

to gratify the senses and Imagination: in very many places it intimates to us all the happiness which the understanding can possibly receive in that state, where all things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know even as we are known; the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleasure of conversing with our blessed Saviour, with an innumerable host of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several parts of the holy writings. There are also mentioned those hierarchies or governments in which the blessed shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great part of our happiness will likewise consist: for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and superiority; but, on the contrary, every one will find that station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other station. These, and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation, as the several ingredients of our happiness in heaven, which all imply such a variety of joys, and such a gratification of the soul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the rabbins tell us, that the cherubims are a set of angels who know most, and the seraphims a set of angels who love most. Whether this distinction be not altogether imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable that, among the spirits of good men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty than of another; and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root.

I might here apply this consideration to the spirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they shall suffer in every one of their faculties, and the respective miseries which shall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But, leaving this to the reflection of my readers, I shall conclude with observing how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the soul susceptible of pleasure by so many different ways. We see by what a variety of passages joy and gladness may enter into the thoughts of man; how wonderfully a human spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper satisfactions, and taste the goodness of its Creator. We may therefore look into ourselves with rapture and amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to Him who has encompassed us with such a profusion of blessings, and opened in us so many capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger argument that God has designed us for a state of future happiness, and for that heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the soul for it, and made

it a being capable of receiving so much bliss. He would never have made such faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on such objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward frame and constitution of our minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite variety of pleasures and gratifications which are not to be met with in this life. We should therefore at all times take care that we do not disappoint this his gracious purpose and intention towards us, and make those faculties, which he formed as so many qualifications for happiness and rewards, to be the instruments of pain and punishment.

No. 601.] Friday, October 1, 1714.

Ὁ ἀνθρώπος ευφραίνεται περισσως.

Antonin. Lib. ix.

Man is naturally a beneficent creature.

THE following essay comes from a hand which has entertained my readers once before.

‘Notwithstanding a narrow contracted temper be that which obtains most in the world, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine characteristic of mankind; because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing good, and receive more of their happiness at second hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate sensation. Now, though these heroic souls are but few, and to appearance so far advanced above the grovelling multitude as if they were of another order of beings, yet in reality their nature is the same; moved by the same springs, and endowed with all the same essential qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the same fluid body in winter and in summer; when it stands stiffened in ice as when it flows along in gentle streams, gladdening a thousand fields in its progress. It is a property of the heart of man to be diffusive: its kind wishes spread abroad over the face of the creation; and if there be those, as we may observe too many of them, who are all wrapped up in their own dear selves, without any visible concern for their species, let us suppose that their good nature is frozen, and by the prevailing force of some contrary quality, restrained in its operation. I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal checks upon this generous propension of the human soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what method, this most useful principle may be unfettered, and restored to its native freedom of exercise.

‘The first and leading cause is an unhappy complexion of body. The heathens, ignorant of the true source of moral evil, generally charged it on the obliquity of matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of change in any of its

properties, even by the Almighty Mind, who, when he came to fashion it into a world of beings, must take it as he found it. This notion, as most others of theirs, is a composition of truth and error. That matter is eternal, that, from the first union of a soul to it, it perverted its inclinations, and that the ill influence it hath upon the mind is not to be corrected by God himself, are all very great errors, occasioned by a truth as evident, that the capacities and dispositions of the soul depend, to a great degree, on the bodily temper. As there are some fools, others are knaves by constitution; and particularly it may be said of many, that they are born with an illiberal cast of mind; the matter that composes them is tenacious as birdlime; and a kind of cramp draws their hands and their hearts together, that they never care to open them, unless to grasp at more. It is a melancholy lot this; but attended with one advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good offices as it is to these men to perform them; that whereas persons naturally beneficent often mistake instinct for virtue, by reason of the difficulty of distinguishing when one rules them and when the other, men of the opposite character may be more certain of the motive that predominates in every action. If they cannot confer a benefit with that ease and frankness which are necessary to give it a grace in the eye of the world, in requital, the real merit of what they do is enhanced by the opposition they surmount in doing it. The strength of their virtue is seen in rising against the weight of nature; and every time they have the resolution to discharge their duty, they make a sacrifice of inclination to conscience, which is always too grateful to let its followers go without suitable marks of its approbation. Perhaps the entire cure of this ill quality is no more possible than of some distempers that descend by inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a course of beneficence obstinately persisted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of establishing a moral habit, which shall be somewhat of a counterpoise to the force of mechanism. Only it must be remembered that we do not intermit, upon any pretence whatsoever, the custom of doing good, in regard, if there be the least cessation, nature will watch the opportunity to return, and in a short time to recover the ground it was so long in quitting: for there is this difference between mental habits and such as have their foundation in the body; that these last are in their nature more forcible and violent; and, to gain upon us, need only not to be opposed; whereas the former must be continually reinforced with fresh supplies, or they will languish and die away. And this suggests the reason why good habits in general require longer time for their settlement than bad, and yet are sooner displaced; the reason is, that vicious habits, as drunkenness for instance, pro-

duce a change in the body, which the others not doing, must be maintained the same way they are acquired, by the mere dint of industry, resolution, and vigilance.

Another thing which suspends the operations of benevolence, is the love of the world; proceeding from a false notion men have taken up, that an abundance of the world is an essential ingredient in the happiness of life. Worldly things are of such a quality as to lessen upon dividing, so that the more partners there are the less must fall to every man's private share. The consequence of this is, that they look upon one another with an evil eye, each imagining all the rest to be embarked in an interest that cannot take place but to his prejudice. Hence are those eager competitions for wealth or power; hence one man's success becomes another's disappointment; and, like pretenders to the same mistress, they can seldom have common charity for their rivals. Not that they are naturally disposed to quarrel and fall out; but it is natural for a man to prefer himself to all others, and to secure his own interest first. If that which men esteem their happiness were, like the light, the same sufficient and unconfined good, whether ten thousand enjoy the benefit of it or but one, we should see men's good-will and kind endeavours would be as universal.

*"Homo qui erranti comiter monstrat viam,
Quasi lumen de suo lumine accendat, facit,
Nihilominus ipsi luceat, cum illi accenderit."*

"To direct a wanderer in the right way, is to light another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains."

But, unluckily, mankind agree in making choice of objects which inevitably engage them in perpetual differences. Learn, therefore, like a wise man, the true estimate of things. Desire not more of the world than is necessary to accommodate you in passing through it; look upon every thing beyond, not as useless only, but burdensome. Place not your quiet in things which you cannot have without putting others beside them, and thereby making them your enemies; and which, when attained, will give you more trouble to keep than satisfaction in the enjoyment. Virtue is a good of a nobler kind; it grows by communication; and so little resembles earthly riches, that the more hands it is lodged in, the greater is every man's particular stock. So, by propagating and mingling their fires, not only all the lights of a branch together cast a more extensive brightness, but each single light burns with a stronger flame. And lastly, take this along with you, that if wealth be an instrument of pleasure, the greatest pleasure it can put into your power is that of doing good. It is worth considering, that the organs of sense act within a narrow compass, and the appetites will soon say they have enough. Which of the two therefore is the happier man—he who,

confining all his regard to the gratification of his appetites, is capable but of short fits of pleasure—or the man who, reckoning himself a sharer in the satisfactions of others, especially those which come to them by his means, enlarges the sphere of his happiness?

‘The last enemy to benevolence I shall mention is uneasiness of any kind. A guilty or a discontented mind, a mind ruffled by ill-fortune, disconcerted by its own passions, soured by neglect, or fretting at disappointments, hath not leisure to attend to the necessity or unreasonableness of a kindness desired, nor a taste for those pleasures which wait on beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted heart to relish them. The most miserable of all beings is the most envious; as, on the other hand, the most communicative is the happiest. And if you are in search of the seat of perfect love and friendship, you will not find it until you come to the region of the blessed, where happiness, like a refreshing stream, flows from heart to heart in an endless circulation, and is preserved sweet and untainted by the motion. It is old advice, if you have a favour to request of any one, to observe the softest times of address, when the soul, in a flash of good humour, takes a pleasure to show itself pleased. Persons conscious of their own integrity, satisfied with themselves and their condition, and full of confidence in a Supreme Being, and the hope of immortality, survey all about them with a flow of good-will; as trees which, like their soil, shoot out in expressions of kindness, and bend beneath their own precious load, to the hand of the gatherer. Now, if the mind be not thus easy, it is an infallible sign that it is not in its natural state: place the mind in its right posture, it will immediately discover its innate propensity to beneficence.’

No. 602.] *Monday, October 4, 1714.*

Pacit hoc illos hyacinthos

Juv. Sat. vi. ver. 110.

This makes them hyacinths.

THE following letter comes from a gentleman who I find is very diligent in making his observations, which I think too material not to be communicated to the public.

