

and Pain are such constant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into a heart he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enter, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

‘But notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of Jupiter in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently; upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be despatched into the infernal regions by a passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice, and the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be despatched into heaven by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue, and the gods.’

L.

No. 184.] *Monday, October 1, 1711.*

—Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 360.

—Who labours long, may be allowed to sleep.

WHEN a man has discovered a new vein of humour, it often carries him much farther than he expected from it. My correspondents take the hint I give them, and pursue it into speculations which I never thought of at my first starting it. This has been the fate of my paper on the match of grinning, which has already produced a second paper on parallel subjects, and brought me the following letter by the last post. I shall not premise any thing to it, farther than that it is built on matter of fact, and is as follows:

‘SIR,—You have already obliged the world with a discourse upon grinning, and have since proceeded to whistling, from whence you at length came to yawning; from this, I think, you may make a very natural transition to sleeping. I therefore recommend to you for the subject of a paper the following advertisement, which about two months ago was given into every body’s hands, and may be seen with some additions in the Daily Courant of August the ninth.

“Nicholas Hart, who slept last year in Saint Bartholomew’s hospital, intends to sleep this year at the Cock and Bottle in Little-Britain.”

‘Having since inquired into the matter of fact, I find that the above-mentioned Nicholas Hart is every year seized with a periodical fit of sleeping, which begins upon the fifth of August, and ends on the eleventh of the same month:

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On the first of that month he grew dull;
On the second, appeared drowsy;
On the third, fell a yawning;
On the fourth, began to nod;
On the fifth, dropped asleep;
On the sixth, was heard to snore;
On the seventh, turned himself in his bed;
On the eighth, recovered his former posture;
On the ninth, fell a stretching;
On the tenth, about midnight, awaked;
On the eleventh, in the morning, called for a little small beer.

‘This account I have extracted out of the journal of this sleeping worthy, as it has been faithfully kept by a gentleman of Lincoln’s-inn who has undertaken to be his historiographer. I have sent it to you, not only as it represents the actions of Nicholas Hart, but as it seems a very natural picture of the life of many an honest English gentleman, whose whole history, very often, consists of yawning, nodding, stretching, turning, sleeping, drinking, and the like extraordinary particulars. I do not question, sir, that, if you pleased, you could put out an advertisement not unlike the above-mentioned, of several men of figure; that Mr. John Such-a-one, gentleman, or Thomas Such-a-one, esquire, who slept in the country last summer, intends to sleep in town this winter. The worst of it is, that the drowsy part of our species is chiefly made up of very honest gentlemen, who live quietly among their neighbours, without ever disturbing the public peace. They are drones without stings. I could heartily wish, that several turbulent, restless, ambitious spirits, would for a while change places with these good men, and enter themselves into Nicholas Hart’s fraternity. Could one but lay asleep a few busy heads which I could name, from the first of November next to the first of May ensuing,* I question not but it would very much redound to the quiet of particular persons, as well as to the benefit of the public.

‘But to return to Nicholas Hart: I believe, sir, you will think it a very extraordinary circumstance for a man to gain his livelihood by sleeping, and that rest should procure a man sustenance as well as industry; yet so it is, that Nicholas got last year enough to support himself for a twelve-month. I am likewise informed that he has this year had a very comfortable nap. The poets value themselves very much for sleeping on Parnassus, but I never heard they got a groat by it. On the contrary, our friend Nicholas gets more by sleeping than he could by working, and may be more properly said, than ever Homer was, to have had golden dreams. Juvenal indeed mentions a drowsy husband who raised an estate by snoring, but then he is represented

* At that time the session of parliament usually continued from November till May.

to have slept what the common people call a dog's sleep; or if his sleep was real, his wife was awake, and about her business. Your pen, which loves to moralize upon all subjects, may raise something, methinks, on this circumstance also, and point out to us those sets of men, who, instead of growing rich by an honest industry recommend themselves to the favour of the great, by making themselves agreeable companions in the participations of luxury and pleasure.

'I must further acquaint you, sir, that one of the most eminent pens in Grubstreet is now employed in writing the dream of this miraculous sleeper, which I hear will be of more than ordinary length, as it must contain all the particulars that are supposed to have passed in his imagination during so long a sleep. He is said to have gone already through three days and three nights of it, and to have comprised in them the most remarkable passages of the four first empires of the world. If he can keep free from party strokes, his work may be of use; but this I much doubt, having been informed by one of his friends and confidants, that he has spoken some things of Nimrod with too great freedom. I am ever, sir, &c.'

L.

No. 185.] Tuesday, October 2, 1711.

—Tantene animis cœlestibus ira?

Virg. Æn. i. 15.

And dwells such fury in celestial breasts?

THERE is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in what the world calls zeal. There are so many passions which hide themselves under it, and so many mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the benefit of mankind if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues. It is certain, where it is once laudable and prudential, it is an hundred times criminal and erroneous; nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that it operates with equal violence in all religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the subdivisions of each religion in particular.

We are told by some of the Jewish rabbins, that the first murder was occasioned by a religious controversy; and if we had the whole history of zeal from the days of Cain to our own times, we should see it filled with so many scenes of slaughter and bloodshed, as would make a wise man very careful how he suffers himself to be actuated by such a principle, when it only regards matters of opinion and speculation.

I would have every zealous man examine his heart thoroughly, and, I believe, he will often find, that what he calls a zeal for his religion, is either pride, interest, or ill-nature. A man, who differs from another in

opinion, sets himself above him in his own judgment, and in several particulars pretends to be the wiser person. This is a great provocation to the proud man, and gives a very keen edge to what he calls his zeal. And that this is the case very often, we may observe from the behaviour of some of the most zealous for orthodoxy, who have often great friendships and intimacies with vicious immoral men, provided they do but agree with them in the same scheme of belief. The reason is, because the vicious believer gives the precedency to the virtuous man, and allows the good Christian to be the worthier person, at the same time that he cannot come up to his perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite passage which we see quoted in almost every system of ethics, though upon another occasion:

—Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor—

Ovid. Met. vii. 20.

I see the right, and I approve it too;

Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

Tate.

On the contrary, it is certain, if our zeal were true and genuine, we should be much more angry with a sinner than a heretic; since there are several cases which may excuse the latter before his great Judge, but none which can excuse the former.

Interest is likewise a great inflamer, and sets a man on persecution under the colour of zeal. For this reason we find none are so forward to promote the true worship by fire and sword, as those who find their present account in it. But I shall extend the word interest to a larger meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our spiritual safety and welfare, as well as to our temporal. A man is glad to gain numbers on his side, as they serve to strengthen him in his private opinions. Every proselyte is like a new argument for the establishment of his faith. It makes him believe that his principles carry conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true when he finds they are conformable to the reason of others, as well as to his own. And that this temper of mind deludes a man very often into an opinion of his zeal, may appear from the common behaviour of the atheist, who maintains and spreads his opinions with as much heat as those who believe they do it only out of a passion for God's glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful imitator of zeal. Many a good man may have a natural rancour and malice in his heart, which has been in some measure quelled and subdued by religion; but if it finds any pretence of breaking out, which does not seem to him inconsistent with the duties of a Christian, it throws off all restraint, and rages in its full fury. Zeal is, therefore, a great ease to a malicious man, by making him believe he does God service, whilst he is gratifying the bent of a perverse revengeful temper. For this reason we find that most

of the massacres and devastations which have been in the world, have taken their rise from a furious pretended zeal.

I love to see a man zealous in a good matter, and especially when his zeal shows itself for advancing morality, and promoting the happiness of mankind. But when I find the instruments he works with are racks and gibbets, galleys and dungeons: when he imprisons men's persons, confiscates their estates, ruins their families, and burns the body to save the soul, I cannot stick to pronounce of such a one, that (whatever he may think of his faith and religion) his faith is vain, and his religion unprofitable.

After having treated of these false zealots in religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous species of men, who one would not think had any existence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary conversation, I mean the zealots in atheism. One would fancy that these men, though they fall short, in every other respect, of those who make a profession of religion, would at least outshine them in this particular, and be exempt from that single fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent ferours of religion. But so it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much fierceness and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the safety of mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper colours. They are a sort of gamesters who are eternally upon the fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teasing their friends to come over to them, though at the same time they allow that neither of them shall get any thing by the bargain. In short, the zeal of spreading atheism is, if possible, more absurd than atheism itself.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheists, and infidels, I must farther observe, that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradictions and impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest difficulty in an article of faith as a sufficient reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reason of mankind, that are conformable to the sense of all ages, and all nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happiness of societies, or of particular persons, are exploded as errors and prejudices; and schemes erected in their stead that are altogether monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of these bigoted infidels, supposing all the great points of atheism, as the casual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking substance, the mortality of the soul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motions and gravitation of matter, with the like

particulars, were laid together and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the most celebrated atheists; I say, supposing such a creed as this were formed and imposed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of faith, than any set of articles which they so violently oppose. Let me therefore advise this generation of wranglers, for their own and for the public good, to act at least so consistently with themselves, as not to burn with zeal for irreligion, and with bigotry for nonsense. C.

No. 186.] *Wednesday, October 3, 1711.*

Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia—

Hor. Lib. 3. Od. i. 33.

High Heaven itself our impious rage assails.—P.

UPON my return to my lodgings last night, I found a letter from my worthy friend the clergyman, whom I have given some account of in my former papers. He tells me in it that he was particularly pleased with the latter part of my yesterday's speculation; and at the same time inclosed the following essay, which he desires me to publish as the sequel of that discourse. It consists partly of uncommon reflections, and partly of such as have been already used, but now set in a stronger light.

'A believer may be excused by the most hardened atheist for endeavouring to make him a convert, because he does it with an eye to both their interests. The atheist is inexcusable who tries to gain over a believer, because he does not propose the doing himself or the believer any good by such a conversion.

'The prospect of a future state is the secret comfort and refreshment of my soul; it is that which makes nature look gay about me; it doubles all my pleasures, and supports me under all my afflictions; I can look at disappointments and misfortunes, pain and sickness, death itself, and what is worse than death, the loss of those who are dearest to me, with indifference, so long as I keep in view the pleasures of eternity, and the state of being in which there will be no fears nor apprehensions, pains nor sorrows, sickness nor separation. Why will any man be so importunately officious as to tell me all this is only fancy and delusion? Is there any merit in being the messenger of ill news? If it is a dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both the happier and better man.

'I must confess I do not know how to trust a man who believes neither heaven nor hell, or in other words, a future state of rewards and punishments. Not only natural self-love, but reason directs us to promote our own interests above all things. It can never be for the interest of a believer to do me a mischief, because he is sure upon the balance of accounts to find himself a loser by it. On the contrary, if he con-

siders his own welfare in his behaviour towards me, it will lead him to do me all the good he can, and at the same time restrain him from doing me any injury. An unbeliever does not act like a reasonable creature, if he favours me contrary to his present interest, or does not distress me when it turns to his present advantage. Honour and good-nature may indeed tie up his hands; but as these would be very much strengthened by reason and principle, so without them they are only instincts, or wavering, unsettled notions, which rest on no foundation.

'Infidelity has been attacked with so good success of late years, that it is driven out of all its out-works. The atheist has not found his post tenable, and is therefore retired into deism, and a disbelief of revealed religion only.

'But the truth of it is, the greatest number of this set of men are those who, for want of a virtuous education or examining the grounds of religion, know so very little of the matter in question, that their infidelity is but another term for their ignorance.

'As folly and inconsiderateness are the foundations of infidelity, the great pillars and supports of it are either a vanity of appearing wiser than the rest of mankind, or an ostentation of courage in despising the terrors of another world, which have so great an influence on what they call weaker minds; or an aversion to a belief that must cut them off from many of those pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill them with remorse for many of those they have already tasted.

'The great received articles of the Christian religion have been so clearly proved, from the authority of that divine revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impossible for those who have ears to hear, and eyes to see, not to be convinced of them. But were it possible for any thing in the Christian faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill consequences in adhering to it. The great points of the incarnation and suffering of our Saviour, produce naturally such habits of virtue in the mind of man, that, I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the infidel himself must at least allow that no other system of religion could so effectually contribute to the heightening of morality. They give us great ideas of the dignity of human nature, and of the love which the Supreme Being bears to his creatures, and consequently engage us in the highest acts of duty towards our Creator, our neighbour, and ourselves. How many noble arguments has St. Paul raised from the chief articles of our religion, for the advancing of morality in its three great branches!—To give a single example in each kind. What can be a stronger motive to a firm trust and reliance on the mercies of our Maker, than the giving his Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and esteem even the most inconsiderable of

mankind more than the thought that Christ died for him? Or what dispose us to set a stricter guard upon the purity of our own hearts, than our being members of Christ, and a part of the society of which that immaculate person is the head? But these are only a specimen of those admirable enforcements of morality, which the apostle has drawn from the history of our blessed Saviour.

'If our modern infidels considered these matters with that candour and seriousness which they deserve, we should not see them act with such a spirit of bitterness, arrogance, and malice. They would not be raising such insignificant cavils, doubts, and scruples, as may be started against every thing that is not capable of mathematical demonstration; in order to unsettle the mind of the ignorant, disturb the public peace, subvert morality, and throw all things into confusion and disorder. If none of these reflections can have any influence on them, there is one that perhaps may, because it is adapted to their vanity, by which they seem to be guided much more than their reason. I would therefore have them consider that the wisest and best of men in all ages of the world, have been those who lived up to the religion of their country, when they saw nothing in it opposite to morality, and to the best lights they had of the divine nature. Pythagoras's first rule directs us to worship the gods "as it is ordained by law," for that is the most natural interpretation of the precept. Socrates, who was the most renowned among the heathens both for wisdom and virtue, in his last moments desires his friends to offer a cock to Esculapius: doubtless out of a submissive deference to the established worship of his country. Xenophon tells us, that his prince (whom he sets forth as a pattern of perfection) when he found his death approaching, offered sacrifices on the mountains to the Persian Jupiter, and the Sun, "according to the custom of the Persians;" for those are the words of the historian.* Nay, the Epicureans and atomical philosophers showed a very remarkable modesty in this particular; for though the being of a God was entirely repugnant to their schemes of natural philosophy, they contented themselves with the denial of a providence, asserting at the same time the existence of gods in general; because they would not shock the common belief of mankind, and the religion of their country.'—L.

No. 187.] Thursday, October 4, 1711.

—Miseri quibus
Intentata nites—

Hor. Lib. 1. Od. v. 12

Ah, wretched they! whom Pyrrha's smile
And unsuspecting arts beguile!—Duncombe.

THE intelligence given by this correspondent is so important and useful, in order

* Xenoph. Cyroped. Lib. 8. page 500. Ed. Hutchins. 1747. 8vo.

to avoid the persons he speaks of, that I shall insert his letter at length.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,—I do not know that you have ever touched upon a certain species of women, whom we ordinarily call jilts. You cannot possibly go upon a more useful work, than the consideration of these dangerous animals. The coquette is indeed one degree towards the jilt; but the heart of the former is bent upon admiring herself, and giving false hopes to her lovers; but the latter is not contented to be extremely amiable, but she must add to that advantage a certain delight in being a torment to others. Thus when her lover is in the full expectation of success, the jilt shall meet him with a sudden indifference, and admiration in her face at his being surprised that he is received like a stranger, and a cast of her head another way with a pleasant scorn of the fellow’s insolence. It is very probable the lover goes home utterly astonished and dejected, sits down to his ‘scrutoire, sends her word in the most abject terms that he knows not what he has done, that all which was desirable in this life is so suddenly vanished from him, that the charmer of his soul should withdraw the vital heat from the heart which pants for her. He continues a mournful absence for some time, pining in secret, and out of humour with all things which he meets with. At length he takes a resolution to try his fate, and explain with her resolutely upon her unaccountable carriage. He walks up to her apartment, with a thousand inquietudes, and doubts in what manner he shall meet the first cast of her eye; when, upon his first appearance, she flies towards him, wonders where he has been, accuses him of his absence, and treats him with a familiarity as surprising as her former coldness. This good correspondence continues until the lady observes the lover grows happy in it, and then she interrupts it with some new inconsistency of behaviour. For (as I just now said) the happiness of a jilt consists only in the power of making others uneasy. But such is the folly of this sect of women, that they carry on this pretty, skittish behaviour, until they have no charms left to render it supportable. Corinna, that used to torment all who conversed with her with false glances, and little heedless unguarded motions, that were to betray some inclination towards the man she would ensnare, finds at present all she attempts that way unregarded; and is obliged to indulge the jilt in her constitution, by laying artificial plots, writing perplexing letters from unknown hands, and making all the young fellows in love with her until they find out who she is. Thus, as before she gave torment by disguising her inclination, she now is obliged to do it by hiding her person.

‘As for my own part, Mr. Spectator, it has been my unhappy fate to be jilted from my youth upward; and as my taste has

been very much towards intrigue and having intelligence with women of wit, my whole life has passed away in a series of impositions. I shall, for the benefit of the present race of young men give some account of my loves. I know not whether you have ever heard of the famous girl about town, called Kitty. This creature (for I must take shame upon myself) was my mistress in the days when keeping was in fashion. Kitty, under the appearance of being wild, thoughtless, and irregular in all her words and actions, concealed the most accomplished jilt of her time. Her negligence had to me a charm in it like that of chastity, and want of desires seemed as great a merit as the conquest of them. The air she gave herself was that of a romping girl, and whenever I talked to her with any turn of fondness, she would immediately snatch off my periwig, try it upon herself in the glass, clap her arms a-kimbow, draw my sword, and make passes on the wall, take off my cravat, and seize it to make some other use of the lace, or run into some other unaccountable rompishness, until the time I had appointed to pass away with her was over. I went from her full of pleasure at the reflection that I had the keeping of so much beauty in a woman, who, as she was too heedless to please me, was also too unattentive to form a design to wrong me. Long did I divert every hour that hung heavy upon me in the company of this creature, whom I looked upon as neither guilty nor innocent, but could laugh at myself for my unaccountable pleasure in an expense upon her, until in the end it appeared my pretty insensible was with child by my footman.

