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### **The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.**

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

The Spectator.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53633](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53633)

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# The SPECTATOR.

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N<sup>o</sup> I. *Thursday, March 1.* 17<sup>10</sup>/<sub>11</sub>.

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*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.*

Hor.

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I Have observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a batchelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an Author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this Paper and my next as Prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several Persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do my self the justice to open the work with my own History.

I was born to a small Hereditary Estate, which, according to the tradition of the Village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in *William the Conqueror's* time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from Father to Son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the

space

space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that when my Mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a Judge: Whether this might proceed from a Law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my Father's being a Justice of the Peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it prefaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my Mother's dream: For, as she has often told me, I threw away my Rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my Coral till they had taken away the Bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very fullen youth, but was always a favourite of my Schoolmaster, who used to say, *that my parts were solid, and would wear well.* I had not been long at the University, before I distinguished my self by a most profound Silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the publick exercises of the College, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this Learned body, I applied my self with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated Books, either in the learned or modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my Father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University, with the character of an odd unaccountable Fellow, that had a great deal of Learning, if I would but shew it. An insatiable thirst after Knowledge carried me into all the countries of *Europe* in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the Antiquities of *Egypt*, I made a voyage to *Grand Cairo*, on purpose to take the measure of a Pyramid: and as soon as I had set my self right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most publick places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next Paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into

into a round of Politicians at *Will's*, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smook a pipe at *Child's*, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Post-Man*, over-hear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on *Sunday* nights at *St. James's* Coffee-house, and sometimes join the little Committee of Politicks in the inner-room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the *Grecian*, the *Cocoa-Tree*, and in the Theatres both of *Drury-Lane* and the *Hay-Market*. I have been taken for a Merchant upon the *Exchange* for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a *Jew* in the assembly of Stock-jobbers at *Jonathan's*: In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own Club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a SPECTATOR of mankind, than as one of the species; by which means I have made my self a speculative Statesman, Soldier, Merchant and Artizan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a Husband or a Father, and can discern the errors in the oeconomy, business and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare my self by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a Looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my History and Character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print my self out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a Silent man. For this reason therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave

it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper; and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my Name, my Age, and my Lodgings. I must confess, It would gratify my reader in any thing that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the publick. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in publick places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise, that I keep my Complexion and Dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible, but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon my self, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those Gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a Club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their Letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr. Buckley's in *Little Britain*. For I must further acquaint the Reader, that though our Club meets only on *Tuesdays* and *Thursdays*, we have appointed a Committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the publick weal.



*Friday,*

N<sup>o</sup> 2. Friday, March 2.

-----*Ast alii sex*

*Et plures uno conclamant ore.*-----

Juv.

THE first of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worcestershire*, of ancient descent, a Baronet, his name Sir ROGER DE COVERLY. His Great Grand-father was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that Shire, are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir ROGER. He is a Gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the reader and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in *Soho-Square*. It is said, he keeps himself a Bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this disappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord *Rochester* and Sir *George Etherege*, fought a Duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully *Dawson* in a publick Coffee-house for calling him Youngster. But being ill used by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir ROGER grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel Beauty, infomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with Beggars and Gypsies: But

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this



this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty sixth year, cheerful, gay and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed: His Tenants grow rich, his Servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir ROGER is a Justice of the *Quorum*; that he fills the Chair at a Quarter-Session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game-act.

The Gentleman next in esteem and authority among us, is another Bachelor, who is a member of the *Inner-Temple*; a man of great Probity, Wit, and Understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humourful Father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the Laws of the Land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the Stage. *Aristotle* and *Longinus* are much better understood by him than *Littleton* or *Coke*. The Father sends up every Post Questions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leases, and Tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which Questions he agrees with an Attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of *Demosthenes* and *Tully*, but not one case in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the Customs, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Antients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent Critick, and the time of the Play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through *New-Inn*, crosses through *Russel-Court*, and takes a turn at *Will's* till the Play begins; he has his Shoes rubbed and his Periwig powdered at the Barber's as you go into the *Rose*. It is for the good of the Audience when he is at Play, for the Actors have an ambition to please him.

The

The person of next consideration, is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Merchant of great eminence in the City of *London*. A person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason, and great Experience. His notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some fly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the Sea the *British Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its parts, and will tell you it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend Dominion by arms; for true Power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if This part of our Trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if Another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, "A penny saved is a penny got. A general Trader of good sense, is pleasanter company than a general Scholar; and Sir ANDREW having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that Wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir ANDREW in the Club-room sits Captain SENTRY, a Gentleman of great courage, and understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a Captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir ROGER, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit; who is not something of a Courtier as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour; are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a Commander. He will however in his way of talk excuse Generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or enquiring into it: For, says he, that Great man who has a mind to help me, has as many

ny to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: Therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his Patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the Gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never over-bearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our Society may not appear a set of Humourists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant WILL. HONEYCOMB, a Gentleman who according to his years should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easie fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the *French King's* Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to shew her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year: In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a Minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his Troop in the *Park*. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated Beauty, Mother of the present Lord such-a-one. If you speak of a young Commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, "He has good blood in his veins, *Tom Mirabell* begot him, the rogue cheated me in that affair, that young fellow's Mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to. This way of  
talking

talking of his, very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but my self, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine Gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a CLERGYMAN, a very philosophick man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to: He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-counsellor is among Lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topick, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions. \*

\* *Though this paper in former Editions is not marked with any Letter of the word CLIO, by which Mr. ADDISON distinguished his performances; it was thought necessary to insert it, as containing characters of the several persons mentioned in the whole course of this work.*



*Saturday,*

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N<sup>o</sup> 3. Saturday, March 3.

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*Quoi quisque ferè studio devinctus adhæret:  
 Aut quibus in rebus multùm sumus antè morati:  
 Atque in quâ ratione fuit contenta magis mens;  
 In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.* Lucr. L. 4.

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**I**N one of my late rambles, or rather speculations, I looked into the great hall where the Bank is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the Directors, Secretaries and Clerks, with all the other Members of that wealthy Corporation, ranged in their several stations, according to the parts they act in that just and regular Oeconomy. This revived in my memory the many discourses which I had both read and heard concerning the decay of Publick Credit, with the methods of restoring it, and which, in my opinion, have always been defective, because they have always been made with an eye to separate interests, and party principles.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for the whole night, so that I fell insensibly into a kind of methodical Dream, which disposed all my contemplations into a Vision or Allegory, or what else the reader shall please to call it.

My thoughts I returned to the great hall, where I had been the morning before, but, to my surprize, instead of the company that I left there, I saw towards the upper end of the hall a beautiful Virgin, seated on a throne of gold. Her name (as they told me) was *Publick Credit*. The walls, instead of being adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many Acts of Parliament written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the *Magna Charta*, with the Act of Uniformity on the right hand, and the Act of Toleration on the left. At the lower end of the hall was the Act of Settlement, which was placed full in the eye of the Virgin

gin that fate upon the Throne. Both the sides of the hall were covered with such Acts of Parliament as had been made for the establishment of publick Funds. The Lady seemed to set an unspeakable value upon these several pieces of furniture, insomuch that she often refreshed her eye with them, and often smiled with a secret pleasure, as she looked upon them; but, at the same time, shewed a very particular uneasiness, as if she saw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared indeed infinitely timorous in all her behaviour: and, whether it was from the delicacy of her constitution, or that she was troubled with Vapours, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her well-wishers, she changed colour, and startled at every thing she heard. She was likewise (as I afterwards found) a greater Valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own Sex, and subject to such momentary Consumptions, that in the twinkling of an eye, she would fall away from the most florid complexion, and the most healthful state of body, and wither into a Skeleton. Her recoveries were often as sudden as her decays, insomuch that she would revive in a moment out of a wasting distemper, into a habit of the highest health and vigour.

I had very soon an opportunity of observing these quick turns and changes in her Constitution. There sat at her feet a couple of Secretaries, who received every hour Letters from all parts of the world, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her; and, according to the news she heard, to which she was exceedingly attentive, she changed colour, and discovered many symptoms of health or sickness.

Behind the Throne was a prodigious heap of bags of money, which were piled upon one another so high that they touched the ceiling. The floor, on her right hand and on her left, was covered with vast sums of gold that rose up in pyramids on either side of her: But this I did not so much wonder at, when I heard, upon enquiry, that she had the same virtue in her touch, which the Poets tell us a *Lydian* King was formerly possessed of: and that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious metal.

After a little dizziness, and confused hurry of thought, which a man often meets with in a dream, methoughts the Hall was alarmed, the doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the most hideous Phantoms that I had ever seen (even in a dream) before that time. They came in two by two, though matched in the most dissociable manner, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to describe their habits and persons, for which reason I shall only inform my

Reader that the first couple were Tyranny and Anarchy, the second were Bigotry and Atheism, the third the Genius of a Common-wealth and a young man of about twenty two years of age, whose name I could not learn. He had a sword in his right hand, which in the dance he often brandish'd at the Act of Settlement; and a Citizen, who stood by me, whisper'd in my ear, that he saw a sponge in his left hand. The dance of so many jarring natures put me in mind of the Sun, Moon and Earth, in the *Rebearfal*, that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The Reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the Lady on the throne would have been almost frighted to distraction, had she seen but any one of these Spectres; what then must have been her condition when she saw them all in a body? She fainted and dyed away at the sight.

*Et neque jam color est misto candore rubori;*

*Vec vigor, et vires, et quæ modò visa placebant;*

*Nec corpus remanet-----* Ov. Met. Lib. 3.

There was a great change in the hill of money bags, and the heaps of money, the former shrinking, and falling into so many empty bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with money. The rest that took up the same space, and made the same figure as the bags that were really filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind, which *Homer* tells us his Hero received as a present from *Æolus*. The great heaps of gold, on either side the throne, now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched sticks, bound up together in bundles, like *Bath-faggots*.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole Scene vanished: In the room of the frightful Spectres, there now entered a second dance of Apparitions very agreeably match'd together, and made up of very amiable Phantoms. The first pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right hand: The second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a person whom I had never seen, with the Genius of *Great Britain*. At the first entrance the Lady revived, the bags swelled to their former bulk, the pile of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of Guineas: And for my own part I was so transported with joy, that I awaked, though I must confess, I would fain have fallen asleep again to have clos'd my Vision, if I could have done it.

*Tuesday,*

N<sup>o</sup> 5. Tuesday, March 6.

*Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?*-----

Hor.

**A**N Opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its decorations, as its only design is to gratifie the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common sense however requires, that there should be nothing in the Scenes and Machines which may appear childish and absurd. How would the Wits of King *Charles's* time have laughed to have seen *Nicolini* exposed to a tempest in robes of *Ermin*, and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of *Paste-board*? What a field of raillery would they have been let into, had they been entertained with painted dragons spitting wild-fire, enchanted chariots drawn by *Flanders* mares, and real Cascades in artificial land-skips? A little skill in criticism would inform us, that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece; and that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature, should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves. If one would represent a wide champian country filled with herds and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the scenes, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and oxen. This is joining together inconsistencies, and making the decoration partly real and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said, to the Directors, as well as to the Admirers of our modern Opera.

As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary Fellow carrying a Cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and, as I was wondering with my self what use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his shoulder, he told him, that he had been buying Sparrows for the Opera. Sparrows for the Opera, says his friend, licking his lips, what are they to be roasted? No, no, says the

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other,



other, they are to enter towards the end of the first Act, and to fly about the stage.

This strange dialogue awakened my curiosity so far, that I immediately bought the Opera, by which means I perceived the Sparrows were to act the part of singing birds in a delightful grove; though upon a nearer enquiry I found the Sparrows put the same trick upon the audience, that Sir *Martin Mar-all* practised upon his Mistress; for though they flew in sight, the musick proceeded from a consort of Flageolets and Bird-calls which were planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found by the discourse of the Actors, that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the Opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the wall, and to surprize the audience with a party of an hundred horse, and that there was actually a project of bringing the *New-River* into the house, to be employed in jetteaus and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is post-poned till the summer-season; when it is thought the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of Quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the winter-season, the Opera of *Rinaldo* is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fireworks; which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt; for there are several Engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen. However, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of this Theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to insure his house before he would let this Opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder, that those scenes should be very surprizing, which were contrived by two Poets of different nations, and raised by two Magicians of different sexes. *Armida* (as we are told in the argument) was an *Amazonian* Enchantress, and poor Signior *Cassani* (as we learn from the *Persons represented*) a Christian Conjuror (*Mago Cristiano*.) I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an *Amazon* should be versed in the Black art, or how a good Christian, for such is the part of the Magician, should deal with the Devil.

To consider the Poets after the Conjurers, I shall give you a taste of the *Italian*, from the first lines of his preface. *Eccoti, benigno Lettore, un Parto di poche Sere, che se ben nato di Notte, non è però abarto di Tenebre, mà si farà conoscere Figliolo d' Apollo con qualche Raggio di Parnasse.* Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which though

though it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make it self known to be the Son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Parnassus. He afterwards proceeds to call Minheer Hendel the Orpheus of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of stile, that he compos'd this Opera in a fortnight. Such are the Wits, to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform our selves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern *Italians* express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but Pedants in our own country; and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are ashamed of before they have been two years at the University. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations; but to shew there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old *Italians*, such as *Cicero* and *Virgil*, we shall find that the *English* writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those Authors much more than the modern *Italians* pretend to do. And as for the Poet himself, from whom the dreams of this Opera are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur *Boileau*, that one verse in *Virgil* is worth all the *Clinquant* or *Tinsel* of *Tasso*.

But to return to the Sparrows; there have been so many flights of them let loose in this Opera, that it is feared the house will never get rid of them; and that in other Plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper Scenes, so as to be seen flying in a Lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a King's throne; besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a design of calling into an Opera the story of *Whittington* and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of Mice; but Mr. *Rich*, the Proprietor of the Play-house, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the Cat to kill them all, and that consequently the Princes of the stage might be as much infested with Mice, as the Prince of the Island was before the Cat's arrival upon it; for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house. And indeed I cannot blame him: for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our Opera pretend to equal the famous *Pied Piper*, who made all the Mice of a great town in *Germany* follow his musick, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before

Before I dismiss this paper, I must inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot with *London* and *Wife* (who will be appointed gardeners of the Play-house) to furnish the Opera of *Rinaldo* and *Armida* with an orange-grove; and that the next time it is acted, the singing birds will be personated by Tom-tits: The Undertakers being resolved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience.

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N<sup>o</sup> 7. *Thursday, March 8.*

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*Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, Sagas,  
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?* Hor.

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GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner set down but, after having looked upon me a little while, *My dear,* (says she, turning to her husband) *you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.* Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on *Thursday*. *Thursday?* (says she) *no child if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day: tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.* I was reflecting with my self on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a rule to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my Knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled,

startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider my self, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The Lady however recovering her self, after a little space, said to her husband, with a sigh, *My Dear, Misfortunes never come single.* My friend, I found, acted but an under-part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his Yoke-fellow: *Do not you remember, Child, (says she) that the Pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table? Yes, (says he) My Dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.* The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when, to my utter confusion, the Lady seeing me quitting my Knife and Fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the Lady of the house, I disposed of my Knife and Fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the Lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation of the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a Star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a Merry-thought. A Screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of Robbers; nay, the voice of a Cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a Lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with Omens and Prognosticks. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies. I

I remember I was once in a mixt assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panick terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the Omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the Vapours, produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden Aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated *Sibyls*, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing Apparitions, and hearing Death-watches; and was the other day almost frighted out of her wits by the great house-dog, that howled in the stable at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the Soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless Prodiges and Predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise-men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of Philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of Superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my Soul against these gloomy prefaces and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to my self the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my Existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of Eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend my self to his care; when I awake, I give my self up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up

to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

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N<sup>o</sup> 8. Friday, March 9.

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*At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit,  
Et multo Nebula circum Dea fudit amictu,  
Cernere ne quis eos-----*

Virg.

I Shall here communicate to the world a couple of Letters, which I believe will give the Reader as good an entertainment as any that I am able to furnish him with, and therefore shall make no apology for them.

*To the SPECTATOR, &c.*

SIR,

I Am one of the Directors of the Society for the Reformation of manners, and therefore think my self a proper person for your correspondence. I have thoroughly examined the present state of Religion in *Great Britain*, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant vice of every Market-town in the whole Island. I can tell you the progress that Virtue has made in all our Cities, Boroughs, and Corporations; and know as well the evil practices that are committed in *Berwick* or *Exeter*, as what is done in my own family. In a word, Sir, I have my correspondents in the remotest parts of the nation, who send me up punctual accounts from time to time of all the little irregularities that fall under their notice in their several districts and divisions.

I am no less acquainted with the particular quarters and regions of this great town, than with the different parts and distributions of

Vol. II.

Iii

“ the

“ the whole nation. I can describe every parish by its impieties, and  
 “ can tell you in which of our streets Lewdness prevails, which Gaming  
 “ has taken the possession of, and where Drunkenness has got the better  
 “ of them both. When I am disposed to raise a fine for the poor, I  
 “ know the lanes and allies that are inhabited by common Swearers.  
 “ When I would encourage the Hospital of *Bridewell* and improve the  
 “ Hempen manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the haunts and  
 “ resorts of female Night-walkers.

“ After this short account of my self, I must let you know, that the  
 “ design of this paper is to give you information of a certain irregular  
 “ Assembly which I think falls very properly under your observation, e-  
 “ specially since the persons it is composed of are criminals too conside-  
 “ rable for the animadversions of our Society. I mean, Sir, the midnight  
 “ Masque, which has of late been very frequently held in one of the  
 “ most conspicuous parts of the town, and which I hear will be con-  
 “ tinued with additions and improvements. As all the persons who  
 “ compose this lawless assembly are masqued, we dare not attack any  
 “ of them in *our way*, lest we should send a woman of Quality to *Bride-  
 “ well*, or a Peer of *Great Britain* to the *Counter*: Besides, their  
 “ numbers are so very great, that I am afraid they would be able to rout  
 “ our whole fraternity, though we were accompanied with all our guard  
 “ of Constables. Both these reasons, which secure them from our au-  
 “ thority, make them obnoxious to yours; as both their disguise and  
 “ their numbers will give no particular person reason to think himself  
 “ affronted by you.

“ If we are rightly informed, the rules that are observed by this new  
 “ Society are wonderfully contrived for the advancement of Cuckoldom.  
 “ The women either come by themselves, or are introduced by friends,  
 “ who are obliged to quit them, upon their first entrance, to the con-  
 “ versation of any body that addresses himself to them. There are  
 “ several rooms where the parties may retire, and, if they please, shew  
 “ their faces by consent. Whispers, squeezes, nods, and embraces, are  
 “ the innocent freedoms of the place. In short, the whole design of  
 “ this libidinous assembly, seems to terminate in assignations and in-  
 “ trigues; and I hope you will take effectual methods, by your publick  
 “ advice and admonitions, to prevent such a promiscuous multitude of  
 “ both sexes from meeting together in so clandestine a manner. I am

Your humble Servant, and Fellow-labourer, T. B.

Not

Not long after the perusal of this Letter, I received another upon the same subject; which, by the date and stile of it, I take to be written by some young Templar.

SIR,

*Middle-Temple, 1710-II.*

“ WHEN a man has been guilty of any vice or folly, I think the  
 “ best attonement he can make for it, is to warn others not  
 “ to fall into the like. In order to this I must acquaint you, that some  
 “ time in *February* last, I went to the *Tuesday's Masquerade*. Upon my  
 “ first going in I was attacked by half a dozen female Quakers, who  
 “ seemed willing to adopt me for a brother; but upon a nearer exami-  
 “ nation I found they were a sisterhood of Coquettes disguised in that pre-  
 “ cise habit. I was soon after taken out to dance, and, as I fancied, by  
 “ a woman of the first Quality, for she was very tall, and moved grace-  
 “ fully. As soon as the minuet was over, we ogled one another through  
 “ our masques; and as I am very well read in *Waller*, I repeated to her  
 “ the four following verses out of his Poem of *Vandike*.

*The heedless Lover does not know  
 Whose eyes they are that wound him so;  
 But confounded with thy art,  
 Enquires her name that has his heart.*

“ I pronounced these words with such a languishing air that I had  
 “ some reason to conclude I had made a conquest. She told me that she  
 “ hoped my face was not akin to my tongue; and looking upon her  
 “ watch, I accidentally discovered the figure of a coronet on the back  
 “ part of it. I was so transported with the thought of such an amour  
 “ that I plied her from one room to another with all the gallantries I  
 “ could invent; and at length brought things to so happy an issue, that  
 “ she gave me a private meeting the next day, without page or footman,  
 “ coach or equipage. My heart danced in raptures; but I had not lived  
 “ in this golden dream above three days, before I found good reason to  
 “ wish that I had continued true to my Laundress. I have since heard,  
 “ by a very great accident, that this fine Lady does not live far from  
 “ *Covent-Garden*, and that I am not the finest Cully whom she has pas-  
 “ sed her self upon for a Countess.

“ Thus, Sir, you see how I have mistaken a *Cloud* for a *Juno*; and if  
 “ you can make any use of this adventure, for the benefit of those who

Iii 2

“ may



“ may possibly be as vain young coxcombs as my self, I do most heartily  
 “ give you leave. I am, SIR,

Your most humble Admirer, B. L.

I design to visit the next Masquerade my self, in the same habit I wore at *Grand Cairo*; and till then shall suspend my Judgment of this midnight entertainment.

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N<sup>o</sup> 9. Saturday, March 10.

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-----*Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem*  
*Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit urfis.*

Juv.

**M**AN is said to be a sociable animal, and, as an instance of it, we may observe, that we take all occasions and pretences of forming our selves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of *Clubs*. When a sett of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastick resemblance. I know a considerable market-town, in which there was a Club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance; the room where the Club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a Candidate for this corpulent Club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a Brother. I have heard that this Club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three tun.

In

In opposition to this Society, there sprung up another composed of Scare-crows and Skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the Corporation in pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation; that the two Bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two Clubs; by which means the principal Magistrates are at this day coupled like Rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the Club, or rather the Confederacy, of the *Kings*. This grand Alliance was formed a little after the return of King *Charles* the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in this Sir-name of *King*, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with Republican and Anti-monarchical Principles.

A Christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a Club. That of the *George's*, which used to meet at the sign of the *George*, on St. *George's* day, and swear *Before George*, is still fresh in every one's memory.

There are at present in several parts of this city what they call *Street-Clubs*, in which the chief inhabitants of the street converse together every night. I remember, upon my enquiring after lodgings in *Ormond-street*, the Landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me, there was at that time a very good Club in it; he also told me, upon further discourse with him, that two or three noise country Squires, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the Club (to prevent the like inconveniencies for the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a Tenant for it, of a sociable nature and good conversation.

The *Hum-Drum* Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy Member, was made up of very honest Gentlemen, of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smok their Pipes, and say nothing till midnight. The *Mum* Club (as I am informed) is an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent Societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the reign of King *Charles* the Second: I mean, *the Club of Duellists*, in which none was to be admitted

that

that had not fought his man. The President of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single combat; and as for the other Members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a Side-table, for such as had only drawn blood, and shewn a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This Club, consisting only of Men of Honour, did not continue long, most of the Members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution.

Our modern celebrated Clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the Learned and Illiterate, the Dull and the Airy, the Philosopher and the Buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The *Kit-Cat* it self is said to have taken its original from a Mutton-pye. The *Beef-Steak*, and *October* Clubs, are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a Judgment of them from their respective Titles.

When men are thus knit together, by a Love of Society, not a Spirit of Faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the day, by an innocent and chearful conversation, there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a Scheme of Laws that I met with upon a wall in a little Ale-house: How I came thither I may inform my reader at a more convenient time. These Laws were enacted by a knot of Artizans and Mechanicks, who used to meet every night; and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of Low life, I shall transcribe them word for word.

*RULES to be observed in the Two-peny Club, erected in this place, for the preservation of friendship and good neighbourhood.*

- I. Every Member at his first coming in shall lay down his Two-pence.
- II. Every Member shall fill his Pipe out of his own Box.
- III. If any Member absents himself he shall forfeit a Penny for the use of the Club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.
- IV. If any Member swears or curses, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.
- V. If any Member tells stories in the Club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third Lie an Half-peny.

VI. If

VI. If any Member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his Club for him.

VII. If any Member brings his Wife into the Club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smoaks.

VIII. If any Member's Wife comes to fetch him home from the Club, she shall speak to him without the door.

IX. If any Member calls another Cuckold, he shall be turned out of the Club.

X. None shall be admitted into the Club that is of the same Trade with any Member of it.

XI. None of the Club shall have his cloaths or shoes made or mended, but by a Brother-member.

XII. No Non-juror shall be capable of being a Member.

The morality of this little Club is guarded by such wholesome laws and penalties, that I question not but my reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of *Ben. Johnson*, the regulations of an old *Roman* Club cited by *Lipsius*, or the rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient *Greek* Author.

N<sup>o</sup> 10. *Monday, March 12.*

*Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum  
Remigiis subigit: si brachia forte remisit,  
Atque illum in præceps pronò rapit alveus anni.* Virg.

IT is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning Lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My Publisher tells me, that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day: So that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about three score thousand Disciples  
in

in *London* and *Westminster*, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to my self so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the Speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short transient intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of Vice and Folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of *Socrates*, that he brought Philosophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of Closets and Libraries, Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Assemblies, at Teatable and in Coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my Speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for Tea and Bread and Butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the Tea equipage.

SIR *Francis Bacon* observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like *Moses's* Serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the *Aegyptians*. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other publick prints will vanish; But shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether, Is it not much better to be let into the knowledge of ones self, than to hear what passes in *Muscovy* or *Poland*; and to amuse our selves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable?

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those Gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having any thing to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind, but to look upon them. Under this Class of men are comprehended all contemplative Tradesmen, titular Physicians, Fellows  
of

of the Royal-society, Templers that are not given to be contentious, and Statesmen that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the world as a Theatre, and desires to form a right judgement of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the Blanks of Society, as being altogether unfurnished with Ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve a clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind fits, and whether the *Dutch* Mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful, than to the Female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the Fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are Women, than as they are Reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the Sex than to the Species. The Toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of Ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a Mercer's or a Toyshop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of Jellies and Sweet-meats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of Knowledge and Virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their Male-beholders. I hope to encrease the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by

that means at least divert the minds of my Female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those Imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those Virtues which are the embellishments of the Sex. In the mean while I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge thowing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige my self to furnish every day: But to make them easie in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small Wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart Genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery.

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N<sup>o</sup> 12. *Wednesday, March 14.*

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----- *Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.*

Per.