‘SIR,—In order to execute the office of the love casuist of Great Britain, with which I take myself to be invested by your paper of September 8, I shall make some farther observations upon the two sexes in general, beginning with that which always ought to have the upper hand. After having observed, with much curiosity, the accomplishments which are apt to captivate female hearts, I find that there is no person so irresistible as one who is a man of importance, provided it be in matters of no consequence. One who makes himself

talked of, though it be for the particular cock of his hat, or for prating aloud in the boxes at a play, is in a fair way of being a favourite. I have known a young fellow make his fortune by knocking down a constable; and may venture to say, though it may seem a paradox, that many a fair one has died by a duel in which both the combatants have survived.

‘About three winters ago, I took notice of a young lady at the theatre, who conceived a passion for a notorious rake that headed a party of catcalls; and am credibly informed that the emperor of the Mohocks married a rich widow within three weeks after having rendered himself formidable in the cities of London and Westminster. Scouring and breaking of windows have done frequent execution upon the sex. But there is no set of these male charmers who make their way more successfully than those who have gained themselves a name for intrigue, and have ruined the greatest number of reputations. There is a strange curiosity in the female world to be acquainted with the dear man who has been loved by others, and to know what it is that makes him so agreeable. His reputation does more than half his business. Every one that is ambitious of being a woman of fashion, looks out for opportunities of being in his company; so that, to use the old proverb, “When his name is up he may lie a-bed.”

‘I was very sensible of the great advantage of being a man of importance upon these occasions on the day of the king’s entry, when I was seated in a balcony behind a cluster of very pretty country ladies, who had one of these showy gentlemen in the midst of them. The first trick I caught him at was bowing to several persons of quality whom he did not know; nay, he had the impudence to hem at a blue garter who had a finer equipage than ordinary; and seemed a little concerned at the impertinent huzzas of the mob, that hindered his friend from taking notice of him. There was indeed one who pulled off his hat to him; and, upon the ladies asking who it was, he told them it was a foreign minister that he had been very merry with the night before; whereas in truth it was the city common hunt.

‘He was never at a loss when he was asked any person’s name, though he seldom knew any one under a peer. He found dukes and earls among the aldermen, very good-natured fellows among the privy-counsellors, with two or three agreeable old rakes among the bishops and judges.

‘In short, I collected from his whole discourse, that he was acquainted with every body, and knew nobody. At the same time, I am mistaken if he did not that day make more advances in the affections of his mistress, who sat near him, than he could have done in half a year’s courtship.

‘Ovid has finely touched this method of

making love, which I shall here give my reader in Mr. Dryden's translation.

‘Page the eleventh.

“ Thus love in theatres did first improve,
And theatres are still the scene of love;
Nor shun the chariots, and the courser's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.
Nor need is there of talking on the hand,
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand;
But holdly next the fair your seat provide,
Close as you can to hers, and side by side,
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter, crowding sit;
For so the laws of public shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin discourse,
Inquire whose chariot this, and whose that horse;
To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind.
Like what she likes, from thence your court begin,
And, whom she favours, wish that he may win.”

‘ Again, page the sixteenth,

“ O when will come the day by heaven design'd.
When thou, the best and fairest of mankind,
Drawn by white horses, shall in triumph ride,
With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side;
Slaves that no longer can be safe in flight,
O glorious object! O surprising sight!
O day of public joy, too good to end in night!
On such a day, if thou, and next to thee
Some beauty sits, the spectacle to see;
If she inquires the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs;
Answer to all thou know'st; and if need be,
Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the swift Tigris, with his sea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore;
Call this a Mede, and that the Parthian youth;
Talk probably: no matter for the truth.”

No. 603.] Wednesday, October 6, 1714.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
Virg. Ecl. viii. 68.

—Restore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis, to my longing arms.—Dryden.

THE following copy of verses comes from one of my correspondents,* and has something in it so original, that I do not much doubt but it will divert my readers.†

I.

‘ My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she has gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring; but, alas! it was she.

II.

‘ With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:
I was so good-humour'd, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown;
So strangely uneasy as never was known.

* Mr. John Byron, author of the two papers on dreaming, No. 586 and 593.

† It has been said, on good authority, that the Phœbe of this pastoral was Joanna, the daughter of Dr. Bentley, and that it was written, not so much from affection to the daughter, as with the aim of securing the interest of the doctor, in promoting the author's views with regard to the fellowship for which, at the period of its composition, he was a candidate.”

Drake's Essays, vol. iii. p. 216.

1 Ansty made a most happy parody of these two lines in his Bath Guide.

“ My time, my dear mother's, been wretchedly spent,
With a gripe or a hiccup wherever I went.”

My fair one is gone, and my joys are all down'd,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

III.

‘ The fountain that wont to run swiftly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide.
Must you be so cheerful, when I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

IV.

‘ When my lambskins around me would oftentimes
play,
And when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When spring, love, and beauty, were all in their prime
But now in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
Be still, then I cry, for it makes me quite mad
To see you so merry while I am so sad.

V.

‘ My dog I was ever well pleas'd to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair-one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry, Sirrah! and give him a blow with my crook.
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

VI.

‘ When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen!
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and every thing made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

VII.

‘ Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, thrush, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

VIII.

‘ Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you dress'd
And made yourselves fine for; a place in her breast:
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

IX.

‘ How slowly time creeps, till my Phœbe return!
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn!
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the
lead.
Fly swifter ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah, Colin! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

X.

‘ Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove:
But what swain is so silly to live without love!
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair!—
Take heed all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.’

No. 604.] Friday, October 8, 1714.

Tu ne quesieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem Dii dederint, Leuconoe; nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros— Hor. Od. xi. Lib. 1. 1

Ah do not strive too much to know,
My dear Leuconoe,
What the kind gods design to do
With me and thee.—Creech.

THE desire of knowing future events, is one of the strongest inclinations in the mind of man. Indeed, an ability of foreseeing probable accidents is what, in the language of men, is called wisdom and prudence: but, not satisfied with the light that reason holds out, mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiously into futurity. Magic, oracles, omens, lucky hours, and the various arts of superstition, owe their rise to this powerful cause. As this principle is founded in self-love, every man is sure to be solicitous in the first place about his own fortune, the course of his life, and the time and manner of his death.

If we consider that we are free agents, we shall discover the absurdity of such inquiries. One of our actions, which we might have performed or neglected, is the cause of another that succeeds it, and so the whole chain of life is linked together. Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural product of vicious and imprudent acts; as the contrary blessings are of good ones; so that we cannot suppose our lot to be determined without impiety. A great enhancement of pleasure arises from its being unexpected; and pain is doubled by being foreseen. Upon all these, and several other accounts, we ought to rest satisfied in this portion bestowed on us; to adore the hand that hath fitted every thing to our nature, and hath not more displayed his goodness in our knowledge than in our ignorance.

It is not unworthy observation, that superstitious inquiries into future events prevail more or less, in proportion to the improvement of liberal arts and useful knowledge in the several parts of the world. Accordingly, we find that magical incantations remain in Lapland; in the more remote parts of Scotland they have their second sight; and several of our own countrymen have seen abundance of fairies. In Asia this credulity is strong; and the greatest part of refined learning there consists in the knowledge of amulets, talismans, occult numbers, and the like.

When I was at Grand Cairo, I fell into the acquaintance of a good-natured muselman, who promised me many good offices which he designed to do me when he became the prime minister, which was a fortune bestowed on his imagination by a doctor very deep in the curious sciences. At his repeated solicitations I went to learn my destiny of this wonderful sage. For a small sum I had his promise, but was desirous to wait in a dark apartment until he had run through the preparatory ceremonies. Having a strong propensity, even then, to dreaming, I took a nap upon the sofa where I was placed, and had the following vision, the particulars whereof I picked up the other day among my papers.

I found myself in an unbounded plain, where methought the whole world, in several habits and with different tongues, was assembled. The multitude glided swiftly

along, and I found in myself a strong inclination to mingle in the train. My eyes quickly singled out some of the most splendid figures. Several in rich caftans and glittering turbans bustled through the throng, and trampled over the bodies of those they threw down; until, to my great surprise, I found that the great pace they went only hastened them to a scaffold or a bow-string. Many beautiful damsels on the other side moved forward with great gayety; some danced until they fell all along; and others painted their faces until they lost their noses. A tribe of creatures with busy looks falling into a fit of laughter at the misfortunes of the unhappy ladies, I turned my eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his pockets with gold and jewels, and when there was no room left for more, these wretches, looking round with fear and horror, pined away before my face with famine and discontent.

