

he has this advantage, that he has had an opportunity to manifest an esteem for him in his adversity.

T.

No. 341.] *Tuesday, April 1, 1712.*

—Revocate animos, mœstumque timorem  
Mittite— *Virg. Æn. i. 206.*

Resume your courage, and dismiss your fear.  
*Dryden.*

HAVING, to oblige my correspondent Physibulus, printed his letter last Friday, in relation to the new epilogue, he cannot take it amiss if I now publish another, which I have just received from a gentleman who does not agree with him in his sentiments upon that matter.

'SIR,—I am amazed to find an epilogue attacked in your last Friday's paper, which has been so generally applauded by the town, and received such honours as were never before given to any in an English theatre.

'The audience would not permit Mrs. Oldfield to go off the stage the first night till she had repeated it twice; the second night the noise of *ancora* was as loud as before, and she was obliged again to speak it twice: the third night it was still called for a second time; and, in short, contrary to all other epilogues, which are dropped after the third representation of the play, this has already been repeated nine times.

'I must own, I am the more surprised to find this censure in opposition to the whole town, in a paper which has hitherto been famous for the candour of its criticisms.

'I can by no means allow your melancholy correspondent, that the new epilogue is unnatural because it is gay. If I had a mind to be learned, I could tell him that the prologue and epilogue were real parts of the ancient tragedy; but every one knows, that, on the British stage, they are distinct performances by themselves, pieces entirely detached from the play, and no way essential to it.

'The moment the play ends, Mrs. Oldfield is no more Andromache but Mrs. Oldfield; and though the poet had left Andromache stone-dead upon the stage, as your ingenious correspondent phrases it, Mrs. Oldfield might still have spoken a merry epilogue. We have an instance of this in a tragedy where there is not only a death, but a martyrdom. St. Catherine was there personated by Nell Gwin; she lies stone-dead upon the stage, but upon those gentlemen's offering to remove her body, whose business it is to carry off the slain in our English tragedies, she breaks out into that abrupt beginning of what was a very ludicrous, but at the same time thought a very good epilogue:

'Hold! are you mad? you damn'd confounded dog, I am to rise and speak the epilogue.'

'This diverting manner was always prac-

tised by Mr. Dryden, who, if he was not the best writer of tragedies in his time, was allowed by every one to have the happiest turn for a prologue, or an epilogue. The epilogues to Cleomenes, Don Sebastian, The duke of Guise, Aurengzebe, and Love Triumphant, are all precedents of this nature.

'I might further justify this practice by that excellent epilogue which was spoken, a few years since, after the tragedy of Phœdra and Hippolytus;\* with a great many others, in which the authors have endeavoured to make the audience merry. If they have not all succeeded so well as the writer of this, they have however shown that it was not for the want of good-will.

'I must further observe, that the gaiety of it may be still the more proper, as it is at the end of a French play; since every one knows that nation, who are generally esteemed to have as polite a taste as any in Europe, always close their tragic entertainment with what they call a *petite piece*, which is purposely designed to raise mirth, and send away the audience well pleased. The same person who has supported the chief character in the tragedy very often plays the principal part in the *petite piece*; so that I have myself seen, at Paris, Orestes and Lubin acted the same night by the same man.

'Tragi-comedy, indeed, you have yourself in a former speculation, found fault with very justly, because it breaks the tide of the passions while they are yet flowing; but this is nothing at all to the present case, where they have already had their full course.

'As the new epilogue is written conformably to the practice of our best poets, so it is not such a one, which, as the duke of Buckingham says in his Rehearsal, might serve for any other play; but wholly rises out of the occurrences of the piece it was composed for.

'The only reason your mournful correspondent gives against this facetious epilogue, as he calls it, is, that he has a mind to go home melancholy. I wish the gentleman may not be more grave than wise. For my own part, I must confess, I think it very sufficient to have the anguish of a fictitious piece remain upon me while it is representing; but I love to be sent home to bed in a good humour. If Physibulus is, however, resolved to be inconsolable, and not to have his tears dried up, he need only continue his old custom, and when he has had his half-crown's worth of sorrow, slink out before the epilogue begins.

'It is pleasant enough to hear this tragical genius complaining of the great mischief Andromache had done him. What was that? Why she made him laugh. The poor gentleman's sufferings put me in mind of Harlequin's case, who was tickled to

\* Mr. Edmund Neal, alias Smith, Svo. 1707. Addison wrote a prologue to this play to ridicule the Italian operas. The epilogue was written by Prior.

death. He tells us soon after, through a small mistake of sorrow for rage, that during the whole action he was so very sorry, that he thinks he could have attacked half a score of the fiercest Mohocks in the excess of his grief. I cannot but look upon it as an unhappy accident, that a man who is so bloody-minded in his affliction was diverted from this fit of outrageous melancholy. The valour of this gentleman in his distress brings to one's memory the Knight of the sorrowful Countenance, who lays about him at such an unmerciful rate in an old romance. I shall readily grant him that his soul, as he himself says, would have made a very ridiculous figure, had it quitted the body, and descended to the poetical shades, in such an encounter.

As to his conceit of tacking a tragic head with a comic tail, in order to refresh the audience, it is such a piece of jargon, that I do not know what to make of it.

The elegant writer makes a very sudden transition from the playhouse to the church, and from thence to the gallows.

As for what relates to the church, he is of opinion that these epilogues have given occasion to those merry jigs from the organ-loft, which have dissipated those good thoughts and dispositions he has found in himself, and the rest of the pew, upon the singing of two staves culled out by the judicious and diligent clerk.

He fetches his next thought from Tyburn: and seems very apprehensive lest there should happen any innovations in the tragedies of his friend Paul Lorrain.

In the mean time, sir, this gloomy writer, who is so mightily scandalized at a gay epilogue after a serious play, speaking of the fate of those unhappy wretches who are condemned to suffer an ignominious death by the justice of our laws, endeavours to make the reader merry on so improper an occasion, by those poor burlesque expressions of tragical dramas and monthly performances. I am, sir, with great respect, your most obedient, most humble servant,

PHILOMEDES.

X.

No. 342.] *Wednesday, April 2, 1712.*

*Justitia partes sunt non violare homines: verecundia, non offendere.* *Tull.*

Justice consists in doing no injury to men: decency, in giving them no offence.

As regard to decency is a great rule of life in general, but more especially to be consulted by the female world, I cannot overlook the following letter, which describes an egregious offender.

MR. SPECTATOR,—I was this day looking over your papers, and reading, in that of December the 6th, with great delight, the amiable grief of Asteria for the absence of her husband; it threw me into a great deal of reflection. I cannot say but this

arose very much from the circumstances of my own life, who am a soldier, and expect every day to receive orders, which will oblige me to leave behind me a wife that is very dear to me, and that very deservingly. She is at present, I am sure, no way below your Asteria for conjugal affection: but I see the behaviour of some women so little suited to the circumstances wherein my wife and I shall soon be, that it is with a reluctance, I never knew before, I am going to my duty. What puts me to present pain is the example of a young lady, whose story you shall have as well as I can give it you. Hortensius, an officer of good rank in his majesty's service, happened, in a certain part of England, to be brought to a country gentleman's house, where he was received with that more than ordinary welcome with which men of domestic lives entertain such few soldiers whom a military life, from the variety of adventures, has not rendered overbearing, but humane, easy, and agreeable. Hortensius staid here some time, and had easy access at all hours, as well as unavoidable conversation, at some parts of the day, with the beautiful Sylvania, the gentleman's daughter. People who live in cities are wonderfully struck with every little country abode they see when they take the air; and it is natural to fancy they could live in every neat cottage (by which they pass) much happier than in their present circumstances. The turbulent way of life which Hortensius was used to, made him reflect with much satisfaction on all the advantages of a sweet retreat one day; and, among the rest, you will think it not improbable it might enter into his thought, that such a woman as Sylvania would consummate the happiness. The world is so debauched with mean considerations, that Hortensius knew it would be received as an act of generosity, if he asked for a woman of the highest merit, without further questions, of a parent who had nothing to add to her personal qualifications. The wedding was celebrated at her father's house. When that was over, the generous husband did not proportion his provision for her to the circumstances of her fortune, but considered his wife as his darling, his pride, and his vanity; or, rather, that it was in the woman he had chosen that a man of sense could show pride or vanity with an excuse, and therefore adorned her with rich habits and valuable jewels. He did not, however, omit to admonish her, that he did his very utmost in this; that it was an ostentation he could not be guilty of but to a woman he had so much pleasure in, desiring her to consider it as such; and begged of her also to take these matters rightly, and believe the gems, the gowns, the laces, would still become her better, if her air and behaviour was such, that it might appear she dressed thus rather in compliance to his humour than that way, than

out of any value she herself had for the trifles. To this lesson, too hard for a woman, Hortensius added, that she must be sure to stay with her friends in the country till his return. As soon as Hortensius departed, Sylvana saw in her looking-glass, that the love he conceived for her was wholly owing to the accident of seeing her; and she was convinced it was only her misfortune the rest of mankind had not beheld her, or men of much greater quality and merit had contended for one so genteel, though bred in obscurity; so very witty, though never acquainted with court or town. She therefore resolved not to hide so much excellence from the world; but, without any regard to the absence of the most generous man alive, she is now the gayest lady about this town, and has shut out the thoughts of her husband, by a constant retinue of the vainest young fellows this age has produced; to entertain whom, she squanders away all Hortensius is able to supply her with, though that supply is purchased with no less difficulty than the hazard of his life."

'Now, Mr. Spectator, would it not be a work becoming your office, to treat this criminal as she deserves? You should give it the severest reflections you can. You should tell women, that they are more accountable for behaviour in absence, than after death. The dead are not dishonoured by their levities; the living may return, and be laughed at by empty fops, who will not fail to turn into ridicule the good man, who is so unseasonable as to be still alive, and come and spoil good company. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant.'

All strictness of behaviour is so unmercifully laughed at in our age, that the other much worse extreme is the more common folly. But let any woman consider, which of the two offences a husband would the more easily forgive, that of being less entertaining than she could to please company, or raising the desires of the whole room to his disadvantage; and she will easily be able to form her conduct. We have indeed carried women's characters too much into public life, and you shall see them now-a-days affect a sort of fame; but I cannot help venturing to disoblige them for their service, by telling them, that the utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life; she is blameable or praiseworthy according as her carriage affects the house of her father or her husband. All she has to do in this world, is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother. All these may be well performed, though a lady should not be the very finest woman at an opera or an assembly. They are likewise consistent with a moderate share of wit, a plain dress, and a modest air. But when the very brains of the sex are turned, and they place their ambition on circumstances, wherein to excel is no

addition to what is truly commendable, where can this end, but as it frequently does, in their placing all their industry, pleasure, and ambition, on things which will naturally make the gratifications of life last, at best, no longer than youth and good fortune? When we consider the least ill consequence, it can be no less than looking on their own condition, as years advance, with a disrelish of life, and falling into contempt of their own persons, or being the derision of others: But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than an additional part of the species (for their own happiness and comfort, as well as that of those for whom they were born,) their ambition to excel will be directed accordingly; and they will in no part of their lives want opportunities of being shining ornaments to their fathers, husbands, brothers, or children. T.

No. 343.] *Thursday, April 3, 1712.*

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

*Ovid. Met. Lib. xv. 165.*

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

*Dryden.*

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to show upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls; and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. 'Sir Paul Rycout,' says he, 'gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it as we should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. You must know,' says Will, 'the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise; and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. They'll tell you,' says Will, 'that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us.'

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, Will told us, that 'Jack Freelove, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very pretty epistle upon this hint. Jack,' says he, 'was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observing a pen and

ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress in the person of the monkey, and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

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

'MADAM,—Not having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the convenience of pen, ink, and paper, by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, madam, that about a thousand years ago I was an Indian brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself, by my great skill in the occult sciences, with a demon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this, he told me, was not in his power to grant me. I then begged, that, into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I should still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This, he told me, was in his power, and accordingly promised, on the word of a demon, that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth, I lived so unblameably, that I was made president of a college of brachmans, an office which I discharged with great integrity until the day of my death.

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

'Upon my next remove, I found myself in the woods under the shape of a jackal, and soon listed myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking after prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or a hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half-picked, for my encouragement; but, upon my being unsuc-

cessful in two or three chases, he gave me such a confounded gripe in his anger that I died of it.

'In my next transmigration, I was again set upon two legs, and became an Indian tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagances, and being married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt, that I durst not show my head. I could no sooner step out of my house but I was arrested by somebody or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

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

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

'I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but some time or other I might be reduced to a mite, if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with great diligence to the offices that were allotted to me, and was generally looked upon as the noblest ant in the whole mole-hill. I was at last picked up as I was groaning under a burden, by an unlucky cock-sparrow, that lived in the neighbourhood, and had before made great depreations upon our commonwealth.

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

'I might tell you of many other transmigrations which I went through: how I was a town-rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as also how I was a tailor, a shrimp, and a tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes, I was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young jacka-

napes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

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

‘PUGG.’

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

No. 344.] *Friday, April 4, 1712.*

—In solo vivendi causa palato est.

*Juv. Sat. xi. 11.*

Such whose sole bliss is eating: who can give  
But that one brutal reason why they live.