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**A**T my coming to *London*, it was some time before I could settle my self in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious Landlady, that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my Landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that

that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly Landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty man, had put me into an Advertisement of the *Daily Courant*, in the following words. *Whereas a melancholy man left his Lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; If any one can give notice of him to R. B. Fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains.* As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my Landlord the Fishmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a Widow-woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years; my Coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire I point to my Chimney, if water to my Basin: Upon which my Landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modeled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his elder sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not disturb the Gentleman. At my first entring into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room; but my Landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried Pish, and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house; so that at present I walk into the kitchen or parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress (though I am by) whether the Gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress (who is indeed an excellent housewife) scolds at the servants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house and enter into all companies, with the same liberty as a Cat or any other domestick Animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing that I hear or see.

I remember last Winter there were several young girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my Landlady's daughters, and telling stories of Spirits and Apparitions. Upon my opening the door the young women broke off their discourse, but my Landlady's daughters telling them that it was no body but the Gentleman (for that is the name that I go by in the neighbourhood as well as in the family) they went on

K k k 2

without



without minding me. I seated my self by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a Book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of Ghosts as pale as ashes that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moon-light: and of others that had been conjured into the *Red-Sea*, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their Curtains at midnight; with many other old womens fables of the like nature. As one Spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks, and crouded about the fire: I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this twelve-month. Indeed they talked so long, that the Imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain my self if I did not retire; for which reason I took the Candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrife one another. Were I a Father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a Soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow; and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who the day before had marched up against a battery of Canon. There are instances of persons, who have been terrified even to distraction, at the figure of a tree, or the shaking of a bull-rush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm our selves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, *to pull the old woman out of our hearts* (as *Persius* expresses it in the Motto of my Paper) and extinguish those impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were not able to judge of their absurdity. Or if we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such Phantoms and Apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to our selves an interest in him who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hand, and

and moderates them after such a manner, that it is impossible for one Being to break loose upon another without his knowledge and permission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with Spirits; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, when we think our selves most alone: But instead of terrifying my self with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable Society, in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same consort of praise and adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in Paradise; and had doubtless his eye upon a verse in old *Hesiod*, which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage.

—Nor think, though Men were none,  
That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:  
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
Both day and night. How often from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to others note,  
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,  
In full harmonick number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heav'n.



Thursday,

N<sup>o</sup> 13. Thursday, March 15.

*Dic miki si fueras tu Leo qualis eris?*

Mart.

**T**HERE is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amusement to the town than Signior *Nicolini's* combat with a Lion in the *Hay-Market*, which has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom of *Great-Britain*. Upon the first rumour of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed by many in both galleries, that there would be a tame Lion sent from the *Tower* every Opera night, in order to be killed by *Hydaspes*; this report, though altogether groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper regions of the Playhouse, that some of the most refined Politicians in those parts of the audience gave it out in whisper, that the Lion was a Cousin-german of the Tiger who made his appearance in King *William's* days, and that the Stage would be supplied with Lions at the publick expence, during the whole Session. Many likewise were the conjectures of the treatment which this Lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior *Nicolini*; some supposed that he was to subdue him in *Recitativo*, as *Orpheus* used to serve the wild beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; some fancied that the Lion would not pretend to lay his paws upon the Heroe, by reason of the received opinion, that a Lion will not hurt a Virgin: Several, who pretended to have seen the Opera in *Italy*, had informed their friends, that the Lion was to act a part in *High-Dutch*, and roar twice or thrice to a *Thorough Base*, before he fell at the feet of *Hydaspes*. To clear up a matter that was so variously reported, I have made it my business to examine whether this pretended Lion is really the Savage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

But before I communicate my discoveries, I must acquaint the reader, that upon my walking behind the Scenes last winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally jostled against a monstrous Animal that extremely

extremely startled me, and upon my nearer survey of it, appeared to be a Lion rampant. The Lion, seeing me very much surprized, told me, in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleased: *For* (says he) *I do not intend to hurt any body.* I thanked him very kindly, and passed by him. And in a little time after saw him leap upon the Stage, and act his part with very great applause. It has been observed by several, that the Lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my Reader that the Lion has been changed upon the audience three several times. The first Lion was a Candle-snuffer, who being a fellow of a testy cholerick temper over-did his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observed of him, that he grew more surly every time he came out of the Lion, and having dropt some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr. *Nicolini* for what he pleased, out of his Lion's skin, it was thought proper to discard him: And it is verily believed, to this day, that had he been brought upon the Stage another time, he would certainly have done mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first Lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old Man than a Lion.

The second Lion was a Taylor by trade, who belonged to the Play-house, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish, for his part; insomuch that after a short modest walk upon the Stage, he would fall at the first touch of *Hydaspes*, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of showing his variety of *Italian Trips*: It is said indeed, that he once gave him a rip in his flesh-coloured Doublet; but this was only to make work for himself, in his private character of a Taylor. I must not omit that it was this second Lion who treated me with so much humanity behind the Scenes.

The acting Lion at present is, as I am informed, a Country Gentleman, who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed. He says very handsomely in his own excuse, that he does not act for gain, that he indulges an innocent pleasure in it; and that it is better to pass away an evening in this manner, than in gaming and drinking: But at the same time says, with a very agreeable raillery upon himself, That if his name should be known, the ill-natured world might call him *The Ass*  
*in*

*in the Lion's skin.* This Gentleman's temper is made out of such a happy mixture of the mild and the cholerick, that he out-does both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my Narrative, without taking notice of a groundless report that has been raised, to a Gentleman's disadvantage, of whom I must declare my self an admirer; namely, that Signior *Nicolini* and the Lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one another, and smoaking a Pipe together, behind the Scenes; by which their common enemies would insinuate, that it is but a sham combat which they represent upon the Stage: But upon enquiry I find, that if any such correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the combat was over, when the Lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the *Drama*. Besides, this is what is practised every day in *Westminster-Hall*, where nothing is more usual than to see a couple of Lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the Court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this relation, to reflect upon Signior *Nicolini*, who in acting this part only complies with the wretched taste of his audience; he knows very well, that the Lion has many more admirers than himself; as they say of the famous *Equestrian* Statue on the *Pont-Neuf* at *Paris*, that more people go to see the Horse, than the King who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just indignation to see a person whose action gives new Majesty to Kings, Resolution to Heroes, and Softness to Lovers, thus sinking from the greatness of his behaviour, and degraded into the character of *the London Prentice*. I have often wished, that our Tragedians would copy after this great Master in Action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an *English* Tragedy appear with that Action, which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an *Italian* Opera. In the mean time, I have related this combat of the Lion, to shew what are at present the reigning entertainments of the politer part of *Great Britain*.

Audiences have often been reproached by Writers for the coarseness of their taste; but our present grievance does not seem to be the want of a good taste, but of common sense.

Saturday,

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N<sup>o</sup> 15. *Saturday, March 17.*

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*Parva leves capiunt animos-----*

Ovid.

**W**HEN I was in *France*, I used to gaze with great astonishment at the splendid equipages, and party-coloured habits, of that fantastick nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a Lady, that sat in a Coach adorned with gilded *Cupids*, and finely painted with the loves of *Venus* and *Adonis*. The Coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and loaden behind with the same number of powdered Footmen. Just before the Lady were a couple of beautiful Pages, that were stuck among the harness, and, by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little Boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the Coach.

The Lady was the unfortunate *Cleante*, who afterwards gave an occasion to a pretty melancholy Novel. She had, for several years, received the addresses of a Gentleman, whom after a long and intimate acquaintance she forsook, upon the account of this shining Equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover distress; for in two months after she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence; being sent thither partly by the loss of one Lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with my self on this unaccountable humour in Woman-kind, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless evils that befall the Sex, from this light, fantastical disposition. I my self remember a young Lady, that was very warmly solicited by a couple of importunate Rivals, who, for several months together; did all they could to recommend themselves, by complacency of behaviour, and agreeableness of conversation. At length, when the competition was doubtful, and the Lady undetermined in her

VOL. II.

L11

choice,

choice, one of the young Lovers very luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary Lace to his Liveries, which had so good an effect, that he married her the very week after.

The usual conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes this natural weakness of being taken with outside and appearance. Talk of a new-married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their Coach and six, or eat in Plate: Mention the name of an absent Lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her Gown and Petticoat. A Ball is a great help to discourse, and a Birth-day furnishes conversation for a twelvemonth after. A Furbelee of precious stones, an Hat buttoned with a Diamond, a Brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topicks. In short, they consider only the drapery of the Species, and never cast away a thought on those ornaments of the Mind, that make persons illustrious in themselves, and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one anothers imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colours, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life, than the solid and substantial blessings of it. A Girl, who has been trained up in this kind of conversation, is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed Gloves may be her ruine. In a word, Lace and Ribbons, silver and gold Galloons, with the like glittering gew-gaws, are so many lures to women of weak minds or low educations, and, when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy Coquette from the wild-est of her flights and rambles.

True Happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. It loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: In short, it feels every thing it wants within it self, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, False Happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives her self, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in Courts and Palaces, Theatres and Assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

*Aurelia*, though a woman of great Quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her Husband, who is her bosom friend, and companion in  
her

her solitudes, has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an oeconomy, in its hours of devotion, and repast, employment and diversion, that it looks like a little Common-wealth within it self. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of *Fulvia*! she considers her Husband as her Steward, and looks upon discretion and good housewifry as little domestick virtues, unbecoming a woman of Quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies her self out of the world when she is not in the Ring, the Play-house, or the Drawing-room: She lives in a perpetual motion of body, and restlessness of thought, and is never easie in any one place, when she thinks there is more company in another. The missing of an Opera the first night, would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex; and calls every woman of a prudent modest retired life, a poor-spirited unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to *Fulvia*, if she knew that her setting her self to view is but exposing her self, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicuous.

I cannot conclude my Paper, without observing that *Virgil* has very finely touched upon this female passion for dress and show, in the character of *Camilla*; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weakneses of her sex, is still described as a Woman in this particular. The Poet tells us, that after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a *Trojan*, who wore an embroidered Tunick, a beautiful Coat of Mail, with a Mantle of the finest purple. *A golden bow*, says he, *hung upon his shoulder; his Garment was buckled with a golden Clasp, and his head covered with an Helmet of the same shining Metal.* The *Amazon* immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with.

—*Totumque incauta per agmen  
Famineo prædæ et spoliolum ardebat amore.*

L 112

This



This heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles, the Poet (by a nice concealed Moral) represents to have been the destruction of his female Heroe.

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N<sup>o</sup> 16. *Monday, March 19.*

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*Quod verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.* Hor.

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I Have received a Letter, desiring me to be very satyrical upon the little Muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of silver Garters buckled below the knee, that have been lately seen at the *Rainbow Coffee-house* in *Fleet-street*; a third sends me an heavy complaint against Fringed Gloves. To be brief, there is scarce an ornament of either Sex which one or other of my correspondents has not inveighed against with some bitterness, and recommended to my observation. I must therefore, once for all, inform my readers, that it is not my intention to sink the dignity of this my Paper with reflections upon red-heels or top-knots, but rather to enter into the passions of mankind, and to correct those depraved sentiments that give birth to all those little extravagances which appear in their outward dress and behaviour. Foppish and fantastick ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves, when the root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my remedies to the first seeds and principles of an affected Dress, without descending to the Dress it self; though at the same time I must own, that I have thoughts of creating an Officer under me, to be entitled, *The Censor of small Wares*, and of allotting him one day in a week for the execution of such his Office. An Operator of this nature might act under me, with the same regard as a Surgeon to a Physician; the one might be employed in healing those blotches and tumours which break out in the body, while the other is sweetning the blood and rectifying the constitution. To speak truly, the young people of both Sexes are so wonderfully apt to  
shoot

shoot out into long Swords or sweeping Trains, bushy Head-dresses or full-bottomed Perriwigs, with several other incumbrances of Dress, that they stand in need of being pruned very frequently, lest they should be oppressed with ornaments, and over-run with the luxuriancy of their habits. I am much in doubt, whether I should give the preference to a Quaker that is trimmed close and almost cut to the quick, or to a Beau that is loaden with such a redundance of excrescences. I must therefore desire my Correspondents to let me know how they approve my project, and whether they think the erecting of such a petty Censorship may not turn to the emolument of the publick; for I would not do any thing of this nature rashly and without advice.

There is another Set of correspondents to whom I must address my self in the second place; I mean, such as fill their Letters with private scandal, and black accounts of particular persons and families. The world is so full of ill-nature, that I have Lampoons sent me by people who cannot spell, and Satyrs composed by those who scarce know how to write. By the last post in particular I received a packet of scandal which is not legible; and have a whole bundle of Letters in womens hands that are full of blots and calumnies, insomuch, that when I see the name *Celia*, *Phyllis*, *Pastora*, or the like, at the bottom of a scrawl, I conclude on course that it brings me some account of a fallen Virgin, a faithless Wife, or an amorous Widow. I must therefore inform these my correspondents, that it is not my design to be a publisher of intrigues and cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous stories out of their present lurking holes into broad day-light. If I attack the vicious, I shall only set upon them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular Criminal. In short, I have so much of a *Drawcansir* in me, that I shall pass over a single Foe to charge whole Armies. It is not *Lais* or *Silenus*, but the harlot and the drunkard, whom I shall endeavour to expose; and shall consider the crime as it appears in a species, not as it is circumstanced in an individual. I think it was *Caligula*, who wished the whole city of *Rome* had but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall do out of humanity, what that Emperor would have done in the cruelty of his temper, and aim every stroke at a collective body of Offenders. At the same time I am very sensible, that nothing spreads a Paper like private calumny and defamation; but as my Speculations are not under this necessity, they are not exposed to this temptation.

In the next place I must apply my self to my Party-correspondents, who are continually teasing me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often am I asked by both sides, if it is possible for me to be an unconcerned Spectator of the rogueries that are committed by the party which is oppositè to him that writes the Letter. About two days since I was reproached with an old *Grecian* law, that forbids any man to stand as a Neuter or a Looker-on in the divisions of his country. However, as I am very sensible my Paper would lose its whole effect, should it run into the outrages of a Party, I shall take care to keep clear of every thing which looks that way. If I can any way assuage private Inflammations, or allay publick Ferments, I shall apply my self to it with my utmost endeavours; but will never let my heart reproach me, with having done any thing towards encreasing those feuds and animosities that extinguish Religion, deface Government, and make a Nation miserable.

What I have said under the three foregoing heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the number of my Correspondents: I shall therefore acquaint my reader, that if he has started any hint which he is not able to pursue, if he has met with any surprizing story which he does not know how to tell, if he has discovered any epidemical vice which has escaped my observation, or has heard of any uncommon virtue which he would desire to publish; in short, if he has any materials that can furnish out an innocent diversion, I shall promise him my best assistance in the working of them up for a publick entertainment.

This Paper my reader will find was intended for an answer to a multitude of Correspondents; but I hope he will pardon me if I single out one of them in particular, who has made me so very humble a request, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

To the SPECTATOR.

S I R,

March 15, 1711.

I Am at present so unfortunate, as to have nothing to do but to  
 “ mind my own business; and therefore beg of you that you will  
 “ be pleased to put me into some small Post under you. I observe that  
 “ you have appointed your Printer and Publisher to receive Letters and  
 “ Advertisements for the City of *London*; and shall think my self very  
 “ much honoured by you, if you will appoint me to take in Letters  
 “ and Advertisements for the City of *Westminster* and the Duchy of  
 “ *Lancaster*. Though I cannot promise to fill such an employment with  
 “ suffici-

“ sufficient abilities, I will endeavour to make up with industry and fi-  
 “ delity what I want in parts and genius. I am,

*SIR, Your most obedient Servant, Charles Lillie.*

N<sup>o</sup> 18. *Wednesday, March 21.*

----- *Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas*  
*Omnis ad incertos oculos et gaudia vana.* Hor.

**I**T is my design in this paper to deliver down to posterity a faithful account of the *Italian Opera*, and of the gradual progress which it has made upon the *English Stage*; for there is no question but our great grand-children will be very curious to know the reason why their fore-fathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole Plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand.

*Arfinoe* was the first Opera that gave us a taste of *Italian Musick*. The great success this Opera met with, produced some attempts of forming pieces upon *Italian Plans*, which should give a more natural and reasonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the Poetasters and Fiddlers of the town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware; and therefore laid down an established rule, which is received as such to this day, *That nothing is capable of being well set to Musick, that is not Nonsense.*

This maxim was no sooner received, but we immediately fell to translating the *Italian Opera's*; and as there was no danger of hurting the sense of those extraordinary pieces, our Authors would often make words of their own which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the passages they pretended to translate; their chief care being to make the numbers of the *English* verse answer to those of the *Italian*, that both of them might go to the same tune. Thus the famous song in *Camilla*,

*Barbara*

*Barbara si t'intendo, &c.*

*Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning,*

which expresses the resentments of an angry Lover, was translated into that *English* lamentation,

*Frail are a Lover's hopes, &c.*

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined persons of the *British* nation dying away and languishing to Notes that were filled with a spirit of rage and indignation. It happened also very frequently, where the sense was rightly translated, the necessary transposition of words which were drawn out of the Phrase of one tongue into that of another, made the Musick appear very absurd in one tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an *Italian* verse that ran thus word for word.

*And turn'd my rage into pity;*

which the *English* for rhyme sake translated,

*And into pity turn'd my rage.*

By this means the soft Notes that were adapted to *Pity* in the *Italian*, fell upon the word *Rage* in the *English*; and the angry sounds that were tuned to *Rage* in the original, were made to express *Pity* in the translation. It oftentimes happened likewise, that the finest Notes in the Air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I have known the word *And* pursued through the whole Gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious *The*, and have heard the most beautiful Graces Quavers and Divisions bestowed upon *Then*, *For*, and *From*; to the eternal honour of our *English* Particles.

The next step to our refinement, was the introducing of *Italian* Actors into our Opera; who sung their parts in their own language, at the same time that our Country-men performed theirs in our native tongue. The King or Hero of the Play generally spoke in *Italian*, and his Slaves answered him in *English*: The Lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his Princess, in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on Dialogues after this manner, without an Interpreter between the persons that conversed together: but this was the state of the *English* Stage for about three years.

At

At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the Opera; and therefore to ease themselves intirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present, that the whole Opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the Language of our own Stage; infomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our *Italian* performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an Historian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wise fore-fathers, will make the following reflection, *In the beginning of the eighteenth Century the Italian tongue was so well understood in England, that Opera's were acted on the publick stage in that language.*

One scarce knows how to be serious in the confutation of an absurdity that shews it self at the first sight. It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politeness, which has established it.

If the *Italians* have a Genius for Musick above the *English*, the *English* have a Genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a time when an Author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) for a people to be so stupidly fond of the *Italian* Opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable Tragedy? Musick is certainly a very agreeable entertainment, but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude Arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of Human Nature; I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than *Plato* has done, who banishes it out of his Common-wealth.

At present, our notions of Musick are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only in general, we are transported with any thing that is not *English*: So it be of a foreign growth, let it be *Italian*, *French*, or *Higb-dutch*, it is the same thing. In short, our *English* Musick is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a Royal Palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to present his Plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together,

gether, it may furnish several hints that may be of use to a good Architect. I shall take the same liberty in a following paper, of giving my opinion upon the subject of Musick; which I shall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be considered by those who are Masters in the Art.

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N° 21. Saturday, March 24.

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----- *Locus est et pluribus umbris.*

Hor.

**I** Am sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great professions of Divinity, Law, and Physick; how they are each of them over-burdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious Gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field-officers, and Subalterns. Among the first we may reckon Bishops, Deans and Archdeacons. Among the second are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all that wear Scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the Subalterns. As for the first Class, our Constitution preserves it from any redundancy of incumbents, notwithstanding Competitors are numberless. Upon a strict calculation, it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late years in the second division, several Brevets having been granted for the converting of Subalterns into Scarf-officers; inso-much that within my memory the price of Lustring is raised above two pence in a yard. As for the Subalterns, they are not to be numbred. Should our Clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the Laity, by the splitting of their Freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the Elections in *England*.

The body of the Law is no less encumbered with superfluous members, that are like *Virgil's* Army, which he tells us was so crouded, many of them had not room to use their weapons. This prodigious society of men may be divided into the Litigious and Peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in coach-fulls to *Westminster-hall*, every morning in Term-time. *Martial's* description of this species of Lawyers is full of humour:

II *Irasc*

*Iras et verba locant.*

*Men that hire out their words and anger*; that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their Client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I must however observe to the reader, that above three parts of those whom I reckon among the Litigious, are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of shewing their passion at the Bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall every day, that they may shew themselves in a readiness to enter the Lists, whenever there shall be occasion for them.

The Peaceable Lawyers are, in the first place, many of the Benchers of the several Inns of Court, who seem to be the Dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with those qualifications of mind that accomplish a man rather for a Ruler, than a Pleader. These men live peaceably in their habitations, Eating once a day, and Dancing once a year, for the honour of the respective societies.

Another numberless branch of Peaceable Lawyers, are those young men who being placed at the Inns of Court in order to study the Laws of their country, frequent the Play-house more than *Westminster-Hall*, and are seen in all publick assemblies, except in a Court of Justice. I shall say nothing of those silent and busie multitudes that are employed within doors, in the drawing up of Writings and Conveyances; nor of those greater numbers that palliate their want of business with a pretence to such Chamber-practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the profession of Physick, we shall find a most formidable body of men: The sight of them is enough to make a man serious, for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in Physicians it grows thin of people. Sir *William Temple* is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious swarms, and over-run the world with *Goths* and *Vandals*, as it did formerly; but had that excellent Author observed that there were no students in Physick among the subjects of *Thor* and *Woden*, and that this science very much flourishes in the North at present, he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of. This body of men, in our own country, may be described like the *British* army in *Cæsar's* time: Some of them flay in Chariots, and some on foot. If the Infantry do less execution than the Charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried

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so soon into all quarters of the town, and dispatch so much business in so short a time. Besides this body of Regular troops, there are Stragglers, who without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable Retainers to Physick, who, for want of other Patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of Cats in an air-pump, cutting up Dogs alive, or impaling of Insects upon the point of a needle for microscopical observations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of weeds, and the chace of Butterflies: Not to mention the Cocklehell-merchants and Spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these professions are crowded with multitudes that seek their livelihood in them, and how many men of merit there are in each of them, who may be rather said to be of the Science, than the Profession; I very much wonder at the humour of Parents, who will not rather chuse to place their Sons in a way of life where an honest industry cannot but thrive, than in stations where the greatest Probity, Learning, and good Sense may miscarry. How many men are Country-curates, that might have made themselves Aldermen of *London*, by a right improvement of a smaller sum of money than what is usually laid out upon a learned education? A sober frugal person, of slender parts and a slow apprehension, might have thrived in Trade, though he starves upon Physick; as a man would be well enough pleased to buy Silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his pulse. *Vagellius* is careful, studious and obliging, but withal a little thick-skulled; he has not a single Client, but might have had abundance of Customers. The misfortune is, that Parents take a liking to a particular profession, and therefore desire their Sons may be of it. Whereas, in so great an affair of life, they should consider the Genius and Abilities of their children, more than their own inclinations.

It is the great advantage of a Trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in stations of life, which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like Law, Physick, or Divinity, to be over-stocked with hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its Professors. Fleets of Merchant-men are so many squadrons of floating shops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the tropicks.

Tuesday,

N<sup>o</sup> 23. *Tuesday, March 27.*

*Sevit atrox Volsens, nec teli conspicit usquam  
Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immittere possit.* Virg.

**T**HERE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous Spirit, than the giving of secret stabs to a man's reputation. Lampoons and Satyrs, that are written with Wit and Spirit, are like poisoned Darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason I am very much troubled when I see the talents of humour and ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuman Wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain; he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a civil Society. His Satyr will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, Merit, and every thing that is praise-worthy, will be made the subject of ridicule and buffoonery. It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from these Arrows that fly in the dark; and I know no other excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret shame or sorrow in the mind of the suffering person. It must indeed be confessed, that a Lampoon or a Satyr do not carry in them robbery or murder; but at the same time, how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable sum of money, or even life it self, than be set up as mark of infamy and derision? And in this case a man should consider, that an injury is not to be measured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Those

Those who can put the best countenance upon the outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their secret anguish. I have often observed a passage in *Socrates's* behaviour at his death, in a light wherein none of the Criticks have considered it. That excellent man, entertaining his friends, a little before he drank the bowl of poison, with a discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, at his entering upon it says, that he does not believe any the most Comick genius can censure him for talking upon such a subject at such a time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon *Aristophanes*, who writ a Comedy on purpose to ridicule the discourses of that Divine Philosopher. It has been observed by many writers, that *Socrates* was so little moved at this piece of buffoonery, that he was several times present at its being acted upon the Stage, and never expressed the least resentment of it. But with submission, I think the remark I have here made shews us that this unworthy treatment made an impression upon his mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When *Julius Caesar* was lampooned by *Catullus*, he invited him to a supper, and treated him with such a generous civility, that he made the Poet his friend ever after. Cardinal *Mazarin* gave the same kind of treatment to the learned *Quillet*, who had reflected upon his Eminence in a famous *Latin Poem*. The Cardinal sent for him, and after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good Abby that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had so good an effect upon the Author, that he dedicated the second edition of his book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the passages which had given him offence.

*Sextus Quintus* was not of so generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made Pope, the statue *Pasquin* was one night dressed in a very dirty shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen because his Landress was made a Princess. This was a reflection upon the Pope's Sister, who, before the promotion of her Brother, was in those mean circumstances that *Pasquin* represented her. As this Pasquinade made a great noise in *Rome*, the Pope offered a considerable sum of money to any person that should discover the Author of it. The Author relying upon his Holiness's Generosity, as also on some private overtures which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the Pope gave him the reward he had promised,

but

but at the same time, to disable the Satyrift for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off. *Aretine* is too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the Kings of *Europe* were his tributaries. Nay, there is a Letter of his extant, in which he makes his boasts that he had laid the Sophy of *Persia* under contribution.