The prospect of human misery struck me dumb for some miles. Then it was, that to disburden my mind, I took pen and ink, and did every thing that has since happened under my office as Spectator. While I was employing myself for the good of mankind, I was surprised to meet with very unsuitable returns from my fellow-creatures. Never was poor author so beset by pamphleteers, who sometimes marched directly against me, but oftener shot at me from strong bulwarks, or rose up suddenly in ambush. They were of all characters and capacities, some with ensigns of dignity, and others in liveries;* but what most surprised me was to see two or three in black gowns among my enemies. It was no small trouble to me, sometimes to have a man come up to me with an angry face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never seen or heard of him in my life. With the ladies it was otherwise: many became my enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who resented the satire which they imagined I had directed against them. My great comfort was in the company of half a dozen friends, who, I found since, were the club which I have so often mentioned in my papers. I laughed often at Sir Roger in my sleep, and was the more diverted with Will Honeycomb's gallantries, (when we afterwards became acquainted,) because I had foreseen his marriage with a farmer's daughter. The regret which arose in my mind upon the death of my companions, my anxieties for the public, and the many calamities still fleeting before my eyes, made me repent my curiosity; when the magician entered the room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late,) that he was just going to begin.

* This is pointed at the hirelings employed by the ministry in the last years of the queen's reign; Dr. Swift, Prior, Atterbury, Dr. Friend, Dr. King, Mr. Oldsworth, Mrs. Manley, &c.

N. B. I have only delivered the prophecy of that part of my life which is past, it being inconvenient to divulge the second part until a more proper opportunity.

No. 605.] *Monday, October 11, 1714.*

*Exuerint sylvestrem animum; cultuque frequenti,
In quascunque voces artes, haud tarda sequenti.*
Virg. Georg. ii. 51.
—They change their savage mind,
Their wildness lose, and, quitting nature's part,
Obey the rules and discipline of art.—*Dryden.*

HAVING perused the following letter, and finding it to run upon the subject of love, I referred it to the learned casuist, whom I have retained in my service for speculations of that kind. He returned it to me the next morning with his report annexed to it, with both of which I shall here present my reader.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—Finding that you have entertained a useful person in your service in quality of love-casuist, I apply myself to you under a very great difficulty, that hath for some months perplexed me. I have a couple of humble servants, one of which I have no aversion to; the other I think of very kindly. The first hath the reputation of a man of good sense, and is one of those people that your sex are apt to value. My spark is reckoned a coxcomb among the men, but is a favourite of the ladies. If I marry the man of worth, as they call him, I shall oblige my parents, and improve my fortune; but with my dear beau I promise myself happiness, although not a jointure. Now I would ask you, whether I should consent to lead my life with a man that I have only no objection to, or with him against whom all objections to me appear frivolous. I am determined to follow the casuist's advice, and I dare say he will not put me upon so serious a thing as matrimony contrary to my inclination. I am, &c.

FANNY FICKLE.

'P. S. I forgot to tell you, that the pretty gentleman is the most complaisant creature in the world, and is always of my mind; but the other, forsooth, fancies he has as much wit as myself, slights my lap-dog, and hath the insolence to contradict me when he thinks I am not in the right. About half an hour ago, he maintained to my face that a patch always implies a pimple.'

As I look upon it to be my duty rather to side with the parents than the daughter, I shall propose some considerations to my gentle querist, which may incline her to comply with those under whose direction she is; and at the same time convince her that it is not impossible but she may in time, have a true affection for him who is at present indifferent to her; or, to use the old family maxim, that, 'if she marries first, love will come after.'

The only objection that she seems to insinuate against the gentleman proposed to her, is his want of complaisance, which I perceive she is very willing to return. Now I can discover, from this very circumstance, that she and her lover, whatever they may think of it, are very good friends in their hearts. It is difficult to determine whether love delights more in giving pleasure or pain. Let Miss Fickle ask her own heart, if she doth not take a secret pride in making this man of good sense look very silly. Hath she ever been better pleased than when her behaviour hath made her lover ready to hang himself; or doth she ever rejoice more than when she thinks she hath driven him to the very brink of a purling stream? Let her consider, at the same time, that it is not impossible but her lover may have discovered her tricks, and hath a mind to give her as good as she brings. I remember a handsome young baggage that treated a hopeful Greek of my acquaintance, just come from Oxford, as if he had been a barbarian. The first week after she had fixed him, she took a pinch of snuff out of his rival's box, and apparently touched the enemy's little finger. She became a professed enemy to the arts and sciences, and scarce ever wrote a letter to him without wilfully misspelling his name. The young scholar, to be even with her, railed at coquettes as soon as he had got the word; and did not want parts to turn into ridicule her men of wit and pleasure of the town. After having irritated one another for the space of five months, she made an assignation with him fourscore miles from London. But, as he was very well acquainted with her pranks, he took a journey the quite contrary way. Accordingly they met, quarrelled, and in a few days were married. Their former hostilities are now the subject of their mirth, being content at present with that part of love only which bestows pleasure.

Women who have been married some time, not having it in their heads to draw after them a numerous train of followers, find their satisfaction in the possession of one man's heart. I know very well that ladies in their bloom desire to be excused in this particular. But, when time hath worn out their natural vanity, and taught them discretion, their fondness settles on its proper object. And it is probably for this reason that, among husbands, you will find more that are fond of women beyond their prime, than of those who are actually in the insolence of beauty. My reader will apply the same observation to the other sex.

I need not insist upon the necessity of their pursuing one common interest, and their united care for their children; but shall only observe, by the way, that married persons are both more warm in their love, and more hearty in their hatred than any others whatsoever. Mutual favours and obligations, which may be supposed to

be greater here than in any other state, naturally beget an intense affection in generous minds. As, on the contrary, persons who have bestowed such favours have a particular bitterness in their resentments, when they think themselves ill-treated by those of whom they have deserved so much.

Besides, Miss Fickle may consider, that as there are often many faults concealed before marriage, so there are sometimes many virtues unobserved.

To this we may add the great efficacy of custom and constant conversation to produce a mutual friendship and benevolence in two persons. It is a nice reflection, which I have heard a friend of mine make, that you may be sure a woman loves a man, when she uses his expressions, tell his stories, or imitates his manner. This gives a secret delight; for imitation is a kind of artless flattery, and mightily favours the powerful principle of self-love. It is certain that married persons, who are possessed with a mutual esteem, not only catch the air and way of talk from one another, but fall into the same traces of thinking and liking. Nay, some have carried the remark so far as to assert, that the features of man and wife grow, in time, to resemble one another. Let my fair correspondent, therefore, consider, that the gentleman recommended will have a good deal of her own face in two or three years; which she must not expect from the beau, who is too full of his dear self to copy after another. And I dare appeal to her own judgment, if that person will not be the handsomest that is the most like herself.

We have a remarkable instance to our present purpose in the history of king Edgar, which I shall here relate, and leave it with my fair correspondent to be applied to herself.

This great monarch, who is so famous in British story, fell in love, as he made his progress through his kingdom, with a certain duke's daughter, who lived near Winchester, and was the most celebrated beauty of the age. His importunities and the violence of his passion were so great, that the mother of the young lady promised him to bring her daughter to his bed the next night, though in her heart she abhorred so infamous an office. It was no sooner dark than she conveyed into his room, a young maid of no disagreeable figure, who was one of her attendants, and did not want address to improve the opportunity for the advancement of her fortune. She made so good use of her time, that when she offered to rise a little before day, the king could by no means think of parting with her; so that, finding herself under a necessity of discovering who she was, she did it in so handsome a manner, that his majesty was exceeding gracious to her, and took her ever after under his protection: insomuch, that our chronicles tell us, he carried her along

with him, made her his first minister of state, and continued true to her alone, until his marriage with the beautiful Elfrida.

No. 606.] *Wednesday, October 13, 1714.*

—longum cantu solata labore
Arguto conjux percurrit pectine telas.
Virg. Georg. i. 294.

—mean time at home
The good wife singing plies the various loom.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—I have a couple of nieces under my direction, who so often run gadding abroad, that I do not know where to have them. Their dress, their tea, and their visits, take up all their time, and they go to bed as tired with doing nothing as I am after quilting a whole under-petticoat. The only time they are not idle is while they read your Spectators; which being dedicated to the interest of virtue, I desire you to recommend the long neglected art of needle-work. Those hours which in this age are thrown away on dress, play, visits, and the like, were employed, in my time, in writing out receipts, or working beds, chairs, and hangings, for the family. For my part, I have plied my needle these fifty years, and by my good will would never have it out of my hand. It grieves my heart to see a couple of proud idle flirts sipping their tea, for a whole afternoon, in a room hung round with the industry of their great grandmother. Pray, sir, take the laudable mystery of embroidery into your serious consideration, and, as you have a great deal of the virtue of the last age in you, continue your endeavours to reform the present. I am, &c.'