‘This accident roused me into a disdain against all libertine women, under what appearance soever they hid their insincerity, and I resolved after that time to converse with none but those who lived within the rules of decency and honour. To this end I formed myself into a more regular turn of behaviour, and began to make visits, frequent assemblies, and lead out ladies from the theatres, with all the other insignificant duties which the professed servants of the fair place themselves in constant readiness to perform. In a very little time, (having a plentiful fortune,) fathers and mothers began to regard me as a good match, and I found easy admittance into the best families in town to observe their daughters; but I, who was born to follow the fair to no purpose, have by the force of my ill stars made my application to three jilts successively.

‘Hyæna is one of those who form themselves into a melancholy and indolent air, and endeavour to gain admirers from their inattention to all around them. Hyæna can loll in her coach, with something so fixed in her countenance, that it is impossible to conceive her meditation is employed only on her dress and her charms in that pos-

ture. If it were not too coarse a smile, I should say, Hyæna, in the figure she affects to appear in, is a spider in the midst of a cobweb, that is sure to destroy every fly that approaches it. The net Hyæna throws is so fine, that you are taken in it before you can observe any part of her work. I attempted her for a long and weary season, but I found her passion went no farther than to be admired; and she is of that unreasonable temper, as not to value the inconstancy of her lovers, provided she can boast she once had their addresses.

'Biblis was the second I aimed at, and her vanity lay in purchasing the adorers of others, and not rejoicing in their love itself. Biblis is no man's mistress, but every woman's rival. As soon as I found this, I fell in love with Chloe, who is my present pleasure and torment. I have writ to her, danced with her, and fought for her, and have been her man in the sight and expectation of the whole town these three years, and thought myself near the end of my wishes; when the other day she called me into her closet, and told me, with a very grave face, that she was a woman of honour, and scorned to deceive a man who loved her with so much sincerity as she saw I did, and therefore she must inform me that she was by nature the most inconstant creature breathing, and begged of me not to marry her: If I insisted upon it, I should; but that she was lately fallen in love with another. What to do or say I know not, but desire you to inform me, and you will infinitely oblige, sir, your humble servant,
'CHARLES YELLOW.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Sly, haberdasher of hats, at the corner of Devereux-court, in the Strand, gives notice, that he has prepared very neat hats, rubbers, and brushes for the use of young tradesmen in the last year of their apprenticeship, at reasonable rates.

T.

No. 188.] *Friday, October 5, 1711.*

Lætus sum laudari a te laudato viro.—Tull.

It gives me pleasure to be praised by you whom all men praise.

He is a very unhappy man who sets his heart upon being admired by the multitude, or affects a general and undistinguishing applause among men. What pious men call the testimony of a good conscience, should be the measure of our ambition in this kind; that is to say, a man of spirit should condemn the praise of the ignorant, and like being applauded for nothing but what he knows in his own heart he deserves. Besides which, the character of the person who commends you is to be considered, before you set a value upon his esteem. The praise of an ignorant man is only good-will, and you should receive his kindness as he

is a good neighbour in society, and not as a good judge of your actions in point of fame and reputation. The satirist said very well of popular praise and acclamations, "Give the tinkers and cobblers their presents again, and learn to live of yourself."* It is an argument of a loose and ungoverned mind to be affected with the promiscuous approbation of the generality of mankind; and a man of virtue should be too delicate for so coarse an appetite of fame. Men of honour should endeavour only to please the worthy, and the man of merit should desire to be tried only by his peers. I thought it a noble sentiment which I heard yesterday uttered in conversation: 'I know,' said a gentleman, 'a way to be greater than any man. If he has worth in him, I can rejoice in his superiority to me; and that satisfaction is a greater act of the soul in me, than any in him which can possibly appear to me.' This thought could not proceed but from a candid and generous spirit; and the approbation of such minds is what may be esteemed true praise: for with the common race of men there is nothing commendable but what they themselves may hope to be partakers of, and arrive at; but the motive truly glorious is, when the mind is set rather to do things laudable, than to purchase reputation.—Where there is that sincerity as the foundation of a good name, the kind opinion of virtuous men will be an unsought, but a necessary consequence. The Lacedæmonians, though a plain people, and no pretenders to politeness, had a certain delicacy in their sense of glory, and sacrificed to the Muses when they entered upon any great enterprise. They would have the commemoration of their actions be transmitted by the purest and most untainted memorialists. The din which attends victories and public triumphs, is by far less eligible than the recital of the actions of great men by honest and wise historians. It is a frivolous pleasure to be the admiration of gaping crowds; but to have the approbation of a good man in the cool reflections of his closet, is a gratification worthy an heroic spirit. The applause of the crowd makes the head giddy, but the attestation of a reasonable man makes the heart glad.

What makes the love of popular or general praise still more ridiculous, is, that it is usually given for circumstances which are foreign to the persons admired. Thus they are the ordinary attendants on power and riches, which may be taken out of one man's hands, and put into another's. The application only, and not the possession, makes those outward things honourable. The vulgar and men of sense agree in admiring men, for having what they themselves would rather be possessed of; the wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtu-

* —Tollat sua munera cerdo
Tecum habita.—

Pers. Sat. iv. 51.

ous, the rest of the world him who is most wealthy.

When a man is in this way of thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monstrous, than to see persons of ingenuity address their services and performances to men no way addicted to liberal arts. In these cases, the praise on one hand, and the patronage on the other, are equally the objects of ridicule. Dedications to ignorant men are as absurd as any of the speeches of Bulfinch in the Droll. Such an address one is apt to translate into other words; and when the different parties are thoroughly considered, the panegyric generally implies no more than if the author should say to the patron; 'My very good lord, you and I can never understand one another; therefore I humbly desire we may be intimate friends for the future.'

The rich may as well ask to borrow of the poor, as the man of virtue or merit to nope for addition to his character from any but such as himself. He that commends another engages so much of his own reputation as he gives to that person commended; and he that has nothing laudable in himself is not of ability to be such a surety. The wise Phocion was so sensible how dangerous it was to be touched with what the multitude approved, that upon a general acclamation made when he was making an oration, he turned to an intelligent friend who stood near him, and asked in a surprised manner, 'What slip have I made?'

I shall conclude this paper with a billet which has fallen into my hands, and was written to a lady from a gentleman whom she had highly commended. The author of it had formerly been her lover. When all possibility of commerce between them on the subject of love was cut off, she spoke so handsomely of him, as to give occasion for this letter.

'MADAM,—I should be insensible to a stupidity, if I could forbear making you my acknowledgments for your late mention of me with so much applause. It is, I think, your fate to give me new sentiments: as you formerly inspired me with the true sense of love, so do you now with the true sense of glory. As desire had the least part in the passion I heretofore professed towards you, so has vanity no share in the glory to which you have now raised me. Innocence, knowledge, beauty, virtue, sincerity, and discretion, are the constant ornaments of her who has said this of me. Fame is a babbler, but I have arrived at the highest glory in this world, the commendation of the most deserving person in it.' T.

No. 189.] *Saturday, October 6, 1711.*

—*Patriæ pietatis imago. Virg. Æn. x. 824.*
An image of paternal tenderness.

THE following letter being written to my bookseller, upon a subject of which I treated

some time since, I shall publish it in this paper, together with the letter that was inclosed in it.

'MR. BUCKLEY,—Mr. Spectator having of late descanted upon the cruelty of parents to their children, I have been induced (at the request of several of Mr. Spectator's admirers,) to inclose this letter, which I assure you is the original from a father to his own son, notwithstanding the latter gave but little or no provocation. It would be wonderfully obliging to the world, if Mr. Spectator would give his opinion of it in some of his speculations, and particularly to (Mr. Buckley,) your humble servant.'

'SIRRAH,—You are a saucy audacious rascal, and both fool and mad, and I care not a farthing whether you comply or no; that does not raze out my impressions of your insolence, going about railing at me, and the next day to solicit my favour. These are inconsistencies, such as discover thy reason depraved. To be brief, I never desire to see your face; and, sirrah, if you go to the workhouse, it is no disgrace to me for you to be supported there; and if you starve in the streets, I'll never give any thing underhand in your behalf. If I have any more of your scribbling nonsense, I'll break your head the first time I set sight on you. You are a stubborn beast; is this your gratitude for my giving you money? You rogue, I'll better your judgment, and give you a greater sense of your duty to (I regret to say) your father, &c.

'P. S. It's prudence in you to keep out of my sight; for to reproach me, that Might overcomes Right, on the outside of your letter, I shall give you a great knock on the skull for it.'

Was there ever such an image of paternal tenderness! It was usual among some of the Greeks to make their slaves drink to excess, and then expose them to their children, who by that means conceived an early aversion to a vice which makes men appear so monstrous and irrational. I have exposed this picture of an unnatural father with the same intention, that its deformity may deter others from its resemblance. If the reader has a mind to see a father of the same stamp represented in the most exquisite strokes of humour, he may meet with it in one of the finest comedies that ever appeared upon the English stage: I mean the part of Sir Sampson in *Love for Love*.

I must not, however, engage myself blindly on the side of the son, to whom the fond letter above written was directed. His father calls him a 'saucy and audacious rascal,' in the first line, and I am afraid, upon examination, he will prove but an ungracious youth. 'To go about railing' at his father, and to find no other place but 'the outside of his letter' to tell him 'that

might overcome right?—if it does not discover 'his reason to be depraved,' and 'that he is either fool or mad,' as the choleric old gentleman tells him, we may at least allow that the father will do very well in endeavouring to 'better his judgment, and give him a greater sense of his duty.' But whether this may be brought about by breaking his head, or 'giving him a great knock on the skull,' ought, I think, to be well considered. Upon the whole, I wish the father has not met with his match, and that he may not be as equally paired with a son, as the mother in Virgil:

—Crudelis tu quoque mater:
Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.
Ecl. viii. 43.
O barbarous mother, thirsting to destroy!
More cruel was the mother or the boy?
Both, both alike delighted to destroy,
Th' unnatural mother, and the ruthless boy
Warton.

Or like the crow and her egg in the Greek proverb:

Bad the crow, bad the egg.
Какъ корякъ, какъ и яйцо.

I must here take notice of a letter which I have received from an unknown correspondent upon the subject of my paper, upon which the foregoing letter is likewise founded. The writer of it seems very much concerned lest that paper should seem to give encouragement to the disobedience of children towards their parents; but if the writer of it will take the pains to read it over again attentively, I dare say his apprehensions will vanish. Pardon and reconciliation are all the penitent daughter requests, and all that I contend for in her behalf; and in this case I may use the saying of an eminent wit, who, upon some great men's pressing him to forgive his daughter who had married against his consent, told them he could refuse nothing to their instances, but that he would have them remember there was difference between giving and forgiving.

I must confess, in all controversies between parents and their children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The obligations on that side can never be acquitted, and I think it is one of the greatest reflections upon human nature, that paternal instinct should be a stronger motive to love than filial gratitude; that the receiving of favour should be a less inducement to good-will, tenderness, and commiseration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking care of any person, should endear the child or dependant more to the parent or benefactor, than the parent or benefactor to the child or dependant; yet so it happens, that for one cruel parent we meet with a thousand undutiful children. This is, indeed, wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly observed,) for the support of every living species; but at the same time that it shows the wisdom of

the Creator, it discovers the imperfection and degeneracy of the creature.

The obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government, and set forth as the measure of that obedience which we owe to those whom Providence has placed over us.

It is father Le Compte, if I am not mistaken, who tells us how want of duty in this particular is punished among the Chinese, insomuch, that if a son should be known to kill, or so much as to strike his father, not only the criminal, but his whole family would be rooted out, nay, the inhabitants of the place where he lived would be put to the sword, nay, the place itself would be razed to the ground, and its foundations sown with salt. For, say they, there must have been an utter deprivation of manners in that clan or society of people who could have bred up among them so horrid an offender. To this I shall add a passage out of the first book of Herodotus. That historian, in his account of the Persian customs and religion, tells us, it is their opinion that no man ever killed his father, or that it is possible such a crime should be in nature; but that if any thing like it should ever happen, they conclude that the reputed son must have been illegitimate, supposititious, or begotten in adultery. Their opinion in this particular shows sufficiently what a notion they must have had of undutifulness in general.

L.

No. 190.] Monday, October 8, 1711.

Servitus crescit nova—

Hor. Lib. 2. Od. viii. 18.

A slavery to former times unknown.

SINCE I made some reflections upon the general negligence used in the case of regard towards women, or in other words, since I talked of wenching, I have had epistles upon this subject, which I shall, for the present entertainment, insert as they lie before me.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,—As your speculations are not confined to any part of human life, but concern the wicked as well as the good, I must desire your favourable acceptance of what I, a poor strolling girl about town, have to say to you. I was told by a Roman-Catholic gentleman who picked me up last week, and who, I hope, is absolved for what passed between us; I say, I was told by such a person, who endeavoured to convert me to his own religion, that in countries where popery prevails, besides the advantage of licensed stews, there are large endowments given for the *Incurabili*, I think he called them, such as are past all remedy, and are allowed such maintenance and support as to keep them without farther care until they expire. This manner of treating poor sinners has, methinks, great humanity in it; and as you are a person

who pretend to carry your reflections upon all subjects whatever that occur to you, with candour, and act above the sense of what misinterpretation you may meet with, I beg the favour of you to lay before all the world the unhappy condition of us poor vagrants, who are really in the way of labour instead of idleness. There are crowds of us whose manner of livelihood has long ceased to be pleasing to us; and who would willingly lead a new life, if the rigour of the virtuous did not for ever expel us from coming into the world again. As it now happens, to the eternal infamy of the male sex, falsehood among you is not reproachful, but credulity in woman is infamous.

'Give me leave, sir, to give you my history. You are to know that I am a daughter of a man of good reputation, tenant to a man of quality. The heir of this great house took it in his head to cast a favourable eye upon me, and succeeded. I do not pretend to say he promised me marriage: I was not a creature silly enough to be taken by so foolish a story; but he ran away with me up to this town, and introduced me to a grave matron, with whom I boarded for a day or two with great gravity, and was not a little pleased with the change of my condition, from that of a country life to the finest company, as I believed, in the whole world. My humble servant made me understand that I should always be kept in the plentiful condition I then enjoyed; when after a very great fondness towards me, he one day took his leave of me for four or five days. In the evening of the same day, my good landlady came to me, and observing me very pensive, began to comfort me, and with a smile told me I must see the world. When I was deaf to all she could say to divert me, she began to tell me with a very frank air that I must be treated as I ought, and not to take these squeamish humours upon me, for my friend had left me to the town; and, as their phrase is, she expected I would see company, or I must be treated like what I had brought myself to. This put me into a fit of crying; and I immediately, in a true sense of my condition, threw myself on the floor, deploring my fate, calling upon all that was good and sacred to succour me. While I was in this agony, I observed a decrepid old fellow come into the room, and looking with a sense of pleasure in his face at all my vehemence and transport. In a pause of my distresses I heard him say to the shameless old woman who stood by me, "She is certainly a new face, or else she acts it rarely." With that the gentlewoman, who was making her market of me, in all the turns of my person, the heaves of my passion, and the suitable change of my posture, took occasion to commend my neck, my shape, my eyes, my limbs. All this was accompanied with such speeches as you may have heard horse-courers make in the sale of

nags, when they are warranted for their soundness. You understand by this time that I was left in a brothel, and exposed to the next bidder, who could purchase me of my patroness. This is so much the work of hell: the pleasure in the possession of us wenches abates in proportion to the degrees we go beyond the bounds of innocence; and no man is gratified, if there is nothing left for him to debauch. Well, sir, my first man, when I came upon the town, was Sir Jeffery Foible, who was extremely lavish to me of his money, and took such a fancy to me that he would have carried me off, if my patroness would have taken any reasonable terms for me; but as he was old, his covetousness was his strongest passion, and poor I was soon left exposed to be the common refuse of all the rakes and debauchees in town. I cannot tell whether you will do me justice or no, till I see whether you print this or not; otherwise, as I now live with Sal,* I could give you a very just account of who and who is together in this town. You perhaps won't believe it; but I know of one who pretends to be a very good Protestant, who lies with a Roman-Catholic: but more of this hereafter, as you please me. There do come to our house the greatest politicians of the age; and Sal is more shrewd than any body thinks. No body can believe that such wise men could go to bawdy-houses out of idle purpose. I have heard them often talk of Augustus Cæsar, who had intrigues with the wives of senators, not out of wantonness but stratagem.

'It is a thousand pities you should be so severely virtuous as I fear you are; otherwise, after one visit or two, you would soon understand that we women of the town are not such useless correspondents as you may imagine: you have undoubtedly heard that it was a courtesan who discovered Catiline's conspiracy. If you print this I'll tell you more; and am, in the meantime, sir, your most humble servant,

'REBECCA NETTLETOP.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,—I am an idle young woman that would work for my livelihood, but that I am kept in such a manner as I cannot stir out. My tyrant is an old jealous fellow, who allows me nothing to appear in. I have but one shoe and one slipper; no head-dress, and no upper-petticoat. As you set up for a reformer, I desire you would take me out of this wicked way and keep me yourself. EVE AFTERDAY.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,—I am to complain to you of a set of impertinent coxcombs, who visit the apartments of us women of the town, only, as they call it, to see the world. I must confess to you, this to men of delicacy might have an effect to cure them; but as they are stupid, noisy, and

* A celebrated courtesan and procuress at that time upon the town.

drunken fellows, it tends only to make vice in themselves, as they think, pleasant and humorous, and at the same time nauseous in us. I shall, sir, hereafter, from time to time give you the names of these wretches who pretend to enter our houses merely as Spectators. Those men think it wit to use us ill: pray tell them, however worthy we are of such treatment, it is unworthy them to be guilty of it towards us. Pray, sir, take notice of this, and pity the oppressed: I wish we could add to it, the innocent.'

T.

No. 191.] Tuesday, October 9, 1711.

—*ὄρασις οὐρανόθεν.*

Hom. II. ii. 6.

—Deluding vision of the night.

Pope.