Though in the various examples which I have here drawn together, these several great Men behaved themselves very differently towards the wits of the Age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly shewed that they were very sensible of their reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a man that I thought was capable of giving these secret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the person, whose reputation he thus assaults, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the same security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary Scriblers of Lampoons. An innocent young Lady shall be exposed, for an unhappy feature. A Father of a family turned to ridicule, for some domestick calamity. A Wife be made uneasy all her life, for a misinterpreted word or action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a just man, shall be put out of countenance, by the representation of those qualities that should do him honour. So pernicious a thing is Wit, when it is not tempered with Virtue and Humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedless inconsiderate writers, that without any malice have sacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance, to a certain levity of temper, and a silly ambition, of distinguishing themselves by a spirit of Raillery and Satyr: As if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a Good-natured man, than a Wit. Where there is this little petulant humour in an Author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which reason I always lay it down as a rule, that an indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the one will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to; the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion, transcribing a Fable out of *Sir Roger l'Estrange*, which accidentally lies before me. "A company of waggish Boys were watching of Frogs at the side of a Pond, and still as any of them put up their heads, they'd be pelting them down again with stones. *Children* (says one of the Frogs) *you never consider that though this be Play to you, 'tis Death to us.*

As this week is in a manner set apart and dedicated to serious thoughts, I shall indulge my self in such Speculations as may not be altogether un-  
suitable

suitable to the season; and in the mean time, as the setting in our selves a charitable frame of mind is a work very proper for the time, I have in this paper endeavoured to expose that particular breach of Charity which has been generally over-looked by Divines, because they are but few who can be guilty of it.

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N<sup>o</sup> 25. *Thursday, March 29.*

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----- *Ægrescitque medendo.*

Virg.

THE following Letter will explain it self, and needs no apology.

SIR,

“ I Am one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name  
 “ of *Valetudinarians*; and do confes to you, that I first contra-  
 “ cted this ill habit of body, or rather of mind, by the study of  
 “ Physick. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature, but I found  
 “ my pulse was irregular; and scarce ever read the account of any dis-  
 “ ease that I did not fancy my self afflicted with. Doctor *Sydenham's*  
 “ learned treatise of Fevers threw me into a lingering Hectick, which hung  
 “ upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece. I then ap-  
 “ plied my self to the study of several Authors, who have written upon  
 “ Phthysical distempers, and by that means fell into a Consumption; till at  
 “ length, growing very fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that Imagi-  
 “ nation. Not long after this I found in my self all the symptoms of  
 “ the Gout, except pain; but was cured of it by a Treatise upon the  
 “ Gravel, written by a very ingenious Author, who (as it is usual for  
 “ Physicians to convert one distemper into another) eased me of the  
 “ Gout by giving me the Stone. I at length studied my self into a com-  
 “ plication of distempers; but, accidentally taking into my hand that in-  
 “ genious discourse written by *Sanctorius*, I was resolved to direct my  
 “ self by a scheme of Rules, which I had collected from his observati-  
 “ ons

“ ons. The learned world are very well acquainted with that Gentle-  
 “ man’s invention; who, for the better carrying on of his experiments,  
 “ contrived a certain Mathematical Chair, which was so artificially hung  
 “ upon springs, that it would weigh any thing as well as a pair of Scales.  
 “ By this means he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by  
 “ perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and  
 “ how much went away by the other channels and distributions of  
 “ Nature.

“ Having provided my self with this Chair, I used to study, eat, drink,  
 “ and sleep in it; infomuch that I may be said, for these three last years,  
 “ to have lived in a pair of Scales. I compute my self, when I am in  
 “ full health, to be precisely two hundred weight, falling short of it about  
 “ a pound after a day’s fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full  
 “ meal; so that it is my continual employment, to trim the ballance be-  
 “ tween these two volatile pounds in my constitution. In my ordinary  
 “ meals I fetch my self up to two hundred weight and half a pound; and  
 “ if after having dined I find my self fall short of it, I drink just so much  
 “ small-beer, or eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make me  
 “ weight. In my greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the other  
 “ half pound; which, for my health’s sake, I do the first *Monday* in every  
 “ month. As soon as I find my self duely poised after dinner, I walk till  
 “ I have perspired five ounces and four scruples; and when I discover, by  
 “ my Chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books, and study away three  
 “ ounces more. As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no  
 “ accompt of them. I do not dine and sup by the Clock, but by my  
 “ Chair; for when that informs me my pound of food is exhausted, I con-  
 “ clude my self to be hungry, and lay in another with all diligence. In  
 “ my days of abstinence I lose a pound and an half, and on solemn Fasts  
 “ am two pound lighter than on other days in the year.

“ I allow my self, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep  
 “ within a few grains more or less; and if upon my rising I find that I  
 “ have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my Chair.  
 “ Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the last  
 “ year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two  
 “ hundred weight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one  
 “ ounce in my health during a whole twelve-month. And yet, Sir, not-  
 “ withstanding this my great care to ballast my self equally every day, and  
 “ to keep my body in its proper poise, so it is that I find my self in a sick  
 “ and languishing condition. My Complexion is grown very fallow, my

“ Pulse low, and my Body hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir,  
 “ to consider me as your patient, and to give me more certain rules to  
 “ walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much  
 “ oblige

*Your humble Servant.*

This Letter puts me in mind of an *Italian* Epitaph written on the monument of a *Valetudinarian*; *Stavo ben, ma per star meglio, sto qui:* which it is impossible to translate. The Fear of Death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives, which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflection made by some Historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a flight than in a battel; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their Constitutions by Physick, and throw themselves into the arms of Death, by endeavouring to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a Reasonable Creature. To consult the preservation of life, as the only end of it, To make our health our business, To engage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or course of Physick; are purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy Humane Nature, that a generous Soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides, that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of Nature; as it is impossible we should take delight in any thing that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind, and capacity for business, are in a great measure the effects of a well-tempered Constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care, which we are prompted to, not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the direction of it our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we shall take the best means to preserve life, without being over-sollicitous about the event; and shall arrive at that point of felicity which *Martial* has mentioned as the perfection of Happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for Death.

In

In answer to the Gentleman, who tempers his health by ounces and by scruples, and instead of complying with those natural sollicitations of hunger and thirst, drowsiness or love of exercise, governs himself by the prescriptions of his Chair, I shall tell him a short fable. *Jupiter*, says the Mythologist, to reward the piety of a certain countryman, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The countryman desired that he might have the management of the weather in his own estate: He obtained his request, and immediately distributed rain, snow, and sunshine among his several fields, as he thought the nature of the soil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that of his neighbours: Upon which (says the fable) he desired *Jupiter* to take the weather again into his own hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruine himself.

N<sup>o</sup> 26. *Friday, March 30.*

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
Regumque turres, O beate Sexti.*

*Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam:*

*Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,*

*Et domus exilis Plutonia-----*

Hor.

**W**HEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by my self in *Westminster* Abby; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lye in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the Church-yard, the Cloysters, and the Church, amusing my self with the Tombstones and Inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: The whole history of his life being

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compre-



comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these Registers of existence, whether of Brass or Marble, as a kind of Satyr upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battels of Heroic Poems, who have founding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαυκόν τε Μεδονία τε Θερσίλοχόν τε.

Hom.

*Glancumque, Medoutaque, Thersilochumque.*

Virg.

The life of these men is finely described in Holy Writ by *the Path of an Arrow*, which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the Church, I entertained my self with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixt with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of an humane body. Upon this, I began to consider with my self what innumerable multitudes of people lay confus'd together under the pavement of that ancient Cathedral; how Men and Women, Friends and Enemies, Priests and Soldiers, Monks and Prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old-age, weakness and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus survey'd this great Magazine of Mortality, as it were, in the lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the Monuments which are rais'd in every quarter of that ancient fabrick. Some of them were covered with such extravagant Epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in *Greek* or *Hebrew*, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were Poets who had no Monuments, and Monuments which had no Poets. I observ'd indeed that the present War had fill'd the Church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of *Blenheim*, or in the bosom of the Ocean.

I

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern Epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a Foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a Nation, from the turn of their publick monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius, before they are put in execution. Sir *Cloudestly Shovel's* monument has very often given me great offence: Instead of the brave rough *English* Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his Tomb by the figure of a Beau, dressed in a long Perriwig, and reposing himself upon Velvet Cushions under a Canopy of State. The Inscription is answerable to the Monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The *Dutch*, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the publick expence, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our *English* Kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the Great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of Parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the Parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: When I see Kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and  
astonish-

astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

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N<sup>o</sup> 28. *Monday, April 2.*

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-----*Neque semper arcum  
Tendit Apollo.*

Hor.

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I Shall here present my reader with a Letter from a Projector, concerning a new Office which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishment of the City, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a Satyr upon Projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern Criticism.

*S I R,*

“ **O**bserving that you have thoughts of creating certain Officers  
 “ under you, for the inspection of several petty enormities  
 “ which you your self cannot attend to; and finding daily absurdities  
 “ hung out upon the sign-posts of this city, to the great scandal of fo-  
 “ reigners, as well as those of our own country, who are curious specta-  
 “ tors of the same: I do humbly propose, that you would be pleased  
 “ to make me your Superintendent of all such figures and devices as are  
 “ or shall be made use of on this occasion; with full powers to rectifie or  
 “ expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such  
 “ an Officer, there is nothing like found literature and good sense to be met  
 “ with in those objects, that are every where thrusting themselves out to  
 “ the eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled  
 “ with blue Boars, black Swans, and red Lions; not to mention flying  
 “ Pigs, and Hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraor-  
 “ dinary than any in the desarts of *Africk*. Strange! that one who has  
 “ all

“ all the birds and beasts in nature to chuse out of, should live at the Sign  
“ of an *Ens Rationis*!

“ My first task therefore should be, like that of *Hercules*, to clear the  
“ city from Monsters. In the second place I would forbid, that creatures  
“ of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the  
“ same sign; such as the Bell and the Neats-tongue, the Dog and Gridi-  
“ ron. The Fox and Goose may be supposed to have met; but what  
“ has the Fox and the seven Stars to do together? And when did the Lamb  
“ and Dolphin ever meet, except upon a sign-post? As for the Cat and  
“ Fiddle, there is a conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that any  
“ thing I have here said should affect it. I must however observe to you  
“ upon this subject, that it is usual for a young Tradesman, at his first  
“ setting up, to add to his Sign that of the Master whom he served; as  
“ the Husband after marriage, gives a place to his Mistress's Arms in his  
“ own Coat. This I take to have given rise to many of those absurdities  
“ which are committed over our heads; and, as I am informed, first oc-  
“ casioned the three Nuns and a Hare, which we see so frequently joined  
“ together. I would therefore establish certain rules, for the determi-  
“ ning how far one Tradesman may *give* the Sign of another, and in what  
“ cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

“ In the third place, I would enjoin every Shop to make use of a Sign  
“ which bears some affinity to the Wares in which it deals. What can  
“ be more inconsistent, than to see a Bawd at the sign of the Angel, or a  
“ Taylor at the Lion? A Cook should not live at the Boot, nor a Shoe-  
“ maker at the roasted Pig; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have  
“ seen a Goat set up before the door of a Perfumer, and the *French*  
“ King's head at a Sword-cutler's.

“ An ingenious foreigner observes, that several of those Gentlemen  
“ who value themselves upon their families, and overlook such as are bred  
“ to trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their Coats of Arms. I  
“ will not examine how true this is in fact: But though it may not be  
“ necessary for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers; I  
“ think it highly proper for those who actually profess the trade, to shew  
“ some such marks of it before their doors.

“ When the Name gives an occasion for an ingenious Sign-post, I would  
“ likewise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world  
“ know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious  
“ Mrs. *Salmon* to have lived at the sign of the Trout; for which reason  
“ she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her name-  
“ fake.

“ fake. Mr. *Bell* has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the  
 “ same nature: And here, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that  
 “ this particular figure of a Bell has given occasion to several pieces of  
 “ wit in this kind. A man of your reading must know that *Abel Drug-*  
 “ *ger* gained great applause by it in the time of *Ben. Johnson*. Our a-  
 “ pocryphal heathen God is also represented by this figure; which, in  
 “ conjunction with the Dragon, makes a very handsome picture in feve-  
 “ ral of our streets. As for the Bell-savage, which is the sign of a Sa-  
 “ vage man standing by a Bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon  
 “ the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old Ro-  
 “ mance translated out of the *French*; which gives an account of a very  
 “ beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the  
 “ *French la belle Sauvage*; and is every where translated by our coun-  
 “ try-man the Bell-savage. This piece of Philology will, I hope, con-  
 “ vince you that I have made Sign-posts my study, and consequently qua-  
 “ lified my self for the employment which I sollicite at your hands. But  
 “ before I conclude my Letter, I must communicate to you another re-  
 “ mark which I have made upon the subject with which I am now en-  
 “ tertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd guess at the humour  
 “ of the Inhabitant by the Sign that hangs before his door. A furly cho-  
 “ leric fellow, generally makes choice of a Bear; as men of milder dif-  
 “ positions frequently live at the Lamb. Seeing a Punch-bowl painted  
 “ upon a Sign near *Charing-crofs*, and very curiously garnished, with a  
 “ couple of Angels hovering over it, and squeezing a Lemon into it, I had  
 “ the curiosity to ask after the Master of the house, and found upon en-  
 “ quiry, as I had guessed by the little *Agréemens* upon his Sign, that he  
 “ was a *Frenchman*. I know, Sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge  
 “ upon these hints to a Gentleman of your great abilities; so humbly  
 “ recommending my self to your favour and patronage,

*I remain, &c.*

I shall add to the foregoing Letter another, which came to me by the  
 same Penny-post.

*From my own Apartment near Charing-crofs.*

*Honoured Sir,*

“ **H**AVING heard that this nation is a great encourager of ingenuity,  
 “ I have brought with me a Rope dancer that was caught in  
 “ one of the woods belonging to the Great *Mogul*. He is by birth a  
 “ Monkey;

“ Monkey; but swings upon a rope, takes a pipe of tobacco, and drinks  
 “ a glass of ale, like any reasonable creature. He gives great satisfaction  
 “ to the Quality; and if they will make a Subscription for him, I will  
 “ send for a brother of his out of *Holland* that is a very good Tumbler;  
 “ and also for another of the same family whom I design for my *Merry-Andrew*,  
 “ as being an excellent Mimick, and the greatest Drole in  
 “ the country where he now is. I hope to have this entertainment in a  
 “ readines for the next winter; and doubt not but it will please more  
 “ than the Opera or Puppet-show. I will not say that a Monkey is a bet-  
 “ ter man than some of the Opera Heroes; but certainly he is a better  
 “ representative of a man, than the most artificial composition of wood  
 “ and wire. If you will be pleased to give me a good word in your paper,  
 “ you shall be every night a Spectator at my Show for nothing.

*I am, &c.*

N<sup>o</sup> 29. *Tuesday, April 3.*

----- *Sermo linguâ concinnus utraque*

*Suavior: ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.*

Hor.

**T**HERE is nothing that has more startled our *English* Audience, than the *Italian Recitativo* at its first entrance upon the Stage. People were wonderfully surprized to hear Generals singing the word of command, and Ladies delivering messages in Musick. Our country-men could not forbear laughing when they heard a Lover chanting out a Billet-doux, and even the Superscription of a Letter set to a tune. The famous blunder in an old Play of *Enter a King and two Fidlers solus*, was now no longer an absurdity; when it was impossible for a Hero in a desert, or a Princess in her closet, to speak any thing unaccompanied with musical Instruments.

VOL. II.

O o o

But

But however this *Italian* method of acting in *Recitativo* might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our *English* Opera before this innovation: The transition from an Air to Recitative musick being more natural, than the passing from a Song to plain and ordinary speaking, which was the common method in *Purcell's* Opera's.

The only fault I find in our present practice, is the making use of *Italian Recitativo* with *English* words.

To go to the bottom of this matter, I must observe, that the Tone, or (as the *French* call it) the Accent of every nation in their ordinary speech, is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may see even in the *Welsh* and *Scotch*, who border so near upon us. By the Tone or Accent, I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the sound of the whole sentence. Thus it is very common for an *English* Gentleman, when he hears a *French* Tragedy, to complain that the Actors all of them speak in a Tone; and therefore he very wisely prefers his own country-men, not considering that a foreigner complains of the same Tone in an *English* Actor.

For this reason, the Recitative musick in every language, should be as different as the tone or accent of each language; for otherwise, what may properly express a passion in one language, will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in *Italy*, knows very well, that the cadences in the *Recitativo* bear a remote affinity to the tone of their voices in ordinary conversation, or, to speak more properly, are only the accents of their language made more musical and tuneful.

Thus the notes of interrogation, or admiration, in the *Italian* musick (if one may so call them) which resemble their accents in discourse on such occasions, are not unlike the ordinary tones of an *English* voice when we are angry; insomuch that I have often seen our audiences extremely mistaken as to what has been doing upon the stage, and expecting to see the Heroe knock down his Messenger, when he has been asking him a question; or fancying that he quarrels with his friend, when he only bids him good-morrow.

For this reason the *Italian* Artists cannot agree with our *English* Musicians, in admiring *Purcell's* Compositions, and thinking his tunes so wonderfully adapted to his words; because both Nations do not always express the same passions by the same sounds.

I am therefore humbly of opinion, that an *English* Composer should not follow the *Italian* Recitative too servilely, but make use of many  
gentle

gentle deviations from it, in compliance with his own native language. He may copy out of it all the lulling softness and *dying falls* (as *Shakespear* calls them,) but should still remember that he ought to accommodate himself to an *English* Audience; and by humouring the tone of our voices in ordinary conversation, have the same regard to the accent of his own language, as those persons had to theirs whom he professes to imitate. It is observed, that several of the singing birds of our own country learn to sweeten their voices, and mellow the harshness of their natural notes, by practising under those that come from warmer climates. In the same manner I would allow the *Italian* Opera to lend our *English* Musick as much as may grace and soften it, but never entirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let the infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the subject matter of it be *English*.

A Composer should fit his musick to the genius of the people, and consider that the delicacy of hearing, and taste of harmony, has been formed upon those sounds which every country abounds with: In short, that musick is of a relative nature, and what is harmony to one ear, may be dissonance to another.

The same observations which I have made upon the Recitative part of musick, may be applied to all our Songs and Airs in general.

Signior *Baptist Lully* acted like a man of sense in this particular. He found the *French* Musick extremely defective, and very often barbarous: however, knowing the genius of the people, the humour of their language, and the prejudiced ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the *French* Musick, and plant the *Italian* in its stead; but only to cultivate and civilize it with innumerable graces and modulations which he borrowed from the *Italian*. By this means the *French* Musick is now perfect in its kind; and when you say it is not so good as the *Italian*, you only mean that it does not please you so well, for there is scarce a *Frenchman* who would not wonder to hear you give the *Italian* such a preference. The Musick of the *French* is indeed very properly adapted to their pronounciation and accent, as their whole Opera wonderfully favours the genius of such a gay airy people. The Chorus in which that Opera abounds, gives the Parterre frequent opportunities of joining in consort with the stage. This inclination of the audience to sing along with the Actors, so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the Performer on the stage do no more in a celebrated song, than the Clerk of a parish Church, who serves only to raise the Psalm, and is afterwards drowned in the musick of the congregation. Every Actor



that comes on the stage is a Beau. The Queens and Heroines are so painted, that they appear as ruddy and cherry-checked as Milk-maids. The Shepherds are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a Ball better than our *English* Dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of Rivers appear in red stockings; and *Alpheus*, instead of having his head covered with Sedge and Bull-rushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed Perriwig, and a plume of Feathers, but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable musick.

I remember the last Opera I saw in that merry Nation, was *The Rape of Proserpine*; where *Pluto*, to make the more tempting figure, puts himself in a *French* equipage, and brings *Ascalaphus* along with him as his *Valet de Chambre*. This is what we call folly and impertinence; but what the *French* look upon as gay and polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offered, than that Musick, Architecture and Painting, as well as Poetry and Oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those Arts themselves; or in other words, the Taste is not to conform to the Art, but the Art to the Taste. Musick is not designed to please only chromatick ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing.

N<sup>o</sup> 31. Thursday, April 5.

*Sit mihi fas audita loqui!*-----

Virg.

**L**AST night, upon my going into a Coffee-house not far from the *Hay-Market* Theatre, I diverted my self for above half an hour with over-hearing the discourse of one, who, by the shabbiness of his dress, the extravagance of his conceptions, and the hurry of his speech, I discovered to be of that species who are generally distinguished by the title

title of Projectors. This Gentleman, for I found he was treated as such by his audience, was entertaining a whole table of listners with the project of an Opera, which he told us had not cost him above two or three mornings in the contrivance, and which he was ready to put in execution, provided he might find his account in it. He said, that he had observed the great trouble and inconvenience which Ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the several Shows that are exhibited in different quarters of the town. The dancing Monkies are in one place; the Puppet-show in another; the Opera in a third; not to mention the Lions, that are almost a whole day's journey from the politer part of the town. By this means people of figure are forced to lose half the winter after their coming to town, before they have seen all the strange Sights about it. In order to remedy this great inconvenience, our Projector drew out of his pocket the scheme of an Opera, entitled, *The Expedition of Alexander the Great*; in which he had disposed all the remarkable Shows about town, among the scenes and decorations of his piece. The thought, he confessed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the hint of it from several performances which he had seen upon our stage: In one of which there was a Rary-show; in another, a Ladder-dance; and in others a Posture-man, a moving Picture, with many curiosities of the like nature.

This *Expedition of Alexander* opens with his consulting the Oracle at *Delphos*, in which the dumb Conjuror, who has been visited by so many Persons of Quality of late years, is to be introduced as telling him his fortune: At the same time *Clench of Barnet* is represented in another corner of the Temple, as ringing the Bells of *Delphos*, for joy of his arrival. The Tent of *Darius* is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs. *Salmon*, where *Alexander* is to fall in love with a piece of Wax-work, that represents the beautiful *Statira*. When *Alexander* comes into that country, in which *Quintus Curtius* tells us the Dogs were so exceeding fierce that they would not loose their hold, though they were cut to pieces limb by limb, and that they would hang upon their prey by their teeth when they had nothing but a mouth left, there is to be a scene of *Hockley in the Hole*, in which is to be represented all the diversions of that place, the Bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the Theatre, by reason of the lowness of the roof. The several woods in *Asia*, which *Alexander* must be supposed to pass through, will give the audience a sight of Monkies dancing upon ropes, with the many other pleasantries of that ludicrous species. At the same time, if there  
chance

chance to be any strange Animals in town, whether birds or beasts, they may be either let loose among the woods, or driven across the stage by some of the country people of *Asia*. In the last great battel, *Pinkethman* is to personate King *Porus* upon an Elephant, and is to be encountered by *Powell*, representing *Alexander the Great*, upon a Dromedary, which nevertheless Mr. *Powell* is desired to call by the name of *Bucephalus*. Upon the close of this great decisive battel, when the two Kings are thoroughly reconciled, to shew the mutual friendship and good correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a Puppet-show, in which the ingenious Mr. *Powell*, Junior, may have an opportunity of displaying his whole Art of Machinery, for the diversion of the two Monarchs. Some at the table urged, that a Puppet-show was not a suitable entertainment for *Alexander the Great*; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we suppose the Conqueror touch'd upon that part of *India* which is said to be inhabited by the Pigmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the proposal immediately over-ruled. Our Projector further added, that after the reconciliation of these two Kings, they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his guest with the *German* Artist, Mr. *Pinkethman's* Heathen Gods, or any of the like diversions, which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great applause by the whole table. Upon which the Undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his design; for that *Alexander* being a *Greek*, it was his intention that the whole Opera should be acted in that language, which was a tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the Ladies, especially when it was a little raised and rounded by the *Ionick* dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole audience, because there are fewer of them who understand *Greek* than *Italian*. The only difficulty that remained, was, how to get performers, unless we could persuade some Gentlemen of the Universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the stage; but this objection soon vanished, when the Projector informed us that the *Greeks* were at present the only Musicians in the *Turkish* Empire, and that it would be very easie for our Factory at *Smyrna* to furnish us every year with a Colony of Musicians, by the opportunity of the *Turkey* Fleet; besides, says he, if we want any single voice for any lower part in the Opera, *Lawrence* can learn to speak *Greek*, as well as he does *Italian*, in a fortnight's time.

The

The Projector having thus settled matters, to the good liking of all that heard him, he left his seat at the table, and planted himself before the fire, where I had unluckily taken my stand for the convenience of overhearing what he said. Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a quarter of a minute, but he turned short upon me on a sudden, and catching me by a button of my coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner. Besides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary genius for Musick that lives in *Switzerland*, who has so strong a spring in his fingers, that he can make the board of an organ sound like a drum, and if I could but procure a subscription of about ten thousand pound every winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the *English* Stage. After this he looked full in my face, expecting I would make an answer; when, by good luck, a Gentleman that had entred the Coffee-house since the Projector applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his *Swiss* compositions, cryed out with a kind of laugh, Is our Musick then to receive further improvements from *Switzerland*? This alarmed the Projector, who immediately let go my button, and turned about to answer him. I took the opportunity of the diversion, which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my peny upon the bar, retired with some precipitation.

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N<sup>o</sup> 34. *Monday, April 9.*

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*Cognatis maculis similis fera* ----- *parcit*

Juv.

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**T**HE Club of which I am a Member, is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind: By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know every thing that passes in the different quarters and divisions,

vifions, not only of this great City, but of the whole Kingdom. My readers too have the fatisfaction to find, that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this Club, and that there is always some body present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night fate very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my Speculations, as also with the various success, which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. WILL. HONEYCOMB told me, in the softest manner he could, That there were some Ladies (but for your comfort, says WILL, they are not those of the most wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the Opera and the Puppet-show; That some of them were likewise very much surprized, that I should think such serious points as the Dress and Equipage of persons of Quality, proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir ANDREW FREEPORT took him up short and told him, That the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their Wives and Daughters were t he better for them: And further added, That the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular Intrigues and Cuckoldoms. In short, says Sir ANDREW, if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon Aldermen and Citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of Courts, your paper must needs be of general use.

Upon this my friend the TEMPLER told Sir ANDREW, That he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the City had always been the province for Satyr; and that the Wits of King *Charles's* time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then shewed, by the examples of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Boileau*, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the Stage and Court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. But after all, says he, I think your raillery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the Inns of Court; and I do not believe you can shew me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular.

My good friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a Pish! and told us, That he wondered

dered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. Let our good friend, says he, attack every one that deserves it: I would only advise you, Mr. SPECTATOR, applying himself to me, to take care how you meddle with Country Squires: They are the ornaments of the *English* nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention Fox-hunters with so little respect.

Captain SENTRY spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the Army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my Speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the Club; and began to think my self in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with my self, my worthy friend the CLERGYMAN, who, very luckily for me, was at the Club that night, undertook my cause. He told us, that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised: That it was not Quality, but Innocence, which exempted men from reproof: That Vice and Folly ought to be attacked where-ever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, That my Paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the publick, by reprehending those Vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the Law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the Pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with chearfulness, and assured me, that whoever might be displeas'd with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honour to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole Club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this Gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid ingenious manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of Argument and force of Reason which he makes use of. WILL. HONEYCOMB immediately agreed, that what he had said was right; and that for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the Ladies. Sir ANDREW gave up the City with the same frankness.