In obedience to the commands of my venerable correspondent, I have duly weighed this important subject, and promise myself, from the arguments here laid down, that all the fine ladies of England will be ready, as soon as their mourning is over,* to appear covered with the work of their own hands.

What a delightful entertainment must it be to the fair-sex, whom their native modesty and the tenderness of men towards them, exempt from public business, to pass their hours in imitating fruits and flowers, and transplanting all the beauties of nature into their own dress, or raising a new creation in their closets and apartments! How pleasing is the amusement of walking among the shades and groves planted by themselves, in surveying heroes slain by their needle, or little cupids which they have brought into the world without pain!

This is, methinks, the most proper way wherein a lady can show a fine genius; and I cannot forbear wishing that several writers of that sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to tapestry than rhyme. Your pastoral poetesses may vent their fancy in rural landscapes, and place des-

* The general mourning on the death of queen Anne.

pairing shepherds under silken willows, or drown them in a stream of mohair. The heroic writers may work up battles as successfully, and inflame them with gold or stain them with crimson. Even those who have only a turn to a song, or an epigram, may put many valuable stitches into a purse, and crowd a thousand graces into a pair of garters.

If I may, without breach of good manners, imagine that any pretty creature is void of genius, and would perform her part herein but very awkwardly, I must nevertheless insist upon her working, if it be only to keep her out of harm's way.

Another argument for busying good women in works of fancy is, because it takes them off from scandal, the usual attendant of tea-tables, and all other inactive scenes of life. While they are forming their birds and beasts, their neighbours will be allowed to be the fathers of their own children; and whig and tory will be but seldom mentioned where the great dispute is, whether blue or red is the more proper colour. How much greater glory would Sophronia do the general, if she would choose rather to work the battle of Blenheim in tapestry, than signalize herself with so much vehemence against those who are Frenchmen in their hearts!

A third reason that I shall mention, is the profit that is brought to the family where these pretty arts are encouraged. It is manifest that this way of life not only keeps fair ladies from running out into expenses, but is at the same time an actual improvement. How memorable would that matron be, who shall have it subscribed upon her monument, 'That she wrought out the whole Bible in tapestry, and died in a good old age, after having covered three hundred yards of wall in the mansion-house!'

The premises being considered, I humbly submit the following proposals to all mothers in Great Britain:

1. That no young virgin whatsoever be allowed to receive the addresses of her first lover, but in a suit of her own embroidering.
2. That before every fresh humble servant, she be obliged to appear with a new stomacher at the least.
3. That no one be actually married until she hath the child-bed pillows, &c. ready stitched, as likewise the mantle for the boy quite finished.

These laws, if I mistake not, would effectually restore the decayed art of needlework, and make the virgins of Great Britain exceedingly nimble-fingered in their business.

There is a memorable custom of the Grecian ladies, in this particular, preserved in Homer, which I hope will have a very good effect with my country-women. A widow, in ancient times, could not, without indecency, receive a second husband, until she had woven a shroud for her deceased lord, or the next of kin to him. Accord-

ingly, the chaste Penelope having, as she thought, lost Ulysses at sea, she employed her time in preparing a winding-sheet for Laertes, the father of her husband. The story of her web being very famous, and yet not sufficiently known in its several circumstances, I shall give it to my reader, as Homer makes one of her woovers relate it.

'Sweet hope she gave to every youth apart,
With well-taught looks, and a deceitful heart:
A web she wove of many a slender twine,
Of curious texture, and perplex design;
My youths, she cried, my lord but newly dead,
Forbear a while to court my widow'd bed,
Till I have wove, as solemn vows require,
This web, a shroud for poor Ulysses' sire.
His limbs, when fate the hero's soul demands,
Shall claim this labour of his daughter's hands:
Lest all the dames of Greece my name despise,
While the great king without a covering lies.
'Thus she. Nor did my friends mistrust the guile:
All day she sped the long laborious toil:
But when the burning lamps supply'd the sun,
Each night unravell'd what the day begun.
Three live-long summers did the fraud prevail;
The fourth her maidens told th' amazing tale.
These eyes beheld, as close I took my stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand:
Till watch'd at length, and press'd on every side,
Her task she ended, and commenc'd a bride.'

No. 607.] Friday, October 15, 1714.

Dicite Io Pean, et Io his dicite Pean:
Decidit in casses præda petita meos.

Ovid Ars Amor. Lib. 1. 1.

Now Io Pean sing, now wreaths prepare,
And with repeated Ios fill the air:
The prey is fallen in my successful toils.—Anon.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—Having in your paper of Monday last published my report on the case of Mrs. Fanny Fickle, wherein I have taken notice, that love comes after marriage; I hope your readers are satisfied of this truth, that as love generally produces matrimony, so it often happens that matrimony produces love.

'It perhaps requires more virtue to make a good husband or wife than what go to the finishing any the most shining character whatsoever.

'Discretion seems absolutely necessary; and accordingly we find that the best husbands have been most famous for their wisdom. Homer, who hath drawn a perfect pattern of a prudent man, to make it the more complete, hath celebrated him for the just returns of fidelity and truth to his Penelope; inasmuch that he refused the caresses of a goddess for her sake; and, to use the expression of the best of Pagan authors, "*Vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati*," his old woman was dearer to him than immortality.

'Virtue is the next necessary qualification for this domestic character, as it naturally produces constancy and mutual esteem. Thus Brutus and Porcia were more remarkable for virtue and affection than any others of the age in which they lived.

'Good-nature is a third necessary ingredient in the marriage state, without

which it would inevitably sour upon a thousand occasions. When greatness of mind is joined with this amiable quality it attracts the admiration and esteem of all who behold it. Thus Cæsar, not more remarkable for his fortune and valour than for his humanity, stole into the hearts of the Roman people, when, breaking through the custom, he pronounced an oration at the funeral of his first and best-beloved wife.

‘Good-nature is insufficient, unless it be steady and uniform, and accompanied with an evenness of temper, which is above all things to be preserved in this friendship contracted for life. A man must be easy within himself before he can be so to his other self. Socrates and Marcus Aurelius are instances of men, who, by the strength of philosophy, having entirely composed their minds, and subdued their passions, are celebrated for good husbands, notwithstanding the first was yoked with Xantippe, and the other with Faustina. If the wedded pair would but habituate themselves for the first year to bear with one another’s faults, the difficulty would be pretty well conquered. This mutual sweetness of temper and complacency was finely recommended in the nuptial ceremonies among the heathens, who, when they sacrificed to Juno at that solemnity, always tore out the gall from the entrails of the victim, and cast it behind the altar.

‘I shall conclude this letter with a passage out of Dr. Plot’s Natural History of Staffordshire, not only as it will serve to fill up your present paper, but, if I find myself in the humour, may give rise to another; I having by me an old register belonging to the place here under-mentioned.

‘Sir Philip de Somerville held the manors of Whichenovre, Scirescot, Ridware, Netherton, and Cowlee, all in the county of Stafford, of the earls of Lancaster, by this memorable service. The said Sir Philip shall find, maintain, and sustain, one bacon-flicke, hanging in his hall at Whichenovre, ready arrayed all times of the year but in Lent, to be given to every man or woman married, after the day and the year of their marriage be past, in form following.*

“Whosoever that any one such before named will come to inquire for the bacon, in their own person, they shall come to the bailiff, or to the porter of the lordship of Whichenovre, and shall say to them in the manner as ensueth:

‘Bailiff, or porter, I do you to know, that I am come for myself to demand one bacon-flyke hanging in the hall of the lord of Whichenovre, after the form thereunto belonging.”

“After which relation, the bailiff or porter shall assign a day to him, upon promise by his faith to return, and with him to bring twain of his neighbours. And in the mean

time, the said bailiff shall take with him twain of the freeholders of the lordship of Whichenovre, and they three shall go to the manor of Rudlow, belonging to Robert Knightleye, and there shall summon the aforesaid Knightleye, or his bailiff, commanding him to be ready at Whichenovre the day appointed, at prime of day, with his carriage, that is to say, a horse and a saddle, a sack and a pryke, for to convey the said bacon and corn a journey out of the county of Stafford, at his costages. And then the said bailiff shall, with the said freeholders, summon all the tenants of the said manor, to be ready at the day appointed at Whichenovre, for to do and perform the services which they owe to the bacon. And at the day assigned, all such as owe services to the bacon shall be ready at the gate of the manor of Whichenovre, from the sun-rising to noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the bacon. And when he is come, there shall be delivered to him and his fellows, chapelets, and to all those which shall be there to do their services due to the bacon. And they shall lead the said demandant with trumps and tabors, and other manner of minstrelsy, to the hall door, where he shall find the lord of Whichenovre, or his steward, ready to deliver the bacon in this manner:

“He shall inquire of him which demandeth the bacon, if he have brought twain of his neighbours with him: which must answer, ‘they be here ready.’ And then the steward shall cause these two neighbours to swear, if the said demandant be a wedded man, or have been a man wedded; and if since his marriage one year and a day be past; and if he be a freeman or a villain.† And if his said neighbours make oath that he hath for him all these three points rehearsed, then shall the bacon be taken down and brought to the hall door, and shall there be laid upon one half-quarter of wheat, and upon one other of rye. And he that demandeth the bacon shall kneel upon his knee, and shall hold his right hand upon a book, which book shall be laid upon the bacon and the corn, and shall make oath in this manner:

‘Hear ye, Sir Philip de Somerville, lord of Whichenovre, mayntener and gyver of this baconne; that I A sithe I wedded B my wife, and sithe I had hyr in my keeping, and at my wylle, by a year and a day after our marriage, I would not have chaunged for none other; farer ne fowler; richer ne pourer; ne for none other descended of greater lynage; slepyng ne waking, at noo tyme.—And if the seyde B were sole, and I sole, I would take her to be my wife before all the wymen of the world, of what condicions soever they be, good or evylle; as help me God and his seyntes, and this flesh and all fleshes.