SOME ludicrous schoolmen have put the case, that if an ass were placed between two bundles of hay, which affected his senses equally on each side, and tempted him in the very same degree, whether it would be possible for him to eat of either. They generally determine this question to the disadvantage of the ass, who they say would starve in the midst of plenty, as not having a single grain of free-will, to determine him more to the one than to the other. The bundle of hay on either side striking his sight and smell in the same proportion, would keep him in perpetual suspense, like the two magnets, which travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the roof, and the other in the floor of Mahomet's burying-place at Mecca, and by that means say they, pull the impostor's iron coffin with such an equal attraction, that it hangs in the air between both of them. As for the ass's behaviour in such nice circumstances, whether he would starve sooner than violate his neutrality to the two bundles of hay, I shall not presume to determine; but only take notice of the conduct of our own species in the same perplexity. When a man has a mind to venture his money in a lottery, every figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to succeed as any of its fellows. They all of them have the same pretensions to good-luck, stand upon the same foot of competition, and no manner of reason can be given why a man should prefer one to the other before the lottery is drawn. In this case therefore caprice very often acts in the place of reason, and forms to itself some groundless imaginary motive, where real and substantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning man that is very well pleased to risk his good-fortune upon the number 1711, because it is the year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a tacker* that would give a good deal for

the number 134. On the contrary, I have been told of a certain zealous dissenter who being a great enemy to popery, and believing that bad men are the most fortunate in this world, will lay two to one on the number 666 against any other number, because, says he, it is the number of the beast.† Several would prefer the number 12,000 before any other, as it is the number of the pounds in the great prize. In short, some are pleased to find their own age in their number; some that have got a number which makes a pretty appearance in the cyphers; and others, because it is the same number that succeeded in the last lottery. Each of these upon no other grounds, thinks he stands fairest for the great lot, and that he is possessed of what may not be improperly called 'the golden number.'

These principles of election are the passions and extravagances of human reason, which is of so busy a nature, that it will be exerting itself in the meanest trifles, and working even when it wants materials. The wisest of men are sometimes acted by such unaccountable motives, as the life of the fool and the superstitious is guided by nothing else.

I am surprised that none of the fortune-tellers, or, as the French call them, the *Discours de bonne Avanture*, who publish their bills in every quarter of the town, have turned our lotteries to their advantage. Did any of them set up for a caster of fortunate figures, what might he not get by his pretended discoveries and predictions?

I remember among the advertisements in the Post-Boy of September the 27th, I was surprised to see the following one:

'This is to give notice, that ten shillings over and above the market-price, will be given for the ticket in the 1,500,000. lottery, No. 132, by Nath. Cliff, at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapside.'

This advertisement has given great matter of speculation to coffee-house theorists. Mr. Cliff's principles and conversation have been canvassed upon this occasion, and various conjectures made why he should thus set his heart upon No. 132. I have examined all the powers in those numbers, broken them into fractions, extracted the square and cube root, divided and multiplied them all ways, but could not arrive at the secret until about three days ago, when I received the following letter from an unknown hand; by which I find that Mr. Nath. Cliff is only the agent, and not the principal in this advertisement.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—I am the person that lately advertised I would give ten shillings more than the current price for the ticket No. 132 in the lottery now drawing; which

* In 1704 a bill was brought into the House of Commons against occasional conformity; and in order to make it pass the lords, from whom much opposition was expected, it was proposed to tack it to a money-bill. This was violently opposed; and after a warm discussion, it was put to the vote, when 134 were for tacking:

but 250 being against it, the motion was overruled, and the bill committed unclogged.

† See Revelations, ch. xiii. 18.

‡ Actuated.

is a secret which I have communicated to some friends, who rally me incessantly upon that account. You must know I have but one ticket, for which reason, and a certain dream I have lately had more than once, I was resolved it should be the number I most approved. I am so positive I have pitched upon the great lot, that I could almost lay all I am worth of it. My visions are so frequent and strong upon this occasion, that I have not only possessed the lot, but disposed of the money which in all probability it will sell for. This morning in particular, I set up an equipage, which I look upon to be the gayest in the town: the liveries are very rich, but not gaudy. I should be very glad to see a speculation or two upon lottery subjects, in which you would oblige all people concerned, and in particular, your most humble servant,

GEORGE GOSLING.

‘P. S. Dear Spec, if I get the 12,000 pound, I’ll make thee a handsome present.’

After having wished my correspondent good luck, and thanked him for his intended kindness, I shall for this time dismiss the subject of the lottery, and only observe, that the greatest part of mankind are in some degree guilty of my friend Gosling’s extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in possibility. We live up to our expectations, not to our possessions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We outrun our present income, as not doubting to disburse* ourselves out of the profits of some future place, project, or reversion that we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is so common among us, that we see tradesmen break, who have met with no misfortunes in their business; and men of estates reduced to poverty, who have never suffered from losses or repairs, tenants, taxes, or law-suits. In short, it is this foolish, sanguine temper, this depending upon contingent futurities, that occasions romantic generosity, chimerical grandeur, senseless ostentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. ‘The man who will live above his present circumstances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them;’ or, as the Italian proverb runs, ‘The man who lives by hope, will die by hunger.’

It should be an indispensable rule in life, to contract our desires to our present condition, and, whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an estate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune we shall lose the pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon. L.

* i. e. reimburse.

No. 192.] Wednesday, October 10, 1711.

—Uno ore omnes omnia

Bona dicere, et laudare fortunas meas,
Qui gnatum habere tali ingenio præditum.

Ter. Andr. Act i. sc. 1.

—All the world

With one accord said all good things, and prais’d
My happy fortunes, who possess a son

So good, so liberally disposed.—

Colman.

I stood the other day, and beheld a father sitting in the middle of a room with a large family of children about him; and methought I could observe in his countenance different motions of delight, as he turned his eye towards the one and the other of them. The man is a person moderate in his designs for their preferment and welfare: and as he has an easy fortune, he is not solicitous to make a great one. His eldest son is a child of a very towardsly disposition, and as much as the father loves him, I dare say he will never be a knave to improve his fortune. I do not know any man who has a juster relish of life than the person I am speaking of, or keeps a better guard against the terrors of want, or the hopes of gain. It is usual in a crowd of children, for the parent to name out of his own flock all the great officers of the kingdom. There is something so very surprising in the parts of a child of a man’s own, that there is nothing too great to be expected from his endowments. I know a good woman who has but three sons, and there is, she says, nothing she expects with more certainty, than that she shall see one of them a bishop, the other a judge, and the third a court-physician. The humour is, that any thing which can happen to any man’s child, is expected by every man for his own. But my friend, whom I was going to speak of, does not flatter himself with such vain expectations, but has his eye more upon the virtue and disposition of his children, than their advancement or wealth. Good habits are what will certainly improve a man’s fortune and reputation; but, on the other side, affluence of fortune will not as probably produce good affections of the mind.

It is very natural for a man of a kind disposition, to amuse himself with the promises his imagination makes to him of the future condition of his children, and to represent to himself the figure they shall bear in the world after he has left it. When his prospects of this kind are agreeable, his fondness gives as it were a longer date to his own life; and the survivorship of a worthy man in his son, is a pleasure scarce inferior to the hopes of the continuance of his own life. That man is happy who can believe of his own son, that he will escape the follies and indiscretions of which he himself was guilty, and pursue and improve every thing that was valuable in him. The continuance of his virtue is much more to be regarded than that of his life; but it is the most lamentable of all reflections, to think

that the heir of a man's fortune is such a one as will be a stranger to his friends, alienated from the same interests, and a promoter of every thing which he himself disapproved. An estate in possession of such a successor to a good man, is worse than laid waste; and the family of which he is the head, is in a more deplorable condition than that of being extinct.

When I visit the agreeable seat of my honoured friend Ruricola, and walk from room to room revolving many pleasing occurrences, and the expressions of many just sentiments I have heard him utter, and see the booby his heir in pain while he is doing the honours of his house to the friend of his father, the heaviness it gives one is not to be expressed. Want of genius is not to be imputed to any man, but want of humanity is a man's own fault. The son of Ruricola (whose life was one continued series of worthy actions, and gentleman-like inclinations) is the companion of drunken clowns, and knows no sense of praise but in the flattery he receives from his own servants; his pleasures are mean and inordinate, his language base and filthy, his behaviour rough and absurd. Is this creature to be accounted the successor of a man of virtue, wit, and breeding? At the same time that I have this melancholy prospect at the house where I miss my old friend, I can go to a gentleman's not far off it, where he has a daughter who is the picture both of his body and mind, but both improved with the beauty and modesty peculiar to her sex. It is she who supplies the loss of her father to the world; she, without his name or fortune, is a truer memorial of him, than her brother who succeeds him in both. Such an offspring as the eldest son of my friend, perpetuates his father in the same manner as the appearance of his ghost would: it is indeed Ruricola, but it is Ruricola grown frightful.

I know not to what to attribute the brutal turn which this young man has taken, except it may be to a certain severity and distance which his father used towards him, and might, perhaps, have occasioned a dislike to those modes of life, which were not made amiable to him by freedom and affability.

We may promise ourselves that no such excrescence will appear in the family of the Cornelli, where the father lives with his sons like their eldest brother, and the sons converse with him as if they did it for no other reason but that he is the wisest man of their acquaintance. As the Cornelli* are eminent traders, their good correspondence with each other is useful to all that know them as well as to themselves: and their friendship, good-will, and kind offices are disposed of jointly as well as their for-

tune, so that no one ever obliged one of them, who had not the obligation multiplied in returns from them all.

It is the most beautiful object the eyes of man can behold, to see a man of worth and his son live in an entire unreserved correspondence. The mutual kindness and affection between them; give an inexpressible satisfaction to all who know them. It is a sublime pleasure which increases by the participation. It is as sacred as friendship, as pleasurable as love, and as joyful as religion. This state of mind does not only dissipate sorrow, which would be extreme without it; but enlarges pleasures which would otherwise be contemptible. The most indifferent thing has its force and beauty when it is spoke by a kind father; and an insignificant trifle has its weight when offered by a dutiful child: I know not how to express it; but I think I may call it a 'transplanted self-love.' All the enjoyments and sufferings which a man meets with are regarded only as they concern him in the relation he has to another. A man's very honour receives a new value to him, when he thinks that when he is in his grave, it will be had in remembrance that such an action was done by such an one's father. Such considerations sweeten the old man's evening, and his soliloquy delights him when he can say to himself, No man can tell my child, his father was either unmerciful, or unjust. My son shall meet many a man who shall say to him, 'I was obliged to thy father; and be my child a friend to his child for ever.'

It is not in the power of all men to leave illustrious names or great fortunes to their posterity, but they can very much conduce to their having industry, probity, valour, and justice. It is in every man's power to leave his son the honour of descending from a virtuous man, and add the blessings of heaven to whatever he leaves him: I shall end this rhapsody with a letter to an excellent young man of my acquaintance, who has lately lost a worthy father.

'DEAR SIR,—I know no part of life more impertinent than the office of administering consolation: I will not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your grief. The virtuous principles you had from that excellent man, whom you have lost, have wrought in you as they ought, to make a youth of three and twenty incapable of comfort upon coming into possession of a great fortune. I doubt not but you will honour his memory by a modest enjoyment of his estate; and scorn to triumph over his grave, by employing in riot, excess, and debauchery, what he purchased with so much industry, prudence, and wisdom. This is the true way to show the sense you have of your loss, and to take away the distress of others upon the occasion. You cannot recall your father by your grief, but you may revive him to his friends by your conduct.' T:

* The allusion is supposed to be to the family of the Eyles's, who were merchants of distinction. Francis Eyles, the father, created baronet by George I. was a director of the East-India Company, and an alderman of London. His eldest son, Sir John Eyles, bart. was lord mayor in 1737; and another of his sons, Sir Joseph Eyles, knight, sheriff of London in 1735.

No. 193.] *Thursday, October 11, 1711.*

—Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
 Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.
Virg. Georg. ii. 461.

His lordship's palace view, whose portals proud,
 Each morning vomit forth a cringing crowd.
Warton, &c.

WHEN we look round us and behold the strange variety of faces and persons which fill the streets with business and hurry, it is no unpleasant amusement to make guesses at their different pursuits, and judge by their countenances what it is that so anxiously engages their present attention. Of all this busy crowd, there are none who would give a man inclined to such inquiries better diversion for his thoughts, than those whom we call good courtiers, and such as are assiduous at the levees of great men. These worthies are got into a habit of being servile with an air, and enjoy a certain vanity in being known for understanding how the world passes. In the pleasure of this they can rise early, go abroad sleek and well-dressed, with no other hope or purpose, but to make a bow to a man in court favour, and be thought, by some insignificant smile of his, not a little engaged in his interests and fortunes. It is wondrous, that a man can get over the natural existence and possession of his own mind so far as to take delight either in paying or receiving such cold and repeated civilities. But what maintains the humour is, that outward show is what most men pursue, rather than real happiness. Thus both the idol, and idolater, equally impose upon themselves in pleasing their imaginations this way. But as there are very many of her majesty's good subjects who are extremely uneasy at their own seats in the country, where all from the skies to the centre of the earth is their own, and have a mighty longing to shine in courts, or to be partners in the power of the world; I say, for the benefit of these, and others who hanker after being in the whisper with great men, and vexing their neighbours with the changes they would be capable of making in the appearance at a country sessions, it would not methinks be amiss to give an account of that market for preferment, a great man's levee.

For aught I know, this commerce between the mighty and their slaves, very justly represented, might do so much good, as to incline the great to regard business rather than ostentation; and make the little know the use of their time, too well to spend it in vain applications and addresses. The famous doctor in Moorfields, who gained so much reputation for his horary predictions, is said to have had in his parlour different ropes to little bells which hung in the room above stairs, where the doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a girl had been deceived by her lover, one bell was pulled: and if a peasant had lost a cow, the servant rung another. This method was

kept in respect to all other passions and concerns, and the skilful waiter below sifted the inquirer, and gave the doctor notice accordingly. The levee of a great man is laid after the same manner, and twenty whispers, false alarms, and private intimations, pass backward and forward from the porter, the valet, and the patron himself, before the gaping crew, who are to pay their court, are gathered together. When the scene is ready, the doors fly open and discover his lordship.

There are several ways of making this first appearance. You may be either half-dressed, and washing yourself, which is indeed the most stately; but this way of opening is peculiar to military men, in whom there is something graceful in exposing themselves naked; but the politicians, or civil officers, have usually affected to be more reserved, and preserve a certain chastity of deportment. Whether it be hieroglyphical or not, this difference in the military and civil list, I will not say; but have ever understood the fact to be, that the close minister is buttoned up, and the brave officer open-breasted on these occasions.

However that is, I humbly conceive the business of a levee is to receive the acknowledgments of a multitude, that a man is wise, bounteous, valiant and powerful: When the first shot of eyes is made, it is wonderful to observe how much submission the patron's modesty can bear, and how much servitude the client's spirit can descend to. In the vast multiplicity of business, and the crowd about him, my lord's parts are usually so great, that to the astonishment of the whole assembly, he has something to say to every man there, and that so suitable to his capacity, as any man may judge that it is not without talents that men can arrive at great employments. I have known a great man ask a flag-officer which way was the wind; a commander of horse the present price of oats, and a stock-jobber, at what discount such a fund was, with as much ease as if he had been bred to each of those several ways of life. Now this is extremely obliging, for at the same time that the patron informs himself of matters, he gives the person of whom he inquires an opportunity to exert himself. What adds to the pomp of those interviews is, that it is performed with the greatest silence and order imaginable. The patron is usually in the midst of the room, and some humble person gives him a whisper, which his lordship answers aloud, 'It is well: Yes, I am of your opinion. Pray inform yourself further, you may be sure of my part in it.' This happy man is dismissed, and my lord can turn himself to a business of a quite different nature, and off-hand gives as good an answer as any great man is obliged to. For the chief point is to keep in generals, and if there be any thing offered that is particular, to be in haste.

But we are now in the height of the affair, and my lord's creatures have all had their whispers round to keep up the farce of the thing, and the dumb-show is become more general. He casts his eye to that corner, and there to Mr. Such-a-one; to the other, 'And when did you come to town?' And perhaps just before he nods to another; and enters with him, 'But, sir, I am glad to see you, now I think of it.' Each of those are happy for the next four-and-twenty hours; and those who bow in ranks undistinguished, and by dozens at a time, think they have very good prospects if they may hope to arrive at such notices half a year hence.

The satirist says, there is seldom common sense in high fortune;* and one would think, to behold a levee, that the great were not only infatuated with their station, but also that they believed all below were seized too; else how is it possible they could think of imposing upon themselves and others in such a degree, as to set up a levee for any thing but a direct farce? But such is the weakness of our nature, that when men are a little exalted in their condition, they immediately conceive they have additional senses, and their capacities enlarged not only above other men, but above human comprehension itself. Thus it is ordinary to see a great man attend one listening, bow to one at a distance, and to call to a third at the same instant. A girl in new ribands is not more taken with herself, nor does she betray more apparent coquetries, than even a wise man in such a circumstance of courtship. I do not know any thing that I ever thought so very distasteful as the affectation which is recorded of Cæsar; to wit, that he would dictate to three several writers at the same time. This was an ambition below the greatness and candour of his mind. He indeed (if any man had pretensions to greater faculties than any other mortal) was the person; but such a way of acting is childish, and inconsistent with the manner of our being. It appears from the very nature of things, that there cannot be any thing effectually despatched in the distraction of a public levee; but the whole seems to be a conspiracy of a set of servile slaves, to give up their own liberty to take away their patron's understanding.

T.

No. 194.] *Friday, October 12, 1711.*

—Difficili bile tumet jecur.
Hor. Lib. 1. Od. xiii. 4.

With jealous pangs my bosom swells.