The TEMPLER would not stand out; and was followed by Sir ROGER and the CAPTAIN: who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased; provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the *Roman* Triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription: And at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of Virtue and good Sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found: I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If *Punch* grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely: If the Stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with any thing in City, Court, or Country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I must however intreat every particular person, who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: For I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love to mankind.

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N<sup>o</sup> 35. *Tuesday, April 10.*

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*Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.*

Mart.

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**A**MONG all kinds of writing, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of Humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excell. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, an head that is filled with extravagant  
con-

conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the productions of several writers, who set up for men of Humour, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought, do we meet with? if they speak Nonsense, they believe they are talking Humour; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor Gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of Wits and Humourists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for *Bedlam*; not considering that Humour should always lye under the check of Reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest Judgment, by so much the more as it indulges it self in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskilful Author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert my self with it, but am rather apt to pity the man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. *Shadwell*, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty Rake, in one of his Plays, as very much surprized to hear one say that breaking of windows was not humour; and I question not but several *English* readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd chimerical titles, are rather the off-springs of a distemper'd brain, than works of humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not Humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as *Cowley* has done Wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after *Plato's* manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. TRUTH was the founder of the family, and the father of GOOD SENSE. GOOD SENSE was the father of WIT, who married a Lady of a collateral line called MIRTH, by whom he had issue HUMOUR. HUMOUR therefore being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from Parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour, and fan-



tastick in his dress: infomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a Judge, and as jocular as a *Merry-Andrew*. But as he has a great deal of the Mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But since there is an Impostor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young Gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world; to the end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would desire my readers, when they meet with this Pretender, to look into his parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to TRUTH, and lineally descended from GOOD SENSE; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as TRUE HUMOUR generally looks serious, while every body laughs about him; FALSE HUMOUR is always laughing, whilst every body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both Parents, that is, if he would pass for the off-spring of WIT without MIRTH, or MIRTH without WIT, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious, and a cheat.

The Impostor of whom I am speaking, descends originally from FALSEHOOD, who was the Mother of NONSENSE, who was brought to bed of a Son called FRENZY, who married one of the Daughters of FOLLY, commonly known by the name of LAUGHTER, on whom he begot that monstrous Infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of FALSE HUMOUR, and, at the same time, place under it the genealogy of TRUE HUMOUR, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations.

FALSEHOOD.  
NONSENSE.  
FRENZY.—LAUGHTER.  
FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.  
GOOD SENSE.  
WIT.—MIRTH.  
HUMOUR.

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning several of the children of FALSE HUMOUR, who are more in number than the sands of the sea, and might

might in particular enumerate the many Sons and Daughters which he has begot in this Island. But as this would be a very invidious task, I shall only observe in general, that FALSE HUMOUR differs from the TRUE, as a Monkey does from a Man.

*First* of all, He is exceedingly given to little apish tricks and buffoneries.

*Secondly*, He so much delights in mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty.

*Thirdly*, He is wonderfully unlucky, infomuch that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. For having but small talents, he must be merry where he *can*, not where he *should*.

*Fourthly*, Being intirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of morality or instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

*Fifthly*, Being incapable of any thing but mock-representations, his ridicule is always personal, and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer; not at the vice, or at the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of false Humourists; but as one of my principal designs in this paper is to beat down that malignant spirit, which discovers it self in the writings of the present age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small wits, that infest the world with such compositions as are ill-natured, immoral, and absurd. This is the only exception which I shall make to the general rule I have prescribed my self, of *attacking multitudes*: since every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the Libeller and Lamponer, and to annoy them where-ever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.



*Thursday,*

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N<sup>o</sup> 37. Thursday, April 12.

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-----*Non illa colo calathifve Minervæ  
Fœmineas assueta manus.*-----

Virg.

---

SOME months ago, my friend Sir ROGER being in the country, enclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I shall here call by the name of *Leonora*, and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her Lady's Library, till such time as she was in a readiness to receive me. The very sound of a *Lady's Library* gave me a great curiosity to see it; and, as it was some time before the Lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the *Folio's* (which were finely bound and gilt) were great Jars of *China* placed one above another in a very noble piece of Architecture. The *Quarto's* were separated from the *Octavo's* by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful Pyramid. The *Octavo's* were bounded by Tea-dishes of all shapes, colours and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame, that they looked like one continued Pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the Library which was designed for the reception of Plays and Pamphlets, and other loose papers, was enclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of Scaramouches, Lions, Monkies, Mandarines, Trees Shells, and a thousand other odd figures in *China* ware. In the midst of the room was a little Japan table, with a quire of gilt Paper upon it, and on the Paper a silver Snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the numbers, like Fagots in the muster of a Regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with  
such

such a mixt kind of furniture, as seem'd very suitable to both the Lady and the Scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy my self in a Grotto, or in a Library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the Lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the Authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow.

- Ogleby's Virgil.*
- Dryden's Juvenal.*
- Cassandra.*
- Cleopatra.*
- Astræa.*
- Sir *Isaac Newton's* works.
- The Grand Cyrus*; with a Pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.
- Pembroke's Arcadia.*
- Lock* of human understanding; with a paper of Patches in it.
- A Spelling-book.
- A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.
- Sherlock* upon Death.
- The fifteen comforts of Matrimony.
- Sir *William Temple's* Essays.
- Father *Malbranche's* search after Truth, translated into *English*.
- A book of Novels.
- The Academy of Compliments.
- Culpepper's* Midwifery.
- The Ladies Calling.
- Tales in verse by Mr. *Durfey*: Bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.
- All the *Classick* Authors in wood.
- A set of *Elzivirs* by the same hand.
- Clelia*: Which opened of it self in the place that describes two Lovers in a Bower.
- Baker's* Chronicle.
- Advice to a Daughter.
- The new *Atalantis*, with a Key to it.
- Mr. *Steele's* Christian Heroe.
- A Prayer book: With a bottle of *Hungary* water by the side of it.

Dr.

Dr. *Sacheverell's* Speech.

*Fielding's* Tryal.

*Seneca's* Morals.

*Taylor's* holy Living and Dying.

*La Ferte's* Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a Catalogue in my pocket-book of these, and several other Authors, when *Leonora* entred, and upon my presenting her with the Letter from the Knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir ROGER was in good health: I answered *Yes*, for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

*Leonora* was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her Estate to my good friend Sir ROGER. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of Lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favourite pleasures and pursuits, *Leonora* has turned all the passions of her Sex, into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men, (as she has often said her self) but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male-visitants, except my friend Sir ROGER, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among Romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers it self even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir ROGER has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country-seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from *London*, and looks like a little enchanted Palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottoes covered with wood-bines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of Turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful Lake, that is inhabited by a couple of Swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of *The purling Stream*. The Knight likewise tells me, that this Lady preserves her game better than any of the Gentlemen in the country, not (says Sir ROGER) that she sets so great a value upon her Partridges and Pheasants, as upon her Larks and Nightingales. For she says that every bird which is killed in her ground, will spoil a consort, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year. When

When I think how odly this Lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to her self, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her Sex, who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable, though more in fashion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a Lady's employing her self usefully in reading shall be the subject of another Paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the Sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it.

N<sup>o</sup> 39. *Saturday, April 14.*

*Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,  
Cum scribo -----*

Hor.

**A**S a perfect Tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments. A virtuous man (says *Seneca*) struggling with misfortunes, is such a spectacle as Gods might look upon with pleasure: And such a pleasure it is which one meets with in the representation of a well-written Tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They soften insolence, soothe affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of Providence.

It is no wonder therefore that in all the polite nations of the world, this part of the *Drama* has met with publick encouragement.

The modern Tragedy excels that of *Greece* and *Rome*, in the intricacy and disposition of the Fable; but, what a Christian writer would be ashamed to own, falls infinitely short of it in the moral part of the performance.

This I may shew more at large hereafter; and in the mean time, that I may contribute something towards the improvement of the *English* Tragedy, I shall take notice, in this and in other following papers, of some particular parts in it that seem liable to exception.

*Aristotle* observes, that the *Iambick* verse in the *Greek* tongue was the most proper for Tragedy: because at the same time that it lifted up the discourse from Prose, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of Verse. For, says he, we may observe that men in ordinary discourse very often speak *Iambicks*, without taking notice of it. We may make the same observation of our *English* Blank verse, which often enters into our common discourse, though we do not attend to it, and is such a due medium between Rhyme and Prose, that it seems wonderfully adapted to Tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I see a Play in Rhyme; which is as absurd in *English*, as a Tragedy of *Hexameters* would have been in *Greek* or *Latin*. The *Solœcism* is, I think, still greater, in those Plays that have some Scenes in Rhyme and some in Blank verse, which are to be looked upon as two several languages; or where we see some particular Similes dignified with Rhyme, at the same time that every thing about them lyes in Blank verse. I would not however debar the Poet from concluding his Tragedy, or, if he pleases, every Act of it, with two or three Couplets, which may have the same effect as an Air in the *Italian* Opera after a long *Recitativo*, and give the Actor a graceful *Exit*. Besides, that we see a diversity of numbers in some parts of the Old Tragedy, in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the same continued modulation of voice. For the same reason I do not dislike the speeches in our *English* Tragedy that close with an *Hemistick*, or half verse, notwithstanding the person who speaks after it begins a new verse, without filling up the preceding one; nor with abrupt pauses and breakings-off in the middle of a verse, when they humour any Passion that is expressed by it.

Since I am upon this subject, I must observe that our *English* Poets have succeeded much better in the *Stile*, than in the *Sentiments* of their Tragedies. Their language is very often noble and sonorous, but the sense either very trifling or very common. On the contrary, in the ancient Tragedies, and indeed in those of *Corneille* and *Racine*, though the expressions

pressions are very great, it is the thought that bears them up and swells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble sentiment that is depressed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the sound and energy of expression. Whether this defect in our Tragedies may rise from want of genius, knowledge, or experience in the writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taste of their readers, who are better judges of the language than of the sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectify the conduct both of the one and of the other, if the writer laid down the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain *English*, before he turned it into blank verse; and if the reader, after the perusal of a scene, would consider the naked thought of every speech in it, when divested of all its Tragick ornaments; by this means, without being imposed upon by words, we may judge impartially of the thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a blaze of eloquence, or shew it self in such a variety of lights as are generally made use of by the writers of our *English* Tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the founding phrases, hard metaphors, and forced expressions in which they are cloathed. *Shakespear* is often very faulty in this particular. There is a fine observation in *Aristotle* to this purpose, which I have never seen quoted. The expression, says he, ought to be very much laboured in the unactive parts of the fable, as in descriptions, similitudes, narrations, and the like; in which the opinions, manners, and passions of men are not represented; for these, (namely the opinions, manners and passions) are apt to be obscured by pompous phrases, and elaborate expressions. *Horace*, who copied most of his criticisms after *Aristotle*, seems to have had his eye on the foregoing rule, in the following verses:

*Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.*  
*Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,*  
*Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,*  
*Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.*

*Tragedians too lay by their state, to grieve.*  
*Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,*  
*Forget their swelling and gigantick words.*

Ld. ROSCOMMON.

Q q q 2

Among



Among our modern *English* Poets, there is none who was better turned for Tragedy than *Lee*; if instead of favouring the impetuosity of his genius, he had restrained it, and kept it within its proper bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully suited to Tragedy, but frequently lost in such a cloud of words, that it is hard to see the beauty of them: There is an infinite fire in his works, but so involved in smোক, that it does not appear in half its lustre. He frequently succeeds in the passionate parts of the Tragedy, but more particularly where he slackens his efforts, and eases the stile of those Epithets and Metaphors, in which he so much abounds. What can be more natural, more soft, or more passionate, than that line in *Statira's* speech, where she describes the charms of *Alexander's* conversation?

*Then he would talk: Good Gods! how he would talk!*

That unexpected break in the line, and turning the description of his manner of talking into an admiration of it, is inexpressibly beautiful, and wonderfully suited to the fond character of the person that speaks it. There is a simplicity in the words, that outshines the utmost pride of expression.

*Otway* has followed Nature in the language of his Tragedy, and therefore shines in the passionate parts, more than any of our *English* Poets. As there is something familiar and domestick in the fable of his Tragedy, more than in those of any other Poet, he has little pomp, but great force in his expressions. For which reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting part of his Tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great a familiarity of phrase in those parts, which, by *Aristotle's* rule, ought to have been raised and supported by the dignity of expression.

It has been observed by others, that this Poet has founded his Tragedy of *Venice Preserved* on so wrong a Plot, that the greatest characters in it are those of rebels and traitors. Had the Heroe of his Play discovered the same good qualities in the defence of his country, that he shewed for its ruine and subversion, the audience could not enough pity and admire him: But as he is now represented, we can only say of him what the *Roman* Historian says of *Catiline*, that his fall would have been glorious (*si pro patria sic concidisset*) had he so fallen in the service of his country.

Monday,

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N<sup>o</sup> 40. *Monday, April 16.*

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*Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,  
Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne;  
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur  
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,  
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,  
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.* Hor.

---

**T**HE *English* writers of Tragedy are possessed with a notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of poetical justice. Who were the first that established this rule I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the Ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave; and as the principal design of Tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the Tragedy, they will make but small impression on our minds, when we know that in the last act he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort our selves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason the ancient writers of Tragedy treated men in their Plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy, and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made

made choice of, or as it might affect their audience in the most agreeable manner. *Aristotle* considers the Tragedies that were written in either of these kinds, and observes, that those which ended unhappily, had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the publick disputes of the stage, from those that ended happily. — Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish in the mind; and fix the audience in such a serious composition of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly, we find, that more of our *English* Tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience sink under their calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them. The best Plays of this kind are the *Orphan*, *Venice preserved*, *Alexander the Great*, *Theodosius*, *All for Love*, *Oedipus*, *Oroonoko*, *Othello*, &c. *King Lear* is an admirable Tragedy of the same kind, as *Shakespear* wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble Tragedies, which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good Tragedies, which have been written since the starting of the above-mentioned criticism, have taken this turn: as the *Mourning Bride*, *Tamerlane*, *Ulysses*, *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, with most of Mr. *Dryden's*. I must also allow, that many of *Shakespear's*, and several of the celebrated Tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not therefore dispute against this way of writing Tragedies, but against the criticism that would establish this as the only method; and by that means would very much cramp the *English* Tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The Tragi-comedy, which is the product of the *English* Theatre, is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into a Poet's thoughts. An Author might as well think of weaving the adventures of *Aeneas* and *Hudibras* into one Poem, as of writing such a motly piece of mirth and sorrow. But the absurdity of these performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same objections which are made to Tragi-comedy, may in some measure be applied to all Tragedies that have a double Plot in them; which are likewise more frequent upon the *English* Stage, than upon any other: For though the grief of the audience, in such performances, be not changed into another passion, as in Tragi-comedies; it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action,

action, and breaks the tide of sorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience, however, may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skilful choice of an Under-plot, which may bear such a near relation to the principal design, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the same Catastrophe.

There is also another particular, which may be reckoned among the blemishes, or rather the false beauties of our *English* Tragedy: I mean those particular Speeches which are commonly known by the name of *Rants*. The warm and passionate parts of a Tragedy, are always the most taking with the audience; for which reason we often see the Players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, several parts of the Tragedy which the Author writ with great temper, and designed that they should have been so acted. I have seen *Powell* very often raise himself a loud clap by this artifice. The Poets that were acquainted with this secret, have given frequent occasion for such emotions in the Actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no passion, or inflaming a real passion into fustian. This hath filled the mouths of our Heroes with bombast; and given them such sentiments, as proceed rather from a swelling than a greatness of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curses, vows, blasphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the Gods, frequently pass upon the audience for tow'ring thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applause.

I shall here add a remark, which I am afraid our Tragick writers may make an ill use of. As our Heroes are generally Lovers, their swelling and blustering upon the Stage very much recommends them to the fair part of their audience. The Ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a man insulting Kings or affronting the Gods, in one Scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his Mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the men, and abjectly towards the Fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves a favourite of the boxes. *Dryden* and *Lee*, in several of their Tragedies, have practised this secret with good success.

But to shew how a *Rant* pleases beyond the most just and natural thought that is not pronounced with vehemence, I would desire the Reader, when he sees the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, to observe how quietly the Hero is dismissed at the end of the third Act, after having pronounced the following lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move compassion.

To

*To you, good Gods, I make my last appeal,  
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.  
If in the maze of Fate I blindly run,  
And backward trod those paths I sought to shun;  
Impute my errors to your own decree:  
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.*

Let us then observe with what thunder-claps of applause he leaves the Stage, after the impieties and execrations at the end of the fourth Act; and you will wonder to see an audience so cursed and so pleased at the same time.

*O that as oft I have at Athens seen*

[Where, by the way, there was no Stage till many years after Oedipus.]

*The Stage arise, and the big clouds descend;  
So now in very deed, I might behold  
This pond'rous Globe, and all you marble roof,  
Meet like the hands of Jove, and crush mankind,  
For all the Elements, &c.*

#### A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*Having spoken of Mr. Powell, as sometimes raising himself applause from the ill taste of an audience; I must do him the justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a Tragedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the admiration of the best judges; as I doubt not but he will in the Conquest of Mexico, which is acted for his own benefit to-morrow night.*



*Wednesday,*

N<sup>o</sup> 42. *Wednesday, April 18.*

*Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare Thuscum,  
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,  
Divitiæque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor  
Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera lævæ.  
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?  
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.*

Hor.

**A** *Ristotle* has observed, that ordinary writers in Tragedy endeavour to raise Terror and Pity in their audience, not by proper sentiments and expressions, but by the dresses and decorations of the Stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the *English* Theatre. When the Author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders; when he would make us melancholy, the Stage is darkened. But among all our tragick Artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent ideas of the persons that speak. The ordinary method of making an Hero, is to clap a huge Plume of feathers upon his head, which rises so very high, that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head, than to the sole of his foot. One would believe, that we thought a Great man and a Tall man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the Actor, who is forced to hold his neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks; and notwithstanding any anxieties which he pretends for his Mistress, his Country or his Friends, one may see by his action, that his greatest care and concern is to keep the Plume of feathers from falling off his head. For my own part, when I see a man uttering his complaints under such a mountain of feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate Lunatick, than a distressed Hero. As these superfluous ornaments upon the head make a Great man, a Princess generally receives her grandeur from those

VOL. II.

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additional incumbrances that fall into her tail: I mean the broad sweeping train that follows her in all her motions, and finds constant employment for a boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this sight, but, I must confess, my eyes are wholly taken up with the Page's part; and as for the Queen, I am not so attentive to any thing she speaks, as to the right adjusting of her train, lest it should chance to trip up her heels, or incommode her, as she walks to and fro upon the Stage. It is, in my opinion, a very odd spectacle, to see a Queen venting her passion in a disordered motion, and a little boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the tail of her Gown. The parts that the two persons act on the Stage at the same time, are very different: The Princess is afraid lest she should incur the displeasure of the King her father, or lose the Hero her lover, whilst her attendant is only concerned lest she should entangle her feet in her Petticoat.

We are told, that an ancient tragick Poet, to move the pity of his audience for his exiled Kings and distressed Heroes, used to make the Actors represent them in dresses and cloaths that were thread-bare and decayed. This artifice for moving pity, seems as ill-contrived, as that we have been speaking of to inspire us with a great idea of the persons introduced upon the Stage. In short, I would have our conceptions raised by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, rather than by a train of robes or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making Great men, and adding dignity to Kings and Queens, is to accompany them with Halberts and Battle-axes. Two or three shifters of scenes, with the two candle-snuffers, make up a compleat body of Guards upon the *English* stage; and by the addition of a few Porters dressed in red coats, can represent above a dozen legions. I have sometimes seen a couple of armies drawn up together upon the stage, when the Poet has been disposed to do honour to his Generals. It is impossible for the reader's imagination to multiply twenty men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand Soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such nature should be told, not represented.

Non tamen intus

*Digna geri promes in scenam: multaque tolles  
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.*

Hor.

Tet

*Yet there are things improper for a scene,  
Which men of judgment only will relate.*

Ld. ROSCOMMON.

I should therefore, in this particular, recommend to my countrymen the example of the *French Stage*, where the Kings and Queens always appear unattended, and leave their Guards behind the scenes. I should likewise be glad if we imitated the *French* in banishing from our stage the noise of drums, trumpets, and huzzas; which is sometimes so very great, that when there is a battel in the *Hay-Market Theatre*, one may hear it as far as *Charing-Cross*.

I have here only touched upon those particulars which are made use of to raise and aggrandize the persons of a Tragedy; and shall shew in another paper the several expedients which are practised by Authors of a vulgar genius, to move terror, pity, or admiration, in their hearers.

The Taylor and the Painter often contribute to the success of a Tragedy more than the Poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as speeches; and our Actors are very sensible, that a well-dressed Play has sometimes brought them as full audiences, as a well-written one. The *Italians* have a very good phrase to express this art of imposing upon the spectators by appearances: They call it the *Fourberia della scena*, the *knavery or trickish part of the drama*. But however the show and outside of the Tragedy may work upon the vulgar, the more understanding part of the audience immediately see through it, and despise it.

A good Poet will give the reader a more lively idea of an army or a battel in a description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in squadrons and battalions, or engaged in the confusion of a fight. Our minds should be opened to great conceptions, and inflamed with glorious sentiments, by what the Actor speaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the trappings or equipage of a King or Heroe, give *Brutus* half that pomp and majesty which he receives from a few lines in *Shakepear*?



R r r z

Friday,



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N<sup>o</sup> 44. Friday, April 20.

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*Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.*

Hor.

**A**MONG the several artifices which are put in practice by the Poets to fill the minds of an audience with Terror, the first place is due to Thunder and Lightning, which are often made use of at the descending of a God, or the rising of a Ghost, at the vanishing of a Devil, or at the death of a Tyrant. I have known a Bell introduced into several Tragedies with good effect; and have seen the whole assembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our *English* Theatre so much as a Ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody shirt. A Spectre has very often saved a Play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the stage, or rose through a cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking one word. There may be a proper season for these several terrors; and when they only come in as aids and assistances to the Poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus the founding of the clock in *Venice Preserved*, makes the hearts of the whole audience quake; and conveys a stronger terror to the mind, than it is possible for words to do. The appearance of the Ghost in *Hamlet* is a master-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the circumstances that can create either attention or horror. The mind of the reader is wonderfully prepared for his reception by the discourses that precede it: his dumb behaviour at his first entrance, strikes the imagination very strongly; but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the speech with which young *Hamlet* accosts him, without trembling?

Hor. *Look, my Lord, it comes!*

Ham. *Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!*  
*Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd;*

*Bring*

*Bring with thee airs from Heav'n, or blasts from Hell;  
Be thy event wicked or charitable;  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,  
King, Father, Royal Dane: Oh! oh! answer me,  
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws  
To cast thee up again? what may this mean?  
That thou dead coarfe again in compleat steel  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous?*

I do not therefore find fault with the Artifices above-mentioned, when they are introduced with skill, and accompanied by proportionable sentiments and expressions in the writing.

For the moving of Pity, our principal machine is the handkerchief; and indeed in our common Tragedies, we should not know very often that the persons are in distress by any thing they say, if they did not from time to time apply their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this instrument of sorrow from the stage; I know a Tragedy could not subsist without it: all that I would contend for, is, to keep it from being misapplied. In a word, I would have the Actor's tongue sympathize with his eyes.

A disconsolate Mother, with a Child in her hand, has frequently drawn compassion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in several Tragedies. A modern writer, that observed how this had took in other Plays, being resolved to double the distress, and melt his audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a Princess upon the stage with a little Boy in one hand and a Girl in the other. This too had a very good effect. A third Poet being resolved to out-write all his predecessors, a few years ago introduced three children, with great success: and, as I am informed, a young Gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate hearts, has a Tragedy by him, where the first person that appears upon the stage is an afflicted Widow in her mourning-weeds, with half a dozen fatherless Children attending her, like those that usually hang about the figure of Charity. Thus several incidents

cidents that are beautiful in a good writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one.

But among all our methods of moving Pity or Terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is so very frequent upon the *English* Stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign of a cruel temper: and as this is often practised before the *British* Audience, several *French* Criticks, who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd, to see our stage strowed with carcases in the last scene of a Tragedy; and to observe in the ward-robe of the play-house several daggers, poniards, wheels, bowls for poison, and many other instruments of death. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the *French* Theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people: but as there are no exceptions to this rule on the *French* Stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present censure. I remember in the famous Play of *Corneille*, written upon the subject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*; the fierce young Heroe who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another, (instead of being congratulated by his Sister for his victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her lover) in the height of his passion and resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the sentiments of nature, reason, or manhood could take place in him. However, to avoid *publick bloodshed*, as soon as his passion is wrought to its height, he follows his Sister the whole length of the stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the scenes. I must confess, had he murdered her before the audience, the indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold blood. To give my opinion upon this case; the fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the Reader, to see how *Sophocles* has conducted a Tragedy under the like delicate circumstances. *Orestes* was in the same condition with *Hamlet* in *Shakespeare*, his Mother having murdered his Father, and taken possession of his Kingdom in conspiracy with her Adulterer. That young Prince therefore, being determined to revenge his father's Death upon those who filled his Throne, conveys himself

self by a beautiful stratagem into his Mother's apartment, with a resolution to kill her. But because such a spectacle would have been too shocking to the audience, this dreadful resolution is executed behind the Scenes: The Mother is heard calling out to her Son for mercy; and the Son answering her, that she shewed no mercy to his Father: after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our Plays there are speeches made behind the Scenes, though there are other instances of this nature to be met with in those of the ancients: and I believe my reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful Dialogue between the Mother and her Son behind the Scenes, than could have been in any thing transacted before the audience. *Orestes* immediately after meets the Usurper at the entrance of his Palace; and by a very happy thought of the Poet avoids killing him before the Audience, by telling him that he should live some time in his present bitterness of Soul before he would dispatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the Palace where he had slain his Father, whose murder he would revenge in the very same place where it was committed. By this means the Poet observes that decency, which *Horace* afterwards established by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murders before the Audience.

*Nec coram populo natos Medea trucidet.*

*Let not Medea draw her murdering knife,  
And spill her childrens blood upon the stage.*

The *French* have therefore refined too much upon *Horace's* Rule, who never designed to banish all kinds of Death from the Stage; but only such as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when transacted behind the Scenes. I would therefore recommend to my Countrymen the practice of the ancient Poets, who were very sparing of their publick executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the Scenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the Audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted persons of the Tragedy were seldom slain before the Audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their Death, which has always in it something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the Stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but also as an improbability.

*Nec*

*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;  
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;  
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.  
Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

Hor.