*Congreve.*

MR. SPECTATOR,—I think it has not vet fallen into your way to discourse on little ambition, or the many whimsical ways men fall into to distinguish themselves among their acquaintance. Such observations, well pursued, would make a pretty history of low life. I myself am got into a great reputation, which arose (as most extraordinary occurrences in a man's life seem to do,) from a mere accident. I was some days ago unfortunately engaged among a set of gentlemen, who esteem a man according to the quantity of food he throws down at a meal. Now I, who am ever for distinguishing myself according to the notions of superiority which the rest of the company entertain, ate so immoderately, for their applause, as had like to have cost me my life. What added to my misfortune was, that having naturally a good stomach, and having lived soberly for some time, my body was as well prepared for this contention as if it had been by appointment. I had quickly vanquished every glutton in company but one who was such a prodigy

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in his way, and withal so very merry during the whole entertainment, that he insensibly betrayed me to continue his competitor, which in a little time concluded in a complete victory over my rival; after which, by way of insult, I ate a considerable proportion beyond what the spectators thought me obliged in honour to do. The effect, however, of this engagement, has made me resolve never to eat more for renown; and I have, pursuant to this resolution, compounded three wagers I had depending on the strength of my stomach, which happened very luckily, because it had been stipulated in our articles either to play or pay. How a man of common sense could be thus engaged is hard to determine; but the occasion of this is, to desire you to inform several gluttons of my acquaintance, who look on me with envy, that they had best moderate their ambition in time, lest infamy or death attend their success. I forgot to tell you, sir, with what unspeakable pleasure I received the acclamations and applause of the whole board, when I had almost eat my antagonist into convulsions. It was then that I returned his mirth upon him with such success, as he was hardly able to swallow, though prompted by a desire of fame, and a passionate fondness for distinction. I had not endeavoured to excel so far, had not the company been so loud in their approbation of my victory. I don't question but the same thirst after glory has often caused a man to drink quarts without taking breath, and prompted men to many other as difficult enterprises: which, if otherwise pursued, might turn very much to a man's advantage. This ambition of mine was indeed extravagantly pursued; however, I cannot help observing, that you hardly ever see a man commended for a good stomach, but he immediately falls to eating more, (though he had before dined,) as well to confirm the person that commended him in his good opinion of him, as to convince any other at the table, who may have been unattentive enough not to have done justice to his character. I am, sir, your humble servant,

‘EPICURE MAMMON.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,—I have wrote to you three or four times, to desire you would take notice of an impertinent custom the women, the fine women, have lately fallen into, of taking snuff. This silly trick is attended with such a coquette air in some ladies, and such a sedate masculine one in others, that I cannot tell which most to complain of: but they are to me equally disagreeable. Mrs. Santer is so impatient of being without it, that she takes it as often as she does salt at meals: and as she affects a wonderful ease and negligence in all her manner, an upper lip mixed with snuff and the sauce, is what is presented to the observation of all who have the honour to eat with her. The pretty creature, her

niece, does all she can to be as disagreeable as her aunt; and if she is not as offensive to the eye, she is quite as much to the ear, and makes up all she wants in a confident air, by a nauseous rattle of the nose, when the snuff is delivered, and the fingers make the stops and closes on the nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a very courtly image in speaking of ladies; that is very true: but where arises the offence? Is it in those who commit, or those who observe it? As for my part, I have been so extremely disgusted with this filthy physic hanging on the lip, that the most agreeable conversation, or person, has not been able to make up for it. As to those who take it for no other end but to give themselves occasion for pretty action, or to fill up little intervals of discourse, I can bear with them; but then they must not use it when another is speaking, who ought to be heard with too much respect, to admit of offering at that time from hand to hand the snuff-box. But Flavilla is so far taken with her behaviour in this kind, that she pulls out her box (which is indeed full of good Brazil,) in the middle of the sermon; and, to show she has the audacity of a well-bred woman, she offers it to the men as well as to the women who sit near her: but since by this time all the world knows she has a fine hand, I am in hopes she may give herself no further trouble in this matter. On Sunday was sevennight, when they came about for the offering, she gave her charity with a very good air, but at the same time asked the church-warden if he would take a pinch. Pray, sir, think of these things in time, and you will oblige, your humble servant.

T.

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No. 345.] *Saturday, April 5, 1712.*

Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius alte  
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset,  
Natus homo est. — *Ovid. Met. Lib. i. 76.*

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

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

The eighth book opens with a beautiful description of the impression which this discourse of the archangel made on our first parents. Adam afterwards, by a very natural curiosity, inquires concerning the motions of those celestial bodies which make the most glorious appearance among the six days' work. The poet here, with a great deal of art, represents Eve as withdrawing from this part of their conversation, to amusements more suitable to her sex. He well knew that the episode in this

book, which is filled with Adam's account of his passion and esteem for Eve, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful reasons for her retiring:

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

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

Adam, to detain the angel, enters afterwards upon his own history, and relates to him the circumstances in which he found himself upon his creation; as also his conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with Eve. There is no part of the poem more apt to raise the attention of the reader than this discourse of our great ancestor; as nothing can be more surprising and delightful to us, than to hear the sentiments that arose in the first man, while he was yet new and fresh from the hands of his Creator. The poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this subject in holy writ with so many beautiful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and more natural than this whole episode. As our author knew this subject could not but be agreeable to his reader, he would not throw it into the relation of the six days' work, but reserved it for a distinct episode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter upon this part of the poem, I cannot but take notice of two shining passages in the dialogue between Adam and the angel. The first is that wherein our ancestor gives an account of the pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble moral.

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

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

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

There is no question but our poet drew the image in what follows from that in Virgil's sixth book, where Æneas and the Sybil stand before the adamant gates, which are there described as shut upon the place of torments, and listen to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noise of iron whips, that were heard in those regions of pain and sorrow.

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

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

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

Adam is afterwards described as surprised at his own existence, and taking a survey of himself and of all the works of nature. He likewise is represented as discovering, by the light of reason, that he, and every thing about him, must have been the effect of some Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a right to his worship and adoration. His first address to the Sun, and to those parts of the creation which made the most distinguished figure, is very natural and amusing to the imagination:

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

His next sentiment, when, upon his first going to sleep, he fancies himself losing his existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired. His dream, in which he still preserves the consciousness of his existence, together with his removal into the garden which was

prepared for his reception, are also circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Adam's distress upon losing sight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the discovery of a real creature who resembled the apparition

which had been presented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtship, are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of sentiments.

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

'Thus have I told thee, all my state, and brought  
My story to the sum of earthly bliss  
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find  
In all things else delight indeed, but such  
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change  
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies  
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,  
Walks, and the melody of birds; but here  
Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,  
Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else  
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak  
Against the charm of beauty's pow'ful glance.  
Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
Not proof enough such object to sustain;  
Or from my side subducing, took perhaps  
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd  
Too much of ornament, in outward show  
Elaborate, of inward less exact.

When I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
And in herself complete, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses, discountenanc'd, and like folly shows:  
Authority and reason on her wait,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

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

'Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught  
In procreation common to all kinds,  
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of mind, or in us both one soul:  
Harmony to behold in wedded pair!

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

No. 346.] Monday, April 7, 1712.

Consuetudinem benignitatis largitioni munus longè antepono. Hec est gravium hominum atque magnorum; illa quasi assentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quasi titillantium. Tull.

I esteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence. The former is peculiar to great and distinguished persons; the latter belongs to flatterers of the people, who tickle the levity of the multitude with a kind of pleasure.

WHEN we consider the offices of human life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call generosity, which, when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded temper than an honest and liberal mind. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that all liberality should have for its basis and support frugality. By this means the beneficent spirit works in a man from convictions of reason, not from the impulse of passion. The generous man in the ordinary acceptation, without respect of the demands of his family, will soon find upon the foot of his account, that he has sacrificed to fools, knaves, flatterers, or the deservedly unhappy, all the opportunities of affording any future assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in itself laudable, should not a man take care to secure an ability to do things praiseworthy as long as he lives? Or could there be a more cruel piece of raillery upon a man who should have reduced his fortune below the capacity of acting according to his natural temper, than to say of him, 'That gentleman was generous?' My beloved author therefore has, in the sentence on the top of my paper, turned his eye with a certain satiety from beholding the addresses to the people by largesses and public entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the circumstances of time and a man's own fortune. A constant benignity in commerce with the rest of the world, which ought to run through all a man's actions, has effects more useful to those whom you oblige and is less ostentatious in yourself. He turns his recommendation of this virtue on commercial life: and, according to him, a citizen who is frank in his kindnesses, and abhors severity in his demands: he who, in buying, selling,

lending, doing acts of good neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to disputes, and above the sense of little sufferings; bears a noble character, and does much more good to mankind than any other man's fortune, without commerce, can possibly support. For the citizen above all other men, has opportunities of arriving at 'the highest fruit of wealth,' to be liberal without the least expense of a man's own fortune. It is not to be denied but such a practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the obligation, that, among traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the favour a secret as he who receives it. The unhappy distinctions among us in England are so great, that to celebrate the intercourse of commercial friendship (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous man so many enemies of the contrary party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of 'Tom the Bounteous,' who lends at the ordinary interest, to give men of less fortune opportunities of making greater advantages. He conceals, under a rough air and distant behaviour, a bleeding compassion and womanish tenderness. This is governed by the most exact circumspection, that there is no industry wanting in the person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper expenses. This I know of Tom; but who dare say it of so known a Tory? The same care I was forced to use some time ago, in the report of another's virtue, and said fifty instead of a hundred, because the man I pointed at was a Whig. Actions of this kind are popular, without being invidious: for every man of ordinary circumstances looks upon a man who has this known benignity in his nature as a person ready to be his friend upon such terms as he ought to expect it; and the wealthy who may envy such a character, can do no injury to its interests, but by the imitation of it, in which the good citizen will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to myself a greater idea of human life, than in what is the practice of some wealthy men whom I could name, that make no step to the improvement of their own fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other men who would languish in poverty without that munificence. In a nation where there are so many public funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good subject, who does not embark some part of his fortune with the state, to whose vigilance he owes the security of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an obligation upon many, and extending your benignity the farthest a man can possibly, who is not engaged in commerce. But he who trades, besides giving the state some part of this sort of credit he gives his banker, may, in all the occurrences of his life, have his eye upon removing want from the door of the industrious, and defending the unhappy upright man from bankruptcy.

Without this benignity, pride or vengeance will precipitate a man to choose the receipt of half his demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has shown mercy. This benignity is essential to the character of a fair trader, and any man who designs to enjoy his wealth with honour and self-satisfaction; nay, it would not be hard to maintain, that the practice of supporting good and industrious men would carry a man farther even to his profit, than indulging the propensity of serving and obliging the fortunate. My author argues on this subject, in order to incline men's minds to those who want them most, after this manner. 'We must always consider the nature of things, and govern ourselves accordingly. The wealthy man, when he has repaid you, is upon a balance, with you; but the person whom you favoured with a loan, if he be a good man, will think himself in your debt after he has paid you. The wealthy and the conspicuous are not obliged by the benefits you do them; they think they conferred a benefit when they received one. Your good offices are always suspected, and it is with them the same thing to expect their favour as to receive it. But the man below you, who knows, in the good you have done him, you respected himself more than his circumstances, does not act like an obliged man only to him from whom he has received a benefit, but also to all who are capable of doing him one. And whatever little offices he can do for you, he is so far from magnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it in all his actions and expressions. Moreover, the regard to what you do to a great man at best is taken notice of no further than by himself or his family; but what you do to a man of an humble fortune (provided always that he is a good and a modest man) raises the affections towards you of all men of that character (of which there are many) in the whole city.

There is nothing gains a reputation to a preacher so much as his own practice; I am therefore casting about what act of benignity is in the power of a Spectator. Alas! that lies but in a very narrow compass; and I think the most immediately under my patronage are either players, or such whose circumstances bear an affinity with theirs. All, therefore, I am able to do at this time of this kind, is to tell the town, that on Friday the 11th of this instant, April, there will be performed in York-Buildings, a concert of vocal and instrumental music, for the benefit of Mr. Edward Keen, the father of twenty children; and that this day the haughty George Powell hopes all the good-natured part of the town will favour him, whom they applauded in Alexander, Timon, Lear, and Orestes, with their company this night, when he hazards all his heroic glory for their approbation in the humble condition of honest Jack Falstaff.

T.

No. 347.] *Tuesday, April 8, 1712.*

Quis furor, o cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri!  
*Lucan, Lib. i. 8.*

What blind, detested fury, could afford  
Such horrid license to the barb'rous sword!

I do not question but my country readers have been very much surprised at the several accounts they have met with in our public papers, of that species of men among us, lately known by the name of Mohocks. I find the opinions of the learned, as to their origin and designs, are altogether various, insomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such society of men. The terror which spread itself over the whole nation some years since on account of the Irish, is still fresh in most people's memories, though it afterwards appeared there was not the least ground for that general consternation.

The late panic fear was in the opinion of many deep and penetrating persons of the same nature. These will have it that the Mohocks are like those spectres and apparitions which frighten several towns and villages in her majesty's dominions, though they were never seen by any of the inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these Mohocks are a kind of bull-beggars, first invented by prudent married men, and masters of families, in order to deter their wives and daughters from taking the air at unseasonable hours; and that when they tell them 'the Mohocks will catch them,' it is a caution of the same nature with that of our forefathers, when they bid their children have a care of Raw-head and Bloody-bones.

For my own part, I am afraid there was too much reason for the great alarm the whole city has been in upon this occasion; though at the same time I must own, that I am in some doubt whether the following pieces are genuine and authentic; the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the name by which the emperor subscribes himself, is altogether conformable to the Indian orthography.

I shall only farther inform my readers, that it was some time since I received the following letter and manifesto, though, for particular reasons, I did not think fit to publish them till now.

*To the Spectator.*

SIR,—Finding that our earnest endeavours for the good of mankind have been basely and maliciously represented to the world, we send you enclosed our imperial manifesto, which it is our will and pleasure that you forthwith communicate to the public, by inserting it in your next daily paper. We do not doubt of your ready compliance in this particular, and therefore bid you heartily farewell.

