that 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 shows 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 reader becomes a kind of spectator, and feels in himself all the variety of passions which are correspondent to the several parts of the relations.

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 own 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 inexhausted fund of matter, capable of being spun out into another universe.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because I think it may show 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

* Vid. ed. in folio.

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 a few faint efforts, is immediately at a stand, and finds herself 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 dimension 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; insomuch 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.

O.

No. 421.] *Thursday, July* 3, 1712.

PAPER XI.

ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

Contents.—How those please the imagination who treat of subjects abstract from matter, by allusions taken from it. What allusions are most pleasing to the imagination. Great writers, how faulty in this respect. Of the art of imagining in general. The imagination capable of pain as well as pleasure. In what degree the imagination is capable either of pain or pleasure.

> Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre,
> Flumina gaudebat; studio minuente laborem.
> *Ovid. Met.* vi. 294.
>
> He sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
> The pleasure 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 shows 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 passages of an author, it should be always borrowed from what is more known and common than the passages which are to be explained.

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 likeness 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 that 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 composition 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 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 to 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 overrun 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 scenis agitatus Orestes,
Armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris
Cum fugit, ultricesque sedent in limine diræ.
Virg. Æn. 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 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 the whole heaven or hell of any finite being.

[This essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination having been published in separate papers, I shall conclude it with a table of the principal contents of each paper.*]

O.

No. 422.] *Friday, July* 4, 1712.

Hæc scripsi non otii abundantia, sed amoris ergate.
Tull. Epist.

I have written this not out of the abundance of leisure, but of my affection towards you.

I DO not know any thing which gives greater disturbance to conversation, than the false notion which people have of raillery. It ought certainly to be the first point to be aimed at in society, to gain the goodwill of those with whom you converse; the way to that is, to show you are well inclined towards them. What then can be more absurd, than to set up for being extremely sharp and biting, as the term is, in your expressions to your familiars? A man who has no good quality but courage, is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable figure in the world, because that which he has superior to other people cannot be exerted without raising himself an enemy. Your gentleman of a satirical vein is in the like condition. To say a thing which perplexes the heart of him you speak to, or brings blushes into his face, is a degree of murder; and it is, I think, an unpardonable offence to show a man you do not care whether he is pleased or displeased. But won't you then take a jest?—Yes: but pray let it be a jest. It is no jest to put me, who am so unhappy as to have an utter aversion to speaking to more than one man at a time, under a necessity to explain myself in much company, and reducing me to shame and derision, except I perform what my infirmity of silence disables me to do.

Callisthenes had great wit accompanied with that quality without which a man can have no wit at all—a sound judgment. This gentleman rallies the best of any man I know: for he forms his ridicule upon a circumstance which you are in your heart not unwilling to grant him; to wit, that you are guilty of an excess in something which is in itself laudable. He very well understands what you would be, and needs not fear your anger for declaring you are a little too much that thing. The generous will bear being reproached as lavish, and the valiant as rash, without being provoked to resentment against their monitor. What has been said to be a mark of a good writer will fall in with the character of a good companion. The good writer makes his reader better

* These contents are printed all together in the original folio, at the end of No. 421; but are in this edition arranged in their proper places, and placed at the beginnings of the several papers.

pleased with himself, and the agreeable man makes his friends enjoy themselves, rather than him, while he is in their company. Callisthenes does this with inimitable pleasantry. He whispered a friend the other day, so as to be overheard by a young officer, who gave symptoms of cocking upon the company, 'That gentleman has very much the air of a general officer.' The youth immediately put on a composed behaviour, and behaved himself suitably to the conceptions he believed the company had of him. It is to be allowed that Callisthenes will make a man run into impertinent relations to his own advantage, and express the satisfaction he has in his own dear self, till he is very ridiculous: but in this case the man is made a fool by his own consent, and not exposed as such whether he will or no. I take it, therefore, that to make raillery agreeable, a man must either not know he is rallied, or think never the worse of himself if he sees he is.

Acetus is of a quite contrary genius, and is more generally admired than Callisthenes, but not with justice. Acetus has no regard to the modesty or weakness of the person he rallies; but if his quality or humility gives him any superiority to the man he would fall upon, he has no mercy in making the onset. He can be pleased to see his best friends out of countenance, while the laugh is loud in his own applause. His raillery always puts the company into little divisions and separate interests, while that of Callisthenes cements it, and makes every man not only better pleased with himself, but also with all the rest in the conversation.

To rally well, it is absolutely necessary that kindness must run through all you say; and you must ever preserve the character of a friend to support your pretensions to be free with a man. Acetus ought to be banished human society, because he raises his mirth upon giving pain to the person upon whom he is pleasant. Nothing but the malevolence which is too general towards those who excel could make his company tolerated; but they with whom he converses are sure to see some man sacrificed wherever he is admitted; and all the credit he has for wit is owing to the gratification it gives to other men's ill-nature.

Minutius has a wit that conciliates a man's love, at the same time that it is exerted against his faults. He has an art of keeping the person he rallies in countenance, by insinuating that he himself is guilty of the same imperfection. This he does with so much address, that he seems rather to bewail himself, than fall upon his friend.

It is really monstrous to see how unaccountably it prevails among men, to take the liberty of displeasing each other. One would think sometimes that the contention is, who shall be most disagreeable. Allusions to past follies, hints which revive what a man has a mind to forget for ever, and desires that all the rest of the world should, are commonly brought forth even in company of men of distinction. They do not thrust with the skill of fencers, but cut up with the barbarity of butchers. It is, methinks, below the character of men of humanity and good manners to be capable of mirth while there is any of the company in pain and disorder. They who have the true taste of conversation, enjoy themselves in communication of each other's excellencies, and not in a triumph over their imperfections. Fortius would have been reckoned a wit, if there had never been a fool in the world: he wants not foils to be a beauty, but has that natural pleasure in observing perfection in others, that his own faults are overlooked out of gratitude by all his acquaintance.

After these several characters of men who succeed or fail in raillery, it may not be amiss to reflect a little farther what one takes to be the most agreeable kind of it; and that to me appears when the satire is directed against vice, with an air of contempt of the fault, but no ill-will to the criminal. Mr. Congreve's Doris is a masterpiece of this kind. It is the character of a woman utterly abandoned; but her impudence, by the finest piece of raillery, is made only generosity.

'Peculiar therefore is her way,
Whether by nature taught
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought;

'For who o'ernight obtain'd her grace,
She can next day disown,
And stare upon the strange man's face,
As one she ne'er had known.

'So well she can the truth disguise,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or distrusts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

'Some censure this as lewd or low,
Who are to bounty blind;
But to forget what we bestow,
Bespeaks a noble mind.'

T.

No. 423.] *Saturday, July 5, 1712.*

——Nuper idoneus.
Hor. Od. xxvi. Lib. 3. 1.
Once fit myself.

I LOOK upon myself as a kind of guardian to the fair, and am always watchful to observe any thing which concerns their interest. The present paper shall be employed in the service of a very fine young woman; and the admonitions I give her may not be unuseful to the rest of her sex. Gloriana shall be the name of the heroine in to-day's entertainment; and when I have told you that she is rich, witty, young, and beautiful, you will believe she does not want admirers. She has had, since she came to town, about twenty-five of those lovers who

made their addresses by way of jointure and settlement: these come and go with great indifference on both sides; and as beautiful as she is, a line in a deed has had exception enough against it to outweigh the lustre of her eyes, the readiness of her understanding, and the merit of her general character. But among the crowd of such cool adorers, she has two who are very assiduous in their attendance. There is something so extraordinary and artful in their manner of application, that I think it but common justice to alarm her in it. I have done it in the following letter:

'MADAM,—I have for some time taken notice of two young gentlemen who attend you in all public places, both of whom have also easy access to you at your own house. The matter is adjusted between them; and Damon, who so passionately addresses you, has no design upon you; but Strephon, who seems to be indifferent to you, is the man who is, as they have settled it, to have you. The plot was laid over a bottle of wine; and Strephon, when he first thought of you, proposed to Damon to be his rival. The manner of his breaking of it to him, I was so placed at a tavern, that I could not avoid hearing. "Damon," said he, with a deep sigh, "I have long languished for that miracle of beauty, Gloriana; and if you will be very steadfastly my rival, I shall certainly obtain her. Do not," continued he, "be offended at this overture; for I go upon the knowledge of the temper of the woman, rather than any vanity that I should profit by any opposition of your pretensions to those of your humble servant. Gloriana has very good sense, a quick relish of the satisfactions of life, and will not give herself, as the crowd of women do, to the arms of a man to whom she is indifferent. As she is a sensible woman, expressions of rapture and adoration will not move her neither; but he that has her must be the object of her desire, not her pity. The way to this end I take to be, that a man's general conduct should be agreeable, without addressing in particular to the woman he loves. Now, sir, if you will be so kind as to sigh and die for Gloriana, I will carry it with great respect towards her, but seem void of any thoughts as a lover. By this means I shall be in the most amiable light of which I am capable; I shall be received with freedom, you with reserve." Damon who has himself no designs of marriage at all, easily fell into the scheme; and you may observe, that wherever you are, Damon appears also. You see he carries on an unaffected exactness in his dress and manner, and strives always to be the very contrary of Strephon. They have already succeeded so far, that your eyes are ever in search of Strephon, and turn themselves of course from Damon. They meet and compare notes upon your carriage; and the letter which was brought to you the other day was a contrivance to remark your resentment. When you saw the billet subscribed Damon, and turned away with a scornful air, and cried "impertinence!" you gave hopes to him that shuns you, without mortifying him that languishes for you.

'What I am concerned for, madam, is, that in the disposal of your heart, you should know what you are doing, and examine it before it is lost. Strephon contradicts you in discourse with the civility of one who has a value for you, but gives up nothing like one that loves you. This seeming unconcern gives his behaviour the advantage of sincerity, and insensibly obtains your good opinion by appearing disinterested in the purchase of it. If you watch these correspondents hereafter, you will find that Strephon makes his visit of civility immediately after Damon has tired you with one of love. Though you are very discreet, you will find it no easy matter to escape the toils so well laid; as, when one studies to be disagreeable in passion, the other to be pleasing without it. All the turns of your temper are carefully watched, and their quick and faithful intelligence gives your lovers irresistible advantage. You will please, madam, to be upon your guard, and take all the necessary precautions against one who is amiable to you before you know he is enamoured. I am, madam, your most obedient servant.'

Strephon makes great progress in this lady's good graces; for most women being actuated by some little spirit of pride and contradiction, he has the good effects of both those motives by this covert way of courtship. He received a message yesterday from Damon in the following words, superscribed 'With speed.'

'All goes well; she is very angry at me, and I dare say hates me in earnest. It is a good time to visit. Yours.'

The comparison of Strephon's gaiety to Damon's languishment strikes her imagination with a prospect of very agreeable hours with such a man as the former, and abhorrence of the insipid prospect with one like the latter. To know when a lady is displeased with another, is to know the best time of advancing yourself. This method of two persons playing into each other's hand is so dangerous, that I cannot tell how a woman could be able to withstand such a siege. The condition of Gloriana I am afraid is irretrievable; for Strephon has had so many opportunities of pleasing without suspicion, that all which is left for her to do is to bring him, now she is advised, to an explanation of his passion, and beginning again, if she can conquer the kind sentiments she has conceived for him. When one shows himself a creature to be avoided, the other proper to be fled to for succour, they have the whole woman be-

tween them, and can occasionally rebound her love and hatred from one to the other, in such a manner as to keep her at a distance from all the rest of the world, and cast lots for the conquest.

N. B. I have many other secrets which concern the empire of love; but I consider, that, while I alarm my women, I instruct my men. T.

No. 424.] *Monday, July 7, 1712.*

Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.
Hor. Ep. xi. Lib. 1. 30.

'Tis not the place disgust or pleasure brings:
From our own mind our satisfaction springs.

'London, June 24.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—A man who has it in his power to choose his own company, would certainly be much to blame, should he not, to the best of his judgment, take such as are of a temper most suitable to his own; and where that choice is wanting, or where a man is mistaken in his choice, and yet under a necessity of continuing in the same company, it will certainly be his interest to carry himself as easily as possible.

'In this I am sensible I do but repeat what has been said a thousand times, at which however I think nobody has any title to take exception, but they who never failed to put this in practice.—Not to use any longer preface, this being the season of the year in which great numbers of all sorts of people retire from this place of business and pleasure to country solitude, I think it not improper to advise them to take with them as great a stock of good-humour as they can; for though a country life is described as the most pleasant of all others, and though it may in truth be so, yet it is so only to those who know how to enjoy leisure and retirement.