*Medea must not draw her murth'ring Knife,  
Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare,  
Cadmus and Progne's Metamorphosis,  
(She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)  
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,  
I hate to see, and never can believe.*

Ld. RosCOMMON.

I have now gone through the several dramattick inventions which are made use of by the Ignorant Poets to supply the place of Tragedy, and by the Skilful to improve it; some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with caution. It would be an endless task to consider Comedy in the same light, and to mention the innumerable shifts that small wits put in practice to raise a laugh. *Bullock* in a short coat, and *Norris* in a long one, seldom fail of this effect. In ordinary Comedies, a broad and a narrow brimmed hat are different characters. Sometimes the wit of the Scene lies in a shoulder-belt, and sometimes in a pair of Whiskers. A Lover running about the Stage, with his head peeping out of a barrel, was thought a very good jest in King *Charles* the Second's time; and invented by one of the first Wits of that Age. But because ridicule is not so delicate as compassion, and because the objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater latitude for Comick than Tragick artifices, and by consequence a much greater indulgence to be allowed them.



Saturday,

N<sup>o</sup> 45. Saturday, April 21.*Natio Comœda est*-----

Juv.

**T**HERE is, nothing which I more desire than a safe and honourable Peace, though at the same time I am very apprehensive of many ill consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our Politicks, but to our Manners. What an inundation of Ribbons and Brocades will break in upon us? What peals of laughter and impertinence shall we be exposed to? For the prevention of these great evils, I could heartily wish that there was an Act of Parliament for prohibiting the importation of *French Fopperies*.

The Female Inhabitants of our Island have already received very strong impressions from this ludicrous nation, though by the length of the War (as there is no evil which has not some good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well-bred Country-women kept their *Valet de Chambre*, because, forsooth, a man was much more handy about them than one of their own sex. I myself have seen one of these male *Abigails* tripping about the room with a Looking-glass in his hand, and combing his Lady's hair a whole morning together. Whether or no there was any truth in the story of a Lady's being got with child by one of these her Handmaids, I cannot tell; but I think at present the whole race of them is extinct in our own country.

About the time that several of our Sex were taken into this kind of service, the Ladies likewise brought up the fashion of receiving visits in their beds. It was then looked upon as a piece of ill breeding for a woman to refuse to see a man, because she was not stirring; and a Porter would have been thought unfit for his place, that could have made so awkward an excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my friend WILL. HONEYCOMB to carry me along with him to one of these travelled Ladies, desiring him, at the same time, to present me as

a foreigner who could not speak *English*, that so I might not be obliged to bear a part in the discourse. The Lady, though willing to appear undrest, had put on her best looks, and painted her self for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the night-gown which was thrown upon her shoulders was ruffled with great care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the Fair sex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when she moved in her bed, and was in the greatest confusion imaginable every time she stirred a leg or an arm. As the Coquets, who introduced this custom, grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing that a woman of three-score may kick and tumble her heart out, without making any impressions.

*Sempronia* is at present the most profest admirer of the *French* nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no farther than her Toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talking Politicks with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass, which does such execution upon all the Male standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her woman and her visitants? What sprightly transitions does she make from an Opera or a Sermon, to an Ivory comb or a Pin-cushion? How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels, by a message to her Footman? and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch?

There is nothing which exposes a woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airiness of temper, which are natural to most of the sex. It should be therefore the concern of every wise and virtuous woman, to keep this sprightliness from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole discourse and behaviour of the *French* is to make the sex more fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it) *more awakened*, than is consistent either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in publick Assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private, or in whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time, a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, discretion and modesty, which in all other Ages and Countries have been regarded as the greatest ornaments of the Fair sex, are considered as the ingredients of narrow conversation, and family behaviour.

Some years ago I was at the Tragedy of *Mackbeth*, and unfortunately placed my self under a woman of Quality that is since dead; who, as I found by the noise she made, was newly returned from *France*. A little

before

before the rising of the curtain, she broke out into a loud soliloquy, *When will the dear Witches enter?* and immediately upon their first appearance, asked a Lady that fate three boxes from her, on her right hand, if those Witches were not charming creatures. A little after, as *Betterton* was in one of the finest speeches of the Play, she shook her fan at another Lady, who fate as far on the left hand, and told her with a whisper, that might be heard all over the pit, We must not expect to see *Balloon* to night. Not long after, calling out to a young Baronet by his name, who fate three seats before me, she asked him whether *Macbeth's* Wife was still alive; and before he could give an answer, fell a talking of the Ghost of *Banquo*. She had by this time formed a little audience to her self, and fixed the attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the Play, I got out of the sphere of her impertinence, and planted my self in one of the remotest corners of the pit.

This pretty childishness of behaviour is one of the most refined parts of Coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection, by Ladies that do not travel for their improvement. A natural and unconstrained behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no wonder to see people endeavouring after it. But at the same time, it is so very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themselves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious *French* Author tells us, that the Ladies of the Court of *France*, in his time, thought it ill breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce an hard word right; for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might shew a politeness in murdering them. He further adds, that a Lady of some Quality at Court, having accidentally made use of an hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her.

I must however be so just to own, that there are many Ladies who have travelled several thousands of miles without being the worse for it, and have brought home with them all the modesty, discretion, and good sense, that they went abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great numbers of *travelled* Ladies, who have lived all their days within the smoak of *London*. I have known a woman that never was out of the parish of *St. James's* betray as many foreign fopperies in her carriage, as she could have gleaned up in half the countries of *Europe*.



N<sup>o</sup> 46. Monday, April 23.

*Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.* Ovid.

WHEN I want materials for this paper, it is my custom to go abroad in quest of game; and when I meet any proper subject, I take the first opportunity of setting down an hint of it upon paper. At the same time I look into the letters of my correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford matter of speculation, I likewise enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole sheet-full of hints, that would look like a Rhapsody of nonsense to any body but my self: There is nothing in them but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are my Speculations in the first principles, that (like the world in its chaos) are void of all light, distinction, and order.

About a week since there happened to me a very odd accident, by reason of one of these my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at *Lloyd's* Coffee-house, where the Auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a cluster of people who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one end of the Coffee-house: it had raised so much laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The Boy of the Coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, asking every body if they had dropped a written paper; but no body challenging it, he was ordered by those merry Gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the auction-pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it, they might. The Boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and with a very audible voice read as follows.

MINUTES.

## MINUTES.

Sir ROGER DE COVERLY'S country feat—Yes, for I hate long speeches—Query, if a good Christian may be a Conjuror—*Childermass-day*, Saltfeller, House-dog, Screech-owl, Cricket—Mr. Thomas Inkle of London, in the good ship called the *Achilles*. *Varico*—*Ægre scit que medendo*—Ghosts—The Lady's Library—Lion by trade a Taylor—Dromedary called *Bucephalus*—Equipage the Lady's *summum bonum*—*Charles Lillie* to be taken notice of—Short face a relief to envy—Redundancies in the three professions—King *Latinus* a recruit—Jew devouring an ham of Bacon—*Westminster-Abby*—*Grand Cairo*—Procrastination—*April* fools—Blue Boars, Red Lions, Hogs in armour—Enter a King and two Fiddlers *solus*—Admission into the Ugly Club—Beauty, how improveable—Families of true and false Humour—The Parrot's school-mistress—Face half *Piè* half *British*—No man to be an Heroe of a Tragedy under six foot—Club of Sighers—Letters from Flower-pots, Elbow-chairs, Tapestry-figures, Lion, Thunder—The Bell rings to the Puppet-show—Old Woman with a Beard married to a smock-faced Boy—My next coat to be turned up with blue—Fable of Tongs and Gridiron—Flower Dyers—The Soldier's Prayer—Thank ye for nothing, says the Gallypot—*Pactolus* in stockings, with golden clocks to them—Bamboos, Gudgeles, Drum-sticks—Slip of my Land-lady's eldest daughter—The black Mare with a star in her forehead—The Barber's pole—WILL. HONEYCOMB'S coat-pocket—*Cæsar's* behaviour and my own in parallel circumstances—Poem in Patch-work—*Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles*—The Female Conventicler—The Ogle-master.

The reading of this paper made the whole Coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a Madman, and others by some body that had been taking notes out of the Spectator. One who had the appearance of a very substantial citizen, told us, with several politick winks and nods, that he wished there was no more in the paper than what was expressed in it: that for his part, he looked upon the Dromedary, the Gridiron, and the Barber's pole, to signify something more than what is usually meant by those words; and that he thought the Coffee-man could not do better, than to carry the paper to one of the Secretaries of State. He further added, that he did not like the name of the out-landish man with the golden clock in his stockings. A young *Oxford* Scholar, who

who chanced to be with his Uncle at the Coffee-house, discovered to us who this *Pactolus* was; and by that means turned the whole scheme of this worthy Citizen into ridicule. While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the Boy, as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but after having cast a cursory glance over it, and shook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of match, and litted my pipe with it. My profound silence, together with the steadiness of my countenance, and the gravity of my behaviour during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped all suspicion of being the Author, I was very well satisfied, and applying my self to my Pipe and the *Postman*, took no further notice of any thing that passed about me.

My reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched, were such provisions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I shall only give him the letters which relate to the two last hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many an husband who suffers very much in his private affairs by the indiscreet zeal of such a partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous inscription quoted by the Bishop of *Salisbury* in his *Travels*; *Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia.*

S I R,

“ I Am one of those unhappy men that are plagued with a Gospel-  
 “ gossip, so common among Dissenters (especially Friends.) Le-  
 “ ctures in the morning, Church-meetings at noon, and Preparation-  
 “ sermons at night, take up so much of her time, 'tis very rare she knows  
 “ what we have for dinner, unless when the Preacher is to be at it.  
 “ With him come a Tribe, all Brothers and Sisters it seems; while o-  
 “ thers, really such, are deemed no relations. If at any time I have her  
 “ company alone, she is a meer sermon popgun, repeating and discharg-  
 “ ing texts, proofs, and applications so perpetually, that however weary  
 “ I may go to bed, the noise in my head will not let me sleep till to-  
 “ wards morning. The misery of my case, and great numbers of such  
 “ sufferers, plead your pity and speedy relief; otherwise must expect, in a  
 “ little

“ little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into want, unless the  
 “ happiness of being sooner talked to death prevent it.

I am, &c. R. G.

The second Letter, relating to the Ogling Master, runs thus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ I Am an *Irish* Gentleman, that have travelled many years for my Im-  
 “ provement; during which time I have accomplished my self in  
 “ the whole art of Ogling, as it is at present practised in all the polite  
 “ nations of *Europe*. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the advice of  
 “ my friends, to set up for an Ogling-master. I teach the Church Ogle  
 “ in the morning, and the Play-house Ogle by candle-light. I have also  
 “ brought over with me a new flying Ogle fit for the Ring; which I teach  
 “ in the dusk of the evening, or in any hour of the day by darkning one  
 “ of my windows. I have a manuscript by me called *The compleat Og-*  
 “ *ler*, which I shall be ready to shew you upon any occasion. In the  
 “ mean time, I beg you will publish the substance of this Letter in an  
 “ Advertisement, and you will very much oblige,

Yours, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> 47. *Tuesday, April 24.*

*Ride si sapiis* -----

Mart.

**M**R. *Hobbs*, in his discourse of human Nature, which, in my hum-  
 ble opinion, is much the best of all his works, after some very  
 curious observations upon Laughter, concludes thus: “ The pas-  
 sion of Laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some  
 “ sudden conception of some eminency in our selves by comparison with  
 “ the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at  
 “ the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remem-  
 “ brance, except they bring with them any present dishonour.”

Ac-

According to this Author therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in this opinion. Every one laughs at some body that is in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly the custom for every great house in *England* to keep a tame Fool dressed in petticoats, that the Heir of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himself with his absurdities. For the same reason Idiots are still in request in most of the Courts of *Germany*, where there is not a Prince of any great magnificence who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed Fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the Courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

The *Dutch*, who are more famous for their Industry and Application, than for Wit and Humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the *Gaper*, that is, the head of an Idiot dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner: This is a standing jest at *Amsterdam*.

Thus every one diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes. Mr. *Dennis* has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a translation of a Satyr in Monsieur *Boileau*.

*Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,  
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.*

Mr. *Hobbs's* reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people above-mentioned are stirrers up of Laughter among men of a gross taste: but as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several provocatives of Laughter in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place I must observe, that there is a set of merry Drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well that they could eat them, according to the old proverb: I mean those circumforaneous Wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In *Holland* they are termed *Pickled Herrings*; in *France*, *Jean Pottages*; in *Italy*, *Maccaronies*; and in *Great Britain*, *Jack Puddings*. These merry Wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in

a Fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is no where more visible than in that custom which prevails every where among us on the first day of the present month, when every body takes it in his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a Haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his boasts that for these ten years successively he has not made less than an hundred *April* fools. My Landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some *sleeveless errand*, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy an half-peny worth of Inkle at a Shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was dispatched half a mile to see a Monster; and in short, the whole family of innocent children made *April* fools. Nay, my Landlady her self did not escape him. This empty fellow has laughed upon these conceits ever since.

This art of Wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years, who are for making *April* fools every day in the year. These Gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of *Biters*; a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chuses his Fool out of a lower or higher class of mankind; or, to speak in a more Philosophical language, That secret elation and pride of heart which is generally called Laughter, arises in him from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial Fool. It is indeed very possible, that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser men than our selves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too abstracted in my speculations, if I shew that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote Analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

But to come into common life: I shall pass by the consideration of those Stage Coxcombs that are able to shake a whole Audience, and take notice of a particular sort of men who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a Club or merry-meeting to subsist without them; I mean those honest Gentlemen that are always exposed to the wit and raillery of their well-wishers and companions; that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends, and foes, and, in a word, stand as *Butts* in conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these *Butts* who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humour, some unlucky cast in their person or behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a *Butt*, who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. A stupid *Butt* is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people: Men of wit require one that will give them play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behaviour. A *Butt* with these accomplishments frequently gets the Laugh on his side, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir *John Falstaff* was an Hero of this species, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a *Butt*, after the following manner; *Men of all sorts* (says that merry Knight) *take a pride to gird at me. The brain of man is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in my self, but the cause that Wit is in other men.*

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N<sup>o</sup> 50. Friday, April 27.

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*Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.* Juv.

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**W**HEN the four *Indian Kings* were in this country about a twelve-month ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many enquiries of their Landlord the Upholsterer,

sterer, relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to the forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The Upholsterer finding my friend very inquisitive about these his Lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by King *Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow*, and, as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of Kings made during their stay in the Isle of *Great Britain*. I shall present my reader with a short Specimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of *London* are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the Church of *St. Paul*.

“ On the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big  
 “ enough to contain the whole nation of which I am King. Our good  
 “ Brother *E Tow O Koam*, King of the *Rivers*, is of opinion it was  
 “ made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The  
 “ Kings of *Granajah* and of the *Six Nations* believe that it was created  
 “ with the Earth, and produced on the same day with the Sun and  
 “ Moon. But for my own part, by the best information that I could  
 “ get of this matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious Pile was  
 “ fashioned into the shape it now bears by several tools and instruments,  
 “ of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was proba-  
 “ bly at first an huge mis-shapen rock that grew upon the top of the hill,  
 “ which the natives of the country (after having cut it into a kind of  
 “ regular figure) bored and hollowed with incredible pains and industry,  
 “ till they had wrought in it all those beautiful vaults and caverns into  
 “ which it is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was thus curi-  
 “ ously scooped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands must have  
 “ been employed in chipping the out-side of it, which is now as smooth  
 “ as the surface of a pebble; and is in several places hewn out into Pil-  
 “ lars, that stand like the trunks of so many trees bound about the top  
 “ with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work was  
 “ begun, which must have been many hundred years ago, there was some  
 “ religion among this people, for they give it the name of a Temple, and  
 “ have a tradition that it was designed for men to pay their devotion in.  
 “ And indeed, there are several reasons which make us think, that the  
 “ natives of this country had formerly among them some sort of wor-



“ ship; for they set apart every seventh day as sacred: but upon my going into one of these holy houses on that day, I could not observe any circumstance of devotion in their behaviour: there was indeed a man in black who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence; but as for those underneath him, instead of paying their worship to the Deity of the place, they were most of them bowing and curtesying to one another, and a considerable number of them fast asleep.

“ The Queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make a shift to gather out of one of them, that this Island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of Animals, in the shape of men, called *Whigs*; and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being Kings.

“ Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of Animal called a *Tory*, that was as great a monster as the *Whig*, and would treat us as ill for being Foreigners. These two creatures, it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the Elephant and the Rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country.

“ These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among our selves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works; but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned fellows carried up and down the streets in little covered rooms by a couple of Porters, who are hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them, which our country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of  
“ their

“ their backs ; with which they walk up and down the streets, and are  
“ as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

“ We were invited to one of their publick diversions, where we hoped  
“ to have seen the great men of their country running down a Stag or  
“ pitching a Bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons  
“ of the greatest abilities among them ; but instead of that, they conveyed  
“ us into an huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where  
“ this lazy people sate still above three hours to see several feats of in-  
“ genuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

“ As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them,  
“ we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They  
“ let the hair of their heads grow to a great length ; but as the men make  
“ a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the  
“ women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot,  
“ and cover it from being seen. The women look like Angels, and would  
“ be more beautiful than the Sun, were it not for little black spots that  
“ are apt to break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd fi-  
“ gures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon ;  
“ but when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to  
“ break out in another, insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the fore-  
“ head in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning.

The Author then proceeds to shew the absurdity of breeches and pet-  
ticoats, with many other curious observations, which I shall reserve for  
another occasion. I cannot however conclude this paper without taking  
notice, that amidst these wild remarks, there now and then appears some-  
thing very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are  
all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking, which  
we meet with in this abstract of the *Indian Journal* ; when we fancy the  
customs, dresses, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and ex-  
travagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.



*Thursday,*

N<sup>o</sup> 55. Thursday, May 3.

-----*Intus, et in jecore agro*

*Nascuntur Domini*-----

Perf.

**M**OST of the Trades, Professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As these two principles of action draw different ways, *Persius* has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was roused out of his bed, in order to be sent upon a long voyage by *Avarice*, and afterwards overpersuaded and kept at home by *Luxury*. I shall set down at length the pleadings of these two imaginary persons, as they are in the original, with Mr. *Dryden's* Translation of them.

*Mane, piger, stertis: surge inquit Avaritia; eja  
Surge. Negas? instat, Surge inquit. Non queo. Surge.  
Et quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas advehe Ponte,  
Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.  
Tolle recens primus piper è sitiante camelo.  
Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter audiet. Eheu!  
Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum  
Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.  
Jam pueris pellem succinctus et ænophorum aptas;  
Ocyus ad navem. Nil obstat quin trabe vastâ  
Ægæum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria ante  
Seductum moneat; Quò deinde, insane ruis? Quo?  
Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore mascula bilis  
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicuta?  
Tun' mare transilias? Tibi tortâ cannabe fulto  
Cena sit in transtro? Veientanumque rubellum*

*Exbalet*

*Exhalet vapida laesum pice sessilis obba?*  
*Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto*  
*Nutrieras, pergant avidos sudare deunces?*  
*Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; nostrum est*  
*Quod vivis; cinis, et manes, et fabula fies.*  
*Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, inde est.*  
*En quid agis? Duplici in diversum scinderis hamo,*  
*Hunc cene, an hunc sequeris? ———*

Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's lap,  
 When thou would'st take a lazy morning's nap;  
 Up, up, says *AVARICE*; thou snor'st again,  
 Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.  
 The rugged Tyrant no denial takes;  
 At his command th'unwilling sluggard wakes.  
 What must I do? he cries; What? says his Lord:  
 Why rise, make ready, and go streight aboard:  
 With fish, from *Euxine* seas, thy vessel freight;  
 Flax, Castor, *Coan* wines, the precious weight  
 Of Pepper, and *Sabean* incense, take  
 With thy own hands, from the tir'd Camel's back,  
 And with post-haste thy running markets make.  
 Be sure to turn the peny; lye and swear,  
 'Tis wholesome Sin: But *Jove*, thou say'st, will hear.  
 Swear, fool, or starve; for the *Dilemma's* even:  
 A Tradesman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?  
 Resolv'd for Sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,  
 Each saddled with his burden on his back:  
 Nothing retards thy voyage, now; but he,  
 That soft voluptuous Prince, call'd *LUXURY*;  
 And he may ask this civil question; Friend,  
 What dost thou make a shipboard? to what end?  
 Art thou of *Bethlem's* noble College free?  
 Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the Sea?  
 Cubb'd in a Cabin, on a Mattress laid,  
 On a brown *George*, with lowsie Swobbers fed;  
 Dead wine that stinks of the *Borachio*, sup  
 From a foul Jack, or greasie Maple cup?

Say,

Say, would'st thou bear all this, to raise thy store,  
 From six i'th'hundred to six hundred more?  
 Indulge, and to thy genius freely give:  
 For, not to live at ease, is not to live:  
 Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour  
 Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.  
 Live, while thou liv'st; for Death will make us all  
 A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.  
 Speak; wilt thou *Avarice* or *Pleasure* chuse  
 To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuse.

When a Government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of *Luxury*; and as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption; so that *Avarice* and *Luxury* very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the *Latin* Historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable States of the world were subdued by the *Romans*, the Republick sunk into those two Vices of a quite different nature, *Luxury* and *Avarice*: and accordingly describes *Catiline* as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandred away his own. This observation on the Commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all Governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendor, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession; which naturally produces *Avarice*, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring my self in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of Allegory or Fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful Tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other: The name of the first was *Luxury*, and of the second *Avarice*. The aim of each of them was no less than universal Monarchy over the hearts of mankind. *Luxury* had many Generals under him, who did him great service, as *Pleasure*, *Mirth*, *Pomp*, and *Fashion*. *Avarice* was likewise very strong in his Officers, being faithfully served by  
*Hunger,*

*Hunger, Industry, Care and Watchfulness*: he had likewise a Privy-Counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this Privy-Counsellor was *Poverty*. As *Avarice* conducted himself by the counsels of *Poverty*, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of *Plenty*, who was his first Counsellor and Minister of State, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great Rivals were thus contending for Empire, their Conquests were very various. *Luxury* got possession of one heart, and *Avarice* of another. The Father of a family would often range himself under the banners of *Avarice*, and the Son under those of *Luxury*. The Wife and Husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood *Neuter*: but alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two Potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their Counsellors were to be present. It is said that *Luxury* began the party, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of *Poverty*, that pernicious Counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this *Avarice* replied, that he looked upon *Plenty* (the first Minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive Counsellor than *Poverty*, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the Government of *Avarice* was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary; that each of them should immediately dismiss his Privy-Counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, inasmuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find *Luxury* and *Avarice* taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the Counsellors above-mentioned, *Avarice* supplies *Luxury* in the room of *Plenty*, as *Luxury* prompts *Avarice* in the place of *Poverty*.

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 N<sup>o</sup> 56.      Friday, May 4.
 

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*Felices errore suo*-----

Lucan.

**T**HE *Americans* believe that all creatures have Souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses: and that as any of these things perish, their Souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the Ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the Souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our *European* Philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of *Plato's* followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many *Aristotelians* have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance *Albertus Magnus*, who in his dissertation upon the loadstone observing that fire will destroy its magnetick virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst an heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the *substantial Form*, that is, in our *West-Indian* phrase, the *Soul* of the load-stone.

There is a tradition among the *Americans*, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of Souls, or, as we call it here, to the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of every thing he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the *Indian* Kings, to enquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter: which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows.

The

The Visionary, whose name was *Marraton*, after having travelled for a long space under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of Spirits; but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or path-way that might be worn in any part of it, he saw an huge Lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The *Indian* immediately started back, whilst the Lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up an huge stone in his hand; but to his infinite surprize grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the Lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him and was only the Ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprize, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briars and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of Shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quick-set hedge to the Ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further when he observed the thorns and briars to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it inclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listned long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the Souls of about an hundred beagles that were hunting

U u u z

down



down the ghost of an hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince *Nicharagua*, who died about half a year before, and, by reason of his great virtues, was at that time lamented over all the western parts of *America*.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landskip of flowry plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of Spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a coit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the Souls of *departed Utensils*; for that is the name which in the *Indian* language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country: but he quickly found that though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an Angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my Reader, that this *Indian* had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the *Indians* to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish that they may live together like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had not stood long by the fisherman when he saw the shadow of his beloved *Yaratilda*, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes; her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was unpassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the *Indian* upon the sight of his dear *Yaratilda*? he could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had

not

not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, stalked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach *Taratilda* flew into his arms, whilst *Marraton* wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with her own hands with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As *Marraton* stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, *Taratilda* told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

This tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the Souls of barbarous *Europeans*, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor *Indians* for the sake of that precious metal: But having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of my paper, I shall not give any further account of it.



Saturday,

N<sup>o</sup> 57. Saturday, May 5.

*Quem prestare potest mulier galeata pudorem  
 Quae fugit a sexu?-----*

Juv.

**W**HEN the wife of *Hector*, in *Homer's Iliads*, discourses with her husband about the battel in which he was going to engage, the Heroe, desiring her to leave that matter to his care, bids her go to her maids and mind her spinning: by which the Poet intimates, that men and women ought to busie themselves in their proper spheres, and on such matters only as are fuitable to their respective sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman, who has passed a great part of his life in the nursery, and, upon occasion, can make a caudle or a sack posset better than any man in *England*. He is likewise a wonderful Critick in cambrick and muslins, and will talk an hour together upon a sweet-meat. He entertains his mother every night with observations that he makes both in Town and Court: as what Lady shews the nicest fancy in her dress; what man of quality wears the fairest whig; who has the finest linnen, who the prettiest snuff-box, with many other the like curious remarks that may be made in good company.

On the other hand I have very frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural *Andromache*, who came up to Town last winter, and is one of the greatest fox hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a wag-gish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her, in her wrath, call a substantial tradesman a lousie cur; and remember one day, when she could not think of the name of a person, she described him, in a large company of Men and Ladies, by the fellow with the broad shoulders.

If those speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imper-

imperfections of one sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the men, I shall not in this paper any further concern my self about them; but as I would fain contribute to make woman-kind, which is the most beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes that are apt to rise among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this paper to their service. The spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that party-rage which of late years is very much crept into their conversation. This is, in its nature, a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel passions that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair sex. Women were formed to temper mankind, and sooth them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. When I have seen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not have given to have stopt it? how have I been troubled to see some of the finest features in the world grow pale, and tremble with party-rage? *Camilla* is one of the greatest beauties in the *British* nation, and yet values her self more upon being the *Virago* of one party, than upon being the Toast of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful *Penthesilea* across a tea-table; but in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to shake with the earnestness of the dispute, she scalded her fingers, and spilt a dish of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, no body knows where it would have ended.