(Signed)

TAW WAW EBEN ZAN KALADAR,  
*Emperor of the Mohocks.*

*'The Manifesto of Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, Emperor of the Mohocks.*

'Whereas we have received information, from sundry quarters of this great and populous city, of several outrages committed on the legs, arms, noses, and other parts, of the good people of England, by such as have styled themselves our subjects; in order to vindicate our imperial dignity from those false aspersions which have been cast on it, as if we ourselves might have encouraged or abetted any such practices, we have, by these presents, thought fit to signify our utmost abhorrence and detestation of all such tumultuous and irregular proceedings; and do hereby farther give notice, that if any person or persons has or have suffered any wound, hurt, damage, or detriment, in his or their limb or limbs otherwise than shall be hereafter specified, the said person or persons, upon applying themselves to such as we shall appoint for the inspection and redress of the grievances aforesaid, shall be forthwith committed to the care of our principal surgeon, and be cured at our own expense, in some one or other of those hospitals which we are now erecting for that purpose.

'And to the end that no one may, either through ignorance or inadvertency, incur those penalties which we have thought fit to inflict on persons of loose and dissolute lives, we do hereby notify to the public, that if any man be knocked down or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful business, at proper hours, that it is not done by our order; and we do hereby permit and allow any such person, so knocked down or assaulted, to rise again, and defend himself in the best manner that he is able.

'We do also command all and every our good subjects, that they do not presume, upon any pretext whatsoever, to issue and sally forth from their respective quarters till between the hours of eleven and twelve. That they never tip the lion upon man, woman, or child, till the clock at St. Dunstan's shall have struck one.

'That the sweat be never given but between the hours of one and two; always provided, that our hunters may begin to hunt a little after the close of the evening, any thing to the contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided also, that if ever they are reduced to the necessity of pinking, it shall always be in the most fleshy parts, and such as are least exposed to view.

'It is also our imperial will and pleasure, that our good subjects the sweaters do establish their hummums in such close places, alleys, nooks, and corners, that the patient or patients may not be in danger of catching cold.

'That the tumblers, to whose care we chiefly commit the female sex, confine themselves to Drury-lane, and the purlieus of the Temple; and that every other party and division of our subjects do each of them keep within the respective quarters we

have allotted to them. Provided, nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall in any wise be construed to extend to the hunters, who have our full license and permission to enter into any part of the town wherever their game shall lead them.

‘And whereas we have nothing more at our imperial heart than the reformation of the cities of London and Westminster, which to our unspeakable satisfaction we have in some measure already effected, we do hereby earnestly pray and exhort all husbands, fathers, house-keepers, and masters of families, in either of the aforesaid cities, not only to repair themselves to their respective habitations at early and seasonable hours, but also to keep their wives and daughters, sons, servants, and apprentices, from appearing in the streets at those times and seasons which may expose them to a military discipline, as it is practised by our good subjects the Mohocks; and we do further promise on our imperial word, that as soon as the reformation aforesaid shall be brought about, we will forthwith cause all hostilities to cease.

‘Given from our court, at the Devil-tavern,  
‘March 15, 1712.’ X.

No. 348.] *Wednesday, April 9, 1712.*

*Invidiam placare paras virtute relicta.*  
*Hor. Sat. iii. Lib. 2. 13*  
To shun detraction, wouldst thou virtue fly?

‘MR. SPECTATOR,—I have not seen you lately at any of the places where I visit, so that I am afraid you are wholly unacquainted with what passes among my part of the world, who are, though I say it, without controversy, the most accomplished and best bred of the town. Give me leave to tell you, that I am extremely discomposed when I hear scandal, and am an utter enemy to all manner of detraction, and think it the greatest meanness that people of distinction can be guilty of. However, it is hardly possible to come into company, where you do not find them pulling one another to pieces, and that from no other provocation but that of hearing any one commended. Merit, both as to wit and beauty, is become no other than the possession of a few trifling people’s favour, which you cannot possibly arrive at, if you have really any thing in you that is deserving. What they would bring to pass is, to make all good and evil consist in report, and with whispers, calumnies, and impertinences, to have the conduct of those reports. By this means, innocents are blasted upon their first appearance in town, and there is nothing more required to make a young woman the object of envy and hatred, than to deserve love and admiration. This abominable endeavour to suppress or lessen every thing that is praiseworthy, is as frequent among the men as the women. If I can remember what passed at a visit last

night, it will serve as an instance that the sexes are equally inclined to defamation, with equal malice and impotence. Jack Triplett came into my lady Airy’s about eight of the clock. You know the manner we sit at a visit, and I need not describe the circle; but Mr. Triplett came in, introduced by two tapers supported by a spruce servant, whose hair is under a cap till my lady’s candles are all lighted up, and the hour of ceremony begins: I say Jack Triplett came in, and singing (for he is really good company) “Every feature, charming creature,”—he went on, “It is a most unreasonable thing, that people cannot go peaceably to see their friends, but these murderers are let loose. Such a shape! such an air! what a glance was that as her chariot passed by mine!”—My lady herself interrupted him; “Pray, who is this fine thing?”—“I warrant,” says another, “’tis the creature I was telling your ladyship of, just now.”—“You were telling of?” says Jack; “I wish I had been so happy as to have come in and heard you; for I have not words to say what she is: but if an agreeable height, a modest air, a virgin shame, and impatience of being beheld amidst a blaze of ten thousand charms—” The whole room flew out—“Oh Mr. Triplett!”—When Mrs. Lofty, a known prude, said she believed she knew whom the gentleman meant; but she was indeed, as he civilly represented her, impatient of being beheld.—Then turning to the lady next to her,—“The most unbred creature you ever saw!” Another pursued the discourse; “As unbred, madam, as you may think her, she is extremely belied if she is the novice she appears; she was last week at a ball till two in the morning: Mr. Triplett knows whether he was the happy man that took care of her home; but—” This was followed by some particular exception that each woman in the room made to some peculiar grace or advantage; so that Mr. Triplett was beaten from one limb and feature to another, till he was forced to resign the whole woman. In the end, I took notice Triplett recorded all this malice in his heart; and saw in his countenance, and a certain waggish shrug, that he designed to repeat the conversation: I therefore let the discourse die, and soon after took an occasion to recommend a certain gentleman of my acquaintance for a person of singular modesty, courage, integrity, and withal as a man of an entertaining conversation, to which advantages he had a shape and manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. Triplett, who is a woman’s man seemed to hear me with patience enough commend the qualities of his mind.—He never heard indeed but that he was a very honest man, and no fool; but for a fine gentleman, he must ask pardon. Upon no other foundation than this, Mr. Triplett took occasion to give the gentleman’s pedigree, by what methods some part of the

estate was acquired, now much it was beholden to a marriage for the present circumstances of it: after all he could see nothing but a common man in his person, his breeding, or understanding.

'Thus, Mr. Spectator, this impertinent humour of diminishing every one who is produced in conversation to their advantage, runs through the world; and I am, I confess, so fearful of the force of ill tongues, that I have begged of all those who are my well-wishers never to commend me, for it will but bring my frailties into examination; and I had rather be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed perfections. I am confident a thousand young people, who would have been ornaments to society, have, from fear of scandal, never dared to exert themselves in the polite arts of life. Their lives have passed away in an odious rusticity in spite of great advantages of person, genius, and fortune. There is a vicious terror of being blamed in some well-inclined people, and a wicked pleasure in suppressing them in others; both which I recommend to your spectatorial wisdom to animadvert upon; and if you can be successful in it, I need not say how much you will deserve of the town; but new toasts will owe to you their beauty, and new wits their fame. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

'MARY.'

T.

No. 349.] *Thursday, April 10, 1712.*

Quos ille timorom

Maximus haud urget lethi metus: inde ruendi  
In ferrum mens prona viris, animaeque capaces  
Mortis—  
*Lucaen. Lib. i. 454.*

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

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

This, among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise till his head is laid in the dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinion. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy, or unhappy, so neither can it be

pronounced vicious or virtuous before the conclusion of it.

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

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

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

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary discourses with wit and pleasantry; and as Erasmus tells him in an epistle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a second Democritus.

He died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by that side for which he suffered. That innocent mirth, which had been so conspicuous in his life, did not forsake him to the last. He maintained the same cheerfulness of heart upon the scaffold which he used to show at his table; and upon laying his head on the block, gave instances of that good humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the most ordinary occurrences. His death was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing his head

from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper on such an occasion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example. Men's natural fears will be a sufficient guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was philosophy in this extraordinary man, would be phrensy in one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

I shall conclude this paper with the instance of a person who seems to me to have shown more intrepidity and greatness of soul in his dying moments than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans. I met with this instance in the History of the Revolutions in Portugal, written by the abbot de Vortot.

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

L.

That elevation of mind which is displayed in dangers, if it wants justice, and fights for its own conveniency, is vicious.

CAPTAIN SENTRY was last night at a club, and produced a letter from Ipswich, which his correspondent desired him to communicate to his friend the Spectator. It contained an account of an engagement between a French privateer, commanded by one Dominic Pottiere, and a little vessel of that place laden with corn, the master whereof, as I remember, was one Goodwin. The Englishman defended himself with incredible bravery, and beat off the French, after having been boarded three or four times. The enemy still came on with great fury, and hoped by his number of men to carry the prize; till at last the Englishman, finding himself sink apace, and ready to perish, struck: but the effect which this singular gallantry had upon the captain of the privateer was no other than an unmanly desire of vengeance for the loss he had sustained in his several attacks. He told the Ipswich man in a speaking trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he stayed to see him sink. The Englishman at the same time observed a disorder in the vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the disdain which the ship's crew had of their captain's inhumanity. With this hope he went into his boat, and approached the enemy. He was taken in by the sailors in spite of their commander: but though they received him against his command, they treated him, when he was in the ship, in the manner he directed. Pottiere caused his men to hold Goodwin, while he beat him with a stick, till he fainted with loss of blood and rage of heart; after which he ordered him into irons, without allowing him any food, but such as one or two of the men stole to him under peril of the like usage: and having kept him several days overwhelmed with the misery of stench, hunger, and soreness, he brought him into Calais. The governor of the place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, dismissed Pottiere from his charge with ignominy, and gave Goodwin all the relief which a man of honour would bestow upon an enemy barbarously treated, to recover the imputation of cruelty upon his prince and country.

When Mr. Sentry had read his letter, full of many other circumstances which aggravate the barbarity, he fell into a sort of criticism upon magnanimity and courage, and argued that they were inseparable; and that courage, without regard to justice and humanity, was no other than the fierceness of a wild beast. 'A good and truly bold spirit,' continued he, 'is ever actuated by reason, and a sense of honour and duty. The affectation of such a spirit exerts itself in an impudent aspect, an overbearing confidence, and a certain negligence of giving offence. This is visible in all the cocking

No. 350.] Friday, April 11, 1712.

Ea animi elatio que cernitur in periculis, si justitia vacat, pugnatque pro suis commodis, in vitio est. *Tull.*

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youths you see about this town, who are noisy in assemblies, unawed by the presence of wise and virtuous men; in a word, insensible of all the honours and decencies of human life. A shameless fellow takes advantage of merit clothed with modesty and magnanimity, and, in the eyes of little people, appears sprightly and agreeable: while the man of resolution and true gallantry is overlooked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a propriety in all things; and I believe what you scholars call just and sublime, in opposition to turgid and bombast expression, may give you an idea of what I mean, when I say modesty is the certain indication of a great spirit, and impudence the affectation of it. He that writes with judgment, and never rises into improper warmth, manifests the true force of genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in his behaviour is supported in that deportment by what we may call true courage. Alas! it is not so easy a thing to be a brave man as the unthinking part of mankind imagine. To dare is not all there is in it. The privateer we were just now talking of had boldness enough to attack his enemy, but not greatness of mind enough to admire the same quality exerted by that enemy in defending himself. Thus his base and little mind was wholly taken up in the sordid regard to the prize of which he failed, and the damage done to his own vessel; and therefore he used an honest man, who defended his own from him, in the manner as he would a thief that should rob him.

‘He was equally disappointed, and had not spirit enough to consider, that one case would be laudable, and the other criminal. Malice, rancour, hatred, vengeance, are what tear the breasts of mean men in fight; but fame, glory, conquests, desire of opportunities to pardon and oblige their opposers, are what glow in the minds of the gallant.’ The captain ended his discourse with a specimen of his book-learning; and gave us to understand that he had read a French author on the subject of justness in point of gallantry. ‘I love,’ said Mr. Sentry ‘a critic who mixes the rules of life with annotations upon writers. My author,’ added he, ‘in his discourse upon epic poems, takes occasion to speak of the same quality of courage drawn in the two different characters of Turnus and Æneas. He makes courage the chief and greatest ornament of Turnus; but in Æneas there are many others which outshine it; among the rest that of piety. Turnus is, therefore, all along painted by the poet full of ostentation, his language haughty and vain-glorious, as placing his honour in the manifestation of his valour; Æneas speaks little, is slow to action, and shows only a sort of defensive courage. If equipage and address make Turnus appear more courageous than Æneas, conduct and success prove Æneas more valiant than Turnus.

T.

[No. 351.] Saturday, April 12, 1712.

In to omnis domus inclinata recumbit.

Virg. *Æn.* xii. 50.

On thee the fortunes of our house depend.

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

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

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

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

cakes themselves: upon which one of the company said merrily, 'We are eating our tables.' They immediately took the hint, says the historian, and concluded the prophecy to be fulfilled. As Virgil did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the history of Æneas, it may be worth while to consider with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a passage in a heroic poem. The prophetess who foretells it is a hungry harpy, as the person who discovers it is young Ascanius:

'Heus etiam mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus!  
*Æn.* vii. 116.