'As for those who cannot live without the constant helps of business or company, let them consider, that in the country there is no Exchange, there are no playhouses, no variety of coffee-houses, nor many of those other amusements which serve here as so many reliefs from the repeated occurrences in their own families; but that there the greatest part of their time must be spent within themselves, and consequently it behoves them to consider how agreeable it will be to them before they leave this dear town.

'I remember, Mr. Spectator, we were very well entertained last year with the advices you gave us from Sir Roger's country-seat; which I the rather mention, because it is almost impossible not to live pleasantly, where the master of the family is such a one as you there describe your friend, who cannot therefore (I mean as to his domestic character,) be too often recommended to the imitation of others. How amiable is that affability and benevolence with which he treats his neighbours, and every one, even the meanest of his own family! and yet how seldom imitated! Instead of which we commonly meet with ill-natured expostulations, noise, and chidings.—And this I hinted, because the humour and disposition of the head is what chiefly influences all the other parts of a family.

'An agreement and kind correspondence between friends and acquaintance is the greatest pleasure of life. This is an undoubted truth; and yet any man who judges from the practice of the world will be almost persuaded to believe the contrary; for how can we suppose people should be so industrious to make themselves uneasy? What can engage them to entertain and foment jealousies of one another upon every or the least occasion? Yet so it is, there are people who (as it should seem) delight in being troublesome and vexatious, who (as Tully speaks) *Mira sunt alacritate ad litigandum*, 'have a certain cheerfulness in wrangling.' And thus it happens, that there are very few families in which there are not feuds and animosities; though it is every one's interest, there more particularly, to avoid them, because there (as I would willingly hope) no one gives another uneasiness without feeling some share of it. But I am gone beyond what I designed, and had almost forgot what I chiefly proposed: which was, barely to tell you how hardly we, who pass most of our time in town, dispense with a long vacation in the country, how uneasy we grow to ourselves, and to one another, when our conversation is confined; insomuch that, by Michaelmas, it is odds but we come to downright squabbling, and make as free with one another to our faces as we do with the rest of the world behind their backs. After I have told you this, I am to desire that you would now and then give us a lesson of good-humour, a family-piece, which, since we are all very fond of you, I hope may have some influence upon us.

'After these plain observations, give me leave to give you a hint of what a set of company of my acquaintance, who are now gone into the country, and have the use of an absent nobleman's seat, have settled among themselves, to avoid the inconveniences above mentioned. They are a collection of ten or twelve of the same good inclination towards each other, but of very different talents and inclinations: from hence they hope that the variety of their tempers will only create variety of pleasures. But as there always will arise, among the same people, either for want of diversity of objects, or the like causes, a certain satiety, which may grow into ill-humour or discontent, there is a large wing of the house which they design to employ in the nature of an infirmary. Whoever says a peevish thing, or acts any thing which betrays a sourness or indisposition to company, is im-

mediately to be conveyed to his chambers in the infirmary; from whence he is not to be relieved, till by his manner of submission, and the sentiments expressed in his petition for that purpose, he appears to the majority of the company to be again fit for society. You are to understand, that all ill-natured words or uneasy gestures are sufficient cause for banishment; speaking impatiently to servants, making a man repeat what he says, or any thing that betrays inattention or dishumour, are also criminal without reprieve. But it is provided, that whoever observes the ill-natured fit coming upon himself, and voluntarily retires, shall be received at his return from the infirmary with the highest marks of esteem. By these and other wholesome methods, it is expected that if they cannot cure one another, yet at least they have taken care that the ill-humour of one shall not be troublesome to the rest of the company. There are many other rules which the society have established for the preservation of their ease and tranquillity, the effects of which, with the incidents that arise among them, shall be communicated to you from time to time, for the public good, by, sir, your most humble servant, R. O.'

T.

No. 425.] *Tuesday, July* 8, 1712.

Frigora mitescunt zephyris; ver proterit æstas
Interitura, simul
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit; et mox
Bruma recurrit iners. *Hor.* Od. vii. Lib. 4. 9.

The cold grows soft with western gales,
The summer over spring prevails,
But yields to autumn's fruitful rain,
As this to winter storms and hails;
Each loss the hasting moon repairs again.
Sir W. Temple.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—There is hardly any thing gives me a more sensible delight than the enjoyment of a cool still evening after the uneasiness of a hot sultry day. Such a one I passed not long ago, which made me rejoice when the hour was come for the sun to set, that I might enjoy the freshness of the evening in my garden, which then affords me the pleasantest hours I pass in the whole four and twenty. I immediately rose from my couch, and went down into it. You descend at first by twelve stone steps into a large square divided into four grass-plots, in each of which is a statue of white marble. This is separated from a large parterre by a low wall; and from thence, through a pair of iron gates, you are led into a long broad walk of the finest turf, set on each side with tall yews, and on either hand bordered by a canal, which on the right divides the walk from a wilderness parted into variety of alleys and arbours, and on the left from a kind of amphitheatre, which is the receptacle of a great number of oranges and myrtles. The moon shone bright, and seemed then most agreeably to supply the place of the sun, obliging me with as much light as was necessary to discover a thousand pleasing objects, and at the same time divested of all power of heat. The reflection of it in the water, the fanning of the wind rustling on the leaves, the singing of the thrush and nightingale, and the coolness of the walks, all conspired to make me lay aside all displeasing thoughts, and brought me into such a tranquillity of mind, as is, I believe, the next happiness to that of hereafter. In this sweet retirement I naturally fell into the repetition of some lines out of a poem of Milton's, which he entitles Il Penseroso, the ideas of which were exquisitely suited to my present wanderings of thought.

"Sweet bird! that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical! most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo to hear thy ev'ning song:
And missing thee I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that hath been led astray,
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

"Then let some strange mysterious dream
Wave with its wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd
Softly on my eyelids laid:
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by spirits to mortals' good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood."

'I reflected then upon the sweet vicissitudes of night and day, on the charming disposition of the seasons, and their return again in a perpetual circle: and oh! said I, that I could from these my declining years return again to my first spring of youth and vigour; but that, alas! is impossible; all that remains within my power is to soften the inconveniences I feel; with an easy contented mind, and the enjoyment of such delights as this solitude affords me. In this thought I sat me down on a bank of flowers, and dropt into a slumber, which, whether it were the effect of fumes and vapours, or my present thoughts, I know not; but methought the genius of the garden stood before me, and introduced into the walk where I lay this drama and different scenes of the revolution of the year, which, whilst I then saw, even in my dream, I resolved to write down, and send to the Spectator.

'The first person whom I saw advancing towards me was a youth of a most beautiful air and shape, though he seemed not yet arrived at that exact proportion and symmetry of parts which a little more time would have given him; but, however, there was such a bloom in his countenance, such satisfaction and joy, that I thought it the most desirable form that I had ever seen. He was clothed in a flowing mantle of green silk, interwoven with flowers; he had a chaplet of roses on his head, and a narcissus in his hand; primroses and violets sprang up under his feet, and all nature was cheered at his approach. Flora was on one hand,

and Vertumnus on the other, in a robe of changeable silk. After this I was surprised to see the moon-beams reflected with a sudden glare from armour, and to see a man completely armed, advancing with his sword drawn. I was soon informed by the genius it was Mars, who had long usurped a place among the attendants of the Spring. He made way for a softer appearance. It was Venus, without any ornament but her own beauties, not so much as her own cestus, with which she had encompassed a globe, which she held in her right hand, and in her left hand she had a sceptre of gold. After her followed the Graces, with arms entwined within one another; their girdles were loosed, and they moved to the sound of soft music, striking the ground alternately with their feet. Then came up the three Months which belong to this season. As March advanced towards me, there was, methought in his look a lowering roughness, which ill-befitted a month which was ranked in so soft a season; but as he came forwards, his features became insensibly more mild and gentle; he smoothed his brow, and looked with so sweet a countenance, that I could not but lament his departure, though he made way for April. He appeared in the greatest gaiety imaginable, and had a thousand pleasures to attend him: his look was frequently clouded, but immediately returned to its first composure, and remained fixed in a smile. Then came May, attended by Cupid, with his bow strung, and in a posture to let fly an arrow: as he passed by, methought I heard a confused noise of soft complaints, gentle ecstacies, and tender sighs of lovers; vows of constancy, and as many complainings of perfidiousness; all which the winds wafted away as soon as they had reached my hearing. After these I saw a man advance in the full prime and vigour of his age; his complexion was sanguine and ruddy, his hair black, and fell down in beautiful ringlets beneath his shoulders; a mantle of hair-coloured silk hung loosely upon him: he advanced with a hasty step after the Spring, and sought out the shade and cool fountains which played in the garden. He was particularly well pleased when a troop of Zephyrs fanned him with their wings. He had two companions, who walked on each side, that made him appear the most agreeable; the one was Aurora with figures of roses, and her feet dewy, attired in gray; the other was Vesper, in a robe of azure beset with drops of gold, whose breath he caught while it passed over a bundle of honeysuckles and tuberoses which he held in his hand. Pan and Ceres followed them with four reapers, who danced a morrice to the sound of oaten-pipes and cymbals. Then came the attendant Months. June retained still some small likeness of the Spring; but the other two seemed to step with a less vigorous tread, especially August, who seemed almost to faint, whilst for half the steps he took, the dog-star levelled his rays full at his head. They passed on, and made way for a person that seemed to bend a little under the weight of years; his beard and hair, which were full grown, were composed of an equal number of black and gray; he wore a robe which he had girt round him, of a yellowish cast, not unlike the colour of fallen leaves, which he walked upon. I thought he hardly made amends for expelling the foregoing scene by the large quantity of fruits which he bore in his hands. Plenty walked by his side with a healthy fresh countenance, pouring out from a horn all the various pro ducts of the year. Pomona followed with a glass of cider in her hand, with Bacchus in a chariot drawn by tigers, accompanied by a whole troop of satyrs, fauns, and sylvans. September, who came next, seemed in his looks to promise a new Spring, and wore the livery of those months. The succeeding month was all soiled with the juice of grapes, as he had just come from the wine-press. November, though he was in this division, yet, by the many stops he made, seemed rather inclined to the Winter which followed close at his heels. He advanced in the shape of an old man in the extremity of age; the hair he had was so very white, it seemed a real snow; his eyes were red and piercing, and his beard hung with great quantity of icicles; he was wrapt up in furs, but yet so pinched with excess of cold, that his limbs were all contracted, and his body bent to the ground, so that he could not have supported himself had it not been for Comus, the god of revels, and Necessity, the mother of Fate, who sustained him on each side. The shape and mantle of Comus was one of the things that most surprised me: as he advanced towards me, his countenance seemed the most desirable I had ever seen. On the fore part of his mantle was pictured joy, delight, and satisfaction, with a thousand emblems of merriment, and jests with faces looking two ways at once; but as he passed from me I was amazed at a shape so little correspondent to his face: his head was bald, and all the rest of his limbs appeared old and deformed. On the hinder part of his mantle was represented Murder* with dishevelled hair and a dagger all bloody, Anger in a robe of scarlet, and Suspicion squinting with both eyes; but above all, the most conspicuous was the battle of Lapithæ and the Centaurs. I detested so hideous a shape, and turned my eyes upon Saturn, who was stealing away behind him, with a scythe in one hand and an hour-glass in the other, unobserved. Behind Necessity was Vesta, the goddess of fire, with a lamp that was perpetually supplied with oil, and whose flame was eternal. She cheered the rugged brow of Necessity, and warmed her so far as al-

* The English are branded, perhaps unjustly, with being addicted to suicide about this time of the year.

most to make her assume the features and likeness of Choice. December, January, and February, passed on after the rest, all in furs: there was little distinction to be made amongst them; and they were only more or less displeasing as they discovered more or less haste towards the grateful return of Spring. Z.

No. 426.] *Wednesday, July* 9, 1712.

——Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames? *Virg. Æn.* iii. 56.

O cursed hunger of pernicious gold?
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold!
Dryden.

A VERY agreeable friend of mine the other day, carrying me in his coach into the country to dinner, fell into a discourse concerning the 'care of parents due to their children,' and the 'piety of children towards their parents.' He was reflecting upon the succession of particular virtues and qualities there might be preserved from one generation to another, if these regards were reciprocally held in veneration: but as he never fails to mix an air of mirth and good-humour with his good sense and reasoning, he entered into the following relation.