There is one consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my female readers, and which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the face as party-zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look; besides, that it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman's face break out in heats, as she has been talking against a great Lord, whom she had never seen in her life; and indeed never knew a party-woman that kept her beauty for a twelve-month. I would therefore advise all my female readers, as they value their complexions, to let alone all disputes of this nature; though, at the same time I would give free liberty to all superannuated motherly partizans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For

For my own part, I think a man makes an odious and despicable figure, that is violent in a party; but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that caution and reservedness which are requisite in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagances; their generous Souls set no bounds to their love, or to their hatred; and whether a Whig or Tory, a Lap-dog or a Gallant, an Opera or a Puppet-show, be the object of it, the passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole woman.

I remember when Dr. *Titus Oates* was in all his glory, I accompanied my friend *WILL. HONEYCOMB* in a visit to a Lady of his acquaintance: We were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my eyes about the room, I found in almost every corner of it a print that represented the Doctor in all magnitudes and dimensions. A little after, as the Lady was discoursing my friend, and held her snuff-box in her hand, who should I see in the lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after this, when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which upon the first opening discovered among the plaits of it the figure of the Doctor. Upon this my friend *WILL.* who loves raillery, told her, that if he was in *Mr. True-love's* place (for that was the name of her husband) he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever *Othello* was. *I am afraid,* said she, *Mr. HONEYCOMB, you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a friend to the Doctor or not?* *WILL.* instead of making her a reply, smiled in her face (for indeed she was very pretty) and told her that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, *Well,* says she, *I'll be hanged if you and your silent friend there are not against the Doctor in your hearts, I suspected as much by his saying nothing.* Upon this she took her fan into her hand, and upon the opening of it again displayed to us the figure of the Doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the flicks of it. In a word, I found that the Doctor had taken possession of her thoughts, her discourse, and most of her furniture; but finding myself pressed too close by her question, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly.

*Monday,*

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N<sup>o</sup> 58. *Monday, May 7.*

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*Ut pictura, poesis erit*-----

Hor.

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Nothing is so much admired, and so little understood, as Wit. No Author that I know of has written professedly upon it; as for those who make any mention of it, they only treat on the subject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little short reflections, or in general declamatory flourishes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable work to my Countrymen, if I treat at large upon this subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the censure which a famous Critick bestows upon one who had written a Treatise upon *the Sublime* in a low groveling style. I intend to lay aside a whole week for this undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise my self, if my Readers will give me a week's attention, that this great City will be very much changed for the better by next *Saturday* night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my Readers meet with any paper that in some parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only end of these Speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of *Great Britain*, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a taste of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to set my Readers right in several points relating to Opera's and Tragedies; and shall from time to time impart my notions of Comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find by my Bookseller that these papers of Criticism, with that upon Humour, have met with a more kind reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such subjects; for which reason I shall enter upon my present undertaking with greater cheerfulness.

VOL. II.

X x x

In

In this, and one or two following papers, I shall trace out the history of false Wit, and distinguish the several kinds of it as they have prevailed in different ages of the world. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were attempts on foot last winter to revive some of those antiquated modes of Wit that have been long exploded out of the Common-wealth of Letters. There were several Satyrs and Panegyricks handed about in Acrostick, by which means some of the most arrant undisputed blockheads about the town began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to set up for polite Authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many arts of false Wit, in which a writer does not shew himself a man of a beautiful genius, but of great industry.

The first species of false wit which I have met with, is very venerable for its antiquity, and has produced several pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* it self: I mean those short Poems printed among the minor *Greek* Poets, which resemble the figure of an Egg, a pair of Wings, an Ax, a shepherd's Pipe, and an Altar.

As for the first, it is a little oval Poem, and may not improperly be called a Scholar's egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible language, to translate it into *English*, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the Author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his Poem, than upon the sense of it.

The pair of wings consists of twelve verses, or rather feathers, every verse decreasing gradually in its measure according to its situation in the wing. The subject of it (as in the rest of the Poems which follow) bears some remote affinity with the figure, for it describes a God of Love, who is always painted with wings.

The Ax methinks would have been a good figure for a Lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satyrical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing else but the poesie of an Ax which was consecrated to *Minerva*, and was thought to have been the same that *Epeus* made use of in the building of the *Trojan* Horse; which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the Criticks. I am apt to think that the Poesie was written originally upon the Ax, like those which our modern Cutlers inscribe upon their knives; and that therefore the Poesie still remains in its ancient shape, though the Ax it self is lost.

The Shepherd's pipe may be said to be full of musick, for it is composed of nine different kinds of verses, which by their several lengths resem-

resemble the nine stops of the old musical instrument, that is likewise the subject of the Poem.

The Altar is inscribed with the epitaph of *Troilus* the son of *Hecuba*; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false pieces of wit are much more antient than the Authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least I will never be persuaded, that so fine a writer as *Theocritus* could have been the Author of any such simple works.

It was impossible for a man to succeed in these performances who was not a kind of Painter, or at least a Designer: he was first of all to draw the out-line of the subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the description to the figure of his subject. The Poetry was to contract or dilate it self according to the mould in which it was cast. In a word, the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the Tyrant *Procrustes* used to lodge in his iron bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a rack, and if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. *Dryden* hints at this obsolete kind of wit in one of the following Verses in his *Mac Fleckno*; which an *English* reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little Poems abovementioned in the shape of Wings and Altars.

—Chuse for thy command  
Some peaceful Province in Acrostick land;  
There may'st thou Wings display, and Altars raise,  
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.

This fashion of false wit was revived by several Poets of the last age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. *Herbert's* Poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the translation of *Du Bartas*. I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns which more resembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of King *Charles* the First, which has the whole book of *Psalms* written in the lines of the face and the hair of the head. When I was last at *Oxford* I perused one of the whiskers; and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent writing-master in town, who has transcribed all the *Old Testament* in a full-bottomed perriwig;

X x x 2

and



and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of Whigs which were in vogue some few years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary locks that shall contain all the *Apocrypha*. He designed this Wig originally for King *William*, having disposed of the two books of *Kings* in the two forks of the foretop; but that glorious Monarch dying before the Wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient Poems in picture, I would humbly propose, for the benefit of our modern smatterers in Poetry, that they would imitate their brethren among the antients in those ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical Lover of my acquaintance, who intends to present his Mistress with a copy of verses made in the shape of her fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the measure of his Mistress's marriage-finger, with a design to make a poeie in the fashion of a ring which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easie to enlage upon a good hint, that I do not question but my ingenious Readers will apply what I have said to many other particulars; and that we shall see the Town filled in a very little time with poetical tippetts, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a word of advice to those admirable *English* Authors who call themselves Pindarick writers, that they would apply themselves to this kind of wit without loss of time, as being provided better than any other Poets with verses of all sizes and dimensions.

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N<sup>o</sup> 59. *Tuesday, May 8.*

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*Operosè nihil agunt.*

Sen.

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**T**HERE is nothing more certain than that every man would be a Wit if he could, and notwithstanding Pedants of pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite Author, as *Flash* and *Froth*, they all of them shew upon occasion that they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise.

despise. For this reason we often find them endeavouring at works of fancy, which cost them infinite pangs in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a gally-slave than a wit, were one to gain that title by those elaborate trifles which have been the inventions of such Authors as were often masters of great learning, but no genius.

In my last paper I mentioned some of these false wits among the ancients, and in this shall give the Reader two or three other species of them, that flourished in the same early ages of the world. The first I shall produce are the *Lipogrammatists* or *Letter-droppers* of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole Poem. One *Tryphiodorus* was a great master in this kind of writing. He composed an *Odyssey* or epick Poem on the adventures of *Ulysses*, consisting of four and twenty books, having entirely banished the letter *A* from his first book, which was called *Alpha* (as *lucus a non lucendo*) because there was not an *Alpha* in it. His second book was inscribed *Beta*, for the same reason. In short, the Poet excluded the whole four and twenty letters in their turns, and shewed them, one after another, that he could do his business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this Poet avoiding the reprobate letter, as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it through the several *Greek* dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular syllable. For the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong letter. I shall only observe upon this head, that if the work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyssey* of *Tryphiodorus*, in all probability, would have been oftner quoted by our learned Pedants, than the *Odyssey* of *Homer*. What a perpetual fund would it have been of obsolete words and phrases, unusual barbarisms and rusticities, absurd spellings and complicated dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable treasuries of the *Greek* tongue.

I find likewise among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit, which the moderns distinguish by the name of a *Rebus*, that does not sink a letter but a whole word, by substituting a picture in its place. When *Cæsar* was one of the masters of the *Roman* mint, he placed the figure of an Elephant upon the reverse of the publick mony; the word *Cæsar* signifying an Elephant in the *Punick* language. This was artificially contrived by *Cæsar*, because it was not lawful for a private man to  
stamp

stamp his own figure upon the coin of the Common-wealth. *Cicero*, who was so called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the nose with a little wren like a vetch (which is *cicer* in *Latin*) instead of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, ordered the words *Marcus Tullius* with the figure of a vetch at the end of them to be inscribed on a publick monument. This was done probably to shew that he was neither ashamed of his name or family, notwithstanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous building that was marked in several parts of it with the figures of a Frog and a Lizard: those words in *Greek* having been the names of the architects, who by the laws of their country were never permitted to inscribe their own names upon their works. For the same reason it is thought, that the forelock of the horse in the antique-equestrian statue of *Marcus Aurelius*, represents at a distance the shape of an Owl, to intimate the country of the statuary, who, in all probability, was an *Athenian*. This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own country-men about an age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique reason, as the ancients abovementioned, but purely for the sake of being witty. Among innumerable instances that may be given of this nature, I shall produce the device of one Mr. *Newberry*, as I find it mentioned by our learned *Camden* in his Remains. Mr. *Newberry*, to represent his name by a picture, hung up at his door the sign of a Yew-tree, that had several berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden *N* hung upon a bough of the tree, which by the help of a little false spelling made up the word *New-berry*.

I shall conclude this topick with a *Rebus*, which has been lately hewn out in free-stone, and erected over two of the portals of *Blenheim* house, being the figure of a monstrous Lion tearing to pieces a little Cock. For the better understanding of which device, I must acquaint my *English* reader that a Cock has the misfortune to be called in *Latin* by the same word that signifies a *French-man*, as a Lion is the emblem of the *English* nation. Such a device in so noble a pile of building looks like a Punn in an heroick Poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious architect would suffer the statuary to blemish his excellent plan with so poor a conceit: But I hope what I have said will gain quarter for the Cock, and deliver him out of the Lion's paw.

I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an Echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer, it would be in *Ovid*, where he introduces the Echo as a Nymph, before

before she was worn away into nothing but a voice. The learned *Erafmus*, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a Dialogue upon this silly kind of device, and made use of an *Eccho* who seems to have been a very extraordinary linguist, for she answers the person she talks with in *Latin, Greek* and *Hebrew*, according as she found the syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. *Hudibras*, in ridicule of this false kind of wit, has described *Bruin* bewailing the loss of his Bear to a solitary *Echo*, who is of great use to the Poet in several disticks, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his verse, and furnishes him with *Rhymes*.

*He raged, and kept as heavy a coil as  
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;  
Forcing the vallies to repeat  
The accents of his sad regret;  
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,  
For loss of his dear crony Bear,  
That Echo from the hollow ground  
His doleful wailings did resound  
More wistfully, by many times,  
Than in small Poets splay-foot Rhymes,  
That make her in their rueful stories,  
To answer to Int'rogatories,  
And most unconscionably depose  
Things of which she nothing knows:  
And when she has said all she can say,  
'Tis wrested to the Lover's fancy.  
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,  
Art thou fled to my——Echo, Ruin?  
I thought th'hadst scorn'd to budge a step  
For fear. (Quoth Echo) Marry guep.  
Am I not here to take thy part!  
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?  
Have these bones rattled, and this head  
So often in thy quarrel bled?  
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,  
For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) Mum budget.  
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish  
Thou turnd'st thy back? quoth Echo, Pish.*

To

To run from those th' hadst overcome  
 Thus cowardly? quoth Echo, Mum.  
 But what a-vengeance makes thee fly  
 From me too, as thine enemy?  
 Or if thou hadst no thought of me,  
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,  
 Yet shame and honour might prevail  
 To keep thee thus from turning tail:  
 For who wou'd grudge to spend his blood in  
 His honour's cause? quoth she, A pudding.

N<sup>o</sup> 60.      Wednesday, May 9.

*Hoc est quod palles? cur quis non prandeat, hoc est?* Per. Sat. 3.

SEVERAL kinds of false wit that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the Monks were the masters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the *Aeneid* turned into *Latin* rhymes by one of the *Beaux Esprits* of that dark age; who says in his preface to it, that the *Aeneid* wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen an Hymn in Hexameters to the *Virgin Mary*, which filled a whole book, tho' it consisted but of the eight following words;

*Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, caelo.*

*Thou hast as many virtues, O Virgin, as there are stars in Heaven.*

The Poet rung the changes upon these eight several words, and by that means made his verses almost as numerous as the virtues and the stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so much time upon

upon their hands, did not only restore all the antiquated pieces of false wit, but enriched the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of Anagrams, which is nothing else but a transmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the same set of letters into different words; which may change night into day, or black into white, if Chance, who is the Goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty Author, in allusion to this kind of writing, calls his Rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, *The Anagram of a man.*

When the Anagrammatist takes a name to work upon, he considers it at first as a Mine not broken up, which will not shew the treasure it contains till he shall have spent many hours in the search of it: For it is his business to find out one word that conceals it self in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a Gentleman who, when this kind of wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his Mistress's heart by it. She was one of the finest women of her age, and known by the name of the Lady *Mary Boon*. The Lover not being able to make any thing of *Mary*, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing converted it into *Moll*; and after having shut himself up for half a year, with indefatigable industry produced an Anagram. Upon the presenting it to his Mistress, who was a little vexed in her heart to see her self degraded into *Moll Boon*, she told him, to his infinite surprize, that he had mistaken her Surname, for that it was not *Boon* but *Bobun*.

————— *Ibi omnis*  
*Effusus labor* —————

The Lover was thunder-struck with his misfortune, insomuch that in a little time after he lost his senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his Anagram.

The Acrostick was probably invented about the same time with the Anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The *Simple* Acrostick is nothing but the name or title of a person or thing made out of the initial letters of several verses, and by that means written, after the manner of the *Chinese*, in a perpendicular line. But besides these there are *Compound* Acrosticks, when the principal Letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the Verses have not only been

edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the same name running down like a seam through the middle of the Poem.

There is another near relation of the Anagrams and Acrosticks, which is commonly called a Chronogram. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern Medals, especially those of *Germany*, when they represent in the Inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a Medal of *Gustaphus Adolphus* the following words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIUMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVII, or 1617, the year in which the Medal was stamped: For as some of the Letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and over-top their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as Letters and as Figures. Your laborious *German* Wits will turn over a whole Dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term; but instead of that, they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of these Inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

The *Bouts Rimez* were the favourites of the *French* nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a list of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a Poet, who was to make a Poem to the Rhymes in the same order that they were placed upon the list: The more uncommon the Rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the Poet that could accommodate his verses to them. I do not know any greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the *French* (which generally follows the declension of Empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish kind of wit. If the Reader will be at the trouble to see examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercurè Gallant*; where the Author every month gives a list of Rhymes to be filled up by the Ingenious, in order to be communicated to the publick in the *Mercurè* for the succeeding month. That for the month of *November* last, which now lies before me, is as follows.

----- *Lauriers*  
 ----- *Guerriers*  
 ----- *Musette*  
 ----- *Lisette*  
 -----

----- Cefars  
 ----- Etendars  
 ----- Houlette  
 ----- Folette

One would be amazed to see so learned a man as *Menage* talking seriously on this kind of trifle in the following passage.

*Monfieur de la Chambre* has told me, that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his pen into his hand; but that one sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I should write next when I was making verses. In the first place I got all my rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four months in filling them up. I one day shewed *Monfieur Gombaudo* a composition of this nature, in which among others I had made use of the four following rhymes, *Amaryllis, Phyllis, Marne, Arne*, desiring him to give me his opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my verses were good for nothing. And upon my asking his reason, he said, because the rhymes are too common; and for that reason easie to be put into verse. *Marry*, says I, if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the pains I have been at. But by *Monfieur Gombaudo's* leave, notwithstanding the severity of the criticism, the verses were good. Vid. *MENAGIANA*. Thus far the learned *Menage*, whom I have translated word for word.

The first occasion of these *Bouts Rimez* made them in some manner excusable, as they were tasks which the *French Ladies* used to impose on their Lovers. But when a grave Author, like him above-mentioned, tasked himself, could there be any thing more ridiculous? or would not one be apt to believe that the Author played booty, and did not make his list of rhymes till he had finished his Poem?

I shall only add, that this piece of false Wit has been finely ridiculed by *Monfieur Sarasin*, in a Poem entituled, *La Defaite des Bouts-Rimez, the Rout of the Bouts-Rimez*.

I must subjoin to this last kind of wit the Double rhymes, which are used in doggerel Poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in such compositions is good, the rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great Numbers of those who admire the incomparable *Hudibras*, do it more on account of these doggerel rhymes, than of the parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

Y y 2

Pulpit,



*Pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;*

and

*There was an antient sage Philosopher  
Who had read Alexander Ross over,*

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces of Wit in the whole Poem.

N<sup>o</sup> 61.

Thursday, May 10.

*Non equidem studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis  
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.*

Perf.

**T**HERE is no kind of false Wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of *Punning*. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed, which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of *Punning* are in the minds of all men, and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius, that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to Poetry, Painting, Musick, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in Punns and Quibbles.

*Aristotle*, in the eleventh chapter of his book of Rhetorick, describes two or three kinds of Punns, which he calls Paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest Authors in the *Greek* tongue. *Cicero* has sprinkled several of his works with Punns, and in his book where he lays down the rules of Oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of Wit, which also upon examination prove arrant Punns. But the age in which *the Punn* chiefly flourished, was the reign of King *James* the First. That learned Monarch was himself a tolerable Punnster, and made very few Bishops or Privy-

Privy-Counsellors that had not some time or other signalized themselves by a Clinch, or a *Conundrum*. It was therefore in this age that the Pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had before been admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the Council-table. The greatest Authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of Puns. The Sermons of Bishop *Andrews*, and the Tragedies of *Shakespear*, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a Heroe weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great Authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false Wit, that all the writers of Rhetorick have treated of Punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country school-master of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in company with a Gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest *Paragrammatist* among the moderns. Upon enquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. *Swan*, the famous Punnster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. *Swan's* conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomasia*, that he sometimes gave into the *Plocè*, but that in his humble opinion he shined most in the *Antanaclasis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous University of this land was formerly very much infested with Puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skilful Naturalists.

After this short history of Punning, one would wonder how it should be so intirely banished out of the learned world, as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite Authors. To account for this we must consider, that the first race of Authors, who were the great Heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The Moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these Authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these

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secondary Authors, to distinguish the several kinds of Wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even such Authors as *Isocrates*, *Plato*, and *Cicero*, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in Authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between punns and true wit by any of the ancient Authors, except *Quintilian* and *Longinus*. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false Wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one age, and rose in another, it will again recover it self in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of Puniters: At least, a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen *Acrosticks* handed about the Town with great secrecy and applause; to which I must also add a little *Epigram* called the *Witches Prayer*, that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way and blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such pains-takers among our *British* Wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of Wit and Satyr; for I am of the old Philosopher's opinion, that if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a Lion, than the hoof of an Ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dulness on both sides. I have seen Tory *Acrosticks* and Whig *Anagrams*, and do not quarrel with either of them, because they are *Whigs* or *Tories*, but because they are *Anagrams* and *Acrosticks*.

But to return to Punning. Having pursued the history of a Punn, from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language: if it bears the test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a Punn. In short, one may say of a Punn as the country-man described

scribed his Nightingale, that is, *vox et præterea nihil*, a sound, and nothing but a sound. On the contrary, one may represent true Wit by the description which *Aristinetus* makes of a fine woman, when she is *dressed* she is beautiful, when she is *undressed* she is beautiful: Or, as *Mercurus* has translated it more emphatically, *Induitur, formosa est: Exuitur, ipsa forma est.*

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N<sup>o</sup> 62. Friday, May 11.

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*Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.* Hor.

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**M**R. *Lock* has an admirable reflection upon the difference of Wit and Judgment, whereby he endeavours to shew the reason why they are not always the talents of the same person. His words are as follow: *And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, That men who have a great deal of wit and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgment, or deepest reason. For Wit lying most in the assemblage of Ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy; Judgment on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another, Ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity, to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to Metaphor and Allusion; wherein, for the most part, lies that entertainment and pleasantry of Wit which strikes so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all people.*

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I have ever met with of Wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of Ideas as this Author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, That every resemblance of Ideas is not that which we call Wit, unless it be such an one that gives *Delight* and *Surprize* to the Reader: These two properties seem essential to Wit, more particularly the last of them. In order therefore that  
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the resemblance in the Ideas be Wit, it is necessary that the Ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprize. To compare one man's singing to that of another, or to represent the whiteness of any object by that of Milk and Snow, or the variety of its colours by those of the Rainbow, cannot be called Wit, unless, besides this obvious resemblance, there be some further congruity discovered in the two Ideas that is capable of giving the Reader some surprize. Thus when a Poet tells us, the bosom of his Mistress is as white as snow, there is no Wit in the comparison; but when he adds, with a sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into Wit. Every Reader's memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same nature. For this reason, the similitudes in heroick Poets, who endeavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprizing, have seldom any thing in them that can be called Wit. Mr. *Lock's* account of Wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of Wit, as Metaphors, Similitudes, Allegories, Ænigmas, Mottos, Parables, Fables, Dreams, Visions, Dramatick writings, Burlesque, and all the methods of Allusion: as there are many other pieces of Wit, (how remote soever they may appear at first sight from the foregoing description) which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As *true Wit* generally consists in this resemblance and congruity of Ideas, *false Wit* chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single Letters, as in Anagrams, Chronograms, Lipograms, and Acrosticks: sometimes of Syllables, as in Echos and Doggerel Rhymes: sometimes of Words, as in Puns and Quibbles; and sometimes of whole Sentences or Poems, cast into the figures of *Eggs, Axes* or *Altars*: Nay, some carry the notion of Wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external Mimickry; and to look upon a man as an ingenious person, that can resemble the tone, posture, or face of another.

As *true Wit* consists in the resemblance of Ideas, and *false Wit* in the resemblance of Words, according to the foregoing instances; there is another kind of Wit which consists partly in the resemblance of Ideas, and partly in the resemblance of Words; which, for distinction sake, I shall call *mixt Wit*. This kind of Wit is that which abounds in *Cowley*, more than in any Author that ever wrote. Mr. *Waller* has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. *Dryden* is very sparing in it. *Milton* had a genius much above it. *Spencer* is in the same Class with *Milton*. The *Italians*, even in their Epic Poetry, are full of it. Monsieur *Boileau*, who formed him-  
self

self upon the ancient Poets, has every where rejected it with scorn. If we look after mixt Wit among the *Greek* writers, we shall find it no where but in the Epigrammatists. There are indeed some strokes of it in the little Poem ascribed to *Museus*, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays it self to be a modern composition. If we look into the *Latin* writers, we find none of this mixt Wit in *Virgil*, *Lucretius* or *Catullus*; very little in *Horace*, but a great deal of it in *Ovid*, and scarce any thing else in *Martial*.

Out of the innumerable branches of *mixt Wit*, I shall chuse one instance which may be met with in all the writers of this Class. The passion of Love in its nature has been thought to resemble fire; for which reason the words Fire and Flame are made use of to signify Love. The witty Poets therefore have taken an advantage from the doubtful meaning of the word Fire, to make an infinite number of Witticisms. *Cowley* observing the cold regard of his Mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love in him, considers them as Burning-glasses made of ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of Love, concludes the torrid Zone to be habitable. When his Mistress has read his letter written in juice of Lemmon by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by Love's flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the Limbeck. When she is absent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the Pole than when she is with him. His ambitious Love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy Love is the beams of Heaven, and his unhappy Love flames of Hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoke; when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the wind's blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree in which he had cut his loves, he observes that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he resolves to give over his passion, he tells us that one burnt like him, for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an *Ætna*, that instead of *Vulcan's* shop incloses *Cupid's* forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his love in wine, is throwing oil upon the fire. He would insinuate to his Mistress, that the fire of Love, like that of the Sun (which produces so many living creatures) should not only warm but beget. Love in another place cooks Pleasure at his fire. Sometimes the Poet's heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ship set on fire in the middle of the sea.

The Reader may observe in every one of these instances, that the Poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence speaking of it both as a passion, and as real fire, surprizes the Reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions that make up all the Wit in this kind of writing. Mixt Wit therefore is a composition of Punn and true Wit, and is more or less perfect as the resemblance lies in the Ideas, or in the Words: its foundations are laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth: reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of Wit, is Epigram, or those little occasional Poems that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of Epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of *mixt Wit*, without owning that the admirable Poet out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true Wit as any Author that ever writ; and indeed all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr. *Dryden's* definition of Wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of Wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is "a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject." If this be a true definition of Wit, I am apt to think that *Euclid* was the greatest Wit that ever set pen to paper: it is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that Author has made use of in his *Elements*. I shall only appeal to my Reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of Wit: if it be a true one, I am sure Mr. *Dryden* was not only a better Poet, but a greater Wit than Mr. *Cowley*; and *Virgil* a much more facetious man than either *Ovid* or *Martial*.

*Bouhours*, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the *French* Criticks, has taken pains to shew, that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things: that the basis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good sense is not the ground-work. *Boileau* has endeavoured to inculcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire in the compositions of the ancients; and which no body deviates from, but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius to give that majestic simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced

to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of Wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as *Goths* in Poetry, who, like those in Architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagances of an irregular fancy. Mr. *Dryden* makes a very handsome observation on *Ovid's* writing a letter from *Dido* to *Aeneas*, in the following words: "*Ovid* (says he, speaking of *Virgil's* fiction of *Dido* and *Aeneas*) "takes it up after him, even in the "same age, and makes an ancient Heroine of *Virgil's* new-created *Di-*  
 "do; dictates a letter for her just before her death to the ungrateful fu-  
 "gitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with  
 "a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think  
 "I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous  
 "Author of the *Art of Love* has nothing of his own; he borrows all  
 "from a greater master in his own profession, and, which is worse, im-  
 "proves nothing which he finds: nature fails him, and being forced to  
 "his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with  
 "his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to *Virgil* in their  
 "esteem.