THE present paper shall consist of two letters which observe upon faults that are easily cured both in love and friendship. In the latter, as far as it merely regards conversation, the person who neglects visit-

ing an agreeable friend is punished in the very transgression; for a good companion is not found in every room we go into. But the case of love is of a more delicate nature, and the anxiety is inexpressible, if every little instance of kindness is not reciprocal. There are things in this sort of commerce which there are not words to express, and a man may not possibly know how to represent what yet may tear his heart into ten thousand tortures. To be grave to a man's mirth, unattentive to his discourse, or to interrupt either with something that argues a disinclination to be entertained by him, has in it something so disagreeable, that the utmost steps which may be made in farther enmity cannot give greater torment. The gay Corinna, who sets up for an indifference and becoming heedlessness, gives her husband all the torment imaginable out of mere insolence, with this peculiar vanity, that she is to look as gay as a maid in the character of a wife. It is no matter what is the reason of a man's grief, if it be heavy as it is. Her unhappy man is convinced that she means him no dishonour, but pines to death because she will not have so much deference to him as to avoid the appearance of it. The author of the following letter is perplexed with an injury that is in a degree yet less criminal, and yet the source of the utmost unhappiness.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—I have read your papers which relate to jealousy, and desire your advice in my case, which you will say is not common. I have a wife, of whose virtue I am not in the least doubtful; yet I cannot be satisfied she loves me, which gives me as great uneasiness as being faulty the other way would do. I know not whether I am not yet more miserable than in that case, for she keeps possession of my heart, without the return of her's. I would desire your observations upon that temper in some women, who will not condescend to convince their husbands of their innocence or their love, but are wholly negligent of what reflections the poor men make upon their conduct (so they cannot call it criminal,) when at the same time a little tenderness of behaviour, or regard to show an inclination to please them, would make them entirely at ease. Do not such women deserve all the misinterpretation which they neglect to avoid? Or are they not in the actual practice of guilt, who care not whether they are thought guilty or not? If my wife does the most ordinary thing, as visiting her sister, or taking the air with her mother, it is always carried with the air of a secret. Then she will sometimes tell a thing of no consequence, as if it was only want of memory made her conceal it before; and this only to dally with my anxiety. I have complained to her of this behaviour in the gentlest terms imaginable, and beseeched her not to use him, who de-

* *Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa Fortuna.*
Juv. viii. 73.

sired only to live with her like an indulgent friend, as the most morose and unsociable husband in the world. It is no easy matter to describe our circumstance, but it is miserable with this aggravation, that it might be easily mended, and yet no remedy endeavoured. She reads you, and there is a phrase or two in this letter which she will know came from me. If we enter into an explanation which may tend to our future quiet by your means, you shall have our joint thanks; in the mean time I am (as much as I can in this ambiguous condition be any thing,) sir, your humble servant.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,—Give me leave to make you a present of a character not yet described in your papers, which is that of a man who treats his friend with the same odd variety which a fantastical female tyrant practises towards her lover. I have for some time had a friendship with one of those mercurial persons. The rogue I know loves me, yet takes advantage of my fondness for him to use me as he pleases. We are by turns the best friends and the greatest strangers imaginable. Sometimes you would think us inseparable; at other times he avoids me for a long time, yet neither he nor I know why. When we meet next by chance, he is amazed he has not seen me, is impatient for an appointment the same evening; and when I expect he would have kept it, I have known him slip away to another place; where he has sat reading the news, when there is no post; smoking his pipe which he seldom cares for; and staring about him in company with whom he has had nothing to do, as if he wondered how he came there.

'That I may state my case to you the more fully, I shall transcribe some short minutes I have taken of him in my almanack since last spring; for you must know there are certain seasons of the year, according to which, I will not say our friendship, but the enjoyment of it rises or falls. In March and April he was as various as the weather; in May and part of June I found him the sprightliest best-humoured fellow in the world; in the dog-days he was much upon the indolent; in September very agreeable but very busy; and since the glass fell last to changeable, he has made three appointments with me, and broke them every one. However, I have good hopes of him this winter, especially if you will lend me your assistance to reform him, which will be a great ease and pleasure to sir, your most humble servant.

'October 9, 1711.'

T.

No. 195.] *Saturday, October 13, 1711.*

Νηπιόν, οὐδ' ἴσταν ὅση πλὴν κηστὺ πάντος.
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν κλαυκῇ τε δὲ ἀποδίδω μιν' οὐκ ἐστ.
Hes. Op. & Dier. l. 1. 40.

Fools, not to know that half exceeds the whole,
How blest the sparing meal and temperate bowl.

THERE is a story in the Arabian Nights

Tales of a king who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method: he took an hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs; after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mall, and after having hollowed the handle and that part which strikes the ball, he inclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these rightly prepared instruments, till such time as he should sweat; when, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicaments perspiring through the wood, had so good an influence on the sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eastern allegory is finely contrived to show us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic. I have described in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general structure and mechanism of an human body, how absolutely necessary exercise is for its preservation: I shall in this place recommend another great preservative of health, which in many cases produces the same effects as exercise, and may in some measure supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The preservative I am speaking of is temperance, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expense of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise and temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of those two great instruments of health; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chase; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all

those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he prevented him.* What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down sallads of twenty different herbs, sauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counter-ferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers lying in ambush among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way; not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. 'Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing strong until you have finished your meal; at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple.' A man could not be well guilty of gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy rules. In the first case there would be no variety of tastes to solicit his palate, and occasion excess; nor in the second any artificial provocatives to relieve satiety, and create a false appetite. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be formed upon a saying quoted by Sir William Temple: 'The first glass for myself,

the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.' But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence, according as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for struggling with hunger and thirst, whenever any distemper or duty of life may put her upon such difficulties; and at the same time give her an opportunity of extricating herself from her oppressions, and recovering the several tones and springs of her distended vessels. Besides that abstinence, well-timed, often kills a sickness in embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition. It is observed by two or three ancient authors,† that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during that great plague, which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection, which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an observation which I have often made, upon reading the lives of the philosophers, and comparing them with any series of kings or great men of the same number. If we consider these ancient sages, a great part of whose philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious course of life, one would think the life of a philosopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of these wise men were nearer an hundred than sixty years of age, at the time of their respective deaths. But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book published by Lewis Cornaro, the Venetian; which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in England. Cornaro, who was the author of the little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution, until about forty, when by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health;‡ inasmuch that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into English under the title of *Sure and Certain Methods of Attaining a Long and Healthy Life*. He lived to give a third or

† Diogenes Laertius in *Vit. Socratis*.—Elian in *Var. His. Lib. 13. cap. 27. &c.*

‡ Lewis Cornaro was born in 1467. In his youth he lived very freely; which brought him into a bad state of health, upon which he formed the resolution of confining himself to twelve ounces of food and fourteen of wine daily; by which means, and exercise, he not only recovered his health, but acquired a vigorous constitution. He died at Padua in 1565.

* *Diog. Laert. Vitæ Philosoph. lib. vi. cap. 2. n. 6.*

fourth edition of it; and after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of cheerfulness, religion and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it.

Having designed this paper as the sequel to that upon exercise, I have not here considered temperance as it is a moral virtue, which I shall make the subject of a future speculation, but only as it is the means of health. L.

No 196.] *Monday, October 15, 1711.*

Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.

Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. xi. 30.

True happiness is to no place confin'd,
But still is found in a contented mind.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,—There is a particular fault which I have observed in most of the moralists in all ages, and that is, that they are always professing themselves, and teaching others, to be happy. This state is not to be arrived at in this life, therefore I would recommend to you to talk in an humbler strain than your predecessors have done, and instead of presuming to be happy, instruct us only to be easy. The thoughts of him who would be discreet, and aim at practicable things, should turn upon allaying our pain, rather than promoting our joy. Great inquietude is to be avoided, but great felicity is not to be attained. The great lesson is equanimity, a regularity of spirit, which is a little above cheerfulness and below mirth. Cheerfulness is always to be supported if a man is out of pain, but mirth to a prudent man should always be accidental. It should naturally arise out of the occasion, and the occasion seldom be laid for it; for those tempers who want mirth to be pleased, are like the constitutions which flag without the use of brandy. Therefore, I say, let your precept be, ‘Be easy.’ That mind is dissolute and ungoverned, which must be hurried out of itself by loud laughter or sensual pleasure, or else be wholly unactive.

‘There are a couple of old fellows of my acquaintance who meet every day and smoke a pipe, and by their mutual love to each other, though they have been men of business and bustle in the world, enjoy a greater tranquillity than either could have worked himself into by any chapter of Seneca. Indolence of body and mind, when we aim at no more, is very frequently enjoyed; but the very inquiry after happiness has something restless in it, which a man who lives in a series of temperate meals, friendly conversations, and easy slumbers, gives himself no trouble about. While men

of refinement are talking of tranquillity, he possesses it.

‘What I would, by these broken expressions, recommend to you, Mr. Spectator, is, that you would speak of the way of life which plain men may pursue, to fill up the spaces of time with satisfaction. It is a lamentable circumstance, that wisdom, or, as you call it, philosophy, should furnish ideas only for the learned; and that a man must be a philosopher to know how to pass away his time agreeably. It would, therefore, be worth your pains to place in a handsome light the relations and affinities among men, which render their conversation with each other so grateful, that the highest talents give but an impotent pleasure in comparison with them. You may find descriptions and discourses which will render the fire-side of an honest artificer as entertaining as your own club is to you. Good-nature has an endless source of pleasures in it: and the representation of domestic life filled with its natural gratifications, instead of the necessary vexations which are generally insisted upon in the writings of the witty, will be a very good office to society.

‘The vicissitudes of labour and rest in the lower part of mankind, make their being pass away with that sort of relish which we express by the word comfort; and should be treated of by you, who are a Spectator, as well as such subjects which appear indeed more speculative, but are less instructive. In a word, sir, I would have you turn your thoughts to the advantage of such as want you most; and show that simplicity, innocence, industry, and temperance, are arts which lead to tranquillity, as much as learning, wisdom, knowledge, and contemplation.—I am, sir, your most humble servant,
T. B.’

‘Hackney, Oct. 12.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,—I am the young woman whom you did so much justice to some time ago, in acknowledging that I am perfect mistress of the fan, and use it with the utmost knowledge and dexterity. Indeed the world, as malicious as it is, will allow that from a hurry of laughter I recollect myself the most suddenly, make a curtsy, and let fall my hands before me, closing my fan at the same instant, the best of any woman in England. I am not a little delighted that I have had your notice and approbation; and however other young women may rally me out of envy, I triumph in it, and demand a place in your friendship. You must, therefore, permit me to lay before you the present state of my mind. I was reading your Spectator of the 9th instant, and thought the circumstance of the ass divided between the two bundles of hay which equally affected his senses, was a lively representation of my present condition, for you are to know that I am extremely enamoured with two young gentlemen who at this time pretend to me. One

must hide nothing when one is asking advice, therefore I will own to you that I am very amorous, and very covetous. My lover Will is very rich, and my lover Tom very handsome. I can have either of them when I please; but when I debate the question in my own mind, I cannot take Tom for fear of losing Will's estate, nor enter upon Will's estate, and bid adieu to Tom's person. I am very young, and yet no one in the world, dear sir, has the main chance more in her head than myself. Tom is the gayest, the blithest creature! He dances well, is very civil and diverting at all hours and seasons. Oh! he is the joy of my eyes! But then again Will is so very rich and careful of the main. How many pretty dresses does Tom appear in to charm me! But then it immediately occurs to me that a man of his circumstances is so much the poorer. Upon the whole, I have at last examined both these desires of love and avarice, and upon strictly weighing the matter, I begin to think I shall be covetous longer than fond; therefore, if you have nothing to say to the contrary, I shall take Will. Alas, poor Tom!—Your humble servant,

T.

'BIDDY LOVELESS.'

No. 197.] *Tuesday, October 16, 1711.*

*Alter rixatur de lana sepe caprina,
Propugnat nugis armatus: scilicet, ut non
Sic mihi prima fides; et, vere quod placet, ut
Acritur elatrum? Pretium etas altera sordet.
Ambigitur quid enim? Castor sciat, an Docilis plus,
Brundisium Numici melius, via ducat, an Appi.
Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. xviii. 15.*

On trifles some are earnestly absurd:
You'll think the world depends on every word.
What! is not every mortal free to speak!
I'll give my reasons, though I break my neck!
And what's the question? If it shines or rains;
Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen miles to Staines.

Pitt.

EVERY age a man passes through, and way of life he engages in, has some particular vice or imperfection naturally cleaving to it, which it will require his nicest care to avoid. The several weaknesses to which youth, old age, and manhood are exposed, have long since been set down by many both of the poets and philosophers; but I do not remember to have met with any author who has treated of those ill-habits men are subject to, not so much by reason of their different ages and tempers, as the particular professions or business in which they were educated and brought up. I am the more surprised to find this subject so little touched on, since what I am here speaking of is so apparent, as not to escape the most vulgar observation. The business men are chiefly conversant in, does not only give a certain cast or turn to their minds, but is very often apparent in their outward behaviour, and some of the most indifferent actions of their lives. It is this air diffusing itself over the whole man, which helps us to find out a person at his first appearance; so that the most careless

observer fancies he can scarce be mistaken in the carriage of a seaman, or the gait of a tailor.

The liberal arts, though they may possibly have less effect on our external mien and behaviour, make so deep an impression on the mind, as is very apt to bend it wholly one way.

The mathematician will take little less than demonstration in the most common discourse, and the schoolman is as great a friend to definition and syllogisms. The physician and divine are often heard to dictate in private companies with the same authority which they exercise over their patients and disciples; while the lawyer is putting cases and raising matter for disputation, out of every thing that occurs.

I may possibly some time or other animadvert more at large on the particular fault each profession is most infected with; but shall at present wholly apply myself to the cure of what I last mentioned, namely, that spirit of strife and contention in the conversations of gentlemen of the long robe.

This is the more ordinary, because these gentlemen regarding argument as their own proper province, and very often making ready money of it, think it unsafe to yield before company. They are showing in common talk how zealously they could defend a cause in court, and therefore frequently forget to keep that temper which is absolutely requisite to render conversation pleasant and instructive.

Captain Sentry pushes this matter so far that I have heard him say, 'he has known but few pleaders that were tolerable company.'

The captain, who is a man of good sense, but dry conversation, was last night giving me an account of a discourse, in which he had lately been engaged with a young wrangler in the law. 'I was giving my opinion,' says the captain, 'without apprehending any debate that might arise from it, of a general's behaviour in a battle that was fought some years before either the Templar or myself were born. The young lawyer immediately took me up, and by reasoning above a quarter of an hour upon a subject which I saw he understood nothing of, endeavoured to show me that my opinions were ill-grounded. Upon which,' says the captain, 'to avoid any further contests, I told him, that truly I had not considered those several arguments which he had brought against me, and that there might be a great deal in them.' 'Ay, but,' says my antagonist, who would not let me escape so, 'there are several things to be urged in favour of your opinion, which you have omitted;' and thereupon begun to shine on the other side of the question. 'Upon this,' says the captain, 'I came over to my first sentiments, and entirely acquiesced in his reasons for my so doing. Upon which the Templar again recovered his former posture, and confuted both him-

self and me a third time. In short,' says my friend, 'I found he was resolved to keep me at sword's length, and never let me close with him; so that I had nothing left but to hold my tongue, and give my antagonist free leave to smile at his victory, who I found, like Hudibras, could still change sides, and still confute.*

For my own part, I have ever regarded our inns of court as nurseries of statesmen and lawgivers, which makes me often frequent that part of the town with great pleasure.

Upon my calling in lately at one of the most noted Temple coffee-houses, I found the whole room which was full of young students, divided into several parties, each of which was deeply engaged in some controversy. The management of the late ministry was attacked and defended with great vigour; and several preliminaries to the peace were proposed by some, and rejected by others; the demolishing of Dunkirk was so eagerly insisted on, and so warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a challenge. In short, I observed that the desire of victory, whetted with the little prejudices of party and interest, generally carried the argument to such a height, as made the disputants insensibly conceive an aversion towards each other, and part with the highest dissatisfaction on both sides.

The managing an argument handsomely being so nice a point, and what I have seen so very few excel in, I shall here set down a few rules on that head, which among other things, I gave in writing to a young kinsman of mine, who had made so great a proficiency in the law that he began to plead in company, upon every subject that was started.

Having the entire manuscript by me, I may perhaps, from time to time, publish such parts of it as I shall think requisite for the instruction of the British youth. What regards my present purpose is as follows:

Avoid disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easy and well-bred in conversation, you may assure yourself that it requires more wit, as well as more good humour, to improve than to contradict the notions of another: but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, two things which scarce ever fail of making an impression on the hearers. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor show either by your actions or words, that you are full of yourself, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your argument you may make your retreat with a very good grace. You were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical way of reasoning, where, while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an

absurdity: and though possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to desire information from him.

In order to keep that temper which is so difficult, and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion. The interests, education, and means by which men attain their knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has at least as much reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes to keep yourself cool, it may of service to ask yourself fairly, what might have been your opinion, had you all the biases of education and interest your adversary may possibly have? But if you contend for the honour of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, that you cannot make a more false step, or give your antagonists a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a passion.

When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does a man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a man because he does not apprehend the force of your reasons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the easier; he is certainly in all respects an object of your pity, rather than anger; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank nature for her favours, who has given you so much the clearest understanding.

You may please to add this consideration, that among your equals no one values your anger, which only preys upon its master; and perhaps you may find it not very consistent either with prudence or your ease, to punish yourself whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

Lastly, If you propose to yourself the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a seasonable check to your passion; for if you search purely after truth, it will be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this place omit an observation which I have often made, namely, That nothing procures a man more esteem and less envy from the whole company, than if he chooses the part of moderator, without engaging directly on either side in a dispute. This gives him the character of impartial, furnishes him with an opportunity of sifting things to the bottom, showing his judgment, and of sometimes making handsome compliments to each of the contending parties.

I shall close this subject with giving you one caution. When you have gained a victory, do not push it too far; it is sufficient to let the company and your adversary see it is in your power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.

X.

* Part i. cant. 1. ver. 69, 70.

No. 198.] *Wednesday, October 17, 1711.*

*Cervæ luporum præda rapacium,
Sectamur ultro, quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.*

Hor. Lib. 4. Od. iv. 50.