'I will not be confident in what century, or under what reign it happened, that this want of mutual confidence and right understanding between father and son was fatal to the family of the Valentines in Germany. Basilius Valentinus was a person who had arrived at the utmost perfection in the hermetic art, and initiated his son Alexandrinus in the same mysteries: but, as you know they are not to be attained but by the painful, the pious, the chaste, and pure of heart, Basilius did not open to him, because of his youth, and the deviations too natural to it, the greatest secrets of which he was master, as well knowing that the operation would fail in the hands of a man so liable to errors in life as Alexandrinus. But believing, from a certain indisposition of mind as well as body, his dissolution was drawing nigh, he called Alexandrinus to him, and as he lay on a couch, over against which his son was seated, and prepared by sending out servants one after another, and admonition to examine that no one overheard them, he revealed the most important of his secrets with the solemnity and language of an adept. "My son," said he, "many have been the watchings, long the lucubrations, constant the labours of thy father, not only to gain a great and plentiful estate to his posterity, but also to take care that he should have no posterity. Be not amazed my child: I do not mean that thou shalt be taken from me, but that I will never leave thee, and consequently cannot be said to have posterity. Behold, my dearest Alexandrinus, the effect of what was propagated in nine months. We are not to contradict nature, but to follow and to help her; just as long as an infant is in the womb of its parent, so long are these medicines of revivification in preparing. Observe this small phial and this little gallipot—in this an ungent, in the other a liquor. In these, my child, are collected such powers, as shall revive the springs of life when they are yet but just ceased, and give new strength, new spirits, and, in a word, wholly restore all the organs and senses of the human body to as great a duration as it had before enjoyed from its birth to the day of the application of these my medicines. But, my beloved son, care must be taken to apply them within ten hours after the breath is out of the body, while yet the clay is warm with its late life, and yet capable of resuscitation. I find my frame grown crazy with perpetual toil and meditation; and I conjure you, as soon as I am dead, anoint me with this ungent; and when you see me begin to move, pour into my lips this inestimable liquor, else the force of the ointment will be ineffectual. By this means you will give me life as I gave you, and we will from that hour mutually lay aside the authority of having bestowed life on each other, live as brethren, and prepare new medicines against such another period of time as will demand another application of the same restoratives." In a few days, after these wonderful ingredients were delivered to Alexandrinus, Basilius departed this life. But such was the pious sorrow of the son at the loss of so excellent a father, and the first transports of grief had so wholly disabled him from all manner of business, that he never thought of the medicines till the time to which his father had limited their efficacy was expired. To tell the truth, Alexandrinus was a man of wit and pleasure, and considered his father had lived out his natural time; his life was long and uniform, suitable to the regularity of it; but that he himself, poor sinner, wanted a new life to repent of a very bad one hitherto; and, in the examination of his heart, resolved to go on as he did with this natural being of his, but repent very faithfully, and spend very piously the life to which he should be restored by application of these rarities, when time should come to his own person.

'It has been observed, that Providence frequently punishes the self-love of men, who would do immoderately for their own offspring, with children very much below their characters and qualifications; insomuch that they only transmit their names to be borne by those who give daily proofs of the vanity of the labour and ambition of their progenitors.

'It happened thus in the family of Basilius; for Alexandrinus began to enjoy his ample fortune in all the extremities of household expense, furniture, and insolent equipage; and this he pursued till the day of his own departure began, as he grew sensible, to approach. As Basilius was

punished with a son very unlike him, Alexandrinus was visited by one of his own disposition. It is natural that ill men should be suspicious; and Alexandrinus, besides that jealousy, had proofs of the vicious disposition of his son Renatus, for that was his name.

'Alexandrinus, as I have observed, having very good reason for thinking it unsafe to trust the real secret of his phial and gallipot to any man living, projected to make sure work, and hope for his success depending from the avarice, not the bounty of his benefactor.

'With this thought he called Renatus to his bed-side, and bespoke him in the most pathetic gesture and accent. "As much, my son, as you have been addicted to vanity and pleasure, as I also have been before you,* you nor I could escape the fame or the good effects of the profound knowledge of our progenitor, the renowned Basilius. His symbol is very well known in the philosophic world; and I shall never forget the venerable air of his countenance, when he let me into the profound mysteries of the smaragdine tables of Hermes. "It is true," said he, "and far removed from all colour of deceit; that which is inferior is like that which is superior, by which are acquired and perfected all the miracles of a certain work. The father is the sun, the mother the moon, the wind is the womb, the earth is the nurse of it, and mother of all perfection. All this must be received with modesty and wisdom." The chymical people carry, in all their jargon, a whimsical sort of piety which is ordinary with great lovers of money, and is no more but deceiving themselves, that their regularity and strictness of manners, for the ends of this world, has some affinity to the innocence of heart which must recommend them to the next. Renatus wondered to hear his father talk so like an adept, and with such a mixture of piety; while Alexandrinus, observing his attention fixed, proceeded. "This phial, child, and this little earthen pot, will add to thy estate so much as to make thee the richest man in the German empire. I am going to my long home, but shall not return to common dust." Then he resumed a countenance of alacrity, and told him, that if within an hour after his death he anointed his whole body, and poured down his throat that liquor which he had from old Basilius, the corpse would be converted into pure gold. I will not pretend to express to you the unfeigned tenderness that passed between these two extraordinary persons; but if the father recommended the care of his remains with vehemence and affection, the son was not behind hand in professing that he would not cut the least bit off him, but upon the utmost extremity, or to provide for his younger brothers and sisters.

'Well, Alexandrinus died, and the heir of his body (as our term is) could not forbear, in the wantonness of his heart, to measure the length and breadth of his beloved father, and cast up the ensuing value of him before he proceeded to the operation. When he knew the immense reward of his pains, he began the work: but, lo! when he had anointed the corpse all over, and began to apply the liquor, the body stirred, and Renatus, in a fright, broke the phial.'

T.

* The word 'neither' seems omitted here, though it is not in the original publication in folio, or in the edition in 8vo. of 1712.

No. 427.] *Thursday, July* 10, 1712.

Quantum a rerum turpitudine abes, tantum te a verborum libertate sejungas. *Tull.*

We should be as careful of our words, as our actions; and as far from speaking, as from doing ill.

It is a certain sign of an ill heart to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmless and innocent can have no gratification that way; but it ever arises from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's self, and an impatience in seeing it in another. Else why should virtue provoke? Why should beauty displease in such a degree, that a man given to scandal never lets the mention of either pass by him, without offering something to the diminution of it? A lady the other day at a visit, being attacked somewhat rudely by one whose own character has been very rudely treated, answered a great deal of heat and intemperance very calmly, "Good madam, spare me, who am none of your match; I speak ill of nobody, and it is a new thing to me to be spoken ill of." Little minds think fame consists in the number of votes they have on their side among the multitude, whereas it is really the inseparable follower of good and worthy actions. Fame is as natural a follower of merit, as a shadow is of a body. It is true, when crowds press upon you, this shadow cannot be seen; but when they separate from around you, it will again appear. The lazy, the idle, and the froward, are the persons who are most pleased with the little tales which pass about the town to the disadvantage of the rest of the world. Were it not for the pleasure of speaking ill, there are numbers of people who are too lazy to go out of their own houses, and too ill-natured to open their lips in conversation. It was not a little diverting the other day to observe a lady reading a post-letter, and at these words, 'After all her airs, he has heard some story or other, and the match is broken off,' gives orders in the midst of her reading, 'Put to the horses.' That a young woman of merit had missed an advantageous settlement was news not to be delayed, lest somebody else should have given her malicious acquaintance that satisfaction before her. The unwillingness to receive good tidings is a quality as inseparable from a scandal-bearer, as the readiness to divulge bad. But, alas! how wretchedly low and contemptible is that

state of mind, that cannot be pleased but by what is the subject of lamentation. This temper has ever been, in the highest degree, odious to gallant spirits. The Persian soldier, who was heard reviling Alexander the Great, was well admonished by his officer, 'Sir, you are paid to fight against Alexander, and not to rail at him.'

Cicero, in one of his pleadings, defending his client from general scandal, says very handsomely, and with much reason, 'There are many who have particular engagements to the prosecutor; there are many who are known to have ill-will to him for whom I appear; there are many who are naturally addicted to defamation, and envious of any good to any man, who may have contributed to spread reports of this kind; for nothing is so swift as scandal, nothing is more easily set abroad, nothing received with more welcome, nothing diffuses itself so universally. I shall not desire, that if any report to our disadvantage has any ground for it, you would overlook or extenuate it: but if there be any thing advanced, without a person who can say whence he had it, or which is attested by one who forgot who told him it, or who had it from one of so little consideration that he did not think it worth his notice, all such testimonies as these, I know, you will think too slight to have any credit against the innocence and honour of your fellow citizens.' When an ill report is traced, it very often vanishes among such as the orator has here recited. And how despicable a creature must that be, who is in pain for what passes among so frivolous a people! There is a town in Warwickshire, of good note, and formerly pretty famous for much animosity and dissention, the chief families of which have now turned all their whispers, backbitings, envies, and private malices, into mirth and entertainment, by means of a peevish old gentlewoman, known by the title of the lady Bluemantle. This heroine had, for many years together outdone the whole sisterhood of gossips in invention, quick utterance, and unprovoked malice. This good body is of a lasting constitution, though extremely decayed in her eyes, and decrepid in her feet. The two circumstances of being always at home, from her lameness, and very attentive from her blindness, make her lodgings the receptacle of all that passes in town, good or bad; but for the latter she seems to have the better memory. There is another thing to be noted of her, which is, that, as it is usual with old people, she has a livelier memory of things which passed when she was very young than of late years. Add to all this, that she does not only not love any body, but she hates every body. The statue in Rome* does not serve to vent malice half so well as this old lady does to disperse it. She does not know the author of any thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the matter itself; therefore, though she exposes all the whole town, she offends no one body in it. She is so exquisitely restless and peevish, that she quarrels with all about her, and sometimes in a freak will instantly change her habitation. To indulge this humour, she is led about the grounds belonging to the same house she is in; and the persons to whom she is to remove being in the plot, are ready to receive her at her own chamber again. At stated times the gentlewoman at whose house she supposes she is at the time, is sent for to quarrel with, according to her common custom. When they have a mind to drive the jest, she is immediately urged to that degree, that she will board in a family with which she has never yet been; and away she will go this instant, and tell them all that the rest have been saying of them. By this means she has been an inhabitant of every house in the place, without stirring from the same habitation: and the many stories which every body furnishes her with, to favour the deceit, make her the general intelligencer of the town of all that can be said by one woman against another. Thus groundless stories die away, and sometimes truths are smothered under the general word, when they have a mind to discountenance a thing, 'Oh! that is in my lady Bluemantle's Memoirs.'

Whoever receives impressions to the disadvantage of others, without examination, is to be had in no other credit for intelligence than this good lady Bluemantle, who is subjected to have her ears imposed upon for want of other helps to better information. Add to this, that other scandal-bearers suspend the use of these faculties which she has lost, rather than apply them to do justice to their neighbours: and I think, for the service of my fair readers, to acquaint them, that there is a voluntary lady Bluemantle at every visit in town. T.

* A statue of Pasquin in that city, on which sarcastic remarks were pasted, and thence called Pasquinades.

No. 428.] *Friday, July* 11, 1712.

Occupet extremum scabies.——*Hor Ars Poet.* ver. 417.