'See we devour the plates on which we fed!  
*Dryden.*

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

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

The history which was the basis of Milton's poem is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad* or Æneid. The poet has likewise taken care to insert every circumstance of it in the body of his fable. The ninth book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief account in scripture, wherein we are told that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field; that he tempted the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit; that she was overcome by this temptation, and that Adam followed her example. From these few particulars Milton has formed one of the most entertaining fables that invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several circumstances among so many agreeable and natural fictions of his own, that his whole story looks only like a comment upon sacred writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the disposition and contrivance of the fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more story in it, and is fuller of inci-

dents, than any other in the whole poem. Satan's traversing the globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the night, as fearing to be discovered by the angel of the sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his second series of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and to avoid discovery, sinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and rises up again through a fountain that issued from it by the tree of life. The poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own person, and, after the example of Homer, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a soliloquy of this infernal agent, who was thus restless in the destruction of man. He is then described as gliding through the garden, under the resemblance of a mist, in order to find out the creature in which he designed to tempt our first parents. This description has something in it very poetical and surprising:

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,  
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found,  
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd  
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtil wiles.

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

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

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

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

In his impatience and amusement during  
 her absence:

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

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

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

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

The several wiles which are put in prac-  
 tice by the tempter, when he found Eve se-  
 parated from her husband, the many pleas-  
 ing images of nature which are intermix'd  
 in this part of the story, with its gradual and  
 regular progress to the fatal catastrophe,  
 are so very remarkable, that it would be  
 superfluous to point out their respective  
 beauties.

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

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

The secret intoxication of pleasure, with  
 all those transient flushings of guilt and joy,  
 which the poet represents in our first pa-  
 rents upon their eating the forbidden fruit,  
 to those flaggings of spirit, damps of sor-  
 row, and mutual accusations which succeed

it, are conceived with a wonderful imagina-  
 tion, and described in very natural senti-  
 ments.

When Dido, in the fourth Æneid, yielded  
 to that fatal temptation which ruined her,  
 Virgil tells us the earth trembled, the hea-  
 vens were filled with flashes of lightning,  
 and the nymphs howled upon the mountain  
 tops. Milton, in the same poetical spirit,  
 has described all nature as disturbed upon  
 Eve's eating the forbidden fruit.

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

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

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

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

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

Let the reader compare this with the fol-  
 lowing passage in Milton, which begins with  
 Adam's speech to Eve:

'For never did thy beauty since the day  
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd,  
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
 With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.'

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent, well understood  
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
 Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,  
 Thick overhead with verdant roof embower'd,  
 He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,  
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
 And hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest lap.  
 There they their fill of love and love's disport  
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
 The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep  
 Oppress'd them.

As no poet seems ever to have studied  
 Homer more, or to have more resembled  
 him in the greatness of genius, than Milton,  
 I think I should have given but a very im-  
 perfect account of its beauties, if I had not  
 observed the most remarkable passages  
 which look like parallels in these two great  
 authors. I might, in the course of these

criticisms, have taken notice of many particular lines and expressions which are translated from the Greek poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater incidents, however, are not only set off by being shown in the same light with several of the same nature in Homer, but by that means may be also guarded against the cavils of the tasteless or ignorant.

L.

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No. 352.] *Monday, April 14, 1712.*

—Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia. *Tull.*

If we be made for honesty, either it is solely to be sought, or certainly to be estimated much more highly than all other things.

WILL HONEYCOMB was complaining to me yesterday, that the conversation of the town is so altered of late years, that a fine gentleman is at a loss for matter to start discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the talk he generally meets with. Will takes notice, that there is now an evil under the sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any satirist, or moralist, in any age. 'Men,' said he, 'grow knaves sooner than they ever did since the creation of the world before.' If you read the tragedies of the last age, you find the artful men, and persons of intrigue, are advanced very far in years, and beyond the pleasures and sallies of youth; but now Will observes, that the young have taken in the vices of the aged, and you shall have a man of five-and-twenty, crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile. My friend adds, that till about the latter end of king Charles's reign there was not a rascal of any eminence under forty. In the places of resort for conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to improving men's fortunes, without regard to the methods towards it. This is so fashionable, that young men form themselves upon a certain neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging, in their general turn of mind and discourse, that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honesty; preferring the capacity of being artful to gain their ends, to the merit of despising those ends when they come in competition with their honesty. All this is due to the very silly pride that generally prevails of being valued for the ability of carrying their point; in a word, from the opinion that shallow and inexperienced people entertain of the short lived force of cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various faces which folly covered with artifice, puts on to impose upon the unthinking, produce a great authority for asserting

that nothing but truth and ingenuity has any lasting good effect, even upon a man's fortune and interest.

'Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

'It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity has many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world: it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it: it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

'Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which constantly stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it; and, because it is plain and

open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger: and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them: he is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

‘Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey’s end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks the truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast; and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

‘And I have often thought, that God hath in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs: these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequence of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

‘Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concerns of this world,) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw; but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.’

T.

No. 353.] *Tuesday, April 15, 1712.*

In tenui labor ———— *Virg. Georg. v. 6.*  
Though low the subject, it deserves our pains.

THE gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular, with his thoughts upon education, has just sent me the following letter:

‘SIR,—I take the liberty to send you a fourth letter upon the education of youth. In my last I gave you my thoughts upon some particular tasks, which I conceived it might not be amiss to mix with their usual exercises, in order to give them an early seasoning of virtue: I shall in this propose some others, which I fancy might contribute to give them a right turn for the world, and enable them to make their way in it.

‘The design of learning is, as I take it, either to render a man an agreeable companion to himself, and teach him to support solitude with pleasure; or, if he is not born to an estate, to supply that defect, and furnish him with the means of acquiring one. A person who applies himself to learning with the first of these views may be said to study for ornament; as he who proposes to himself the second, properly studies for use. The one does it to raise himself a fortune; the other to set off that which he is already possessed of. But as far the greater part of mankind are included in the latter class, I shall only propose some methods at present for the service of such who expect to advance themselves in the world by their learning. In order to which, I shall premise, that many more estates have been acquired by little accomplishments than by extraordinary ones; those qualities which make the greatest figure in the eye of the world not being always the most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous to their owners.

‘The posts which require men of shining and uncommon parts to discharge them are so very few, that many a great genius goes out of the world without ever having an opportunity to exert itself; whereas, persons of ordinary endowments meet with occasions fitted to their parts and capacities every day in the common occurrences of life.

‘I am acquainted with two persons who were formerly school-fellows,\* and have been good friends ever since. One of them was not only thought an impenetrable blockhead at school, but still maintained his reputation at the university; the other was the pride of his master, and the most celebrated person in the college of which he was a member. The man of genius is at

\* “Swift, and Mr. Stratford, a merchant. ‘Stratford is worth a plumb, and is now lending the government 40,000*l.* yet we were educated together at the same school and university.’ Swift’s Works, vol. xxii. p. 10. cr. 8vo.—Stratford was afterwards a bankrupt.”

Chalmers

present buried in a country parsonage of eight-score pounds a year; while the other, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, has got an estate of above a hundred thousand pounds.

‘I fancy from what I have said, it will almost appear a doubtful case to many a wealthy citizen, whether or no he ought to wish his son should be a great genius: but this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a lad the education of one, whom nature has not favoured with any particular marks of distinction.

‘The fault, therefore, of our grammar schools is, that every boy is pushed on to works of genius: whereas, it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical arts and sciences as do not require any great share of parts to be master of them, and yet may come often into play during the course of a man’s life.

‘Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I have known a man contract a friendship with a minister of state, upon cutting a dial in his window; and remember a clergyman who got one of the best benefices in the west of England, by setting a country gentleman’s affairs in some method, and giving him an exact survey of his estate.

‘While I am upon this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a particular which is of use in every station of life, and which, methinks, every master should teach scholars; I mean the writing of English letters. To this end, instead of perplexing them with Latin epistles, themes, and verses, there might be a punctual correspondence established between two boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of business, or be allowed sometimes to give a range to their own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever failed at the appointed time to answer his correspondent’s letter.

‘I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom, when they come to be men, than by all the Greek and Latin their masters can teach them in seven or eight years.

‘The want of it is very visible in many learned persons, who, while they are admiring the styles of Demosthenes or Cicero, want phrases to express themselves on the most common occasions. I have seen a letter from one of these Latin orators which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common attorney.

‘Under this head of writing, I cannot omit accounts and short-hand, which are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of such arts as I have been here recommending.

‘You must doubtless, sir, observe that I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such boys as do not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their natural talents, and consequently are not quali-

fied for the finer parts of learning; yet I believe I might carry this matter still further, and venture to assert, that a lad of genius has sometimes occasion for these little acquirements, to be as it were the forerunners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

‘History is full of examples of persons who, though they have had the largest abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the favour of great men, by these trivial accomplishments; as the complete gentleman in some of our modern comedies, makes his first advances to his mistress under the disguise of a painter or a dancing-master.

‘The difference is, that in a lad of genius these are only so many accomplishments, which in another are essentials; the one diverts himself with them, the other works at them. In short, I look upon a great genius, with these little additions, in the same light as I regard the Grand Seigneur, who is obliged, by an express command in the Alcoran, to learn and practise some handicraft trade; though I need not to have gone for my instance farther than Germany, where several emperors have voluntarily done the same thing. Leopold the last, worked in wood: and I have heard there are several handicraft works of his making to be seen at Vienna, so neatly turned that the best joiner in Europe might safely own them without any disgrace to his profession.\*

‘I would not be thought, by any thing I have said, to be against improving a boy’s genius to the utmost pitch it can be carried. What I would endeavour to show in this essay is, that there may be methods taken to make learning advantageous even to the meanest capacities. I am, sir, yours, &c.’  
X.

No. 354.] *Wednesday, April 16, 1712.*

— Cum magnis virtutibus affers  
Grande supercilium. — *Juv. Sat. vi. 163.*  
Their signal virtues hardly can be borne,  
Dash’d as they are with supercilious scorn.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,—You have in some of your discourses described most sort of women in their distinct and proper classes, as the ape, the coquette, and many others; but I think you have never yet said any thing of a devotee. A devotee is one of those who disparage religion by their indiscreet and unseasonable introduction of the mention of virtue on all occasions. She professes she is what nobody ought to doubt she is; and betrays the labour she is put to, to be what she ought to be with cheerfulness and alacrity. She lives in the world, and denies herself none of the diversions of it, with a constant declaration how insipid all things in it are to her. She is never

\* The well-known labours of the Czar Peter may be added to those enumerated above.

herself but at church; there she displays her virtue, and is so fervent in all her devotions, that I have frequently seen her pray herself out of breath. While other young ladies in the house are dancing, or playing at questions and commands, she reads aloud in her closet. She says, all love is ridiculous, except it be celestial; but she speaks of the passion of one mortal to another with too much bitterness for one that had no jealousy mixed with her contempt of it. If at any time she sees a man warm in his addresses to his mistress, she will lift up her eyes to heaven, and cry, "What nonsense is that fool talking! Will the bell never ring for prayers?" We have an eminent lady of this stamp in our country, who pretends to amusements very much above the rest of her sex. She never carries a white shock-dog with bells under her arm, nor a squirrel or dormouse in her pocket, but always an abridged piece of morality, to steal out when she is sure of being observed. When she went to the famous ass-race, (which I must confess was but an odd diversion to be encouraged by people of rank and figure,) it was not, like other ladies, to hear those poor animals bray, nor to see fellows run naked, or to hear country squires in bob wigs and white girdles make love at the side of a coach, and cry, "Madam this is dainty weather." Thus she described the diversion; for she went only to pray heartily that nobody might be hurt in the crowd, and to see if the poor fellow's face, which was distorted with grinning, might any way be brought to itself again. She never chats over her tea, but covers her face, and is supposed in an ejaculation before she tastes a sup. This ostentatious behaviour is such an offence to true sanctity, that it disparages it, and makes virtue not only unamiable, but also ridiculous. The sacred writings are full of reflections which abhor this kind of conduct; and a devotee is so far from promoting goodness, that she deters others by her example. Folly and vanity in one of these ladies is like vice in a clergyman; it does not only debase him, but makes the inconsiderate part of the world think the worse of religion. I am, sir, your humble servant,

'HOTSPUR.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,—Xenophon in his short account of the Spartan commonwealth speaking of the behaviour of their young men in the streets, says, "There was so much modesty in their looks, that you might as soon have turned the eyes of a marble statue upon you as theirs; and that in all their behaviour they were more modest than a bride when put to bed upon her wedding-night." This virtue, which is always subjoined to magnanimity, had such an influence upon their courage, that in battle an enemy could not look them in the face, and they durst not but die for their country.

'Whenever I walk into the streets of London and Westminster, the countenances of all the young fellows that pass by me make me wish myself in Sparta: I meet with such blustering airs, big looks, and bold fronts, that, to a superficial observer, would bespeak a courage above those Grecians. I am arrived to that perfection in speculation, that I understand the language of the eyes, which would be a great misfortune to me had I not corrected the testiness of old age by philosophy. There is scarce a man in a red coat who does not tell me, with a full stare, he is a bold man: I see several swear inwardly at me, without any offence of mine, but the oddness of my person; I meet contempt in every street; expressed in different manners by the scornful look, the elevated eye-brow, and the swelling nostrils of the proud and prosperous. The 'prentice speaks his disrespect by an extended finger, and the porter by stealing out his tongue. If a country gentleman appears a little curious in observing the edifices, clocks, signs, coaches, and dials, it is not to be imagined how the polite rabble of this town, who are acquainted with these objects, ridicule his rusticity. I have known a fellow with a burden on his head steal a hand down from his load, and slyly twirl the cock of a squire's hat behind him; while the offended person is swearing, or out of countenance, all the wag-wits in the highway are grinning in applause of the ingenious rogue that gave him the tip, and the folly of him who had not eyes all round his head to prevent receiving it. These things arise from a general affectation of smartness, wit, and courage. Wycherly somewhere rallies the pretensions this way, by making a fellow say, "Red breeches are a certain sign of valour;" and Otway makes a man, to boast his agility, trip up a beggar on crutches. From such hints I beg a speculation on this subject: in the mean time I shall do all in the power of a weak old fellow in my own defence; for as Diogenes, being in quest of an honest man, sought for him when it was broad daylight with a lantern and candle, so I intend for the future to walk the streets with a dark lantern, which has a convex crystal in it; and if any man stares at me, I give fair warning that I will direct the light full into his eyes. Thus despairing to find men modest, I hope by this means to evade their impudence. I am, sir, your humble servant,

T. 'SOPHRONIUS.'

No. 355.] Thursday, April 17, 1712.