We, like 'weak hinds,' the brinded wolf provoke,
And when retreat is victory
Rush on, though sure to die. *Oldisworth.*

THERE is a species of women, whom I shall distinguish by the name of salamanders. Now a salamander is a kind of heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire and lives in the midst of flames without being hurt. A salamander knows no distinction of sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a stranger at first sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the person she talks to be in breeches or petticoats. She admits a male visitant to her bed-side, plays with him a whole afternoon at piquet, walks with him two or three hours by moonlight, and is extremely scandalized at the unreasonableness of a husband, or the severity of a parent, that would debar the sex from such innocent liberties. Your salamander is therefore a perpetual declaimer against jealousy, an admirer of the French good-breeding, and a great stickler for freedom in conversation. In short, the salamander lives in an invincible state of simplicity and innocence. Her constitution is preserved in a kind of natural frost. She wonders what people mean by temptations, and defies mankind to do their worst. Her chastity is engaged in a constant ordeal, or fiery trial: like good Queen Emma, the pretty innocent walks blindfolded among burning ploughshares, without being scorched or singed by them.

It is not therefore for the use of the salamander, whether in a married or a single state of life, that I design the following paper; but for such females only as are made of flesh and blood, and find themselves subject to human frailties.

As for this part of the fair sex who are not of the salamander kind, I would most earnestly advise them to observe a quite different conduct in their behaviour; and to avoid as much as possible what religion calls temptations, and the world opportunities. Did they but know how many thousands of their sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent freedoms to ruin and infamy; and how many millions of ours have begun with flatteries, protestations, and endearments, but ended with reproaches, perjury, and perfidiousness; they would shun like death the very first approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable labyrinths of guilt and misery. I must so far give up the cause of the male world, as to exhort the female sex in the language of Chamont in the Orphan:

Trust not to man; we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant;
When a man talks of love with caution trust him;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

I might very much enlarge upon this subject, but shall conclude it with a story

which I lately heard from one of our Spanish officers,* and which may show the danger a woman incurs by too great familiarities with a male companion.

An inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave composed behaviour, determined about the fiftieth year of his age to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his eye upon a young woman who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the wars which for some years have laid that whole country waste. The Castilian having made his addresses to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time; when at length the husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of Naples, where a great part of his estate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a shipboard above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an Algerine pirate, who carried the whole company on shore, and made them slaves. The Castilian and his wife had the comfort to be under the same master; who seeing how dearly they loved one another and gasped after their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian, though he would rather have died in slavery himself, than have paid such a sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain, (who happened to be his next relation) to sell his estate, and transmit the money to him. His friend hoping that the terms of his ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which he himself had some prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole years passed away without any thing being done for the setting them at liberty.

There happened to live a French renegade, in the same place where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures; to which he sometimes added a song or a dance, or some other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the Algerines enabled him likewise to do them several good offices. The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with this renegade, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice how he should behave himself in that exigency; he further told the renegade, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the money, unless he himself might go over to

* Viz. one of the English officers who had been employed in the war in Spain.

dispose of his estate. The renegade, after having represented to him that his Algerine master would never consent to his release upon such a pretence, at length contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt; and having sold his estate, being afraid lest the money should miscarry by the way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himself in a little vessel that was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt upon this occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endeavour himself more to her, by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The renegade, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the good graces of his young wife, and so turned her head with stories of gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honest Castilian, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow, unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the renegade how to manage herself upon his arrival; so that she received him with an appearance of the utmost love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common friend the renegade with the money he had brought over for their ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and negotiate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story, but since I cannot, I shall despatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found his wife had left him. He immediately arose and inquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the renegade about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready for their departure, they soon made their escape out of the territories of Algiers, carried away the money, and left the Castilian in captivity: who partly through the cruel treatment of the incensed Algerine his master, and partly through the unkind usage of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after.

L.

No. 199.] Thursday, October 18, 1711.

—Scribere jussit amor.—Ovid. Ep. iv. 10.
Love bade me write.

THE following letters are written with such an air of sincerity that I cannot deny the inserting of them.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—Though you are every where in your writings a friend to

women, I do not remember that you have directly considered the mercenary practice of men in the choice of wives. If you would please to employ your thoughts upon that subject, you would easily conceive the miserable condition many of us are in, who not only from the laws of custom and modesty are restrained from making any advances towards our wishes, but are also, from the circumstance of fortune, out of all hopes of being addressed to by those whom we love. Under all these disadvantages I am obliged to apply myself to you, and hope I shall prevail with you to print in your very next paper the following letter, which is a declaration of passion to one who has made some faint addresses to me for some time. I believe he ardently loves me, but the inequality of my fortune makes him think he cannot answer it to the world, if he pursues his designs by way of marriage; and I believe, as he does not want discernment, he discovered me looking at him the other day unawares, in such a manner as has raised his hopes of gaining me on terms the men call easier. But my heart was very full on this occasion, and if you know what love and honour are, you will pardon me that I use no farther arguments with you, but hasten to my letter to him, whom I call Oroondates;* because if I do not succeed, it shall look like romance; and if I am regarded, you shall receive a pair of gloves at my wedding, sent to you under the name of Statira.

'To Oroondates.

'SIR,—After very much perplexity in myself, and revolving how to acquaint you with my own sentiments, and expostulate with you concerning yours, I have chosen this way, by which means I can be at once revealed to you, or if you please, lie concealed. If I do not within a few days find the effect which I hope from this, the whole affair shall be buried in oblivion. But alas! what am I going to do, when I am about to tell you that I love you? But after I have done so, I am to assure you, that with all the passion which ever entered a tender heart, I know I can banish you from my sight for ever, when I am convinced that you have no inclination towards me but to my dishonour. But alas! sir, why should you sacrifice the real and essential happiness of life to the opinion of a world, that moves upon no other foundation but professed error and prejudice? You all can observe that riches alone do not make you happy, and yet give up every thing else when it stands in competition with riches. Since the world is so bad, that religion is left to us silly women, and you men act generally upon principles of profit and pleasure, I will talk to you without arguing from any thing but what may be most to your advantage, as a man of the world. And I

* A celebrated name in Mademoiselle Scudery's French romance of *The Grand Cyrus*, &c.

will lay before you the state of the case, supposing that you had it in your power to make me your mistress or your wife, and hope to convince you that the latter is more for your interest, and will contribute more to your pleasure.

'We will suppose, then, the scene was laid, and you were now in expectation of the approaching evening wherein I was to meet you, and be carried to what convenient corner of the town you thought fit, to consummate all which your wanton imagination has promised to you in the possession of one who is in the bloom of youth, and in the reputation of innocence. You would soon have enough of me, as I am sprightly, young, gay, and airy. When fancy is sated, and finds all the promises it made itself false, where is now the innocence which charmed you? The first hour you are alone, you will find that the pleasure of a debauchee is only that of a destroyer. He blasts all the fruit he tastes; and where the brute has been devouring, there is nothing left worthy the relish of the man. Reason resumes her place after imagination is cloyed; and I am with the utmost distress and confusion to behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you, to be visited by stealth, and dwell for the future with two companions (the most unfit for each other in the world) solitude and guilt. I will not insist upon the shameful obscurity we should pass our time in, nor run over the little short snatches of fresh air, and free commerce, which all people must be satisfied with, whose actions will not bear examination, but leave them to your reflections, who have seen enough of that life, of which I have but a mere idea.

'On the other hand, if you can be so good and generous as to make me your wife, you may promise yourself all the obedience and tenderness with which gratitude can inspire a virtuous woman. Whatever gratifications you may promise yourself from an agreeable person, whatever compliances from an easy temper, whatever consolation from a sincere friendship, you may expect as the due of your generosity. What at present in your ill view you promise yourself from me, will be followed with distaste and satiety; but the transports of a virtuous love are the least part of its happiness. The raptures of innocent passion are but like lightning to the day, they rather interrupt than advance the pleasure of it. How happy then is that life to be, where the highest pleasures of sense are but the lowest parts of its felicity?

'Now I am to repeat to you the unnatural request of taking me in direct terms. I know there stands between me and that happiness, the haughty daughter of a man who can give you suitably to your fortune. But if you weigh the attendance and behaviour of her who comes to you in partnership of your fortune, and expects an equivalent, with that of her who enters your house as honoured and obliged by that permission,

whom of the two will you choose? You, perhaps, will think fit to spend a day abroad in the common entertainments of men of sense and fortune; she will think herself ill-used in that absence, and contrive at home an expense proportioned to the appearance which you make in the world. She is in all things to have a regard to the fortune which she brought you; I to the fortune to which you introduce me. The commerce between you two will eternally have the air of a bargain, between us of a friendship: joy will ever enter into the room with you, and kind wishes attend my benefactor when he leaves it. Ask yourself, how would you be pleased to enjoy for ever the pleasure of having laid an immediate obligation on a grateful mind? Such will be your case with me. In the other marriage you will live in a constant comparison of benefits, and never know the happiness of conferring or receiving any.

'It may be you will, after all, act rather in the prudential way, according to the sense of the ordinary world. I know not what I think or say, when that melancholy reflection comes upon me; but shall only add more, that it is in your power to make me your grateful wife, but never your abandoned mistress.'

T.

No. 200.] *Friday, October 19, 1711.*

Vincit amor patriæ — *Virg. Æn. vi. 823.*
The noblest motive is the public good.

THE ambition of princes is many times as hurtful to themselves as to their people. This cannot be doubted of such as prove unfortunate in their wars, but it is often true too of those who are celebrated for their successes. If a severe view were to be taken of their conduct, if the profit and loss by their wars could be justly balanced, it would be rarely found that the conquest is sufficient to repay the cost.

As I was the other day looking over the letters of my correspondents, I took this hint from that of Philarithmus; which has turned my present thoughts upon political arithmetic, an art of greater use than entertainment. My friend has offered an Essay towards proving that Louis XIV. with all his acquisitions is not master of more people than at the beginning of his wars, nay, that for every subject he had acquired, he had lost three that were his inheritance. If Philarithmus is not mistaken in his calculations, Louis must have been impoverished by his ambition.

The prince for the public good has a sovereign property in every private person's estate; and consequently his riches must increase or decrease in proportion to the number and riches of his subjects. For example; if sword or pestilence should destroy all the people of this metropolis, (God forbid there should be room for such a supposition! but if this should be the case) the queen must needs lose a great part of her revenue, or, at least, what is charged upon

the city, must increase the burden upon the rest of her subjects. Perhaps the inhabitants here are not above a tenth part of the whole; yet as they are better fed, and clothed, and lodged, than her other subjects, the customs and excises upon their consumption, the imposts upon their houses, and other taxes, do very probably make a fifth part of the whole revenue of the crown. But this is not all; the consumption of the city takes off a great part of the fruits of the whole island; and as it pays such a proportion of the rent or yearly value of the lands in the country, so it is the cause of paying such a proportion of taxes upon those lands. The loss then of such a people must needs be sensible to the prince, and visible to the whole kingdom.

On the other hand, if it should please God to drop from heaven a new people equal in number and riches to the city, I should be ready to think their excises, customs, and house-rent would raise as great a revenue to the crown as would be lost in the former case. And as the consumption of this new body would be a new market for the fruits of the country, all the lands, especially those most adjacent, would rise in their yearly value, and pay greater yearly taxes to the public. The gain in this case would be as sensible as the former loss.

Whatsoever is assessed upon the general, is levied upon individuals. It were worth the while then to consider what is paid by, or by means of, the meanest subjects, in order to compute the value of every subject to the prince.

For my own part, I should believe that seven-eighths of the people are without property in themselves, or the heads of their families, and forced to work for their daily bread; and that of this sort there are seven millions in the whole island of Great Britain: and yet one would imagine that seven-eighths of the whole people should consume at least three-fourths of the whole fruits of the country. If this is the case, the subjects without property pay three-fourths of the rents, and consequently enable the landed men to pay three-fourths of their taxes. Now, if so great a part of the land-tax were to be divided by seven millions, it would amount to more than three shillings to every head. And thus, as the poor are the cause, without which the rich could not pay this tax, even the poorest subject is, upon this account, worth three shillings yearly to the prince.

Again; one would imagine the consumption of seven-eighths of the whole people should pay two-thirds of all the customs and excises. And if this sum too should be divided by seven millions, viz. the number of poor people, it would amount to more than seven shillings to every head: and therefore with this and the former sum, every poor subject, without property, except of his limbs or labour, is worth at least ten shillings yearly to the sovereign. So

much then the queen loses with every one of her old, and gains with every one of her new subjects.

When I was got into this way of thinking, I presently grew conceited of the argument, and was just preparing to write a letter of advice to a member of parliament, for opening the freedom of our towns and trades, for taking away all manner of distinctions between the natives and foreigners, for repealing our laws of parish settlements, and removing every other obstacle to the increase of the people. But as soon as I had recollected with what inimitable eloquence my fellow-labourers had exaggerated the mischiefs of selling the birthright of Britons for a shilling,* of spoiling the pure British blood with foreign mixtures, of introducing a confusion of languages and religions, and of letting in strangers to eat the bread out of the mouths of our own people, I became so humble as to let my project fall to the ground, and leave my country to increase by the ordinary way of generation.

As I have always at heart the public good, so I am ever contriving schemes to promote it: and I think I may without vanity pretend to have contrived some as wise as any of the castle-builders. I had no sooner given up my former project, but my head was presently full of draining fens and marshes, banking out the sea, and joining new lands to my country; for since it is thought impracticable to increase the people to the land, I fell immediately to consider how much would be gained to the prince by increasing the land to the people.

If the same omnipotent Power which made the world, should at this time raise out of the ocean, and join to Great Britain, an equal extent of land, with equal buildings, corn, cattle, and other conveniences and necessities of life, but no men, women, nor children, I should hardly believe this would add either to the riches of the people, or revenue of the prince; for since the present buildings are sufficient for all the inhabitants, if any of them should forsake the old to inhabit the new part of the island, the increase of house-rent in this would be attended with at least an equal decrease of it in the other. Besides, we have such a sufficiency of corn and cattle, that we give bounties to our neighbours to take what exceeds of the former off our hands, and we will not suffer any of the latter to be imported upon us by our fellow-subjects; and for the remaining product of the country, 'tis already equal to all our markets. But if all these things should be doubled to the same buyers, the owners must be glad with half their present prices; the landlords with half their present rents: and thus by so great an enlargement of the country, the rents in the whole would not increase, nor the taxes to the public.

* This is an ironical allusion to some of the popular arguments which were urged in the year 1708, against a bill for the naturalization of foreign Protestants.

On the contrary, I should believe they would be very much diminished: for as the land is only valuable for its fruits, and these are all perishable, and for the most part must either be used within the year, or perish without use, the owners will get rid of them at any rate, rather than that they should waste in their possession: so that it is probable the annual production of those perishable things, even of the tenth part of them, beyond all possibility of use, will reduce one half of their value. It seems to be for this reason that our neighbour merchants who engross all the spices, and know how great a quantity is equal to the demand, destroy all that exceeds it. It were natural then to think that the annual production of twice as much as can be used, must reduce all to an eighth part of their present prices; and thus this extended island would not exceed one-fourth part of its present value, or pay more than one-fourth part of the present tax.

It is generally observed, that in countries of the greatest plenty there is the poorest living; like the schoolman's ass in one of my speculations, the people almost starve between two meals. The truth is, the poor, which are the bulk of a nation, work only that they may live; and if with two days' labour they can get a wretched subsistence, they will hardly be brought to work the other four. But then with the wages of two days they can neither pay such prices for their provisions, nor such excises to the government.

That paradox, therefore, in old Hesiod, *πλεον ημισυ παντος*, or, 'half is more than the whole,' is very applicable to the present case; since nothing is more true in political arithmetic, than that the same people with half the country is more valuable than with the whole. I begin to think there was nothing absurd in Sir W. Petty, when he fancied if all the highlands of Scotland and the whole kingdom of Ireland were sunk in the ocean, so that the people were all saved and brought into the lowlands of Great Britain; nay, though they were to be reimbursed the value of their estates by the body of the people, yet both the sovereign and the subjects in general would be enriched by the very loss.

If the people only make the riches, the father of ten children is a greater benefactor to the country than he who has added to it 10,000 acres of land, and no people. It is certain Lewis has joined vast tracts of land to his dominions: but if Philarithmus says true, that he is not now master of so many subjects as before; we may then account for his not being able to bring such mighty armies into the field, and for their being neither so well fed, nor clothed, nor paid as formerly. The reason is plain—Lewis must needs have been impoverished not only by his loss of subjects, but by his acquisition of lands.

T.

No. 201.] Saturday, October 20, 1711.

Religntem esse oportet, religiosum nefas.
Incerti Autoris apud Aul. Gell.

A man should be religious, not superstitious.

It is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A state of temperance, sobriety, and justice, without devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid condition of virtue; and is rather to be styled philosophy than religion. Devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science; and at the same time warms and agitates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

It has been observed by some writers, that man is more distinguished from the animal world by devotion than by reason, as several brute creatures discover in their actions something like a faint glimmering of reason, though they betray in no single circumstance of their behaviour any thing that bears the least affinity to devotion. It is certain, the propensity of the mind to religious worship, the natural tendency of the soul to fly to some superior being for succour in dangers and distresses, the gratitude to an invisible superintendent which arises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, the acts of love and admiration with which the thoughts of men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the divine perfections, and the universal concurrence of all the nations under heaven in the great article of adoration, plainly show that devotion or religious worship must be the effect of tradition from some first founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reason, or that it proceeds from an instinct implanted in the soul itself. For my part, I look upon all these to be the concurrent causes; but whichever of them shall be assigned as the principle of divine worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first author of it.

I may take some other opportunity of considering those particular forms and methods of devotion which are taught us by Christianity; but shall here observe into what errors even this divine principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right reason which was given us as the guide of all our actions.

The two great errors into which a mistaken devotion may betray us, are enthusiasm and superstition.

There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with a religious enthusiasm. A person that is crazed, though with pride or malice, is a sight very mortifying to human nature; but when the distemper arises from any indiscreet fervours of devotion, or too intense an application of the mind to its mistaken duties, it deserves our compassion in a more particular manner. We may however learn this lesson from it, that since devotion itself (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the mind, unless its heats are tempered with caution and prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our reason as cool as possible, and to guard ourselves in all parts of life against the influence of passion, imagination, and constitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of reason, is very apt to degenerate into enthusiasm. When the mind finds herself very much inflamed with her devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something divine within her. If she indulges this thought too far, and humours the growing passion, she at last flings herself into imaginary raptures and ecstasies; and when once she fancies herself under the influence of a divine impulse, it is no wonder if she slights human ordinances, and refuses to comply with any established form of religion, as thinking herself directed by a much superior guide.