The devil take the hindmost!——*English Proverbs.*

It is an impertinent and unreasonable fault in conversation, for one man to take up all the discourse. It may possibly be objected to me myself, that I am guilty in this kind, in entertaining the town every day, and not giving so many able persons, who have it more in their power, and as much in their inclination, an opportunity to oblige mankind with their thoughts. 'Besides,' said one whom I overheard the other day, 'why must this paper turn altogether upon topics of learning and morality? Why should it pretend only to wit, humour, or the like—things which are useful only

to men of literature, and superior education? I would have it consist also of all things which may be necessary or useful to any part of society; and the mechanic arts should have their place as well as the liberal. The ways of gain, husbandry, and thrift, will serve a greater number of people than discourses upon what was well said or done by such a philosopher, hero, general, or poet.'—I no sooner heard this critic talk of my works, but I minuted what he had said; and from that instant resolved to enlarge the plan of my speculations, by giving notice to all persons of all orders, and each sex, that if they are pleased to send me discourses, with their names and places of abode to them, so that I can be satisfied the writings are authentic, such their labours shall be faithfully inserted in this paper. It will be of much more consequence to a youth, in his apprenticeship, to know by what rules and arts such-a-one became sheriff of the city of London, than to see the sign of one of his own quality with a lion's heart in each hand. The world, indeed, is enchanted with romantic and improbable achievements, when the plain path to respective greatness and success, in the way of life a man is in, is wholly overlooked. Is it possible that a young man at present could pass his time better than in reading the history of stocks, and knowing by what secret springs they have had such sudden ascents and falls in the same day! Could he be better conducted in his way to wealth, which is the great article of life, than in a treaties dated from 'Change-alley by an able proficient there? Nothing certainly could be more useful, than to be well instructed in his hopes and fears; to be diffident when others exult; and with a secret joy buy when others think it their interest to sell. I invite all persons who have any thing to say for the profitable information of the public, to take their turns in my paper: they are welcome from the late noble inventor of the longitude, to the humble author of straps for razors. If to carry ships in safety, to give help to a people tossed in a troubled sea, without knowing to what shores they bear, what rocks to avoid, or what coast to pray for in their extremity, be a worthy labour, and an invention that deserves a statue; at the same time, he who has found a means to let the instrument which is to make your visage less horrible, and your person more snug, easy in the operation, is worthy of some kind of good reception. If things of high moment meet with renown, those of little consideration, since of any consideration, are not to be despised. In order that no merit may lie hid, and no art unimproved, I repeat it, that I call artificers, as well as philosophers, to my assistance in the public service. It would be of great use if we had an exact history of the successes of every great shop within the city walls, what tracts of land have been purchased by a constant attendance within a walk of thirty foot. If it could also be noted in the equipage of those who are ascended from the successful trade of their ancestors into figure and equipage, such accounts would quicken industry in the pursuit of such acquisitions, and discountenance luxury in the enjoyment of them.

To diversify these kinds of information, the industry of the female world is not to be unobserved. She to whose household virtues it is owing, that men do honour to her husband, should be recorded with veneration; she who has wasted his labours, with infamy. When we are come into domestic life in this manner, to awaken caution and attendance to the main point, it would not be amiss to give now and then a touch of tragedy, and describe that most dreadful of all human conditions, the case of bankruptcy: how plenty, credit, cheerfulness, full hopes, and easy possessions, are in an instant turned into penury, feint aspects, diffidence, sorrow, and misery; how the man, who with an open hand the day before could administer to the extremities of others is shunned to-day by the friend of his bosom. It would be useful to show how just this is on the negligent, how lamentable on the industrious. A paper written by a merchant might give this island a true sense of the worth and importance of his character, it might be visible from what he could say, that no soldier entering a breach adventures more for honour, than the trader does for wealth to his country. In both cases, the adventurers have their own advantage; but I know no cases wherein every body else is a sharer in the success.

It is objected by readers of history, that the battles in those narrations are scarce ever to be understood. This misfortune is to be ascribed to the ignorance of historians in the methods of drawing up, changing the forms of a battalia, and the enemy retreating from, as well as approaching to, the charge. But in the discourses from the correspondents, whom I now invite, the danger will be of another kind; and it is necessary to caution them only against using terms of art, and describing things that are familiar to them in words unknown to the reader. I promise myself a great harvest of new circumstances, persons, and things, from this proposal; and a world, which many think they are well acquainted with, discovered as wholly new. This sort of intelligence will give a lively image of the chain and mutual dependance of human society, take off impertinent prejudices, enlarge the minds of those whose views are confined to their own circumstances; and, in short, if the knowing in several arts, professions, and trades, will exert themselves, it cannot but produce a new field of diversion and instruction, more agreeable than has yet appeared. T.

No. 429.] *Saturday, July* 12, 1712.

——Populumque falsis dedocet uti
Vocibus——— *Hor.* Od. ii. Lib. 2. 19.

From cheats of words the crowd she brings
To real estimate of things.—*Creech.*

'MR. SPECTATOR,—Since I gave an account of an agreeable set of company which were gone down into the country, I have received advices from thence, that the institution of an infirmary for those who should be out of humour has had very good effects. My letters mention particular circumstances of two or three persons, who had the good sense to retire of their own accord, and notified that they were withdrawn, with the reasons of it to the company in their respective memorials.'

"*The humble Memorial of Mrs. Mary Dainty, Spinster,*

"Showeth,

"That conscious of her own want of merit, accompanied with a vanity of being admired, she had gone into exile of her own accord.

"She is sensible, that a vain person is the most insufferable creature living in a well-bred assembly.

"That she desired, before she appeared in public again, she might have assurances, that though she might be thought handsome, there might not more address of compliment be paid to her than to the rest of the company.

"That she conceived it a kind of superiority, that one person should take upon him to commend another.

"Lastly, that she went into the infirmary, to avoid a particular person, who took upon him to profess an admiration of her.

"She therefore prayed, that to applaud out of due place might be declared an offence, and punished in the same manner with detraction, in that the latter did but report persons defective, and the former made them so.

"All which is submitted, &c."

'There appeared a delicacy and sincerity in this memorial very uncommon; but my friend informs me, that the allegations of it were groundless, insomuch that this declaration of an aversion to being praised was understood to be no other than a secret trap to purchase it, for which reason it lies still on the table unanswered.'

"*The humble Memorial of the Lady Lydia Loller,*

"Showeth,

"That the lady Lydia is a woman of quality; married to a private gentleman.

"That she finds herself neither well nor ill.

"That her husband is a clown.

"That the lady Lydia cannot see company.

"That she desires the infirmary may be her apartment during her stay in the country.

"That they would please to make merry with their equals.

"That Mr. Loller might stay with them if he thought fit."

'It was immediately resolved, that lady Lydia was still at London.'

"*The humble Memorial of Thomas Sudden, Esq. of the Inner Temple,*

"Showeth,

"That Mr. Sudden is conscious that he is too much given to argumentation.

"That he talks loud.

"That he is apt to think all things matter of debate.

"That he stayed behind in Westminster-hall, when the late shake of the roof happened, only because a counsel of the other side asserted it was coming down.

"That he cannot for his life consent to any thing.

"That he stays in the infirmary to forget himself.

"That as soon as he has forgot himself, he will wait on the company."

'His indisposition was allowed to be sufficient to require a cessation from company.'

"*The Memorial of Frank Jolly,*

"Showeth,

"That he hath put himself into the infirmary, in regard he is sensible of a certain rustic mirth, which renders him unfit for polite conversation.

"That he intends to prepare himself, by abstinence and thin diet, to be one of the company.

"That at present he comes into a room as if he were an express from abroad.

"That he has chosen an apartment with a matted antechamber, to practise motion without being heard.

"That he bows, talks, drinks, eats, and helps himself before a glass, to learn to act with moderation.

"That by reason of his luxuriant health he is oppressive to persons of composed behaviour.

"That he is endeavouring to forget the word 'pshaw, pshaw.'

"That he is also weaning himself from his cane.

"That when he has learnt to live without his said cane, he will wait on the company, &c."

"*The Memorial of John Rhubarb, Esq.*

"Showeth,

"That your petitioner has retired to the infirmary, but that he is in perfect good health, except that he has by long use, and for want of discourse, contracted an habit of complaint that he is sick.

"That he wants for nothing under the sun, but what to say, and therefore has fallen into this unhappy malady of complaining that he is sick.

"That this custom of his makes him, by his own confession, fit only for the infirmary,

and therefore he has not waited for being sentenced to it.

"That he is conscious there is nothing more improper than such a complaint in good company, in that they must pity, whether they think the lamenter ill or not; and that the complainant must make a silly figure, whether he is pitied or not.

"Your petitioner humbly prays that he may have people to know how he does, and he will make his appearance."

'The valetudinarian was likewise easily excused: and the society, being resolved not only to make it their business to pass their time agreeably for the present season, but also to commence such habits in themselves as may be of use in their future conduct in general, are very ready to give into a fancied or real incapacity to join with their measures, in order to have no humourist, proud man, impertinent or sufficient fellow, break in upon their happiness. Great evils seldom happen to disturb company; but indulgence in particularities of humour is the seed of making half our time hang in suspense, or waste away under real discomposures.

'Among other things, it is carefully provided that there may not be disagreeable familiarities. No one is to appear in the public rooms undressed, or enter abruptly into each other's apartment without intimation. Every one has hitherto been so careful in his behaviour, that there has but one offender, in ten days' time, been sent into the infirmary, and that was for throwing away his cards at whist.

'He has offered his submission in the following terms:

"*The humble Petition of Jeoffry Hotspur, Esq.*

"Showeth,

"Though the petitioner swore, stamped, and threw down his cards, he has all imaginable respect for the ladies, and the whole company.

"That he humbly desires it may be considered, in the case of gaming, there are many motives which provoke the disorder.

"That the desire of gain, and the desire of victory, are both thwarted in losing.

"That all conversations in the world have indulged human infirmity in this case.

"Your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that he may be restored to the company: and he hopes to bear ill-fortune with a good grace for the future, and to demean himself so as to be no more than cheerful when he wins, than grave when he loses."

T.

No. 430.] *Monday, July* 14, 1712.

Quære peregrinum, vicinia rauca reclamat.
Hor. Ep. xvii. Lib. I. 62.

The crowd replies,
Go seek a stranger to believe thy lies.—*Creech.*

'Sir,—As you are a Spectator-general, you may with authority censure whatever looks ill, and is offensive to the sight; the worst nuisance of which kind, methinks, is the scandalous appearance of poor in all parts of this wealthy city. Such miserable objects affect the compassionate beholder with dismal ideas, discompose the cheerfulness of his mind, and deprive him of the pleasure he might otherwise take in surveying the grandeur of our metropolis. Who can without remorse see a disabled sailor, the purveyor of our luxury, destitute of necessaries? Who can behold the honest soldier that bravely withstood the enemy, prostrate and in want among friends? It were endless to mention all the variety of wretchedness, and the numberless poor that not only singly, but in companies, implore your charity. Spectacles of this nature every where occur; and it is unaccountable that amongst the many lamentable cries that infest this town, your comptroller-general should not take notice of the most shocking, viz. those of the needy and afflicted. I cannot but think he waived it merely out of good breeding, choosing rather to waive his resentment than upbraid his countrymen with inhumanity: however, let not charity be sacrificed to popularity; and if his ears were deaf to their complaint, let not your eyes overlook their persons. There are, I know, many impostors among them. Lameness and blindness are certainly very often acted; but can those who have their sight and limbs employ them better than in knowing whether they are counterfeited or not? I know not which of the two misapplies his senses most, he who pretends himself blind to move compassion, or he who beholds a miserable object without pitying it. But in order to remove such impediments, I wish, Mr. Spectator, you would give us a discourse upon beggars, that we may not pass by true objects of charity, or give to impostors. I looked out of my window the other morning earlier than ordinary, and saw a blind beggar, an hour before the passage he stands in is frequented, with a needle and a thread thriftily mending his stockings. My astonishment was still greater, when I beheld a lame fellow, whose legs were too big to walk within an hour after, bring him a pot of ale. I will not mention the shakings, distortions, and convulsions, which many of them practise to gain an alms; but sure I am they ought to be taken care of in this condition, either by the beadle or the magistrate. They, it seems, relieve their posts, according to their talents. There is the voice of an old woman never begins to beg till nine in the evening; and then she is destitute of lodging, turned out for want of rent, and has the same ill fortune every night in the year. You should employ an officer to hear the distress of each beggar that is constant at a particular place, who is ever in the same tone, and succeeds because his audience is continually changing,

though he does not alter his lamentation. If we have nothing else for our money, let us have more invention to be cheated with. All which is submitted to your spectatorial vigilance; and I am, sir, your most humble servant.'