Non ego mordaci distinxim carmine quenquam.  
*Ovid. Trist. Lib. ii. 563.*

I ne'er in gall dipp'd my envenom'd pen,  
Nor branded the bold front of shameless men.

I HAVE been very often tempted to write invectives upon those who have detracted from my works, or spoken in derogation of

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

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

I often apply this rule to myself; and when I hear of a satirical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falsehood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify

no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why should a man be sensible of the sting of a reproach, who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it; or subject himself to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude, which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himself, in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

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

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

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

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

No. 356.] *Friday, April 18, 1712.*

—Aptissima queque dabunt dii,  
Charior est illis homo quam sibi.—

*Juv. Sat. x. 349.*

—The gods will grant  
What their unerring wisdom sees they want:  
In goodness as in greatness, they excel;  
Ah! that we lov'd ourselves but half as well!

*Dryden.*

It is owing to pride, and a secret affectation of a certain self-existence, that the noblest motive for action that ever was proposed to man is not acknowledged the glory and happiness of their being. The heart is treacherous to itself, and we do not let our reflections go deep enough to receive religion as the most honourable incentive to good and worthy actions. It is our natural weakness to flatter ourselves into a belief, that if we search into our inmost thoughts, we find ourselves wholly disinterested, and divested of any views arising from self-love and vain-glory. But however spirits of superficial greatness may disdain at first sight to do any thing, but from a noble impulse in themselves, without any future regards in this, or any other being; upon stricter inquiry they will find, to act worthily, and expect to be rewarded only in another world, is as heroic a pitch of virtue as human nature can arrive at. If the tenor of our actions have any other motive than the desire to be pleasing in the eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow that we must be more than men, if we are not too much exalted in prosperity and depressed in adversity. But the Christian world has a Leader, the contemplation of whose life and sufferings, must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of his power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidding and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word Christian does not carry with it, at first view, all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society. Yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

When a man with a steady faith looks back on the great catastrophe of this day,\* with what bleeding emotions of heart must he contemplate the life and sufferings of his deliverer! When his agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the glance of a wanton, for the applause of a vain world,

\* Good Friday, 1712, the day of publication of this paper.

for a heap of fleeting past pleasures, which are at present aching sorrows!

How pleasing is the contemplation of the lowly steps our Almighty Leader took in conducting us to his heavenly mansions! In plain and apt parable, similitude and allegory, our great Master enforced the doctrine of our salvation, but they of his acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the presumption of being wiser than they. They could not raise their little ideas above the consideration of him, in those circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he, who appeared not more terrible or pompous, should have any thing more exalted than themselves; he in that place therefore would no longer ineffectually exert a power which was incapable of conquering the prepossession of their narrow and mean conceptions.

Multitudes followed him, and brought him the dumb, the blind, the sick, and maimed; whom when their Creator had touched, with a second life they saw, spoke, leaped, and ran. In affection to him, and admiration of his actions, the crowd could not leave him, but waited near him till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for succour. He had compassion on them, and by a miracle supplied their necessities. Oh, the ecstatic entertainment, when they could behold their food immediately increase to the distributor's hand, and see their God in person feeding and refreshing his creatures! Oh envied happiness! But why do I say envied? as if our God did not still preside over our temperate meals, cheerful hours, and innocent conversations.

But though the sacred story is every where full of miracles, not inferior to this, and though in the midst of those acts of divinity he never gave the least hint of a design to become a secular prince, yet had not hitherto the apostles themselves any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches, and pomp; for Peter, upon an accident of ambition among the apostles, hearing his Master explain that his kingdom was not of this world, was so scandalized that he whom he had so long followed should suffer the ignominy, shame, and death, which he foretold, that he took him aside and said, 'Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee:' for which he suffered a severe reprehension from his Master, as having in his view the glory of man rather than that of God.

The great change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of nature thought fit, as a saviour and deliverer, to make his public entry into Jerusalem with more than the power and joy, but none of the ostentation and pomp of a triumph; he came humble, meek, and lowly; with an unfelt new ecstasy, multitudes strewed his way with garments and olive-branches, crying, with loud gladness and acclama-

tion, 'Hosannah to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!' At this great King's accession to his throne, men were not ennobled, but saved; crimes were not remitted, but sins forgiven. He did not bestow medals, honours, favours; but health, joy, sight, speech. The first object the blind ever saw was the Author of sight; while the lame ran before, and the dumb repeated the hosannah. Thus attended, he entered into his own house, the sacred temple, and by his divine authority expelled traders and worldlings that profaned it; and thus did he for a time use a great and despotic power, to let unbelievers understand that it was not want of, but superiority to, all worldly dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour? Is this the Deliverer? Shall this obscure Nazarene command Israel, and sit on the throne of David? Their proud and disdainful hearts, which were petrified with the love and pride of this world, were impregnable to the reception of so mean a benefactor; and were now enough exasperated with benefits to conspire his death. Our Lord was sensible of their design, and prepared his disciples for it, by recounting to them now more distinctly what should befall him; but Peter, with an ungrounded resolution, and in a flush of temper, made a sanguine protestation, that though all men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great article of our Saviour's business in the world to bring us to a sense of our inability, without God's assistance, to do any thing great or good; he therefore told Peter, who thought so well of his courage and fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him thrice that very night.

'But what heart can conceive, what tongue utter the sequel? Who is that yonder, buffeted, mocked, and spurned? Whom do they drag like a felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to expiate those very injuries? See where they have nailed the Lord and giver of life! How his wounds blacken, his body writhes, and heart heaves with pity and with agony! Oh Almighty sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant infamy! Lo, he inclines his head to his sacred bosom! Hark, he groans! See, he expires! The earth trembles, the temple rends, the rocks burst, the dead arise. Which are the quick? Which are the dead? Sure nature, all nature is departing with her Creator.'

T.

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

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

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

Up into heav'n from Paradise in haste  
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad  
For man; for of his state by this they knew;  
Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stol'n  
Entrance unscen. Soon as th' unwelcome new  
From earth arriv'd at heaven gate, displeas'd  
All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare  
That time celestial visages; yet mixt  
With pity, violated not their bliss.  
About the new arriv'd, in multitudes  
Th' ethereal people ran to hear and know  
How all befel. They tow'rd's the throne supreme  
Accountable made haste, to make appear  
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,  
And easily approv'd; when the Most High  
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud  
Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

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

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

The following passage is formed upon that glorious image in holy writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable host of angels uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunderings, or of many waters:

No. 357.] Saturday, April 19, 1712.

Quis talia fando  
Temperet a lachrymis? *Virg. Æn. ii. 6.*

Who can relate such woes without a tear?

THE tenth book of Paradise Lost has a greater variety of persons in it than any

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud  
Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,  
Through multitude that sung: 'Just are thy ways,  
Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works,  
Who can extenuate thee?'

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

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

Which alludes to that passage in Scripture so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination: 'And I looked, and behold, a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with sickness, and with the beasts of the earth.' Under this first head of celestial persons we must likewise take notice of the command which the angels received, to produce the several changes in nature, and sully the beauty of creation. Accordingly they are represented as infecting the stars and planets with malignant influences, weakening the light of the sun, bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature, planting winds and storms in several quarters of the sky, storing the clouds with thunder, and, in short, perverting the whole frame of the universe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the poem, the following lines, in which we see the angels heaving up the earth, and placing it in a different posture to the sun from what it had before the fall of man, is conceived with that sublime imagination which was so peculiar to this great author:

\* Some say he bid his angels turn askance  
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd  
Oblique the centric globe,

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

His first appearance in the assembly of fallen angels is worked up with circumstances which give a delightful surprise to the reader: but there is no incident in the whole poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of Satan himself is described after Ovid's manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that poet's works. Milton never fails of improving his own hints, and bestowing the last finishing touches in every incident which is admitted into his poem. The unexpected hiss which arises in this episode, the dimensions and bulk of Satan so much superior to those of the infernal spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole episode, as I have observed in the sixth paper of these remarks the great judgment with which it was contrived.

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

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

\* Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee  
From darkness to promote me? or here place  
In this delicious garden? As my will  
Concurr'd not to my being, 'twere but right

And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
Desirous to resign, and render back  
All I receiv'd.

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

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

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

—Hide me from the face  
Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
Of happiness! yet well, if here would end  
The misery: I deserved it, and would bear  
My own deservings: but this will not serve;  
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,  
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
Delightfully, "Increase and multiply:"  
Now death to hear!

—In me all  
Posterity stands curs'd! Fair patrimony,  
That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able  
To waste it all myself, and leave you none!  
So disinherited, how would you bless  
Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,  
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd  
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed  
But all corrupt? —

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

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

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

He added not, and from her turn'd: but Eve,  
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
Fell humble; and embracing them besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:  
"Forsake me not thus, Adam! Witness Heav'n  
What love sincere, and rev'rence in my breast  
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,

Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees. Bereave me not  
(Whereon I live;) thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
My only strength, and stay! Forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betake me! where subsist?  
While yet we live (scarce one short hour perhaps)  
Between us two let there be peace." &c.

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

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

Since the subject I am upon gives me an opportunity of speaking more at large of such shadowy and imaginary persons as may be introduced into heroic poems, I shall beg leave to explain myself in a matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the critics have treated of. It is certain Homer and Virgil are full of imaginary persons, who are very beautiful in poetry, when they are just shown without being engaged in any series of action. Homer, indeed, represents sleep as a person, and ascribes a short part to him in his Iliad; but we must consider, that though we now regard such a person as entirely shadowy and unsubstantial, the heathens made statues of him, placed him in their temples, and looked upon him, as a real deity. When Homer makes use of other such allegorical persons, it is only in short expressions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the most pleasing manner, and may rather be looked upon as poetical phrases,

than allegorical descriptions. Instead of telling us that men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the persons of Flight and Fear, who he tells us, are inseparable companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when Apollo ought to have received his recompence, he tells us that the Hours brought him his reward. Instead of describing the effects which Minerva's ægis produced in battle, he tells us that the brims of it were encompassed by Terror, Rout, Discord, Fury, Pursuit, Massacre, and Death. In the same figure of speaking, he represents Victory as following Diomedes; Discord as the mother of funerals and mourning; Venus as dressed by the Graces; Bellona as wearing Terror and Consternation like a garment. I might give several other instances out of Homer, as well as a great many out of Virgil. Milton has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking, as where he tells us that Victory sat on the right hand of the Messiah, when he marched forth against the rebel angels; that, at the rising of the sun, the Hours unbarred the gates of light; that Discord was the daughter of Sin. Of the same nature are those expressions, where, describing the singing of the nightingale, he adds, 'Silence was pleased;' and upon the Messiah's bidding peace to the chaos, 'Confusion heard his voice.' I might add innumerable instances of our poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which persons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are such short allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular circumstances to the reader, after an unusual and entertaining manner. But when such persons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an heroic poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking, that Sin and Death are as improper agents in a work of this nature, as Strength and Necessity in one of the tragedies of Æschylus, who represented those two persons nailing down Prometheus to a rock; for which he has been justly censured by the greatest critics. I do not know any imaginary person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the prophets, who, describing God as descending from heaven, and visiting the sins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumstance, 'Before him went the Pestilence.' It is certain this imaginary person might have been described in all her purple spots. The Fever might have marched before her, Pain might have stood at her right hand, Phrensy on her left, and Death in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted upon the earth in a flash of lightning. She might have tainted the atmosphere with her breath. The very

glaring of her eyes might have scattered infection. But I believe every reader will think, that in such sublime writings the mentioning of her, as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful poet could have bestowed upon her in the richness of his imagination. L.\*

No. 358.] *Monday, April 21, 1712.*

—Desipere in loco. *Hor. Od. xii. Lib. 4. ult.*

'Tis joyous folly that unbends the mind.—*Francis.*

CHARLES LILLY attended me the other day, and made me a present of a large sheet of paper, on which is delineated a pavement in Mosaic work, lately discovered at Stunsfield near Woodstock.† A person who has so much the gift of speech as Mr. Lilly, and can carry on a discourse without a reply, had great opportunity on that occasion to expatiate upon so fine a piece of antiquity. Among other things, I remember he gave me his opinion, which he drew from the ornaments of the work, that this was the floor of a room dedicated to Mirth and Concord. Viewing this work, made my fancy run over the many gay expressions I have read in ancient authors, which contained invitations to lay aside care and anxiety, and give a loose to that pleasing forgetfulness wherein men put off their characters of business, and enjoy their very selves. These hours were usually passed in rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner, as the objects all around the company gladdened their hearts; which, joined to the cheerful looks of well-chosen and agreeable friends, gave new vigour to the airy, produced the latent fire of the modest, and gave grace to the slow humour of the reserved. A judicious mixture of such company, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and the whole apartment glittering with gay lights, cheered with a profusion of roses, artificial falls of water, and intervals of soft notes to songs of love and wine, suspended the cares of human life, and made a festival of mutual kindness. Such parties of pleasure as these, and the reports of the agreeable passages in their jollities, have in all ages awakened the dull part of mankind to pretend to mirth and good humour, without capacity for such entertainments; for if I may be allowed to say so, there are a hundred men fit for any employment, to one who is capable of passing a night in company of the first taste, without shocking any member of the society, over-rating his own part of the conversation, but equally receiving

\* The original motto to this paper was the same as that now prefixed to No. 279.