As enthusiasm is a kind of excess in devotion, superstition is the excess, not only of devotion, but of religion in general, according to an old heathen saying, quoted by Aulus Gellius, * *Religientem esse oportet, religiosum nefas*; 'A man should be religious, not superstitious.' For as the author tells us, Nigidius observed upon this passage, that the Latin words which terminate in *osus* generally imply vicious characters, and the having of any quality to an excess.

An enthusiast in religion is like an obstinate clown, a superstitious man like an insipid courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of madness, superstition of folly. Most of the sects that fall short of the church of England have in them strong tinctures of enthusiasm, as the Roman Catholic religion is one huge overgrown body of childish and idle superstitions.

The Roman Catholic church seems irrecoverably lost in this particular. If an absurd dress or behaviour be introduced in the world, it will soon be found out and discarded. On the contrary, a habit or ceremony, though never so ridiculous, which has taken sanctuary in the church, sticks in it for ever. A Gothic bishop, perhaps, thought it proper to repeat such a form in such particular shoes or slippers; another fancied it would be very decent if such a

part of public devotions were performed with a mitre on his head, and a crosier in his hand. To this a brother Vandal, as wise as the others, adds an antic dress, which he conceived would allude very aptly to such and such mysteries, till by degrees the whole office was degenerated into an empty show.

Their successors see the vanity and inconvenience of these ceremonies; but instead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more significant, and which take possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have seen the pope officiate at St. Peter's, where, for two hours together, he was busied in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is so glorious in the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to human nature, setting aside the infinite advantages which arise from it, as a strong, steady, masculine piety; but enthusiasm and superstition are the weaknesses of human reason, that expose us to the scorn and derision of infidels, and sink us even below the beasts that perish.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another error arising from mistaken devotion; but because reflections on that subject would be of no use to an English reader, I shall not enlarge upon it. L.

No. 202.] Monday, October 22, 1711.

Sæpe decem vitiiis instructor, edit et horret.

Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. xviii. 25.

Tho' ten times worse themselves, you'll frequent view,
Those who with keenest rage will censure you.—P.

THE other day as I passed along the street, I saw a sturdy prentice-boy disputing with a hackney-coachman; and in an instant, upon some word of provocation, throw off his hat and periwig, clench his fist, and strike the fellow a slap on the face; at the same time calling him a rascal, and telling him he was a gentleman's son. The young gentleman was, it seems, bound to a blacksmith; and the debate arose about payment for some work done about a coach, near which they fought. His master, during the combat, was full of his boy's praises; and as he called to him to play with his hand and foot, and throw in his head, he made all us who stood round him of his party, by declaring the boy had very good friends, and he could trust him with untold gold. As I am generally in the theory of mankind, I could not but make my reflections upon the sudden popularity which was raised about the lad; and perhaps with my friend Tacitus, fell into observations upon it, which were too great for the occasion: or ascribed this general favour to causes which had nothing to do towards it. But the young blacksmith's being a gentle-

* Noctes Atticæ, lib. iv. cap. 9.

man was, methought, what created him good-will from his present equality with the mob about him. Add to this, that he was not so much a gentleman, as not, at the same time that he called himself such, to use as rough methods for his defence as his antagonist. The advantage of his having good friends, as his master expressed it, was not lazily urged; but he showed himself superior to the coachman in the personal qualities of courage and activity, to confirm that of his being well allied, before his birth was of any service to him.

If one might moralize from this silly story, a man would say, that whatever advantages of fortune, birth, or any other good, people possess above the rest of the world, they should show collateral eminences besides those distinctions; or those distinctions will avail only to keep up common decencies and ceremonies, and not to preserve a real place of favour or esteem in the opinion and common sense of their fellow creatures.

The folly of people's procedure, imagining that nothing more is necessary than property and superior circumstances to support them in distinction, appears in no way so much as in the domestic part of life. It is ordinary to feed their humours into unnatural excrescences, if I may so speak, and make their whole being a wayward and uneasy condition, for want of the obvious reflection, that all parts of human life is a commerce. It is not only paying wages, and giving commands, that constitutes a master of a family; but prudence, equal behaviour, with readiness to protect and cherish them, is what entitles a man to that character in their very hearts and sentiments. It is pleasant enough to observe, that men expect from their dependants, from their sole motive of fear, all the good effects which a liberal education, and affluent fortune, and every other advantage, cannot produce in themselves. A man will have his servant just, diligent, sober, and chaste, for no other reasons but the terror of losing his master's favour, when all the laws divine and human cannot keep him whom he serves within bounds, with relation to any one of those virtues. But both in great and ordinary affairs, all superiority which is not founded on merit and virtue, is supported only by artifice and stratagem. Thus you see flatterers are the agents in families of humourists, and those who govern themselves by any thing but reason. Make-bates, distant relations, poor kinsmen, and indigent followers, are the fry which support the economy of an humour-some rich man. He is eternally whispered with intelligence of who are true or false to him in matters of no consequence, and he maintains twenty friends to defend him against the insinuations of one who would perhaps cheat him of an old coat.

I shall not enter into farther speculation upon this subject at present, but think the

following letters and petition are made up of proper sentiments on this occasion.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,—I am a servant to an old lady who is governed by one she calls her friend; who is so familiar an one, that she takes upon her to advise her without being called to it, and makes her uneasy with all about her. Pray, sir, be pleased to give us some remarks upon voluntary counsellors; and let these people know that to give any body advice, is to say to that person, “I am your betters.” Pray, sir, as near as you can, describe that eternal flirt and disturber of families, Mrs. Taperity, who is always visiting, and putting people in a way as they call it. If you can make her stay at home one evening, you will be a general benefactor to all the ladies’ women in town, and particularly to your loving friend,
SUSAN CIVIL.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,—I am a footman, and live with one of those men, each of whom is said to be one of the best humoured men in the world, but that he is passionate. Pray be pleased to inform them, that he who is passionate, and takes no care to command his hastiness, does more injury to his friends and servants in one half hour, than whole years can atone for. This master of mine, who is the best man alive in common fame, disoblige somebody every day he lives: and strikes me for the next thing I do, because he is out of humour at it. If these gentlemen knew that they do all the mischief that is ever done in conversation, they would reform; and I who have been a spectator of gentlemen at dinner for many years, have seen that indiscretion does ten times more mischief than ill-nature. But you will represent this better than your abused humble servant,

‘THOMAS SMOKY.’

‘To the Spectator.

‘The humble Petition of JOHN STEWARD, ROBERT BUTLER, HARRY COOK, and ABIGAIL CHAMBERS, in behalf of themselves and their relations belonging to and dispersed in the several services of most of the great families within the cities of London and Westminster;

‘Sheweth,

‘That in many of the families in which your petitioners live and are employed, the several heads of them are wholly unacquainted with what is business, and are very little judges when they are well or ill used by us your said petitioners.

‘That for want of such skill in their own affairs; and by indulgence of their own laziness and pride, they continually keep about them certain mischievous animals called spies.

‘That whenever a spy is entertained, the peace of that house is from that moment banished.

‘That spies never give an account of

good services, but represent our mirth and freedom by the words wantonness and disorder.

'That in all families where there are spies, there is a general jealousy and misunderstanding.

'That the masters and mistresses of such houses live in continual suspicion of their ingenuous and true servants, and are given up to the management of those who are false and perfidious.

'That such masters and mistresses who entertain spies, are no longer more than cyphers in their own families; and that we your petitioners are with great disdain obliged to pay all our respect, and expect all our maintenance from such spies.

'Your petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that you would represent the premises to all persons of condition; and your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall for ever pray,' &c. T.

No. 203.] Tuesday, October 23, 1711.

*Phœbe pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum
Nec falsa Clymene culpam sub imagine celat;
Pignora da, genitor — Ovid. Met. ii. 38.*

Illustrious parent! if I yet may claim
The name of son, O rescue me from shame;
My mother's truth confirm; all doubt remove,
By tender pledges of a father's love.

THERE is a loose tribe of men whom I have not yet taken notice of, that ramble into all the corners of this great city, in order to seduce such unfortunate females as fall into their walks. These abandoned profligates raise up issue in every quarter of the town, and very often, for a valuable consideration, father it upon the churchwarden. By this means there are several married men who have a little family in most of the parishes of London and Westminster, and several bachelors who are undone by a charge of children.

When a man once gives himself this liberty of preying at large, and living upon the common, he finds so much game in a populous city, that it is surprising to consider the numbers which he sometimes propagates. We see many a young fellow who is scarce of age, that could lay his claim to the *jus trium liberorum*, or the privileges which were granted by the Roman laws, to all such as were fathers of three children. Nay, I have heard a rake, who was not quite five-and-twenty, declare himself the father of a seventh son, and very prudently determine to breed him up a physician. In short, the town is full of these young patriarchs, not to mention several battered beaux, who like heedless spendthrifts that squander away their estates before they are masters of them, have raised up their whole stock of children before marriage.

I must not here omit the particular whim of an impudent libertine, that had a little smattering of heraldry; and observing how

the genealogies of great families were often drawn up in the shape of trees, had taken a fancy to dispose of his own illegitimate issue in a figure of the same kind:

—Nec longum tempus et ingens
Exitit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbor,
Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.
Virg. Georg. ii. 80.

And in short space the laden boughs arise,
With happy fruit advancing to the skies;
The mother plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.—*Dryden.*

The trunk of the tree was marked with his own name, Will Maple. Out of the side of it grew a large barren branch, inscribed Mary Maple, the name of his unhappy wife. The head was adorned with five huge boughs. On the bottom of the first was written in capital characters Kate Cole, who branched out into three sprigs, viz. William, Richard, and Rebecca. Sal Twiford gave birth to another bough, that shot up into Sarah, Tom, Will, and Frank. The third arm of the tree had only a single infant on it, with a space left for a second; the parent from whom it sprung being near her time when the author took this ingenious device into his head. The two other great boughs were very plentifully loaden with fruit of the same kind; besides which there were many ornamental branches that did not bear. In short, a more flourishing tree never came out of the herald's office.

What makes this generation of vermin so very prolific, is the indefatigable diligence with which they apply themselves to their business. A man does not undergo more watchings and fatigues in a campaign, than in the course of a vicious amour. As it is said of some men, that they make their business their pleasure, these sons of darkness may be said to make their pleasure their business. They might conquer their corrupt inclinations with half the pains they are at in gratifying them.

Nor is the invention of these men less to be admired than their industry and vigilance. There is a fragment of Apollodorus the comic poet (who was contemporary with Menander) which is full of humour, as follows: 'Thou mayest shut up thy doors,' says he, 'with bars and bolts. It will be impossible for the blacksmith to make them so fast, but a cat and a whore-master will find a way through them.' In a word, there is no head so full of stratagems as that of a libidinous man.

Were I to propose a punishment for this infamous race of propagators, it should be to send them, after the second or third offence, into our American colonies, in order to people those parts of her majesty's dominions where there is a want of inhabitants, and, in the phrase of Diogenes, to 'plant men.' Some countries punish this crime with death; but I think such a banishment would be sufficient, and might turn this generative faculty to the advantage of the public.

In the mean time, until these gentlemen may be thus disposed of, I would earnestly exhort them to take care of those unfortunate creatures whom they have brought into the world by these indirect methods, and to give their spurious children such an education as may render them more virtuous than their parents. This is the best atonement they can make for their own crimes, and indeed the only method that is left them to repair their past miscarriages.

I would likewise desire them to consider, whether they are not bound in common humanity, as well as by all the obligations of religion and nature, to make some provision for those whom they have not only given life to, but entailed upon them, though very unreasonably, a degree of shame and disgrace. And here I cannot but take notice of those depraved notions which prevail among us, and which must have taken rise from our natural inclination to favour a vice to which we are so very prone, namely, that bastardy and cuckoldom should be looked upon as reproaches; and that the ignominy which is only due to lewdness and falsehood, should fall in so unreasonable a manner upon the persons who are innocent.

I have been insensibly drawn into this discourse by the following letter, which is drawn up with such a spirit of sincerity, that I question not but the writer of it has represented his case in a true and genuine light.

'SIR,—I am one of those people who by the general opinion of the world are counted both infamous and unhappy.

'My father is a very eminent man in this kingdom, and one who bears considerable offices in it. I am his son, but my misfortune is, that I dare not call him father, nor he without shame own me as his issue, I being illegitimate, and therefore deprived of that endearing tenderness and unparalleled satisfaction which a good man finds in the love and conversation of a parent. Neither have I the opportunities to render him the duties of a son, he having always carried himself at so vast a distance, and with such superiority towards me, that by long use I have contracted a timorousness when before him, which hinders me from declaring my own necessities, and giving him to understand the inconveniences I undergo.

'It is my misfortune to have been neither bred a scholar, a soldier, nor to any kind of business, which renders me entirely incapable of making provision for myself without his assistance; and this creates a continual uneasiness in my mind, fearing I shall in time want bread; my father, if I may so call him, giving me but very faint assurances of doing any thing for me.

'I have hitherto lived somewhat like a gentleman, and it would be very hard for me to labour for my living. I am in con-

tinual anxiety for my future fortune, and under a great unhappiness in losing the sweet conversation and friendly advice of my parents; so that I cannot look upon myself otherwise than as a monster, strangely sprung up in nature, which every one is ashamed to own.

'I am thought to be a man of some natural parts, and by the continual reading what you have offered the world, become an admirer thereof, which has drawn me to make this confession; at the same time hoping, if any thing herein shall touch you with a sense of pity, you would then allow me the favour of your opinion thereupon; as also what part I, being unlawfully born, may claim of the man's affection who begot me, and how far in your opinion I am to be thought his son, or he acknowledged as my father. Your sentiments and advice herein will be a great consolation and satisfaction to, sir, your admirer, &c.

C.

'W. B.'

No. 204.] Wednesday, October 24, 1711.

Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspicit.

Hor. Lib. 1. Od. xix. 7.

Her face too dazzling for the sight,
Her winning coyness fires my soul,
I feel a strange delight.

I AM not at all displeased that I am become the courier of love, and that the distressed in that passion convey their complaints to each other by my means. The following letters have lately come to my hands, and shall have their place with great willingness. As to the reader's entertainment, he will, I hope, forgive the inserting such particulars as to him may perhaps seem frivolous, but are to the persons who wrote them of the highest consequence. I shall not trouble you with the prefaces, compliments, and apologies made to me before each epistle when it was desired to be inserted; but in general they tell me, that the persons to whom they are addressed have intimations, by phrases and allusions in them, from whence they came.

'To the Sothades.

'The word, by which I address you, gives you, who understand Portuguese,* a

*The following is Mr. Chalmers's excellent definition of the meaning of this significant word.

"The Portuguese word Saudades (here inaccurately written Sothades) signifies the most refined, most tender and ardent desires for something absent, accompanied with a solicitude and anxious regard, which cannot be expressed by one word in any other language. 'Saudade,' say the dictionaries, 'significa, Finissimo sentimento del bien ausente, com desco de possello.'—Hence, the word Saudades comprehends every good wish: and Muitas Saudades is the highest wish and compliment that can be paid to another. So, if a person is observed to be melancholy, and is asked 'What ails him?' if he answers, Tenho Saudades, it is understood to mean, 'I am under the most refined torment for the absence of my love; or from being absent from my country,' &c."

lively image of the tender regard I have for you. The Spectator's late letter from Statura gave me the hint to use the same method of explaining myself to you. I am not affronted at the design your late behaviour discovered you had in your addresses to me; but I impute it to the degeneracy of the age, rather than your particular fault. As I aim at nothing more than being yours, I am willing to be a stranger to your name, your fortune, or any figure which your wife might expect to make in the world, provided my commerce with you is not to be a guilty one. I resign gay dress, the pleasures of visits, equipage, plays, balls, and operas, for that one satisfaction of having you for ever mine. I am willing you shall industriously conceal the only cause of triumph which I can know in this life. I wish only to have it my duty, as well as my inclination, to study your happiness. If this has not the effect this letter seems to aim at, you are to understand that I had a mind to be rid of you, and took the readiest way to pall you with an offer of what you would never desist pursuing while you received ill usage. Be a true man; be my slave while you doubt me, and neglect me when you think I love you. I defy you to find out what is your present circumstance with me; but I know while I can keep this suspense, I am your admired,

BELINDA.

'MADAM,—It is a strange state of mind a man is in, when the very imperfections of a woman he loves turns into excellences and advantages. I do assure you, I am very much afraid of venturing upon you. I now like you in spite of my reason, and think it an ill circumstance to owe one's happiness to nothing but infatuation. I can see you ogle all the young fellows who look at you, and observe your eye wander after new conquests every moment you are in a public place; and yet there is such a beauty in all your looks and gestures, that I cannot but admire you in the very act of endeavouring to gain the hearts of others. My condition is the same with that of the lover in the Way of the World. I have studied your faults so long, that they are become as familiar to me, and I like them as well as I do my own. Look to it, madam, and consider whether you think this gay behaviour will appear to me as amiable when an husband, as it does now to me a lover. Things are so far advanced, that we must proceed; and I hope you will lay to heart, that it will be becoming in me to appear still your lover, but not in you to be still my mistress. Gaiety in the matrimonial life is graceful in one sex, but exceptionable in the other. As you improve these little hints, you will ascertain the happiness or uneasiness of, madam, your most obedient, most humble servant,

T. D.'

'SIR,—When I sat at the window, and you at the other end of the room by my cousin, I saw you catch me looking at you.

Since you have the secret at last, which I am sure you should never have known but by inadvertency, what my eyes said was true. But it is too soon to confirm it with my hand, therefore shall not subscribe my name.'

'SIR,—There were other gentlemen nearer, and I know no necessity you were under to take up that flippant creature's fan, last night; but you shall never touch a stick of mine more, that's pos.