'SIR,—I was last Sunday highly transported at our parish-church; the gentleman in the pulpit pleaded movingly in behalf of the poor children, and they for themselves much more forcibly by singing a hymn; and I had the happiness of being a contributor to this little religious institution of innocents, and am sure I never disposed of money more to my satisfaction and advantage. The inward joy I find in myself, and the good-will I bear to mankind, make me heartily wish those pious works may be encouraged, that the present promoters may reap delight, and posterity the benefit of them. But whilst we are building this beautiful edifice, let not the old ruins remain in view to sully the prospect. Whilst we are cultivating and improving this young hopeful offspring, let not the ancient and helpless creatures be shamefully neglected. The crowds of poor, or pretended poor, in every place, are a great reproach to us, and eclipse the glory of all other charity. It is the utmost reproach to society, that there should be a poor man unrelieved, or a poor rogue unpunished. I hope you will think no part of human life out of your consideration, but will, at your leisure, give us the history of plenty and want, and the natural gradations towards them, calculated for the cities of London and Westminster. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

'T. D.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,—I beg you would be pleased to take notice of a very great indecency, which is extremely common, though, I think, never yet under your censure. It is, sir, the strange freedoms some ill-bred married people take in company; the unseasonable fondness of some husbands, and the ill-timed tenderness of some wives. They talk and act as if modesty was only fit for maids and bachelors, and that too before both. I was once, Mr. Spectator, where the fault I speak of was so very flagrant, that (being, you must know, a very bashful fellow, and several young ladies in the room,) I protest I was quite out of countenance. Lucina, it seems, was breeding; and she did nothing but entertain the company with a discourse upon the difficulty of reckoning to a day; and said she knew those who were certain to an hour; then fell a laughing at a silly inexperienced creature, who was a month above her time. Upon her husband's coming in, she put several questions to him; which he, not caring to resolve, "Well," cries Lucina, "I shall have 'em all at night."—But lest I should seem guilty of the very fault I write against, I shall only entreat Mr. Spectator to correct such misdemeanors.

"For higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence, I deem."

I am, sir, your humble servant,

'THOMAS MEANWELL.'

No. 431.] *Tuesday, July* 15, 1712.

Quid dulcius hominum generi a natura datum est, quam sui quique liberi? *Tull.*

What is there in nature so dear to a man as his own children?

I HAVE lately been casting in my thoughts the several unhappinesses of life, and comparing the infelicities of old age to those of infancy. The calamities of children are due to the negligence and misconduct of parents; those of age to the past life which led to it. I have here the history of a boy and girl to their wedding-day, and I think I cannot give the reader a livelier image of the insipid way in which time uncultivated passes, than by entertaining him with their authentic epistles, expressing all that was remarkable in their lives, till the period of their life above-mentioned. The sentence at the head of this paper, which is only a warm interrogation, 'What is there in nature so dear as a man's own children to him?' is all the reflection I shall at present make on those who are negligent or cruel in the education of them.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—I am now entering into my one and twentieth year, and do not know that I had one day's thorough satisfaction since I came to years of any reflection, till the time they say others lose their liberty—the day of my marriage. I am son to a gentleman of a very great estate, who resolved to keep me out of the vices of the age; and, in order to it, never let me see any thing that he thought could give me any pleasure. At ten years old I was put to a grammar-school, where my master received orders every post to use me very severely, and have no regard to my having a great estate. At fifteen I was removed to the university, where I lived, out of my father's great discretion, in scandalous poverty and want, till I was big enough to be married, and I was sent for to see the lady who sends you the underwritten. When we were put together, we both considered that we could not be worse than we were in taking one another, and, out of a desire of liberty, entered into wedlock. My father says I am now a man, and may speak to him like another gentleman. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

'RICHARD RENTFREE.'

'MR. SPEC,—I grew tall and wild at my mother's, who is a gay widow, and did not care for showing me, till about two years and a half ago; at which time my guardian-uncle sent me to a boarding-school, with orders to contradict me in nothing, for I had been misused enough already. I had not been there above a month when, being in the kitchen, I saw some oatmeal on the

dresser; I put two or three corns in my mouth, liked it, stole a handful, went into my chamber, chewed it, and for two months after never failed taking toll of every pennyworth of oatmeal that came into the house; but one day playing with a tobacco-pipe between my teeth, it happened to break in my mouth, and the spitting out the pieces left such a delicious roughness on my tongue, that I could not be satisfied till I had champed up the remaining part of the pipe. I forsook the oatmeal and stuck to the pipes three months, in which time I had dispensed with thirty-seven foul pipes, all to the bowls: they belonged to an old gentleman, father to my governess. He locked up the clean ones. I left off eating of pipes, and fell to licking of chalk. I was soon tired of this. I then nibbled all the red wax of our last ball-tickets, and, three weeks after, the black wax from the burying-tickets of the old gentleman. Two months after this, I lived upon thunder-bolts, a certain long round blueish stone which I found among the gravel in our garden. I was wonderfully delighted with this; but thunder-bolts growing scarce, I fastened tooth and nail upon our garden-wall, which I stuck to almost a twelvemonth, and had in that time peeled and devoured half a foot towards our neighbour's yard. I now thought myself the happiest creature in the world; and I believe, in my conscience, I had eaten quite through, had I had it in my chamber; but now I became lazy and unwilling to stir, and was obliged to seek food nearer home. I then took a strange hankering to coals; I fell to scranching 'em, and had already consumed, I am certain, as much as would have dressed my wedding dinner, when my uncle came for me home. He was in the parlour with my governess, when I was called down. I went in, fell on my knees, for he made me call him father; and when I expected the blessing I asked, the good gentleman, in a surprise, turns himself to my governess, and asks, "whether this (pointing to me) was his daughter? This," added he, "is the very picture of death. My child was a plump-faced, hale, fresh-coloured girl; but this looks as if she was half-starved, a mere skeleton." My governess, who is really a good woman, assured my father I had wanted for nothing; and withal told him I was continually eating some trash or other, and that I was almost eaten up with the green-sickness, her orders being never to cross me. But this magnified but little with my father, who presently, in a kind of pet, paying for my board, took me home with him. I had not been long at home, but one Sunday at church (I shall never forget it) I saw a young neighbouring gentleman that pleased me hugely; I liked him of all men I ever saw in my life, and began to wish I could be as pleasing to him. The very next day he came with his father a visiting to our house: we were left alone together, with directions on both sides to be in love with one another; and in three weeks time we were married. I regained my former health and complexion, and am now as happy as the day is long. Now, Mr. Spec, I desire you would find out some name for these craving damsels, whether dignified or distinguished under some or all of the following denominations, to wit, "Trash-eaters, Oatmeal-chewers, Pipe-champers, Chalk-lickers, Wax-nibblers, Coal-scranchers, Wall-peelers, or Gravel-diggers;" and, good sir, do your utmost endeavour to prevent (by exposing) this unaccountable folly, so prevailing among the young ones of our sex, who may not meet with such sudden good luck as, sir, your constant reader, and very humble servant,

'SABINA GREEN,
T. 'Now SABINA RENTFREE.'

No. 432.] *Wednesday, July* 16, 1712.

——Inter strepit anser olores. *Virg.* Ecl. ix. 30.

He gabbles like a goose amidst the swan-like quire. *Dryden.*

'Oxford, July 14.

'Mr. Spectator,—According to a late invitation in one of your papers to every man who pleases to write, I have sent you the following short dissertation against the vice of being prejudiced. Your most humble servant.'

"Man is a sociable creature, and a lover of glory; whence it is, that when several persons are united in the same society, they are studious to lessen the reputation of others, in order to raise their own. The wise are content to guide the springs in silence, and rejoice in secret at their regular progress. To prate and triumph is the part allotted to the trifling and superficial. The geese were providentially ordained to save the Capitol. Hence it is, that the invention of marks and devices to distinguish parties is owing to the beaus and belles of this island. Hats moulded into different cocks and pinches, have long bid mutual defiance; patches have been set against patches in battle array: stocks have risen and fallen in proportion to head-dresses; and peace and war been expected, as the white or the red hood hath prevailed. These are the standard-bearers in our contending armies, the dwarfs and 'squires who carry the impresses of the giants or knights, not born to fight themselves, but to prepare the way for the ensuing combat.

"It is a matter of wonder to reflect how far men of weak understanding, and strong fancy, are hurried by their prejudices, even to the believing that the whole body of the adverse party are a band of villains and dæmons. Foreigners complain that the English are the proudest nation under heaven. Perhaps they too have their share: but be that as it will, general charges

against bodies of men is the fault I am writing against. It must be owned, to our shame, that our common people, and most who have not travelled, have an irrational contempt for the language, dress, customs, and even the shape and minds of other nations. Some men, otherwise of sense, have wondered that a great genius should spring out of Ireland; and think you mad in affirming that fine odes have been written in Lapland.

"This spirit of rivalship, which heretofore reigned in the two universities, is extinct, and almost over betwixt college and college. In parishes and schools the thirst for glory still obtains. At the seasons of foot-ball and cock-fighting, these little republics reassume their national hatred to each other. My tenant in the country is verily persuaded, that the parish of the enemy hath not one honest man in it.

"I always hated satires against women, and satires against men: I am apt to suspect a stranger who laughs at the religion of the faculty: my spleen rises at a dull rogue who is severe upon mayors and aldermen; and I was never better pleased than with a piece of justice executed upon the body of a Templar who was very arch upon parsons.

"The necessities of mankind require various employments; and whoever excels in his province is worthy of praise. All men are not educated after the same manner, nor have all the same talents. Those who are deficient deserve our compassion, and have a title to our assistance. All cannot be bred in the same place; but in all places there arise, at different times, such persons as do honour to their society, which may raise envy in little souls, but are admired and cherished by generous spirits.

"It is certainly a great happiness to be educated in societies of great and eminent men. Their instructions and examples are of extraordinary advantage. It is highly proper to instil such a reverence of the governing persons, and concern for the honour of the place, as may spur the growing members to worthy pursuits and honest emulation; but to swell young minds with vain thoughts of the dignity of their own brotherhood, by debasing and vilifying all others, doth them a real injury. By this means I have found that their efforts have become languid, and their prattle irksome, as thinking it sufficient praise that they are children of so illustrious and ample a family. I should think it a surer as well as more generous method, to set before the eyes of youth such persons as have made a noble progress in fraternities less talked of; which seems tacitly to reproach their sloth, who loll so heavily in the seats of mighty improvement. Active spirits hereby would enlarge their notions; whereas, by a servile imitation of one, or perhaps two, admired men in their own body, they can only gain a secondary and derivative kind of fame. These copiers of men, like those of authors or painters, run into affectations of some oddness, which perhaps was not disagreeable in the original, but sits ungracefully on the narrow-souled transcriber.

"By such early corrections of vanity, while boys are growing into men, they will gradually learn not to censure superficially; but imbibe those principles of general kindness and humanity, which alone can make them easy to themselves, and beloved by others.

"Reflections of this nature have expunged all prejudice out of my heart; insomuch, that though I am a firm protestant, I hope to see the pope and cardinals without violent emotions; and though I am naturally grave, I expect to meet good company at Paris. I am, sir, your humble servant."

'Mr. Spectator,—I find you are a general undertaker, and have, by your correspondents or self, an insight into most things; which makes me apply myself to you at present, in the sorest calamity that ever befel man. My wife has taken something ill of me, and has not spoke one word, good or bad, to me, or any body in the family, since Friday was seven-night. What must a man do in that case? Your advice would be a great obligation to, sir, your most humble servant,

'RALPH THIMBLETON.'

'July 15, 1712.

'Mr. Spectator,—When you want a trifle to fill up a paper, in inserting this you will lay an obligation on your humble servant,

OLIVIA.'

"Dear Olivia,—It is but this moment I have had the happiness of knowing to whom I am obliged for the present I received the second of April. I am heartily sorry it did not come to hand the day before; for I cannot but think it very hard upon people to lose their jest, that offer at one but once a-year. I congratulate myself however upon the earnest given me of something farther intended in my favour, for I am told that the man who is thought worthy by a lady to make a fool of stands fair enough in her opinion to become one day her husband. Till such time as I have the honour of being sworn, I take leave to subscribe myself, dear Olivia, your fool elect,

NICODEMUNCIO."

T.

No. 433.] *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 mixed nature, and filled with several 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 plans 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 woman-kind, 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 counterparts in human nature are generally sour and unamiable, sluttish 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 inquiries about the 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 the 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 in 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 up 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 of 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 paired 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-a-one 'the tall,' such-a-one 'the stocky,' such-a-one 'the gruff.' Their public debates were generally managed with kicks and cuffs, insomuch 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, who 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, will not fail to communicate it to the public.

C.

No. 434.] *Friday, July* 18, 1712.

Quales Threiciæ, cum flumina Thermodoontis
Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
Seu circum Hyppolyten, seu cum se Martia curru
Penthesilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu,
Fœminea exultant lunatis agmina peltis:

Virg. Æn. viii. 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 cudgles, 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 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 whole 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, ribands, 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 that 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 despatches 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 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 campaigns 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 advantage 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 upon 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, 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 outshine 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, begun to embellish themselves, and look as agreeably as they could in the eyes of their associates. In short, after a few years' conversing toge-

ther, the women had learned to smile, and the men to ogle; the women grew soft, and the men lively.