* There was a similar institution at Dunmow in Essex, for an account of which see Leland’s Itinerary.

† Villain, in the language of the time, signified a servant or bondman.

"And his neighbours shall make oath, that they trust verily he hath said truly. And if it be found by his neighbours before-named, that he be a freeman, there shall be delivered to him half a quarter of wheat and a cheese; and if he be a villain, he shall have half a quarter of rye without cheese. And then shall Knightleye, the lord of Rudlow, be called for, to carry all these things tofore rehearsed; and the said corn shall be laid on one horse, and the bacon above it: and he to whom the bacon appertaineth shall ascend upon his horse, and shall take the cheese before him, if he have a horse. And if he have none, the lord of Whichenovre shall cause him to have one horse and saddle, to such time as he be passed his lordship: and so shall they depart the manor of Whichenovre with the corn and the bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with trumpets, taborets, and other manner of minstrelsy. And all the free tenants of Whichenovre shall conduct him to be passed the lordship of Whichenovre. And then shall they all return except him to whom appertaineth to make the carriage and journey without the county of Stafford, at the costs of his lord of Whichenovre."

No. 608.] Monday, October 18, 1714.

—Perjuria ridet amantum.

Ovid *Ars Amor.* Lib. i. 633.

—Forgiving with a smile

The perjuries that easy maids beguile.—Dryden.

"MR. SPECTATOR,—According to my promise I herewith transmit to you a list of several persons, who from time to time demanded the fitch of bacon of Sir Philip de Somerville, and his descendants; as it is preserved in an ancient manuscript, under the title of "The Register of Whichenovre-hall, and of the bacon-fitch there maintained."

"In the beginning of this record is recited the law or institution in form, as it is already printed in your last paper: to which are added two bye-laws, as a comment upon the general law, the substance whereof is, that the wife shall take the same oath as the husband, *mutatis mutandis*; and that the judges shall, as they think meet, interrogate or cross-examine the witnesses. After this proceeds the register in manner following:

"Aubry de Falstaff, son of Sir John Falstaff, knight, with dame Maude his wife, were the first that demanded the bacon, he having bribed twain of his father's companions to swear falsely in his behoof, whereby he gained the fitch: but he and his said wife falling immediately into a dispute how the said bacon should be dressed, it was, by order of the judges, taken from him, and hung up again in the hall.

"Alison, the wife of Stephen Freckle, brought her said husband along with her, and set forth the good conditions and be-

haviour of her consort, adding withal that she doubted not but he was ready to attest the like of her, his wife; whereupon he, the said Stephen, shaking his head, she turned short upon him, and gave him a box on the ear.

"Philip de Waverland, having laid his hand upon the book, when the clause, 'were I sole and she sole,' was rehearsed, found a secret compunction rising in his mind, and stole it off again.

"Richard de Loveless, who was a courtier, and a very well-bred man, being observed to hesitate after the words, 'after our marriage,' was thereupon required to explain himself. He replied, by talking very largely of his exact complaisance while he was a lover; and alleged that he had not in the least disobliged his wife for a year and a day before marriage, which he hoped was the same thing.

"Rejected.

"Joceline Jolley, esq. making it appear, by unquestionable testimony, that he and his wife had preserved full and entire affection for the space of the first month, commonly called the honey-moon, he had, in consideration thereof, one rashier bestowed upon him."

"After this, says the record, many years passed over before any demandant appeared at Whichenovre-hall; insomuch that one would have thought that the whole country were turned Jews, so little was their affection to the fitch of bacon.

"The next couple enrolled had like to have carried it, if one of the witnesses had not deposed, that, dining on a Sunday with the demandant, whose wife had sat below the squire's lady at church, she, the said wife, dropped some expressions, as if she thought her husband deserved to be knighted; to which he returned a passionate pish! The judges, taking the premises into consideration, declared the aforesaid behaviour to imply an unwarrantable ambition in the wife, and anger in the husband.

"It is recorded as a sufficient disqualification of a certain wife, that, speaking of her husband, she said, "God forgive him."

"It is likewise remarked, that a couple were rejected upon the deposition of one of their neighbours, that the lady had once told her husband, that "it was her duty to obey;" to which he replied, "O my dear! you are never in the wrong!"

"The violent passion of one lady for her lap-dog; the turning away of the old house-maid by another; a tavern bill torn by the wife, and a tailor's by the husband; a quarrel about the kissing-crust; spoiling of dinners, and coming in late of nights; are so many several articles which occasioned the reprobation of some scores of demandants, whose names are recorded in the aforesaid register.

"Without enumerating other particular persons, I shall content myself with observing that the sentence pronounced against

one Gervase Poacher is, that "he might have had bacon to his eggs, if he had not hitherto scolded his wife when they were overboiled." And the deposition against Dorothy Dolittle runs in these words, "that she had so far usurped the dominion of the coal fire (the stirring whereof her husband claimed to himself,) that by her good-will she never would suffer the poker out of her hand."

"I find but two couples in this first century that were successful; the first was a sea-captain and his wife, who since the day of their marriage had not seen one another until the day of the claim. The second was an honest pair in the neighbourhood; the husband was a man of plain good sense, and a peaceable temper; the woman was dumb."

No. 609.] *Wednesday, October 20, 1714.*

—Farrago libelli.—*Juv. Sat. i. 86.*
The miscellaneous subjects of my book.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—I have for some time desired to appear in your paper, and have therefore chosen a day* to steal into the Spectator, when I take it for granted you will not have many spare minutes for speculations of your own. As I was the other day walking with an honest country gentleman, he very often was expressing his astonishment to see the town so mightily crowded with doctors of divinity; upon which I told him he was very much mistaken if he took all those gentlemen he saw in scarfs to be persons of that dignity; for that a young divine, after his first degree in the university, usually comes hither only to show himself; and, on that occasion, is apt to think he is but half equipped with a gown and cassock for his public appearance, if he hath not the additional ornament of a scarf of the first magnitude to entitle him to the appellation of Doctor from his landlady, and the boy at Child's. Now, since I know that this piece of garniture is looked upon as a mark of vanity or affectation, as it is made use of among some of the little spruce adventurers of the town, I should be glad if you would give it a place among those extravagances you have justly exposed in several of your papers: being very well assured that the main body of the clergy, both in the country and the universities, who are almost to a man untainted with it, would be very well pleased to see this venerable foppery well exposed. When my patron did me the honour to take me into his family (for I must own myself of this order,) he was pleased to say he took me as a friend and companion; and whether he looked upon the scarf like the lace and shoulder-knot of a footman, as a badge of servitude and de-

pendence, I do not know, but he was so kind as to leave my wearing of it to my own discretion; and, not having any just title to it from my degrees, I am content to be without the ornament. The privileges of our nobility to keep a certain number of chaplains are undisputed, though perhaps not one in ten of those reverend gentlemen have any relation to the noble families their scarfs belong to; the right generally of creating all chaplains, except the domestic (where there is one,) being nothing more than the perquisite of a steward's place, who, if he happens to outlive any considerable number of his noble masters, shall probably, at one and the same time, have fifty chaplains, all in their proper accoutrements, of his own creation; though perhaps there hath been neither grace nor prayer said in the family since the introduction of the first coronet. I am, &c.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,—I wish you would write a philosophical paper about natural antipathies, with a word or two concerning the strength of imagination. I can give you a list upon the first notice, of a rational china cup, of an egg that walks upon two legs, and a quart-pot that sings like a nightingale. There is in my neighbourhood a very pretty prattling shoulder of veal, that squalls out at the sight of a knife. Then, as for natural antipathies, I know a general officer who was never conquered but by a smothered rabbit; and a wife that domineers over her husband by the help of a breast of mutton. A story that relates to myself on this subject may be thought not unentertaining, especially when I assure you that it is literally true. I had long made love to a lady, in the possession of whom I am now the happiest of mankind, whose hand I should have gained with much difficulty without the assistance of a cat. You must know then that my most dangerous rival had so strong an aversion to this species, that he infallibly swooned away at the sight of that harmless creature. My friend, Mrs. Lucy, her maid, having a greater respect for me and my purse than she had for my rival, always took care to pin the tail of a cat under the gown of her mistress, whenever she knew of his coming; which had such an effect, that every time he entered the room, he looked more like one of the figures in Mrs. Salmon's wax-work,† than a desirable lover. In short, he grew sick of her company; which the young lady taking notice of (who no more knew why than he did,) she sent me a challenge to meet her in Lincoln's-inn chapel, which I joyfully accepted; and have, amongst other pleasures, the satisfaction of being praised by her for my stratagem. I am, &c.'