'PHILLIS.'

'To Colonel R—s in Spain.

'Before this can reach the best of husbands and the fondest lover, those tender names will be of no more concern to me. The indisposition in which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and duty, left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted by my physicians I cannot live a week longer. At this time my spirits fail me; and it is the ardent love I have for you that carries me beyond my strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful thing in the prospect of death is, that I must part with you. But let it be a comfort to you, that I have no guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me; but I pass away my last hours in reflection upon the happiness we have lived in together, and in sorrow that it is so soon to have an end. This is a frailty which I hope is so far from criminal, that methinks there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the institution of heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be an happy one to the good, and miserable to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the steps of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to say to you, O best of men, that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment. To be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed, to administer slumber to thy eyelids in the agonies of a fever, to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle, to go with thee a guardian angel incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee when a weak, a fearful woman; these, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart. But indeed I am not capable, under my present weakness, of bearing the strong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myself the grief you will be in, upon your first hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the person

for whom you lament offers you consolation. My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you. I shall never see thy face again. Farewell for ever. T.

No. 205.] *Thursday, October 25, 1711.*

Decipimur specie recti—— *Hor. Ars Poet. v. 25.*

Deluded by a seeming excellence. *Roscommon.*

WHEN I meet with any vicious character, that is not generally known, in order to prevent its doing mischief, I draw it at length; and set it up as a scarecrow; by which means I do not only make an example of the person to whom it belongs, but give warning to all her majesty's subjects, that they may not suffer by it. Thus, to change the allusion, I have marked out several of the shoals and quicksands of life, and am continually employed in discovering those which are still concealed; in order to keep the ignorant and unwary from running upon them. It is with this intention that I publish the following letter, which brings to light some secrets of this nature.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—There are none of your speculations which I read over with greater delight than those which are designed for the improvement of our sex. You have endeavoured to correct our unreasonable fears and superstitions, in your seventh and twelfth papers; our fancy for equipage, in your fifteenth; our love of puppet-shows, in your thirty-first; our notions of beauty, in your thirty-third; our inclination for romances, in your thirty-seventh; our passion for French fopperies, in your forty-fifth; our manhood and party zeal, in your fifty-seventh; our abuse of dancing, in your sixty-sixth and sixty-seventh; our levity, in your hundred and twenty-eighth; our love of coxcombs, in your hundred and fifty-fourth, and hundred and fifty-seventh; our tyranny over the hen-peck, in your hundred and seventy-sixth. You have described the Pict in your forty-first; the Idol in your seventy-third; the Demurrer, in your eighty-ninth; the Salamander, in your hundred and ninety-eighth. You have likewise taken to pieces our dress, and represented to us the extravagances we are often guilty of in that particular. You have fallen upon our patches, in your fiftieth and eighty-first; our commodes, in your ninety-eighth; our fans, in your hundred and second; our riding-habits, in your hundred and fourth; our hoop-petticoats, in your hundred and twenty-seventh; besides a great many little blemishes which you have touched upon in your several other papers, and in those many letters that are scattered up and down your works. At the same time we must own that the compliments you pay our sex are innumerable, and that those very faults which you represent in us, are neither black in themselves, nor, as you own, universal among us. But, sir, it is

plain that those your discourses are calculated for none but the fashionable part of womankind, and for the use of those who are rather indiscreet than vicious. But, sir, there is a sort of prostitutes in the lower part of our sex, who are a scandal to us, and very well deserve to fall under your censure. I know it would debase your paper too much to enter into the behaviour of those female libertines; but as your remarks on some part of it would be doing a justice to several women of virtue and honour, whose reputations suffer by it, I hope you will not think it improper to give the public some accounts of this nature. You must know, sir, I am provoked to write you this letter, by the behaviour of an infamous woman, who, having passed her youth in a most shameless state of prostitution, is now one of those who gain their livelihood by seducing others that are younger than themselves, and by establishing a criminal commerce between the two sexes. Among several of her artifices to get money, she frequently persuades a vain young fellow, that such a woman of quality, or such a celebrated toast, entertains a secret passion for him, and wants nothing but an opportunity of revealing it. Nay, she has gone so far as to write letters in the name of a woman of figure, to borrow money of one of these foolish Roderigo's, which she has afterwards appropriated to her own use. In the mean time, the person who has lent the money, has thought a lady under obligations to him, who scarce knew his name; and wondered at her ingratitude, when he has been with her, that she has not owned the favour, though at the same time he was too much of a man of honour to put her in mind of it.

'When this abandoned baggage meets with a man who has vanity enough to give credit to relations of this nature, she turns him to very good account by repeating praises that were never uttered, and delivering messages that were never sent. As the house of this shameless creature is frequented by several foreigners, I have heard of another artifice, out of which she often raises money. The foreigner sighs after some British beauty, whom he only knows by fame; upon which she promises, if he can be secret, to procure him a meeting. The stranger, ravished at his good fortune, gives her a present, and in a little time is introduced to some imaginary title; for you must know that this cunning purveyor has her representatives upon this occasion of some of the finest ladies in the kingdom. By this means, as I am informed, it is usual enough to meet with a German count in foreign countries, that shall make his boasts of favours he has received from women of the highest ranks, and the most unblemished characters. Now, sir, what safety is there for a woman's reputation, when a lady may be thus prostituted as it were by proxy, and be reputed an unchaste woman; as the

hero in the ninth book of Dryden's *Virgil* is looked upon as a coward, because the phantom which appeared in his likeness ran away from Turnus? You may depend upon what I relate to you to be matter of fact, and the practice of more than one of these female panders. If you print this letter, I may give you some farther accounts of this vicious race of women. Your humble servant,
BELVIDERA.'

I shall add two other letters on different subjects to fill up my paper.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—I am a country clergyman, and hope you will lend me your assistance in ridiculing some little indecencies which cannot so properly be exposed from the pulpit.

'A widow lady who straggled this summer from London into my parish for the benefit of the air, as she says, appears every Sunday at church with many fashionable extravagances, to the great astonishment of my congregation.

'But what gives us the most offence is her theatrical manner of singing the Psalms. She introduces above fifty Italian airs into the hundredth psalm; and whilst we begin "All people," in the old solemn tune of our forefathers, she in a quite different key runs divisions on the vowels, and adorns them with the graces of Nicolini: if she meets with "eke" or "aye," which are frequent in the metre of Hopkins and Sternhold, we are certain to hear her quavering them half a minute after us, to some sprightly airs of the opera.

'I am very far from being an enemy to church music; but fear this abuse of it may make my parish ridiculous, who already look on the singing psalms as an entertainment, and not part of the devotion: besides, I am apprehensive that the infection may spread; for "Squire Squeekum," who by his voice seems (if I may use the expression) to be cut out for an Italian singer, was last Sunday practising the same airs.

'I know the lady's principles, and that she will plead the toleration, which (as she fancies) allows her non-conformity in this particular; but I beg of you to acquaint her, that singing the Psalms in a different tune from the rest of the congregation, is a sort of schism not tolerated by that act. I am, sir, your very humble servant,
R. S.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,—In your paper upon temperance, you prescribe to us a rule of drinking, out of Sir William Temple, in the following words: "The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies." Now, sir, you must know, that I have read this your Spectator, in a club whereof I am a member; when our president told us there was certainly an error in the print, and that the word glass should be bottle; and therefore has ordered me to inform you of this mistake, and to desire

you to publish the following erratum: In the paper of Saturday, October 13, column 3, line 11, for "glass," read "bottle."
Yours,
ROBIN GOODFELLOW.
L.

No. 206.] Friday, October 26, 1711.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret.—*Hor. Lib. 3. Od. xvi. 21.*

They that do much themselves deny,
Receive more blessings from the sky.—*Creech.*

THERE is a call upon mankind to value and esteem those who set a moderate price upon their own merit; and self-denial is frequently attended with unexpected blessings, which in the end abundantly recompense such losses as the modest seem to suffer in the ordinary occurrences of life. The curious tell us, a determination in our favour or to our disadvantage is made upon our first appearance, even before they know any thing of our characters, but from the intimations men gather from our aspect. A man, they say, wears the picture of his mind in his countenance; and one man's eyes are spectacles to his, who looks at him to read his heart. But though that way of raising an opinion of those we behold in public is very fallacious, certain it is, that those, who by their words and actions take as much upon themselves, as they can but barely demand in the strict scrutiny of their deserts, will find their account lessen every day. A modest man preserves his character, as a frugal man does his fortune; if either of them live to the height of either, one will find losses, the other errors, which he has not stock by him to make up. It were therefore a just rule, to keep your desires, your words, and actions, within the regard you observe your friends have for you, and never, if it were in a man's power, to take as much as he possibly might, either in preferment or reputation. My walks have lately been among the mercantile part of the world; and one gets phrases naturally from those with whom one converses. I say, then, he that in his air, his treatment of others, or an habitual arrogance to himself, gives himself credit for the least article of more wit, wisdom, goodness, or valour, than he can possibly produce if he is called upon, will find the world break in upon him, and consider him as one who has cheated them of all the esteem they had before allowed him. This brings a commission of bankruptcy upon him; and he that might have gone on to his life's end in a prosperous way, by aiming at more than he should, is no longer proprietor of what he really had before, but his pretensions fare as all things do which are torn instead of being divided.

There is no one living would deny Cinna the applause of an agreeable and facetious wit; or could possibly pretend that there is not something inimitably unforced and diverting in his manner of delivering all his

sentiments in his conversation, if he were able to conceal the strong desire of applause which he betrays in every syllable he utters. But they who converse with him, see that all the civilities they could do to him, or the kind things they could say to him, would fall short of what he expects; and therefore, instead of showing him the esteem they have for his merit, their reflections turn only upon that they observe he has of it himself.

If you go among the women, and behold Gloriana trip into a room with that theatrical ostentation of her charms, Mirrilla with that soft regularity in her motion, Chloe with such an indifferent familiarity, Corinna with such a fond approach, and Roxana with such a demand of respect in the great gravity of her entrance; you find all the sex who understand themselves and act naturally, wait only for their absence, to tell you that all these ladies would impose themselves upon you; and each of them carry in their behaviour a consciousness of so much more than they should pretend to, that they lose what would otherwise be given them.

I remember the last time I saw Macbeth, I was wonderfully taken with the skill of the poet, in making the murderer form fears to himself from the moderation of the prince whose life he was going to take away. He says of the king: 'He bore his faculties so meekly;' and justly inferred from thence, that all divine and human power would join to avenge his death, who had made such an abstinent use of dominion. All that is in a man's power to do to advance his own pomp and glory, and forbears, is so much laid up against the day of distress; and pity will always be his portion in adversity, who acted with gentleness in prosperity.

The great officer who foregoes the advantages he might take to himself, and renounces all prudential regards to his own person in danger, has so far the merit of a volunteer; and all his honours and glories are unenvied, for sharing the common fate with the same frankness as they do, who have no such endearing circumstances to part with. But if there were no such considerations as the good effect which self-denial has upon the sense of other men towards us, it is of all qualities the most desirable for the agreeable disposition in which it places our own minds. I cannot tell what better to say of it, than that it is the very contrary of ambition; and that modesty allays all those passions and inquietudes to which that vice exposes us. He that is moderate in his wishes from reason and choice, and not resigned from sourness, distaste, or disappointment, doubles all the pleasures of his life. The air, the season, a sunshiny day, or a fair prospect, are instances of happiness, and that which he enjoys in common with all the world, (by his exemption from the en-

chantments by which all the world are bewitched) are to him uncommon benefits and new acquisitions. Health is not eaten up with care, nor pleasure interrupted by envy. It is not to him of any consequence what this man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred. He knows there is in such a place an uninterrupted walk; he can meet in such a company an agreeable conversation. He has no emulation, he is no man's rival, but every man's well-wisher; can look at a prosperous man, with a pleasure in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himself; and has his mind and his fortune (as far as prudence will allow) open to the unhappy and to the stranger.

Luceius has learning, wit, humour, eloquence, but no ambitious prospects to pursue with these advantages, therefore to the ordinary world he is perhaps thought to want spirit, but known among his friends to have a mind of the most consummate greatness. He wants no man's admiration, is in no need of pomp. His clothes please him if they are fashionable and warm; his companions are agreeable if they are civil and well-natured. There is with him no occasion for superfluity at meals, for jollity in company; in a word, for any thing extraordinary to administer delight to him. Want of prejudice, and command of appetite, are the companions which make his journey of life so easy, that he in all places meets with more wit, more good cheer, and more good humour, than is necessary to make him enjoy himself with pleasure and satisfaction.

T.

No. 207.] Saturday, October 27, 1711.

Omnibus in terris, que sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remota
Erroris nebula— Juv. Sat. x. l.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue?
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Prompts the fond wish, or lifts the suppliant voice?
Dryd. Johnson, &c.

In my last Saturday's paper I laid down some thoughts upon devotion in general, and shall here show what were the notions of the most refined heathens on this subject, as they are represented in Plato's dialogue upon prayer, entitled Alcibiades the Second, which doubtless gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire, and to the second satire of Persius; as the last of these authors has almost transcribed the preceding dialogue, entitled Alcibiades the First, in his fourth satire.

The speakers, in this dialogue upon prayer, are Socrates and Alcibiades; and the substance of it (when drawn together out of the intricacies and digressions) as follows

Socrates meeting his pupil Alcibiades, as he was going to his devotions, and observing his eyes to be fixed upon the earth with

great seriousness and attention, tells him, that he had reason to be thoughtful on that occasion, since, it was possible for a man to bring down evils upon himself by his own prayers, and that those things which the gods send him in answer to his petitions, might turn to his destruction. This, says he, may not only happen when a man prays for what he knows is mischievous in its own nature, as Oedipus implored the gods to sow dissension between his sons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his good, and against what he believes would be to his detriment. This the philosopher shows must necessarily happen among us, since most men are blinded with ignorance, prejudice, or passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an instance, he asks Alcibiades, whether he would not be thoroughly pleased and satisfied if that god, to whom he was going to address himself, should promise to make him the sovereign of the whole earth! Alcibiades answers, that he should, doubtless, look upon such a promise as the greatest favour that could be bestowed upon him. Socrates then asked him, if after receiving this great favour he would be contented to lose his life? Or if he would receive it though he was sure he should make an ill use of it? To both which questions Alcibiades answers in the negative. Socrates then shows him, from the examples of others, how these might very probably be the effects of such a blessing. He then adds, that other reputed pieces of good-fortune, as that of having a son, or procuring the highest post in a government, are subject to the like fatal consequences; which nevertheless, says he, men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great point, that, all the most apparent blessings in this life are obnoxious to such dreadful consequences, and that no man knows what in its event would prove to him a blessing or a curse, he teaches Alcibiades after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first place, he recommends to him, as the model of his devotions, a short prayer which a Greek poet composed for the use of his friends, in the following words: 'O Jupiter, give us those things which are good for us, whether they are such things as we pray for, or such things as we do not pray for: and remove from us those things which are hurtful, though they are such things as we pray for.'

In the second place, that his disciple may ask such things as are expedient for him, he shows him, that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the study of true wisdom, and to the knowledge of that which is his chief good, and the most suitable to the excellency of his nature.

In the third and last place, he informs

him that the best methods he could make use of to draw down blessings upon himself, and to render his prayers acceptable, would be to live in a constant practice of his duty towards the gods, and towards men. Under this head he very much recommends a form of prayer the Lacedemonians make use of, in which they petition the gods 'to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous.' Under this head, likewise, he gives a very remarkable account of an oracle to the following purpose:

When the Athenians in the war with the Lacedemonians received many defeats both by sea and land, they sent a message to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, to ask the reason why they who erected so many temples to the gods, and adorned them with such costly offerings; why they who had instituted so many festivals, and accompanied them with such pomps and ceremonies; in short, why they who had slain so many hecatombs at their altars, should be less successful than the Lacedemonians, who fell so short of them in these particulars? To this, says he, the oracle made the following reply: 'I am better pleased with the prayers of the Lacedemonians than with all the oblations of the Greeks.' As this prayer implied and encouraged virtue in those who made it; the philosopher proceeds to show how the most vicious man might be devout, so far as victims could make him, but that his offerings were regarded by the gods as bribes, and his petitions as blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this occasion two verses out of Homer,* in which the poet says, 'that the scent of the Trojan sacrifices were carried up to heaven by the winds; but that it was not acceptable to the gods, who were displeased with Priam and all his people.'

The conclusion of this dialogue is very remarkable. Socrates having deterred Alcibiades from the prayers and sacrifice which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above mentioned difficulties of performing that duty as he ought, adds these words: 'We must therefore wait until such time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the gods, and towards men.'—'But when will that time come,' says Alcibiades, 'and who is it that will instruct us? for I would fain see this man, whoever he is.'—'It is one,' says Socrates, 'who takes care of you; but as Homer tells us, that Minerva removed the mist from Diomedes's eyes that he might plainly discover both gods and men,† so the darkness that hangs upon your mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is good and what is evil.'—'Let him remove from my mind,' says Alcibiades, 'the darkness and what else he pleases, I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I may become the better man by it.' The remaining

* *Iliad*, viii. 584, &c.

† *Ibid.* v. 127.

part of this dialogue is very obscure: there is something in it that would make us think Socrates hinted at himself, when he spoke of this divine teacher who was to come into the world, did not he own that he himself was in this respect as much at a loss, and in as great distress as the rest of mankind.

Some learned men look upon this conclusion as a prediction of our Saviour, or at least that Socrates, like the high priest,* prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the world some ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great philosopher saw by the light of reason, that it was suitable to the goodness of the divine nature, to send a person into the world who should instruct mankind in the duties of religion, and, in particular, teach them how to pray.