When they had thus insensibly formed one another, upon 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. C.

No. 435.] *Saturday, July* 19, 1712.

Nec duo sunt, et forma duplex, nec fœmina dici,
Nec puer ut possint, neutrumque et utrumque videntur.
Ovid. Met. iv. 378.

Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.—*Addison.*

Most 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 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 they were written. They will be apt to think that the fashions and customs I attacked 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 extravagances 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 riband, 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 shown 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 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 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 a 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 commode 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 that 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 amongst 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. C.

No. 436.] *Monday, July* 21, 1712.

——————Verso pollice vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt populariter. *Juv.* Sat. iii. 30.

With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
Dryden.

Being a person of insatiable curiosity, I could not forbear going on Wednesday last to a place of no small renown for the gallantry of the lower order of Britons, to the Bear-garden, at Hockley in the Hole; where (as a whitish brown paper, put into my hand in the street, informed me) there was to be a trial of skill exhibited between two masters of the noble science of defence, at two of the clock precisely. I was not a little charmed with the solemnity of the challenge which ran thus:

'I James Miller, sergeant, (lately come from the frontier of Portugal) master of the noble science of defence, hearing in most places where I have been of the great fame of Timothy Buck, of London, master of the said science, do invite him to meet me and exercise at the several weapons following, viz:

'Back sword,	Single falchion,
'Sword and dagger,	Case of falchions,
'Sword and buckler,	Quarter staff.'

If the generous ardour in James Miller to dispute the reputation of Timothy Buck had something resembling the old heroes of romance, Timothy Buck returned answer in the same paper with the like spirit, adding a little indignation at being challenged, and seeming to condescend to fight James Miller, not in regard to Miller himself, but in that as the fame went about, he had fought Parkes of Coventry. The acceptance of the combat ran in these words:

'I Timothy Buck, of Clare-market, master of the noble science of defence, hearing he did fight Mr. Parkes* of Coventry, will not fail (God willing) to meet this fair inviter at the time and place appointed, desiring a clear stage and no favour.

'*Vivat Regina.*'

I shall not here look back on the spectacles of the Greeks and Romans of this kind, but must believe this custom took its rise from the ages of knight-errantry; from those who loved one woman so well, that they hated all men and women else; from those who would fight you, whether you were or not of their mind; from those who demanded the combat of their contemporaries, both for admiring their mistress or discommending her. I cannot therefore but lament, that the terrible part of the ancient fight is preserved, when the amorous side of it is forgotten. We have retained the barbarity, but lost the gallantry of the old combatants. I could wish, methinks, these gentlemen had consulted me in the promulgation of the conflict. I was obliged by a fair young maid, whom I understood to be called Elizabeth Preston, daughter of the keeper of the garden, with a glass of water; who I imagined might have been, for form's sake, the general representative of the lady fought for, and from her beauty the proper Amaryllis on these occasions. It would have run better in the challenge, 'I James Miller, sergeant, who have travelled parts abroad, and came last from the frontier of Portugal, for the love of Elizabeth Preston, do assert that the said Elizabeth is the fairest of women.' Then the

* On a large tomb, in the great church-yard of Coventry, is the following inscription:

'To the memory of Mr. John Sparkes, a native of this city: he was a man of a mild disposition, a gladiator by profession: who, after having fought 350 battles in the principal parts of Europe with honour and applause, at length quitted the stage, sheathed his sword, and, with Christian resignation, submitted to the grand victor in the 52d year of his age. *Anno salutis humanæ* 1733.'

His friend, sergeant Miller, here mentioned, a man of vast athletic accomplishments, was advanced afterwards to the rank of a captain in the British army, and did notable service in Scotland under the duke of Cumberland, in 1745.

answer; 'I Timothy Buck, who have staid in Great Britain during all the war in foreign parts, for the sake of Susannah Page, do deny that Elizabeth Preston is so fair as the said Susannah Page. Let Susannah Page look on, and I desire of James Miller no favour.'

This would give the battle quite another turn; and a proper station for the ladies, whose complexion was disputed by the sword, would animate the disputants with a more gallant incentive than the expectation of money from the spectators; though I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that fair one whose lover was approved by the donor.

Yet, considering the thing wants such amendments, it was carried with great order. James Miller came on first, preceded by two disabled drummers, to show, I suppose, that the prospect of maimed bodies did not in the least deter him. There ascended with the daring Miller a gentleman, whose name I could not learn, with a dogged air, as unsatisfied that he was not principal. This son of anger lowered at the whole assembly, and, weighing himself as he marched round from side to side, with a stiff knee and shoulder, he gave intimations of the purpose he smothered till he saw the issue of the encounter. Miller had a blue ribbon tied round the sword arm; which ornament I conceive to be the remains of that custom of wearing a mistress's favour on such occasions of old.

Miller is a man of six foot eight inches height, of a kind but bold aspect, well fashioned, and ready of his limbs; and such readiness as spoke his ease in them was obtained from a habit of motion in military exercise.

The expectation of the spectators was now almost at its height; and the crowd pressing in, several active persons thought they were placed rather according to their fortune than their merit, and took it in their heads to prefer themselves from the open area or pit to the galleries. The dispute between desert and property brought many to the ground, and raised others in proportion to the highest seats by turns, for the space of ten minutes, till Timothy Buck came on, and the whole assembly, giving up their disputes, turned their eyes upon the champions. Then it was that every man's affection turned to one or the other irresistibly. A judicious gentleman near me said, 'I could, methinks, be Miller's second, but I had rather have Buck for mine.' Miller had an audacious look, that took the eye; Buck, a perfect composure, that engaged the judgment. Buck came on in a plain coat, and kept all his air till the instant of engaging; at which time he undressed to his shirt, his arm adorned with a bandage of red riband. No one can describe the sudden concern in the whole assembly; the most tumultuous crowd in nature was as still and as much engaged as if all their lives depended on the first blow. The combatants met in the middle of the stage, and shaking hands, as removing all malice, they retired with much grace to the extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, Miller with a heart full of resolution, Buck with a watchful untroubled countenance; Buck regarding principally his own defence, Miller chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. It is not easy to describe the many escapes and imperceptible defences between two men of quick eyes and ready limbs; but Miller's heat laid him open to the rebuke of the calm Buck, by a large cut on the forehead. Much effusion of blood covered his eyes in a moment, and the huzzas of the crowd undoubtedly quickened the anguish. The Assembly was divided into parties upon their different ways of fighting; while a poor nymph in one of the galleries apparently suffered for Miller, and burst into a flood of tears. As soon as his wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little rage, which still disabled him farther. But what brave man can be wounded into more patience and caution? The next was a warm eager onset, which ended in a decisive stroke on the left leg of Miller. The lady in the gallery, during this second strife, covered her face, and for my part I could not keep my thoughts from being mostly employed on the consideration of her unhappy circumstance that moment, hearing the clashing of swords, and apprehending life or victory concerning her lover in every blow, but not daring to satisfy herself on whom they fell. The wound was exposed to the view of all who could delight in it, and sewed up on the stage. The surly second of Miller declared at this time, that he would that day fortnight fight Mr. Buck at the same weapons, declaring himself the master of the renowned Gorman; but Buck denied him the honour of that courageous disciple, and asserting that he himself had taught that champion, accepted the challenge.

There is something in nature very unaccountable on such occasions, when we see the people take a certain painful gratification in beholding these encounters. Is it cruelty that administers this sort of delight? or is it a pleasure which is taken in the exercise of pity? It was, methought, pretty remarkable that the business of the day being a trial of skill, the popularity did not run so high as one would have expected on the side of Buck. Is it that people's passions have their rise in self-love, and thought themselves (in spite of all the courage they had) liable to the fate of Miller, but could not so easily think themselves qualified like Buck?

Tully speaks of this custom with less horror than one would expect, though he confesses it was much abused in his time, and seems directly to approve of it under

its first regulations, when criminals only fought before the people. '*Crudele gladiatorum spectaculum et inhumanum nonnullis videri solet, et haud scio annon ita sit ut nunc fit; cum vero sontes ferro defugnabant, auribus fortasse multa, oculis quidem nulla, poterat esse fortior contra dolorem et mortem disciplina.*' 'The shows of gladiators may be thought barbarous and inhuman, and I know not but it is so as now practised; but in those times when only criminals were combatants, the ear perhaps might receive many better instructions, but it is impossible that any thing which affects our eyes should fortify us so well against pain and death.' T.

No. 437.] *Tuesday, July* 22, 1712.

Tune impune hæc facias? Tune hic homines adolescentulos,
Imperitos rerum, eductos libere, in fraudem illicis?
Sollicitando et pollicitando eorum animos lactas?
Ac meretricios amores nuptiis conglutinas?
Ter. And. Act v. Sc. 4.

Shall you escape with impunity: you who lay snares for young men of a liberal education, but unacquainted with the world, and by force of importunity and promises, draw them in to marry harlots?

THE other day passed by me in her chariot a lady with that pale and wan complexion which we sometimes see in young people who are fallen into sorrow, and private anxiety of mind, which antedate age and sickness. It is not three years ago since she was gay, airy, and a little towards libertine in her carriage; but, methought, I easily forgave her that little insolence, which she so severely pays for in her present condition. Flavilla, of whom I am speaking, is married to a sullen fool with wealth. Her beauty and merit are lost upon the dolt, who is insensible of perfection in any thing. Their hours together are either painful or insipid. The minutes she has to herself in his absence are not sufficient to give vent at her eyes, to the grief and torment of his last conversation. This poor creature was sacrificed (with a temper which, under the cultivation of a man of sense, would have made the most agreeable companion) into the arms of this loathsome yoke-fellow by Sempronia. Sempronia is a good lady, who supports herself in an affluent condition, by contracting friendship with rich young widows, and maids of plentiful fortunes at their own disposal, and bestowing her friends upon worthless indigent fellows; on the other side, she ensnares inconsiderate and rash youths of great estates into the arms of vicious women. For this purpose, she is accomplished in all the arts which can make her acceptable at impertinent visits; she knows all that passes in every quarter, and is well acquainted with all the favourite servants, busy-bodies, dependents, and poor relations, of all persons of condition in the whole town. At the price of a good sum of money, Sempronia, by the instigation of Flavilla's mother, brought about the match for the daughter; and the reputation of this, which is apparently, in point of fortune, more than Flavilla could expect, has gained her the visits and frequent attendance of the crowd of mothers, who had rather see their children miserable in great wealth, than the happiest of the race of mankind in a less conspicuous state of life. When Sempronia is so well acquainted with a woman's temper and circumstances, that she believes marriage would be acceptable to her, and advantageous to the man who shall get her, her next step is to look out for some one, whose condition has some secret wound in it, and wants a sum, yet, in the eye of the world, not unsuitable to her. If such is not easily had, she immediately adorns a worthless fellow with what estate she thinks convenient, and adds as great a share of good humour and sobriety as is requisite. After this is settled, no importunities, arts, and devices, are omitted, to hasten the lady to her happiness. In the general, indeed, she is a person of so strict justice that she marries a poor gallant to a rich wench, and a moneyless girl to a man of fortune. But then she has no manner of conscience in the disparity, when she has a mind to impose a poor rogue for one of an estate: she has no remorse in adding to it, that he is illiterate, ignorant, and unfashioned; but makes these imperfections arguments of the truth of his wealth; and will on such an occasion, with a very grave face, charge the people of condition with negligence in the education of their children. Exception being made the other day against an ignorant booby of her own clothing, whom she was putting off for a rich heir: 'Madam,' said she, 'you know there is no making of children, who know they have estates, attend their books.'

Sempronia, by these arts, is loaded with presents, importuned for her acquaintance, and admired by those who do not know the first taste of life, as a woman of exemplary good breeding. But sure to murder and rob are less iniquities, than to raise profit by abuses as irreparable as taking away life; but more grievous as making it lastingly unhappy. To rob a lady at play of half her fortune, is not so ill as giving the whole and herself to an unworthy husband. But Sempronia can administer consolation to an unhappy fair at home, by leading her to an agreeable gallant elsewhere. She then can preach the general condition of all the married world, and tell an unexperienced young woman the methods of softening her affliction, and laugh at her simplicity and want of knowledge, with an 'Oh! my dear, you will know better.'

The wickedness of Sempronia, one would think, should be superlative: but I cannot but esteem that of some parents equal to it: I mean such as sacrifice the greatest endowments and qualifications to base bargains.