Were not I supported by so great an authority as that of Mr. *Dryden*, I should not venture to observe, that the taste of most of our *English* Poets, as well as Readers, is extremely *Gothick*. He quotes Monsieur *Segrais* for a threefold distinction of the Readers of Poetry: in the first of which he comprehends the rabble of Readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarseness of their taste. His words are as follow: "*Segrais* has distin-  
 "guished the Readers of Poetry, according to their capacity of judging,  
 "into three Classes. [He might have said the same of writers too, if he  
 "had pleased.] In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *Les*  
 "*Petits Esprits*, such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a  
 "Play-house; who like nothing but the husk and rind of Wit, prefer a  
 "Quibble, a Conceit, an Epigram, before solid sense, and elegant ex-  
 "pression: these are Mob-readers. If *Virgil* and *Martial* stood for Par-  
 "liament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they  
 "make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best  
 "on't is they are but a sort of *French* Huguenots, or *Dutch* Boors,  
 "brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not lands of  
 "two Pounds *per Annum* in *Parnassus*, and therefore are not priviledg-  
 "ed to Poll. Their Authors are of the same level, fit to represent them

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“ on a Mountebank’s stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a Bear-garden: yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their Readers improve their stock of sense, (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment) they soon forsake them.

I must not dismiss this subject without observing, that as Mr. *Lock* in the passage above-mentioned has discovered the most fruitful source of Wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewise branch it self out into several kinds. For not only the *Resemblance* but the *Opposition* of Ideas does very often produce Wit; as I could shew in several little points, turns, and antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future Speculation.

N<sup>o</sup> 63. Saturday, May 12.

*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas  
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;  
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?  
Credite, Pisones, isti tabula fore librum  
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vane  
Finguntur species-----*

Hor.

**I**T is very hard for the mind to disengage it self from a subject in which it has been long employed. The thoughts will be rising of themselves from time to time, though we give them no encouragement; as the tossings and fluctuations of the sea continue several hours after the winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my last night’s Dream or Vision, which formed into one continued allegory the several schemes of Wit, whether

ther false, mixed, or true, that have been the subject of my late papers.

Methoughts I was transported into a country that was filled with prodigies and enchantments, governed by the goddesses of *FALSHOOD*, and entitled the *region of false Wit*. There was nothing in the fields, the woods, and the rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the trees blossomed in leaf-gold, some of them produced bone-lace, and some of them precious stones. The fountains bubbled in an Opera tune, and were filled with Stags, Wild-boars, and Mermaids, that lived among the waters; at the same time that Dolphins and several kinds of fish played upon the banks, or took their pastime in the meadows. The birds had many of them golden beaks, and human voices. The flowers perfumed the air with smells of incense, amber-greese, and pulvillos; and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in pieces of embroidery. The winds were filled with sighs and messages of distant lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted wilderness, I could not forbear breaking out into soliloquies upon the several wonders which lay before me, when to my great surprize I found there were artificial Echoes in every walk, that by repetitions of certain words which I spoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I said. In the midst of my conversation with these invisible companions, I discovered in the center of a very dark grove a monstrous fabrick built after the *Gotbick* manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple consecrated to the God of *Dullness*. Upon my entrance I saw the deity of the place dressed in the habit of a Monk, with a book in one hand and a rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was *Industry*, with a lamp burning before her; and on his left *Caprice*, with a Monky sitting on her shoulder. Before his feet there stood an *Altar* of a very odd make, which, as I afterwards found, was shaped in that manner to comply with the inscription that surrounded it. Upon the Altar there lay several offerings of *Axes*, *Wings*, and *Eggs*, cut in paper, and inscribed with verses. The Temple was filled with votaries, who applied themselves to different diversions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a regiment of *Anagrams*, who were continually in motion, turning to the right or to the left, facing about, doubling their ranks, shifting their stations, and throwing themselves into all the figures, and counter-marches of the most changeable and perplexed exercise.

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Not far from these was a body of *Acrosticks*, made up of very disproportioned persons. It was disposed into three columns, the Officers planting themselves in a line on the left hand of each column. The Officers were all of them at least six foot high, and made three rows of very proper men; but the common Soldiers, who filled up the spaces between the Officers, were such dwarfs, cripples, and scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the *Acrosticks* two or three files of *Chronograms*, which differed only from the former, as their Officers were equipped (like the figure of Time) with an hour-glass in one hand, and a scythe in the other, and took their posts promiscuously among the private men whom they commanded.

In the body of the temple, and before the very face of the Deity, methoughts I saw the Phantom of *Tryphiodorus* the *Lipogrammatist*, engaged in a ball with four and twenty persons, who pursued him by turns through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country dance, without being able to overtake him.

Observing several to be very busie at the western end of the *Temple*, I enquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the great magazine of *Rebus's*. These were several things of the most different natures tied up in bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like faggots. You might behold an anchor, a night-rail, and a hobby-horse bound up together. One of the workmen seeing me very much surpris'd, told me, there was an infinite deal of Wit in several of those bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleas'd: I thanked him for his civility, but told him I was in very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the *Temple*, I observed in one corner of it a cluster of men and women laughing very heartily, and diverting themselves at a game of *Crambo*. I heard several *double rhymes* as I pass'd by them, which rais'd a great deal of mirth.

Not far from these was another set of merry people engaged at a diversion, in which the whole jest was to mistake one person for another. To give occasion for these ludicrous mistakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being cover'd from head to foot with the same kind of dress, though perhaps there was not the least resemblance in their faces. By this means an old man was sometimes mistaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a black-a-moor for an *European*, which very often produced great peals of laughter. These I guess'd to be a party of *Punns*. But being very desirous to get out of this world of magick, which had almost turn'd my brain, I left the *Temple*, and cross'd over the fields  
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that lay about it with all the speed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the found of trumpets and alarms, which seemed to proclaim the march of an enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great distance a very shining light, and in the midst of it a person of a most beautiful aspect; her name was TRUTH. On her right hand there marched a male Deity, who bore several quivers on his shoulders, and grasped several Arrows in his hand. His name was *Wit*. The approach of these two enemies filled all the territories of *False Wit* with an unspeakable consternation, in so much that the Goddesses of those Regions appeared in person upon the frontiers, with the several inferior Deities, and the different bodies of forces which I had before seen in the Temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several Inhabitants who bordered upon the *Regions* of FALSHOOD to draw their forces into a body, with a design to stand upon their guard as neuters, and attend the issue of the combat.

I must here inform my Reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region, which I have before described, were inhabited by the Species of MIXED WIT, who made a very odd appearance when they were mustered together in an army. There were men whose bodies were stuck full of darts, and women whose eyes were burning-glasses: men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breasts of snow. It would be endless to describe several Monsters of the like nature, that composed this great army; which immediately fell asunder and divided it self into two parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the banners of TRUTH, and the others behind those of FALSHOOD.

The Goddesses of FALSHOOD was of a gigantick stature, and advanced some paces before the front of the Army; but as the dazzling light, which flowed from TRUTH, began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly; infomuch that in a little space she looked rather like an huge Phantom, than a real substance. At length, as the Goddesses of TRUTH approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the brightness of her presence; so that there did not remain the least trace or impression of her figure in the place where she had been seen.

As at the rising of the Sun the Constellations grow thin, and the Stars go out one after another, till the whole Hemisphere is extinguished; such was the vanishing of the Goddesses: and not only of the Goddesses her self, but of the whole Army that attended her, which sympathized  
with

with their leader, and shrunk into nothing, in proportion as the Goddess disappeared. At the same time the whole Temple sunk, the fish betook themselves to the streams and the wild beasts to the woods, the fountains recovered their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees their leaves, the flowers their scents, and the whole face of nature its true and genuine appearance. Though I still continued asleep, I fancied my self as it were awakened out of a dream, when I saw this region of Prodigies restored to woods and rivers, fields and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild scene of wonders, which had very much disturbed my imagination, I took a full survey of the persons of WIT and TRUTH; for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first, without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind them a strong and compact body of Figures. The genius of *Heroick Poetry* appeared with a Sword in her hand, and a Lawrel on her head. *Tragedy* was crowned with Cypress, and covered with robes dipped in blood. *Satyr* had smiles in her look, and a dagger under her garment. *Rhetorick* was known by her Thunderbolt; and *Comedy* by her Mask. After several other figures, *Epigram* marched up in the rear, who had been posted there at the beginning of the expedition, that he might not revolt to the enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the God of *Wit*; there was something so amiable and yet so piercing in his looks, as inspired me at once with love and terror. As I was gazing on him to my unspeakable joy, he took a quiver of arrows from his shoulder, in order to make me a present of it; but as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a chair, and by that means awaked.

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N° 68. *Friday, May 18.*

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*Nos duo turba sumus*-----

Ovid.

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ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse; but instead of this, we find that Conversation

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on is never so much freightned and confined as in numerous Assemblies. When a multitude meet together upon any subject of discourse, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted Assembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, fashions, news, and the like publick topicks. In proportion, as conversation gets into Clubs and knots of friends, it descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse, is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinions of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole Soul to the examination of his friend.

*Tully* was the first who observed, that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship, that have written since his time. *Sir Francis Bacon* has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and indeed there is no subject of Morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient Author, whose book would be regarded by our modern Wits as one of the most shining tracts of Morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a *Confucius*, or of any celebrated *Grecian* Philosopher: I mean the little Apocryphal treatise entituled, *The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach*. How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour? and laid down that precept which a late excellent Author has delivered as his own, "That we should have many  
" well-wishers, but few friends. *Sweet language will multiply friends;  
and a fair speaking tongue will encrease kind greetings. Be in peace  
with many, nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand.* With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends? and with what strokes of nature (I could almost say of humour) has he described the behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested friend? *If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend who being turned to enmity and strife, will discover thy reproach. Again, Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction: but in thy prosperity he*

*will be as thy self, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low, he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face.* What can be more strong and pointed than the following verse? *Separate thy self from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends.* In the next words he particularizes one of those fruits of friendship which is described at length by the two famous Authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general eulogium of friendship, which is very just as well as very sublime. *A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one, hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is unvaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour (that is his friend) be also.* I do not remember to have met with any saying that has pleased me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of friendship in healing the pains and anguish which naturally cleave to our existence in this world; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence, That a virtuous man shall as a blessing meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same Author, which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer; *For sake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: A new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.* With what strength of allusion, and force of thought, has he described the breaches and violations of friendship? *Whoso casteth a stone at the birds, frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendship. Though thou drawest a sword at a friend, yet despair not, for there may be a returning to favour. If thou hast opened thy mouth against thy friend, fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound; for, for these things every friend will depart.* We may observe in this and several other precepts in this Author, those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of *Horace* and *Epictetus*. There are very beautiful instances of this nature in the following passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject: *Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayest his secrets, follow no more after him: for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou lost the love of thy friend; as one that letteth a bird go out of his hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and shalt not get him again. Follow after him no more, for he*

*is too far off; he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound, it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth secrets, is without hope.*

Among the several qualifications of a good friend, this wise man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as the principal: to these, others have added virtue, knowledge, discretion, equality in age and fortune, and, as *Cicero* calls it, *morum comitas*, a pleasantness of temper. If I were to give my opinion upon such an exhausted subject, I should join to these other qualifications a certain æquability or evenness of behaviour. A man often contracts a friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out 'till after a year's conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entring into an intimacy with him. There are several persons who in some certain periods of their lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. *Martial* has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species in the following Epigram;

*Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,  
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.*

*In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,  
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;  
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,  
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.*

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendship with one, who by these changes and vicissitudes of humour is some times amiable and sometimes odious: and as most men are at sometimes in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep our selves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character.





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N<sup>o</sup> 69. Saturday, May 19.

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*Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:  
 Arborei foetus alibi, atque injussa virescunt  
 Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,  
 India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi?  
 At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus  
 Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?  
 Continuo has leges æternaque foedera certis  
 Imposuit natura locis-----*

Virg.

**T**HERE is no place in the Town which I so much love to frequent as the *Royal Exchange*. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an *Englishman*, to see so rich an assembly of country-men and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of *Emporium* for the whole Earth. I must confess I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their Representatives. Factors in the trading world are what Ambassadors are in the politick world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of *Japan* and an Alderman of *London*, or to see a subject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a league with one of the *Czar* of *Muscovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages: sometimes I am justified among a body of *Armenians*: sometimes I am lost in a crowd of *Jews*; and sometimes make one in a groupe of *Dutchmen*. I am a *Dane*, *Swede*, or *Frenchman* at different times; or rather fancy my self like

like the old Philosopher, who upon being asked what country-man he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busie multitude of people, I am known to no body there but my friend Sir ANDREW, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of *Egypt*, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to *Grand Cairo*; but as I am not versed in the modern *Coptick*, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many publick solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stoln down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the publick stock; or in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffick among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependance upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every *Degree* produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the products of *Barbadoes*: the infusion of a *China* plant sweetned with the pith of an *Indian* cane. The *Philippick* Islands give a flavour to our *European* bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the Earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid Zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of *Peru*, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of *Indostan*.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of Earth falls to our share! Natural Historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nutts,

nutts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of it self and without the assistances of art, can make no further advances towards a plumb than to a floe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our *English* gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffick more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every Climate; our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines; our rooms are filled with Pyramids of *China*, and adorned with the workmanship of *Japan*: our morning's-draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the Earth: we repair our bodies by the drugs of *America*, and repose our selves under *Indian* canopies. My friend Sir ANDREW calls the vineyards of *France* our gardens: the spice-Islands our hot-beds: the *Persians* our silk-weavers, and the *Chinese* our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life, but traffick gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of *Britain*, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the Tropicks.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, and wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our *English* merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wooll for rubies. The *Mahometans* are cloathed in our *British* manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the *Change*, I have often fancied one of our old Kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprized to hear all the languages of *Europe* spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been  
the

the Vassals of some powerful Baron, negotiating like Princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the *British* territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire: It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed Estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other Estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

N<sup>o</sup> 70.

Monday, May 21.

*Interdum vulgus rectum videt.*

Hor.

**W**HEN I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the Songs and Fables that are come from Father to Son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratifie the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with admirers amongst Readers of all qualities and conditions. *Moliere*, as we are told by *Monsieur Boileau*, used to read all his Comedies to an old woman who was his House-keeper, as she sat with him at her work by the chimney-corner; and could foretel the success of his Play in the Theatre, from the reception it met at his fire-side: for he tells us the Audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothick manner in writing, than this; the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful Authors and writers of Epigram. *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Milton*, so far as the Language of their Poems is understood, will please a Reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an Epigram of *Martial*, or a Poem of *Cowley*: So, on the contrary, an ordinary Song

or

or Ballad that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such Readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation of Ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of Nature which recommend it to the most ordinary Reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined.

The old Song of *Chevy-Chase* is the favourite Ballad of the common people of *England*, and *Ben. Johnson* used to say he had rather have been the Author of it than of all his works. Sir *Philip Sidney* in his discourse of Poetry speaks of it in the following words; *I never heard the old Song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a Trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind Crowder with no rougher voice than rude stile; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?* For my own part I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated Song, that I shall give my Reader a Critick upon it, without any further apology for so doing.

The greatest modern Criticks have laid it down as a rule, That an heroic Poem should be founded upon some important precept of Morality, adapted to the constitution of the country in which the Poet writes. *Homer* and *Virgil* have formed their plans in this view. As *Greece* was a collection of many Governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the *Persian* Emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, *Homer*, in order to establish among them an union, which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his Poem upon the discords of the several *Grecian* Princes who were engaged in a confederacy against an *Asiatick* Prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such their discords. At the time the Poem we are now treating of was written, the dissensions of the Barons, who were then so many petty Princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their neighbours, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country: The Poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battel and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an *English* and *Scotch* Nobleman: That he designed this for the instruction of his Poem, we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern Tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his Readers.

God

*God save the King, and bless the land  
In plenty, joy, and peace;  
And grant henceforth that foul debate  
'Twi'x Noblemen may cease.*

The next point observed by the greatest heroic Poets, hath been to celebrate persons and actions which do honour to their country: Thus *Virgil's* Hero was the Founder of *Rome*, *Homer's* a Prince of *Greece*; and for this reason *Valerius Flaccus* and *Statius*, who were both *Romans*, might be justly derided for having chosen the expedition of the *Golden Fleece* and the wars of *Thebes*, for the subjects of their Epic writings.

The Poet before us, has not only found out an Hero in his own country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents. The *English* are the first who take the field, and the last who quit it. The *English* bring only fifteen hundred to the battel, and the *Scotch* two thousand. The *English* keep the field with fifty three: the *Scotch* retire with fifty five: all the rest on each side being slain in battel. But the most remarkable circumstance of this kind, is the different manner in which the *Scotch* and *English* Kings receive the news of this fight, and of the great mens deaths who commanded in it.

*This news was brought to Edinburgh,  
Where Scotland's King did reign,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain.*

*Oh heavy news, King James did say,  
Scotland can witness be,  
I have not any Captain more  
Of such account as he.*

*Like tidings to King Henry came  
Within as short a space,  
That Piercy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.*

*Now God be with him, said our King,  
Sith'twill no better be,  
I trust I have within my Realm  
Five hundred as good as he.*

*Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say  
But I will vengeance take,  
And be revenged on them all  
For brave Lord Piercy's sake.*

*This Vow full well the King perform'd  
After on Humble-down,  
In one day fifty Knights were slain,  
With Lords of great renown.*

*And of the rest of small account  
Did many thousands dye, &c.*

At the same time that our Poet shews a laudable partiality to his Country-men, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people.

*Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,  
Most like a Baron bold,  
Rode foremost of the company,  
Whose armour shone like Gold.*

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to an Hero. One of us two, says he, must dye: I am an Earl as well as your self, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat: However, says he, 'tis pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes, rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight.

*E'er thus I will out-braved be,  
One of us two shall dye;  
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,  
Lord Piercy, so am I.*

*But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,  
And great offence, to kill  
Any of these our harmless men,  
For they have done no ill.*

*Let thou and I the battel try,  
And set our men aside;  
Accurst be he, Lord Piercy said,  
By whom this is deny'd.*

When

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battel, and in single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous party, full of heroic sentiments, the *Scotch* Earl falls; and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstances of it, that his rival saw him fall.

*With that there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart  
A deep and deadly blow.*

*Who never spoke more words than these,  
Fight on my merry men all,  
For why, my life is at an end,  
Lord Piercy sees my fall.*

*Merry Men*, in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of *Virgil's Æneids* is very much to be admired, where *Camilla* in her last agonies instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only (like the Heroe of whom we are now speaking) how the battel should be continued after her death.

*Tum sic expirans, &c.*

*A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes;  
And from her cheeks the rose colour flies.  
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,  
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain.  
Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,  
Inexorable death; and claims his right.  
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,  
And bid him timely to my charge succeed:  
Repel the Trojans, and the Town relieve:  
Farewel.——*

*Turnus* did not die in so heroic a manner; though our Poet seems to have had his eye upon *Turnus's* speech in the last verse,

*Lord Piercy sees my fall.*



—*Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas*  
*Ausonii videre*—

Earl *Piercy's* lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate; I must only caution the Reader not to let the simplicity of the stile, which one may well pardon in so old a Poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought.

*Then leaving life, Earl Piercy took*  
*The dead man by the hand,*  
*And said, Earl Douglas for thy life*  
*Would I had lost my land.*

*O Christ! my very heart doth bleed*  
*With sorrow for thy sake;*  
*For sure a more renowned Knight*  
*Miscbance did never take.*

That beautiful line, *Taking the dead man by the hand* will put the Reader in mind of *Aeneas's* behaviour towards *Lausus*, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father.

*At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora,*  
*Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris:*  
*Ingemuit miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit, &c.*

*The pious Prince beheld young Lausus dead;*  
*He griev'd, he wept; then grasp'd his hand, and said,*  
*Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid*  
*To worth so great——!*

I shall take another opportunity to consider the other parts of this old Song.



*Wednesday,*

N<sup>o</sup> 72. Wednesday, May 23.

-----*Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos  
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.* Virg.

HAVING already given my Reader an account of several extraordinary Clubs both ancient and modern, I did not design to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature; but I have lately received information of a Club which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less surprizing to my Reader than it was to my self; for which reason I shall communicate it to the publick as one of the greatest curiosities in its kind.

A friend of mine complaining of a tradesman who is related to him after having represented him as a very idle worthless fellow, who neglected his family, and spent most of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the *everlasting Club*. So very odd a title raised my curiosity to enquire into the nature of a Club that had such a founding name; upon which my friend gave me the following account.

THE *everlasting Club* consists of a hundred members, who divide the whole twenty four hours among them in such a manner, that the Club sits day and night from one end of the year to another; no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a member of the *everlasting Club* never wants company; for though he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are; so that if he be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evenings draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the Club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

It is a maxim in this Club that the Steward never dies; for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table, till his successor is in a readi-

readiness to fill it; infomuch that there has not been a *Sede vacante* in the memory of man.

This Club was instituted towards the end (or, as some of them say, about the middle) of the Civil Wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the *Great Fire*, which burnt them out, and dispersed them for several weeks. The Steward at that time maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house, (which was demolished in order to stop the fire;) and would not leave the chair at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the Club to withdraw himself. This Steward is frequently talked of in the Club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man, than the famous Captain mentioned in my Lord *Clarendon*, who was burnt in his ship because he would not quit it without orders. It is said that towards the close of 1700, being the great year of Jubilee, the Club had it under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session; but after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century. This resolution passed in a general Club *Nemine contradicente*.

Having given this short account of the institution and continuation of the *everlasting Club*, I should here endeavour to say something of the manners and characters of its several members, which I shall do according to the best light I have received in this matter.

It appears by their books in general, that since their first institution they have smoked fifty tun of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand hogheads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and a kilderkin of small beer: there has been likewise a great consumption of cards. It is also said, that they observe the law in *Ben Johnson's Club*, which orders the fire to be always kept in (*focus perennis esto*) as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampness of the Club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a Vestal, whose business it is to cherish and perpetuate the fire, which burns from generation to generation, and has seen the glass-house fires in and out above an hundred times.

The *everlasting Club* treats all other Clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the *Kit-Cat* and *October* as of a couple of upstarts. Their ordinary discourse (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon such adventures as have passed in their own assembly; of members who have taken the glass in their turns for a week together, without stirring out of the Club; of others who have smoked an hundred

dred pipes at a sitting; of others who have not missed their morning's draught for twenty years together: sometimes they speak in raptures of a run of ale in King *Charles's* reign; and sometimes reflect with astonishment upon games at whisk, which have been miraculously recovered by members of the society, when in all human probability the case was desperate.

They delight in several old catches, which they sing at all hours to encourage one another to moisten their clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

There are four general Clubs held in a year, at which times they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters, confirm the old fire-maker, or elect a new one, settle contributions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other necessaries.

The senior member has out-lived the whole Club twice over, and has been drunk with the grandfathers of some of the present sitting members.

N<sup>o</sup> 73.

Thursday, May 24.

-----*O Dea certe!*

Virg.

**I**T is very strange to consider, that a creature like man, who is sensible of so many weaknesses and imperfections, should be actuated by a love of fame: that vice and ignorance, imperfection and misery should contend for praise, and endeavour as much as possible to make themselves objects of admiration.

But notwithstanding man's essential perfection is but very little, his comparative perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to others, he may find occasion of glorying, if not in his own virtues, at least in the absence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflections of the wise man and the fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, and the last to out-shine others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities, the last is lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in other men. The

wife

wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

But however unreasonable and absurd this passion for admiration may appear in such a creature as man, it is not wholly to be discouraged; since it often produces very good effects, not only as it restrains him from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it pushes him to actions which are great and glorious. The principle may be defective or faulty, but the consequences it produces are so good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.

It is observed by *Cicero*, that men of the greatest and the most shining parts are the most actuated by ambition; and if we look into the two sexes, I believe we shall find this principle of action stronger in women than in men.

The passion for praise, which is so very vehement in the fair Sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense, who desire to be admired for that only which deserves admiration: and I think we may observe, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform course of virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honour, than what we find in the generality of our own sex. How many instances have we of Chastity, Fidelity, Devotion? How many Ladies distinguish themselves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their husbands, which are the great qualities and achievements of womankind: as the making of war, the carrying on of traffick, the administration of justice, are those by which men grow famous, and get themselves a name.

But as this passion for admiration, when it works according to reason, improves the beautiful part of our species in every thing that is laudable; so nothing is more destructive to them when it is governed by vanity and folly. What I have therefore here to say, only regards the vain part of the sex, whom for certain reasons, which the Reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the name of *Idols*. An *Idol* is wholly taken up in the adorning of her person. You see in every posture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her business and employment to gain adorers. For this reason your *Idols* appear in all publick places and assemblies, in order to seduce men to their worship. The Play-house is very frequently filled with *Idols*; several of them are carried in procession every evening about the Ring, and several of them set up their worship even in Churches. They are to be accosted in the  
language

language proper to the Deity. Life and death are in their power: Joys of Heaven and pains of Hell are at their disposal: Paradise is in their arms, and Eternity in every moment that you are present with them. Raptures, transports and ecstasies are the rewards which they confer: Sighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts are the offerings which are paid to them. Their smiles make men happy; their frowns drive them to despair. I shall only add under this head, that *Ovid's* book of *the Art of Love* is a kind of heathen ritual, which contains all the forms of worship which are made use of to an *Idol*.

It would be as difficult a task to reckon up these different kinds of *Idols*, as *Milton's* was to number those that were known in *Canaan*, and the lands adjoining. Most of them are worshipped, like *Moloch*, in fires and flames. Some of them, like *Baal*, love to see their votaries cut and flayed, and shedding their blood for them. Some of them, like the *Idol* in the *Apocrypha*, must have treats and collations prepared for them every night. It has indeed been known, that some of them have been used by their incensed worshippers like the *Chinese Idols*, who are whipped and scourged when they refuse to comply with the prayers that are offered to them.

I must here observe, that those Idolaters who devote themselves to the *Idols* I am here speaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of Idolaters. For as others fall out because they worship different *Idols*, these Idolaters quarrel because they worship the same.

The intention therefore of the *Idol* is quite contrary to the wishes of the Idolater; as the one desires to confine the *Idol* to himself, the whole business and ambition of the other is to multiply adorers. This humour of an *Idol* is prettily described in a Tale of *Chaucer*: He represents one of them sitting at a table with three of her votaries about her, who are all of them courting her favour, and paying their adorations: She smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot which was under the table. Now which of these three, says the old Bard, do you think was the favourite? In troth, says he, not one of all the three.