'From the Hoop. TOM NIMBLE.'

* The 20th of October, 1714, was the day of the coronation of king George I.

† An exhibition then to be seen near St. Dunstan's church, Fleet-Street, but which, about fifteen years ago, was moved to the opposite side of the street.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—The virgins of Great Britain are very much obliged to you for putting them upon such tedious drudgeries in needle-work as were fit only for the Hilpas and the Nilpas that lived before the flood. Here is a stir indeed, with your histories in embroidery, your groves with shades of silk and streams of mohair! I would have you to know, that I hope to kill a hundred lovers before the best housewife in England can stitch out a battle; and do not fear but to provide boys and girls much faster than your disciples can embroider them. I love birds and beasts as well as you, but am content to fancy them when they are really made. What do you think of gilt leather for furniture? There is your pretty hangings for your chamber!* and, what is more, our own country is the only place in Europe where work of that kind is tolerably done. Without minding your musty lessons, I am this minute going to St. Paul's church-yard to bespeak a screen and a set of hangings; and am resolved to encourage the manufacture of my country. Yours, CLEORA.'

No. 610.] Friday, October 22, 1714.

Sic, cum transierint mei
Nullo cum strepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar senex,
Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.—Seneca.

Thus, when my fleeting days at last,
Unheeded, silently are past,
Calmly I shall resign my breath,
In life unknown, forgot in death;
While he, o'ertaken unprepared,
Finds death an evil to be fear'd,
Who dies, to others too much known,
A stranger to himself alone.

I HAVE often wondered that the Jews should contrive such worthless greatness for the Deliverer whom they expected, as to dress him up in external pomp and pageantry, and represent him to their imaginations as making havoc among his creatures, and actuated with the poor ambition of a Cæsar or an Alexander. How much more illustrious does he appear in his real character, when considered as the author of universal benevolence among men, as refining our passions, exalting our nature, giving us vast ideas of immortality, and teaching us a contempt of that little showy grandeur wherein the Jews made the glory of their Messiah to consist!

'Nothing,' says Longinus, 'can be great, the contempt of which is great.' The possession of wealth and riches cannot give a man a title to greatness, because it is looked upon as a greatness of mind to condemn these gifts of fortune, and to be above the desire of them. I have therefore been inclined to think that there are greater men who lie concealed among the species, than

those who come out and draw upon themselves the eyes and admiration of mankind. Virgil would never have been heard of, had not his domestic misfortunes driven him out of his obscurity, and brought him to Rome.

If we suppose that there are spirits, or angels, who look into the ways of men, as it is highly probable there are, both from reason and revelation, how different are the notions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another! Were they to give us in their catalogue of such worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that which any of our own species would draw up!

We are dazzled with the splendour of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories: they, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little minds call poverty and distress. They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomps of a court, but often find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks and by-paths of life. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thousand men. A contemplation of God's works; a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment: a generous concern for the good of mankind; tears that are shed in silence for the misery of others; a private desire or resentment broken and subdued; in short, an unfeigned exercise of humility, or any other virtue, are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, with contempt, or with indignation; whilst those who are most obscure among their own species are regarded with love, with approbation, and esteem.

The moral of the present speculation amounts to this; that we should not be led away by the censures and applauses of men, but consider the figure that every person will make at that time, when 'Wisdom shall be justified of her children,' and nothing pass for great or illustrious, which is not an ornament and perfection to human nature.

The story of Gyges, the rich Lydian monarch, is a memorable instance to our present purpose. The oracle being asked by Gyges, who was the happiest man, replied, Aglaus. Gyges, who expected to have heard himself named on this occasion, was much surprised, and very curious to know who this Aglaus should be. After much inquiry, he was found to be an obscure countryman, who employed all his time in cultivating a garden, and a few acres of land about his house.

Cowley's agreeable relation of this story shall close this day's speculation.

* There was about this time a celebrated manufactory of tapestry at Chelsea.

'Thus Aglaus (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,
Aglaus, now consign'd t' eternal fame.
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Presum'd at wise Apollo's Delphic seat,
Presum'd to ask, O thou, the whole world's eye,
Seest thou a man that happier is than I?
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
Aglaus happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaus be?
We've heard as yet of no such king as he.
And true it was, through the whole earth around,
No king of such a name was to be found.
Is some old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive?
Is it some mighty gen'ral that has done
Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won?
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he.
None, none of these. Who can this Aglaus be?
After long search, and vain inquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last,
(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)
Near Sopho's town, which, he but once had seen,
This Aglaus, who monarchs' envy drew,
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
This mighty Aglaus was lab'ring found,
With his own hands, in his own little ground.
'So, gracious God, if it may lawful be
Among those foolish gods to mention thee,
So let me act, on such a private stage,
The last dull scenes of my declining age;
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port let my toss'd vessel gain;
Of heav'nly rest this earnest to me lend,
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.'

No. 611.] Monday, October 25, 1714.

Perfidus! sed duris genuit te cauitibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorant ubera tigres.
Virg. Æn. iv. 366.

Perfidious man! thy parent was a rock,
And fierce Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck.

I AM willing to postpone every thing, to do any the least service for the deserving and unfortunate. Accordingly I have caused the following letter to be inserted in my paper the moment that it came to my hands, without altering one tittle in an account which the lady relates so handsomely herself.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—I flatter myself you will not only pity, but, if possible, redress a misfortune myself and several others of my sex lie under. I hope you will not be offended, nor think I mean by this to justify my own imprudent conduct, or expect you should. No: I am sensible how severely, in some of your former papers, you have reprov'd persons guilty of the like mismanagement. I was scarce sixteen, and I may say, without vanity, handsome, when courted by a false perjured man; who, upon promise of marriage, rendered me the most unhappy of women. After he had deluded me from my parents, who were people of very good fashion, in less than three months he left me. My parents would not see nor hear from me; and, had it not been for a servant who had lived in our family, I must certainly have perished for want of bread. However, it pleased Providence, in a very short time, to alter my miserable condition. A gentleman saw me, liked me, and married me. My parents were reconciled; and I might be as

happy in the change of my condition, as I was before miserable, but for some things, that you shall know, which are insupportable to me; and I am sure you have so much honour and compassion as to let those persons know, in some of your papers, how much they are in the wrong. I have been married near five years, and do not know that in all that time I ever went abroad without my husband's leave and approbation. I am obliged, through the importunities of several of my relations, to go abroad oftener than suits my temper. Then it is I labour under insupportable agonies. That man, or rather monster, haunts every place I go to. Base villain! by reason I will not admit his nauseous wicked visits and appointments, he strives all the ways he can to ruin me. He left me destitute of friend or money, nor ever thought me worth inquiring after, until he unfortunately happened to see me in a front-box sparkling with jewels. Then his passion returned. Then the hypocrite pretended to be a penitent. Then he practis'd all those arts that helped before to undo me. I am not to be deceived a second time by him. I hate and abhor his odious passion; and as he plainly perceives it, either out of spite or diversion he makes it his business to expose me. I never fail seeing him in all public company, where he is always most industriously spiteful. He hath, in short, told all his acquaintance of our unhappy affair; they tell theirs; so that it is no secret among his companions, which are numerous. They to whom he tells it, think they have a title to be very familiar. If they bow to me, and I out of good manners return it, then I am pestered with freedoms that are no ways agreeable to myself or company. If I turn my eyes from them, or seem displeased, they sour upon it, and whisper the next person; he his next; until I have at last the eyes of the whole company upon me. Nay they report abominable falsehoods, under that mistaken notion, "She that will grant favours to one man will to a hundred." I beg you will let those who are guilty know how ungenerous this way of proceeding is. I am sure he will know himself the person aimed at, and perhaps put a stop to the insolence of others. Cursed is the fate of unhappy women! that men may boast and glory in those things that we must think of with shame and horror! You have the art of making such odious customs appear detestable. For my sake, and, I am sure, for the sake of several others who dare not own it, but, like me, lie under the same misfortunes, make it as infamous for a man to boast of favours, or expose our sex, as it is to take the lie, or a box on the ear, and not resent it. Your constant reader and admirer,
LESBIA.