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.

*Hor. Ars Poet. v. 316.*

To each character he gives what best befits.

† See Gough's *British Topography*, vol. ii. p. 88.

and contributing to the pleasure of the whole company. When one considers such collections of companions in past times, and such as one might name in the present age, with how much spleen must a man needs reflect upon the awkward gaiety of those who affect the frolic with an ill grace! I have a letter from a correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy, dull companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a frolic. Irregularity in itself is not what creates pleasure and mirth; but to see a man, who knows what rule and decency are, descend from them agreeably in our company, is what denominates him a pleasant companion. Instead of that, you find many whose mirth consists only in doing things which do not become them, with a secret consciousness that all the world knows they know better: to this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry fellows among whom the frolic was started, and passed by a great majority, that every man should immediately draw a tooth: after which they have gone in a body and smoked a cobler. The same company, at another night, has each man burned his cravat; and one perhaps, whose estate would bear it, has thrown a long wig and hat into the same fire. Thus they have jested themselves stark-naked, and run into the streets and frightened women very successfully. There is no inhabitant of any standing in Covent Garden, but can tell you a hundred good humours, where people have come off with a little bloodshed, and yet scoured all the witty hours of the night. I know a gentleman that has several wounds in the head by watch-poles, and has been thrice run through the body, to carry on a good jest. He is very old for a man of so much good humour; but to this day he is seldom merry but he has occasion to be valiant at the same time. But, by the favour of these gentlemen, I am humbly of opinion, that a man may be a very witty man, and never offend one statute of this kingdom, not excepting that of stabbing.

The writers of plays have what they call unity of time and place, to give a justness to their representation; and it would not be amiss if all who pretend to be companions would confine their actions to the place of meeting; for a frolic carried farther may be better performed by other animals than men. It is not to rid much ground, or do much mischief, that should denominate a pleasant fellow; but that is truly frolic which is the play of the mind, and consists of various and unforced sallies of imagination. Festivity of spirit is a very uncommon talent, and must proceed from an assemblage of agreeable qualities in the same person. There are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it, but it is a talent one cannot name in a man, especially when one considers, that it is never very

grateful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second place. The best man that I know of, for heightening the revel gaiety of a company, is Estcourt, whose jovial humour diffuses itself from the highest person at an entertainment to the meanest waiter. Merry tales, accompanied with apt gestures and lively representations of circumstances and persons, beguile the gravest mind into a consent to be as humorous as himself. Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he has a mimicry that does not debase the person he represents; but which, taking from the gravity of the character, adds to the agreeableness of it. This pleasant fellow gives one some idea of the ancient pantomime, who is said to have given the audience, in dumb-show, an exact idea of any character or passion, or an intelligible relation of any public occurrence, with no other expression than that of his looks and gestures. If all who have been obliged to these talents in Estcourt will be at Love for Love to-morrow night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at so easy a rate as being present at a play which nobody would omit seeing, that had, or had not, ever seen it before. T.

No. 359.] *Tuesday, April 22, 1712.*

*Torva lema lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;  
Florentem cytismus sequitur lasciva capella.*

*Virg. Ecl. vi. 63*

*Lions the wolves, and wolves the kids pursue,  
The kids sweet thyme,—and still I follow you.*

*Warton.*

As we were at the club last night, I observed that my old friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and, instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and, as we were both observing him we saw the knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself, 'A foolish woman! I can't believe it.' Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and, recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew, that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. 'However,' says Sir Roger, 'I can never think that she will have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.'

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunty laugh, 'I thought, knight,' said he, 'thou hadst lived long

enough in the world not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that, without vanity, I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain; though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known.' Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. 'I am now,' says he, 'upon the verge of fifty.' (though by the way we all knew he was turned of three-score.) 'You may easily guess,' continued Will, 'that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I cannot much boast of my success.

'I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but, when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbade me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.

'I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me, that she intended to keep her ready-money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's-Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

'A few months after, I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter, and of a good family. I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and, in short, made no doubt of her heart; and, though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house, in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

'I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid indeed told me one day, that her mistress said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

'After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and, being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts, but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

'I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of

one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by a hard frost.'

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday, which deserves to be writ in letters of gold: and taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall.

—Oh! why did our  
Creator wise! that peopled highest heaven  
With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
Of nature, and not fill the world at once  
With men, as angels, without feminine?  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,  
And more that shall befall, innumerable  
Disturbances on earth, through female snares,  
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either  
He shall never find out fit mate; but such  
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;  
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain;  
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd  
By a far worse: or, if she love, withheld  
By parents; or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock bound  
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:  
Which infinite calamity shall cause  
To human life, and household peace confound.'

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention; and, desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over these verses again before he went to bed.

X.

No. 360.] *Wednesday, April 23, 1712.*

—De paupertate tacentes,  
Plus poscente ferent. *Hor. Ep. xvii. Lib. I. 43.*  
The man who all his wants conceals,  
Gains more than he who all his wants reveals.  
*Duncombe.*

I HAVE nothing to do with the business of this day, any further than affixing the piece of Latin on the head of my paper; which I think a motto not unsuitable; since, if silence of our poverty is a recommendation, still more commendable is his modesty who conceals it by a decent dress.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—There is an evil under the sun, which has not yet come within your speculation, and is the censure, disesteem, and contempt, which some young fellows meet with from particular persons, for the reasonable methods they take to avoid them in general. This is by appearing in a better dress than may seem to a relation regularly consistent with a small fortune; and therefore may occasion a judgment of a suitable extravagance in other particulars; but the disadvantage with which the man of narrow circumstances acts and speaks, is so feelingly set forth in a little

book called the Christian Hero, that the appearing to be otherwise is not only pardonable, but necessary. Every one knows the hurry of conclusions that are made in contempt of a person that appears to be calamitous; which makes it very excusable to prepare one's self for the company of those that are of a superior quality and fortune, by appearing to be in a better condition than one is, so far as such appearance shall not make us really of worse.

'It is a justice due to the character of one who suffers hard reflections from any particular person upon this account, that such persons would inquire into his manner of spending his time; of which, though no further information can be had than that he remains so many hours in his chamber, yet if this is cleared, to imagine that a reasonable creature, wrung with a narrow fortune, does not make the best use of this retirement, would be a conclusion extremely uncharitable. From what has, or will be said, I hope no consequence can be extorted, implying, that I would have any young fellow spend more time than the common leisure which his studies require, or more money than his fortune or allowance may admit of, in the pursuit of an acquaintance with his betters: for as to his time, the gross of that ought to be sacred to more substantial acquisitions; for each irrecoverable moment of which he ought to believe he stands religiously accountable. As to his dress, I shall engage myself no further than in the modest defence of two plain suits a year: for being perfectly satisfied in Eurapelus's contrivance of making a Mohock of a man, by presenting him with laced and embroidered suits, I would by no means be thought to controvert the conceit, by insinuating the advantages of foppery. It is an assertion which admits of much proof, that a stranger of tolerable sense, dressed like a gentleman, will be better received by those of quality above him, than one of much better parts, whose dress is regulated by the rigid notions of frugality. A man's appearance falls within the censure of every one that sees him; his parts and learning very few are judges of; and even upon these few they cannot at first be well intruded; for policy and good-breeding will counsel him to be reserved among strangers, and to support himself only by the common spirit of conversation. Indeed among the injudicious, the words, "delicacy, idiom, fine images, structure of periods, genius, fire," and the rest, made use of with a frugal and comely gravity, will maintain the figure of immense reading, and the depth of criticism.

'All gentlemen of fortune, at least the young and middle-aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their dress, and consequently to value others in some measure upon the same consideration. With what confusion is a man of figure obliged to return the civilities of the

hat to a person whose air and attire hardly entitle him to it! for whom nevertheless the other has a particular esteem, though he is ashamed to have it challenged in so public a manner. It must be allowed, that any young fellow that affects to dress and appear genteelly, might with artificial management, save ten pounds a-year; as instead of fine holland he might mourn in sack-cloth, and in other particulars be proportionably shabby: but of what service would this sum be to avert any misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little good acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any other? As the appearance of an easy fortune is necessary towards making one, I don't know but it might be of advantage sometimes to throw into one's discourse certain exclamations about bank stock, and to show a marvellous surprise upon its fall, as well as the most affected triumph upon its rise. The veneration and respect which the practice of all ages has preserved to appearances, without doubt suggested to our tradesmen that wise and politic custom, to apply and recommend themselves to the public by all those decorations upon their sign-posts and houses which the most eminent hands in the neighbourhood can furnish them with. What can be more attractive to a man of letters, than that immense erudition of all ages and languages, which a skilful bookseller, in conjunction with a painter, shall image upon his column, and the extremities of his shop? The same spirit of maintaining a handsome appearance reigns among the grave and solid apprentices of the law (here I could be particularly dull in proving the word apprentice to be significant of a barrister,) and you may easily distinguish who has most lately made his pretensions to business, by the whitest and most ornamental frame of his window; if indeed the chamber is a ground-room, and has rails before it, the finery is of necessity more extended and the pomp of business better maintained. And what can be a greater indication of the dignity of dress, than that burdensome finery which is the regular habit of our judges, nobles, and bishops, with which upon certain days we see them incumbered? And though it may be said, this is lawful, and necessary for the dignity of the state, yet the wisest of them have been remarkable, before they arrived at their present stations, for being very well dressed persons. As to my own part, I am near thirty; and since I left school have not been idle, which is a modern phrase for having studied hard. I brought off a clean system of moral philosophy, and a tolerable jargon of metaphysics, from the university; since that I have been engaged in the clearing part of the perplexed style and matter of the law, which so hereditarily descends to all its professors. To all which severe studies I have thrown in, at proper interims, the pretty learning of the classics. Notwithstanding which, I am what Shak-

speare calls a fellow of no mark or likelihood, which makes me understand the more fully that since the regular methods of making friends and a fortune by the mere force of a profession is so very slow and uncertain, a man should take all reasonable opportunities, by enlarging a good acquaintance, to court that time and chance which is said to happen to every man.

T.

No. 361.] *Thursday, April 24, 1712.*

Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus omnis  
Contremuit domus— *Virg. Æn. vii. 514.*

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

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

‘MR. SPECTATOR,—The night before I left London I went to see a play called *The Humorous Lieutenant*. Upon the rising of the curtain I was very much surprised with the great concert of cat-calls which was exhibited that evening, and began to think with myself that I had made a mistake, and gone to a music-meeting instead of the play-house. It appeared indeed a little odd to me, to see so many persons of quality, of both sexes, assembled together at a kind of caterwauling, for I cannot look upon that performance to have been any thing better, whatever the musicians themselves might think of it. As I had no acquaintance in the house to ask questions of, and was forced to go out of town early the next morning, I could not learn the secret of this matter. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to give me some account of this strange instrument, which I found the company called a cat-call; and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of music lately come from Italy. For my own part to be free with you, I would rather hear an English fiddle; though I durst not show my dislike whilst I was in the play-house, it being my chance to sit the very next man to one of the performers. I am, sir, your most affectionate friend and servant,  
JOHN SHALLOW, Esq.’

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

‘I believe it is possible to invent an instrument that shall have a quite contrary effect to those martial ones now in use; an

instrument that shall sink the spirits and shake the nerves, and curdle the blood, and inspire despair, and cowardice, and consternation, at a surprising rate. 'Tis probable the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and screech-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention. Whether such anti-music as this might not be of service in a camp, I shall leave to the military men to consider.

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

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

I must conclude this paper with the account I have lately received of an ingenious artist, who has long studied this instrument, and is very well versed in all the rules of the drama. He teaches to play on it by book, and to express by it the whole art of criticism. He has his bass and his treble cat-call; the former for tragedy, the latter for comedy; only in tragi-comedies they may both play together in concert. He has a particular squeak, to denote the violation of each of the unities, and has different sounds to show whether he aims at the poet or the player. In short, he teaches the smut-note, the fustian-note, the stupid-note, and has composed a kind of air that may serve as an act-tune to an incorrigible play, and which takes in the whole compass of the cat-call. L.

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No. 362.] *Friday, April 25, 1712.*

*Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus*—

*Hor. Ep. xix. Lib. 1. 6.*

He praises wine; and we conclude from thence,  
He lik'd his glass, on his own evidence.