A parent who forces a child of a liberal and ingenious* spirit into the arms of a clown or a blockhead, obliges her to a crime too odious for a name. It is in a degree the unnatural conjunction of rational and brutal beings. Yet what is there so common, as the bestowing an accomplished woman with such a disparity? And I could name crowds who lead miserable lives for want of knowledge in their parents of this maxim. That good sense and good-nature always go together. That which is attributed to fools, and called good-nature, is only an inability of observing what is faulty, which turns, in marriage, into a suspicion of every thing as such, from a consciousness of that inability.

'Mr. Spectator,—I am entirely of your opinion with relation to the equestrian females, who affect both the masculine and feminine air at the same time; and cannot forbear making a presentment against another order of them, who grow very numerous and powerful; and since our language is not very capable of good compound words, I must be contented to call them only "the naked-shouldered." These beauties are not contented to make lovers wherever they appear, but they must make rivals at the same time. Were you to see Gatty walk the Park at high mall, you would expect those who followed her and those who met her would immediately draw their swords for her. I hope, sir, you will provide for the future, that women may stick to their faces for doing any farther mischief, and not allow any but direct traders in beauty to expose more than the fore-part of the neck, unless you please to allow this after-game to those who are very defective in the charms of the countenance. I can say, to my sorrow, the present practice is very unfair, when to look back is death; and it may be said of our beauties, as a great poet did of bullets,

"They kill and wound, like Parthians, as they fly."

'I submit this to your animadversion; and am, for the little while I have left, your humble servant, the languishing

'PHILANTHUS.

'P. S. Suppose you mended my letter, and made a simile about the "porcupine;" but I submit that also.'

No. 438.] *Wednesday, July* 23, 1712.

——Animum rege, qui, nisi paret,
Imperat—— *Hor.* Ep. ii. Lib. 1. 62.

——Curb thy soul,
And check thy rage, which must be rul'd or rule.
Creech.

It is a very common expression, that such a one is very good-natured, but very passionate. The expression, indeed, is very good-natured, to allow passionate people so much quarter; but I think a passionate man deserves the least indulgence imaginable. It is said, it is soon over; that is, all the mischief he does is quickly despatched, which, I think, is no great recommendation to favour. I have known one of those good-natured passionate men say in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, such things as the most inveterate enemy of his family would not have spoken, even in imagination. It is certain that quick sensibility is inseparable from a ready understanding; but why should not that good understanding call to itself all its force on such occasions, to master that sudden inclination to anger? One of the greatest souls now in the world* is the most subject by nature to anger, and yet so famous for a conquest of himself this way, that he is the known example when you talk of temper and command of a man's self. To contain the spirit of anger, is the worthiest discipline we can put ourselves to. When a man has made any progress this way, a frivolous fellow in a passion is to him as contemptible as a froward child. It ought to be the study of every man, for his own quiet and peace. When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, life is as uneasy to himself as it is to all about him. Syncropius leads, of all men living, the most ridiculous life; he is ever offending and begging pardon. If his man enters the room without what he was sent for—'That blockhead,' begins he—'Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, but servants now-a-days'—The wrong plates are laid, they are thrown into the middle of the room: his wife stands by in pain for him, which he sees in her face, and answers as if he had heard all she was thinking:—'Why? what the devil! Why don't you take care to give orders in these things?' His friends sit down to a tasteless plenty of every thing, every minute expecting new insults from his impertinent passions. In a word, to eat with, or visit Syncropius, is no other than going to see him exercise his family, exercise their patience, and his own anger.

It is monstrous that the shame and confusion in which this good-natured angry man must needs behold his friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much reflection as to create an amendment. This is the most scandalous disuse of reason imaginable; all the harmless part of him is no more than that of a bull-dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of these good-natured angry men shall, in an instant, assemble together so many allusions to secret circumstances, as are enough to dissolve the peace of all the families and friends he is acquainted with, in a quarter of an hour, and yet the next moment be the best natured man in the world. If you would see passion in its purity, without mixture of reason, behold

* Ingenuous.

* Lord Somers.

it represented in a mad hero, drawn by a mad poet. Nat. Lee makes his Alexander say thus:

'Away! begone! and give a whirlwind room,
Or I will blow you up like dust! Avaunt!
Madness but meanly represents my toil,
Eternal discord!
Fury! revenge! disdain and indignation!
Tear my swol'n breast, make way for fire and tempest.
My brain is burst, debate and reason quench'd;
The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart
Splits with the rack; while passions, like the wind,
Rise up to heav'n, and put out all the stars.'

Every passionate fellow in town talks half the day with as little consistency, and threatens things as much out of his power.

The next disagreeable person to the outrageous gentleman, is one of a much lower order of anger, and he is what we commonly call a peevish fellow. A peevish fellow is one who has some reason in himself for being out of humour, or has a natural incapacity for delight, and therefore disturbs all who are happier than himself with pishes and pshaws, or other well-bred interjections, at every thing that is said or done in his presence. There should be physic mixed in the food of all which these fellows eat in good company. This degree of anger passes, forsooth, for a delicacy of judgment, that won't admit of being easily pleased; but none above the character of wearing a peevish man's livery ought to bear with his ill manners. All things among men of sense and condition should pass the censure, and have the protection of the eye of reason.

No man ought to be tolerated in an habitual humour, whim, or particularity of behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for bread. Next to the peevish fellow is the snarler. This gentleman deals mightily in what we call the irony; and as those sort of people exert themselves most against those below them, you see their humour best in their talk to their servants. 'That is so like you; You are a fine fellow; Thou art the quickest head-piece;' and the like. One would think the hectoring, the storming, the sullen, and all the different species and subordinations of the angry should be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned men; and how pitiful is the condition of being only suffered! But I am interrupted by the pleasantest scene of anger, and the disappointment of it, that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet writing, and I overheard as I sat in the back-room at a French bookseller's. There came into the shop a very learned man with an erect solemn air; and, though a person of great parts otherwise, slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. The composure of the faulty man, and the whimsical perplexity of him that was justly angry, is perfectly new. After turning over many volumes, said the seller to the buyer, 'Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French sermons I formerly lent you.' 'Sir,' said the chapman, 'I have often looked for it, but cannot find it; it is certainly lost, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago.' 'Then, sir, here is the other volume; I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both.' 'My friend,' replied he, 'canst thou be so senseless as not to know that one volume is as imperfect in my library as in your shop?' 'Yes, sir, but it is you have lost the first volume; and, to be short, I will be paid.' 'Sir,' answered the chapman, 'you are a young man, your book is lost; and learn by this little loss to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with.' 'Yes, I'll bear when I must, but I have not lost now, for I say you have it, and shall pay me.' 'Friend, you grow warm; I tell you the book is lost; and foresee, in the course even of a prosperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle.' 'Sir, there is, in this case, no need of bearing, for you have the book.' 'I say, sir, I have not the book; but your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation of yourself to the distresses of this life: nay, do not fret and fume; it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient spirit, and an impatient spirit is never without woe.' 'Was ever any thing like this?' 'Yes, sir, there have been many things like this: the loss is but a trifle; but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore let me advise you, be patient, the book is lost, but do not for that reason lose yourself.' T.*

No. 439.] *Thursday, July* 24, 1712.

Hi narrata ferunt alio: mensuraque ficti
Crescit; et 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 as gave her the sight of every thing that was done in the 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

* By Steele. See No. 324, ad finem.

This scene passed in the shop of Mr. Vaillant, now of Mr. James Payne, in the Strand; and the subject of it was (for it is still in remembrance) a volume of Massillon's Sermons.

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, 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 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 wreak 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 a 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 enough 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 shown 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 used to lodge all his state criminals, or those whom he supposed to be engaged together in any evil design 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 Cæsar or an Alexander would have rather died by the treason than have used such disingenuous means for the detecting of 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, 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 expected from his wisdom and breeding; and often crossed her pretences and desires with more rudeness than was natural to him. Yet he was impertinently solicitous 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 falling

* Eccl. x. 20.

from her majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted and tormented 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 éclaircissement commonly ended in the discovery of the persons from whom he had received his most secret intelligence.'

O.

No. 440.] *Friday, July* 25, 1712.

Vivere si recte nescis, discede peritis.
Hor. Ep. ii. Lib. 2. 213.

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will.
Pope.

I HAVE already given my reader an account of a set of merry fellows who are passing their summer together in the country, being provided with a great house, where there is not only a convenient apartment for every particular person, but a large infirmary for the reception of such of them as are any way indisposed or out of humour. Having lately received 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.

'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 retirement, that we may next winter serve as patterns to the town. But to the end that this our institution 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 farther add, that one of the college having declared last week he did not like the Spectator of the day, and not being able to assign any just reasons for such dislike, he was sent to the infirmary *nemine contradicente*.

'On Monday the assembly was in very good humour, 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 infirmary. 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, 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 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 despatched 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, ordered 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 insolent manner, what he did there then? This insensibly grew into some warm words; so that the president, in order to keep the peace, gave directions 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 president ordered him to be removed, and placed at 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 consented, 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 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 chanced to let a pun fall from him; his neighbour cried out, "To the infirmary;" 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 acquitted, 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 himself in a dispute with a man of excellent sense, but of a modest elocution. The man of heat replied to every answer of his antagonist with a louder note than ordinary, and only raised his voice when he should have enforced his argument. Finding himself at length driven to an absurdity, he still reasoned in a more clamorous and confused manner; and to make the greater impression upon his hearers, concluded with a loud thump upon the table. The president immediately ordered him to be carried off, and dieted with water-gruel, till such time as he should be sufficiently weakened 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 unsociable temper, and had voluntarily shut themselves up. The infirmary was, indeed, never 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,

C. &c.'

No. 441.] *Saturday, July* 26, 1712.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. *Hor.* Od. iii. Lib. 3. 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.*

MAN, 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 conveniences of life, and an habitual trust in him for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

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 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 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 show 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 times 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-day 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 fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft, and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

'Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast 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.

'Though 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.'

C.

No. 442.] *Monday, July* 28, 1712.

Scribimus indocti doctique——
Hor. Ep. i. Lib. 2. 117.

——Those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme and scrawl, and scribble to a man.
Pope.

I DO not know whether I enough explained myself to the world, when I invited all men to be assistant to me in this my work of speculation; for I have not yet acquainted my readers, that besides the letters and valuable hints I have from time to time received from my correspondents, I have by me several curious and extraordinary papers sent with a design (as no one will doubt when they are published) that they may be printed entire, and without any alteration, by way of Spectator. I must acknowledge also, that I myself being the first projector of the paper, thought I had a right to make them my own, by dressing them in my own style, by leaving out what would not appear like mine, and by adding whatever might be proper to adapt them to the character and genius of my paper, with which it was almost impossible these could exactly correspond, it being certain that hardly two men think alike; and, therefore, so many men so many Spectators. Besides, I must own my weakness for glory is such, that, if I consulted that only, I might be so far swayed by it, as almost to wish that no one could write a Spectator besides myself; nor can I deny but, upon the first perusal of those papers, I felt some secret inclinations of ill-will towards the persons who wrote them. This was the impression I had upon the first reading them; but upon a late review (more for the sake of entertainment than use,) regarding them with another eye than I had done at first (for by converting them as well as I could to my own use, I thought I had utterly disabled them from ever offending me again as Spectators,) I found myself moved by a passion very different from that of envy; sensibly touched with pity, the softest and most generous of all passions, when I reflected what a cruel disappointment the neglect of those papers must needs have been to the writers who impatiently longed to see them appear in print, and who, no doubt, triumphed to themselves in the hopes of having a share with me in the applause of the public; a pleasure so great, that none but those who have experienced it can have a sense of it. In this manner of viewing those papers, I really found I had not done them justice, there being something so extremely natural and peculiarly good in some of them, that I will appeal to the world whether it was possible to alter a word in them without doing them a manifest hurt and violence; and whether they can ever appear rightly, and as they ought, but in their own native dress and colours. And therefore I think I should not only wrong them, but deprive the world of a considerable satisfaction, should I any longer delay the making them public.

After I have published a few of these Spectators, I doubt not but I shall find the success of them to equal, if not surpass, that of the best of my own. An author should take all methods to humble himself in the opinion he has of his own performances. When these papers appear to the world, I doubt not but they will be followed by many others; and I shall not repine, though I myself shall have left me but a very few days to appear in public: but preferring the general weal and advantage to any consideration of myself, I am resolved for the future to publish any Spectator that deserves it entire, and without any alteration; assuring the world (if there can be need of it) that it is none of mine, and if the authors think fit to subscribe their names, I will add them.