'P. S. I am the more impatient under this misfortune, having received fresh provocation, last Wednesday, in the Abbey.'

I entirely agree with the amiable and unfortunate Lesbia, that an insult upon a woman in her circumstances is as infamous in a man, as a tame behaviour when the lie or a buffet is given: which truth I shall beg leave of her to illustrate by the following observation.

It is a mark of cowardice passively to forbear resenting an affront, the resenting of which would lead a man into danger; it is no less a sign of cowardice to affront a creature that hath not power to avenge itself. Whatever name therefore this ungenerous man may bestow on the helpless lady he hath injured, I shall not scruple to give him, in return for it, the appellation of coward.

A man that can so far descend from his dignity, as to strike a lady, can never recover his reputation with either sex, because no provocation is thought strong enough to justify such treatment from the powerful towards the weak. In the circumstances in which poor Lesbia is situated, she can appeal to no man whatsoever to avenge an insult more grievous than a blow. If she could open her mouth, the base man knows that a husband, a brother, a generous friend, would die to see her righted.

A generous mind, however enraged against an enemy, feels its resentments sink and vanish away when the object of its wrath falls into its power. An estranged friend, filled with jealousy and discontent towards a bosom acquaintance, is apt to overflow with tenderness and remorse, when a creature that was once dear to him undergoes any misfortune. What name then shall we give to his ingratitude, (who forgetting the favours he solicited with eagerness, and received with rapture) can insult the miseries that he himself caused, and make sport with the pain to which he owes his greatest pleasure? There is but one being in the creation whose province it is to practise upon the imbecilities of frail creatures, and triumph in the woes which his own artifices brought about; and we well know those who follow his example will receive his reward.

Leaving my fair correspondent to the direction of her own wisdom and modesty; and her enemy, and his mean accomplices, to the compunction of their own hearts; I shall conclude this paper with a memorable instance of revenge, taken by a Spanish lady upon a guilty lover, which may serve to show what violent effects are wrought by the most tender passion, when soured into hatred; and may deter the young and unwary from unlawful love. The story, however romantic it may appear, I have heard affirmed for a truth.

Not many years ago an English gentleman, who, in a rencounter by night in the streets of Madrid, had the misfortune to kill his man, fled into a church-porch for sanctuary. Leaning against the door, he

was surprised to find it open, and a glimmering light in the church. He had the courage to advance towards the light; but was terribly startled at the sight of a woman in white, who ascended from a grave with a bloody knife in her hand. The phantom marched up to him, and asked him what he did there. He told her the truth, without reserve, believing that he had met a ghost; upon which she spoke to him in the following manner: 'Stranger, thou art in my power: I am a murderer as thou art. Know then that I am a nun of a noble family. A base perjured man undid me, and boasted of it. I soon had him despatched; but not content with the murder, I have bribed the sexton to let me enter his grave, and have now plucked out his false heart from his body; and thus I use a traitor's heart.' At these words she tore it in pieces and trampled it under her feet.

No. 612.] Wednesday, October 27, 1714.

Murranum hic, atavos et avorum antiqua sonantem
Nomina, per regesque actum genus omne Latinos,
Præcipient scopulo, atque ingentis turbine saxi
Executit effunditque solo— *Virg. Æn. xii. 529.*

Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs
From a long royal race of Latin kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone.

Dryden.

It is highly laudable to pay respect to men who are descended from worthy ancestors, not only out of gratitude to those who have done good to mankind, but as it is an encouragement to others to follow their example. But this is an honour to be received, not demanded, by the descendants of great men; and they who are apt to remind us of their ancestors only put us upon making comparisons to their own disadvantage. There is some pretence for boasting of wit, beauty, strength, or wealth, because the communication of them may give pleasure or profit to others; but we can have no merit, nor ought we to claim any respect, because our fathers acted well, whether we would or no.

The following letter ridicules the folly I have mentioned in a new, and I think, not disagreeable light.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—Were the genealogy of every family preserved, there would probably be no man valued or despised on account of his birth. There is scarce a beggar in the streets, who would not find himself lineally descended from some great man; nor any one of the highest title, who would not discover several base and indigent persons among his ancestors. It would be a pleasant entertainment to see one pedigree of men appear together, under the same characters they bore when they acted their respective parts among the living. Suppose, therefore, a gentleman, full of his illustrious family, should in the same manner Virgil makes Æneas look over his de-

scendants, see the whole line of his progenitors pass in review before his eyes—with how many varying passions would he behold shepherds and soldiers, statesmen and artificers, princes and beggars, walk in the procession of five thousand years! How would his heart sink or flutter at the several sports of fortune, in a scene so diversified with rags and purple, handicraft tools and sceptres, ensigns of dignity, and emblems of disgrace! And how would his fears and apprehensions, his transports and mortifications, succeed one another, as the line of his genealogy appeared bright or obscure!

‘In most of the pedigrees hung up in old mansion-houses, you are sure to find the first in the catalogue a great statesman, or a soldier with an honourable commission. The honest artificer that begot him, and all his frugal ancestors before him, are torn off from the top of the register; and you are not left to imagine that the noble founder of the family ever had a father. Were we to trace many boasted lines farther backwards, we should lose them in a mob of tradesmen, or a crowd of rustics, without hope of seeing them emerge again: not unlike the old Apian way, which, after having run many miles in length, loses itself in a bog.

‘I lately made a visit to an old country gentleman, who is very far gone in this sort of family madness. I found him in his study perusing an old register of his family, which he had just then discovered as it was branched out in the form of a tree, upon a skin of parchment. Having the honour to have some of his blood in my veins, he permitted me to cast my eyes over the boughs of this venerable plant; and asked my advice in the reforming of some of the superfluous branches.

‘We passed slightly over three or four of our immediate forefathers, whom we knew by tradition, but were soon stopped by an alderman of London, who I perceived made my kinsman’s heart go pit-a-pat. His confusion increased when he found the alderman’s father to be a grazier; but he recovered his fright upon seeing justice of the quorum at the end of his titles. Things went on pretty well as we threw our eyes occasionally over the tree, when unfortunately he perceived a merchant-tailor perched on a bough, who was said greatly to have increased the estate; he was just going to cut him off if he had not seen *gent.* after the name of his son; who was recorded to have mortgaged one of the manors his honest father had purchased. A weaver, who was burnt for his religion in the reign of queen Mary, was pruned away without mercy; as was likewise a yeoman, who died of a fall from his own cart. But great was our triumph in one of the blood who was beheaded for high treason; which nevertheless was not a little allayed by another of our ancestors who was hanged for steal-

ing sheep. The expectations of my good cousin were wonderfully raised by a match into the family of a knight; but unfortunately for us this branch proved barren: on the other hand, Margery the milk-maid, being twined round a bough, it flourished out into so many shoots, and bent with so much fruit, that the old gentleman was quite out of countenance. To comfort me under this disgrace, he singled out a branch ten times more fruitful than the other, which he told me he valued more than any in the tree, and bade me be of good comfort. This enormous bough was a graft out of a Welsh heiress, with so many Ap’s upon it, that it might have made a little grove by itself. From the trunk of the pedigree, which was chiefly composed of labourers and shepherds, arose a huge sprout of farmers: this was branched out into yeoman, and ended in a sheriff of the county, who was knighted for his good service to the crown in bringing up an address. Several of the names that seemed to disparage the family, being looked upon as mistakes, were lopped off as rotten or withered; as, on the contrary, no small number appearing without any titles, my cousin, to supply the defects of the manuscript, added *esq.* at the end of each of them.

‘This tree, so pruned, dressed and cultivated, was, within a few days, transplanted into a large sheet of vellum, and placed in the great hall, where it attracts the veneration of his tenants every Sunday morning, while they wait until his worship is ready to go to church; wondering that a man who had so many fathers before him should not be made a knight, or at least a justice of the peace.’

No. 613.] Friday, October 29, 1714.

—Studius florentem ignobilis oti.

Virg. Georg. iv. 564.

Affecting studies of less noisy praise.—*Dryden.*

It is reckoned a piece of ill-breeding for one man to engross the whole talk to himself. For this reason, since I keep three visiting-days in the week, I am content now and then to let my friends put in a word. There are several advantages hereby accruing both to my readers and myself. As first, young and modest writers have an opportunity of getting into print; again, the town enjoys the pleasures of variety; and posterity will see the humour of the present age, by the help of these lights into private and domestic life. The benefits I receive from thence are such as these: I gain more time for future speculations: pick up hints which I improve for the public good; give advice; redress grievances; and, by leaving commodious spaces between the several letters that I print, furnish out a Spectator, with little labour and great ostentation.