‘*Temple, April 24.*

MR. SPECTATOR,—Several of my friends were this morning got over a dish of tea in very good health, though we had celebrated yesterday with more glasses that we could have dispensed with, had we not been beholden to Brooke and Hellier. In gratitude, therefore, to those citizens, I am, in the name of the company, to accuse you of great negligence in overlooking their merit, who have imported true and generous wine, and taken care that it should not be adulterated by the retailers before it comes to the tables

of private families, or the clubs of honest fellows. I cannot imagine how a Spectator can be supposed to do his duty, without frequent resumption of such subjects as concern our health, the first thing to be regarded, if we have a mind to relish any thing else. It would, therefore, very well become your spectatorial vigilance, to give it in orders to your officer for inspecting signs, that in his march he would look into the itinerants who deal in provisions, and inquire where they buy their several wares. Ever since the decease of Colly-Molly-Puff, of agreeable and noisy memory, I cannot say I have observed any thing sold in carts, or carried by horse, or ass, or, in fine, in any moving market, which is not perished or putrefied; witness the wheel-barrows of rotten raisins, almonds, figs, and currants, which you see vendid by a merchant dressed in a second-hand suit of a foot soldier. You should consider that a child may be poisoned for the worth of a farthing; but except his poor parents send him to one certain doctor in town, they can have no advice for him under a guinea. When poisons are thus cheap, and medicines thus dear, how can you be negligent in inspecting what we eat and drink, or take no notice of such as the above-mentioned citizens, who have been so serviceable to us of late in that particular? It was a custom among the old Romans, to do him particular honours who had saved the life of a citizen. How much more does the world owe to those who prevent the death of multitudes! As these men deserve well of your office, so such as act to the detriment of our health, you ought to represent to themselves and their fellow-subjects in the colours which they deserve to wear. I think it would be for the public good, that all who vend wines should be under oath in that behalf. The chairman at the quarter-sessions should inform the country, that the vintner who mixes wine to his customers, shall (upon proof that the drinker thereof died within a year and a day after taking it,) be deemed guilty of wilful murder, and the jury shall be instructed to inquire and present such delinquents accordingly. It is no mitigation of the crime, nor will it be conceived that it can be brought in chance-medley, or man-slaughter, upon proof that it shall appear wine joined to wine, or right Herefordshire poured into Port O Port: but his selling it for one thing, knowing it to be another, must justly bear the foresaid guilt of wilful murder: for that he, the said vintner, did an unlawful act willingly in the false mixture, and is therefore with equity liable to all the pains to which a man would be, if it were proved that he designed only to run a man through the arm whom he whipped through the lungs. This is my third year at the Temple, and this is, or should be, law. An ill intention, well proved, should meet with no alleviation, because it outran itself. There cannot be too great

severity used against the injustice as well as cruelty of those who play with men's lives, by preparing liquors whose nature, for aught they know, may be noxious when mixed, though innocent when apart: and Brooke and Hellier, who have insured our safety at our meals, and driven jealousy from our cups in conversation, deserve the custom and thanks of the whole town; and it is your duty to remind them of the obligation. I am, sir, your humble servant,

'TOM POTTLE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,—I am a person who was long immured in a college, read much, saw little; so that I knew no more of the world than what a lecture or view of the map taught me. By this means I improved in my study, but became unpleasant in conversation. By conversing generally with the dead, I grew almost unfit for the society of the living; so by a long confinement I contracted an ungainly aversion to conversation, and ever discoursed with pain to myself, and little entertainment to others. At last I was in some measure made sensible of my failing, and the mortification of never being spoken to, or speaking, unless the discourse ran upon books, put me upon forcing myself among men. I immediately affected the politest company, by the frequent use of which, I hoped to wear off the rust I had contracted: but, by an uncouth imitation of men, used to act in public, I got no further than to discover I had a mind to appear a finer thing than I really was.

'Such I was, and such was my condition, when I became an ardent lover, and passionate admirer of the beauteous Belinda. Then it was that I really began to improve. This passion changed all my fears and diffidences in my general behaviour to the sole concern of pleasing her. I had not now to study the action of a gentleman; but love possessing all my thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had a mind to appear. My thoughts grew free and generous; and the ambition to be agreeable to her I admired, produced in my carriage a faint similitude of that disengaged manner of my Belinda. The way we are in at present is, that she sees my passion, and sees I at present forbear speaking of it through prudential regards. This respect to her she returns with much civility, and makes my value for her as little misfortune to me as is consistent with discretion. She sings very charmingly, and is readier to do so at my request, because she knows I love her. She will dance with me rather than another for the same reason. My fortune must alter from what it is, before I can speak my heart to her: and her circumstances are not considerable enough to make up for the narrowness of mine. But I write to you now, only to give you the character of Belinda, as a woman that has address enough to demonstrate a gratitude to her lover, without giving him hopes of success in his passion. Belinda

has from a great wit, governed by as great prudence, and both adorned with innocence, the happiness of always being ready to discover her real thoughts. She has many of us, who now are her admirers; but her treatment of us is so just and proportioned to our merit towards her, and what we are in ourselves, that I protest to you I have neither jealousy nor hatred towards my rivals. Such is her goodness, and the acknowledgment of every man who admires her, that he thinks he ought to believe she will take him who best deserves her. I will not say that this peace among us is not owing to self-love, which prompts each to think himself the best deserver. I think there is something uncommon and worthy of imitation in this lady's character. If you will please to print my letter, you will oblige the little fraternity of happy rivals, and in a more particular manner, sir, your most humble servant,

'WILL CYMON.'

No. 363.] *Saturday, April 26, 1712.*

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

All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears,  
And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.—*Dryden.*

MILTON has shown a wonderful art in describing that variety of passions which arise in our first parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the triumph of their guilt, through remorse, shame, despair, contrition, prayer and hope, to a perfect and complete repentance. At the end of the tenth book they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: to which the poet joins this beautiful circumstance, that they offered up their penitential prayers on the very place where their judge appeared to them when he pronounced their sentence:

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

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

As the author never fails to give a poetical

\* This paragraph was not in the original paper in folio, but added on the republication of the papers in volumes.

turn to his sentiments, he describes in the beginning of this book the acceptance which these their prayers met with, in a short allegory formed upon that beautiful passage in holy writ, 'And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne: and the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God.'\*

—To heaven their prayer  
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds  
Blown vagabond or frustrate; in they pass'd  
Dimensionless through heav'nly doors, then clad  
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd  
By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
Before the Father's throne.

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

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

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

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

—Yet lest they fain  
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,  
For I behold them soften'd, and with tears  
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.'

The conference of Adam and Eve is full of moving sentiments. Upon their going abroad, after the melancholy night which they had passed together, they discover the lion and the eagle, each of them pursuing their prey towards the eastern gates of Paradise. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it presents great and just omens, which are always agreeable in poetry, but as it expresses that enmity which was now produced in the animal creation. The poet, to show the like changes in nature, as well as to grace his fable with a noble prodigy, represents the sun in an eclipse. This particular incident has likewise a fine effect upon the imagination of the reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the sun is under an

eclipse, a bright cloud descends in the western quarter of the heavens, filled with a host of angels, and more luminous than the sun itself. The whole theatre of nature is darkened, that this glorious machine may appear with all its lustre and magnificence.

—Why in the east  
Darkness ere day's mid-course? and morning light  
More orient in that western cloud that draws  
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
And slow descends with something heavenly fraught?  
He err'd not, for by this the heavenly bands  
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;  
A glorious apparition.

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

—Th' archangel soon drew nigh,  
Not in his shape celestial; but as man  
Clad to meet man: over his lucid arms  
A military vest of purple flow'd,  
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain  
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old,  
In time of truce: Iris had dipt the woof:  
His starry helm, unbuckled, show'd him prime  
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,  
As in a glistening zodiac, hung the sword,  
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.  
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his state  
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declared.

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

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

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

This most afflicts me, that departing hence  
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived  
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,  
With worship, place by place, where he vouchsaf'd  
Presence divine; and to my sons relate,  
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree  
Stood visible, among these pines his voice  
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd;  
So many grateful altars I would rear  
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone

\* Rev. viii. 3, 4.

Of lustre from the brook, in memory  
Or monuments to ages, and thereon  
Offer sweet-smelling gums and flow'rs.  
In yonder nether world, where shall I seek  
His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?  
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd  
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now  
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry than a contrast and opposition of incidents, the author, after this melancholy prospect of death and sickness, raises up a scene of mirth, love, and jollity. The secret pleasure that steals into Adam's heart, as

he is intent upon this vision, is imagined with great delicacy. I must not omit the description of the loose female troop, who seduced the sons of God, as they are called in Scripture.

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

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

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

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

As it is visible that the poet had his eye upon Ovid's account of the universal deluge, the reader may observe with how much judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the Latin poet. We do not here see the wolf swimming among the sheep, nor any of those wanton imaginations which Seneca found fault with, as unbecoming this great catastrophe of nature. If our poet has imitated that verse in which Ovid tells us that there was nothing but sea, and that this sea had no shore to it, he has not set the thought in such a light as to incur the censure which critics have passed upon it. The latter part of that verse in Ovid is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in Milton,

Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant;  
Nil nisi pontus erat; deerrant quoque littora ponto.  
Ovid. Met. i. 291.

Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;  
A world of waters, and without a coast.—*Dryden*.  
—Sea cover'd sea,  
Sea without shore.—*Milton*.

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

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

than that in Ovid, where we are told that the sea-calf lay in those places where the goats were used to browse! The reader may find several other parallel passages in the Latin and English description of the

deluge, wherein our poet has visibly the advantage. The sky's being overcharged with clouds, the descending of the rains, the rising of the seas, and the appearance of the rainbow, are such descriptions as every one must take notice of. The circumstance relating to Paradise is so finely imagined, and suitable to the opinions of many learned authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this paper.

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

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

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

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

I must further add, that, had not Milton represented our first parents as driven out of Paradise, his fall of man would not have been complete, and consequently his action would have been imperfect. L.

No. 364.] Monday, April 28, 1712.

—Navibus atque  
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.  
*Hor. Ep. xi. Lib. 1. 29.*

Anxious through seas and land to search for rest,  
Is but laborious idleness at best.—*Francis.*

MR. SPECTATOR,—A lady of my acquaintance, for whom I have too much respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet action, has given occasion to this trouble. She is a widow, to whom the indulgence of a tender husband has entrusted the management of a very great fortune, and a son about sixteen, both of which she is extremely fond of. The boy has parts of the middle size, neither shining nor despica-

ble, and has passed the common exercises of his years with tolerable advantage, but is withal what you would call a forward youth: by the help of this last qualification, which serves as a varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best use of his learning, and display it at full length upon all occasions. Last summer he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably, by puzzling the vicar, before an assembly of most of the ladies in the neighbourhood; and from such weighty considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the mother is become invincibly persuaded that her son is a great scholar; and that to chain him down to the ordinary methods of education, with others of his age, would be to cramp his faculties, and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful capacity.

'I happened to visit at the house last week, and missing the young gentleman at the tea-table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a circumstance avoid inquiring after him. My lady told me he was gone out with her woman, in order to make some preparation for their equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry him to "travel." The oddness of the expression shocked me a little; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this summer to show her son his estate in a distant county, in which he had never yet been. But she soon took care to rob me of that agreeable mistake, and let me into the whole affair. She enlarged upon young master's prodigious improvements, and his comprehensive knowledge of all book-learning; concluding, that, it was now high time he should be made acquainted with men and things; that she had resolved he should make the tour of France and Italy, but could not bear to have him out of her sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

I was going to rally her for so extravagant a resolution, but found myself not in a fit humour to meddle with a subject that demanded the most soft and delicate touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the son's abilities, or the mother's discretion, being sensible that in both these cases, though supported with all the powers of reason, I should, instead of gaining her ladyship over to my opinion, only expose myself to her disesteem: I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole matter to the Spectator.

'When I came to reflect at night, as my custom is, upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but believe that this humour of carrying a boy to travel in his mother's lap, and that upon pretence of learning men and things, is a case of an extraordinary nature, and carries on it a peculiar stamp of folly. I did not remember to have met with its parallel within the compass of my observation, though I could call to mind some not ex-

tremely unlike it. From hence my thoughts took occasion to ramble into the general notion of travelling, as it is now made a part of education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a lad from grammar and taw, and, under the tuition of some poor scholar, who is willing to be banished for thirty pounds a year, and a little victuals, send him crying and snivelling into foreign countries. Thus he spends his time as children do at puppet-shows, and with much the same advantage, in staring and gaping at an amazing variety of strange things; strange indeed to one who is not prepared to comprehend the reasons and meaning of them, whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life under some skilful master of the art of instruction.

‘Can there be a more astonishing thought in nature, than to consider how men should fall into so palpable a mistake? It is a large field, and may very well exercise a sprightly genius; but I do not remember you have yet taken a turn in it. I wish, sir, you would make people understand that “travel” is really the last step to be taken in the institution of youth, and that to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

‘Certainly the true end of visiting foreign parts, is to look into their customs and policies, and observe in what particulars they excel or come short of our own; to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear off such awkward stiffnesses and affectations in our behaviour, as possibly may have been contracted from constantly associating with one nation of men, by a more free, general, and mixed conversation. But how can any of these advantages be attained by one who is a mere stranger to the customs and policies of his native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind the first principles of manners and behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a gaudy structure without any foundation; or, if I may be allowed the expression, to work a rich embroidery upon a cob web.

‘Another end of travelling, which deserves to be considered, is the improving our taste of the best authors of antiquity, by seeing the places where they lived, and of which they wrote; to compare the natural face of the country with the descriptions they have given us, and observe how well the picture agrees with the original. This must certainly be a most charming exercise to the mind that is rightly turned for it; besides that, it may in a good measure be made subservient to morality, if the person is capable of drawing just conclusions concerning the uncertainty of human things, from the ruinous alterations time and barbarity have brought upon so many palaces, cities, and whole countries, which make the most illustrious figures in history. And this hint may be not a little improved by examining every little spot of ground that

we find celebrated as the scene of some famous action, or retaining any footsteps of a Cato, Cicero, or Brutus, or some such great virtuous man. A nearer view of any such particular, though really little and trifling in itself, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous mind to an emulation of their virtues, and a greater ardency of ambition to imitate their bright examples, if it comes duly tempered and prepared for the impression. But this I believe you will hardly think those to be, who are so far from entering into the sense and spirit of the ancients, that they do not yet understand their language with any exactness.\*

‘But I have wandered from my purpose, which was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond English mother, and mother’s own son, from being shown a ridiculous spectacle through the most polite parts of Europe. Pray tell them, that though to be sea-sick, or jumbled in an outlandish stage-coach, may perhaps be healthful for the constitution of the body, yet it is apt to cause such dizziness in young empty heads as too often lasts their life-time. I am, sir, your most humble servant.