The behaviour of this old *Idol* in *Chaucer*, puts me in mind of the beautiful *Clarinda*, one of the greatest *Idols* among the moderns. She is worshipped once a week by candle-light in the midst of a large congregation generally called an Assembly. Some of the gayest youths in the nation endeavour to plant themselves in her eye, while she sits in form with multitudes of tapers burning about her. To encourage the zeal of her Idolaters, she bestows a mark of her favour upon every one of them be-

fore they go out of her presence. She asks a question of one, tells a story to another, glances an ogle upon a third, takes a pinch of snuff from the fourth, lets her fan drop by accident to give the fifth an occasion of taking it up. In short, every one goes away satisfied with his success, and encouraged to renew his Devotions at the same canonical hour that day sevensnight.

An *Idol* may be undeified by many accidental causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of counter-*Apotheosis*, or a Deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his Goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman.

Old age is likewise a great decayer of your *Idol*: The truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy being than a superannuated *Idol*, especially when she has contracted such airs and behaviour as are only graceful when her worshippers are about her.

Considering therefore that in these and many other cases the *Woman* generally out-lives the *Idol*, I must return to the Moral of this paper, and desire my fair Readers to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired: In order to which, they must endeavour to make themselves the objects of a reasonable and lasting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dress, or fashion, but from those inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them.

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N<sup>o</sup> 74. Friday, May 25.

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-----*Pendent opera interrupta*-----

Virg.

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**I**N my last *Monday's* paper I gave some general instances of those beautiful strokes which please the Reader in the old Song of *Chey-Chase*; I shall here, according to my promise, be more particular, and shew that the sentiments in that Ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient Poets: for which reason I shall quote several passages of

of it, in which the thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several passages of the *Aeneid*; not that I would infer from thence, that the Poet (whoever he was) proposed to himself any imitation of those passages, but that he was directed to them in general by the same kind of poetical genius, and by the same copyings after nature.

Had this old Song been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong taste of some Readers; but it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir *Philip Sidney* like the sound of a trumpet; it is only Nature that can have this effect, and please those tastes which are the most unprejudiced or the most refined. I must however beg leave to dissent from so great an authority as that of Sir *Philip Sidney*, in the judgment which he has passed as to the rude stile and evil apparel of this antiquated Song; for there are several parts in it where not only the thought but the language is majestick, and the numbers sonorous; at least, the *Apparel* is much more gorgeous than many of the Poets made use of in Queen *Elizabeth's* time, as the Reader will see in several of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the thought or the expression in that Stanza,

*To drive the deer with hound and horn*

*Earl Piercy took his way;*

*The child may rue that is unborn*

*The hunting of that day!*

This way of considering the misfortunes which this battel would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battel, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battels which took their rise from this quarrel of the two Earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient Poets.

*Audiet pugnas vitio parentum*

*Rara juventus.*

Hor.

What can be more founding and poetical, or resemble more the majestick simplicity of the ancients, than the following stanzas?

*The stout Earl of Northumberland*

*A vow to God did make,*

C c c c 2

His



*His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summer's days to take.*

*With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well, in time of need,  
To aim their shafts aright.*

*The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods  
The nimble deer to take,  
And with their cries the hills and dales  
An Echo shrill did make.*

—Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron  
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:  
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

*Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
His men in armour bright;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
All marching in our sight.*

*All men of pleasant Tividale,  
Fast by the river Tweed, &c.*

The country of the *Scotch* warriors, described in these two last verses, has a fine romantick situation, and affords a couple of smooth words for verse. If the Reader compares the foregoing six lines of the song with the following latin verses, he will see how much they are written in the spirit of *Virgil*.

*Adversi campo apparent, hastasque reductis  
Protendunt longè dextris; et spicula vibrant:  
Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Gabina  
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis  
Hernica saxa colunt: — qui rosea rura Velini,  
Qui Tetricæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,  
Casperiamque colunt, Forulosque et flumen Himelle:  
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt. —*

But to proceed.

*Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,  
Most like a Baron bold,*

*Rode*

*Rode foremost of the company,  
Whose armour shone like gold.*

Turnus ut antevolans tardum præcesserat agmen, &c.  
Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis  
Aureus

*Our English archers bent their bows,  
Their hearts were good and true;  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
Full threescore Scots they slew.*

*They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,  
No slackness there was found;  
And many a gallant Gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.*

*With that there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart  
A deep and deadly blow.*

*Æneas* was wounded after the same manner by an unknown hand in the midst of a party.

*Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,  
Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,  
Incertum quâ pulsa manu*

But of all the descriptive parts of this song, there are none more beautiful than the four following stanzas, which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances. The thought in the third stanza was never touched by any other Poet, and is such an one as would have shined in *Homer* or in *Virgil*.

*So thus did both these Nobles dye,  
Whose courage none could stain:  
An English archer then perceiv'd  
The noble Earl was slain.*

*He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree,  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
Unto the head drew he.*

*Against*

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery  
 So right his shaft he set,  
 The grey-goose wing that was thereon  
 In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day  
 Till setting of the sun;  
 For when they rung the evening bell  
 The battle scarce was done.

One may observe likewise, that in the catalogue of the slain the Author has followed the example of the greatest ancient Poets, not only in giving a long list of the dead, but by diversifying it with little characters of particular persons.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain  
 Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
 Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field  
 One foot would never fly:

Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too,  
 His sister's son was he,  
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,  
 Yet saved could not be.

The familiar sound in these names destroys the majesty of the description; for this reason I do not mention this part of the Poem but to shew the natural cast of thought which appears in it, as the two last verses look almost like a translation of *Virgil*.

—*Cadit et Ripheus justissimus unus  
 Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus equi,  
 Diis aliter visum est*—

In the catalogue of the *English* who fell, *Witherington's* behaviour is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the Reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle; though I am satisfied your little buffoon Readers (who have seen that passage ridiculed in *Hudibras*) will not be able to take the beauty of it: for which reason I dare not so much as quote it.

Then slept a gallant Squire forth,  
 Witherington was his name,

Who

*Who said, I would not have it told  
To Henry our King for shame,  
That e'er my Captain fought on foot  
And I stood looking on.*

We meet with the same heroick sentiment in *Virgil*.

*Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam  
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus equi  
Non sumus——?*

What can be more natural or more moving, than the circumstances in which he describes the behaviour of those women who had lost their husbands on this fatal day?

*Next day did many widows come,  
Their husbands to bewail:  
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,  
But all would not prevail.  
Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,  
They bore with them away:  
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,  
When they were clad in clay.*

Thus we see how the thoughts of this Poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very founding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit.

If this Song had been written in the *Gothick* manner, which is the delight of all our little Wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the Taste of so many ages, and have pleased the Readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of *Latin* quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgment would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of *Virgil*.

*Saturday,*

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N<sup>o</sup> 81. Saturday, June 2.

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*Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure tigris  
Horruit in maculas-----*

Statius.

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**A**BOUT the middle of last winter I went to see an Opera at the Theatre in the *Hay-market*, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were Patched differently; the faces, on one hand, being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left: I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in those different situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle-boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several Ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the Opera. Upon enquiry I found, that the body of *Amazons* on my right hand were Whigs, and those on my left, Tories: and that those who had placed themselves in the middle-boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory side of the face. The censorious say, that the men whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the Patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical Coquettes, who do not Patch for the publick good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are several women of honour who Patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. Nay, I am informed

formed that some of them adhere so stedfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the publick to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage-articles a Lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that *Rosalinda*, a famous Whig partizan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given an handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the whig interest. But, whatever this natural patch may seem to insinuate, it is well known that her notions of Government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs; and like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with *Rosalinda* in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If *Rosalinda* is unfortunate in her mole, *Nigranilla* is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the Tygress, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry; or as Mr. *Cowley* has imitated the verses that stand as the Motto of this paper,

——— *She swells with angry pride,  
And calls forth all her spots on ev'ry side.*

When I was in the Theatre the time above-mentioned, I had the curiosity to count the Patches on both sides, and found the Tory Patches to be about twenty stronger than the Whig; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole Puppet-show filled with faces spotted after the Whiggish manner. Whether or no the Ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces, I cannot tell; but the next night they came in so great a body to the Opera, that they out-numbered the enemy.

This account of Party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet

with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful SPECTATOR, had I not recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavoured to expose this Party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatred and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the Fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the *Romans* and *Sabines* were at war, and just upon the point of giving battel, the women who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and intreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatned both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our *British* Ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The *Greeks* thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbade them, under pain of death, to be present at the *Olympick* games, notwithstanding these were the publick diversions of all *Greece*.

As our *English* women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partizans. Female vertues are of a domestick turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be shewing their zeal for the publick, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty and country. When the *Romans* were pressed with a foreign enemy, the Ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the Government under the publick exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce publick orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our *English* Ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, shew themselves so truly publick-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient Authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated

brated funeral oration of *Pericles*, which he made in honour of those brave *Athenians* that were slain in a fight with the *Lacedemonians*. After having address'd himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the publick cause, he turns to the female part of his audience; "And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few words: Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other.

N<sup>o</sup> 83. *Tuesday, June 5.*

----- *Animum pictura pascit inani.*

Virg.

WHEN the weather hinders me from taking my diversions without doors, I frequently make a little party with two or three select friends, to visit any thing curious that may be seen under covert. My principal entertainments of this nature are pictures, inasmuch that when I have found the weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day's journey to see a gallery that is furnished by the hands of great masters. By this means, when the Heavens are filled with clouds, when the Earth swims in rain, and all Nature wears a lowering countenance, I withdraw my self from these uncomfortable scenes into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landskips, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay Ideas, and disperse that gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate seasons.

I was some weeks ago in a course of these diversions; which had taken such an entire possession of my imagination, that they formed in it a short morning's dream, which I shall communicate to my Reader, rather as the first sketch and outlines of a vision, than as a finished piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that are dead.

D d d d 2

On



On the side of the *living*, I saw several persons busie in drawing, colouring, and designing; on the side of the *dead* Painters, I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceeding slow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was resolv'd to examine the several Artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied my self to the side of the *living*. The first I observ'd at work in this part of the gallery was VANITY, with his hair tied behind him in a ribbon, and dress'd like a *Frenchman*. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their smiles, and a certain smirking air, which he bestow'd indifferently on every age and degree of either sex. The *toujours gai* appear'd even in his Judges, Bishops, and Privy-counsellors: in a word, all his men were *Petits Maitres*, and all his women *Coquettes*. The Drapery of his figures was extreamly well-suited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colours that could be mixt together; every part of the dress was in a flutter, and endeavour'd to distinguish it self above the rest.

On the left hand of VANITY stood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dress'd like a *German*, and had a very hard name that founded something like STURDITY.

The third Artist that I look'd over was FANTASQUE, dress'd like a *Venetian Scaramouch*. He had an excellent hand at *Chimera*, and dealt very much in distortions and grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the phantoms that flow'd from his pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his pieces was at best but a terrifying dream; and one could say nothing more of his finest figures, than that they were agreeable monsters.

The fourth person I examin'd, was very remarkable for his hasty hand, which left his picture so unfinished, that the beauty in the picture (which was design'd to continue as a monument of it to posterity) faded sooner than in the person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to dispatch his business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his pencils, nor mix his colours. The name of this expeditious workman was AVARICE.

Not far from this Artist I saw another of a quite different nature, who was dress'd in the habit of a *Dutchman*, and known by the name of INDUSTRY. His figures were wonderfully labour'd: if he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single hair in his face; if the figure of a ship, there was not a rope among the tackle that escap'd him. He had

had likewise hung a great part of the wall with night-pieces, that seem'd to shew themselves by the candles which were lighted up in several parts of them; and were so inflamed by the sun-shine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out, *Fire*.

The five foregoing Artists were the most considerable on this side the gallery; there were indeed several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear observing, who was very busie in retouching the finest pieces, though he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before over-charged, loaded every defect, and poisoned every colour it touched. Though this workman did so much mischief on this side of the living, he never turned his eye towards that of the dead. His name was

ENVY.

Having taken a cursory view of one side of the gallery, I turned myself to that which was filled by the works of those great masters that were dead; when immediately I fancied myself standing before a multitude of spectators, and thousands of eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared so like men and women, that I almost forgot they were pictures. *Raphael's* figures stood in one row, *Titian's* in another, *Guido Rheni's* in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by *Hannibal Carrache*, another by *Correggio*, and another by *Rubens*. To be short, there was not a great master among the dead who had not contributed to the embellishment of this side of the gallery. The persons that owed their being to these several masters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the variety of their shapes, complexions, and cloaths; so that they looked like different nations of the same species.

Observing an old man (who was the same person I before-mentioned, as the only Artist that was at work on this side of the gallery) creeping up and down from one picture to another, and retouching all the fine pieces that stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was so very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thousand touches, scarce produced any visible effect in the picture on which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated touch after touch without rest or intermission, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable gloss that hung upon a figure: he also added such a beautiful brown to the shades, and mellowness to the colours, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when it came fresh from the master's pencil. I could not forbear looking up-

OR

on the face of this ancient workman, and immediately, by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, discovered him to be TIME.

Whether it were because the thread of my dream was at an end, I cannot tell, but upon my taking a survey of this imaginary old man, my sleep left me.

N<sup>o</sup> 85. Thursday, June 7.

*Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte  
Fabula nullius Veneris, sine pondere et arte,  
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,  
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.*

Hor.

IT is the custom of the *Mahometans*, if they see any printed or written paper upon the ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some piece of their *Alcoran*. I must confess I have so much of the *Mussulman* in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed paper which comes in my way, under whatsoever despicable circumstances it may appear: for as no mortal Author, in the ordinary fate and vicissitude of things, knows to what use his works may, some time or other, be applied, a man may often meet with very celebrated names in a paper of tobacco. I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a Prelate; and know a friend of mine, who, for these several years, has converted the *Essays* of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candlesticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a Poem of an eminent Author on a victory, I met with several fragments of it upon the next rejoicing day, which had been employed in squibs and crackers, and by that means celebrated its subject in a double capacity. I once met with a page of Mr. *Baxter* under a *Christmas Pye*. Whether or no the pastry-cook had made use of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that superstitious *Viande*, I know not; but upon the perusal of it, I conceived so good an Idea of the Author's piety, that I bought the whole book. I have

have often profited by these accidental readings, and have sometimes found very curious pieces, that are either out of print, or not to be met with in the shops of our *London* booktellers. For this reason, when my friends take a survey of my library, they are very much surprized to find, upon the shelf of folios, two long band-boxes standing upright among my books, till I let them see that they are both of them lined with deep erudition and abstruse literature. I might likewise mention a paper kite, from which I have received great improvement; and a hat-case, which I would not exchange for all the beavers in *Great-Britain*. This my inquisitive temper, or rather impertinent humour of prying into all sorts of writing, with my natural aversion to loquacity, gives me a good deal of employment when I enter any house in the country; for I cannot for my heart leave a room, before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it, and examined the several printed papers which are usually pasted upon them. The last piece that I met with upon this occasion, gave me a most exquisite pleasure. My Reader will think I am not serious, when I acquaint him that the piece I am going to speak of was the old Ballad of the *Two Children in the Wood*, which is one of the darling Songs of the common people, and has been the delight of most *Englishmen* in some part of their age.

This Song is a plain simple copy of nature, destitute of all the helps and ornaments of art. The tale of it is a pretty tragical story, and pleases for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. There is even a despicable simplicity in the verse; and yet, because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite Reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion. The incidents grow out of the subject, and are such as are the most proper to excite pity; for which reason the whole narration has something in it very moving, notwithstanding the Author of it (whoever he was) has delivered it in such an abject phrase and poorness of expression, that the quoting any part of it would look like a design of turning it into ridicule. But though the language is mean, the thoughts, as I have before said, from one end to the other are natural, and therefore cannot fail to please those who are not judges of language, or those who, notwithstanding they are judges of language, have a true and unprejudiced taste of nature. The condition, speech, and behaviour of the dying parents, with the age, innocence, and distress of the children, are set forth in such tender circumstances, that it is impossible for a Reader of common humanity not to be affected with them. As for the circumstance of the

*Robin-*

*Robin-red-breast*, it is indeed a little poetical ornament; and to shew the genius of the Author amidst all his simplicity, it is just the same kind of fiction which one of the greatest of the *Latin* Poets has made use of upon a parallel occasion; I mean that passage in *Horace*, where he describes himself when he was a child, fallen asleep in a desert wood, and covered with leaves by the Turtles that took pity on him.

*Me fabulosa Vulture in Appulo,  
Altricis extra limen Apuliae,  
Ludo fatigatumque somno  
Fronde novâ puerum palumbes  
Texere ———*

I have heard that the late Lord *Dorset*, who had the greatest wit tempered with the greatest candour, and was one of the finest Criticks as well as the best Poets, of his age, had a numerous collection of old *English* Ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. *Dryden*, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humour.

I might likewise refer my Reader to *Moliere's* thoughts on this subject, as he has expressed them in the character of the *Misanthrope*; but those only who are endowed with a true greatness of Soul and Genius, can divest themselves of the little Images of Ridicule, and admire nature in her simplicity and nakedness. As for the little conceited Wits of the age, who can only shew their judgment by finding fault, they cannot be supposed to admire these productions which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to relish even those compositions that, with all the beauties of Nature, have also the additional advantages of Art.



*Friday,*

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N<sup>o</sup> 86. *Friday, June 8.*

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*Heu quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu!* Ovid.

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**T**HERE are several Arts which all men are in some measure masters of, without having been at the pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a Grammarian and a Logician, though he may be wholly unacquainted with the rules of Grammar or Logick, as they are delivered in books and systems. In the same manner, every one is in some degree a master of that Art which is generally distinguished by the name of Physiognomy; and naturally forms to himself the character or fortune of a stranger, from the features and lineaments of his face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured man; and upon our first going into a company of strangers, our benevolence or aversion, awe or contempt, rises naturally towards several particular persons, before we have heard them speak a single word, or so much as know who they are.

Every passion gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is apt to discover it self in some feature or other. I have seen an eye curse for half an hour together, and an eye-brow call a man scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and die, in dumb show. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a notion of every man's humour or circumstances by his looks, that I have sometimes employed my self from *Charing-Cross* to the *Royal-Exchange* in drawing the characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a man with a sour rivell'd face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife; and when I meet with an open ingenuous countenance, think on the happiness of his friends, his family, and relations.

I cannot recollect the Author of a famous saying to a stranger who stood silent in his company, *Speak that I may see thee*: But, with submission, I think we may be better known by our looks than by our words, and that a man's speech is much more easily disguised than his countenance.

VOL. II.

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nance. In this case, however, I think the air of the whole face is much more expressive than the lines of it: the truth of it is, the air is generally nothing else but the inward disposition of the mind made visible.

Those who have established Physiognomy into an art, and laid down rules of judging mens tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. *Martial* has a pretty Epigram on this subject.

*Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine laesus;  
Rem magnam praestas, Zoile, si bonus es.*

*Thy beard and head are of a different die;  
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye:  
With all these tokens of a knave compleat,  
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat.*

I have seen a very ingenious Author on this subject, who founds his speculations on the supposition, that as a man hath in the mould of his face a remote likeness to that of an Ox, a Sheep, a Lion, an Hog, or any other creature; he hath the same resemblance in the frame of his mind, and is subject to those passions which are predominant in the creature that appears in his countenance. Accordingly he gives the prints of several faces that are of a different mould, and by a little over-charging the likeness, discovers the figures of these several kinds of brutal faces in human features. I remember in the life of the famous Prince of *Conde* the writer observes, the face of that Prince was like the face of an Eagle, and that the Prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this case therefore we may be sure, that he had in his mind some general implicit notion of this art of Physiognomy which I have just now mentioned; and that when his Courtiers told him his face was made like an Eagle's, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him, there was something in his looks which shewed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal descent. Whether or no the different motions of the animal spirits in different passions, may have any effect on the mould of the face when the lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same kind of souls require the same kind of habitations, I shall leave to the consideration of the curious. In the mean time I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lie to his face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured man, in spite of all those marks and signatures which nature seems to have set upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among those, who instead of being exasperated

ted by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting those beauties which are more lasting, and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable piece of deformity; and have observed a certain cheerfulness in as bad a system of features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an insolent beauty. There is a double praise due to virtue, when it is lodged in a body that seems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many such cases the soul and the body do not seem to be fellows.

*Socrates* was an extraordinary instance of this Nature. There chanced to be a great Physiognomist in his time at *Athens*, who had made strange discoveries of mens tempers and inclinations by their outward appearances. *Socrates's* disciples, that they might put this Artist to the tryal, carried him to their master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know he was then in company with him. After a short examination of his face, the Physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old fellow that he had ever met with in his whole life. Upon which the disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the falshood and vanity of his art. But *Socrates* told them, that the principles of his art might be very true, notwithstanding his present mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular vices which the Physiognomist had discovered in his countenance, but that he had conquered the strong dispositions he was born with by the dictates of Philosophy.

We are indeed told by an ancient Author, that *Socrates* very much resembled *Silenus* in his face; which we find to have been very rightly observed from the statues and busts of both, that are still extant; as well as on several antique seals and precious stones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the cabinets of the curious. But however observations of this nature may sometimes hold, a wise man should be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance. It is an irreparable injustice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the looks and features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive hatred against a person of worth, or fancy a man to be proud and ill-natred by his aspect, whom we think we cannot esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real character? Dr. *Moore*, in his admirable system of ethicks, reckons this particular inclination to take a prejudice against a man for his looks, among the smaller vices in morality, and, if I remember, gives it the name of a *Prosopolepsia*.



N° 89. Tuesday, June 12.

-----*Petite hinc juvenesque senesque  
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.  
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quasi magnum  
Nempe diem donas; sed cum lux altera venit,  
Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras  
Egerit hos annos, et semper paulum erit ultra.  
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno  
Vertentem sese frustra sectabere cantum.*

Per.

**A**S my correspondents upon the subject of love are very numerous, it is my design, if possible, to range them under several heads, and address my self to them at different times. The first branch of them, to whose service I shall dedicate this paper, are those that have to do with women of dilatory tempers, who are for spinning out the time of courtship to an immoderate length, without being able either to close with their lovers, or to dismiss them. I have many letters by me filled with complaints against this sort of women. In one of them no less a man than a brother of the coiff tells me, that he began his suit *Vicesimo nono Caroli secundi* before he had been a twelve-month at the *Temple*; that he prosecuted it for many years after he was called to the Bar; that at present he is a Serjeant at Law; and notwithstanding he hoped that matters would have been long since brought to an issue, the fair one still demurrs. I am so well pleased with this Gentleman's Phrase, that I shall distinguish this sect of women by the title of *Demurrers*. I find by another letter from one that calls himself *Thyrsis*, that his mistress has been demurring above these seven years. But among all my Plaintiffs of this nature, I most pity the unfortunate *Philander*, a man of a constant passion and plentiful fortune, who sets forth that the timorous and irresolute *Sylvia* has demurred till she is past child-bearing. *Strepson* appears by

by his letter to be a very choleric lover, and irrevocably smitten with one that demurs out of self-interest. He tells me with great passion that she has bubbled him out of his youth; that she drilled him on to five and fifty, and that he verily believes she will drop him in his old age if she can find her account in another. I shall conclude this narrative with a letter from honest SAM. HOPEWELL, a very pleasant fellow, who it seems has at last married a *Demurrer*: I must only premise, that SAM. who is a very good bottle-companion, has been the diversion of his friends, upon account of his passion, ever since the year one thousand six hundred and eighty one.

Dear Sir,

“ YOU know very well my passion for Mrs. Martha, and what a dance  
 “ she has led me: she took me out at the age of two and twen-  
 “ ty, and dodged with me above thirty years. I have loved her till she is  
 “ grown as gray as a cat, and am with much ado become the master of  
 “ her person, such as it is at present. She is however in my eye a very  
 “ charming old woman. We often lament that we did not marry soon-  
 “ er, but she has no body to blame for it but her self: You know very  
 “ well that she would never think of me whilst she had a tooth in her  
 “ head. I have put the date of my passion (*Anno Amoris trigesimo pri-*  
 “ *mo*) instead of a posie, on my wedding-ring. I expect you should send  
 “ me a congratulatory letter, or, if you please, an *Epithalamium*, upon  
 “ this occasion.

Mrs. Martha's and yours eternally,

SAM. HOPEWELL.

In order to banish an evil out of the world, that does not only produce great uneasiness to private persons, but has also a very bad influence on the publick, I shall endeavour to shew the folly of *Demurring* from two or three reflections, which I earnestly recommend to the thoughts of my fair Readers.

First of all I would have them seriously think on the shortness of their time. Life is not long enough for a Coquette to play all her tricks in. A timorous woman drops into her grave before she has done deliberating. Were the age of man the same that it was before the flood, a Lady might sacrifice half a century to a scruple, and be two or three ages in demurring. Had she nine hundred years good, she might hold out to the conversion of the *Jews* before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But,  
 alas!

alas! she ought to play her part in haste, when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the stage, and make room for others.

In the second place, I would desire my female Readers to consider, that as the term of life is short, that of beauty is much shorter. The finest skin wrinkles in a few years, and loses the strength of its colouring so soon, that we have scarce time to admire it. I might embellish this subject with roses and rain-bows, and several other ingenious conceits, which I may possibly reserve for another opportunity.

There is a third consideration which I would likewise recommend to a Demurrer, and that is the great danger of her falling in love when she is about threescore, if she cannot satisfy her doubts and scruples before that time. There is a kind of *latter spring*, that sometimes gets into the blood of an old woman, and turns her into a very odd sort of an animal. I would therefore have the Demurrer consider what a strange figure she will make, if she chances to get over all difficulties, and comes to a final resolution, in that unseasonable part of her life.

I would not however be understood, by any thing I have here said, to discourage that natural modesty in the sex, which renders a retreat from the first approaches of a lover both fashionable and graceful; all that I intend, is, to advise them, when they are prompted by reason and inclination, to demurr only out of form, and so far as decency requires. A virtuous woman should reject the first offer of marriage, as a good man does that of a Bishoprick; but I would advise neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing what they secretly approve. I would in this particular propose the example of *Eve* to all her daughters, as *Milton* has represented her in the following passage, which I cannot forbear transcribing entire, though only the twelve last lines are to my present purpose.

*The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands ;  
Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
Manlike, but diff'rent sex, so lovely fair,  
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd ;  
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,  
And into all things from her air inspir'd  
The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
She disappear'd, and left me dark ; I wak'd  
To find her, or for ever to deplore*

*Her*

Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:  
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable. On she came,  
 Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd  
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:  
 Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
 In every gesture dignity and love.  
 I overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see  
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my self....

She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,  
 Yet innocence and virgin modesty,  
 Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd  
 The more desirable, or to say all,  
 Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,  
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd;  
 I follow'd her: She what was honour knew,  
 And with obsequious majesty approv'd  
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bow'r  
 I led her blushing like the morn—

The End of the Second. Volume.