I think the best way of promoting this generous and useful design, will be by giving out subjects or themes of all kinds

whatsoever, on which (with a preamble of the extraordinary benefit and advantages that may accrue thereby to the public) I will invite all manner of persons, whether scholars, citizens, courtiers, gentlemen of the town or country, and all beaus, rakes, smarts, prudes, coquettes, housewives, and all sorts of wits, whether male or female, and however distinguished, whether they be true wits, whole or half wits, or whether arch, dry, natural, acquired, genuine, or depraved wits; and persons of all sorts of tempers and complexions, whether the severe, the delightful, the impertinent, the agreeable, the thoughtful, the busy or careless, the serene or cloudy, jovial or melancholy, untowardly or easy, the cold, temperate, or sanguine; and of what manners or dispositions soever, whether the ambitious or humble-minded, the proud or pitiful, ingenuous or base-minded, good or ill-natured, public-spirited or selfish; and under what fortune or circumstance soever, whether the contented or miserable, happy or unfortunate, high or low, rich or poor (whether so through want of money, or desire of more,) healthy or sickly, married or single: nay, whether tall or short, fat or lean; and of what trade, occupation, profession, station, country, faction, party, persuasion, quality, age, or condition soever; who have ever made thinking a part of their business or diversion, and have any thing worthy to impart on these subjects to the world, according to their several and respective talents or geniuses; and, as the subjects given out hit their tempers, humours, or circumstances, or may be made profitable to the public by their particular knowledge or experience in the matter proposed, to do their utmost on them by such a time, to the end they may receive the inexpressible and irresistible pleasure of seeing their essays allowed of and relished by the rest of mankind.

I will not prepossess the reader with too great expectation of the extraordinary advantages which must redound to the public by these essays, when the different thoughts and observations of all sorts of persons, according to their quality, age, sex, education, professions, humours, manners, and conditions, &c. shall be set out by themselves in the clearest and most genuine light, and as they themselves would wish to have them appear to the world.

The thesis proposed for the present exercise of the adventurers to write Spectators, is Money; on which subject all persons are desired to send in their thoughts within ten days after the date hereof. T.

No. 443.] *Tuesday, July* 29, 1712.

Sublatum ex oculis quærimus invidi.
Hor. Od. xxiv. Lib. 3. 33.

Snatch'd from our sight, we eagerly pursue,
And fondly would recall her to our view.

Camilla to the Spectator.*

'Venice, July 10, N. S.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—I take it extremely ill, that you do not reckon conspicuous persons of your nation are within your cognizance, though out of the dominions of Great Britain. I little thought, in the green years of my life, that I should ever call it a happiness to be out of dear England; but as I grew to woman, I found myself less acceptable in proportion to the increase of my merit. Their ears in Italy are so differently formed from the make of yours in England, that I never come upon the stage, but a general satisfaction appears in every countenance of the whole people. When I dwell upon a note, I behold all the men accompanying me with heads inclining, and falling of their persons on one side, as dying away with me. The women too do justice to my merit, and no ill-natured, worthless creature cries, "The vain thing," when I am rapt in the performance of my part, and sensibly touched with the effect my voice has upon all who hear me. I live here distinguished as one whom nature has been liberal to in a graceful person, and exalted mien, and heavenly voice. These particularities in this strange country are arguments for respect and generosity to her who is possessed of them. The Italians see a thousand beauties I am sensible I have no pretence to, and abundantly make up to me the injustice I received in my own country, of disallowing me what I really had. The humour of hissing which you have among you, I do not know any thing of; and their applauses are uttered in sighs, and bearing a part at the cadences of voice with the persons who are performing. I am often put in mind of those complaisant lines of my own countryman,† when he is calling all his faculties together to hear Arabella.

"Let all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
Be ev'ry loud tumultuous thought at peace;
And ev'ry ruder gasp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of death:
And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,
Thou restless wanderer, my heart,
Be still; gently, ah! gently leave,
Thou busy, idle thing, to heave:
Stir not a pulse; and let my blood,
That turbulent, unruly flood,
Be softly staid:
Let me be all, but my attention dead."

The whole city of Venice is as still when I am singing as this polite hearer was to Mrs. Hunt. But when they break that silence, did you know the pleasure I am in, when every man utters his applauses, by calling me aloud, "The dear Creature! The Angel! The Venus! What attitudes she moves with! Hush, she sings again!" We have no boisterous wits who dare disturb an audience, and break the public peace merely to show they dare. Mr.

* Mrs. Tofts, who played the part of Camilla in the opera of that name.
† Mr. Congreve.

Spectator, I write this to you thus in haste, to tell you I am so very much at ease here that I know nothing but joy; and I will not return, but leave you in England to hiss all merit of your own growth off the stage. I know, sir, you were always my admirer, and therefore I am yours, CAMILLA.

'P. S. I am ten times better dressed than ever I was in England.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,—The project in yours of the 11th instant, of furthering the correspondence and knowledge of that considerable part of mankind, the trading world, cannot but be highly commendable. Good lectures to young traders may have very good effects on their conduct; but beware you propagate no false notions of trade: let none of your correspondents impose on the world by putting forth base methods in a good light, and glazing them over with improper terms. I would have no means of profit set for copies to others, but such as are laudable in themselves. Let not noise be called industry, nor impudence courage. Let not good fortune be imposed on the world for good management, nor poverty be called folly: impute not always bankruptcy to extravagance, nor an estate to foresight. Niggardliness is not good husbandry, nor generosity profusion.

'Honestus is a well-meaning and judicious trader, hath substantial goods, and trades with his own stock, husbands his money to the best advantage, without taking all the advantages of the necessities of his workmen, or grinding the face of the poor. Fortunatus is stocked with ignorance, and consequently with self-opinion; the quality of his goods cannot but be suitable to that of his judgment. Honestus pleases discerning people, and keeps their custom by good usage; makes modest profit by modest means, to the decent support of his family; while Fortunatus, blustering always, pushes on, promising much and performing little; with obsequiousness offensive to people of sense, strikes at all, catches much the greater part, and raises a considerable fortune by imposition on others, to the discouragement and ruin of those who trade fair in the same way.

'I give here but loose hints, and beg you to be very circumspect in the province you have now undertaken: if you perform it successfully, it will be a very great good; for nothing is more wanting than that mechanic industry were set forth with the freedom and greatness of mind which ought always to accompany a man of liberal education. Your humble servant,

'From my shop under
the Royal Exchange, July 14. R. C.'

'July 24, 1712.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—Notwithstanding the repeated censures that your spectatorial wisdom has passed upon people more remarkable for impudence than wit, there are yet some remaining, who pass with the giddy part of mankind for sufficient sharers of the latter, who have nothing but the former qualification to recommend them. Another timely animadversion is absolutely necessary: be pleased, therefore, once for all, to let these gentlemen know, that there is neither mirth nor good humour in hooting a young fellow out of countenance; nor that it will ever constitute a wit, to conclude a tart piece of buffoonery with a "What makes you blush?" Pray please to inform them again, that to speak what they know is shocking, proceeds from ill-nature and sterility of brain; especially when the subject will not admit of raillery, and their discourse has no pretension to satire but what is in their design to disoblige. I should be very glad too if you would take notice, that a daily repetition of the same overbearing insolence is yet more insupportable, and a confirmation of very extraordinary dulness. The sudden publication of this may have an effect upon a notorious offender of this kind whose reformation would redound very much to the satisfaction and quiet of your most humble servant, F. B.'

T.

No. 444.] *Wednesday, July* 30, 1712.

Paturiunt montes——— *Hor. Ars Poet.* v. 139.

The mountain labours.*

IT gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey, and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant, as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors who publish their great abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all that pass by, are to a man impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of those professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises, of what was never done before, are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. As I was passing along to-day, a paper given into my hand by a fellow without a nose, tells us as follows what good news is come to town, to wit, that there is now a certain cure for the French disease, by a gentleman just come from his travels.—

'In Russel-court, over-against the Cannon ball, at the Surgeon's-arms, in Drury-lane, is lately come from his travels, a

* Former motto:—
Quid dignum tento feret hic promissor hiatu.—*Hor.*
Great cry and little wool.—*English Proverb.*

surgeon who hath practised surgery and physic both by sea and land, these twenty-four years. He (by the blessing) cures the yellow jaundice, green-sickness, scurvy, dropsy, surfeits, long sea-voyages, campaigns, and women's miscarriages, lying-in, &c. as some people that *has* been lame these thirty years can testify; in short, he cureth all diseases incident to men, women, or children.'

If a man could be so indolent as to look upon this havoc of the human species, which is made by vice and ignorance, it would be a good ridiculous work to comment upon the declaration of this accomplished traveller. There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, doat excessively this way; many instances of which every man will suggest to himself, without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuse of their money to those recommended by coming from a distance, are no less complaisant than the others, for they venture their lives from the same admiration.

'The doctor is lately come from his travels,' and has 'practised both by sea and land,' and therefore cures 'the green-sickness, long sea-voyages, campaigns, and lyings-in.' Both by sea and land!—I will not answer for the distempers called sea-voyages and campaigns; but I dare say those of green-sickness and lying-in might be as well taken care of if the doctor staid ashore. But the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little, to keep up their astonishment, to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever have something in their sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea-monster, has a twined-cord, strained with two nails at each end, over his window, and the words 'rainy, dry, wet,' and so forth, written to denote the weather, according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this; but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those and his head also were cleared of all incumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the fish, then at the fiddle, still grubbing in his pockets, and casting his eye again at the twine, and the words writ on each side; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver sixpence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement; and if my friend had had only the skeleton and kit, he must have been contented with a less payment. But the doctor we were talking of adds to his long voyages the testimony of some people 'that *has* been thirty years lame.' When I received my paper, a sagacious fellow took one at the same time and read till he came to the thirty years' confinement of his friends, and went off very well convinced of the doctor's sufficiency. You have many of those prodigious persons, who have had some extraordinary accident at their birth, or a great disaster in some part of their lives. Any thing, however foreign from the business the people want of you, will convince them of your ability in that you profess. There is a doctor in Mouse-Alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts, upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shows his muster-roll, which confirms that he was in his imperial majesty's troops; and he puts out their eyes with great success. Who would believe that a man should be a doctor for the cure of bursten children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were both bursten? But Charles Ingolston, next door to the Harp in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that asservation. The generality go upon their first conception, and think no farther; all the rest is granted. They take it, that there is something uncommon in you, and give you credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not, I keep a Latin sentence in my front; and I was not a little pleased, when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye upon my twentieth paper, 'More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man!' But as I have taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promises to those who will not receive him as a great man—to wit, 'That from eight to twelve, and from two to six, he attends, for the good of the public, to bleed for three pence.' T.

No. 445.] *Thursday, July* 31, 1712.

Tanti non es, ais. Sapis, Luperce.
Mart. Epig. 118. l. 1. v. ult.
You say, Lupercus, what I write
I'nt worth so much: you're in the right.

THIS is the day on which many eminent authors 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

* August 1, 1712, the stamp duty here alluded to, took place, and every single half-sheet paid a half-penny to the queen. 'Have you seen the red stamp? Methinks the stamping is worth a half-penny. The Observator is fallen; the Medleys are jumbled together with the flying Post; the Examiner is deadly sick. The Spectator keeps up and doubles its price.'
Swift's Works, cr. 8vo. vol. xix. p. 173.

it, before it is qualified to communicate any thing to the public, will make its way in 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 perhaps 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 this 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 two pence, 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 of this work, have much the greater weight. For in the first place, in recompence for the expense 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 two pence 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 that 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 subject, which is always of an indifferent nature, how it is 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 shown 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 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 en-

deavoured 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 shown how that weapon may be put to a right use, which has so often fought the battles of impiety and profaneness. C.

No. 446.] *Friday, August* 1, 1712.

Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat error.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 303.

What fit, what not: what excellent, or ill.
Roscommon.

Since two or three writers of comedy, who are 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 these degenerate compositions that I have written the following discourse.

Were our English stage but half so virtuous as that of the Greeks and 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 had, in recommending the religion, the government, and public worship of its country. Were our plays subject to proper inspections and 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:

'Nosses jocosæ dulce cum sacrum Floræ,
Festosque lusus, et licentium vulgi,
Cur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?' Epig. 3. 1.

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 the mixt crowd! 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 upon an eating parasite, or a vain-glorious soldier.

At the same time the poet so contrives