‘PHILIP HOME BRED.’

‘Birchin-lane.

‘SIR,—I was married on Sunday last, and went peaceably to bed; but, to my surprise, was awakened the next morning by the thunder of a set of drums. These warlike sounds (methinks) are very improper in a marriage-concert, and give great offence; they seem to insinuate, that the joys of this state are short, and that jars and discords soon ensue. I fear they have been ominous to many matches, and sometimes proved a prelude to a battle in the honey-moon. A nod from you may hush them; therefore, pray, sir, let them be silenced, that for the future none but soft airs may usher in the morning of a bridal night; which will be a favour not only to those who come after, but to me, who can still subscribe myself, your most humble and most obedient servant,

‘ROBIN BRIDE GROOM.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,—I am one of that sort of women whom the gayer part of our sex are apt to call a prude. But to show them

\* The following paragraph, in the first edition of this paper in folio, was afterwards suppressed. It is here reprinted from the Spect. in folio, No. 364.

‘I cannot quit this head without paying my acknowledgments to one of the most entertaining pieces this age has produced, for the pleasure it gave me. You will easily guess that the book I have in my head is Mr. Addison’s Remarks upon Italy. That ingenious gentleman has with so much art and judgment applied his exact knowledge of all the parts of classical learning, to illustrate the several occurrences of his travels, that his work alone is a pregnant proof of what I have said. Nobody that has a taste this way, can read him going from Rome to Naples, and making Horace and Silius Italicus his chart, but he must feel some uneasiness in himself to reflect that he was not in his retinue. I am sure I wished it ten times in every page, and that not without a secret vanity to think in what state I should have travelled the Appian road, with Horace for a guide, and in company with a countryman of my own, who, of all men living, knows best how to follow his steps.’

that I have very little regard to their raillery, I shall be glad to see them all at The Amorous Widow, or The Wanton Wife, which is to be acted for the benefit of Mrs. Porter, on Monday the 28th instant. I assure you I can laugh at an amorous widow, or wanton wife, with as little temptation to imitate them, as I could at any other vicious character. Mrs. Porter obliged me so very much in the exquisite sense she seemed to have of the honourable sentiments and noble passions in the character of Hermione, that I shall appear in her behalf at a comedy, though I have no great relish for any entertainments where the mirth is not seasoned with a certain severity, which ought to recommend it to people who pretend to keep reason and authority over all their actions. I am, sir, your frequent reader,

T.

'ALTAMIRA.'

No. 365.] *Tuesday, April 29, 1712.*

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus—  
*Virg. Georg. iii. 272.*

But most in spring; the kindly spring inspires  
Reviving heat, and kindles genial fires.

ADAPTED.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,  
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts.

*Thomson's Spring, 160, &c.*

THE author of the Menagiana acquaints us, that discoursing one day with several ladies of quality about the effects of the month of May, which infuses a kindly warmth into the earth, and all its inhabitants, the marchioness of S——, who was one of the company, told him, that though she would promise to be chaste in every month besides, she could not engage for herself in May. As the beginning therefore of this month is now very near, I design this paper for a caveat to the fair sex, and publish it before April is quite out, that if any of them should be caught tripping, they may not pretend they had not timely notice.

I am induced to this, being persuaded the above-mentioned observation is as well calculated for our climate as that of France, and that some of our British ladies are of the same constitution with the French marchioness.

I shall leave it among physicians to determine what may be the cause of such an anniversary inclination; whether or no it is that the spirits, after having been as it were frozen and congealed by winter, are now turned loose and set a rambling; or, that the gay prospects of fields and meadows, with the courtship of the birds in every bush, naturally unbend the mind, and soften it to pleasure; or that, as some have imagined, a woman is prompted by a kind of instinct to throw herself on a bed of flowers, and not to let those beautiful couches which nature has provided lie useless. However it be, the effects of this

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month on the lower part of the sex, who act without disguise, are very visible. It is at this time that we see the young wenches in a country-parish dancing round a May-pole, which one of our learned antiquaries supposes to be a relic of a certain pagan worship that I do not think fit to mention.

It is likewise on the first day of this month that we see the ruddy milk-maid exerting herself in a most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards, and, like the virgin Tarpeia,\* oppressed by the costly ornaments which her benefactors lay upon her.

I need not mention the ceremony of the green gown, which is also peculiar to this gay season.

The same periodical love-fit spreads through the whole sex, as Mr. Dryden well observes in his description of this merry month.

'For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,  
If not the first, the fairest of the year;  
For thee the graces lead the dancing hours,  
And nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.  
The sprightly May commands our youth to keep  
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sleep;  
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves,  
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.'

Accordingly, among the works of the great masters in painting, who have drawn this genial season of the year, we often observe Cupids confused with Zephyrs, flying up and down promiscuously in several parts of the picture. I cannot but add from my own experience, that about this time of the year love-letters come up to me in great numbers, from all quarters of the nation.

I received an epistle in particular by the last post from a Yorkshire gentleman, who makes heavy complaints of one Zelinda, whom it seems he has courted unsuccessfully these three years past. He tells me that he designs to try her this May; and if he does not carry his point, he will never think of her more.

Having thus fairly admonished the female sex, and laid before them the dangers they are exposed to in this critical month, I shall in the next place lay down some rules and directions for the better avoiding those caleutures which are so very frequent in this season.

In the first place, I would advise them never to venture abroad in the fields, but in the company of a parent, a guardian, or some other sober discreet person. I have before shown how apt they are to trip in the flowery meadow; and shall further observe to them, that Proserpine was out a-maying when she met with that fatal adventure to which Milton alludes when he mentions—

—That fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,  
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis  
Was gather'd.—

\* T. Livii Hist. Dec. l. lib. i. cap. xi.

Since I am going into quotations, I shall conclude this head with Virgil's advice to young people while they are gathering wild strawberries and nosegays, that they should have a care of the 'snake in the grass.'

In the second place, I cannot but approve those prescriptions which our astrological physicians give in their almanacks for this month: such as are 'a spare and simple diet, with a moderate use of phlebotomy.'

Under this head of abstinence I shall also advise my fair readers to be in a particular manner careful how they meddle with romances, chocolate, novels, and the like inflamers, which I look upon as very dangerous to be made use of during this great carnival of nature.

As I have often declared that I have nothing more at heart than the honour of my dear country-women, I would beg them to consider, whenever their resolutions begin to fail them, that there are but one-and-thirty days of this soft season, and if they can but weather out this one month, the rest of the year will be easy to them. As for that part of the fair sex who stay in town, I would advise them to be particularly cautious how they give themselves up to their most innocent entertainments. If they cannot forbear the playhouse, I would recommend tragedy to them rather than comedy; and should think the puppet-show much safer for them than the opera, all the while the sun is in Gemini.

The reader will observe, that this paper is written for the use of those ladies who think it worth while to war against nature in the cause of honour. As for that abandoned crew, who do not think virtue worth contending for, but give up their reputation at the first summons, such warnings and premonitions are thrown away upon them. A prostitute is the same easy creature in all months of the year, and makes no difference between May and December.

X.

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No. 366.] *Wednesday, April 30, 1712.*

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis  
Arbor estiva recreatur aura;  
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
Dulce loquentem. *Hor. Od. xxii. Lib. 1. 17.*

Set me where on some pathless plain  
The swarthy Africans complain,  
To see the chariot of the sun  
So near the scorching country run;  
The burning zone, the frozen isles,  
Shall hear me sing of Celia's smiles;  
All cold, but in her breast, I will despise,  
And dare all heat but that of Celia's eyes.

*Roscommon.*

THERE are such wild inconsistencies in the thoughts of a man in love, that I have often reflected there can be no reason for allowing him more liberty than others possessed with phrenzy, but that his distemper has no malevolence in it to any mortal.

That devotion to his mistress kindles in his mind a general tenderness, which exerts itself towards every object as well as his fair one. When this passion is represented by writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain quaintnesses and turns of imagination, which are apparently the work of a mind at ease; but the men of true taste can easily distinguish the exertion of a mind which overflows with tender sentiments, and the labour of one which is only describing distress. In performances of this kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty; every sentiment must grow out of the occasion, and be suitable to the circumstances of the character. Where this rule is transgressed, the humble servant in all the fine things he says, is but showing his mistress how well he can dress, instead of saying how well he loves. Lace and drapery is as much a man, as wit and turn is passion.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—The following verses are a translation of a Lapland love-song, which I met with in Scheffer's history of that country.\* I was agreeably surprised to find a spirit of tenderness and poetry in a region which I never suspected of delicacy. In hotter climates, though altogether uncivilized, I had not wondered if I had found some sweet wild notes among the natives, where they live in groves of oranges, and hear the melody of the birds about them. But a Lapland lyric, breathing sentiments of love and poetry, not unworthy old Greece or Rome; a regular ode from a climate pinched with frost, and cursed with darkness so great a part of the year; where it is amazing that the poor natives should get food, or be tempted to propagate their species—this, I confess, seemed a greater miracle to me than the famous stories of their drums, their winds, and enchantments.

'I am the bolder in commending this northern song, because I have faithfully kept to the sentiments, without adding or diminishing; and pretend to no greater praise from my translation, than they who smooth and clean the furs of that country which have suffered by carriage. The numbers in the original are as loose and unequal as those in which the British ladies sport their Pindarics; and perhaps the fairest of them might not think it a disagreeable present from a lover. But I have ventured to bind it in stricter measures, as being more proper for our tongue, though perhaps wilder graces may better suit the genius of the Laponian language.

'It will be necessary to imagine that the author of this song, not having the liberty of visiting his mistress at her father's house, was in hopes of spying her at a distance in her fields.

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\* Mr. Ambrose Phillips was the supposed author of this love-song.

"Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray  
Invites my fair to rural play,  
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,  
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh! were I sure my dear to view,  
I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,  
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,  
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?  
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?  
Fast by the roots enrag'd I'd tear  
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride the clouds and skies,  
Or on the raven's pinions rise!  
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,  
And waft a lover on his way!

My bliss too long my bride denies,  
Apace the wasting summer flies:  
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,  
Not storms, or night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?  
Oh! love has fetters stronger far!  
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,  
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast;  
When thoughts torment, the first are best;  
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay;  
Away to Orra! haste away!"

‘April the 10th.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,—I am one of those despicable creatures called a chambermaid, and have lived with a mistress for some time, whom I love as my life, which has made my duty and pleasure inseparable. My greatest delight has been in being employed about her person; and indeed she is very seldom out of humour for a woman of her quality. But here lies my complaint, sir. To bear with me is all the encouragement she is pleased to bestow upon me; for she gives her cast-off clothes from me to others; some she is pleased to bestow in the house to those that neither want nor wear them, and some to hangers-on, that frequent the house daily, who come dressed out in them. This, sir, is a very mortifying sight to me, who am a little necessitous for clothes, and love to appear what I am; and causes an uneasiness, so that I cannot serve with that cheerfulness as formerly; which my mistress takes notice of, and calls envy and ill-temper, at seeing others preferred before me. My mistress has a younger sister lives in the house with her, that is some thousands below her in estate, who is continually heaping her favours on her maid; so that she can appear every Sunday, for the first quarter, in a fresh suit of clothes of her mistress's giving, with all other things suitable. All this I see without envying, but not without wishing my mistress would a little consider what a discouragement it is to me to have my perquisites divided between fawners and jobbers, which others enjoy entire to themselves. I have spoken to my mistress, but to little purpose; I have desired to be discharged (for indeed I fret myself to nothing,) but that she answers with silence. I beg, sir, your direction what to do, for I am fully resolved to

follow your counsel; who am your admirer and humble servant,  
‘CONSTANTIA COMB-BRUSH.

‘I beg that you will put it in a better dress, and let it come abroad, that my mistress, who is an admirer of your speculations, may see it.’  
T.

No. 367.] Thursday, May 1, 1712.

—Perituxæ parcite chartæ.—*Juv. Sat. i. 18.*

In mercy spare us when we do our best  
To make as much waste paper as the rest.

I HAVE often pleased myself with considering the two kinds of benefits which accrue to the public from these my speculations, and which, were I to speak after the manner of logicians, I would distinguish into the material and the formal. By the latter I understand those advantages which my readers receive, as their minds are either improved or delighted by these my daily labours; but having already several times descanted on my endeavours in this light, I shall at present wholly confine myself to the consideration of the former. By the word material, I mean those benefits which arise to the public from these my speculations, as they consume a considerable quantity of our paper-manufacture, employ our artisans in printing, and find business for great numbers of indigent persons.

Our paper-manufacture takes into it several mean materials which could be put to no other use, and affords work for several hands in the collection of them which are incapable of any other employment. Those poor retailers, whom we see so busy in every street, deliver in their respective gleanings to the merchant. The merchant carries them in loads to the paper-mill, where they pass through a fresh set of hands, and give life to another trade. Those who have mills on their estate, by this means considerably raise their rents, and the whole nation is in a great measure supplied with a manufacture for which formerly she was obliged to her neighbours.

The materials are no sooner wrought into paper, but they are distributed among the presses, when they again set innumerable artists at work, and furnish business to another mystery. From hence, accordingly as they are stained with news and politics, they fly through the town in Post-men, Post-boys, Daily Courants, Reviews, Medleys, and Examiners. Men, women, and children contend who shall be the first bearers of them, and get their daily sustenance by spreading them. In short, when I trace in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of Spectators, I find so many hands employed in every step they take through their whole progress, that while I am writing a Spectator, I fancy myself providing bread for a multitude.