Whoever reads this abstract of Plato's discourse on prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this reflection, 'That the great founder of our religion, as well by his own example, as in the form of prayer which he taught his disciples, did not only keep up to those rules which the light of nature had suggested to this great philosopher, but instructed his disciples in the whole extent of this duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper object of adoration, and taught them, according to the third rule above-mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their closets, without show or ostentation, and to worship him in spirit and in truth.' As the Lacedemonians in their form of prayer implored the gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular 'that our offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others.' If we look into the second rule which Socrates has prescribed, namely, that we should apply ourselves to the knowledge of such things as are best for us, this too is explained at large in the doctrines of the gospel, where we are taught in several instances to regard those things as curses, which appear as blessings in the eye of the world; and, on the contrary, to esteem those things as blessings, which to the generality of mankind appear as curses. Thus in the form which is prescribed to us, we only pray for that happiness which is our chief good, and the great end of our existence, when we petition the Supreme Being for the coming of his kingdom, being solicitous for no other temporal blessings but our daily sustenance. On the other side, we pray against nothing but sin, and against evil in general, leaving it with Omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first of Socrates his rules of prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned form of the ancient poet, we find that form not only comprehended, but very much improved in the petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme

Being that his will may be done: which is of the same force with that form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of deaths, 'Nevertheless not my will, but thine be done.' This comprehensive petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be offered up from the creature to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our good, and that he knows better than ourselves what is so. L.

No. 208.] *Monday, October 29, 1711.*

Veniunt spectentur ut ipse.

Ovid. Ars Am. Lib. 1. 99.

To be themselves a spectacle they come.

I HAVE several letters of people of good sense who lament the depravity or poverty of taste the town is fallen into with relation to plays and public spectacles. A lady in particular observes, that there is such a levity in the minds of her own sex, that they seldom attend to any thing but imperfections. It is indeed prodigious to observe how little notice is taken of the most exalted parts of the best tragedies in Shakspeare; nay, it is not only visible that sensuality has devoured all greatness of soul, but the under-passion (as I may so call it) of a noble spirit, Pity, seems to be a stranger to the generality of an audience. The minds of men are indeed very differently disposed; and the reliefs from care and attention are of one sort in a great spirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The man of a great heart, and a serious complexion, is more pleased with instances of generosity and pity, than the light and ludicrous spirit can possibly be with the highest strains of mirth and laughter. It is therefore a melancholy prospect when we see a numerous assembly lost to all serious entertainments, and such incidents as should move one sort of concern, excite in them a quite contrary one. In the tragedy of Macbeth, the other night, when the lady who is conscious of the crime of murdering the king seems utterly astonished at the news, and makes an exclamation at it, instead of the indignation which is natural to the occasion, that expression is received with a loud laugh. They were as merry when a criminal was stabbed. It is certainly an occasion of rejoicing when the wicked are seized in their designs; but I think it is not such a triumph as is exerted by laughter.

You may generally observe, that the appetites are sooner moved than the passions. A sly expression which alludes to bawdry, puts a whole row into a pleasing smirk; when a good sentence that describes an inward sentiment of the soul, is received with the greatest coldness and indifference. A correspondent of mine, upon this subject, has divided the female part of the audience, and accounts for their prepossessions against

* Caiaphas, John xi. 49.

this reasonable delight in the following manner: 'The prude,' says he, 'as she acts always in contradiction, so she is gravely sullen at a comedy, and extravagantly gay at a tragedy. The coquette is so much taken up with throwing her eyes around the audience, and considering the effect of them, that she cannot be expected to observe the actors but as they are her rivals, and take off the observation of the men from herself. Besides these species of women, there are the examples, or the first of the mode. These are to be supposed too well acquainted with what the actor was going to say to be moved at it. After these one might mention a certain flippant set of females who are mimics, and are wonderfully diverted with the conduct of all the people around them, and are spectators only of the audience. But what is of all the most to be lamented, is the loss of a party whom it would be worth preserving in their right senses upon all occasions, and these are those whom we may indifferently call the innocent, or the unaffected. You may sometimes see one of these sensibly touched with a well-wrought incident; but then she is immediately so impertinently observed by the men, and frowned at by some insensible superior of her own sex, that she is ashamed, and loses the enjoyment of the most laudable concern, pity. Thus the whole audience is afraid of letting fall a tear, and shun as a weakness the best and worthiest part of our sense.

'SIR,—As you are one that doth not only pretend to reform, but affect it amongst people of any sense; makes me (who am one of the greatest of your admirers,) give you this trouble to desire you will settle the method of us females knowing when one another is in town: for they have now got a trick of never sending to their acquaintance when they first come; and if one does not visit them within the week which they stay at home, it is a mortal quarrel. Now, dear Mr. Spec, either command them to put it in the advertisement of your paper, which is generally read by our sex, or else order them to breathe their saucy footmen (who are good for nothing else,) by sending them to tell all their acquaintance. If you think to print this, pray put it into a better style as to the spelling part. The town is now filling every day, and it cannot be deferred, because people take advantage of one another by this means, and break off acquaintance, and are rude. Therefore, pray put this in your paper as soon as you can possibly, to prevent any future miscarriages of this nature. I am, as I ever shall be, dear Spec, your most obedient humble servant,

'MARY MEANWELL.'

'Pray settle what is to be a proper notification of a person's being in town, and how that differs according to people's quality.'

'October 20.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—I have been out of town, so did not meet with your paper, dated September the 28th, wherein you, to my heart's desire, expose that cursed vice of ensnaring poor young girls, and drawing them from their friends. I assure you without flattery it has saved a 'prentice of mine from ruin; and in token of gratitude, as well as for the benefit of my family, I have put it in a frame and glass, and hung it behind my counter. I shall take care to make my young ones read it every morning, to fortify them against such pernicious rascals. I know not whether what you writ was matter of fact, or your own invention; but this I will take my oath on, the first part is so exactly like what happened to my 'prentice, that had I read your paper then, I should have taken your method to have secured a villain. Go on and prosper. Your most obliged humble servant.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,—Without railery, I desire you to insert this word for word in your next, as you value a lover's prayers. You see it is a hue and cry after a stray heart, (with the marks and blemishes underwritten;) which, whoever shall bring to you, shall receive satisfaction. Let me beg of you not to fail, as you remember the passion you had for her to whom you lately ended a paper:

'Noble, generous, great and good,
But never to be understood;
Fickle as the wind, still changing,
After every female ranging,
Panting, trembling, sighing, dying,
But addicted much to lying:
When the Syren songs repeats,
Equal measure still it beats;
Whoe'er shall wear it, it will smart her,
And whoe'er takes it, takes a tartar.'

T.

No. 209.] Tuesday, October 30, 1711.

Γυναικός ουδέ χεῖρ' ἀνδρὶ ληΐσται
Εὐέλπης κρείνον, ουδέ πρῶτον κακός.—Simonides.

Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.

THERE are no authors I am more pleased with than those who show human nature in a variety of views, and describe the several ages of the world in their different manners. A reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times with those which prevailed in the times of his forefathers; and drawing a parallel in his mind between his own private character and that of other persons, whether of his own age or of the ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind under these changeable colours is apt to shame us out of any particular vice, or animate us to any particular virtue; to make us pleased or displeased with ourselves in the most proper points, and to clear our minds of prejudice and prepossession, and rectify that narrowness

of temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from us.—

If we look into the manners of the most remote ages of the world, we discover human nature in her simplicity; and the more we come downward towards our own times, may observe her hiding herself in artifices and refinements, polished insensibly out of her original plainness, and at length entirely lost under form and ceremony, and (what we call) good-breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the most ancient writers, both sacred and profane, and you would think you were reading the history of another species.

Among the writers of antiquity there are none who instruct us more openly in the manners of their respective times in which they lived, than those who have employed themselves in satire, under what dress soever it may appear; as there are no other authors whose province it is to enter so directly into the ways of men, and set their miscarriages in so strong a light.

Simonides, a poet famous in his generation, is, I think, author of the oldest satire that is now extant; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written. This poet flourished about four hundred years after the siege of Troy; and shows, by his way of writing, the simplicity, or rather coarseness, of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice in my hundred and sixty-first speculation, that the rule of observing what the French call the *Bienséance* in an allusion, has been found out of later years; and that the ancients, provided there was a likeness in their similitudes, did not much trouble themselves about the decency of the comparison. The satire or iambics of Simonides, with which I shall entertain my readers in the present paper, are a remarkable instance of what I formerly advanced. The subject of this satire is woman. He describes the sex in their several characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful supposition raised upon the doctrine of pre-existence. He tells us that the gods formed the souls of women out of those seeds and principles which compose several kinds of animals and elements; and that their good or bad dispositions arise in them according as such and such seeds and principles predominate in their constitutions. I have translated the author very faithfully, and if not word for word, (which our language would not bear,) at least so as to comprehend every one of his sentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologised for this author's want of delicacy, and must further premise, that the following satire affects only some of the lower part of the sex, and not those who have been refined by a polite education, which was not so common in the age of this poet.

'In the beginning God made the souls of womankind out of different materials, and in a separate state from their bodies.

'The souls of one kind of women were formed out of those ingredients which compose a swine. A woman of this make is a slut in her house and a glutton at her table. She is uncleanly in her person, a slattern in her dress, and her family is no better than a dung-hill.

'A second sort of female soul was formed out of the same materials that enter into the composition of a fox. Such a one is what we call a notable discerning woman, who has an insight into every thing whether it be good or bad. In this species of females there are some virtuous and some vicious.

'A third kind of women were made up of canine particles. These are what we commonly call scolds, who imitate the animals out of which they were taken, that are always busy and barking, that snarl at every one who comes in their way, and live in perpetual clamour.

'The fourth kind of women were made out of the earth. These are your sluggards, who pass away their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over the fire a whole winter, and apply themselves with alacrity to no kind of business but eating.

'The fifth species of females were made out of the sea. These are women of variable uneven tempers, sometimes all storm and tempest, sometimes all calm and sunshine. The stranger who sees one of these in her smiles and smoothness would cry her up for a miracle of good humour; but on a sudden her looks and words are changed; she is nothing but fury and outrage, noise and hurricane.

'The sixth species were made up of the ingredients which compose an ass, or a beast of burden. These are naturally exceeding slothful, but upon the husband's exerting his authority, will live upon hard fare, and do every thing to please him. They are, however, far from being averse to venereal pleasure, and seldom refuse a male companion.

'The cat furnished materials for a seventh species of women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of love, that they fly in the face of their husband when he approaches them with conjugal endearments. This species of women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats, and pilferings.

'The mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to any servile toil and labour, composed an eighth species of women. These are they who have little regard for their husbands, who pass away their time in dressing, bathing, and perfuming; who throw their hair into the nicest curls, and trick it up with the fairest flowers and garlands. A woman of this species is a very pretty thing for a stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unless it be a king or a prince who takes a fancy to such a toy.

'The ninth species of females were taken

out of the ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.

'The tenth and last species of women were made out of the bee; and happy is the man who gets such a one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable. Her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her sex. She is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of women, nor passes away her time with them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife that Jupiter can bestow on man.'

I shall conclude these iambics with the motto of this paper, which is a fragment of the same author; 'A man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.'

As the poet has shown a great penetration in his diversity of female characters, he has avoided the fault which Juvenal and Monsieur Boileau are guilty of, the former in his sixth, and the other in his last satire, where they have endeavoured to expose the sex in general, without doing justice to the valuable part of it. Such levelling satires are of no use to the world; and for this reason I have often wondered how the French author above-mentioned, who was a man of exquisite judgment, and a lover of virtue, could think human nature a proper subject for satire in another of his celebrated pieces, which is called *The Satire upon Man*. What vice or frailty can a discourse correct, which censures the whole species alike, and endeavours to show by some superficial strokes of wit, that brutes are the most excellent creatures of the two? A satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper objects of it. L.

No. 210.] *Wednesday, October 31, 1711.*

Nescio quomodo inhaeret in mentibus quasi saeculorum quoddam augurium futurorum; idque in maximis ingenii altissimisque animis et existit maxime, et apparet facillime. Cic. *Tusc. Quest.*

There is, I know not how, in minds a certain presage as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.

'To the Spectator.

'SIR,—I am fully persuaded that one of the best springs of generous and worthy actions, is the having generous and worthy thoughts of ourselves. Whoever has a mean opinion of the dignity of his nature, will act in no higher a rank than he has allotted himself in his own estimation. If he considers his being as circumscribed by the

uncertain term of a few years, his designs will be contracted into the same narrow span he imagines is to bound his existence. How can he exalt his thoughts to any thing great and noble, who only believes that, after a short turn on the stage of this world, he is to sink into oblivion, and to lose his consciousness for ever?

'For this reason I am of opinion, that so useful and elevated a contemplation as that of the soul's immortality cannot be resumed too often. There is not a more improving exercise to the human mind, than to be frequently reviewing its own great privileges and endowments; nor a more effectual means to awaken in us an ambition raised above low objects and little pursuits, than to value ourselves as heirs of eternity.

'It is a very great satisfaction to consider the best and wisest of mankind in all nations and ages, asserting as with one voice this their birthright, and to find it ratified by an express revelation. At the same time if we turn our thoughts inward upon ourselves, we may meet with a kind of secret sense concurring with the proofs of our own immortality.

'You have, in my opinion, raised a good presumptive argument from the increasing appetite the mind has to knowledge, and to the extending its own faculties, which cannot be accomplished, as the more restrained perfection of lower creatures may, in the limits of a short life. I think another probable conjecture may be raised from our appetite to duration itself, and from a reflection on our progress through the several stages of it. "We are complaining," as you observed in a former speculation, "of the shortness of life, and yet are perpetually hurrying over the parts of it, to arrive at certain little settlements or imaginary points of rest, which are dispersed up and down in it."

'Now let us consider what happens to us when we arrive at these imaginary points of rest. Do we stop our motion and sit down satisfied in the settlement we have gained? or are we not removing the boundary, and marking out new points of rest, to which we press forward with the like eagerness, and which cease to be such as fast as we attain them? Our case is like that of a traveller upon the Alps, who should fancy that the top of the next hill must end his journey, because it terminates his prospect; but he no sooner arrives at it, than he sees new ground and other hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as before.

'This is so plainly every man's condition in life, that there is no one who has observed any thing, but may observe, that as fast as his time wears away, his appetite to something future remains. The use therefore I would make of it, is, that since nature (as some love to express it,) does nothing in vain, or, to speak properly, since the Author of our being has planted no wan-

dering passion in it, no desire which has not its object, futurity is the proper object of the passion so constantly exercised about it; and this restlessness in the present, this assigning ourselves over to farther stages of duration, this successive grasping at somewhat still to come, appears to me (whatever it may to others,) as a kind of instinct or natural symptom which the mind of man has of its own immortality.

'I take it at the same time for granted, that the immortality of the soul is sufficiently established by other arguments: and if so, this appetite, which otherwise would be very unaccountable and absurd, seems very reasonable, and adds strength to the conclusion. But I am amazed when I consider there are creatures capable of thought, who in spite of every argument, can form to themselves a sullen satisfaction in thinking otherwise. There is something so pitifully mean in the inverted ambition of that man who can hope for annihilation, and please himself to think that his whole fabric shall one day crumble into dust, and mix with the mass of inanimate beings, that it equally deserves our admiration and pity. The mystery of such men's unbelief is not hard to be penetrated; and indeed amounts to nothing more than a sordid hope that they shall not be immortal, because they dare not be so.

'This brings me back to my first observation, and gives me occasion to say further, that as worthy actions spring from worthy thoughts, so worthy thoughts are likewise the consequence of worthy actions. But the wretch who has degraded himself below the character of immortality, is very willing to resign his pretensions to it, and to substitute in its room a dark negative happiness in the extinction of his being.

'The admirable Shakspeare has given us a strong image of the unsupported condition of such a person in his last minutes, in the second part of King Henry the Sixth, where Cardinal Beaufort, who had been concerned in the murder of good Duke Humphrey, is represented on his death-bed. After some short confused speeches, which show an imagination disturbed with guilt, just as he is expiring, King Henry, standing by him full of compassion, says,

"Lord Cardinal! if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of that hope!—
He dies, and makes no sign!"

'The despair which is here shown, without a word or action on the part of a dying person, is beyond what could be painted by the most forcible expressions whatever.

'I shall not pursue this thought farther, but only add, that as annihilation is not to be had with a wish, so it is the most abject thing in the world to wish it. What are honour, fame, wealth, or power, when compared with the generous expectation of a being without end, and a happiness adequate to that being?

'I shall trouble you no farther; but with

a certain gravity which these thoughts have given me, I reflect upon some things people say of you, (as they will of men who distinguish themselves,) which I hope are not true, and wish you as good a man as you are an author. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,
T. D.'

T.

No. 211.] Thursday, November 1, 1711.

Fictis meminerit nos jocari fabulis.

Phædr. Lib. 1. Prolog.

Let it be remembered that we sport in fabled stories

HAVING lately translated the fragment of an old poet, which describes womankind under several characters, and supposes them to have drawn their different manners and dispositions from those animals and elements out of which he tells us they were compounded; I had some thoughts of giving the sex their revenge, by laying together in another paper the many vicious characters which prevail in the male world, and showing the different ingredients that go to the making up of such different humours and constitutions. Horace has a thought which is something akin to this, when in order to excuse himself to his mistress, for an invective which he had written against her, and to account for that unreasonable fury with which the heart of man is often transported, he tells us that, when Prometheus made his man of clay, in the kneading up of the heart, he seasoned it with some furious particles of the lion. But upon turning this plan to and fro in my thoughts, I observed so many unaccountable humours in man, that I did not know out of what animals to fetch them. Male souls are diversified with so many characters, that the world has not variety of materials sufficient to furnish out their different tempers and inclinations. The creation, with all its animals and elements, would not be large enough to supply their several extravagances.

Instead therefore of pursuing the thought of Simonides, I shall observe, that as he has exposed the vicious part of women from the doctrine of pre-existence, some of the ancient philosophers have in a manner satirized the vicious part of the human species in general, from a notion of the soul's post-existence, if I may so call it; and that as Simonides describes brutes entering into the composition of women, others have represented human souls as entering into brutes. This is commonly termed the doctrine of transmigration, which supposes that human souls, upon their leaving the body, become the souls of such kinds of brutes as they most resemble in their manners; or, to give an account of it as Mr. Dryden has described in his translation of Pythagoras's speech in the fifteenth book of Ovid, where that philosopher dissuades his hearers from eating flesh:

Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies: