THE

TATLER.

VOLUME THE SECOND.



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For Meſſrs. Longman, Dodſley, Law, Johnſon, Nichols, Dilly, Robinſon, Sewell, Richardſon, Baldwin, Faulder, Rivington, Otridge and Son, B. and J. White, Hookham and Carpenter, Wilkie, Scatcherd, Ogilvie and Son, Newbery, J. Edwards, Vernor and Hood, Nunn, Pote, Miller, Cadell and Davies, and H. Lowndes.

1797.

ORIGINAL DEDICATION

TO TATLER, VOL. II.

TO

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE [a], ESQ.

SIR,

WHEN I ſend you this volume, I am rather to make you a requeſt than a dedication. I muſt deſire, that if you think fit to throw away any moments on it, you would not do it after reading

[a] Second ſon of the hon. lady Wortley Montague, and grandſon of Edward Montague, the firſt earl of Sandwich. He was choſen a member of parliament for Huntingdon in the 4th year of queen Anne; and in all other parliaments but two to the end of her reign. On the acceſſion of George I. he was conſtituted one of the lords commiſſioners of the treaſury: and being ſent ambaſſador-extraordinary to the grand ſignior, he ſet out for Vienna, Jan. 27, 1716, and propoſed to be at Peterwaradin in eight days. Having finiſhed his negotiations, he, with his lady, arrived at Leghorn, Aug. 22, 1718, in the Preſton man of war, from Conſtantinople, and ſailed the next day for Toulon; and, travelling through France, he arrived in England, and waited on his majeſty at Hampton-court, Oct. 4 following, and was graciouſly received. In the firſt parliament called by king George I. he was choſen for the city of Weſtminſter, and afterwards ſerved for Huntingdon, and was a member for the city of Peterborough when he died, Jan. 22, 1761, aged 80 years. He married the lady Mary Pierrepont, eldeſt daughter to his grace Evelyn duke of Kingſton, and by her (who died Aug.

thoſe excellent pieces with which you are uſually converſant. The images which you will meet with here, will be very faint, after the peruſal of the Greeks and Romans, who are your ordinary companions. I muſt confeſs I am obliged to you for the taſte of many of their excellencies, which I had not obſerved until you pointed them to me. I am very proud that there are ſome things in theſe papers which I know you pardon [b]; and it is no ſmall pleaſure to have one's labours ſuffered by the judgment of a man, who ſo well underſtands the true charms of eloquence and poeſy. But I direct this addreſs to you; not that I think I can entertain you with my writings, but to thank you for the new delight I have, from your converſation, in thoſe of other men.

May you enjoy a long continuance of the true reliſh of the happineſs heaven has beſtowed upon you. I know not how to ſay a more affectionate thing to you, than to wiſh that you may be always what you are [c]; and that you may ever

21, 1762) he had iſſue an only ſon, Edward-Wortley Montague, who was repreſentative in three parliaments for Boſſiney in Cornwall; and a daughter, Mary, married to John Stuart, earl of Bute, Aug. 24, 1736.

[b] This ſeems to amount to a declaration, that E. Wortley Montague, eſq; was himſelf a writer in theſe papers, but what number or numbers he wrote, or whether indeed he wrote any, is now uncertain.

[c] The wife of this gentleman, an uncommonly fine woman, of very ſuperior underſtanding, lady Mary Wortley Montague, the celebrated authoreſs of a little volume of excellent poems, and many curious letters, for ſeveral years ſurvived her huſband. He died very ſuddenly, without being able, it is ſaid, to alter his will as he intended, in favour of

think, as I know you now do, that you have a much larger fortune than you want.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient, and

moſt humble ſervant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

his ſon, an extraordinary and ingenious man, the reputed author of the Reflections on the Riſe and Fall of ancient Republics, &c. This ſon was a wanderer from his early youth, and lived long in ſingular ways, and a variety of ſituations, greatly unknown, and eſtranged from his family. He had returned, and was reconciled to his father ſome years before the old gentleman's death; but in that time, or ſoon after, he unfortunately offended his mother irreconcileably, for ſhe cut him off with a ſhilling from all the inheritance which ſhe had it in her power to leave him. Mr. Montague was abroad, when he received his mother's legacy, which he gave, with great gaiety of heart, to the friend from whom the writer received this information. By theſe accidents a vaſt fortune came to lord Bute, who married their daughter. Nevertheleſs, this generous nobleman ceded to his brother-in-law much more than he could have poſſibly obtained, and even more than he could have claimed, by litigation. Mr. Montague had, it is ſaid, very accommodating principles, and a fine conſtitution for travelling. It had been abundantly exerciſed in this way before; but the laſt fourteen years of his life, more or leſs, were entirely ſpent in foreign parts, where he became enamoured of the dreſs and manners of Arabia, to which he conformed to the end of his life. As he ſat in his Armenian dreſs, ſquat, after the Eaſtern faſhion, to regale himſelf with ſmoaking tobacco, and drinking coffee, he has been heard to ſay, not unfrequently, that he had long ſince drunk his full ſhare of wine and ſtrong liquors; and that he had never once been guilty of a ſmall folly in the whole courſe of his life. This writer has been told, that on his return, in his paſſage from Marſeilles to England, he was choked with the bone of a fig-bird, leaving ſeveral widows behind

him; but he is very certain, and can affirm on good authority, that the advertiſement which appeared about that time in the public prints, promiſing an honourable and advantageous marriage to any pregnant woman of good character, had not, as was reported, any reſpect to Mr. Montague, and was not inſerted by any agent whom he employed. Before his laſt embarkation for this country, effectual meaſures were taken to ſatisfy the claims of his creditors, and extricate him from the immenſe debt which he had principally contracted by gaming when he had the proſpect of ſucceeding to a very opulent fortune; and his affairs were finally ſo ſettled, that he might have paſſed here in eaſe the remainder of his life, which, from the vigour of his conſtitution and ſalubrity of his regimen, promiſed to have been a long one. In his way to Grand Cairo, his elegant and amiable companion, N. Daviſon, eſq; took accurate drawings of every thing curious, particularly of the far-famed inſcriptions on the Written Mountains, which Niebuhr and the other miſſionaries from Denmark miſſed; and from his accurate drawings it appears certain, that they were only the ſportings of the pilgrims to Mecca, who, on their emerging from the deſart, reſted themſelves there among the ſprings, and not the workmanſhip, as was thought, of the ancient Iſraelites, who by their law were prohibited from making the images of animals, &c. with which the inſcriptions abound.

THE

TATLER.

N° 51. Saturday, Auguſt 6, 1709.

STEELE [a].

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 5.

Continuation of the Hiſtoriette of Robert Fielding, Eſq. under the fictitious Name of Orlando the Fair [b].

FORTUNE being now propitious to the gay Orlando, he dreſſed, he ſpoke, he moved as a man might be ſuppoſed to do in a nation of pygmies, and had an equal value for our approbation or diſlike. It is uſual for thoſe who profeſs a contempt for the world, to fly from it and live in obſcurity; but Orlando, with a greater magnanimity, contemned it, and appeared in it, to tell them ſo. If therefore, his exalted mien met with an unwelcome reception, he was ſure

[a] Addiſon was moſt probably concerned in this, and the three following papers, N° 52, N° 53, and N° 54. See in N° 63, and notes, grounds of this opinion.

[b] See N° 50, and notes on Beau Fielding, &c.

always to double the cauſe which gave the diſtaſte [c]. You ſee our beauties affect a negligence in the ornament of their hair, and adjuſting their head-dreſſes, as conſcious that they adorn whatever they wear. Orlando had not only this humour in common with other beauties, but alſo had a neglect whether things became him or not, in a world he contemned. For this reaſon, a noble particularity appeared in all his œconomy, furniture, and equipage. And, to convince the preſent little race how unequal all their meaſures were to an antediluvian as he called himſelf, in reſpect of the inſects which now appear for men, he ſometimes rode in an open tumbrel, of leſs ſize than ordinary, to ſhow the largeneſs of his limbs and the grandeur of his perſonage to the greater advantage [d]. At other ſeaſons, all his appointments had a magnificence, as if it were formed by the genius of Trimalchio of old, which ſhewed itſelf in doing ordinary things, with an air of pomp and grandeur. Orlando therefore called for tea by beat of drum; his valet got ready to ſhave him by a trumpet to horſe; and water was brought for his teeth, when the ſound was changed to boots and ſaddle.

In all theſe glorious exceſſes from the common practice, did the happy Orlando live and reign in an uninterrupted tranquillity, until an

[c] See N. B. at the cloſe of this N° p. 10.

[d] Fielding's dreſs was always extraordinary, and the liveries of his footmen were equally fantaſtical; they generally wore yellow coats, with black feathers in their hats, and black ſaſhes. Memoirs of Gameſters, by Theoph. Lucas, gent. 12mo. 1714, p. 208.

unlucky accident brought to his remembrance, that one evening he was married before he courted the nuptials of Villaria [e]. Several fatal memorandums were produced to revive the memory of this accident; and the unhappy lover was for ever baniſhed her preſence, to whom he owed the ſupport of his juſt renown and gallantry. But diſtreſs does not debaſe noble minds; it only changes the ſcene, and gives them new glory by that alteration [f]. Orlando therefore now raves in a garret, and calls to his neighbour-ſkies to pity his dolours, and to find redreſs for an unhappy lover. All high ſpirits, in any great agitation of mind, are inclined to relieve them-

[e] Villaria means Barbara Villiers, the daughter and heireſs of William Villiers, lord viſcount Grandiſon in the kingdom of Ireland, who died of the wounds he received at the battle of Edgehill, in 1642. Her portrait, in the figure of Pallas, may be ſeen in the gallery of beauties at Windſor. She was born in or about the year 1642. The ducheſs had a conſtant income of 100l. a week, paid her out of the Poſt-office, and a houſe at Chiſwick, where, in about two years after her divorce from Fielding, ſhe became dropſical, ſwelled to a monſtrous ſize, and died Oct. 9, 1709, aged 69. Annals of Queen Anne, year 81, 1710, p. 387, *et ſeq.*

[f] The author of memoirs of Fielding, in the Select Trials, admits, that for all the ludicrous air and pleaſantry of this narrative, the truth of facts and characters is in general fairly repreſented; but denies his being reduced to vent his dolours in a garret. The impriſonment, however, mentioned by that memorialiſt, ſeems to juſtify this circumſtance of the relation. It appears from Fielding's laſt will, dated April 21, 1712, that he was perfectly reconciled to Mary Wadſworth, for he ſtyles her there 'his dear and loving wife;' and, after leaving legacies among his friends to the amount of 1300l. conſtitutes her his whole and ſole executrix. In cohabitation with her, and under her care, he died of a fever, at their houſe in Scotland-yard, aged 61. Select Trials, vol. v. *paſſim.* Memoirs of Gameſters, p. 216.

ſelves by poetry: the renowned porter of [s] Oliver had not more volumes around his cell in his college of Bedlam, than Orlando in his preſent apartment. And, though inſerting poetry in the midſt of proſe be thought a licence among correct writers not to be indulged, it is hoped the neceſſity of doing it, to give a juſt idea of the hero of whom we treat, will plead for the liberty we ſhall hereafter take, to print Orlando's ſoliloquies in verſe and proſe, after the manner of great wits, and ſuch as thoſe to whom they are nearly allied.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 5.

A GOOD company of us were this day to ſee, or rather to hear, an artful perſon do ſeveral feats of activity with his throat and windpipe. The firſt thing wherewith he preſented us, was a ring of bells, which he imitated in a moſt miraculous manner; after that, he gave us all the different notes of a pack of hounds, to our

[s] Cromwell's porter is ſaid to have been the original from which Caius Gabriel, father of Colley Cibber, copied one of the lunatic figures on Bedlam gate, which are, ſays his ſon, no ill monuments of his fame as an artiſt. That this man was remarkably tall is very probable from the figure of a large O on the back of the terrace at Windſor, reported to have been the ſtandard of his height, and from the print of him in the London Cries, 1711, in folio. Be this as it may, his chriſtian name was Daniel; he was many years in Bedlam, and when his cure was deſpaired of, he was allowed the uſe of his library, in which the moſt conſpicuous book was a large bible, given to him by Nell Gwynn. He is ſaid to have turned his brain by plodding in books of myſtical divinity, and to have had much of the cant which prevailed at that time.

great delight and aſtoniſhment. The company expreſſed their applauſe with much noiſe; and never was heard ſuch a harmony of men and dogs [h]: but a certain plump merry fellow, from an angle of the room, fell a crowing like a cock ſo ingeniouſly, that he won our hearts from the other operator in an inſtant. As ſoon as I ſaw him, I recollected I had ſeen him on the ſtage, and immediately knew it to be Tom Mirrour [i], the comical actor. He immediately addreſſed himſelf to me, and told me, he was ſurpriſed to ſee a virtuoſo take ſatisfaction in any repreſentations below that of human life; and aſked me, whether I thought this acting bells and dogs was to be conſidered under the notion of wit, humour, or ſatire? 'Were it not better,' continued he, 'to have ſome particular picture of man laid before your eyes, that might incite your laughter?' He had no ſooner ſpoke the word, but he immediately quitted his natural ſhape, and talked to me in a very different air and tone from what he had uſed before: upon which, all that ſat near us laughed; but I ſaw no diſtortion in his countenance, or any thing that appeared to me diſagreeable. I aſked Pacolet, what meant that ſudden whiſper about us? for I could not take the jeſt. He anſwered, 'The gentleman you were talking to aſſumed your air

[h] A Mr. Clench of Barnet, who diverted the town with ſuch feats as are here mentioned, imitating a drunken man, an old woman, dogs quarreling, &c.

[i] Mr. Richard Eſtcourt, a comedian celebrated for his great mimic powers, and convivial talents. See Spect. N° 358, and N° 467.

and countenance ſo exactly, that all fell a-laughing to ſee how little you knew yourſelf, and how much you were enamoured with your own image. But that perſon,' continued my monitor, 'if men would make the right uſe of him, might be as inſtrumental to their reforming errors in geſture, language, and ſpeech, as a dancing-maſter, linguiſt, or orator. You ſee he laid yourſelf before you with ſo much addreſs, that you ſaw nothing particular in his behaviour: he has ſo happy a knack of repreſenting errors and imperfections, that you can bear your faults in him as well as in yourſelf: he is the firſt mimic that ever gave the beauties, as well as the deformities, of the man he acted. What Mr. Dryden ſaid of a very great man, may be well applied to him:

'————He ſeems to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.'

You are to know, that this pantomime may be ſaid to be a ſpecies of himſelf: he has no commerce with the reſt of mankind, but as they are the objects of imitation; like the Indian fowl, called the Mock-bird, who has no note of his own, but hits every ſound in the wood as ſoon as he hears it; ſo that Mirrour is at once a copy and an original. Poor Mirrour's fate, as well as talent, is like that of the bird we juſt now ſpoke of; the nightingale, the linnet, the lark, are delighted with his company; but the buzzard, the crow, and the owl, are obſerved to be his mortal enemies. Whenever Sophronius meets Mirrour, he receives him with civility

and reſpect, and well knows a good copy of himſelf can be no injury to him; but Bathillus ſhuns the ſtreet where he expects to meet him; for he, that knows his every ſtep and look is conſtrained and affected, muſt be afraid to be rivalled in his action, and of having it diſcovered to be unnatural, by its being practiſed by another as well as himſelf.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 5.

LETTERS from Coventry and other places have been ſent to me, in anſwer to what I have ſaid in relation to my antagoniſt Mr. Powell; and adviſe me with warm language, to keep to ſubjects more proper for me than ſuch high points [k]. But the writers of theſe epiſtles miſtake the uſe and ſervice I propoſed to the learned world by ſuch obſervations: for you are to underſtand, that the title of this paper [l] gives me a right in taking to myſelf, and inſerting in it, all ſuch parts of any book or letter which are foreign to the purpoſe intended or profeſſed by the writer: ſo that ſuppoſe two great divines ſhould argue, and treat each other with warmth and levity unbecoming their ſubject or character, all that they ſay unfit for that place is very proper to be inſerted here. Therefore from time to time, in all writings which ſhall hereafter be publiſhed, you ſhall have from me extracts of all that ſhall

[k] See Examiner, Vol. i. N° 12, *ad finem*; and Vol. iv. N° 40.

[l] See Dedication to Tat. Vol. i. Tat. N° 3, N° 5, N° 9, N° 64; letter ſigned Joſiah Couplet; and N° 271.

appear not to the purpoſe; and for the benefit of the gentle reader, I will ſhew what to turn over unread, and what to peruſe [m]. For this end I have a mathematical ſieve preparing, in which I will ſift every page and paragraph; and all that falls through I ſhall make bold with for my own uſe. The ſame thing will be as beneficial in ſpeech; for all ſuperfluous expreſſions in talk fall to me alſo: as when a pleader at the bar deſigns to be extremely impertinent and troubleſome, and cries, 'Under favour of the court——with ſubmiſſion my lord——I humbly offer'——and, 'I think I have well conſidered this matter; for I would be very far from trifling with your lordſhip's time, or treſpaſſing upon your patience—however, thus I will venture to ſay——' and ſo forth. Or elſe, when a ſufficient ſelf-conceited coxcomb is bringing out ſomething in his own praiſe and begins, 'Without vanity, I muſt take this upon me to aſſert.' There is alſo a trick which the fair ſex have, that will greatly contribute to ſwell my volumes: as, when a woman is going to abuſe her beſt friend, 'Pray,' ſays ſhe, 'have you heard what is ſaid of Mrs. Such-a-one? I am heartily ſorry to hear any thing of that kind of one I have ſo great a value for; but they make no ſcruple of telling it; and it was not ſpoken of to me as a ſecret, for now all the town rings of it.' All ſuch flowers in rhetoric, and little refuges for malice, are to be noted, and naturally belong only to Tatlers. By this method you will im-

[m] See Welſted's Works, 8vo. 1788, p. 428; and Spect. N° 124.

mediately find folios contract themſelves into octavos, and the labour of a fortnight got over in half a day.

'This is to give notice, that if any able-bodied Palatine will enter into the bonds of matrimony with Betty Pepin, the ſaid Palatine ſhall be ſettled in a freehold of forty ſhillings *per annum* in the county of Middleſex [n].'

[n] See N° 24; and Pylades and Corinna, vol. i. p. 67. 8vo. 1733. This Betty Pepin was the kept miſtreſs of a baronet, who at the time here referred to reſided near Brentford, and was often concerned in conteſted elections.

N. B. At a performance of The Scornful Lady, for the benefit of Mrs. Oldfield, Fielding preſſing forward to ſhew himſelf, trod on Mr. Fulwood, a barriſter in Gray's-inn, and in anſwer to the charge of rudeneſs, clapt his hand on his ſword. Fulwood inſtantly drew, and wounded Fielding in the belly; this iraſcible lawyer was the ſame night killed in a duel by capt. Cuſack, whom he challenged at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields. It is ſaid Fielding wanted courage, that he ran a link-boy through the body, and that he was caned and wounded by a Mr. Price. See N° 51. p. 2. Reference to this N. B.

N° 52. Tuesday, August 9, 1709.
STEELE AND ADDISON°.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

DELAMIRA RESIGNS HER FAN.

LONG had the crowd of the gay and young ſtood in ſuſpenſe, as to their fate in their paſſion to the beauteous Delamira; but all their hopes are lately vaniſhed, by the declaration that ſhe has made of her choice, to take the happy Archibald[p] for her companion for life. Upon her making this known, the expence of ſweet powder and jeſſamine are conſiderably abated; and the mercers and milliners complain of her want of public ſpirit, in not concealing longer a ſecret which was ſo much the benefit of trade. But ſo it has happened; and no one was in confidence with her in carrying on this treaty, but

° This paper is aſcribed to Steele, but moſt probably Addiſon was really the author of it. See in N° 36, N° 51, N° 63, and notes, the probability of this conjecture.

[p] The honourable lord Archibald Hamilton, of Motherwell, ſon to William third duke of Hamilton, was probably the happy Archibald here meant. He was member of parliament for Lanerkſhire, afterwards governor of Jamaica, and about this time married lady Jane Hamilton, youngeſt daughter of James earl of Abercorn. It ſeems to follow, that lady Jane Hamilton, who died at Paris in 1752, was the Delamira here celebrated.

the matchleſs Virgulta, whoſe deſpair of ever entering the matrimonial ſtate made her, ſome nights before Delamira's reſolution was publiſhed to the world, addreſs herſelf to her in the following manner:

'Delamira! you are now going into that ſtate of life wherein the uſe of your charms is wholly to be applied to the pleaſing only one man. That ſwimming air of your body, that janty bearing of your head over one ſhoulder, and that inexpreſſible beauty in your manner of playing your fan, muſt be lowered into a more confined behaviour; to ſhew, that you would rather ſhun than receive addreſſes for the future. Therefore, dear Delamira, give me thoſe excellences you leave off, and acquaint me with your manner of charming: for I take the liberty of our friendſhip to ſay, that when I conſider my own ſtature, motion, complexion, wit, or breeding, I cannot think myſelf any way your inferior; yet do I go through crowds without wounding a man, and all my acquaintance marry round me, while I live a virgin unaſked, and I think unregarded.'

Delamira heard her with great attention, and with that dexterity which is natural to her, told her, that all ſhe had above the reſt of her ſex and contemporary beauties was wholly owing to a fan, (that was left her by her mother, and had been long in the family) which whoever had in poſſeſſion, and uſed with ſkill, ſhould command the hearts of all her beholders: 'and ſince,' ſaid ſhe ſmiling, 'I have no more to do

with extending my conqueſts or triumphs, I will make you a preſent of this ineſtimable rarity.' Virgulta made her expreſſions of the higheſt gratitude for ſo uncommon a confidence in her, and deſired ſhe would ſhow her what was peculiar in the management of that utenſil, which rendered it of ſuch general force while ſhe was miſtreſs of it. Delamira replied, 'You ſee, madam, Cupid is the principal figure painted on it; and the ſkill in playing this fan is, in your ſeveral motions of it, to let him appear as little as poſſible; for honourable lovers fly all endeavours to enſnare them; and your Cupid muſt hide his bow and arrow, or he will never be ſure of his game. You may obſerve,' continued ſhe, 'that in all public aſſemblies, the ſexes ſeem to ſeparate themſelves, and draw up to attack each other with eye-ſhot: that is the time when the fan, which is all the armour of a woman, is of moſt uſe in our defence; for our minds are conſtrued by the waving of that little inſtrument, and our thoughts appear in compoſure or agitation, according to the motion of it. You may obſerve, when Will Peregrine comes into the ſide-box, miſs Gatty flutters her fan, as a fly does its wings round a candle; while her eldeſt ſiſter, who is as much in love with him as ſhe is, is as grave as a veſtal at his entrance; and the conſequence is accordingly. He watches half the play for a glance from her ſiſter, while Gatty is overlooked and neglected. I wiſh you heartily as much ſucceſs in the management of it as I have had: if you think

fit to go on where I left off, I will give you a ſhort account of the execution I have made with it.

'Cymon, who is the dulleſt of mortals, and, though a wonderful great ſcholar, does not only pauſe, but ſeems to take a nap with his eyes open between every other ſentence in his diſcourſe: him have I made a leader in aſſemblies; and one blow on the ſhoulder as I paſſed by him has raiſed him to a downright impertinent in all converſations. The airy Will Sampler is become as lethargic by this my wand, as Cymon is ſprightly. Take it, good girl, and uſe it without mercy; for the reign of beauty never laſted full three years, but it ended in marriage, or condemnation to virginity. As you fear therefore the one, and hope for the other, I expect an hourly journal of your triumphs; for I have it by certain tradition, that it was given to the firſt who wore it, by an inchantreſs, with this remarkable power, that it beſtows a huſband in half a year on her who does not overlook her proper minute; but aſſigns to a long deſpair the woman who is well offered, and neglects that propoſal. May occaſion attend your charms, and your charms ſlip no occaſion! Give me, I ſay, an account of the progreſs of your forces at our next meeting; and you ſhall hear what I think of my new condition. I ſhould meet my future ſpouſe this moment. Farewell. Live in juſt terror of the dreadful words, She was.'

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 8.

I HAD the honour this evening to viſit ſome ladies, where the ſubject of the converſation was modeſty [q]; which they commended as a quality quite as becoming in men as in women. I took the liberty to ſay, it might be as beautiful in our behaviour as in theirs, yet it could not be ſaid, it was as ſucceſsful in life; for as it was the only recommendation in them, ſo it was the greateſt obſtacle to us, both in love and buſineſs. A gentleman preſent was of my mind, and ſaid, that we muſt deſcribe the difference between the modeſty of women and that of men, or we ſhould be confounded in our reaſonings upon it; for this virtue is to be regarded with reſpect to our different ways of life. The woman's province is, to be careful in her œconomy, and chaſte in her affections: the man's, to be active in the improvement of his fortune, and ready to undertake whatever is conſiſtent with his reputation for that end. Modeſty therefore in a woman, has a certain agreeable fear in all ſhe enters upon; and in men, it is compoſed of a right judgment of what is proper for them to attempt. From hence it is, that a diſcreet man is always a modeſt one. It is to be noted, that modeſty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality but a weakneſs, if it ſuppreſſes his virtue and hides it from the world, when he has at the ſame time a mind to exert himſelf. A French author ſays very juſtly,

[q] See Spect. N° 484, vol. vii.

that modeſty is to the other virtues in a man, what ſhade in a picture is to the parts of the thing repreſented. It makes all the other beauties conſpicuous, which would otherwiſe be but a wild heap of colours. This ſhade in our actions muſt, therefore, be very juſtly applied; for if there be too much, it hides our good qualities, inſtead of ſhewing them to advantage.

Neſtor [r] in Athens was an unhappy inſtance of this truth; for he was not only in his profeſſion the greateſt man of that age, but had given more proofs of it than any other man ever did [s]; yet, for want of that natural freedom and audacity which is neceſſary in commerce with men, his perſonal modeſty overthrew all his public actions. Neſtor was in thoſe days a ſkilful architect, and in a manner the inventor of the uſe of mechanic powers; which he brought to ſo great perfection, that he knew to an atom what foundation would bear ſuch a ſuperſtructure: and they record of him, that he was ſo prodigiouſly exact, that, for the experiment's ſake, he built an edifice of great beauty, and ſeeming ſtrength; but contrived ſo as to bear only its own weight, and not to admit the

[r] Sir Chriſtopher Wren, the real perſon here very properly alluded to, under the name of Neſtor, both in reſpect of his great wiſdom and his great age, was born at Eaſt Knoyle in Wiltſhire, Oct. 5, 1632, and died at Hampton Court, Feb. 25, 1723, in his 91ſt year.

[s] That this high encomium was ſtrictly true of ſir Chriſtopher Wren's extraordinary merit, ſee evidences, in Ward's Lives of the Greſham Profeſſors, p. 98, *et ſeqq.* in Dr. Philip Nichols's art. Wren (Sir C.) Biogr. Brit. and in the Parentalia, *ubique.*

addition of the leaſt particle. This building was beheld with much admiration by all the virtuoſi of that time; but fell down with no other preſſure, but the ſettling of a [t] wren upon the top of it. Yet Neſtor's modeſty was ſuch, that his art and ſkill were ſoon diſregarded, for want of that manner with which men of the world ſupport and aſſert the merit of their own performances. Soon after this inſtance of his art, Athens was, by the treachery of its enemies, burned to the ground. This gave Neſtor the greateſt occaſion that ever builder had to render his name immortal, and his perſon venerable: for all the new city roſe according to his diſpoſition [u], and all the monuments of the glories and diſtreſſes of that people were erected by that ſole artiſt: nay, all their temples, as well as houſes, were the effects of his ſtudy and labour; inſomuch that it was ſaid by an old ſage, 'Sure Neſtor will now be famous, for the habitations of gods, as well as men, are built by his contrivance.' But this baſhful quality ſtill put a

[t] This paſſage alludes to an oppoſition which was made to a digeſt of deſigns for the reparation of St. Paul's, laid before the king and the commiſſioners in the beginning of 1666, which, the author inſinuates, was rather an oppoſition to ſir C. Wren, than to his plan; it continued however, till within a few days of the fire on Sept. 2, in that year, which put the reparation of the cathedral out of the queſtion.

[u] It is certainly true that ſir C. Wren drew up a moſt beautiful plan for this purpoſe, in which the deformity and inconveniencies of the former city were remedied; but the execution of that noble deſign was unhappily prevented by the diſputes which aroſe about private property, and the haſte of rebuilding. For the particulars, ſee Parentalia, p. 267, *et ſeqq.* and the plan itſelf in the Britiſh Muſeum.

damp upon his great knowledge, which has as fatal effect upon men's reputations as poverty; for as it was ſaid, 'the poor man ſaved the city, and the poor man's labour was forgot;' ſo here we find, 'the modeſt man built the city, and the modeſt man's ſkill was unknown[x].'

Thus we ſee, every man is the maker of his own fortune; and what is very odd to conſider, he muſt in ſome meaſure be the trumpeter of his own fame: not that men are to be tolerated who directly praiſe themſelves; but they are to be endued with a ſort of defenſive eloquence, by which they ſhall be always capable of expreſſing the rules and arts whereby they govern themſelves.

Varillus was the man, of all I have read of, the happieſt in the true poſſeſſion of this quality of modeſty. My author ſays of him, modeſty in Varillus is really a virtue, for it is a voluntary quality, and the effects of good ſenſe. He

[x] We learn likewiſe from that valuable book, The Parentalia, that this great man's 'ſalary for building St. Paul's from the foundation, to the finiſhing thereof, was not more (as appears from the public accounts) than 200l. *per annum*;' —that 'his allowance for building all the parochial churches of the city of London, was about 100l. *per annum*, and the ſame for the repairs of Weſtminſter-abbey;'—that 'he was director and chief architect of the royal hoſpital at Greenwich gratis, and cheerfully contributed to that work his time, labour, and ſkill for ſeveral years, without ſalary, emolument, or reward; preferring in this, as in every other paſſage of his life, the public ſervice, to his own private advantage, &c. &c.'

Such being the rewards of ſir C. Wren's precious ſervices, our author had certainly good ground to ſay, that this modeſt man's 'ſkill was unknown, and his art diſregarded.'

is naturally bold and enterpriſing; but ſo juſtly diſcreet, that he never acts or ſpeaks any thing, but thoſe who behold him know he has forborn much more than he has performed or uttered, out of deference to the perſons before whom he is. This makes Varillus truly amiable, and all his attempts ſucceſsful; for as bad as the world is thought to be by thoſe who are perhaps unſkilled in it, want of ſucceſs in our actions is generally owing to want of judgment in what we ought to attempt, or a ruſtic modeſty, which will not give us leave to undertake what we ought. But how unfortunate this diffident temper is to thoſe who are poſſeſſed with it, may be beſt ſeen in the ſucceſs of ſuch as are wholly unacquainted with it.

We have one peculiar elegance in our language above all others, which is conſpicuous in the term 'fellow.' This word added to any of our adjectives, extremely varies, or quite alters, the ſenſe of that with which it is joined. Thus though 'a modeſt man' is the moſt unfortunate of all men, yet 'a modeſt fellow' is as ſuperlatively happy. 'A modeſt fellow' is a ready creature, who with great humility and as great forwardneſs, viſits his patrons at all hours, and meets them in all places, and has ſo moderate an opinion of himſelf, that he makes his court at large. If you will not give him a great employment, he will be glad of a little one. He has ſo great a deference for his benefactor's judgment, that as he thinks himſelf fit for any thing he can get, ſo he is above nothing which is offered. He is like the young bachelor of

arts, who came to town recommended to a chaplain's place: but none being vacant, modeſtly accepted that of a poſtilion.

We have very many conſpicuous perſons of this undertaking yet modeſt turn: I have a grandſon who is very happy in this quality: I ſent him in the time of the laſt peace into France. As ſoon as he landed at Calais, he ſent me an exact account of the nature of the people, and the policies of the king of France. I got him ſince choſen a member of a corporation: the modeſt creature, as ſoon as he came into the common-council, told a ſenior burgeſs, he was perfectly out of the orders of their houſe. In other circumſtances, he is ſo thoroughly 'modeſt a fellow,' that he ſeems to pretend only to things he underſtands. He is a citizen only at court, and in the city a courtier. In a word, to ſpeak the characteriſtical difference between 'a modeſt man' and 'a modeſt fellow;' the modeſt man is in doubt in all his actions; a modeſt fellow never has a doubt from his cradle to his grave.

N. B. Any attempt to enumerate the works, or ſtate the extenſive merit of ſir C. Wren in a note on a paper of half a ſheet, to ſay nothing of the abſurdity, would have been an indignity to one of the moſt accompliſhed and illuſtrious characters in hiſtory.

N° 53. Thurſday, Auguſt 11, 1709.
STEELE AND ADDISON[y].

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 10.

THE CIVIL HUSBAND.

The fate and character of the inconſtant Oſmyn is a juſt excuſe for the little notice taken by his widow of his departure out of this life, which was equally troubleſome to Elmira, his faithful ſpouſe, and to himſelf. That life paſſed between them after this manner, is the reaſon the town has juſt now received a lady with all that gaiety, after having been a relict but three months, which other women hardly aſſume under fifteen, after ſuch a diſaſter. Elmira is the daughter of a rich and worthy citizen, who gave her to Oſmyn, with a portion which might have obtained her an alliance with our nobleſt houſes, and fixed her in the eye of the world,

[y] This paper as well as the preceding number, is aſcribed to Steele, according to the method obſerved in all caſes of dubiety; but many circumſtances make it very likely that Addiſon had four fingers and a thumb in both. See N° 63 and note; ſee alſo N° 36, note; N° 77; N° 155, note; adv.

where her ſtory had not been now to be related: for her good qualities had made her the object of univerſal eſteem among the polite part of mankind, from whom ſhe has been baniſhed and immured until the death of her gaoler. It is now full fifteen years ſince that beauteous lady was given into the hands of the happy Oſmyn, who, in the ſenſe of all the world, received at that time a preſent more valuable than the poſſeſſion of both the Indies. She was then in her early bloom, with an underſtanding and diſcretion very little inferior to the moſt experienced matrons. She was not beholden to the charms of her ſex, that her company was preferable to any Oſmyn could meet with abroad; for were all ſhe ſaid conſidered without regard to her being a woman, it might ſtand the examination of the ſevereſt judges. She had all the beauty of her own ſex, with all the converſation-accompliſhments of ours. But Oſmyn very ſoon grew ſurfeited with the charms of her perſon by poſſeſſion, and of her mind by want of taſte; for he was one of that looſe ſort of men, who have but one reaſon for ſetting any value upon the fair ſex; who conſider even brides but as new women, and conſequently neglect them when they ceaſe to be ſuch. All the merit of Elmira could not prevent her becoming a mere wife within few months after her nuptials; and Oſmyn had ſo little reliſh for her converſation, that he complained of the advantages of it. 'My ſpouſe,' ſaid he to one of his companions, 'is ſo very diſcreet, ſo good, ſo virtuous, and I know not what, that I think her perſon is

rather the object of eſteem than of love; and there is ſuch a thing as a merit which cauſes rather diſtance than paſſion.' But there being no medium in the ſtate of matrimony, their life began to take the uſual gradations to become the moſt irkſome of all beings. They grew in the firſt place very complaiſant; and having at heart a certain knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, apologies were made for every little circumſtance which they thought betrayed their mutual coldneſs. This laſted but few months, when they ſhewed a difference of opinion in every trifle; and, as a ſign of certain decay of affection, the word 'perhaps' was introduced in all their diſcourſe. 'I have a mind to go to the park,' ſays ſhe; 'but perhaps, my dear, you will want the coach on ſome other occaſion.' He would very willingly carry her to the play; but perhaps ſhe had rather go to lady Centaur's and play at ombre. They were both perſons of good diſcerning, and ſoon found that they mortally hated each other, by their manner of hiding it. Certain it is, that there are ſome geniuſes which are not capable of pure affection, and a man is born with talents for it as much as for poetry or any other ſcience.

Oſmyn began too late to find the imperfection of his own heart; and uſed all the methods in the world to correct it, and argue himſelf into return of deſire and paſſion for his wife, by the contemplation of her excellent qualities, his great obligations to her, and the high value he ſaw all the world except himſelf did put upon her. But ſuch is man's unhappy condition, that

though the weakneſs of the heart has a prevailing power over the ſtrength of the head, yet the ſtrength of the head has but ſmall force againſt the weakneſs of the heart. Oſmyn therefore, ſtruggled in vain to revive departed deſire; and for that reaſon reſolved to retire to one of his eſtates in the country; and paſs away his hours of wedlock in the noble diverſion of the field; and, in the fury of a diſappointed lover, made an oath to leave neither ſtag, fox, or hare living, during the days of his wife. Beſides that country-ſports would be an amuſement, he hoped alſo, that his ſpouſe would be half killed by the very ſenſe of ſeeing this town no more, and would think her life ended as ſoon as ſhe left it. He communicated his deſign to Elmira, who received it, as now ſhe did all things, like a perſon too unhappy to be relieved or afflicted by the circumſtance of place. This unexpected reſignation made Oſmyn reſolve to be as obliging to her as poſſible; and if he could not prevail upon himſelf to be kind, he took a reſolution at leaſt to act ſincerely, and communicate frankly to her the weakneſs of his temper, to excuſe the indifference of his behaviour. He diſpoſed his houſehold in the way to Rutland, ſo as he and his lady travelled only in the coach, for the convenience of diſcourſe. They had not gone many miles out of town, when Oſmyn ſpoke to this purpoſe:

'My dear, I believe I look quite as ſilly now I am going to tell you I do not love you, as when I firſt told you I did. We are now going into the country together, with only one hope

for making this life agreeable, ſurvivorſhip: deſire is not in our power; mine is all gone for you. What ſhall we do to carry it with decency to the world, and hate one another with diſcretion?'

The lady anſwered, without the leaſt obſervation on the extravagance of his ſpeech:

'My dear, you have lived moſt of your days in a court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted with that ſort of life. In courts you ſee good-will is ſpoken with great warmth, ill-will covered with great civility. Men are long in civilities to thoſe they hate, and ſhort in expreſſions of kindneſs to thoſe they love. Therefore, my dear, let us be well-bred ſtill; and it is no matter, as to all who ſee us, whether we love or hate: and to let you ſee how much you are beholden to me for my conduct, I have both hated and deſpiſed you, my dear, this half year; and yet neither in language or behaviour has it been viſible but that I loved you tenderly. Therefore, as I know you go out of town to divert life in purſuit of beaſts, and converſation with men juſt above them; ſo my life, from this moment, I ſhall read all the learned cooks who have ever writ; ſtudy broths, plaiſters, and conſerves, until from a fine lady I become a notable woman. We muſt take our minds a note or two lower, or we ſhall be tortured by jealouſy, or anger. Thus I am reſolved to kill all keen paſſions, by employing my mind on little ſubjects, and leſſening the eaſineſs of my ſpirit: while you, my dear, with much ale, exerciſe, and ill company, are ſo good as to en-

deavour to be as contemptible, as it is neceſſary for my quiet I ſhould think you.'

At Rutland they arrived, and lived with great but ſecret impatience for many ſucceſſive years, until Oſmyn thought of an happy expedient to give their affairs a new turn. One day he took Elmira aſide, and ſpoke as follows:

'My dear, you ſee here the air is ſo temperate and ſerene, the rivulets, the groves, and ſoil, ſo extremely kind to nature, that we are ſtronger and firmer in our health ſince we left the town; ſo that there is no hope of a releaſe in this place: but if you will be ſo kind as to go with me to my eſtate in the hundreds of Eſſex, it is poſſible ſome kind damp may one day or other relieve us. If you will condeſcend to accept of this offer, I will add that whole eſtate to your jointure in this county.'

Elmira, who was all goodneſs, accepted the offer, removed accordingly, and has left her ſpouſe in that place to reſt with his fathers.

This is the real figure in which Elmira ought to be beheld in this town; and not thought guilty of an indecorum, in not profeſſing the ſenſe, or bearing the habit of ſorrow, for one who robbed her of all the endearments of life, and gave her only conſtant civility, inſtead of complacency of manners, dignity of paſſion, and that common aſſemblage of ſoft deſires and affections which all feel who love, but none can expreſs.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 10.

MR. TRUMAN, who is a mighty admirer of dramatic poetry, and knows I am about a tragedy, never meets me, but he is giving admonitions and hints for my conduct. 'Mr. Bickerſtaff,' ſaid he, 'I was reading laſt night your ſecond act you were ſo kind to lend me: but I find you depend mightily upon the retinue of your hero to make him magnificent. You make guards, and uſhers, and courtiers, and commons, and nobles, march before; and then enters your prince, and ſays, they cannot defend him from his love. Why pr'ythee, Iſaac, who ever thought they could? Place me your loving monarch in a ſolitude; let him have no ſenſe at all of his grandeur, but let it be eaten up with his paſſion. He muſt value himſelf as the greateſt of lovers, not as the firſt of princes: and then let him ſay a more tender thing than ever man ſaid before—for his feather and eagle's beak are nothing at all [2]. The man is to be expreſſed by his ſentiments and affections, and not by his fortune or equipage. You are alſo to take care, that at his firſt entrance he ſays ſomething, which may give us an idea of what we are to expect in a perſon of his way of thinking. Shakſpeare is your pattern. In the tragedy of Cæſar he introduces his hero in his night-gown. He had at that time all the power of Rome: depoſed conſuls, ſubordinate generals, and captive princes

[2] Creſts and ornaments of the helmets worn by actors, who play the characters of princes, &c.

might have preceded him; but his genius was above ſuch mechanic methods of ſhewing greatneſs. Therefore, he rather preſents that great ſoul debating upon the ſubject of life and death with his intimate friends, without endeavouring to prepoſſeſs his audience with empty ſhew and pomp. When thoſe who attend him talk of the many omens which had appeared that day, he anſwers:

'Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taſte of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould fear;
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will come.

'When the hero has ſpoken this ſentiment, there is nothing that is great, which cannot be expected from one, whoſe firſt poſition is the contempt of death to ſo high a degree, as to make his exit a thing wholly indifferent, and not a part of his care, but that of heaven and fate.'

N. B. The tranſlator of ſome part of the Tat. into the French language, in a note to this paper, ſays, that the ſtory of Oſmyn and Elmira was ſuppoſed to refer to the duke of Ormond; but there appears to be no foundation for this ſuppoſition; and inſurmountable objections to ſuch an application appear on the very face of the relation. The Oſmyn ſpoken of here, ſlept at this time with his fathers, &c. &c. See Tat. in 6 vols. cr. 8vo. 1786, N° 53, and notes on the duke of Ormond; Le Babillard; and Le Nouvelliſte Philoſophe.

N° 54. Saturday, Auguſt 13, 1709.
STEELE AND ADDISON [a].

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 12.

OF THE GOVERNMENT OF AFFECTION.

When labour was pronounced to be the portion of man, that doom reached the affections of his mind, as well as his perſon, the matter on which he was to feed, and all the animal and vegetable world about him. There is, therefore an aſſiduous care and cultivation to be beſtowed upon our paſſions and affections; for they, as they are the excreſcences of our ſouls, like our hair and beards, look horrid or becoming, as we cut, or let them grow. All this grave preface is meant to aſſign a reaſon in nature for the unaccountable behaviour of Duumvir, the huſband and keeper. Ten thouſand follies had this unhappy man eſcaped, had he made a compact with himſelf to be upon his guard, and not permitted his vagrant eye to let in ſo many different inclinations upon him, as all his days he has

[a] Aſcribed to Steele; but probably Addiſon was principally concerned both in this and the two precedent papers. See N° 63, note; N° 36, N° 37, N° 77, N° 155, and notes.

miſtreſs. And he has himſelf often ſaid, were he married to any one elſe, he would rather keep Laura than any woman living; yet allows, at the ſame time, that Phillis, were ſhe a woman of honour, would have been the moſt inſipid animal breathing. The other day Laura, who has a voice like an angel, began to ſing to him. 'Fie, madam,' he cried, 'we muſt be paſt all theſe gaities.' Phillis has a note as rude and as loud as that of a milk-maid: when ſhe begins to warble, 'Well,' ſays he, 'there is ſuch a pleaſing ſimplicity in all that wench does.' In a word, the affectionate part of his heart being corrupted, and his true taſte that way wholly loſt, he has contracted a prejudice to all the behaviour of Laura, and a general partiality in favour of Phillis. It is not in the power of the wife to do a pleaſing thing, nor in the miſtreſs to commit one that is diſagreeable. There is ſomething too melancholy in the reflection on this circumſtance, to be the ſubject of raillery. He ſaid a ſour thing to Laura at dinner the other day; upon which ſhe burſt into tears. 'What the devil, madam,' ſays he, 'cannot I ſpeak in my own houſe?' He anſwered Phillis a little abruptly at ſupper the ſame evening, upon which ſhe threw his perriwig into the fire. 'Well,' ſaid he, 'thou art a brave termagant jade: do you know, huſſy, that fair wig coſt forty guineas?' Oh Laura! is it for this that the faithful Cromius ſighed for you in vain? How is thy condition altered, ſince crowds of youth hung on thy eye, and watched its glances? It is not many months ſince Laura was the wonder

and pride of her own ſex, as well as the deſire and paſſion of ours. At plays and at balls, the juſt turn of her behaviour, the decency of her virgin charms, chaſtiſed, yet added to diverſions. At public devotions, her winning modeſty, her reſigned carriage, made virtue and religion appear with new ornaments, and in the natural apparel of ſimplicity and beauty. In ordinary converſations, a ſweet conformity of manners, and an humility which heightened all the complacencies of good-breeding and education, gave her more ſlaves than all the pride of her ſex ever made women wiſh for. Laura's hours are now ſpent in the ſad reflection on her choice, and that deceitful vanity, almoſt inſeparable from the ſex, of believing ſhe could reclaim one that had ſo often enſnared others; as it now is, it is not even in the power of Duumvir himſelf to do her juſtice; for, though beauty and merit are things real and independent on taſte and opinion, yet agreeableneſs is arbitrary, and the miſtreſs has much the advantage of the wife. But whenever fate is ſo kind to her and her ſpouſe as to end her days, with all this paſſion for Phillis, and indifference for Laura, he has a ſecond wife in view, who may avenge the injuries done to her predeceſſor. Aglaura is the deſtined lady, who has lived in aſſemblies, has ambition and play for her entertainment, and thinks of a man, not as the object of love, but the tool of her intereſt or pride. If ever Aglaura comes to the empire of this inconſtant, ſhe will endear the memory of her predeceſſor. But in the mean time it is melancholy to conſider, that the virtue

been perplexed with. But indeed, at preſent, he has brought himſelf to be confined only to one prevailing miſtreſs; between whom and his wife, Duumvir paſſes his hours in all the viciſſitudes which attend paſſion and affection, without the intervention of reaſon. Laura his wife, and Phillis his miſtreſs, are all with whom he has had, for ſome months, the leaſt amorous commerce. Duumvir has paſſed the noon of life; but cannot withdraw from thoſe entertainments which are pardonable only before that ſtage of our being, and which after that ſeaſon are rather puniſhments than ſatisfactions: for palled appetite is humorous, and muſt be gratified with ſauces rather than food. For which end Duumvir is provided with an haughty, imperious, expenſive, and fantaſtic miſtreſs, to whom he retires from the converſation of an affable, humble, diſcreet, and affectionate wife. Laura receives him after abſence, with an eaſy and unaffected complacency; but that he calls inſipid: Phillis rates him for his abſence, and bids him return from whence he came; this he calls ſpirit and fire: Laura's gentleneſs is thought mean; Phillis's inſolence, ſprightly. Were you to ſee him at his own home, and his miſtreſs's lodgings; to Phillis he appears an obſequious lover, to Laura an imperious maſter. Nay, ſo unjuſt is the taſte of Duumvir, that he owns Laura has no ill quality, but that ſhe is his wife [b]; Phillis no good one, but that ſhe is his

[b] The French tranſlator of the Tatler ſays, he had often heard that the duke of Ormond expreſſed himſelf in a manner very ſimilar. See N° 53, final note, and N° 9, Timon.

of a wife is like the merit of a poet, never juſtly valued until after death [c].

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 11.

As we have profeſſed that all the actions of men are our ſubject, the moſt ſolemn are not to be omitted, if there happens to creep into their behaviour any thing improper for ſuch occaſions. Therefore the offence mentioned in the following epiſtles, though it may ſeem to be committed in a place ſacred from obſervation, is ſuch, that it is our duty to remark upon it: for though he who does it is himſelf only guilty of an indecorum, he occaſions a criminal levity in all others who are preſent at it.

'St. Paul's Church Yard, Auguſt 11.

'Mr. Bickerstaff,

'It being mine as well as the opinion of many others, that your papers are extremely well fitted to reform any irregular or indecent practice, I preſent the following as one which requires your correction. Myſelf, and a great many good people who frequent the divine ſervice at St. Paul's, have been a long time ſcandalized by the imprudent conduct of [d] Stentor in that cathedral. This gentleman, you muſt know,

[c] See Tat. in 6 vol. 1786, N° 54. Vol. II. p. 207, note.

[d] Dr. William Stanley, dean of St. Paul's. He is mentioned again, in N° 56, N° 61, N° 67, N° 70; and in the firſt letter in N° 241. See Maſters's Hiſtory of Bennet College, Cambridge, p. 176; and Nichols's Hiſtory of Hinckley, p. 172.

is always very exact and zealous in his devotion, which I believe nobody blames; but then he is accuſtomed to roar and bellow ſo terribly loud in the reſponſes, that he frightens even us of the congregation who are daily uſed to him: and one of our petty cannons, a punning Cambridge ſcholar, calls his way of worſhip a Bull-offering. His harſh untuneable pipe is no more fit than a raven's to join with the muſic of a choir; yet, nobody having been enough his friend, I ſuppoſe, to inform him of it; he never fails, when preſent, to drown the harmony of every hymn and anthem, by an inundation of ſound beyond that of the bridge at the ebb of the tide, or the neighbouring lions in the anguiſh of their hunger. This is a grievance, which, to my certain knowledge, ſeveral worthy people deſire to ſee redreſſed; and if, by inſerting this epiſtle in your paper, or by repreſenting the matter your own way, you can convince Stentor, that diſcord in a choir is the ſame ſin that ſchiſm is in the church in general, you would lay a great obligation upon us; and make ſome atonement for certain of your paragraphs, which have not been highly approved by us.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

JEOFFRY CHANTICLEER.'

It is wonderful that there ſhould be ſuch a general lamentation, and the grievance ſo frequent, and yet the offender never know any thing

of it. I have received the following letter from my kinſman at the Herald's-office, near the ſame place.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'THIS office, which has had its ſhare in the impartial juſtice of your cenſures, demands at preſent your vindication of their rights and privileges. There are certain hours when our young heralds are exerciſed in the faculties of making proclamation, and other vociferations, which of right belong to us only to utter: but at the ſame hours Stentor in St. Paul's church, in ſpite of the coaches, carts, London cries, and all other ſounds between us, exalts his throat to ſo high a key, that the moſt noiſy of our order is utterly unheard. If you pleaſe to obſerve upon this, you will ever oblige, &c.'

There have been communicated to me ſome other ill conſequences from the ſame cauſe; as the overturning of coaches by ſudden ſtarts of the horſes as they paſſed that way, women pregnant frightened, and heirs to families loſt; which are public diſaſters, though ariſing from a good intention: but it is hoped, after this admonition, that Stentor will avoid an act of ſo great ſupererogation, as ſinging without a voice.

But I am diverted from proſecuting Stentor's reformation, by an account, that the two faithful lovers, Liſander and Coriana, are dead; for, no longer ago than the firſt day of the laſt month,

they ſwore eternal fidelity to each other, and to love until death. Ever ſince that time, Liſander has been twice a day at the chocolate-houſe, viſits in every circle, is miſſing four hours in four-and-twenty, and will give no account of himſelf. Theſe are undoubted proofs of the departure of a lover; and conſequently Coriana is alſo dead as a miſtreſs. I have written to Stentor, to give this couple three calls at the church-door, which they muſt hear if they are living within the bills of mortality; and if they do not anſwer at that time, they are from that moment added to the number of my defunct.

N. B. There is no doubt but that Dr. W. Stanley, dean of St. Paul's, was the real perſon here alluded to under the name of Stentor. But the tranſlator of the Tat. into French, ſays, that Sacheverell was the perſon meant. This incendiary, he adds, in little eſtimation either as a preacher, a ſcholar, or an honeſt man, had been employed for ſome time before this in blowing up the fire of ſedition, which afterwards ſpread itſelf over all the kingdom. For this purpoſe (ſays he) being invited to Derby, at the opening of the aſſizes, he had preached a ſeditious ſermon there, Aug. 15, 1709, for which he is here cenſured as having acted unſuitably to the genius of the goſpel, and the intereſt of the ſtate. Le Nouveliſte Philoſophe.

N° 55. Tuesday, August 16, 1709.
STEELE [e].

—— *Paulo majora canamus.* VIRG. Ecl. iv. 1.

'—— Begin a loftier strain.'

White's Chocolate-house, August 15.

WHILE others are busied in relations which concern the interest of princes, the peace of nations, and revolutions of empire; I think,

[e] Steele appears to have been really unacquainted with sundry essential circumstances relative to the affair of which he has given here a very pleasing, but a very suspicious narrative. It was probably composed in his own manner from the letter-box, and rude materials furnished by Mr. R. Grant, who seems to have been an artful pains-taking man in his way, and surprisingly fortunate, for he was sworn oculist in extraordinary to Q. Anne in 1710, and succeeded sir William Read as oculist in ordinary to Geo. I. in 1715. The veracity of the relation here given, if not entirely overthrown, is rendered exceedingly suspicious by the contents of a contemporary pamphlet, written with superabundant acrimony, but unquestionable marks of credibility, under the following title, 'A full and true account of the miraculous cure of a young man in Newington, who was born blind, and in five minutes brought to perfect sight, by Mr. Roger Grant, oculist,' 1709, 8vo. As the pamphlet is scarce, and very hardly to be met with, a faithful abridgment of it was printed in the Gent. Mag. for March 1787, p. 195, to which the reader is referred for particulars. Certainly Mr. Grant was not the author of the pamphlet, as might be inferred from its title; but various considerations seem to indicate that it was written either by the Rev. Dr. William Taswell, then minister of Newington Butts, or by Mr. William Dale, a surgeon there, then churchwarden of the parish, who it is said never signed the puffing certificate of this pretended cure, which Mr. Grant circulated

though theſe are very great ſubjects, my theme of diſcourſe is ſometimes to be of matters of a yet higher conſideration. The ſlow ſteps of providence and nature, and ſtrange events which are brought about in an inſtant, are what, as they come within our view and obſervation, ſhall

with great induſtry and oſtentation, foiſting it into many periodical publications about this time, and at firſt with the names of the above-mentioned gentlemen in the liſt of his vouchers. The pamphlet is curious, and contains a very different, and probably a truer account of the matter, though it gives the lie direct to this ingenious narrative in ſeveral capital points, and falſifies Grant's oſtentatious certificates, who, as the caſe is ſtated in the publication here referred to, ſeems to have been guilty of great exaggeration, diſingenuous artifice, and downright knavery, inſomuch that the pretended cure, here ſo pleaſingly recorded, appears to have been little more than the mere trick and fiction of an illiterate and impudent quack, ſaid to have been originally a cobler or tinker, and about this time preached in a ſociety of antipœdobaptiſts. The curious may ſee a much more ſatisfactory account of an operation of this nature, well-atteſted in Cheſelden's Anatomy, &c. p. 300, *et ſeqq.* ed. 1778, 8vo. As to all Mr. Grant's and ſir William Read's polemical advertiſements, and pompous ill-written certificates of wonderful cures, happy then were they who had eyes to read them; for London, indeed all her majeſty's dominions, ſwarmed about this time with impudent illiterate perſons of both ſexes, who called themſelves oculiſts, and carried on a moſt lucrative employment, at the great coſt, in every way, of the unfortunate people who had their eyes injured by the ravages of the ſmall-pox, then treated injudiciouſly. About ten years after the date of this paper, on the introduction of inoculation by lady M. W. Montague, their buſineſs began to decline apace; and the prevalence of this beneficial diſcovery, and the wiſer modes of treatment that we owe to it, has happily diminiſhed the multitude of dupes to theſe pernicious practitioners, add many more than we commonly think of to the numbers of our beautiful women, and proved the lucky cauſe or occaſion of many great and good effects, that will doubtleſs become every day more and more obſervable.

be given to the public. Such things are not accompanied with ſhow and noiſe, and therefore ſeldom draw the eyes of the unattentive part of mankind; but are very proper at once to exerciſe our humanity, pleaſe our imaginations, and improve our judgments. It may not therefore be unuſeful to relate many circumſtances, which were obſervable upon a late cure done upon a young gentleman who was born blind, and on the twenty-ninth of June laſt received his ſight, at the age of twenty years, by the operation of an oculiſt. This happened no farther off than Newington, and the work was prepared for in the following manner.

The operator Mr. Grant, having obſerved the eyes of his patient, and convinced his friends and relations, among others the reverend Dr. Taſwell[f], miniſter of the place, that it was

[f] This clergyman was miſnamed Mr. Caſwell in the original folio, in the firſt octavo, and in all copies of the Tatler precedent to the edition with notes of 1786 in ſix volumes. William Taſwell was king's ſcholar, Weſtminſter, in 1666; elected ſtudent of Chriſt church 1670; made M. A. April 2, 1677; B. D. March 26, 1685; and D. D. July 11, 1698. Dr. Taſwell was not preſent at the operation when Jones was couched by Grant; this clergyman had never then ſeen Mr. Grant in all his life; nor did the doctor know any thing of the operation till almoſt a month after it was performed; he actually refuſed, and perſiſted to the laſt in his refuſal to ſign the certificate of the pretended cure, and another perſon put the doctor's name to it. Dr. Taſwell maintained that the young man was not born blind, but only had an imperfection in his ſight, which was very little mended by the operation, after which he ſtill ſaw but hardly with his left eye, and not at all with his right. When Dr. Taſwell's ſtate of the caſe, and his refuſal to ſign the certificate of the pretended cure, came to be well-known, and commonly talked of, the modeſt oculiſt continued notwithſtanding to re-

highly probable that he ſhould remove the obſtacle which prevented the uſe of his ſight; all his acquaintance, who had any regard for the young man, or curioſity to be preſent when one of full age and underſtanding received a new ſenſe, aſſembled themſelves on this occaſion. Mr. [g] Taſwell, being a gentleman particularly curious, deſired the whole company, in caſe the blindneſs ſhould be cured, to keep ſilence: and let the patient make his own obſervations, without the direction of any thing he had received by his other ſenſes, or the advantage of diſcovering his friends by their voices. Among ſeveral others, the mother, brethren, ſiſters, and

publiſh and re-republiſh the forged teſtimonial, forbearing only to mention the miniſter in the preface, and the name of Dr. Taſwell among the ſubſcribers. Mr. Dale, ſaid to be an expert ſurgeon, concurred likewiſe with Dr. T. in an obſtinate refuſal to ſubſcribe; but his wife, a woman of a compaſſionate nature, was prevailed upon to order the elder apprentice to write his maſter's name to the certificate. As for William Jones himſelf, the ſilly ſubject of the operation, and a penſioner on the pariſh, he had a ſpeck on the outward coat of his left eye, which, if he looked downwards, came juſt before the pupil, but if he looked upwards, the apple of his eye being raiſed above the ſpeck, he ſaw objects very well, but it was by no means true that he did not ſee at all, or that he was born blind. Among other things alledged in proof of this, it is affirmed that he played at tops with other boys, uſing chalk for his top more abundantly, becauſe he ſaid he ſaw that better than any other colour. In walking he was wont to draw in his chin to his boſom, in order to raiſe the ſight of his eye above the ſpeck upon it: in this attitude he commonly walked alone on a narrow cauſeway between two ditches, and would pull off his hat as often as he met any body he reſpected. A full and true Account, &c. *ut ſupra.*

[g] Dr. Taſwell.

a young gentlewoman for whom he had a paſſion, were preſent. The work was performed with great ſkill and dexterity. When the patient firſt received the dawn of light, there appeared ſuch an ecſtaſy in his action, that he ſeemed ready to ſwoon away in the ſurpriſe of joy and wonder. The ſurgeon ſtood before him with his inſtruments in his hands. The young man obſerved him from head to foot; after which he ſurveyed himſelf as carefully, and ſeemed to compare him to himſelf; and, obſerving both their hands, ſeemed to think they were exactly alike, except the inſtruments, which he took for parts of his hands. When he had continued in this amazement ſome time, his mother could not longer bear the agitations of ſo many paſſions as thronged upon her; but fell upon his neck, crying out, 'My ſon! my ſon!' The youth knew her voice, and could ſpeak no more than, 'Oh me! are you my mother?' and fainted. The whole room, you will eaſily conceive, were very affectionately employed in recovering him; but, above all, the young gentlewoman who loved him, and whom he loved, ſhrieked in the loudeſt manner. That voice ſeemed to have a ſudden effect upon him as he recovered, and he ſhewed a double curioſity in obſerving her as ſhe ſpoke and called to him; until at laſt he broke out, 'What has been done to me? Whither am I carried? Is all this about me, the thing I have heard ſo often of? Is this the light? Is this ſeeing? Were you always thus happy, when you ſaid you were glad to ſee each other? Where is Tom, who uſed to lead

me? But I could now, methinks, go any where without him.' He offered to move, but ſeemed afraid of every thing around him. When he ſaw this difficulty, they told him, until he became better acquainted with his new being, he muſt let the ſervant ſtill lead him. The boy was called for, and preſented to him. Mr. Taſwell aſked him, what ſort of thing he took Tom to be before he had ſeen him? He anſwered, he believed there was not ſo much of him as of himſelf: but he fancied him the ſame ſort of creature. The noiſe of this ſudden change made all the neighbourhood throng to the place where he was. As he ſaw the crowd thickening, he deſired Mr. Taſwell to tell him how many there were in all to be ſeen. The gentleman, ſmiling, anſwered him, that it would be very proper for him to return to his late condition, and ſuffer his eyes to be covered, until they had received ſtrength: for he might remember well enough, that by degrees he had from little and little come to the ſtrength he had at preſent in his ability of walking and moving; and that it was the ſame thing with his eyes, which, he ſaid, would loſe the power of continuing to him that wonderful tranſport he was now in, except he would be contented to lay aſide the uſe of them, until they were ſtrong enough to bear the light without ſo much feeling as, he knew, he underwent at preſent. With much reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his eyes bound: in which condition they kept him in a dark room, until it was proper to let the organ receive its objects without further

precaution. During the time of this darkneſs, he bewailed himſelf in the moſt diſtreſſed manner; and accuſed all his friends, complaining that ſome incantation had been wrought upon him, and ſome ſtrange magic uſed to deceive him into an opinion that he had enjoyed what they called ſight. He added, that the impreſſions then let in upon his ſoul would certainly diſtract him, if he were not ſo at that preſent. At another time, he would ſtrive to name the perſons he had ſeen among the crowd after he was couched, and would pretend to ſpeak, in perplexed terms of his own making, of what he in that ſhort time obſerved. But on the ſixth inſtant it was thought fit to unbind his head, and the young woman whom he loved was inſtructed to open his eyes accordingly; as well to endear herſelf to him by ſuch a circumſtance, as to moderate his ecſtaſies by the perſuaſion of a voice which had ſo much power over him as hers ever had. When this beloved young woman began to take off the binding of his eyes, ſhe talked to him as follows:

'Mr. William, I am now taking the binding off, though, when I conſider what I am doing, I tremble with the apprehenſion that, though I have from my very childhood loved you, dark as you were, and though you had conceived ſo ſtrong a love for me, you will find there is ſuch a thing as beauty, which may enſnare you into a thouſand paſſions of which you are now innocent, and take you from me for ever. But, before I put myſelf to that hazard, tell me in what manner that love, you always profeſſed to

me, entered into your heart; for its uſual admiſſion is at the eyes.'

The young man anſwered, 'Dear Lidia, if I am to loſe by ſight the ſoft pantings which I have always felt when I heard your voice; if I am no more to diſtinguiſh the ſtep of her I love when ſhe approaches me, but to change that ſweet and frequent pleaſure for ſuch an amazement as I knew the little time I lately ſaw: or if I am to have any thing beſides, which may take from me the ſenſe I have of what appeared moſt pleaſing to me at that time, which apparition it ſeems was you; pull out theſe eyes, before they lead me to be ungrateful to you, or undo myſelf. I wiſhed for them but to ſee you; pull them out, if they are to make me forget you.'

Lidia was extremely ſatisfied with theſe aſſurances; and pleaſed herſelf with playing with his perplexities. In all this talk to her, he ſhewed but very faint ideas of any thing which had not been received at the ears; and cloſed his proteſtation to her, by ſaying, that if he were to ſee Valentia and Barcelona, whom he ſuppoſed the moſt eſteemed of all women, by the quarrel there was about them, he would never like any but Lidia.

*** 'As it would be no leſs diſreſpectful than injurious to the public to conceal the merits of Mr. Grant, oculiſt, therefore we the miniſter, churchwardens and overſeers, of the poor of the pariſh of St. Mary, Newington-Butts, do certify, that William Jones, of the ſame pariſh,

aged twenty years, who was born blind, on his application to Mr. Grant aforeſaid, who dwells in St. Chriſtopher's court, behind the Royal Exchange, was by him couched on Wedneſday, June 29, 1709, and, by the bleſſing of God on the ſkilful hand of Mr. Grant, the ſaid Jones in five minutes time was brought to ſee, and at this time hath his ſight very well. This caſe being ſo particularly remarkable and gratifly performed, we do thereby give this public teſtimony under our hands this 25th of July, 1709. Miniſter, William Taſwell; Churchwardens, James Comber and William Dale; Overſeers, Francis Troſſe, William Benſkin, Walker Wood, and John Ship.' The Britiſh Apollo, Vol. II. N° 39, in folio, Aug. 10, 1709. The curious may ſee a copy of an affidavit ſworn and ſigned by Anaball Jones in atteſtation of her ſon's blindneſs and cure, before John Hublon, eſq; Aug. 8, 1709. *Ibidem*, Vol. II. N° 21, Jan. 23, 1710; and likewiſe an affidavit with the mark of her ſon ſworn before Robert Beachcroft, Nov. 3, 1709, teſtifying that he was ſo blind, that he never ſaw any human face till the 20th year of his age, when, being couched by Mr. Grant on the 29th of June, 1709, he was in five minutes brought to his ſight, which he had at that time ſo well as to ſee the ſand run in a glaſs, or any thing in common. Britiſh Apollo. *Ibidem*. It was ſaid and ſtrongly ſuſpected, that in making theſe two laſt affidavits, the mother and the ſon were unduly influenced by poverty, reward, or reſentment; for they were paupers, and the weekly penſion paid them by the pariſh was

withdrawn on this occaſion, from an apprehenſion of their colluſion with Grant, and improper behaviour in this affair.

Erratum. P. 43, at top, for N° 5ü, read N° 55.

N° 56. Thurſday, Auguſt 18, 1709.
STEELE *.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whatever good is done, whatever ill——
By human kind, ſhall this collection fill.'

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 17.

THERE is a young foreigner committed to my care, who puzzles me extremely in the queſtions he aſks about the perſons of figure we meet in public places. He has but very little of our language, and therefore I am mightily at a loſs to expreſs to him things for which they have no word in that tongue to which he was born. It has been often my anſwer, upon his aſking who ſuch a fine gentleman is, that he is what we call 'a ſharper:' and he wants my explication. I thought it would be very unjuſt

* This is the firſt of ſome patriotic and excellent papers, in which Steele laudably employed his wit, in expoſing the gameſters, ſharpers, and ſwindlers of his time, with a view to guard his unwary countrymen from their ſnares, and 'to baniſh fraud and cozenage from the preſence and converſation of gentlemen.'

to tell him, he is the ſame the French call *coquin*; the Latins, *nebulo*; or the Greeks, ῥάσκαλ[h]: for, as cuſtom is the moſt powerful of all laws, and that the order of men we call ſharpers are received amongſt us, not only with permiſſion, but favour, I thought it unjuſt to uſe them like perſons upon no eſtabliſhment; beſides that it would be an unpardonable diſhonour to our country, to let him leave us with an opinion, that our nobility and gentry keep company with common thieves and cheats: I told him they were a ſort of tame huſſars, that were allowed in our cities, like the wild ones in our camp; who had all the privileges belonging to us, but at the ſame time were not tied to our diſcipline or laws. Aletheus[i], who is a gentleman of too much virtue for the age he lives in, would not let this matter be thus palliated; but told my pupil, that he was to underſtand that diſtinction, quality, merit, and induſtry, were laid aſide among us by the incurſions of theſe civil huſſars; who had got ſo much countenance, that the breeding and faſhion of the age turned their way to the ruin of order and œconomy in all places where they are admitted. But Sophronius, who never falls into heat upon any ſubject, but applies proper language, temper, and ſkill, with which the thing in debate

[h] The word 'raſcal,' printed in Greek characters.

[i] This ſeems to be Steele's reſpectful teſtimony to the amiable manners and integrity of his ingenious auxiliary and friend Mr. John Hughes, whoſe firſt contribution, in the letter ſigned Joſiah Couplet, countenances this ſuppoſition. See N° 64.

is to be treated, told the youth, that gentleman had ſpoken nothing but what was literally true; but fell upon it with too much earneſtneſs to give a true idea of that ſort of people he was declaiming againſt, or to remedy the evil which he bewailed: for the acceptance of theſe men being an ill which had crept into the converſation-part of our lives, and not into our conſtitution itſelf, it muſt be corrected where it began: and conſequently is to be amended only by bringing raillery and deriſion upon the perſons who are guilty, or thoſe who converſe with them. 'For the ſharpers,' continued he, 'at preſent are not as formerly, under the acceptation of pick-pockets; but are by cuſtom erected into a real and venerable body of men, and have ſubdued us to ſo very particular a deference to them, that, though they are known to be men without honour or conſcience, no demand is called a debt of honour ſo indiſputably as theirs. You may loſe your honour to them, but they lay none againſt you: as the prieſthood in Roman catholic countries can purchaſe what they pleaſe for the church, but they can alienate nothing from it. It is from this toleration, that ſharpers are to be found among all ſorts of aſſemblies and companies: and every talent amongſt men is made uſe of by ſome one or other of the ſociety, for the good of their common cauſe: ſo that an unexperienced young gentleman is as often enſnared by his underſtanding as his folly; for who could be unmoved, to hear the eloquent Dromio explain the conſtitution, talk in the key of Cato, with the ſeverity of one of the ancient

ſages, and debate the greateſt queſtion of ſtate in a common chocolate or coffee-houſe? who could, I ſay, hear this generous declamator, without being fired at his noble zeal, and becoming his profeſſed follower, if he might be admitted? Monoculus's gravity would be no leſs inviting to a beginner in converſation; and the ſnare of his eloquence would equally catch one who had never ſeen an old gentleman ſo very wiſe, and yet ſo little ſevere. Many other inſtances of extraordinary men among the brotherhood might be produced; but every man, who knows the town, can ſupply himſelf with ſuch examples without their being named.'— Will Vafer, who is ſkilful at finding out the ridiculous ſide of a thing, and placing it in a new and proper light, though he very ſeldom talks, thought fit to enter into this ſubject. He has lately loſt certain looſe ſums, which half the income of his eſtate will bring in within ſeven years: beſides which, he propoſes to marry, to ſet all right. He was, therefore, indolent enough to ſpeak of this matter with great impartiality. 'When I look around me,' ſaid this eaſy gentleman, 'and conſider in a juſt balance us bubbles, elder brothers, whoſe ſupport our dull fathers contrived to depend upon certain acres, with the rooks, whoſe anceſtors left them the wide world; I cannot but admire their fraternity, and contemn my own. Is not Jack Heyday much to be preferred to the knight he has bubbled? Jack has his equipage, his wenches, and his followers: the knight, ſo far from a retinue, that he is almoſt one of Jack's.

However, he is gay, you ſee, ſtill; a florid outſide——His habit ſpeaks the man—And ſince he muſt unbutton, he would not be reduced outwardly, but is ſtripped to his upper coat. But though I have great temptation to it, I will not at this time give the hiſtory of the loſing ſide; but ſpeak the effects of my thoughts, ſince the loſs of my money, upon the gaining people. This ill fortune makes moſt men contemplative and given to reading; at leaſt it has happened ſo to me; and the riſe and fall of the family of ſharpers in all ages has been my contemplation.'

I find all times have had of this people: Homer, in his excellent heroic poem, calls them 'myrmidons,' who were a body that kept among themſelves, and had nothing to loſe; therefore never ſpared either Greek or Trojan, when they fell in their way, upon a party. But there is a memorable verſe, which gives us an account of what broke that whole body, and made both Greeks and Trojans maſters of the ſecret of their warfare and plunder. There is nothing ſo pedantic as many quotations; therefore I ſhall inform you only, that in this battalion there were two officers called Therſites and Pandarus: they were both leſs renowned for their beauty than their wit; but each had this particular happineſs, that they were plunged over head and ears in the ſame water which made Achilles invulnerable; and had ever after certain gifts, which the reſt of the world were never to enjoy. Among others, they were never to know they

were the moſt dreadful to the ſight of all mortals, never to be diffident of their own abilities, never to bluſh, or ever to be wounded but by each other. Though ſome hiſtorians ſay, gaming began among the Lydians to divert hunger, I could cite many authorities to prove it had its riſe at the ſiege of Troy; and that Ulyſſes won the ſevenfold ſhield at hazard. But be that as it may, the ruin of the corps of the myrmidons proceeded from a breach between Therſites and Pandarus. The firſt of theſe was leader of a ſquadron, wherein the latter was but a private man: but having all the good qualities neceſſary for a partiſan, he was the favourite of his officer. But the whole hiſtory of the ſeveral changes in the order of ſharpers, from thoſe myrmidons to our modern men of addreſs and plunder, will require that we conſult ſome ancient manuſcripts. As we make theſe inquiries, we ſhall diurnally communicate them to the public, that the 'knights of the induſtry' may be better underſtood by the good people of England. Theſe ſort of men, in ſome ages, were ſycophants and flatterers only, and were endued with arts of life to capacitate them for the converſation of the rich and great; but now the bubble courts the impoſtor, and pretends at the utmoſt to be but his equal. To clear up the reaſons and cauſes in ſuch revolutions, and the different conduct between fools and cheats, ſhall be one of our labours for the good of this kingdom. How therefore pimps, footmen, fidlers, and lacqueys, are elevated into companions in

this preſent age, ſhall be accounted for from the influence of the planet Mercury [k] on this iſland; the aſcendency of which Sharper over Sol, who is a patron of the Muſes and all honeſt profeſſions, has been noted by the learned Job Gadbury [l], to be the cauſe, that 'cunning and trick are more eſteemed than art and ſcience.' It muſt be allowed alſo to the memory of Mr. Partridge, late of Cecil-ſtreet, in the Strand, that in his anſwer to an horary queſtion, At what hour of the night to ſet a fox-trap in June 1705? he has largely diſcuſſed, under the character of Reynard, the manner of ſurpriſing all ſharpers as well as him. But of theſe great points, after more mature deliberation.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 17.

'TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

'SIR,

'WE have nothing at preſent new, but that we underſtand by ſome owlers [m], old people die in France. Letters from Paris of the 10th inſtant, N. S. ſay, that monſieur d'Andre,

[k] Mercury was the god of thieves, and worſhipped in this country by our heathen anceſtors. See Verſtegan *paſſim.*

[l] Job Gadbury, and old John Gadbury, Job's maſter, were almanack-makers, aſtrologers, and brother conjurers, of Mr. Partridge, who lived ſeveral years after he fell into the hands of ſquire Bickerſtaff's upholders, and died in reality about the end of June, or in the beginning of July, 1715. See Tat. N° 59, *et paſſim.*

[m] Owler ſignifies a runner of wool, or a clandeſtine exporter of live ſheep contrary to law.

marquis d'Oraiſon, died at eighty-five: monſieur Brumars, at one hundred and two years, died for love of his wife, who was ninety-two at her death, after ſeventy years cohabitation. Nicholas de Boutheiller, pariſh-preacher of Saſſeville, being a bachelor, held out to one hundred and ſixteen. Dame Claude de Maſſy, relict of monſieur Peter de Monceaux, grand audiencier of France, died on the ſeventeenth, aged one hundred and ſeven. Letters of the ſeventeenth ſay, monſieur Chreſtien de Lamoignon died on the ſeventh inſtant, a perſon of great piety and virtue; but having died young, his age is concealed for reaſons of ſtate. On the fifteenth, his moſt chriſtian majeſty, attended by the dauphin, the duke of Burgundy, the duke and dutcheſs of Berry, aſſiſted at the proceſſion which he yearly performs in memory of a vow made by Lewis the Thirteenth, in 1638. For which act of piety, his majeſty received abſolution of his confeſſor, for the breach of all inconvenient vows made by himſelf.

I am, Sir, your muſt humble ſervant,

HUMPHREY KIDNEY.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 17.

I AM to acknowledge ſeveral letters which I have lately received; among others, one ſubſcribed Philanthropos, another Emilia, both which ſhall be honoured. I have a third from an officer in the army, wherein he deſires I would do juſtice to the many gallant actions

which have been done by men of private characters, or officers of lower ſtations, during this long war; that their families may have the pleaſure of ſeeing we lived in an age, wherein men of all orders had their proper ſhare in fame and glory. There is nothing I ſhould undertake with greater pleaſure than matters of this kind; if therefore they, who are acquainted with ſuch facts, would pleaſe to communicate them, by letters directed to me at Mr. Morphew's, no pains ſhould be ſpared to put them in a proper and diſtinguiſhing light [n].

'This is to admoniſh Stentor [o], that it was not admiration of his voice, but my publication of it, which has lately increaſed the number of his hearers.'

[n] See Tat. in 6 vol. cr. 8vo. 1786, Vol. ii. N° 56, p. 241. The account of major general Hopſon; and vol. v. additional notes, p. 394. Ad. note to N° 56, the account of colonel Poole, who, in the courſe of twenty years ſervice, buried his regiment thrice excepting ſeven men; fought in eleven battles, and was left apparently dead in the field in every one of them. After quitting the army, he lived twenty years in the inheritance of an ample fortune.

[o] See N° 54; and N° 61.

N° 57. Saturday, Auguſt 20, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whatever good is done, whatever ill——
By human kind, ſhall this collection fill.'

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 19.

I WAS this evening repreſenting a complaint ſent me out of the country from Emilia [p]. She ſays, her neighbours there have ſo little ſenſe of what a refined lady of the town is, that ſhe, who was a celebrated wit in London, is in that dull part of the world in ſo little eſteem, that they call her in their baſe ſtyle 'a tongue-pad.' Old True Penny bid me adviſe her to keep her wit until ſhe comes to town again, and admoniſh her, that both wit and breeding are local; for a fine court-lady is as awkward among country houſe-wives, as one of them would appear in a drawing-room. It is, therefore, the moſt uſeful knowledge one can attain at, to underſtand among what ſort of men we make the beſt figure; for if there be a place where the beauteous and accompliſhed Emilia is unacceptable, it is certainly a vain endeavour to attempt pleaſing in all converſations. Here is Will Ubi, who is ſo thirſty after the reputation of a companion, that his company is for any body that will accept of

[p] See N° 56, penult. paragraph.

it; and for want of knowing whom to chooſe for himſelf, is never choſen by others. There is a certain chaſtity of behaviour which makes a man deſirable; and which if he tranſgreſſes, his wit will have the ſame fate with Delia's beauty, which no one regards becauſe all know it is within their power. The beſt courſe Emilia can take is to have leſs humility; for if ſhe could have as good an opinion of herſelf for having every quality, as ſome of her neighbours have of themſelves with one, ſhe would inſpire even them with a ſenſe of her merit, and make that carriage which is now the ſubject of their deriſion, the ſole object of their imitation. Until ſhe has arrived at this value of herſelf, ſhe muſt be contented with the fate of that uncommon creature, a woman too humble.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 19.

Since my laſt, I have received a letter from Tom Trump, to deſire that I would do the fraternity of gameſters the juſtice to own, that there are notorious ſharpers, who are not of their claſs. Among others he preſented me with the picture of Harry Copperſmith [q] in little, who, he ſays, is at this day worth half a plumb, by means much more indirect than by falſe dice. I muſt confeſs, there appeared ſome reaſon in what he aſſerted; and he met me ſince, and accoſted me in the following manner: 'It is wonderful to me, Mr. Bickerſtaff, that you can pretend to be a man of penetration, and fall upon

[q] See N° 61.

us 'knights of the induſtry' as the wickedeſt of mortals, when there are ſo many who live in the conſtant practice of baſer methods unobſerved. You cannot, though you know the ſtory of myſelf and the North Briton, but allow I am an honeſter man than Will Copperſmith, for all his great credit among the Lombards. I get my money by men's follies, and he gets his by their diſtreſſes. The declining merchant communicates his griefs to him, and he augments them by extortion. If, therefore, regard is to be had to the merit of the perſons we injure, who is the more blameable, he that oppreſſes an unhappy man, or he that cheats a fooliſh one? All mankind are indifferently liable to adverſe ſtrokes of fortune, and he who adds to them when he might relieve them, is certainly a worſe ſubject, than he who unburdens a man whoſe proſperity is unwieldy to him. Beſides all which, he that borrows of Copperſmith does it out of neceſſity; he that plays with me does it out of choice.'

I allowed Trump there are men as bad as himſelf, which is the height of his pretenſions: and muſt confeſs, that Copperſmith is the moſt wicked and impudent of all ſharpers: a creature that cheats with credit, and is a robber in the habit of a friend. The contemplation of this worthy perſon, made me reflect on the wonderful ſucceſſes I have obſerved men of the meaneſt capacities meet with in the world, and recollect an obſervation I once heard a ſage man make; which was, that he had obſerved, that in ſome profeſſions, the lower the underſtanding, the greater the capacity. I remember he inſtanced that of

a banker, and ſaid that the fewer appetites, paſſions, and ideas a man had, he was the better for his buſineſs.

There is little ſir Triſtram [r], without connection in his ſpeech, or ſo much as common ſenſe, has arrived by his own natural parts at one of the greateſt eſtates amongſt us. But honeſt ſir Triſtram knows himſelf to be but a repoſitory for caſh: he is juſt ſuch an utenſil as his iron cheſt, and may rather be ſaid to hold money, than poſſeſs it. There is nothing ſo pleaſant as to be in the converſation of theſe wealthy proficients. I had lately the honour to drink half a pint with ſir Triſtram, Harry Copperſmith, and Giles Twoſhoes. Theſe wags gave one another credit in diſcourſe, according to their purſes; they jeſt by the pound, and make anſwers as they honour bills. Without vanity, I thought myſelf the prettieſt fellow of the company; but I had no manner of power over one muſcle in their faces, though they ſmirked at every word ſpoken by each other. Sir Triſtram called for a pipe of tobacco; and telling us tobacco was 'a pot-herb,' bid the drawer bring him the other half pint. Twoſhoes laughed at the knight's wit without moderation; I took the liberty to ſay it was but a pun. 'A pun!' ſaid Copperſmith; 'you would be a better man by ten thouſand pounds, if you could pun like ſir Triſtram.' With that they all burſt out together. The queer curs maintained this ſtyle of dialogue until we had drunk our quart a-piece by half-pints.

[r] See N° 60.

All I could bring away with me is, that Two-ſhoes is not worth twenty-thouſand pounds: for his mirth, though he was as inſipid as either of the others, had no more effect upon the company than if he had been a bankrupt.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 19.

I HAVE heard, it has been adviſed by a dioceſan to his inferior clergy, that, inſtead of broaching opinions of their own, and uttering doctrines which may lead themſelves and hearers into error, they would read ſome of the moſt celebrated ſermons, printed by others for the inſtruction of their congregations. In imitation of ſuch preachers at ſecond-hand, I ſhall tranſcribe from Bruyere one of the moſt elegant pieces of raillery and ſatire which I have ever read. He deſcribes the French as if ſpeaking of a people not yet diſcovered, in the air and ſtyle of a traveller [s].

'I have heard talk of a country, where the old men are gallant, polite, and civil: the young men, on the contrary, ſtubborn, wild, without either manners or civility. They are free from paſſion for women at the age when in other countries they begin to feel it; and prefer beaſts, victuals, and ridiculous amours, before them. Amongſt theſe people, he is ſober who is never drunk with any thing but wine; the too frequent uſe of it having rendered it flat and inſipid to

[s] The following paſſage from Bruyere was originally pointed againſt France only; but, in 1709, painting and French manners began to gain ground in England, and ſufficiently juſtified the application of this ſatire to the Engliſh. Le Nouveliſte Philoſophe.

them. They endeavour by brandy, and other ſtrong liquors, to quicken their taſte already extinguiſhed, and want nothing to complete their debauches, but to drink aqua-fortis. The women of that country haſten the decay of their beauty, by their artifices to preſerve it: they paint their cheeks, eye-brows, and ſhoulders, which they lay open, together with their breaſts, arms, and ears, as if they were afraid to hide thoſe places which they think will pleaſe, and never think they ſhew enough of them. The phyſiognomies of the people of that country are not at all neat, but confuſed and embarraſſed with a bundle of ſtrange hair, which they prefer before their natural: with this they weave ſomething to cover their heads, which deſcends down half way their bodies, hides their features, and hinders you from knowing men by their faces. This nation has, beſides this, their God and their king. The grandees go every day, at a certain hour, to a temple they call a church: at the upper end of that temple there ſtands an altar conſecrated to their God, where the prieſt celebrates ſome myſteries which they call holy, ſacred, and tremendous. The great men make a vaſt circle at the foot of the altar, ſtanding with their backs to the prieſt and the holy myſteries, and their faces erected towards their king, who is ſeen on his knees upon a throne, and to whom they ſeem to direct the deſires of their hearts, and all their devotion. However, in this cuſtom, there is to be remarked a ſort of ſubordination; for the people appear adoring their prince, and their prince adoring God. The

inhabitants of this region call it —— It is from forty-eight degrees of latitude, and more than eleven hundred leagues by ſea, from the Iroquois and Hurons.'

Letters from Hampſtead [t] ſay, there is a coxcomb arrived there, of a kind which is utterly new. The fellow has courage, which he takes himſelf to be obliged to give proofs of every hour he lives. He is ever fighting with the men, and contradicting the women. A lady, who ſent to me, ſuperſcribed him with this deſcription out of Suckling [u]:

'I am a man of war and might,
And know thus much, that I can fight,
Whether I am i'th' wrong or right,
Devoutly.

'No woman under heaven I fear,
New oaths I can exactly ſwear;
And forty healths my brain will bear,
Moſt ſtoutly.'

[t] Hampſtead was about this time much frequented in ſummer; its chalybeate water, ſaid to reſemble that of Tunbridge-wells, was ſold in town at 3d. and 4d. per flaſk, the flaſk to be returned daily. The old advertiſements prove that concerts, dancing, gambling, &c. went on there at a great rate. See N° 59. Remark on the following quotation.

[u] In his rondeau called A Soldier. See his Works, 1770, vol. i. p. 82. Republiſhed by Mr. Davies.

N° 58. Tuesday, August 23, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper seizes for it's theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-house, August 22.

Poor Cynthio *, who does me the honour to talk to me now and then very freely of his most secret thoughts, and tells me his most private frailties, owned to me, that, though he is in his very prime of life, love had killed all his desires, and he was now as much to be trusted with a fine lady, as if he were eighty. 'That one passion for Clarissa has taken up,' said he, 'my whole soul; and all my idle flames are extinguished, as you may observe ordinary fires are often put out by the sun-shine.'

This was a declaration not to be made but upon the highest opinion of a man's sincerity; yet as much a subject of raillery as such a speech would be, it is certain that chastity is a nobler quality, and as much to be valued in men as in women. The mighty Scipio, 'who,' as Bluffe says in the comedy, 'was a pretty fellow in his time,' was of this mind, and is celebrated for it by an author of good sense. When he lived,

* Lord Hinchinbroke. See N° 1, N° 5, N° 22, N° 35, notes, and preface to the Lover, edit. of 1789, 8vo.

wit, and humour, and raillery, and public ſucceſs, were at as high a pitch at Rome as at preſent in England; yet I believe there was no man in thoſe days thought that general at all ridiculous in his behaviour in the following account of him.

Scipio, at four-and-twenty years of age [y], had obtained a great victory; and a multitude of priſoners, of each ſex, and all conditions, fell into his poſſeſſion: among others, an agreeable virgin in her early bloom and beauty. He had too ſenſible a ſpirit to ſee the moſt lovely of all objects without being moved with paſſion: beſides which, there was no obligation of honour or virtue to reſtrain his deſires towards one who was his by the fortune of war. But a noble indignation, and a ſudden ſorrow which appeared in her countenance when the conqueror caſt his eyes upon her, raiſed his curioſity to know her ſtory. He was informed, that ſhe was a lady of the higheſt condition in that country, and contracted to Indibilis, a man of merit and quality. The generous Roman ſoon placed himſelf in the condition of that unhappy man, who was to loſe ſo charming a bride; and though a youth, a bachelor, a lover, and a conqueror, immediately reſolved to reſign all the invitations of his paſſion, and the rights of his power, to reſtore her to her deſtined huſband. With this purpoſe he commanded her parents and relations, as well as her huſband, to attend him at an

[y] He went into Spain at twenty-four years of age, but he was twenty-ſeven at the time here referred to, as Polybius teſtifies, V. Polyb. tom. i. p. 810. Amſt. Elz. 1670, 3 tom.

appointed time. When they met, and were waiting for the general, my author frames to himſelf the different concern of an unhappy father, a deſpairing lover, and a tender mother, in the ſeveral perſons who were ſo related to the captive. But for fear of injuring the delicate circumſtances with an old tranſlation, I ſhall proceed to tell you, that Scipio appears to them, and leads in his priſoner into their preſence. The Romans, as noble as they were, ſeemed to allow themſelves a little too much triumph over the conquered; therefore, as Scipio approached, they all threw themſelves on their knees, except the lover of the lady: but Scipio obſerving in him a manly ſullenneſs, was the more inclined to favour him, and ſpoke to him in theſe words:

'It is not the manner of the Romans to uſe all the power they juſtly may: we fight not to ravage countries, or break through the ties of humanity. I am acquainted with your worth, and your intereſt in this lady: fortune has made me your maſter; but I deſire to be your friend. This is your wife; take her, and may the gods bleſs you with her! But far be it from Scipio to purchaſe a looſe and momentary pleaſure at the rate of making an honeſt man unhappy.'

Indibilis's heart was too full to make him any anſwer; but he threw himſelf at the feet of the general, and wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the ſame poſture, and they both remained ſo, until the father burſt into the following words: 'O divine Scipio! the gods have given you more than human virtue. O glorious leader! O wondrous youth! does not that obliged virgin

give you, while ſhe prays to the gods for your proſperity, and thinks you ſent down from them, raptures, above all the tranſports which you could have reaped from the poſſeſſion of her injured perſon?' The temperate Scipio anſwered him without much emotion, and, ſaying, 'Father, be a friend to Rome,' retired. An immenſe ſum was offered as her ranſom; but he ſent it to her huſband, and, ſmiling, ſaid, 'This is a trifle after what I have given him already; but let Indibilis know, that chaſtity at my age is a much more difficult virtue to practiſe than generoſity [z].'

[z] The narrative contained in this paper differs eſſentially, in ſeveral of its circumſtances, from the accounts which the Latin writers of the Roman hiſtory have given us of this ſtory. Livy's relation of it is abundantly ſhorter, ſimpler, and more affecting. See T. Liv. Dec. iii. lib. xxvi. cap. 50. He ſays that this beautiful lady was betrothed to a prince of the Celtiberians, whoſe name was Allucius, and he mentions in the preceding chapter, among Scipio's captives, the daughters of Indibilis, a petty king of the Illergetes, who fell afterwards in battle, fighting againſt the Romans. Script. Rei Rom. Heidelb. folio, 1743. tom. i. page 427, and page 476. Livy does not abſolutely ſay that Scipio ever ſaw this lady; Florus ſays expreſsly, that Scipio declined ſeeing her, '*ne quid de virginitatis integritate delibaſſe ſaltem oculis videretur*;' and Jornandes, on the like occaſion, adopts the ſame mode of expreſſion. S. A. Victor tells us, that 'when every body was running to ſee this ſingular beauty, Scipio forbad her being introduced into his preſence, and ordered her to be reſtored to her father, and her deſtined huſband.' Script. Rei Rom. tom. ii. p. 24, 61, and 118.

The ſubſtance of our author's narrative appears to have been taken from Valerius Maximus. See ed. A. Toren. L. B. 1726, 4to. Polybius relates this ſtory to the advantage of Scipio; and as he was his intimate friend, his counſellor, and generally accompanied him, he was probably an eye-witneſs of this tranſaction, and certainly well acquainted

I obſerved Cynthio was very much taken with my narrative; but told me, this was a virtue that would bear but a very inconſiderable figure in our days. However, I took the liberty to ſay, that 'we ought not to loſe our ideas of things, though we had debauched our true reliſh in our practice; for after we have done laughing, ſolid virtue will keep its place in men's opinions: and though cuſtom made it not ſo ſcandalous as it ought to be, to enſnare innocent women, and triumph in the falſehood; ſuch

with all the circumſtances of the ſtory. He was therefore moſt inexcuſable, if in his relation he ſacrificed the truth of hiſtory to friendſhip or flattery. It muſt not be concealed that Valerius Antias roundly charges Polybius with criminality, and poſitively aſſerts that Scipio was ſo much enamoured of this fame Spaniſh captive, that he could never be prevailed upon to reſtore her to her liberty and her relations. See A. Gell. Noct. Atticæ, lib. vi. cap. 8. It is poſſible Scipio might retain one Spaniſh lady, but it is certain that he did liberate ſeveral others; and, to perpetuate the remembrance of his generoſity, ſome grateful parent or lover might have been at the expence of the votive ſhield, which is ſtill to be ſeen in the French king's cabinet. This fine ſpecimen of antique workmanſhip might have been fabricated in Spain, as well as the relation of Polybius, which is adopted with more or leſs variation by moſt of the Latin hiſtorians. It may therefore be very true, that this document of gratitude or vanity was loſt in the Rhone with the baggage of Scipio as he returned to Italy, and found, as is reported, in 1659. See Mem. de Lit. de l'Acad. des Inſcript. & B. L. 4to. tom. i. p. 182.

The hiſtorians who differ in their accounts of this ſtory, ſeem however to agree in certifying that Scipio ſubdued Spain as much by his integrity as his valour; and Velleius Paterculus bears the following honourable teſtimony to his good conduct in that country; '*fecitque ſuæ virtutis monumentum, quod fuerat antea avi ejus clementi[illegible] Rei Rom.* tom. ii. p. 20, and p. 60.

actions, as we have here related, muſt be accounted true gallantry, and riſe the higher in our eſteem, the farther they are removed from our imitation.'

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 22.

A MAN would be apt to think, in this laughing town, that it were impoſſible a thing ſo exploded as ſpeaking hard words ſhould be practiſed by any one that had ever ſeen good company; but, as if there were a ſtandard in our minds as well as bodies, you ſee very many juſt where they were twenty years ago, and more they cannot, will not arrive at. Were it not thus, the noble Martius would not be the only man in England whom nobody can underſtand, though he talks more than any man elſe.

Will Dactyle the epigrammatiſt, Jack Comma the grammarian, Nick Croſs-grain who writes anagrams, and myſelf, made a pretty company at a corner of this room; and entered very peaceably upon a ſubject fit enough for us, which was, the examination of the force of the particle 'for,' when Martius joined us. He, being well known to us all, aſked what we were upon? for he had a mind to conſummate the happineſs of the day, which had been ſpent among the ſtars of the firſt magnitude among the men of letters; and therefore, to put a period to it as he had commenced it, he ſhould be glad to be allowed to participate of the pleaſure of our ſociety. I told him the ſubject. 'Faith, gentlemen,' ſaid Martius, 'your ſubject is

humble; and, if you will give me leave to elevate the converſation, I ſhould humbly offer that you would enlarge your inquiries to the word "for-as-much;" for though I take it,' ſaid he, 'to be but one word, yet the particle "much" implying quantity, the particle "as" ſimilitude, it will be greater, and more like ourſelves, to treat of for-as-much.' Jack Comma is always ſerious, and anſwered; 'Martius, I muſt take the liberty to ſay, that you have fallen into all this error and profuſe manner of ſpeech by a certain hurry in your imagination, for want of being more exact in the knowledge of the parts of ſpeech; and it is ſo with all men who have not well ſtudied, the particle "for." You have ſpoken "for" without making any inference, which is the great uſe of that particle. There is no manner of force in your obſervation of quantity and ſimilitude in the ſyllables "as" and "much." But it is ever the fault of men of great wit to be incorrect; which evil they run into by an indiſcreet uſe of the word "for." Conſider all the books of controverſy which have been written, and I will engage you will obſerve, that all the debate lies in this point, whether they brought in "for" in a juſt manner; or forced it in for their own uſe, rather than as underſtanding the uſe of the word itſelf? There is nothing like familiar inſtances: you have heard the ſtory of the Iriſhman, who reading, "Money for *live* hair," took a lodging, and expected to be paid for living at that houſe. If this man had known, "for" was in that place of a quite different

ſignification from the particle "to," he could not have fallen into the miſtake of taking *live* for what the Latins call *vivere*, or rather *habitare*.'

Martius ſeemed at a loſs; and admiring his profound learning, wiſhed he had been bred a ſcholar, for he did not take the ſcope of his diſcourſe. This wiſe debate, of which we had much more, made me reflect upon the difference of their capacities, and wonder that there could be as it were a diverſity in men's genius for nonſenſe; that one ſhould bluſter, while another crept, in abſurdities. Martius moves like a blind man, lifting his legs higher than the ordinary way of ſtepping; and Comma, like one who is only ſhort-ſighted, picking his way when he ſhould be marching on. Want of learning makes Martius a briſk entertaining fool, and gives him a full ſcope; but that which Comma has, and calls learning, makes him diffident, and curbs his natural underſtanding to the great loſs of the men of raillery. This converſation confirmed me in the opinion, that learning uſually does but improve in us what nature endowed us with. He that wants good ſenſe is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of expoſing himſelf; and he that has ſenſe knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of uſing it.

N° 59. Thurſday, Auguſt 25, 1709.
STEELE AND SWIFT.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 24.

Æsop has gained to himſelf an immortal renown for figuring the manners, deſires, paſſions, and intereſts of men, by fables of beaſts and birds. I ſhall, in my future accounts of our modern heroes and wits, vulgarly called 'ſharpers,' imitate the method of that delightful moraliſt; and think, I cannot repreſent thoſe worthies more naturally than under the ſhadow of a pack of dogs; for this ſet of men are, like them, made up of 'finders, lurchers, and ſetters.' Some ſearch for the prey, others purſue, others take it; and if it be worth it, they all come in at the death, and worry the carcaſs. It would require a moſt exact knowledge of the field and the harbours where the deer lie, to recount all the revolutions in the chaſe.

But I am diverted from the train of my diſcourſe of the fraternity about this town, by letters from Hampſtead[a], which give me an account, there is a late inſtitution there, under the

[a] See N° 57 and note.

name of 'a raffling-ſhop;' which is, it ſeems, ſecretly ſupported by a perſon who is a deep practitioner in the law, and out of tenderneſs of conſcience has, under the name of his maid Siſly, ſet up this eaſier way of conveyancing and alienating eſtates from one family to another. He is ſo far from having an intelligence with the reſt of the fraternity, that all the humbler cheats who appear there, are out-faced by the partners in the bank, and driven off by the reflection of ſuperior braſs. This notice is given to all the ſilly faces that paſs that way, that they may not be decoyed in by the ſoft allurement of a fine lady, who is the ſign to the pageantry. At the ſame time ſignior Hawkſly, who is the patron of the houſehold, is deſired to leave off this interloping trade, or admit, as he ought to do, the knights of the induſtry to their ſhare in the ſpoil. But this little matter is only by way of digreſſion. Therefore to return to our worthies.

The preſent race of terriers and hounds would ſtarve, were it not for the inchanted Actæon [b], who has kept the whole pack for many ſucceſſions of hunting ſeaſons. Actæon has long

[b] It is not the intention of this note to appropriate the generic name of Actæon to ſir John Jacob, a knight in Cambridgeſhire; but it is ſaid, that, about this time, at the age of 70, he continued to play at hazard, when he could hardly diſcern by the aſſiſtance of his ſpectacles whether he won or loſt. When he was laughed at for this folly, and told, that to be ſure he muſt play by the ear; 'I cannot help it,' ſaid he, 'I have been uſed to play above 40 years, and I can no more leave it off now, than I can ſtop the iſſues about me, which have been the means of protracting my life to this date.' Memoirs of Gameſters, p. 205.

tracts of rich ſoil; but had the misfortune in his youth to fall under the power of ſorcery, and has been ever ſince, ſome parts of the year, a deer, and in ſome parts a man. While he is a man, ſuch is the force of magic, he no ſooner grows to ſuch a bulk and fatneſs, but he is again turned into a deer, and hunted until he is lean: upon which he returns to his human ſhape. Many arts have been tried, and many reſolutions taken by Actæon himſelf, to follow ſuch methods as would break the inchantment; but all have hitherto proved ineffectual. I have therefore, by midnight watchings and much care found out, that there is no way to ſave him from the jaws of his hounds, but to deſtroy the pack, which by aſtrological preſcience, I find I am deſtined to perform. For which end I have ſent out my familiar, to bring me a liſt of all the places where they are harboured, that I may know where to ſound my horn, and bring them together, and take an account of their haunts and their marks, againſt another opportunity.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 24.

THE author of the enſuing letter, by his name and the quotations he makes from the ancients, ſeems a ſort of ſpy from the old world, whom we moderns ought to be careful of offending: therefore, I muſt be free, and own it a fair hit where he takes me, rather than diſoblige him [c].

[c] Swift is ſaid to have been the author of this letter ſigned Obadiah Greenhat. Gent. Mag. 1781, Feb. See N° 66, and N° 75.

'SIR,

'HAVING a peculiar humour of deſiring to be ſomewhat the better or wiſer from what I read, I am always uneaſy when, in any profound writer, for I read no others, I happen to meet with what I cannot underſtand. When this falls out, it is a great grievance to me that I am not able to conſult the author himſelf about his meaning, for commentators are a ſect that has little ſhare in my eſteem: your elaborate writings have, among many others, this advantage, that their author is ſtill alive, and ready, as his extenſive charity makes us expect, to explain whatever may be found in them too ſublime for vulgar underſtandings. This, ſir, makes me preſume to aſk you, how the Hampſtead hero's character could be perfectly new when the laſt letters came away, and yet ſir John Suckling [d] ſo well acquainted with it ſixty years ago? I hope, ſir, you will not take this amiſs: I can aſſure you, I have a profound reſpect for you, which makes me write this, with the ſame diſpoſition with which Longinus bids us read Homer and Plato. "When in reading," ſays he, "any of thoſe celebrated authors, we meet with a paſſage to which we cannot well reconcile our reaſons, we ought firmly to believe, that were thoſe great wits preſent to anſwer for themſelves, we ſhould to our wonder be convinced, that we only are guilty of the miſtakes we before attributed to them." If you

[d] N° 57. *ad finem.*

think fit to remove the ſcruple that now torments me, it will be an encouragement to me to ſettle a frequent correſpondence with you; ſeveral things falling in my way which would not, perhaps, be altogether foreign to your purpoſe, and whereon your thoughts would be very acceptable to your moſt humble ſervant,

OBADIAH GREENHAT.'

I own this is clean, and Mr. Greenhat has convinced me that I have writ nonſenſe, yet am I not at all offended at him.

'*Scimus, et hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim.*'
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 11.

'I own th' indulgence——Such I give and take.'
FRANCIS.

This is the true art of raillery, when a man turns another into ridicule, and ſhews at the ſame time he is in good humour, and not urged on by malice againſt the perſon he rallies. Obadiah Greenhat has hit this very well: for to make an apology to Iſaac Bickerſtaff, an unknown ſtudent and horary hiſtorian; as well as aſtrologer, and with a grave face to ſay, he ſpeaks of him by the ſame rules with which he would treat Homer or Plato, is to place him in company where he cannot expect to make a figure; and makes him flatter himſelf, that it is only being named with them which renders him moſt ridiculous.

I have not known, and I am now paſt my grand climacteric, being ſixty-four years of age,

according to my way of life; or rather if you will allow punning in an old gentleman, according to my way of paſtime: I ſay, as old as I am, I have not been acquainted with many of the Greenhats. There is indeed one Zedekiah Greenhat [c], who is lucky alſo in his way. He has a very agreeable manner; for when he has a mind thoroughly to correct a man, he never takes from him any thing, but he allows him ſomething for it; or elſe he blames him for things wherein he is not defective, as well as for matters wherein he is. This makes a weak man believe he is in jeſt in the whole. The other day he told beau Prim, who is thought impotent, that his miſtreſs had declared ſhe would not have him, becauſe he was a ſloven, and had committed a rape. The beau bit at the banter, and ſaid very gravely, he thought to be clean was as much as was neceſſary; and that as to the rape, he wondered by what witchcraft that ſhould come to her ears; but it had indeed coſt him an hundred pounds to huſh the affair.

The Greenhats are a family with ſmall voices and ſhort arms, therefore they have power with none but their friends: they never call after thoſe who run away from them, or pretend to take hold of you if you reſiſt. But it has been remarkable, that all who have ſhunned their company, or not liſtened to them, have fallen into the hands of ſuch as have knocked out their

[c] This ſeems to be an alluſion and a compliment to Addiſon, ſome of whoſe contributions very probably accompanied the communication of Swift from Ireland under the fictitious name of Obadiah Greenhat.

brains, or broken their bones. I have looked over our pedigree upon the receipt of this epiſtle, and find the Greenhats are a-kin to the Staffs. They deſcend from Maudlin, the left-handed wife of Nehemiah Bickerſtaff, in the reign of Harry the ſecond. And it is remarkable, that they are all left-handed, and have always been very expert at ſingle rapier. A man muſt be very much uſed to their play to know how to defend himſelf, for their poſture is ſo different from that of the right-handed, that you run upon their ſwords if you puſh forward; and they are in with you, if you offer to fall back without keeping your guard [f].

There have been alſo letters lately ſent to me which relate to other people: among the reſt, ſome whom I have heretofore declared to be ſo, are deceaſed. I muſt not therefore break through rules ſo far, as to ſpeak ill of the dead. This maxim extends to all but the late Partridge [g], who ſtill denies his death. I am informed indeed by ſeveral, that he walks; but I ſhall with all convenient ſpeed lay him.

*** A new ſet of cuts for the book of Common Prayer, fifty-five in number, far exceeding any done in Great Britain before. Engraven by J. Sturt, and ſold by him in Golden-lion-court, Alderſgate-ſtreet; B. Whitledge, in Ave Mary lane; J. Morphew, and J. Hazard, near Stationers hall. Tatler in folio.

†††† Juſt publiſhed, The Lady Chudleigh's Poems. The ſecond edition with additions. *Ibidem.*

[f] See N° 32, and N° 63. [g] See Tatler, N° 55.

N° 60. Saturday, Auguſt 27, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 26.

To proceed regularly in the hiſtory of my worthies, I ought to give an account of what has paſſed from day to day in this place; but a young fellow of my acquaintance has ſo lately been reſcued out of the hands of the 'knights of the induſtry,' that I rather chuſe to relate the manner of his eſcape from them, and the uncommon way which was uſed to reclaim him, than to go on in my intended diary.

You are to know then, that Tom Wildair is a ſtudent of the Inner Temple, and has ſpent his time ſince he left the univerſity for that place, in the common diverſions of men of faſhion; that is to ſay, in whoring, drinking, and gaming. The two former vices he had from his father; but was led into the laſt by the converſation of a partizan of the myrmidons [h] who had chambers near him. His allowance from his father was a very plentiful one for a man of ſenſe, but as ſcanty for a modern fine gentleman. His

[h] N° 56.

frequent loſſes had reduced him to ſo neceſſitous a condition, that his lodgings were always haunted by impatient creditors; and all his thoughts employed in contriving low methods to ſupport himſelf in a way of life from which he knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted means to proceed. There is never wanting ſome good-natured perſon to ſend a man an account of what he has no mind to hear; therefore many epiſtles were conveyed to the father of this extravagant, to inform him of the company, the pleaſures, the diſtreſſes, and entertainments, in which his ſon paſſed his time. The old fellow received theſe advices with all the pain of a parent, but frequently conſulted his pillow, to know how to behave himſelf on ſuch important occaſions, as the welfare of his ſon, and the ſafety of his fortune. After many agitations of mind, he reflected that neceſſity was the uſual ſnare which made men fall into meanneſs, and that a liberal fortune generally made a liberal and honeſt mind; he reſolved therefore to ſave him from his ruin, by giving him opportunities of taſting what it is to be at eaſe, and incloſed to him the following order upon [i] ſir Triſtram Caſh.

'SIR,

'PRAY pay to Mr. Thomas Wildair, or order, the ſum of one thouſand pounds, and place it to the account of

Yours,

HUMPHREY WILDAIR.'

[i] Tatler, N° 57.

Tom was ſo aſtoniſhed with the receipt of this order, that though he knew it to be his father's hand, and that he had always large ſums at ſir Triſtram's; yet a thouſand pounds was a truſt of which his conduct had always made him appear ſo little capable, that he kept his note by him, until he writ to his father the following letter:

'HONOURED FATHER,

'I HAVE received an order under your hand for a thouſand pounds, in words at length; and I think I could ſwear it is your own hand. I have looked it over and over twenty thouſand times. There is in plain letters, T,H,O,U,S,A,N,D; and after it, the letters P,O,U,N,D,S. I have it ſtill by me, and ſhall, I believe, continue reading it until I hear from you.'

The old gentleman took no manner of notice of the receipt of his letter; but ſent him another order for three thouſand pounds more. His amazement on this ſecond letter was unſpeakable. He immediately double-locked his door, and ſat down carefully to reading and comparing both his orders. After he had read them until he was half mad, he walked ſix or ſeven turns in his chamber, then opens his door, then locks it again; and, to examine thoroughly this matter, he locks his door again, puts his table and chairs againſt it; then goes into his cloſet, and locking himſelf in, read his notes over again

about nineteen times, which did but increaſe his aſtoniſhment. Soon after, he began to recollect many ſtories he had formerly heard of perſons, who had been poſſeſſed with imaginations and appearances which had no foundation in nature, but had been taken with ſudden madneſs in the midſt of a ſeeming clear and untainted reaſon. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his wits; and, with a deſign to compoſe himſelf, he immediately betakes himſelf to his night-cap, with a reſolution to ſleep himſelf into his former poverty and ſenſes. To bed therefore he goes at noon-day; but ſoon roſe again, and reſolved to viſit ſir Triſtram upon this occaſion. He did ſo, and dined with the knight, expecting he would mention ſome advice from his father about paying him money; but no ſuch thing being ſaid, 'Look you, ſir Triſtram,' ſaid he, 'you are to know, that an affair has happened, which——' 'Look you,' ſays Triſtram, 'I know, Mr. Wildair, you are going to deſire me to advance; but the late call of the bank, where I have not yet made my laſt payment, has obliged me—' Tom interrupted him, by ſhewing him the bill of a thouſand pounds. When he had looked at it for a convenient time, and as often ſurveyed Tom's looks and countenance; 'Look you, Mr. Wildair, a thouſand pounds—' Before he could proceed, he ſhews him the order for three thouſand more.—Sir Triſtram examined the orders at the light, and finding at the writing the name, there was a certain ſtroke in one letter, which the father and he had agreed ſhould be to ſuch directions as he deſired might be

more immediately honoured, he forthwith pays the money. The poſſeſſion of four thouſand pounds gave my young gentleman a new train of thoughts: he began to reflect upon his birth, the great expectations he was born to, and the unſuitable ways he had long purſued. Inſtead of that unthinking creature he was before, he is now provident, generous, and diſcreet. The father and ſon have an exact and regular correſpondence, with mutual and unreſerved confidence in each other. The ſon looks upon his father as the beſt tenant he could have in the country, and the father finds the ſon the moſt ſafe banker he could have in the city.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 26.

THERE is not any thing in nature ſo extravagant, but that you will find one man or other that ſhall practiſe or maintain it; otherwiſe Harry Spondee could not have made ſo long an harangue as he did here this evening, concerning the force and efficacy of well-applied nonſenſe. Among ladies, he poſitively averred, it was the moſt prevailing part of eloquence; and had ſo little complaiſance as to ſay, 'a woman is never taken by her reaſon, but always by her paſſion.' He proceeded to aſſert, the way to move that was only to aſtoniſh her. 'I know,' continued he, 'a very late inſtance of this; for, being by accident in the room next to Strephon, I could not help over-hearing him, as he made love to a certain great lady's woman. The true method in your application to one of this ſecond rank of

underſtanding, is not to elevate and ſurpriſe, but rather to elevate and amaze. Strephon is a perfect maſter in this kind of perſuaſion: his way is, to run over with a ſoft air a multitude of words, without meaning or connexion; but ſuch as do each of them apart give a pleaſing idea, though they have nothing to do with each other as he aſſembles them. After the common phraſes of ſalutation, and making his entry into the room, I perceived he had taken the fair nymph's hand, and kiſſing it ſaid, "Witneſs to my happineſs, ye groves! be ſtill, ye rivulets! Oh! woods, caves, fountains, trees, dales, mountains, hills, and ſtreams! oh! faireſt! could you love me?" To which I overheard her anſwer, with a very pretty liſp, "Oh! Strephon, you are a dangerous creature: why do you talk theſe tender things to me? but you men of wit——" "Is it then poſſible," ſaid the enamoured Strephon, "that ſhe regards my ſorrows! Oh, pity! thou balmy cure to an heart over-loaded! If rapture, ſolicitation, ſoft deſire, and pleaſing anxiety—But ſtill I live in the moſt afflicting of all circumſtances, doubt——Cannot my charmer name the place and moment?

"There all thoſe joys inſatiably to prove,
With which rich beauty feeds the glutton love."

"Forgive me, madam; it is not that my heart is weary of its chain, but—" This incoherent ſtuff was anſwered by a tender ſigh, "Why do you put your wit to a weak woman?" Strephon ſaw he had made ſome progreſs in her heart, and purſued it, by ſaying that he would certainly

wait upon her at ſuch an hour near Roſamond's pond; and then—the ſylvan deities, and rural powers of the place, ſacred and inviolable to love; love, the mover of all noble hearts, ſhould hear his vows repeated by the ſtreams and echoes. The aſſignation was accordingly made. This ſtyle he calls the unintelligible method of ſpeaking his mind; and I will engage, had this gallant ſpoken plain Engliſh, ſhe had never underſtood him half ſo readily: for we may take it for granted, that he will be eſteemed as a very cold lover, who diſcovers to his miſtreſs that he is in his ſenſes.'

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 26.

THE following letter came to my hand, with a requeſt to have the ſubject recommended to our readers, particularly the ſmart fellows; who are deſired to repair to major Touch-hole, who can help them to firelocks that are only fit for exerciſe.

'*Juſt ready for the Preſs,*

'Mars Triumphant; or, London's Glory: being the whole art of encampment, with the method of embattelling armies, marching them off, poſting the officers, forming hollow ſquares, and the various ways of paying the ſalute with the half-pike; as it was performed by the trained-bands of London [k] this year, one thouſand ſeven hundred and nine, in that nurſery of Bellona, the Artillery-ground. Wherein you

[k] See N° 41.

have a new method how to form a ſtrong line of foot, with large intervals between each platoon, very uſeful to prevent the breaking in of horſe. A civil way of performing the military ceremony; wherein the major alights from his horſe, and at the head of his company ſalutes the lieutenant-colonel; and the lieutenant-colonel, to return the compliment, courteouſly diſmounts, and after the ſame manner ſalutes his major: exactly as it was performed with abundance of applauſe, on the fifth of July laſt. Likewiſe an account of a new invention, made uſe of in the red regiment, to quell mutineering captains; with ſeveral other things alike uſeful for the public. To which is added, an appendix by major Touch-hole [1]; proving the method of diſcipline now uſed in our armies to be very defective: with an eſſay towards an amendment. Dedicated to the lieutenant-colonel of the firſt regiment.'

Mr. Bickerſtaff has now in the preſs, 'A Defence of Awkward Fellows againſt the claſs of the Smarts: with a diſſertation upon the gravity which becomes weighty perſons. Illuſ-

[1] The perſon frequently alluded to in theſe papers under the various fictitious names of major Touch-hole, major Blunder, and colonel Touchy, was a train-band major, one Gregory in Thames-ſtreet,

Who made Brown muſquets to his fame,
But ne'er bor'd touch-holes in the ſame;
So have I heard of a ſurvey'r,
Who built a houſe for want of care,
Three ſtories high, without a ſtair.

The Republican Proceſſion, a poem, p. 27. See N° 61, N° 79, and N° 265.

trated by way of fable, and a diſcourſe on the nature of the elephant, the cow, the dray-horſe, and the dromedary, which have motions equally ſteady and grave. To this is added a treatiſe written by an elephant, according to Pliny, againſt receiving foreigners into the foreſt. Adapted to ſome preſent circumſtances. Together with alluſions to ſuch beaſts as declare againſt the poor Palatines [m].'

*** Juſt publiſhed, on a very fine paper, a ſecond edition of A Dialogue between Timothy and Philatheus, in which the principles and projects of a late whimſical book entitled, 'The Rights of the Chriſtian Church, &c.' are fairly ſtated and anſwered in their kind. And ſome attempts made towards the diſcovery of a new way of reaſoning, entirely unknown both to the ancients and moderns. Written by a Layman. Vol. I. The 2d vol. goes to the preſs next month. Tatler in folio.

N° 61. Tueſday, Auguſt 30, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 29.

AMONG many phraſes which have crept into converſation, eſpecially of ſuch company as frequent this place, there is not one which miſleads

[m] See Tatler, N° 4, and note.

me more, than that of a 'fellow of a great deal of fire.' This metaphorical term fire has done much good in keeping coxcombs in awe of one another; but at the ſame time it has made them troubleſome to every body elſe. You ſee, in the very air of 'a fellow of fire,' ſomething ſo expreſſive of what he would be at, that if it were not for ſelf-preſervation, a man would laugh out.

I had laſt night the fate to drink a bottle with two of theſe firemen, who are indeed diſperſed like the myrmidons [n] in all quarters, and to be met with among thoſe of the moſt different education. One of my companions was a ſcholar with fire; and the other a ſoldier of the ſame complexion. My learned man would fall into diſputes, and argue without any manner of provocation or contradiction: the other was deciſive without words, and would give a ſhrug or an oath to expreſs his opinion. My learned man was a mere ſcholar, and my man of war as mere a ſoldier. The particularity of the firſt was ridiculous, that of the ſecond, terrible. They were relations by blood, which in ſome meaſure moderated their extravagancies towards each other: I gave myſelf up merely as a perſon of no note in the company; but as if brought to be convinced that I was an inconſiderable thing, any otherwiſe than that they would ſhew each other to me, and make me ſpectator of the triumph they alternately enjoyed. The ſcholar has been very converſant with books, and the

[n] See N° 56, and N° 60.

other with men, only; which makes them both ſuperficial: for the taſte of books is neceſſary to our behaviour in the beſt company, and the knowledge of men is required for a true reliſh of books: but they have both fire, which makes one paſs for a man of ſenſe, and the other for a fine gentleman. I found, I could eaſily enough paſs my time with the ſcholar; for if I ſeemed not to do juſtice to his parts and ſentiments, he pitied me, and let me alone. But the warrior could not let it reſt there; I muſt know all that happened within his ſhallow obſervations of the nature of the war: to all which he added an air of lazineſs, and contempt of thoſe of his companions who were eminent for delighting in the exerciſe and knowledge of their duty. Thus it is, that all the young fellows of much animal life and little underſtanding, who repair to our armies, uſurp upon the converſation of reaſonable men, under the notion of having fire.

The word has not been of greater uſe to ſhallow lovers, to ſupply them with chat to their miſtreſſes, than it has been to pretended men of pleaſure, to ſupport them in being pert and dull, and ſaying of every fool of their order, 'Such a one has fire.' There is colonel Truncheon, who marches with diviſions ready on all occaſions; an hero who never doubted in his life, but is ever poſitively fixed in the wrong, not out of obſtinate opinion, but invincible ſtupidity.

It is very unhappy for this latitude of London, that it is poſſible for ſuch as can learn only faſhion, habit, and a ſet of common phraſes of ſalutation, to paſs with no other accompliſh-

ments, in this nation of freedom, for men of converſation and ſenſe. All theſe ought to pretend to is, not to offend; but they carry it ſo far, as to be negligent whether they offend or not; 'for they have fire.' But their force differs from true ſpirit, as much as a vicious from a mettleſome horſe. A man of fire is a general enemy to all the waiters where you drink; is the only man affronted at the company's being neglected; and makes the drawers abroad, his valet de chambre, and footman at home, know he is not to be provoked without danger.

This is not the fire that animates the noble Marinus °, a youth of good nature, affability, and moderation. He commands his ſhip as an intelligence moves its orb: he is the vital life, and his officers the limbs of the machine. His vivacity is ſeen in doing all the offices of life with readineſs of ſpirit, and propriety in the manner of doing them. To be ever active in laudable purſuits, is the diſtinguiſhing character of a man of merit; while the common behaviour of every gay coxcomb of fire is, to be confidently in the wrong, and dare to perſiſt in it.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 29.

It is a common objection againſt writings of a ſatirical mixture, that they hurt men in their reputations, and conſequently in their fortunes and poſſeſſions: but a gentleman who frequents

° Lord Forbes is ſuppoſed to have been the real perſon here alluded to, for he was at this time a naval officer, as well as guidon in the land-forces. See N° 271, and note.

this room declared he was of opinion it ought to be ſo, provided ſuch performances had their proper reſtrictions. The greateſt evils in human ſociety are ſuch as no law can come at; as in the caſe of ingratitude, where the manner of obliging very often leaves the benefactor without means of demanding juſtice, though that very circumſtance ſhould be the more binding to the perſon who has received the benefit. On ſuch an occaſion, ſhall it be poſſible for the malefactor to eſcape? And is it not lawful to ſet marks upon perſons who live within the law, and do baſe things? Shall not we uſe the ſame protection of thoſe laws to puniſh them, which they have to defend themſelves? We ſhall therefore take it for a very moral action to find a good appellation for offenders, and to turn them into ridicule under feigned names.

I am advertiſed by a letter of Auguſt 25, that the name of Copperſmith has very much wanted explanation in the city, and by that means is unjuſtly given, by thoſe who are conſcious they deſerve it themſelves, to an honeſt and worthy citizen belonging to the Copper-office; but that word is framed out of a moral conſideration of wealth amongſt men, whereby he that has gotten any part of it by injuſtice and extortion, is to be thought in the eye of virtuous men ſo much the poorer for ſuch gain. Thus, all the gold which is torn from our neighbours by making advantage of their wants, is copper; and I authoriſe the Lombards to diſtinguiſh themſelves accordingly. All the honeſt, who make a reaſonable profit, both for the advantage of them-

ſelves and thoſe they deal with, are goldſmiths; but thoſe who tear unjuſtly all they can, copper-ſmiths. At the ſame time, I deſire him who is moſt guilty, to ſit down ſatisfied with riches and contempt, and be known by the title of 'The Copper-ſmith [p];' as being the chief of that reſpected, contemptible fraternity.

This is the caſe of all others mentioned in our lucubrations; particularly of Stentor, who goes on in his vociferations at St. Paul's with ſo much obſtinacy, that he has received admonition from St. Peter's for it, from a perſon of eminent wit and piety [q]; but who is by old age reduced to the infirmity of ſleeping at a ſervice, to which he had been fifty years attentive; and whoſe death, whenever it happens, may, with that of the ſaints, well be called 'falling aſleep:' for the innocence of his life makes him expect it as indifferently as he does his ordinary reſt. This gives him a cheerfulneſs of ſpirit to rally on his own weakneſs, and hath made him write to Stentor to hearken to my admonitions. 'Brother Stentor,' ſaid he, 'for the repoſe of the church, hearken to Bickerſtaff; and conſider that, while

[p] The tranſlator of the Tatler into French, under the title of Le Babillard, and Le Nouveliſte Philoſophe ſays, that ſir H. Mackworth was ſuppoſed to be alluded to here. Among Yalden's Poems, there is one to ſir H. Mackworth on working the mines.

[q] Dr. South, whoſe unremitted attention to divine ſervice here hinted at, is taken notice of by the author of an oration at his funeral, in the following manner: '*Quamdiu per valetudinem licuit, horas ſacris celebrandis inſtitutas ita obſervabat ut ſol vices diurnas et nocturnas vix obiret conſtantior.*' See Tatler, N° 205, and N° 211.

you are ſo devout at Saint Paul's, we cannot ſleep for you at Saint Peter's.'

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 29.

THERE has been lately ſent me a much harder queſtion than was ever yet put to me, ſince I profeſſed aſtrology; to wit, how far, and to what age, women ought to make their beauty their chief concern? The regard and care of their faces and perſons are as variouſly to be conſidered, as their complexions themſelves differ; but if one may tranſgreſs againſt the careful practice of the fair ſex ſo much as to give an opinion againſt it, I humbly preſume, that leſs care, better applied, would increaſe their empire, and make it laſt as long as life. Whereas now, from their own example, we take our eſteem of their merit from it; for it is very juſt that ſhe who values herſelf only on her beauty, ſhould be regarded by others on no other conſideration.

There is certainly a liberal and a pedantic education among women as well as men; and the merit laſts accordingly. She, therefore, that is bred with freedom and in good company, conſiders men according to their reſpective characters and diſtinctions; while ſhe, that is locked up from ſuch obſervations, will conſider her father's butler, not as a butler, but as a man. In like manner, when men converſe with women, the well-bred and intelligent are looked upon with an obſervation ſuitable to their different talents and accompliſhments, without reſpect to their ſex; while a mere woman can be obſerved

under no conſideration but that of a woman; and there can be but one reaſon for placing any value upon her, or loſing time in her company. Wherefore, I am of opinion, that the rule for pleaſing long is, to obtain ſuch qualifications as would make them ſo, were they not women.

Let the beauteous Cleomira then ſhew us her real face, and know that every ſtage of life has its peculiar charms, and that there is no neceſſity for fifty to be fifteen. That childiſh colouring of her cheeks is now as ungraceful, as that ſhape would have been when her face wore its real countenance. She has ſenſe and ought to know, that if ſhe will not follow nature, nature will follow her. Time then has made that perſon which had, when I viſited her grandfather, an agreeable bloom, ſprightly air, and ſoft utterance, now no leſs graceful in a lovely aſpect, an awful manner, and maternal wiſdom. But her heart was ſo ſet upon her firſt character, that ſhe neglects and repines at her preſent; not that ſhe is againſt a more ſtayed conduct in others, for ſhe recommends gravity, circumſpection, and ſeverity of countenance to her daughter. Thus, againſt all chronology, the girl is the ſage, the mother the fine lady.

But theſe great evils proceed from an unaccountable wild method in the education of the better half of the world, the women. We have no ſuch thing as a ſtandard for good breeding. I was the other day at my lady Wealthy's, and aſked one of her daughters how ſhe did? She anſwered, ſhe never converſed with men. The ſame day I viſited at lady Plantwell's, and aſked

her daughter the ſame queſtion. She anſwers, 'What is that to you, you old thief?' and gives me a ſlap on the ſhoulders.

I defy any man in England, except he knows the family before he enters, to be able to judge whether he ſhall be agreeable or not, when he comes into it. You find either ſome odd old woman, who is permitted to rule as long as ſhe lives, in hopes of her death, and to interrupt all things; or ſome impertinent young woman, who will talk ſillily upon the ſtrength of looking beautifully. I will not anſwer for it, but it may be, that I (like all other old fellows) have a fondneſs for the faſhions and manners which prevailed when I was young and in faſhion myſelf. But certain it is, that the taſte of grace and beauty is very much lowered. The fine women they ſhew me now-a-days are at beſt but pretty girls to me who have ſeen Sachariſſa [r], when all the world repeated the poems ſhe inſpired; and Villaria [s], when a youthful king was her ſubject. The 'things' you follow and make ſongs on now, ſhould be ſent to knit or ſit down to bobbins or bone-lace: they are indeed neat, and ſo are their ſempſtreſſes; they are pretty, and ſo are their hand-maids. But that graceful

[r] 'C'etoit une comteſſe dont j'ai oublié le nom. Je croi que c'eſt celle de Dorſet.' Le Nouveliſte Philoſophe.

Lady Dorothy Sidney, daughter to lord Leiceſter, and afterwards wife of the earl of Sunderland, celebrated by Waller under the feigned name of Sachariſſa.

[s] The ducheſs of Cleveland. See N° 50, and notes. Voltaire ſays this ducheſs uſed to viſit Wycherley at his chambers in the Temple, dreſſed like a country maid in a ſtraw hat, with pattens on, and a baſket or box in her hand.

motion, that awful mien, and that winning attraction, which grew upon them from the thoughts and converſations they met with in my time, are now no more ſeen. They tell me I am old: I am glad I am ſo; for I do not like your preſent young ladies.

Thoſe among us who ſet up for any thing of decorum, do ſo miſtake the matter, that they offend on the other ſide. Five young ladies, who are of no ſmall fame for their great ſeverity of manners and exemplary behaviour, would lately go no where with their lovers but to an organ-loft in a church; where they had a cold treat, and ſome few opera ſongs, to their great refreſhment and edification. Whether theſe prudent perſons had not been as much ſo if this had been done at a tavern, is not very hard to determine. It is ſuch ſilly ſtarts and incoherence as theſe which undervalue the beauteous ſex, and puzzle us in our choice of ſweetneſs of temper, and ſimplicity of manners, which are the only laſting charms of woman. But I muſt leave this important ſubject, at preſent, for ſome matters which preſs for publication; as you will obſerve in the following letter:

'London, Aug. 26, Artillery-Ground.

'DEAR SIR,

'IT is natural for diſtant relations to claim kindred with a riſing family; though at this time zeal to my country, not intereſt, calls me out. The city-forces being ſhortly to take the field, all good proteſtants would be pleaſed that their arms and valour ſhould ſhine with

equal luſtre. A council of war was lately held, the honourable colonel Mortar being preſident. After many debates, it was unanimouſly reſolved, that major Blunder, a moſt expert officer, ſhould be detached for Birmingham, to buy arms, and to prove his firelocks on the ſpot, as well to prevent expence, as diſappointment in the day of battle. The major being a perſon of conſummate experience, was inveſted with a diſcretionary power. He knew, from ancient ſtory, that ſecuring the rear, and making a glorious retreat, was the moſt celebrated piece of conduct. Accordingly ſuch meaſures were taken to prevent ſurpriſe in the rear of his arms, that even Pallas herſelf, in the ſhape of ruſt, could not invade them. They were drawn into cloſe order, firmly embodied, and arrived ſecurely without touch-holes [t]. Great and national actions deſerve popular applauſe; and as praiſe is no expence to the public, therefore, deareſt kinſman, I communicate this to you, as well to oblige this nurſery of heroes, as to do juſtice to my native country. I am,

Your moſt affectionate kinſman,

OFFSPRING TWIG.

[t] A war-horſe, belonging to one of the colonels of the artillery, to be let or ſold. He may be ſeen adorned with ribbands, and ſet forth to the beſt advantage the next training day.'

[t] See N° 41, N° 60, N° 79, N° 265, and notes.

N° 62. Thurſday, September 1, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whatever good is done, whatever ill——
By human kind, ſhall this collection fill.'

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 31.

THIS place being frequented by perſons of condition, I am deſired to recommend a dog-kennel to any who ſhall want a pack [u]. It lies not far from Suffolk-ſtreet, and is kept by two who were formerly dragoons in the French ſervice: but left plundering for the more orderly life of keeping dogs: beſides that according to their expectation, they find it more profitable, as well as more conducing to the ſafety of their ſkins, to follow this trade than the beat of drum. Their reſidence is very convenient for the dogs to whelp in, and bring up a right breed to fol-

[u] It is both diſagreeable and unneceſſary to be very particular in remarking on this number.

Of the dogs that underwent the ſevere chaſtiſement of this paper, many were hanged ſoon after the date of it; and ſeveral ſaved the hangman the exerciſe of his office. Some got off with only the loſs of their ears, they even devoured one another, and of the whole pack there is not one alive at this day. Such as have any curioſity to know more of their *alias* names, their miſchievous pranks, or their miſerable ends, may conſult the Memoirs of Gameſters, and the records of the Old-Bailey.

low the ſcent. The moſt eminent of the kennel are blood-hounds, which lead the van and are as follow:

A Liſt of the Dogs.

Jowler, of a right Iriſh breed, called Captain.

Rockwood, of French race, with long hair, by the courteſy of England, called alſo Captain.

Pompey, a tall hound, kennelled in a convent in France, and knows a rich ſoil.

Theſe two laſt hunt in couple, and are followed by

Ringwood, a French black whelp of the ſame breed, a fine open-mouthed dog; and an old ſick hound, always in kennel, but of the true blood, with a good noſe, French breed.

There is alſo an Italian greyhound, with good legs, and knows perfectly the ground from Ghent to Paris.

Ten ſetting-dogs, right Engliſh.

Four mongrels of the ſame nation.

And twenty whelps, fit for any game.

Theſe curs are ſo extremely hungry, that they are too keen at the ſport, and worry their game before the keepers can come in. The other day a wild boar from the north ruſhed into the kennel, and at firſt, indeed, defended himſelf againſt the whole pack; but they proved at laſt too many for him, and tore twenty-five pounds of fleſh from off his back, with which they filled their bellies, and made ſo great a noiſe in the

neighbourhood, that the keepers are obliged to haſten the ſale. That quarter of the town where they are kennelled is generally inhabited by ſtrangers, whoſe blood the hounds have often ſucked in ſuch a manner, that many a German count, and other virtuoſi who came from the continent, have loſt the intention of their travels, and been unable to proceed on their journey.

If theſe hounds are not very ſoon diſpoſed of to ſome good purchaſer, as alſo thoſe at the kennels nearer Saint James's, it is humbly propoſed, that they may be all together tranſported to America, where the dogs are few, and the wild beaſts many: or that, during their ſtay in theſe parts, ſome eminent juſtice of the peace may have it in particular direction to viſit their harbours; and that the ſheriff of Middleſex may allow him the aſſiſtance of the common hangman to cut off their ears, or part of them, for diſtinction-ſake, that we may know the blood-hounds from the mongrels and ſetters. Until theſe things are regulated, you may inquire at an houſe belonging to Paris, at the upper-end of Suffolk-ſtreet, or an houſe belonging to Ghent, oppoſite to the lower end of Pall-mall, and know further.

It were to be wiſhed that theſe curs were diſpoſed of, for it is a very great nuiſance to have them tolerated in cities. That of London takes care, that the Common Hunt, aſſiſted by the ſerjeants and bailiffs, expel them whenever they are found within the walls; though it is ſaid, ſome private families keep them, to the deſtruction of their neighbours: but it is deſired, that

all who know of any of theſe curs, or have been bit by them, would ſend me their marks, and the houſes where they are harboured: and I do not doubt but I ſhall alarm the people ſo well, as to have them uſed like mad dogs wherever they appear. In the mean time, I adviſe all ſuch as entertain this kind of vermin, that if they give me timely notice that their dogs are diſmiſſed, I ſhall let them go unregarded: otherwiſe am obliged to admoniſh my fellow-ſubjects in this behalf, and inſtruct them how to avoid being worried, when they are going about their lawful profeſſions and callings. There was lately a young gentleman bit to the bone; who has now indeed recovered his health, but is as lean as a ſkeleton. It grieved my heart to ſee a gentleman's ſon run among the hounds, but he is, they tell me, as fleet and as dangerous as the beſt of the pack.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 31.

THIS evening was ſpent at our table in diſcourſe of propriety of words and thoughts, which is Mr. Dryden's definition of wit: but a very odd fellow, who would intrude upon us, and has a briſkneſs of imagination more like madneſs than regular thoughts, ſaid, that Harry Jacks was the firſt who told him of the taking of the citadel of Tournay; 'and,' ſays he, 'Harry deſerves a ſtatue more than the boy who ran to the ſenate with a thorn in his foot, to tell of a victory.' We were aſtoniſhed at the aſſertion, and Spondee aſked him, 'What affi-

nity is there between that boy and Harry, that you ſay their merit has ſo near a reſemblance as you juſt now told us?' 'Why,' ſays he, 'Harry, you know, is in the French intereſt; and it was more pain to him to tell the ſtory of Tournay, than to the boy to run upon a thorn to relate the victory which he was glad of.' The gentleman, who was in the chair upon the ſubject of propriety of words and thoughts, would by no means allow, that there was wit in this compariſon; and urged, that to have any thing gracefully ſaid, it muſt be natural; but that whatſoever was introduced in common diſcourſe with ſo much premeditation, was inſufferable. That critic went on: 'Had Mr. Jacks,' ſaid he, 'told him the citadel was taken, and another had anſwered, "he deſerves a ſtatue as well as the Roman boy, for he told it with as much pain," it might have paſſed for a ſprightly expreſſion: but there is a wit for diſcourſe, and a wit for writing. The eaſineſs and familiarity of the firſt is not to favour in the leaſt of ſtudy; but the exactneſs of the other is to admit of ſomething like the freedom of diſcourſe, eſpecially in treaties of humanity, and what regards the belles lettres. I do not in this allow, that Bickerſtaff's Tatlers, or diſcourſes of wit by retail, and for the penny, ſhould come within the deſcription of writing.' I bowed at his compliment, and—But he would not let me proceed.

You ſee in no place of converſation the perfection of ſpeech ſo much as in an accompliſhed woman. Whether it be, that there is a partiality irreſiſtible when we judge of that ſex, or

whatever it is, you may obſerve a wonderful freedom in their utterance, and an eaſy flow of words, without being diſtracted (as we often are who read much) in the choice of dictions and phraſes. My lady Courtly is an inſtance of this. She was talking the other day of dreſs, and did it with ſo excellent an air and geſture, that you would have ſworn ſhe had learned her action from our Demoſthenes. Beſides which, her words were ſo particularly well adapted to the matter ſhe talked of, that though dreſs was a new thing to us men, ſhe avoided the terms of art in it, and deſcribed an unaffected garb and manner in ſo proper terms, that ſhe came up to that of Horace's *ſimplex munditiis* *; which whoever can tranſlate in two words, has as much eloquence as lady Courtly. I took the liberty to tell her, that all ſhe had ſaid, with ſo much good grace, was ſpoken in two words in Horace, but would not undertake to tranſlate them; upon which ſhe ſmiled, and told me, ſhe believed me a very great ſcholar; and I took my leave.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 31.

I HAVE been juſt now reading the introduction to the hiſtory of Catiline by Salluſt, an author who is very much in my favour; but when I reflect upon his profeſſing himſelf wholly diſintereſted, and at the ſame time ſee how induſtriouſly he has avoided ſaying any

* See N° 212.

thing to the praiſe of Cicero [y], to whoſe vigilance the commonwealth owed its ſafety, it very much leſſens my eſteem for that writer; and is one argument, among others, for laughing at all who pretend to be out of the intereſts of the world, and profeſs purely to act for the ſervice of mankind without the leaſt regard to themſelves. I do not deny but that the rewards are different; ſome aim at riches, others at honour, by their public ſervices. However, they are all purſuing ſome end to themſelves, though indeed thoſe ends differ as much as right and wrong. The moſt graceful way, then, I ſhould think, would be to acknowledge, that you aim at ſerving yourſelves; but at the ſame time make it appear, it is for the ſervice of others that you have theſe opportunities.

Of all the diſintereſted profeſſors I have ever heard of, I take the boatſwain of Dampier's ſhip [z] to be the moſt impudent, but the moſt

[y] See Tat. N° 81. This affectation might be owing to the mutual hatred that ſubſiſted, as we are told, between Salluſt and Cicero. The enmity between theſe two writers, of widely different characters, muſt have been great indeed, if the bitter invectives that bear their names are to be conſidered as genuine. They are very curious ſpecimens of Roman ribaldry, of ſome value for the ſake of their language, which is in the beſt ſtyle of latinity. The oration aſcribed to Salluſt, if not a real original, is an artful imitation of his manner of writing. From the declamation fathered on Cicero, it appears that Salluſt's averſion to the orator was merely perſonal, and did not extend to his wife Terentia, or to his daughter Tullia. See Script. Hiſt. Rom. t. ii. p. 768, Heidelb. f. 3 tom. 1743; and Cicer. Opera, t. iii. 3329, ed. Verburgij, Amſt. 1724.

[z] See Dampier's Voyages.

excuſeable. You are to know, that in the wild ſearches that navigator was making, they happened to be out at ſea far diſtant from any ſhore, in want of all the neceſſaries of life; inſomuch that they began to look, not without hunger, on each other. The boatſwain was a fat, healthy, freſh fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew. In ſuch an extreme neceſſity, all forms of ſuperiority were laid aſide: the captain and lieutenant were ſafe only by being carrion, and the unhappy boatſwain in danger only by being worth eating. To be ſhort, the company were unanimous, and the boatſwain muſt be cut up. He ſaw their intention, and deſired he might ſpeak a few words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he delivered himſelf as follows:

'Gentlemen Sailors,

'Far be it that I ſhould ſpeak it for any private intereſt of my own; but I take it that I ſhould not die with a good conſcience, if I did not confeſs to you, that I am not ſound. I ſay, gentlemen, juſtice, and the teſtimony of a good conſcience, as well as love of my country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own, that Black Kate at Deptford has made me very unſafe to eat; and I ſpeak it with ſhame, I am afraid, gentlemen, I ſhould poiſon you.'

This ſpeech had a good effect in the boatſwain's favour; but the ſurgeon of the ſhip proteſted he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the firſt ſteak of him himſelf.

The boatſwain replied, like an orator, with a true notion of the people, and in hopes to gain time, that he was heartily glad if he could be for their ſervice; and thanked the ſurgeon for his information. 'However,' ſaid he, 'I muſt inform you, for your own good, that I have ever ſince my cure been very thirſty and dropſical; therefore, I preſume, it would be much better to tap me, and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no man in the ſhip fit to be drunk.' As he was going on with his harangue, a freſh gale aroſe, and gave the crew hopes of a better repaſt at the neareſt ſhore, to which they arrived next morning.

Moſt of the ſelf-denials we meet with are of this ſort; therefore I think he acts faireſt who owns, he hopes at leaſt to have brother's fare, without profeſſing that he gives himſelf up with pleaſure to be devoured for the preſervation of his fellows.

'*To the bookſellers, or others, whom this advertiſement may concern.*

'Mr. Omicron[a], the unborn poet, gives notice, that he writes all treatiſes, as well in verſe as proſe, being a ninth ſon, and tranſlates out of all languages, without learning or ſtudy.

[a] The writer of this note has been told, on very reſpectable authority, that Mr. Oldmixon was ſuppoſed to have been here ridiculed under the name of Mr. Omicron. See N° 43, and N° 71, where Steele objects to this application of Omicron. Nevertheleſs Addiſon might have here had Oldmixon in his eye.

'If any bookſeller will treat for his paſtoral on the ſiege and ſurrender of the citadel of Tournay, he muſt ſend in his propoſals before the news of a capitulation for any other town.

'The undertaker for either playhouſe may have an opera written by him; or, if it ſhall ſuit their deſign, a ſatire upon operas; both ready for next winter [b].'

'This is to give notice, that Richard Farloe, M. A. well known for his acuteneſs in diſſection of dead bodies, and his great ſkill in oſteology, has now laid by that practice; and having, by great ſtudy and much labour, acquired the knowledge of an antidote for all the moſt common maladies of the ſtomach, is removed, and may be applied to, at any time of the day, in the ſouth entrance from Newgate-ſtreet into Chriſt's hoſpital.'

[b] Oldmixon is celebrated by Pope in his Dunciad, b. ii. l. 83. Pope's Works, vol. iii. Lond. 12mo. 1770, 6 vol. The commentator on Pope's Works tells us that Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, was the moſt ancient critic of our nation; that he was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a ſmall place which he enjoyed to his death. He adds, that he was an unjuſt cenſurer of Addiſon, whom he miſrepreſents in a plain matter of fact, quoting the Spectator as abuſing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the leaſt hint of it, &c. *ut ſupra*, p. 138.

N° 63[c]. Saturday, September 3, 1709.
ADDISON, STEELE, AND SWIFT.

White's Chocolate-house, September 2.

'Of the Enjoyment of Life with regard to others.'

I HAVE ever thought it the greateſt diminution to the Roman glory imaginable, that in their inſtitution of public triumphs, they led

[c] N° 32, was aſcribed to Swift and Addiſon, but in the interval of time between the dates of that and this paper, Steele received another packet or two from Ireland, from whence Addiſon returned to England in the month of September. This may be fairly inferred from N° 59, where the letter ſigned Obadiah Greenhat has been ſuppoſed to be Swift's, for reaſons ſtated in the notes upon it. N° 59 might indeed have borne the triple ſuperſcription of this paper. The articles of news were all written by Steele, who was then gazetteer, and, uſeleſs as they are now, promoted probably the ſale and circulation of the Tatler on its firſt publication. To ſay nothing, therefore, of the news in N° 59,—the article from White's, the introduction to Mr. Greenhat's letter, and what immediately follows it, concluding with the quotation from Horace, ſeem to make up the whole of Steele's portion of the paper.

There is nothing in N° 59 to which Steele may not fairly be thought equal. Nevertheleſs, 'the ſmall voices,' 'the ſhort arms,' 'the left-handedneſs,' and other characteriſtics of the Greenhat-family, all things conſidered, appear to be Addiſonian; and countenance an opinion, that the hiſtory of the Greenhats was tranſmitted to Steele along with their nameſake's letter.

It can hardly be thought that a packet from Addiſon, to a boſom friend, and for the purpoſe of a work which he honoured with more than his approbation, ſhould contain nothing at all from himſelf. It is much more likely that it in-

their enemies in chains when they were priſoners. It is to be allowed that doing all ho-

cloſed a large contribution of his own communications. It ſeems probable that it contained not only the Hiſtory of Orlando the Fair, which the editor, with an œconomy dictated by indolence, divided into two chapters, and publiſhed in N° 50 and N° 51; but alſo the elegant account of Delamira's reſignation of her fan, and perhaps the memoirs of Neſtor, in N° 52. The papers entituled The Civil Huſband, and On the Government of Affection, printed with dates correſponding to this ſuppoſition, in N° 53 and N° 54, appear to have been conveyed to Steele from Dublin. They are all of them obviouſly of a perſonal nature, and the two laſt ſeem to allude particularly to people of faſhion; for Duumvir's fair wig coſt forty guineas; the introductory note to N° 32 will therefore account for their not being inſerted in Steele's liſt of Addiſon's papers, delivered to Mr. Tickell. The article from Will's, in N° 58, another in N° 62, the advertiſement concerning Mr. Omicron, and two or three more paragraphs, all publiſhed about this time, but too inconſiderable for notice in the general allotment of the work, ſeem likewiſe to have croſſed the water in their way to Mr. Morphew. Theſe hints are offered only in the way of conjecture, and with diffidence.

In this new aſſignment of N° 63, there is not ſo much preſumption, conſidering what has been ſaid on N° 32, what may be ſeen in N° 59, and what appears on the face of the paper itſelf.

That part of it which treats of the enjoyment of life with regard to others, had probably this title or endorſement in the original MS.; the papers and parts of papers which have now the titles before-mentioned prefixed to them in N°s 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, and 63, were very probably ſo deſignated, by the hand or order of Addiſon.

The obſervations on the uſe and application of ridicule, where perhaps 'more is meant than meets the ear,' might have juſt at this time dropped, pertinently enough, from the pen of Steele.

The third allotment to Swift, is offered with more confidence, and reſted on the deciſion of every intelligent reader, as it refers to the ſequel of the ridiculous *hiſtoriette* of Madonella, which might likewiſe have been entitled, and not im-

nour to the ſuperiority of heroes above the reſt of mankind, muſt needs conduce to the glory and advantage of a nation: but what ſhocks the imagination to reflect upon is, that a polite people ſhould think it reaſonable, that an unhappy man, who was no way inferior to the victor but by the chance of war, ſhould be led like a ſlave at the wheels of his chariot. Indeed, theſe other circumſtances of a triumph, that it was not allowed in a civil war, leſt one part ſhould be in tears, while the other was making acclamations; that it ſhould not be granted, except ſuch a number were ſlain in battle; that the general ſhould be diſgraced who made a falſe muſter of his dead; theſe, I ſay, had great and politic ends in their being eſtabliſhed, and tended to the apparent benefit of the commonwealth. But this behaviour to the conquered had no foundation in nature or policy, only to gratify the inſolence of an haughty people, who triumphed over barbarous nations, by acting what was fit only for thoſe very barbarians to practiſe. It ſeems wonderful, that they who were ſo refined as to take care, that to complete the honour done to the victorious officer, no power ſhould be known above him in the empire on the day of his triumph, but that the conſuls themſelves ſhould be but gueſts

properly, A ſhort Supplement to the Memoirs of the New Atalantis. If it be ſuperior in regard of wit and compoſition to the very beſt narratives in that ſcandalous chronicle, it is certainly on a footing with the very worſt of them in reſpect of its want of veracity and good-nature. See N° 177, note.

at his table that evening, could not take it into thought to make the man of chief note among his priſoners one of the company. This would have improved the gladneſs of the occaſion; and the victor had made a much greater figure, in that no other man appeared unhappy on his day, than becauſe no other man appeared great.

But we will wave at preſent ſuch important incidents, and turn our thoughts rather to the familiar part of human life, and we ſhall find, that the great buſineſs we contend for is in a leſs degree what thoſe Romans did on more ſolemn occaſions, to triumph over our fellow-creatures; and there is hardly a man to be found, who would not rather be in pain to appear happy, than be really happy and thought miſerable. This men attempt by ſumptuous equipages, ſplendid houſes, numerous ſervants, and all the cares and purſuits of an ambitious or faſhionable life.

Bromio and Tabio are particularly ill-wiſhers to each other, and rivals in happineſs. There is no way in nature ſo good to procure the eſteem of the one, as to give him little notices of certain ſecret points, wherein the other is uneaſy. Gnatho has the ſkill of doing this, and never applauds the improvements Bromeo has been many years making, and ever will be making, but he adds, 'Now this very thing was my thought when Tabio was pulling up his underwood, yet he never would hear of it; but now your gardens are in this poſture, he is ready to hang himſelf. Well, to be ſincere, that ſituation of his can never make an agreeable ſeat;

he may make his houſe and appurtenances what he pleaſes, but he cannot remove them to the ſame ground where Bromio's ſtands; and, of all things under the ſun, a man that is happy at ſecond-hand is the moſt monſtrous.' 'It is a very ſtrange madneſs,' anſwers Bromio, 'if a man on theſe occaſions can think of any end but pleaſing himſelf. As for my part, if things are convenient, I hate all oſtentation. There is no end of the folly of adapting our affairs to the imagination of others.' Upon which, the next thing he does is to enlarge whatever he hears his rival has attempted to imitate him in; but their misfortune is, that they are in their time of life, in their eſtates, and in their underſtandings, equal; ſo that the emulation may continue to the laſt day of their lives. As it ſtands now, Tabio has heard, that Bromio has lately purchaſed two hundred a year in the annuities ſince he laſt ſettled the account of their happineſs, in which he thought himſelf to have the balance. This may ſeem a very fantaſtical way of thinking in theſe men; but there is nothing ſo common, as a man's endeavouring rather to go farther than ſome other perſon towards an eaſy fortune, than to form any certain ſtandard that would make himſelf happy.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 2.

MR. DACTYLE has been this evening very profuſe of his eloquence upon the talent of turning things into ridicule; and ſeemed to ſay very juſtly, that there was generally in it ſome-

thing too diſingenuous for the ſociety of liberal men, except it were governed by the circumſtances of perſons, time, and place. 'This talent,' continued he, 'is to be uſed as a man does his ſword, not to be drawn but in his own defence, or to bring pretenders and impoſtors in ſociety to a true light. But we have ſeen this faculty ſo miſtaken, that the burleſque of Virgil himſelf has paſſed, among men of little taſte, for wit; and the nobleſt thoughts that can enter into the heart of man levelled with ribaldry and baſeneſs: though, by the rules of juſtice, no man ought to be ridiculed for any imperfection, who does not ſet up for eminent ſufficiency in that way wherein he is defective. Thus cowards, who would hide themſelves by an affected terror in their mien and dreſs; and pedants, who would ſhew the depth of their knowledge by a ſupercilious gravity, are equally the objects of laughter. Not that they are in themſelves ridiculous, for their want of courage, or weakneſs of underſtanding; but that they ſeem inſenſible of their own place in life, and unhappily rank themſelves with thoſe whoſe abilities, compared to their defects, make them contemptible. At the ſame time it muſt be remarked, that riſibility being the effect of reaſon, a man ought to be expelled from ſober company who laughs without it.' 'Ha! ha!' ſays Will Truby, who ſat by, 'will any man pretend to give me laws when I ſhould laugh, or tell me what I ſhould laugh at?' 'Look ye,' anſwered Humphry Slyboots, 'you are mightily miſtaken; you may, if you pleaſe, make what noiſe you

will, and nobody can hinder an Engliſh gentleman from putting his face into what poſture he thinks fit; but, take my word for it, that motion which you now make with your mouth open, and the agitation of your ſtomach, which you relieve by holding your ſides, is not laughter: laughter is a more weighty thing than you imagine; and I will tell you a ſecret, you never did laugh in your life: and truly I am afraid you never will, except you take great care to be cured of thoſe convulſive fits.' Truby left us, and, when he had got two yards from us, 'Well,' ſaid he, 'you are ſtrange fellows!' and was immediately taken with another fit.

The Trubies are a well-natured family, whoſe particular make is ſuch, that they have the ſame pleaſure out of good-will, which other people have in that ſcorn which is the cauſe of laughter: therefore their burſting into the figures of men, when laughing, proceeds only from a general benevolence they are born with; as the Slyboots ſmile only on the greateſt occaſion of mirth; which difference is cauſed rather from a different ſtructure of their organs, than that one is leſs moved than the other. I know Sourly frets inwardly, when Will Truby laughs at him; but when I meet him, and he burſts out, I know it is out of his abundant joy to ſee me, which he expreſſes by that vociferation which is in others laughter. But I ſhall defer conſidering this ſubject at large, until I come to my treatiſe of oſcitation, laughter, and ridicule.

From my own Apartment, September 2.

THE following letter being a panegyric upon me for a quality which every man may attain, an acknowledgment of his faults; I thought it for the good of my fellow-writers to publiſh it.

'SIR,

'IT muſt be allowed, that eſquire Bickerſtaff is of all authors the moſt ingenuous. There are few, very few, that will own themſelves in a miſtake, though all the world ſee them to be in downright nonſenſe. You will be pleaſed, ſir, to pardon this expreſſion, for the ſame reaſon for which you once deſired us to excuſe you, when you ſeemed any thing dull. Moſt writers, like the generality of Paul [d] Lorraine's ſaints, ſeem to place a peculiar vanity in dying hard. But you ſir, to ſhew a good example to your brethren, have not only confeſſed, but of your own accord mended the indictment. Nay, you have been ſo good-natured as to diſcover beauties in it, which, I will aſſure you, he that drew it never dreamed of. And, to make your civility the more accompliſhed, you have honoured him with the title of your kinſman, which, though derived by the left-hand, he is not a little proud of. My brother, for ſuch Obadiah is, being at preſent very buſy about nothing, has ordered me to return you his ſincere thanks for all theſe favours; and, as a ſmall token of his gratitude, to communicate to you the following piece of

[d] See Spect. N° 338.

intelligence, which, he thinks, belongs more properly to you, than to any others of our modern hiſtorians.

'Madonella [e], who, as it was thought, had long ſince taken her flight towards the ethereal manſions, ſtill walks, it ſeems, in the regions of mortality; where ſhe has found, by deep reflections on the revolution mentioned in yours of June the twenty-third, that where early inſtructions have been wanting to imprint true ideas of things on the tender ſouls of thoſe of her ſex, they are never after able to arrive at ſuch a pitch of perfection, as to be above the laws of matter and motion; laws which are conſiderably enforced by the principles uſually imbibed in nurſeries and boarding-ſchools. To remedy this evil, ſhe has laid the ſcheme of a college for young damſels; where (inſtead of ſciſſars, needles, and ſamplers) pens, compaſſes, quadrants, books, manuſcripts, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, are to take up their whole time. Only on holidays the ſtudents will, for moderate exerciſe, be allowed to divert themſelves with the uſe of ſome of the lighteſt and moſt voluble weapons; and proper care will be taken to give them at leaſt a ſuperficial tincture of the ancient and modern Amazonian tactics. Of theſe military performances, the direction is undertaken by Epicene [f], the writer of Memoirs from the

[e] See N° 32, note on Mrs. Mary Aſtell.

[f] Epicene means Mrs. D. Manley. This lady, having probably no knowledge or ſuſpicion of the real author of what is ſaid of her here, aimed her reſentment at the oſtenſible editor, whom ſhe took all occaſions to traduce and ca-

Mediterranean, who, by the help of ſome artificial poiſons conveyed by ſmells, has within theſe few weeks brought many perſons of both

lumniate. With this view ſhe penned a furious dedication of her Memoirs of Europe, &c. in 8vo. 1711, to captain Steele, under the fictitious name of Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſq. The letter inſerted in that dedication, and the paragraph immediately following, obviouſly allude to this paper, and furniſh an additional proof that it was not written by Steele, who denies his being the author, in the moſt unequivocal manner, and is charged by the lady with diſingenuouſneſs and falſehood, for ſo doing. See N° 177, note.

Soon after this time, Mrs. D. Manley had the honour to become Swift's amanuenſis and fellow-labourer in the Examiner, in the Narrative of Guiſcard's Examination, in the Learned Comment on Dr. Hare's Sermon, in the Vindication of the D. of Marlborough, &c. &c. &c. She roſe very high in the dean's favour, who pleaded her merits with the miniſtry, ſolicited their generoſity in her behalf, and marked her without a *d* in the number of his grateful beneficiaries. See Supplement to Dr. Swift's Works, vol. i. page xli. and page 2.

Ingenuity has laboured often in vain to explain apparent inconſiſtencies in Swift's character and conduct. In the diſſimilar inſtances above-mentioned he acted uniformly, on the principles of party-ſpirit; having ſhifted ſides in the interval. At the time when this paper was written, Swift was avowedly on the ſame ſide with Addiſon and Steele, and a whig by profeſſion: his notorious deſertion from that party did not take place, nor his virulent abuſe of it begin, until a full year after this date. In the beginning of September, 1710, he was introduced to Mr. Harley, doubtleſs at his own deſire, 'as one extremely ill uſed by the laſt miniſtry, after ſome obligations, becauſe he would not go certain lengths they would have him, which was in ſome ſort Mr. Harley's own caſe.' Swift's letters to Stella, in the way of a journal, commence at this period, and furniſh numerous and inconteſtible proofs that he did not heſitate many days about making this change. By abandoning the whigs, he ſeems to have been cured of his former ſqueamiſhneſs, as he ſtuck at nothing to ſerve his new party, and ſoon after complains that they did not go the lengths he would have had them.

ſexes to an untimely fate; and, what is more ſurpriſing, has, contrary to her profeſſion, with the ſame odours, revived others who had long ſince been drowned in the whirlpools of Lethe. Another of the profeſſors is to be a certain lady, who is now publiſhing two of the choiceſt Saxon novels [5], which are ſaid to have been in as great

[5] Mrs. Elizabeth Elſtob, the lady here alluded to, was learned in an extraordinary way, and not only learned but meritorious to a very high degree, for her good diſpoſitions as well as her great acquirements. Her temper and converſation were exceedingly agreeable; and her general deportment, to the advanced age of ſeventy-three, under ſingular viciſſitudes of fortune, was not only inoffenſive and irreproachable, but admirable and exemplary. In affluence ſhe was ſtudious, in want induſtrious; and the meekneſs, reſignation, fortitude, and piety, ſhe manifeſted conſpicuouſly, in ſtruggling many years for a ſcanty livelihood in obſcurity and with bad health, became the ultimate cauſes of her elevation to an eaſy affluent ſtation in the family of the late ducheſs of Portland, where ſhe ſpent the laſt ſeventeen years of her life with cheerfulneſs, comfort, and *great approbation*. The words in italics are added with pleaſure, on the expreſs teſtimony of her illuſtrious patroneſs. Mrs. E. died May 30, 1756, and was buried in St. Margaret's, Weſtminſter. Beſides a competent knowledge of her own and the Latin tongue, ſhe is ſaid to have been miſtreſs of ſeven other languages. She was uncommonly ſkilled in the Anglo-Saxon, of which ſhe wrote a grammar, and in northern antiquities. She publiſhed in 1709, an Engliſh tranſlation, with valuable notes and an excellent preface, of an Anglo-Saxon homily, anciently uſed in the Engliſh-Saxon church, and containing a curious account of the converſion of the Engliſh to Chriſtianity; which ſeems to be the book here ridiculed under the fiction of 'two Saxon novels.' On a ſuppoſition that what is ſaid here was intended for wit, however incomprehenſible, and in the way of banter, however improper, little inquiry has been made; but the annotator believes that no publication under the title of a Saxon novel ever appeared in an Engliſh tranſlation, or ever exiſted in a Saxon original. After all that can be urged in favour of N° 32, and the

repute with the ladies of queen Emma's court, as the Memoirs from the New Atalantis are with thoſe of ours. I ſhall make it my buſineſs to inquire into the progreſs of this learned inſtitution, and give you the firſt notice of their philoſophical tranſactions, and ſearches after nature.

Your's, &c.

TOBIAH GREENHAT.'

N° 64. Tueſday, September 6, 1709.
STEELE.

Quæ caret ora cruore noſtro? HOR. 1 Od. ii. 36.

'What coaſt, encircled by the briny flood,
Boaſts not the glorious tribute of our blood.'

From my own Apartment, September 5.

WHEN I lately ſpoke of triumphs, and the behaviour of the Romans [h] on thoſe occaſions, I knew by my ſkill in aſtrology, that there was a great event approaching to our advantage; but, not having yet taken upon me to tell fortunes, I thought fit to defer the mention of the battle

ſequel of it in this paper, ſurely wit is a poor atonement for ſuch groſs miſrepreſentations of truth, and humour a bad apology for injurious inſinuations of falſehood. The narrative of Madonella throughout, with this witty ſupplement to it, is an inſtance of the juſtice of Mr. Sheridan's remark, 'Swift's power of ridicule was like a flail in his hand, againſt which there was no fence.' Life of Swift, by T. Sheridan, A.M. 1784, 8vo. p. 67. See alſo Tat. in 6 vol. 1786, 12mo. N° 63; and vol. ii. p. 397.

[h] See N° 63, paragr. 1; and N° 65.

near Mons until it happened: which moderation was no ſmall pain to me; but I ſhould wrong my art, if I concealed that ſome of my aerial intelligencers had ſignified to me the news of it even from Paris, before the arrival of lieutenant-colonel Graham in England [1]. All nations, as well as perſons, have their good and evil genius attending them; but the kingdom of France has three, the laſt of which is neither for it nor againſt it in reality; but has for ſome months paſt acted an ambiguous part, and attempted to ſave its ward from the incurſion of its powerful enemies, by little ſubterfuges and tricks, which a nation is more than undone when it is reduced to practiſe. Thus, inſtead of giving exact accounts and repreſentations of things, they tell what is indeed true, but at the ſame time a falſehood when all the circumſtances come to be related. Pacolet was at the court of France on Friday night laſt, when this genius of that kingdom came thither in the ſhape of a poſt-boy, and cried out, that Mons was relieved, and the duke of Marlborough marched. Pacolet was much aſtoniſhed at this account, and immediately changed his form, and flew to the neighbourhood of Mons, from whence he found the allies had really marched; and began to inquire into the reaſons of this ſudden change, and half feared he had heard a truth of the poſture of the

[1] Lieut. col. Graham came expreſs with an account of the battle of Malplaquet, in a letter from the D. of Marlborough to Mr. ſecretary Boyle, dated from the camp at Blaregnies, Sept. 11, N. S. and printed in the appendix to the Annals of Queen Anne, 1709, p. 64, &c.

French affairs, even in their own country. But, upon diligent inquiry among the aerials who attend thoſe regions, and conſultation with the neighbouring peaſants, he was able to bring me the following account of the motions of the armies ſince they retired from about that place, and the action which followed thereupon.

On Saturday the ſeventh of September, N. S. the confederate army was alarmed in their camp at Havre, by intelligence, that the enemy were marching to attack the prince of Heſſe. Upon this advice, the duke of Marlborough commanded that the troops ſhould immediately move; which was accordingly performed, and they were all joined on Sunday the eighth at noon. On that day in the morning it appeared, that inſtead of being attacked, the advanced guard of the detachment, commanded by the prince of Heſſe, had diſperſed and taken priſoners a party of the enemy's horſe, which was ſent out to obſerve the march of the confederates. The French moved from Quiverain on Sunday in the morning, and inclined to the right from thence all that day. The ninth, the Monday following, they continued their march, until on Tueſday, the tenth, they poſſeſſed themſelves of the woods of Dour and Blaugies. As ſoon as they came into that ground, they threw up intrenchments with all expedition. The allies arrived within few hours after the enemy was poſted; but the duke of Marlborough thought fit to wait for the arrival of the reinforcement which he expected from the ſiege of Tournay. Upon notice that theſe troops were ſo far advanced as to be de-

pended on for an action the next day, it was accordingly reſolved to engage the enemy.

It will be neceſſary for underſtanding the greatneſs of the action, and the ſeveral motions made in the time of the engagement, that you have in your mind an idea of the place. The two armies on the eleventh inſtant were both drawn up before the woods of Dour, Blaugies, Sart, and Janſart; the army of the prince of Savoy on the right before that of Blaugies; the forces of Great Britain in the center on his left; thoſe of the high allies, with the wood Sart, as well as a large interval of plain ground, and Janſart on the left of the whole. The enemy were intrenched in the paths of the woods, and drawn up behind two intrenchments overagainſt them, oppoſite to the armies of the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene. There were alſo two lines intrenched in the plains overagainſt the army of the States. This was the poſture of the French and confederate forces when the ſignal was given, and the whole line moved on to the charge.

The Dutch army, commanded by the prince of Heſſe, attacked with the moſt undaunted bravery, and after a very obſtinate reſiſtance, forced the firſt intrenchment of the enemy in the plain between Sart and Janſart; but were repulſed in their attack on the ſecond with great ſlaughter on both ſides. The duke of Marlborough, while this was tranſacting on the left, had with very much difficulty marched through Sart, and beaten the enemy from the ſeveral intrenchments they had thrown up in it. As ſoon as the duke

had marched into the plain, he obſerved the main body of the enemy drawn up and intrenched in the front of his army. This ſituation of the enemy, in the ordinary courſe of war, is uſually thought an advantage hardly to be ſurmounted; and might appear impracticable to any, but that army which had juſt overcome greater difficulties. The duke commanded the troops to form, but to forbear charging until further order. In the mean time he viſited the left of our line, where the troops of the States had been engaged. The ſlaughter on this ſide had been very great [k], and the Dutch incapable of making further progreſs, except they were ſuddenly reinforced. The right of our line was attacked ſoon after their coming upon the plain; but they drove back the enemy with ſuch bravery, that the victory began to incline to the allies by the precipitate retreat of the French to their works, from whence they were immediately beaten. The duke, upon obſerving this advantage on the right, commanded the earl of Orkney to march with a ſufficient number of battalions, to force the enemy from their intrenchments on the plain between the woods of Sart and Janſart; which being performed, the horſe of the allies marched into the plains, covered by their own foot, and forming themſelves in good order; the cavalry of the enemy attempted no more, but to cover the foot in their retreat. The allies made ſo good uſe of the beginning of the victory, that all their troops moved on with freſh reſolution, until they ſaw

[k] See p. 123, N. B. *ad finem.*

the enemy fly before them towards Conde and Maubeuge; after whom proper detachments were ſent, who made a terrible ſlaughter in the purſuit.

In this action it is ſaid, prince Eugene was wounded, as alſo the duke of Aremberg, and lieutenant-general Webb. The count of Oxenſtern, colonel Lalo, and ſir Thomas Pendergraſs, were killed.

This wonderful ſucceſs, obtained under all the difficulties that could be oppoſed in the way of an army, muſt be acknowledged as owing to the genius, courage, and conduct of the duke of Marlborough, a conſummate hero; who has lived not only beyond the time in which Cæſar ſaid he was arrived at a ſatiety of life and glory; but alſo been ſo long the ſubject of panegyric, that it is as hard to ſay any thing new in his praiſe, as to add to the merit which requires ſuch eulogiums.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 5.

THE following letter being very explanatory of the true deſign of our lucubrations, and at the ſame time an excellent model for performing it, it is abſolutely neceſſary, for the better underſtanding our works, to publiſh it.

'TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ[l].

'SIR,

'THOUGH I have not the honour to be of the family of the Staffs [m], nor related to any

[l] John Hughes, eſq; was the author of this letter. See Hughes's Correſpondence, vol. iii. p. 3, and Tat. N° 56, and note.

[m] See N° 11.

branch of it, yet I applaud your wholeſome project of making wit uſeful [n].

'This is what has been, or ſhould have been, intended by the beſt comedies. But nobody, I think, before you, thought of a way to bring the ſtage as it were into the coffee-houſe, and there attack thoſe gentlemen who thought themſelves out of the reach of raillery, by prudently avoiding its chief walks and diſtricts. I ſmile when I ſee a ſolid citizen of threeſcore read the article from Will's coffee-houſe, and ſeem to be juſt beginning to learn his alphabet of wit in ſpectacles; and to hear the attentive table ſometimes ſtop him with pertinent queries, which he is puzzled to anſwer, and then join in commending it the ſincereſt way, by freely owning he does not underſtand it.

'In purſuing this deſign, you will always have a large ſcene before you, and can never be at a loſs for characters to entertain a town ſo plentifully ſtocked with them. The follies of the fineſt minds, which a philoſophic ſurgeon knows how to diſſect, will beſt employ your ſkill: and of this ſort, I take the liberty to ſend you the following ſketch.

'Cleontes is a man of good family, good learning, entertaining converſation, and acute wit. He talks well, is maſter of ſtyle, and writes not contemptibly in verſe. Yet all this ſerves but to make him politely ridiculous; and he is above the rank of common characters, only to have the privilege of being laughed at by the

[n] See dedication to the Tat. vol. i. N° 3, 5, 9, 51, and 271.

beſt. His family makes him proud and ſcornful; his learning, aſſuming and abſurd; and his wit, arrogant and ſatirical. He mixes ſome of the beſt qualities of the head with the worſt of the heart. Every body is entertained by him, while nobody eſteems him. I am, &c.

Your moſt affectionate monitor,

JOSIAH COUPLET °.'

'Loſt, from the Cocoa-tree, in Pall-mall, two Iriſh dogs, belonging to the pack of London; one a tall white wolf-dog; the other a black nimble greyhound, not very ſound, and ſuppoſed to be gone to the Bath, by inſtinct, for cure. The man of the inn, from whence they ran, being now there, is deſired, if he meets either of them, to tie them up. Several others are loſt about Tunbridge and Epſom; which whoever will maintain may keep P.

° See N° 56, note. P See N° 56, 57, 59, 61, 62, 65, &c.

N. B. With reſpect to the ſlaughter of the Dutch, mentioned p. 120, the following extract from a letter of an officer in the confederate army at that time, deſerves notice here, and will fill up this vacancy. 'Of the Dutch there are more killed in writing, than in reality. The Dutch officers take advantage of all ſuch opportunities to augment their number, becauſe the States allow them a certain ſum for each man killed, or wounded; therefore they ſet down in their liſts all the men that are either wanting in each company, or have deſerted ſince the laſt review. P. Eugene ſaid on ſeeing their liſts, 'Twas pleaſant enough to obſerve that ſeveral regiments defective before the battle, appeared now to have been complete.' Bate then one full fourth of the killed without fear of being miſtaken, and be aſſured that moſt of the wounded are ſo but ſlightly.' Annals of Q. Anne. Y. 8th, p. 81. Ap.

N° 65. Thurſday, September 8, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whatever good is done, whatever ill——
By human kind, ſhall this collection fill.'

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 7.

I CAME hither this evening, and expected nothing elſe but mutual congratulations in the company, on the late victory; but found our room, which one would have hoped to have ſeen full of good humour and alacrity upon ſo glorious an occaſion, full of four animals, inquiring into the action, in doubt of what had happened, and fearful of the ſucceſs of their countrymen. It is natural to believe eaſily what we wiſh heartily, and a certain rule, that they are not friends to a glad occaſion who ſpeak all they can againſt the truth of it; who end their argument againſt our happineſs, that they wiſh it otherwiſe. When I came into the room, a gentleman was declaiming: 'If,' ſays he, 'we have ſo great and complete a victory, why have we not the names of the priſoners? Why is not an exact relation of the conduct of our generals laid before the world? Why do we not know where and whom to applaud? If we are victorious, why do we not give an account of our captives and our ſlain? But we are to be ſatisfied

with general notices we are conquerors, and to believe it ſo. Sure this is approving the deſpotic way of treating the world which we pretend to fight againſt, if we ſit down ſatisfied with ſuch contradictory accounts, which have the words of triumph, but do not bear the ſpirit of it.' I whiſpered Mr. Greenhat [P], 'Pray, what can that diſſatisfied man be?' 'He is,' anſwered he, 'a character you have not yet perhaps obſerved. You have heard of battle-painters, have mentioned a battle-poet; but this is a battle-critic. He is a fellow that lives in a government ſo gentle, that though it ſees him an enemy, ſuffers his malice, becauſe they know his impotence. He is to examine the weight of an advantage before the company will allow it.' Greenhat was going on in his explanation, when ſir George England thought fit to take up the diſcourſe in the following manner:

'Gentlemen, the action you are in ſo great doubt to approve of, is greater than ever has been performed in any age: and the value of it I obſerve from your diſſatisfaction: for battle-critics are like all others; you are the more offended, the more you ought to be, and are convinced you ought to be, pleaſed. Had this engagement happened in the time of the old Romans, and ſuch things been acted in their

[P] What is ſaid here, and a paſſage in the next paper ſeems to imply that Swift, the perſon probably alluded to under the name of Obadiah Greenhat, was actually in London on the 9th of Sept. 1709. Whether he was then in England or Ireland, he was certainly the real author of the firſt part of the following paper, and of ſome part at leaſt of N° 67.

ſervice, there would not be a foot of the wood which was pierced but had been conſecrated to ſome deity, or made memorable by the death of him who expired in it for the ſake of his country. It had been ſaid at ſome monument at the entrance; "Here the duke of Argyle drew his ſword, and ſaid, 'March.' Here Webb, after having an accompliſhed fame for gallantry, expoſed himſelf like a common ſoldier. Here Rivett, who was wounded at the beginning of the day and carried off as dead, returned to the field, and received his death." Medals had been ſtruck for our general's behaviour when he firſt came into the plain. Here was the fury of the action, and here the hero ſtood as fearleſs as if invulnerable. Such certainly had been the cares of that ſtate for their own honour, and in gratitude to their heroic ſubjects. But the wood intrenched, the plain made more impaſſable than the wood, and all the difficulties oppoſed to the moſt gallant army and the moſt intrepid leaders that ever the ſun ſhone upon, are treated by the talk of ſome in this room as objections to the merit of our general and our army: but,' continued he, 'I leave all the examination of this matter, and a proper diſcourſe on our ſenſe of public actions, to my friend Bickerſtaff; who may let beaux and gameſters reſt, until he has examined into the reaſons of men's being malecontents, in the only nation that ſuffers profeſſed enemies to breathe in open air.'

From my own Apartment, September 7.

THE following letters are ſent to me from relations, and though I do not know who and who are intended, I publiſh them. I have only writ nonſenſe, if there is nothing in them; and done a good action, if they alarm any heedleſs men againſt the fraternity of the knights, whom the Greeks call Ῥάσκαλς [q].

Bath, Aug. 30.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'IT is taken very ill by ſeveral gentlemen here, that you are ſo little vigilant, as to let the dogs run from their kennels to this place. Had you done your duty, we ſhould have had notice of their arrival; but the ſharpers are now become ſo formidable here, that they have divided themſelves into nobles and commons: beau Bogg, beau Pert, Rake, and Tallboy, are of their upper houſe; broken captains, ignorant attornies, and ſuch other bankrupts from induſtrious profeſſions, compoſe their lower order. Among theſe two ſets of men, there happened here lately ſome unhappy differences. Eſquire Humphry came down among us with four hundred guineas: his raw appearance, and certain ſignals in the good-natured muſcles of Humphry's countenance, alarmed the ſocieties; for ſharpers are as ſkilful as beggars in phyſiognomy, and know as well where to hope for plunder, as the others to aſk for alms. Pert was the man

[q] See N°s 56, 57, 59, 61, 62, and 64.

exactly fitted for taking with Humphry as a fine gentleman; for a raw fool is ever enamoured with his contrary, a coxcomb; and a coxcomb is what the booby who wants experience, and is unuſed to company, regards as the firſt of men. He ever looks at him with envy, and would certainly be ſuch, if he were not oppreſſed by his ruſticity or baſhfulneſs. There aroſe an entire friendſhip by this ſympathy between Pert and Humphry, which ended in ſtripping the latter. We now could ſee this forlorn youth for ſome days moneyleſs, without ſword, and one day without his hat, and with ſecret melancholy pining for his ſnuff-box: the jeſt of the whole town, but moſt of thoſe who robbed him.

'At laſt freſh bills came down, when immediately their countenances cleared up, ancient kindneſſes and familiarity renewed, and to dinner he was invited by the fraternity. You are to know, that while he was in his days of ſolitude, a commoner, who was excluded from his ſhare of the prey, had whiſpered the eſquire, that he was bit, and cautioned him of venturing again. However, hopes of recovering his ſnuff-box, which was given him by his aunt, made him fall to play after dinner; yet, mindful of what he was told, he ſaw ſomething that provoked him to tell them, they were a company of ſharpers. Preſently Tallboy fell on him, and being too hard at fiſty-cuffs, drove him out of doors. The valiant Pert followed, and kicked him in his turn; which the eſquire reſented, as being nearer his match; ſo challenged him; but differing about time and place, friends in-

terpoſed, for he had ſtill money left, and perſuaded him to aſk pardon for provoking them to beat him, and they aſked his for doing it. The houſe, conſulting whence Humphry could have his information, concluded it muſt be from ſome malicious commoner; and, to be revenged, beau Bogg watched their haunts, and in a ſhop where ſome of them were at play with ladies, ſhewed dice which he found, or pretended to find, upon them; and declaring how falſe they were, warned the company to take care who they played with. By his ſeeming candour, he cleared his reputation at leaſt to fools and ſome ſilly women; but it was ſtill blaſted by the eſquire's ſtory with thinking men: however he gained a great point by it; for the next day he got the company ſhut up with himſelf and fellow-members, and robbed them at diſcretion.'

'I cannot expreſs to you with what indignation I behold the noble ſpirit of gentlemen degenerated to that of private cut-purſes. It is in vain to hope a remedy, while ſo many of the fraternity get and enjoy eſtates of twenty, thirty and fifty thouſand pounds with impunity, creep into the beſt converſations, and ſpread the infectious villany through the nation, while the leſſer rogues, that rob for hunger or nakedneſs, are ſacrificed by the blind, and in this reſpect, partial and defective law. Could you open men's eyes againſt the occaſion of all this, the great corrupter of our manners and morality, the author of more bankrupts than the war, and ſure bane of all induſtry, frugality and good nature, in a word, of all virtues; I mean, public

or private play at cards or dice; how willingly would I contribute my utmoſt, and poſſibly ſend you ſome memoirs of the lives and politics of ſome of the fraternity of great figure, that might be of uſe to you in ſetting this in a clear light againſt next ſeſſion; that all who care for their country or poſterity, and ſee the pernicious effects of ſuch a public vice, may endeavour its deſtruction by ſome effectual laws. In concurrence to this good deſign, I remain

Your humble ſervant, &c.

Friday, Sept. 2.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'I HEARTILY join with you in your laudable deſign againſt the myrmidons, as well as your late inſinuations againſt coxcombs of fire[r]; and I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the ſucceſs of your labours, which I obſerved yeſterday in one of the hotteſt firemen in town; who not only affects a ſoft ſmile, but was ſeen to be thrice contradicted without ſhewing any ſign of impatience. Theſe, I ſay, ſo happy beginnings promiſe fair, and on this account I rejoice you have undertaken to unkennel the curs; a work of ſuch uſe, that I admire it ſo long eſcaped your vigilance; and exhort you, by the concern you have for the good people of England, to purſue your deſign: and, that theſe vermin may not flatter themſelves that they paſs undiſcovered, I deſire you would

[r] See N° 61.

acquaint Jack Haughty, that the whole ſecret of his bubbling his friend with the Swiſs at the Thatched-houſe is well known, as alſo his ſweetening the knight; and I ſhall acknowledge the favour.

Your moſt humble ſervant, &c.'

N° 66. Saturday, September 10, 1709.

SWIFT[s].

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 9.

THE ſubject of the diſcourſe this evening was eloquence and graceful action. Lyſander, who is ſomething particular in his way of thinking and ſpeaking, told us, a man could not be eloquent without action: for the deportment of the body, the turn of the eye, and an apt ſound to every word that is uttered, muſt all conſpire to make an accompliſhed ſpeaker. Action in one that ſpeaks in public, is the ſame thing as a good mien in ordinary life. Thus, as a certain inſenſibility in the countenance recommends

[s] Dr. Hawkeſworth peremptorily challenges this, and the following paper for the dean of St. Patrick's. Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 40, cr. 8vo. The firſt part of this paper indicates its author, and abundantly juſtifies the propriety of Dr. Hawkeſworth's aſſignment. It ſeems too very probable that Swift was the author of the following paper N° 67, or at leaſt of the firſt and greateſt part of it. But to the admiſſion of Dr. Hawkeſworth's claim for Swift *ibidem* of N° 74, and of N° 81, there appear to be inſuperable objections.

a ſentence of humour and jeſt, ſo it muſt be a very lively conſciouſneſs that gives grace to great ſentiments. The jeſt is to be a thing unexpected; therefore your undeſigning manner is a beauty in expreſſions of mirth; but when you are to talk on a ſet ſubject, the more you are moved yourſelf, the more you will move others.

'There is,' ſaid he, 'a remarkable example of that kind. Æſchines, a famous orator of antiquity, had pleaded at Athens in a great cauſe againſt Demoſthenes; but having loſt it, retired to Rhodes.' Eloquence was then the quality moſt admired among men; and the magiſtrates of that place, having heard he had a copy of the ſpeech of Demoſthenes, deſired him to repeat both their pleadings. After his own, he recited alſo the oration of his antagoniſt. The people expreſſed their admiration of both, but more of that of Demoſthenes. 'If you are,' ſaid he, 'thus touched with hearing only what that great orator ſaid, how would you have been affected had you ſeen him ſpeak? For he who hears Demoſthenes only, loſes much the better part of the oration.' Certain it is that they who ſpeak gracefully are very lamely repreſented in having their ſpeeches read or repeated by unſkilful people; for there is ſomething native to each man, ſo inherent to his thoughts and ſentiments, which it is hardly poſſible for another to give a true idea of. You may obſerve, in common talk, when a ſentence of any man's is repeated, an acquaintance of his ſhall immediately obſerve, 'that is ſo like him, methinks I ſee how he looked when he ſaid it.'

But of all the people on the earth, there are none who puzzle me ſo much as the clergy of Great Britain, who are, I believe, the moſt learned body of men now in the world; and yet this art of ſpeaking, with the proper ornaments of voice and geſture, is wholly neglected among them; and I will engage, were a deaf man to behold the greater part of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the contents only of ſome diſcourſe they intended to make, than actually in the body of an oration, even when they are upon matters of ſuch a nature, as one would believe it were impoſſible to think of without emotion.

I own there are exceptions to this general obſervation, and that the dean we heard the other day together, is an orator[t]. He has ſo much

[t] Steele acknowledges that the amiable character of the dean, in N° 66, was drawn for Dr. Atterbury, and mentions it as an argument of his impartiality. See preface to Tatler, vol. iv. This paſſage is likewiſe cited in Steele's Apology for himſelf and writings; and a marginal note certifies, that it was 'written by Steele himſelf.' See Apology, &c. 1714, 4to, p. 50. Steele was probably a better œconomiſt of the literary communications of his correſpondents, than he is ſaid to have been of his money. Something of this nature has been hinted at in a former note, and the ſame thrifty management ſeems to have been practiſed here.

It is highly probable that at this time Swift was not perſonally acquainted either with Atterbury or Smalridge. The reader may ſee the great probability, if not a deciſive proof of this, in Atterbury's Correſpondence, vol. ii. p. 34, note; and in Swift's Works, 8vo. vol. xix. p. 116. The character of Favonius, in N° 72, is likewiſe cited in the Apology, &c. *ut ſupra*, and acknowledged to have been deſigned for Dr. Smalridge, and written by Steele himſelf. Swift, in a letter dated Jan. 7, 1710-11, affirms, that he never ſaw Trap. It would ſeem therefore, that Steele did not waſte

regard to his congregation, that he commits to his memory what he has to ſay to them; and has ſo ſoft and graceful a behaviour, that it muſt attract your attention. His perſon, it is to be confeſſed, is no ſmall recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not loſing that advantage, and adding to the propriety of ſpeech, which might paſs the criticiſm of Longinus, an action which would have been approved by Demoſthenes. He has a peculiar force in his way, and has many of his audience [u] who could not be intelligent hearers of his diſcourſe, were there not explanation as well as grace in his action. This art of his is uſed with the moſt exact and honeſt ſkill: he never attempts your paſſions until he has convinced your reaſon. All the objections which he can form are laid open and diſperſed, before he uſes the leaſt vehemence in his ſermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very ſoon wins your heart; and never pretends to ſhew the beauty of holineſs, until he hath convinced you of the truth of it.

Would every one of our clergymen be thus careful to recommend truth and virtue in their proper figures, and ſhew ſo much concern for

Swift's communication on 'eloquence and action,' but contrived to make it go farther than its author intended, by adding to it the characters of Atterbury, of Favonius, and 'little parſon Dapper,' and perhaps ſome of the ſhort letters in the following correſponding papers. See Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 40, 8vo. Tatler, N°s 68, 69, 70, and 71. See alſo Dr. Johnſon's Lives of Engliſh Poets, vol. ii. p. 380, 8vo. 1781.

[u] At the chapel of Bridewell hoſpital, where he was twenty years miniſter and preacher.

them as to give them all the additional force they were able, it is not poſſible that nonſenſe ſhould have ſo many hearers as you find it has in diſſenting congregations [x], for no reaſon in the world, but becauſe it is ſpoken extempore: for ordinary minds are wholly governed by their eyes and ears, and there is no way to come at their hearts, but by power over their imaginations.

There is my friend and merry companion Daniel [y]. He knows a great deal better than he

[x] It was the infelicity of the laity about the time here ſpoken of, that by going to church, they had no ſecurity from hearing nonſenſe and ribaldry both read and ſpoken extempore. See an undeniable proof of what is here aſſerted in Addiſon's ingenious obſervations on the nonſenſe of this period, Whig Examiner, N° 4.

'Swift,' ſays lord Orrery, 'held the diſſenters in the utmoſt degree of ridicule and deteſtation.' Here, at leaſt, all muſt agree with Dr. Hawkeſworth, that in this Swift was uncommonly ſteady and uniform. The paſſages in his writings to this purpoſe are ſo obvious that it is needleſs, and ſo numerous that it would be endleſs, to mention them. The following ſeems to have been a favourite mode of expreſſion on this ſubject, as it occurs more than once in his works. 'Pox on the diſſenters and independents, I would as ſoon trouble my head to write againſt a louſe or a flea.' See Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 4. and ſupplement to Dr. Swift's Works, vol. ii. p. 144.

Swift's uſe of this unanſwerable kind of argumentation in his writings, occaſioned a writer in the Medley to make the following ſarcaſtic remark, that this ingenious divine was the firſt man who introduced the figures of rhetoric we call curſing and ſwearing into print;' and from an edifying anecdote, in his Polite Converſation, of ſir John Perrot, it would ſeem that he was curious in tracing the hiſtory of ſuch figures. See Medley, N° 38, *ad finem.*

[y] Dr. Daniel Burgeſs, who preached to a congregation of independents at the meeting-houſe in a court adjoining to Carey-ſtreet, near Lincoln's-inn. See N° 229, and N° 239.

ſpeaks, and can form a proper diſcourſe as well as any orthodox neighbour. But he knows very well, that to bawl out 'My beloved!' and the words 'grace!' 'regeneration!' 'ſanctification!' 'a new light!' 'the day! the day! ay, my beloved, the day! or rather the night! the night is coming!' and 'judgement will come, when we leaſt think of it!' and ſo forth. —He knows to be vehement is the only way to come at his audience. Daniel, when he ſees my friend Greenhat come in, can give a good hint, and cry out, 'This is only for the ſaints! the regenerated!' By this force of action, though mixed with all the incoherence and ribaldry imaginable, Daniel can laugh at his dioceſan, and grow fat by voluntary ſubſcription, while the parſon of the pariſh goes to law for half his dues. Daniel will tell you, 'it is not the ſhepherd, but the ſheep with the bell, which the flock follows.'

Another thing very wonderful this learned body ſhould omit, is learning to read; which is a moſt neceſſary part of eloquence in one who is to ſerve at the altar: for there is no man but muſt be ſenſible, that the lazy tone, and inarticulate ſound of our common readers, depreciates the moſt proper form of words that were ever extant, in any nation or language, to ſpeak our own wants, or his power from whom we aſk relief.

There cannot be a greater inſtance of the power of action, than in little parſon Dapper[z],

[z] 'Your new lord-chancellor ſets out to-morrow for Ireland. I never ſaw him. He carries over one Trap a parſon

who is the common relief to all the lazy pulpits in town. This ſmart youth has a very good memory, a quick eye, and a clean handkerchief. Thus equipped he opens his text, ſhuts his book fairly, ſhews he has no notes in his Bible, opens both palms, and ſhews all is fair there too. Thus with a deciſive air, my young man goes on without heſitation; and though from the beginning to the end of his pretty diſcourſe he has not uſed one proper geſture, yet at the concluſion the churchwarden pulls his gloves from off his hands; 'Pray, who is this extraordinary young man?' Thus the force of action is ſuch, that it is more prevalent, even when improper, than all the reaſon and argument in the world without it. This gentleman concluded his diſcourſe by ſaying, 'I do not doubt but if our preachers would learn to ſpeak, and our readers to read, within ſix months time we ſhould not have a diſſenter within a mile of a church in Great Britain [a].'

as his chaplain, a ſort of pretender to wit, a ſecond-rate pamphleteer for the cauſe, whom they pay by ſending him to Ireland. I never ſaw Trap neither.' Swift's Works, vol. xxii. page 131.

[a] 'After we have done with laughing, ſolid virtue will keep its place in men's opinions.'

Great and manifold are the perfections with which Dr. Hawkeſworth's fine fancy has bedecked the author of this paper; but, after all, there could be nothing in him of higher eſtimation than conſcientiouſneſs; and it ſeems contradictory, that one who cultivated conſcientiouſneſs in himſelf, ſhould, even in any degree, ridicule or deteſt it in others.

Objections even to forms of worſhip, collected from ſcripture, corroborated by reaſon, and urged with modeſty, ought not to be anſwered with inſolence, or treated with contempt. But when the eſtabliſhed religious ſervice has moreover, or

From my own Apartment, September 9.

I HAVE a letter from a young fellow, who complains to me that he was bred a mercer, and is now juſt out of his time; but unfortunately (for he has no manner of education ſuitable to his preſent eſtate) an uncle has left him one thouſand pounds per annum. The young man is ſenſible, that he is ſo ſpruce, that he fears he ſhall never be genteel as long as he lives; but applies himſelf to me, to know what method to take to help his air, and be a fine gentleman.

He ſays, that ſeveral of thoſe ladies, who were formerly his cuſtomers, viſit his mother on purpoſe to fall in his way, and fears he ſhall be obliged to marry againſt his will; 'for,' ſays he, 'if any of them ſhould aſk me, I ſhall not be able to deny her. I am,' ſays he further, 'utterly at a loſs how to deal with them; for, though I was the moſt pert creature in the world when I was foreman, and could hand a woman of the firſt quality to her coach as well as her own gentleman-uſher, I am now quite out of my way, and ſpeechleſs in their company. They commend my modeſty to my face. No one ſcruples to ſay, I ſhould certainly make the beſt huſband in the world, a man of my ſober education. Mrs. Would-be watches all oppor-

is conceived to have, on Object diſtinct from that to which the New Teſtament confines our Chriſtian worſhip, objections grow ſerious indeed, and open a plea for diſſent, that wit may ridicule, and prieſtcraft deteſt, but which wiſdom muſt reſpect, and piety revere.

tunities to be alone with me: therefore, good Mr. Bickerſtaff, here are my writings encloſed; if you can find any flaw in my title, ſo as it may go to the next heir, who goes to St. James's Coffee-houſe and White's, and could enjoy it, I ſhould be extremely well pleaſed with two thouſand pounds to ſet up my trade, and live in a way I know I ſhould become, rather than be laughed at all my life among too good company. If you could ſend for my couſin, and perſuade him to take the eſtate on theſe terms, and let nobody know it, you would extremely oblige me.'

Upon firſt ſight, I thought this a very whimſical propoſal; however, upon more mature conſideration, I could not but admire the young gentleman's prudence and good ſenſe; for there is nothing ſo irkſome as living in a way a man knows he does not become. I conſulted Mr. Obadiah Greenhat [b] on this occaſion, and he is ſo well pleaſed with the man, that he has half a mind to take the eſtate himſelf; but, upon ſecond thoughts, he propoſed this expedient: 'I ſhould be very willing,' ſaid he, 'to keep the eſtate where it is, if we could make the young man any way eaſy; therefore, I humbly propoſe, he ſhould take to drinking for one half-year, and make a ſloven of him, and from thence begin his education a-new: for it is a

[b] Mr. Obadiah Greenhat may mean Swift, or rather Addiſon, who was juſt returned to London, and ſeems to have written in conjunction with Steele, the moſt unexceptionable part of this paper. See the paragraph next but one; N° 59, and note, p. 80, on O. Greenhat.

maxim, that one who is ill-taught is in a worſe condition than he who is wholly ignorant; therefore a ſpruce mercer is farther off the air of a fine gentleman than a downright clown. To make our patient any thing better, we muſt unmake him what he is.' I indeed propoſed to flux him; but Greenhat anſwered that, if he recovered, he would be as prim and feat as ever he was. Therefore he would have it his way, and our friend is to drink until he is carbuncled and tun-bellied; after which we will ſend him down to ſmoke and be buried with his anceſtors in Derbyſhire. I am indeed deſirous he ſhould have his life in the eſtate, becauſe he has ſuch a juſt ſenſe of himſelf and his abilities, as to know that it is an unhappineſs to him to be a man of fortune.

This youth ſeems to underſtand, that a gentleman's life is that of all others the hardeſt to paſs through with propriety of behaviour; for though he has a ſupport without art or labour, yet his manner of enjoying that circumſtance is a thing to be conſidered; and you ſee, among men who are honoured with the common appellation of gentlemen, ſo many contradictions to that character, that it is the utmoſt ill-fortune to bear it: for which reaſon I am obliged to change the circumſtances of ſeveral about this town. Harry Lacker is ſo very exact in his dreſs, that I ſhall give his eſtate to his younger brother, and make him a dancing-maſter. Nokes Lightfoot is ſo nimble, and values himſelf ſo much upon it, that I have thoughts of making him huntſman to a pack of beagles,

and giving his land to ſomebody that will ſtay upon it.

Now I am upon the topic of becoming what we enjoy, I forbid all perſons who are not of the firſt quality, or who do not bear ſome important office that requires ſo much diſtinction, to go to Hyde-park with ſix horſes; for I cannot but eſteem it the higheſt inſolence. Therefore hereafter no man ſhall do it merely becauſe he is able, without any other pretenſion. But what may ſerve all purpoſes quite as well, it ſhall be allowed all ſuch, who think riches the chief diſtinction, to appear in the ring with two horſes only, and a rent-roll hanging out of each ſide of their coach. This is a thought of Mr. Greenhat's, who deſigns very ſoon to publiſh a ſumptuary diſcourſe upon the ſubject of equipage, wherein he will give us rules on that ſubject, and aſſign the proper duties and qualifications of maſters and ſervants, as well as that of huſbands and wives; with a treatiſe of œconomy without doors, or the complete art of appearing in the world. This will be very uſeful to all who are ſuddenly rich, or are aſhamed of being poor.

——'*Sunt certa piacula, quæ te*
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.'

HOR. 1 Ep. i. 36.

'And, like a charm, to th' upright mind and pure,
If thrice read o'er, will yield a certain cure.'

I have notice of a new pack of dogs, of quite another ſort than hitherto mentioned. I have not an exact account of their way of hunting,

the following letter giving only a bare notice of them:

September 7.

'SIR,

'THERE are another pack of dogs to be diſpoſed of, who kennel about Charing-croſs, at the old Fat Dog's, at the corner of Buckingham court, near Spring garden: two of them are ſaid to be whelped in Alſatia [c], now in ruins; but they, with the reſt of the pack, are as pernicious, as if the old kennel had never been broken down. The ancients diſtinguiſhed this ſort of curs by the name of *hæredipetes* [d], the moſt pernicious of all biters [e], for ſeizing young heirs, eſpecially when their eſtates are entailed; whom they reduce by one good bite to ſuch a condition, that they cannot ever after come to the uſe of their teeth, or get a ſmelling of a cruſt. You are deſired to diſpoſe of theſe as ſoon as you can, that the breed may not increaſe; and your care in tying them up will be acknowledged by,

Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

PHILANTHROPOS [f].'

[c] White Friars. See London Cries. S. of Alſatia.

[d] Sharpers on the watch for young unexperienced perſons, who by the luck of inheritance have conſiderable property in proſpect or poſſeſſion.

[e] See Spect. N° 47.

[f] Perhaps by Mr. John Hughes. See N° 64, let. ſigned Joſiah Couplet; and N° 73, let. ſigned Will Truſty.

N° 67. Tuesday, September 13, 1709.
SWIFT [g].

From my own Apartment, September 12.

No man can conceive, until he comes to try it, how great a pain it is to be a public-spirited person. I am sure I am unable to express to the world what great anxiety I have suffered, to see of how little benefit my lucubrations have been to my fellow-subjects. Men will go on in their own way, in spite of all my labour. I gave Mr. Didapper a private reprimand for wearing red-heeled shoes, and at the same time was so indulgent as to connive at him for fourteen days, because I would give him the wearing of them out; but, after all this, I am informed he appeared yesterday with a new pair of the same sort. I have no better success with Mr. What-d'ye-call [h], as to his buttons; Stentor [i] still roars; and box and dice rattle as loud as they did before I writ against them. Partridge [k] walks

[g] The first part of this paper is ascribed to Swift, in a transcript of the MS. notes of Christopher Byron, esq. See Tat. N° 74, note. It is claimed likewise for Swift by Dr. Hawkesworth. See Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 40, note, crown 8vo. and though no reason is assigned for the claim by the doctor, it appears to be in the main well founded; but Swift certainly was not the author of N° 74, or of N° 81, which Dr. Hawkesworth likewise claims for him without assigning any reason. See Swift's Works *ut supra*, N° 74, and N° 81.

[h] See Tatler, N° 21, *ad finem*. [i] See Tatler, N° 54, 61; and notes. [k] See Tatler, N° 1, 56, 59; and notes.

about at noon day, and Æſculapius [1] thinks of adding a new lace to his livery. However, I muſt ſtill go on in laying theſe enormities before men's eyes, and let them anſwer for going on in their practice.

My province is much larger than at firſt ſight men would imagine, and I ſhall loſe no part of my juriſdiction, which extends not only to futurity, but alſo is retroſpect to things paſt; and the behaviour of perſons who have long ago acted their parts, is as much liable to my examination, as that of my own contemporaries.

In order to put the whole race of mankind in their proper diſtinctions, according to the opinion their cohabitants conceived of them, I have with very much care, and depth of meditation, thought fit to erect a chamber of fame, and eſtabliſhed certain rules, which are to be obſerved in admitting members into this illuſtrious ſociety.

In this chamber of fame there are to be three tables, but of different lengths; the firſt is to contain exactly twelve perſons; the ſecond, twenty; and the third, an hundred. This is reckoned to be the full number of thoſe who have any competent ſhare of fame. At the firſt of theſe tables are to be placed in their order the twelve moſt famous perſons in the world; not with regard to the things they are famous for, but according to the degree of their fame, whether in valour, wit, or learning. Thus, if a ſcholar be more famous than a ſoldier, he is

[1] See Tatler, N° 44; N° 47; and notes.

to ſit above him. Neither muſt any preference be given to virtue, if the perſon be not equally famous.

When the firſt table is filled, the next in renown muſt be ſeated at the ſecond, and ſo on in like manner to the number of twenty; as alſo in the ſame order at the third, which is to hold an hundred. At theſe tables, no regard is to be had to ſeniority: for if Julius Cæſar ſhall be judged more famous than Romulus and Scipio, he muſt have the precedence. No perſon who has not been dead an hundred years, muſt be offered to a place at any of theſe tables: and becauſe this is altogether a lay-ſociety, and that ſacred perſons move upon greater motives than that of fame, no perſons celebrated in holy writ, or any eccleſiaſtical men whatſoever, are to be introduced here.

At the lower end of the room is to be a ſide-table for perſons of great fame, but dubious exiſtence; ſuch as Hercules, Theſeus, Æneas, Achilles, Hector, and others. But becauſe it is apprehended, that there may be great contention about precedence, the propoſer humbly deſires the opinion of the learned towards his aſſiſtance in placing every perſon according to his rank, that none may have juſt occaſion of offence.

The merits of the cauſe ſhall be judged by plurality of voices.

For the more impartial execution of this important affair, it is deſired, that no man will offer his favourite hero, ſcholar, or poet; and that the learned will be pleaſed to ſend to Mr. Bickerſtaff, at Mr. Morphew's near Stationers-

hall, their ſeveral liſts for the firſt table only, and in the order they would have them placed; after which the propoſer will compare the ſeveral liſts, and make another for the public, wherein every name ſhall be ranked according to the voices it has had. Under this chamber is to be a dark vault for the ſame number of perſons of evil fame.

It is humbly ſubmitted to conſideration, whether the project would not be better if the perſons of true fame meet in a middle room, thoſe of dubious exiſtence in an upper room, and thoſe of evil fame in a lower dark room.

It is to be noted, that no hiſtorians are to be admitted at any of theſe tables; becauſe they are appointed to conduct the ſeveral perſons to their ſeats, and are to be made uſe of as uſhers to the aſſemblies.

I call upon the learned world to ſend me their aſſiſtance towards this deſign, it being a matter of too great moment for any one perſon to determine. But I do aſſure them, their liſts ſhall be examined with great fidelity, and thoſe that are expoſed to the public, made with all the caution imaginable.

In the mean time, while I wait for theſe liſts, I am employed in keeping people in a right way, to avoid the contrary to fame and applauſe, to wit, blame and deriſion. For this end, I work upon that uſeful project of the penny-poſt, by the benefit of which it is propoſed, that a charitable ſociety be eſtabliſhed: from which ſociety there ſhall go every day circular letters to all parts within the bills of mortality, to tell people

of their faults in a friendly and private manner, whereby they may know what the world thinks of them, before it is declared to the world that they are thus faulty. This method cannot fail of univerſal good conſequences: for it is further added, that they who will not be reformed by it, muſt be contented to ſee the ſeveral letters printed, which were not regarded by them, that when they will not take private reprehenſion, they may be tried further by a public one. I am very ſorry I am obliged to print the following epiſtles of that kind to ſome perſons, and the more becauſe they are of the fair ſex.

This went on Friday laſt to a very fine lady.

'MADAM,

'I AM highly ſenſible, that there is nothing of ſo tender a nature as the reputation and conduct of ladies; and that when there is the leaſt ſtain got into their fame, it is hardly ever to be waſhed out. When I have ſaid this, you will believe I am extremely concerned to hear, at every viſit I make, that your manner of wearing your hair is a mere affectation of beauty, as well as that your neglect of powder has been a common evil to your ſex. It is to you an advantage to ſhew that abundance of fine treſſes: but I beſeech you to conſider, that the force of your beauty, and the imitation of you, coſts Eleonora great ſums of money to her tire-woman for falſe locks, beſides what is allowed to her maid for keeping the ſecret, that ſhe is gray. I muſt take leave to add to this admonition, that you are not to reign above four months and odd days

longer. Therefore, I muſt deſire you to raiſe and friz your hair a little, for it is downright inſolence to be thus handſome without art; and you will forgive me for intreating you to do now out of compaſſion, what you muſt ſoon do out of neceſſity.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant.'

This perſon dreſſes juſt as ſhe did before I writ; as does alſo the lady to whom I addreſſed the following billet the ſame day:

'MADAM,

'LET me beg of you to take off the patches at the lower end of your left cheek, and I will allow two more under your left eye, which will contribute more to the ſymmetry of your face; except you would pleaſe to remove the ten black atoms on your ladyſhip's chin, and wear one large patch inſtead of them. If ſo, you may properly enough retain the three patches above-mentioned.

I am, &c.

This, I thought, had all the civility and reaſon in the world in it; but whether my letters are intercepted, or whatever it is, the lady patches as ſhe uſed to do. It is to be obſerved by all the charitable ſociety, as an inſtruction in their epiſtles, that they tell people of nothing but

what is in their power to mend. I ſhall give another inſtance of this way of writing: two ſiſters in Eſſex-ſtreet are eternally gaping out of the window, as if they knew not the value of time, or would call in companions. Upon which I writ the following line:

'DEAR CREATURES,

'ON the receipt of this, ſhut your caſements.'

But I went by yeſterday, and found them ſtill at the window. What can a man do in this caſe but go on, and wrap himſelf up in his own integrity, with ſatisfaction only in this melancholy truth, that virtue is its own reward; and that if no one is the better for his admonitions, yet he is himſelf the more virtuous in that he gave thoſe advices?