‘MR. SPECTATOR— I was mightily pleased with your speculation of Friday. Your

sentiments are noble, and the whole worked up in such a manner as cannot but strike upon every reader. But give me leave to make this remark; that while you write so pathetically on contentment, and a retired life, you sooth the passion of melancholy, and depress the mind from actions truly glorious. Titles and honours are the reward of virtue; we therefore ought to be affected with them; and though light minds are too much puffed up with exterior pomp, yet I cannot see why it is not as truly philosophical to admire the glowing ruby, or the sparkling green of an emerald, as the fainter and less permanent beauties of a rose or a myrtle. If there are men of extraordinary capacities, who lie concealed from the world, I should impute it to them as a blot in their characters, did not I believe it owing to the meanness of their fortune rather than of their spirit. Cowley, who tells the story of Aglaüs with so much pleasure, was no stranger to courts, nor insensible of praise.

"What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?"

was the result of a laudable ambition. It was not until after frequent disappointments that he termed himself the melancholy Cowley; and he praised solitude when he despaired of shining in a court. The soul of man is an active principle. He, therefore, who withdraws himself from the scene before he has played his part, ought to be hissed off the stage, and cannot be deemed virtuous, because he refuses to answer his end. I must own I am fired with an honest ambition to imitate every illustrious example. The battles of Blenheim and Ramilies have more than once made me wish myself a soldier. And, when I have seen those actions so nobly celebrated by our poets, I have secretly aspired to be one of that distinguished class. But in vain I wish, in vain I pant with the desire of action. I am chained down in obscurity, and the only pleasure I can take is in seeing so many brighter geniuses join their friendly lights to add to the splendour of the throne. Farewell, then, dear Spec, and believe me to be with great emulation, and no envy, your professed admirer,

'WILL HOPELESS.'

'Middle-Temple, Oct. 26, 1714.

'SIR,—Though you have formerly made eloquence the subject of one or more of your papers, I do not remember that you ever considered it as possessed by a set of people, who are so far from making Quintilian's rules their practice, that, I dare say for them, they never heard of such an author, and yet are no less masters of it than Tully or Demosthenes among the ancients, or whom you please among the moderns. The persons I am speaking of are our common beggars about this town; and, that what I say is true, I appeal to any

man who has a heart one degree softer than a stone. As for my part, who do not pretend to more humanity than my neighbours, I have oftentimes gone from my chambers with money in my pocket, and returned to them not only penniless, but destitute of a farthing, without bestowing of it any other way than on these seeming objects of pity. In short, I have seen more eloquence in a look from one of these despicable creatures than in the eye of the fairest she I ever saw, yet no one a greater admirer of that sex than myself. What I have to desire of you is, to lay down some directions in order to guard against these powerful orators, or else I know nothing to the contrary but I must myself be forced to leave the profession of the law, and endeavour to get the qualifications necessary to that more profitable one of begging. But, in whichever of these two capacities I shine, I shall always desire to be your constant reader, and ever will be your most humble servant,

'J. B.'

'SIR,—Upon reading a Spectator last week, where Mrs. Fanny Fickle submitted the choice of a lover for life to your decisive determination, and imagining I might claim the favour of your advice in an affair of the like, but much more difficult nature, I called for pen and ink, in order to draw the characters of seven humble servants, whom I have equally encouraged for some time. But, alas! while I was reflecting on the agreeable subject, and contriving an advantageous description of the dear person I was most inclined to favour, I happened to look into my glass. The sight of the small-pox, out of which I am just recovered, tormented me at once with the loss of my captivating arts and my captives. The confusion I was in, on this unhappy, unseasonable discovery, is inexpressible. Believe me, sir, I was so taken up with the thoughts of your fair correspondent's case, and so intent on my own design, that I fancied myself as triumphant in my conquests as ever.

Now, sir, finding I was incapacitated to amuse myself on that pleasing subject, I resolved to apply myself to you, or your casuistical agent, for advice in my present circumstances. I am sensible the tincture of my skin, and the regularity of my features, which the malice of my late illness has altered, are irrecoverable; yet do not despair but that that loss by your assistance, may, in some measure, be repairable, if you will please to propose a way for the recovery of one only of my fugitives.

'One of them is in a more particular manner beholden to me than the rest; he, for some private reasons, being desirous to be a lover incognito, always addressed me with a billet-doux, which I was so careful of in my sickness, that I secured the key of my love magazine under my head, and, hearing a noise of opening a lock in my chamber, endangered my life by getting out

of bed, to prevent, if it had been attempted, the discovery of that amour.

'I have formerly made use of all those artifices which our sex daily practise over yours, to draw, as it were, undesignedly, the eyes of a whole congregation to my pew; I have taken a pride in the number of admirers at my afternoon levee; but am now quite another creature. I think, could I regain the attractive influence I once had, if I had a legion of suitors, I should never be ambitious of entertaining more than one. I have almost contracted an antipathy to the trifling discourses of impertinent lovers; though I must needs own I have thought it very odd of late to hear gentlemen, instead of their usual complaisances, fall into disputes before me of politics, or else weary me with the tedious repetition of how thankful I ought to be, and satisfied with my recovery out of so dangerous a distemper: this, though I am very sensible of the blessing, yet I cannot but dislike, because such advice from them rather seems to insult than comfort me, and reminds me too much of what I was: which melancholy consideration I cannot yet perfectly surmount, but hope your sentiments on this head will make it supportable.

'To show you what a value I have for your dictates, these are to certify the persons concerned, that unless one of them returns to his colours, if I may so call them now, before the winter is over, I will voluntarily confine myself to a retirement, where I will punish them all with my needle. I will be revenged on them by decyphering them on a carpet, humbly begging admittance, myself scornfully refusing it. If you disapprove of this, as savouring too much of malice, be pleased to acquaint me with a draught you like better, and it shall be faithfully performed, by the unfortunate

'MONIMIA.'

No. 614.] *Monday, November 1, 1714.*

*Si mihi non animo fixum immotumque sederet,
Ne cui me vinco vellem sociare jugali;
Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;
Si non pertaesum thalami, tædæque fuisset;
Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpe.*

Virg. Æn. iv. 15.

—Were I not resolved against the yoke
Of hapless marriage; never to be cur'd
With second love, so fatal was the first,
To this one error I might yield again.—*Dryden.*

THE following account hath been transmitted to me by the love casuist.

'MR. SPECTATOR,—Having in some former papers taken care of the two states of virginity and marriage, and being willing that all people should be served in their turn, I this day draw out my drawer of widows, where I met with several cases, to each whereof I have returned satisfactory answers by the post. The cases are as follow:

'Q. Whether Amoret be bound by a

promise of marriage to Philander, made during her husband's life?

'Q. Whether Sempronia, having faithfully given a promise to two several persons during the last sickness of her husband, is not thereby left at liberty to choose which of them she pleases, or to reject them both for the sake of a new lover?

'Cleora asks me, whether she be obliged to continue single according to a vow made to her husband at the time of his presenting her with a diamond necklace; she being informed by a very pretty young fellow, of a good conscience, that such vows are in their nature sinful?

'Another inquires, whether she hath not the right of widowhood, to dispose of herself to a gentleman of great merit, who presses very hard; her husband being irrecoverably gone in a consumption?

'An unreasonable creature hath the confidence to ask, whether it be proper for her to marry a man who is younger than her eldest son?

'A scrupulous well-spoken matron, who gives me a great many good words, only doubts whether she is not obliged, in conscience, to shut up her two marriageable daughters, until such time as she hath comfortably disposed of herself?

'Sophronia, who seems by her phrase and spelling to be a person of condition, sets forth, that whereas she hath a great estate, and is but a woman, she desires to be informed whether she would not do prudently to marry Camillus, a very idle tall young fellow, who hath no fortune of his own, and consequently hath nothing else to do but to manage hers?

Before I speak of widows, I cannot but observe one thing, which I do not know how to account for; a widow is always more sought after than an old maid of the same age. It is common enough among ordinary people, for a stale virgin to set up a shop in a place where she is not known; where the large thumb-ring, supposed to be given by her husband, quickly recommends her to some wealthy neighbour, who takes a liking to the jolly widow, that would have overlooked the venerable spinster.

The truth of it is, if we look into this set of women, we find, according to the different characters or circumstances wherein they are left, that widows may be divided into those who raise love and those who raise compassion.

But, not to ramble from this subject, there are two things in which consists chiefly the glory of a widow—the love of her deceased husband, and the care of her children; to which may be added a third, arising out of the former, such a prudent conduct as may do honour to both.

A widow possessed of all these three qualities makes not only a virtuous but a sublime character.

There is something so great and so generous in this state of life, when it is accom-