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 12.

OF all the pretty arts in which our modern writers excel, there is not any which is more to be recommended to the imitation of beginners, than the ſkill of tranſition from one ſubject to another. I know not whether I make myſelf well underſtood; but it is certain, that the way of ſtringing a diſcourſe, uſed in the Mercure Gallant [m], the Gentleman's Journal [n], and other learned writings; not to mention how naturally things preſent themſelves to ſuch as harangue in

[m] A French news-paper. [n] Publiſhed about the beginning of the preſent century, in 4to.

pulpits, and other occaſions which occur to the learned; are methods worthy commendation. I ſhall attempt this ſtyle myſelf in a few lines. Suppoſe I was diſcourſing upon the king of Sweden's paſſing the Boriſthenes. The Boriſthenes is a great river, and puts me in mind of the Danube and the Rhine. The Danube I cannot think of, without reflecting on that unhappy prince who had ſuch fair territories on the banks of it; I mean the duke of Bavaria, who by our laſt letters is retired from Mons. Mons is as ſtrong a fortification as any which has no citadel: and places which are not completely fortified are, methinks, leſſons to princes, that they are not omnipotent, but liable to the ſtrokes of fortune. But as all princes are ſubject to ſuch calamities, it is the part of men of letters to guard them from the obſervations of all ſmall writers: for which reaſon, I ſhall conclude my preſent remarks, by publiſhing the following advertiſement, to be taken notice of by all who dwell in the ſuburbs of learning:

'Whereas the king of Sweden has been ſo unfortunate as to receive a wound in his heel; we do hereby prohibit all epigrammatiſts, in either language and both univerſities, as well as all other poets, of what denomination ſoever, to make any mention of Achilles having received his death's wound in the ſame part.

'We do likewiſe forbid all compariſons in coffee-houſes between Alexander the Great and the ſaid king of Sweden, and from making any parallels between the death of Patkul and Philotas; we being very apprehenſive of the re-

flections that ſeveral politicians have ready by them to produce on this occaſion, and being willing, as much as in us lies, to free the town from all impertinences of this nature.'

N° 68. Thurſday, September 15, 1709. STEELE.

From my own Apartment, September 14.

THE progreſs of our endeavours will of neceſſity be very much interrupted, except the learned world will pleaſe to ſend their liſts to the chamber of fame with all expedition. There is nothing can ſo much contribute to create a noble emulation in our youth, as the honourable mention of ſuch whoſe actions have outlived the injuries of time, and recommended themſelves ſo far to the world, that it is become learning to know the leaſt circumſtance of their affairs. It is a great incentive to ſee, that ſome men have raiſed themſelves ſo highly above their fellow-creatures, that the lives of ordinary men are ſpent in inquiries after the particular actions of the moſt illuſtrious. True it is, that without this impulſe to fame and reputation, our induſtry would ſtagnate, and that lively deſire of pleaſing each other die away. This opinion was ſo eſtabliſhed in the heathen world, that their ſenſe of living appeared inſipid, except their being was enlivened with a conſciouſneſs that they were eſteemed by the reſt of the world.

Upon examining the proportion of men's fame for my table of twelve, I thought it no ill way (ſince I had laid it down for a rule, that they were to be ranked ſimply as they were famous, without regard to their virtue) to aſk my ſiſter Jenny's advice; and particularly mentioned to her the name of Ariſtotle. She immediately told me, he was a very great ſcholar, and that ſhe had read him at the boarding-ſchool. She certainly means a trifle, ſold by the hawkers called Ariſtotle's Problems. But this raiſed a great ſcruple in me, whether a fame increaſed by impoſition of others is to be added to his account, or that theſe excreſcences, which grow out of his real reputation, and give encouragement to others to paſs things under the covert of his name, ſhould be conſidered in giving him his ſeat in the chamber? This punctilio is referred to the learned. In the mean time, ſo ill-natured are mankind, that I believe I have names already ſent me ſufficient to fill up my liſts for the dark room, and every one is apt enough to ſend in their accounts of ill deſervers. This malevolence does not proceed from a real diſlike of virtue, but a diabolical prejudice againſt it, which makes men willing to deſtroy what they care not to imitate. Thus you ſee the greateſt characters among your acquaintance, and thoſe you live with, are traduced by all below them in virtue, who never mention them but with an exception. However, I believe I ſhall not give the world much trouble about filling my tables for thoſe of evil fame; for I have ſome thoughts of clapping up the

ſharpers there as faſt as I can lay hold of them °.

At preſent I am employed in looking over the ſeveral notices which I have received of their manner of dexterity, and the way at dice of making all 'rugg,' as the cant is. The whole art of ſecuring a die has lately been ſent me, by a perſon who was of the fraternity, but is diſabled, by the loſs of a finger; by which means he cannot practiſe that trick as he uſed to do. But I am very much at a loſs how to call ſome of the fair ſex, who are accomplices with the knights of induſtry; for my metaphorical dogs are eaſily enough underſtood: but the feminine gender of dogs has ſo harſh a ſound, that we know not how to name it. But I am credibly informed, that there are female dogs as voracious as the males, and make advances to young fellows, without any other deſign but coming to a familiarity with their purſes. I have alſo long liſts of perſons of condition, who are certainly of the ſame regiment with theſe banditti, and inſtrumental to their cheats upon undiſcerning men of their own rank. Theſe add their good reputation to carry on the impoſtures of others, whoſe very names would elſe be defence enough againſt falling into their hands. But for the honour of our nation, theſe ſhall be unmentioned; provided we hear no more of ſuch practices, and that they ſhall not from henceforward ſuffer the ſociety of ſuch as they know to be the common enemies of order, diſ-

° See N°s 56, 57, 59, 60, 62, 65.

cipline, and virtue. If it appear that they go on in encouraging them, they muſt be proceeded againſt according to the ſevereſt rules of hiſtory, where all is to be laid before the world with impartiality, and without reſpect to perſons,

'So let the ſtricken deer go weep.'

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 14.

I find left here for me the following epiſtle:

'SIR,

'HAVING lately read your diſcourſe about the family of Trubies [P], wherein you obſerve, that there are ſome who fall into laughter out of a certain benevolence in their temper, and not out of the ordinary motive, viz. contempt, and triumph over the imperfections of others; I have conceived a good idea of your knowledge of mankind. And, as you have a tragi-comic genius, I beg the favour of you to give us your thoughts of a quite different effect, which alſo is cauſed by other motives than what are commonly taken notice of. What I would have you treat of, is the cauſe of ſhedding tears. I deſire you would diſcuſs it a little, with obſervations upon the various occaſions which provoke us to that expreſſion of our concern, &c.'

To obey this complaiſant gentleman, I know no way ſo ſhort as examining the various touches of my own boſom, on ſeveral occurrences in a long life, to the evening of which I am arrived,

[P] See N° 63.

after as many various incidents as any body has met with. I have often reflected, that there is a great ſimilitude in the motions of the heart in mirth and in ſorrow; and I think the uſual occaſion of the latter, as well as the former, is ſomething which is ſudden and unexpected. The mind has not a ſufficient time to recollect its force, and immediately guſhes into tears before we can utter ourſelves by ſpeech or complaint. The moſt notorious cauſes of theſe drops from our eyes are pity, ſorrow, joy, and reconciliation.

The fair ſex, who are made of man and not of earth, have a more delicate humanity than we have; and pity is the moſt common cauſe of their tears: for as we are inwardly compoſed of an aptitude to every circumſtance of life, and every thing that befalls any one perſon might have happened to any other of human race; ſelf-love, and a ſenſe of the pain we ourſelves ſhould ſuffer in the circumſtances of any whom we pity, is the cauſe of that compaſſion. Such a reflection in the breaſt of a woman, immediately inclines her to tears; but in a man, it makes him think how ſuch a one ought to act on that occaſion ſuitably to the dignity of his nature. Thus a woman is ever moved for thoſe whom ſhe hears lament, and a man for thoſe whom he obſerves to ſuffer in ſilence. It is a man's own behaviour in the circumſtances he is under, which procures him the eſteem of others, and not merely the affliction itſelf which demands our pity; for we never give a man that paſſion which he falls into for himſelf. He

that commends himſelf never purchaſes our applauſe; nor he who bewails himſelf, our pity.

Going through an alley the other day, I obſerved a noiſy impudent beggar bawl out, that he was wounded in a merchant-man; that he had loſt his poor limbs; and ſhewed a leg clouted up. All that paſſed by made what haſte they could out of his ſight and hearing; but a poor fellow at the end of the paſſage, with a ruſty coat, a melancholy look, and ſoft voice, deſired them to look upon a man not uſed to beg. The latter received the charity of almoſt every one that went by. The ſtrings of the heart, which are to be touched to give us compaſſion, are not ſo played on but by the fineſt hand. We ſee in tragical repreſentations, it is not the pomp of language, nor the magnificence of dreſs, in which the paſſion is wrought, that touches ſenſible ſpirits; but ſomething of a plain and ſimple nature, which breaks in upon our ſouls, by that ſympathy which is given us for our mutual good-will and ſervice.

In the tragedy of Macbeth, where [q] Wilks acts the part of a man whoſe family has been murdered in his abſence, the wildneſs of his paſſion, which is run over in a torrent of calamitous circumſtances, does but raiſe my ſpirits and give me the alarm: but when he ſkilfully ſeems to be out of breath, and is brought too low to ſay more; and upon a ſecond reflection cries only, wiping his eyes, 'What, both chil-

[q] Robert Wilks, eſq; who died September 27, 1732. See Spect. N° 370, and note.

dren! Both! both my children gone!' there is no reſiſting a ſorrow which ſeems to have caſt about for all the reaſons poſſible for its conſolation, but has no reſource. 'There is not one left; but both, both are murdered!' Such ſudden ſtarts from the thread of the diſcourſe, and a plain ſentiment expreſſed in an artleſs way, are the irreſiſtible ſtrokes of eloquence and poetry. The ſame great maſter Shakſpeare, can afford us inſtances of all the places where our ſouls are acceſſible; and ever commands our tears. But it is to be obſerved, that he draws them from ſome unexpected ſource, which ſeems not wholly of a piece with the diſcourſe. Thus, when Brutus and Caſſius had a debate in the tragedy of Cæſar, and roſe to warm language againſt each other, inſomuch that it had almoſt come to ſomething that might be fatal, until they recollected themſelves; Brutus does more than make an apology for the heat he had been in, by ſaying, 'Portia is dead.' Here Caſſius is all tenderneſs, and ready to diſſolve, when he conſiders that the mind of his friend had been employed on the greateſt affliction imaginable, when he had been adding to it by a debate on trifles; which makes him in the anguiſh of his heart, cry out, 'How 'ſcaped I killing, when I thus provoked you?' This is an incident which moves the ſoul in all its ſentiments; and Caſſius's heart was at once touched with all the ſoft pangs of pity, remorſe, and reconciliation. It is ſaid indeed by Horace, 'If you would have me weep, you muſt firſt weep yourſelf.' This is not literally true: for it would have been as

rightly ſaid, if we obſerve nature, that I ſhall certainly weep, if you do not: but what is intended by that expreſſion is, that it is not poſſible to give paſſion, except you ſhew that you ſuffer yourſelf. Therefore, the true art ſeems to be, that when you would have the perſon you repreſent pitied, you muſt ſhew him at once in the higheſt grief, and ſtruggling to bear it with decency and patience. In this caſe, we ſigh for him, and give him every groan he ſuppreſſes.

I remember when I was young enough to follow the ſports of the field, I have more than once rode off at the death of a deer, when I have ſeen the animal in an affliction which appeared human, without the leaſt noiſe, let fall tears when he was reduced to extremity; and I have thought of the ſorrow I ſaw him in, when his haunch came to the table. But our tears are not given only to objects of pity, but the mind has recourſe to that relief in all occaſions which give us great emotion. Thus, to be apt to ſhed tears is a ſign of a great as well as little ſpirit. I have heard ſay, the preſent pope [r] never paſſes through the people, who always kneel in crowds, and aſk his benediction, but the tears are ſeen to flow from his eyes. This muſt proceed from an imagination that he is the father of all thoſe people; and that he is touched with ſo extenſive a benevolence, that it breaks out into a paſſion of tears. You ſee friends who have been long abſent, tranſported in the ſame manner: a thouſand little images crowd upon them at their

[r] Pope Clement XI.

meeting, as all the joys and griefs they have known during their ſeparation; and in one hurry of thought they conceive how they ſhould have participated in thoſe occaſions; and weep, becauſe their minds are too full to wait the ſlow expreſſions of words.

'*Hic lacrymis vitam damus, et miſereſcimus ultro.*'
VIRG. Æn. ii. 145.

'With tears the wretch confirm'd his tale of woe;
And ſoft-ey'd pity pleaded for the foe.'
R. WYNNE.

'There is lately broke looſe from the London pack [s], a very tall dangerous biter. He is now at the Bath, and it is feared will make a damnable havoc amongſt the game. His manner of biting is new, and he is called the Top. He ſecures one die betwixt his two fingers: the other is fixed, by the help of a famous wax, invented by an apothecary, ſince a gameſter: a little of which he puts upon his fore-finger, and that holds the die in the box at his devotion. Great ſums have been lately won by theſe ways; but it is hoped, that this hint of his manner of cheating will open the eyes of many who are every day impoſed upon.'

'There is now in the preſs, and will be ſuddenly publiſhed, a book intituled, An Appendix to the Contempt of the Clergy [t]; wherein

[s] See N°s 56, 57, 59, 60, 62, and 65.

[t] The Grounds and Occaſion of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion inquired into, was a celebrated, witty,

will be ſet forth at large, that all our diſſentions are owing to the lazineſs of perſons in the ſacred miniſtry, and that none of the preſent ſchiſms could have crept into the flock, but by the negligence of the paſtors [u]. There is a digreſſion in this treatiſe, proving, that the pretences made by the prieſthood, from time to time, that the church was in danger, is only a trick to make the laity paſſionate for that, of which they themſelves have been negligent. The whole concludes with an exhortation to the clergy, to the ſtudy of eloquence and practice of piety, as the only method to ſupport the higheſt of all honours, that of a prieſt who lives and acts according to his character.'

and popular book, written by Dr. John Eachard, and publiſhed in 1670. It has ſince been republiſhed, with the reſt of that author's works, by T. Davies, in 3 vol. 12mo. 1774. N.

[u] See N° 66.

N° 69. Saturday, September 17, 1709.
STEELE.

——*Quid oportet*
Nos facere, à vulgo longe latéque remotos?
HOR. 1 Sat. v. i. 17.

'But how ſhall we, who differ far and wide
From the mere vulgar, this great point decide?'
FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, September 16.

IT is, as far as it relates to our preſent being, the great end of education to raiſe ourſelves above the vulgar; but what is intended by the vulgar is not, methinks, enough underſtood. In me, indeed, that word raiſes a quite different idea from what it uſually does in others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the reliſh of ſuch ſatisfactions as are the ordinary entertainment of men. However ſuch as my opinion is in this caſe, I will ſpeak it: becauſe it is poſſible that turn of thought may be received by others, who may reap as much ſatisfaction from it as I do myſelf.

It is to me a very great meanneſs, and ſomething much below a philoſopher, which is what I mean by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts, and ſentiments, in that condition. For if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that ſtate of life has thoughts and inclinations below the meaneſt artificer; is not ſuch an artificer,

who within his power is good to his friends, moderate in his demands for his labour, and cheerful in his occupation, very much ſuperior to him who lives for no other end but to ſerve himſelf, and aſſumes a preference in all his words and actions to thoſe who act their part with much more grace than himſelf? Epictetus has made uſe of the ſimilitude of a ſtage-play to human life with much ſpirit. 'It is not,' ſays he, 'to be conſidered, among the actors, who is prince, or who is beggar, but who acts prince or beggar beſt.' The circumſtance of life ſhould not be that which gives us place, but our behaviour in that circumſtance is what ſhould be our ſolid diſtinction. Thus, a wiſe man ſhould think no man above him or below him, any further than it regards the outward order or diſcipline of the world: for, if we conceive too great an idea of the eminence of our ſuperiors, or ſubordination of our inferiors, it will have an ill effect upon our behaviour to both. He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obſequious or aſſuming in a wrong place; but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity thoſe above him.

This ſenſe of mankind is ſo far from a levelling principle, that it only ſets us upon a true baſis of diſtinction, and doubles the merit of ſuch as become their condition. A man in power, who can, without the ordinary prepoſſeſſions which ſtop the way to the true knowledge and ſervice of mankind, overlook the little diſtinctions of fortune, raiſe obſcure merit, and

diſcountenance ſucceſsful indeſert, has in the minds of knowing men, the figure of an angel rather than a man; and is above the reſt of men in the higheſt character he can be, even that of their benefactor.

Turning my thoughts as I was taking my pipe this evening, after this manner, it was no ſmall delight to me to receive advice from Felicia, that Eboracenſis was appointed a governor * of one of their plantations. As I am a great lover of mankind, I took part in the happineſs of that people who were to be governed by one of ſo great humanity, juſtice, and honour. Eboracenſis has read all the ſchemes which writers have formed of government and order, and has been long converſant with men who have the reins in their hands; ſo that he can very well diſtinguiſh between chimerical and practical politics. It is a great bleſſing, when men have to deal with ſuch different characters in the ſame ſpecies as thoſe of freemen and ſlaves, that they who command have a juſt ſenſe of human nature itſelf, by which they can temper the haughtineſs of the maſter, and ſoften the ſervitude of the

* Robert Hunter, eſq. author of the celebrated Letter on Enthuſiaſm, if Coxeter be right in a MS. conjecture in his title-page of the only copy extant of the farce called Androboros, was appointed lieutenant-governor of Virginia in 1708; but was taken by the French in his voyage thither. In 1709, he was appointed governor of New-York, and ſent with 2700 Palatines to ſettle there. On account of his health, he obtained the government of Jamaica, where he arrived in February, 1727-8; died March 31, 1734; and was buried in that iſland. His epitaph, written by the Rev. Mr. Flemming, may be ſeen in the Hiſtory of Croyland Abbey, page 18. N.

ſlave— ‘ *Hæ tibi erunt artes.*’ This is the notion with which thoſe of the plantation receive Eboracenſis: and, as I have caſt his nativity, I find there will be a record made of this perſon's adminiſtration; and, on that part of the ſhore from whence he embarks to return from his government, there will be a monument, with theſe words: ‘ Here the people wept, and took leave of Eboracenſis, the firſt governor our mother Felicia ſent, who, during his command here, believed himſelf her ſubject.’

White's Chocolate-houſe, September 16.

THE following letter wants ſuch ſudden diſpatch, that all things elſe muſt wait for this time.

Sept. 13, equal day and night.

‘ SIR,

‘ THERE are two ladies, who having a good opinion of your taſte and judgment, deſire you to make uſe of them in the following particular, which perhaps you may allow very extraordinary. The two ladies beforementioned have, a conſiderable time ſince, contracted a more ſincere and conſtant friendſhip than their adverſaries, the men, will allow conſiſtent with the frailty of female nature; and, being from a long acquaintance convinced of the perfect agreement of their tempers, have thought upon an expedient to prevent their ſeparation, and cannot think any ſo effectual (ſince it is common for love to deſtroy friendſhip) as to give up both

their liberties to the ſame perſon in marriage. The gentleman they have pitched upon is neither well-bred nor agreeable, his underſtanding moderate, and his perſon never deſigned to charm women; but, having ſo much ſelf-intereſt in his nature, as to be ſatisfied with making double contracts, upon condition of receiving double fortunes; and moſt men being ſo far ſenſible of the uneaſineſs that one woman occaſions; they think him, for theſe reaſons, the moſt likely perſon of their acquaintance to receive theſe propoſals. Upon all other accounts, he is the laſt man either of them would chooſe, yet for this, preferable to all the reſt. They deſire to know your opinion the next poſt, reſolving to defer farther proceeding, until they have received it. I am, Sir,

Your unknown, unthought of,
humble ſervant,
BRIDGET EITHERSIDE.'

This is very extraordinary; and much might be objected by me, who am ſomething of a civilian, to the caſe of two marrying the ſame man: but theſe ladies are, I perceive, free-thinkers; and therefore I ſhall ſpeak only to the prudential part of this deſign, merely as a philoſopher, without entering into the merit of it in the eccleſiaſtical or civil law. Theſe conſtant friends, Piladea and Oreſtea, are at a loſs to preſerve their friendſhip from the encroachments of love: for which end they have reſolved upon a fellow who cannot be the object

of affection or eſteem to either, and conſequently cannot rob one of the place each has in her friend's heart. But in all my reading (and I have read all that the ſages of love have writ) I have found the greateſt danger in jealouſy. The ladies, indeed, to avoid this paſſion, chooſe a ſad fellow; but if they would be adviſed by me, they had better have each her worthleſs man; otherwiſe, he that was deſpicable while he that was indifferent to them, will become valuable when he ſeems to preferone to the other.

I remember, in the hiſtory of Don Quixote of la Manca, there is a memorable paſſage, which opens to us the weakneſs of our nature in ſuch particulars. The don falls into diſcourſe with a gentleman, whom he calls, 'the Knight of the Green Caſſock,' and is invited to his houſe. When he comes there, he runs into diſcourſe and panegyric upon the œconomy, the government, and order of his family, the education of his children, and laſtly on the ſingular wiſdom of him who diſpoſed things with that exactneſs. The gentleman makes a ſoliloquy to himſelf, 'O irreſiſtible power of flattery! Though I know this is a madman, I cannot help being taken with his applauſe.' The ladies will find this much more true in the caſe of their lover; and the woman he moſt likes will certainly be more pleaſed, ſhe whom he ſlights more offended, than ſhe can imagine before ſhe has tried. Now, I humbly propoſe, that they both marry coxcombs whom they are ſure they cannot like, and then they may be pretty ſecure againſt the change of affection,

which they fear; and by that means, preſerving the temperature under which they now write, enjoy during life, 'Equal day and night.'

St. James's Coffee-houſe, September 16.

THERE is no manner of news; but people now ſpend their time in coffee-houſes in reflections upon the particulars of the late glorious day, and collecting the ſeveral parts of the action, as they are produced in letters from private hands, or notices given to us by accounts in public papers. A pleaſant gentleman, alluding to the great fences through which we pierced, ſaid this evening, 'the French thought themſelves on the right ſide of the hedge, but it proved otherwiſe.' Mr. Kidney, who has long converſed with, and filled tea for, the moſt conſummate politicians, was pleaſed to give me an account of this piece of ribaldry; and deſired me on that occaſion to write a whole paper on the ſubject of valour, and explain how that quality, which muſt be poſſeſſed by whole armies, is ſo highly preferable in one man rather than another; and how the ſame actions are but mere acts of duty in ſome, and inſtances of the moſt heroic virtue in others. He adviſes me not to fail in this diſcourſe, to mention the gallantry of the prince of Naſſau in this laſt engagement; who, when a battalion made a halt in the face of the enemy, ſnatched the colours out of the hands of the enſign, and planted them juſt before the line of the enemy, calling to that battalion to take care of their colours, if

they had no regard to him. Mr. Kidney has my promiſe to obey him in this particular, on the firſt occaſion that offers.

'Mr. Bickerſtaff is now compiling exact accounts of the pay of the militia, and the commiſſion-officers under the reſpective lieutenancies of Great Britain; in the firſt place, of thoſe of London and Weſtminſter; and in regard that there are no common ſoldiers, but all houſe-keepers, or repreſentatives of houſe-keepers, in theſe bodies, the ſums raiſed by the officers ſhall be looked into; and their fellow-ſoldiers, or rather fellow-travellers from one part of the town to the other, not defrauded of the ten pounds allowed for the ſubſiſtence of the troops.'

'Whereas, not very long ſince, at a tavern between Fleet-bridge and Charing-croſs, ſome certain polite gentlemen thought fit to perform the bacchanalian exerciſes of devotion by dancing without clothes on, after the manner of the Præ-Adamites[y]: this is to certify thoſe perſons,

[y] This ſeems to refer to ſome recent inſtance of public indecency, or ſome flagrant drunken frolic, correſponding to the date of this paper. In 1663, ſir Cha. Sedley, bart. Cha. lord Buckhurſt, and ſir Tho. Ogle, in a ſtate of intoxication, committed a ſhameful outrage of this nature, at a public-houſe, in Bow-ſtreet, Covent-garden, for which they were indicted in the court of common pleas, and fined by ſir Rob. Hyde. Sedley, the moſt notorious offender, who, moreover, treated the judge with impertinence and inſolence, actually paid £.500 on the occaſion.

Iſaac la Peyrere, a native of Bourdeaux, publiſhed a ſort of theological romance, under the title of Præ-Adamitæ;

that there is no manner of wit or humour in the ſaid practice; and that the beadles of the pariſh are to be at their next meeting, where it is to be examined, whether they are arrived at want of feeling, as well as want of ſhame?'

'Whereas a chapel clerk was lately taken in a garret, on a flock-bed, with two of the fair ſex, who are uſually employed in ſifting cinders: this is to let him know, that if he perſiſts in being a ſcandal both to laity and clergy, as being as it were both and neither, the names of the nymphs who were with him ſhall be printed; therefore he is deſired, as he tenders the reputation of his ladies, to repent [z].'

'Mr. Bickerſtaff has received information, that an eminent and noble preacher [a] in the chief congregation of Great Britain, for fear of being thought guilty of preſbyterian fervency and extemporary prayer, lately read his, before ſermon; but the ſame advices acknowledging that he made the congregation large amends by the ſhortneſs of his diſcourſe, it is thought fit to make no further obſervation upon it.'

ſive Exercitatio ſuper verſibus, 12mo. 13tio. et 14to. Capitis, 5ti. ep. D. Pauli ad Rom. quibus inducentur, Primi Homines ante Adamum conditi. 24to. 1655. [Nullibi.] To which, in the copy before the writer, is added, Syſtema Theologicum ex Præ-Adamitarum Hypotheſi, p. 260. See Tat. N° 27, N° 190, and notes.

[z] See N° 72. Letter dated Heddington, &c.

[a] The author ſeems here to allude to the chapel-royal at St. James's, where Robert Booth, D. D. dean of Briſtol, was then the only 'honourable' chaplain. N.

N° 70. Tuesday, September 20, 1709.
SWIFT AND STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whatever good is done, whatever ill——
By human kind, ſhall this collection fill.'

From my own Apartment, September 19.

The following letter, in proſecution of what I have lately aſſerted, has urged that matter ſo much better than I had, that I inſert it as I received it. Theſe teſtimonials are cuſtomary with us learned men, and ſometimes are ſuſpected to be written by the author; but I fear no one will ſuſpect me of this.

London, September 15, 1709.

'Sir,

'Having read your lucubrations of the tenth inſtant, I cannot but entirely agree with you in your notion of the ſcarcity of men who can either read or ſpeak. For my part, I have lived theſe thirty years in the world, and yet have obſerved but very few who could do either in any tolerable manner; among which few, you muſt underſtand that I reckon myſelf. How far eloquence, ſet off with the proper ornaments of voice and geſture, will prevail over the paſſions, and how cold and unaffecting the beſt oration in the world would be without

them, there are two remarkable inſtances in the caſe of Ligarius, and that of Milo. Cæſar had condemned Ligarius. He came indeed to hear what might be ſaid; but, thinking himſelf his own maſter, reſolved not to be biaſſed by any thing Cicero could ſay in his behalf: but in this he was miſtaken; for, when the orator began to ſpeak, the hero is moved, he is vanquiſhed, and at length the criminal abſolved. It muſt be obſerved, that this famous orator was leſs renowned for his courage than his eloquence; for, though he came at another time, prepared to defend Milo with one of the beſt orations that antiquity has produced; yet being ſeized with a ſudden fear, by ſeeing ſome armed men ſurrounding the forum, he faltered in his ſpeech, and became unable to exert that irreſiſtible force and beauty of action which would have ſaved his client, and for want of which he was condemned to baniſhment. As the ſucceſs the former of theſe orations met with appears chiefly owing to the life and graceful manner with which it was recited (for ſome there are who think it may be read without tranſport) ſo the latter ſeems to have failed of ſucceſs for no other reaſon, but becauſe the orator was not in a condition to ſet it off with thoſe ornaments. It muſt be confeſſed, that artful ſound will with the crowd prevail even more than ſenſe; but thoſe who are maſters of both, will ever gain the admiration of all their hearers; and there is, I think, a very natural account to be given of this matter; for the ſenſation of the head and heart are cauſed in each of theſe parts by

the outward organs of the eye and ear: that, therefore, which is conveyed to the underſtanding and paſſions by only one of theſe organs, will not affect us ſo much as that which is tranſmitted through both [b]. I cannot but think your charge is juſt againſt a great part of the learned clergy of Great Britain, who deliver the moſt excellent diſcourſes with ſuch coldneſs and indifference, that it is no great wonder the unintelligent many of their congregations fall aſleep. Thus it happens that their orations meet with a quite contrary fate to that of Demoſthenes you mentioned; for as that loſt much of its beauty and force, by being repeated to the magiſtrates of Rhodes without the winning action of that great orator; ſo the performances of theſe gentlemen never appear with ſo little grace, and to ſo much diſadvantage, as when delivered by themſelves from the pulpit. Hippocrates being ſent for to a patient in this city, and having felt his pulſe, inquired into the ſymptoms of his diſtemper; and, finding that it proceeded in great meaſure from want of ſleep, adviſes his patient, with an air of gravity, to be carried to church to hear a ſermon, not doubting but that it would diſpoſe him for the reſt he wanted. If ſome of the rules Horace gives for the theatre were [not improperly] applied to our pulpits, we ſhould not hear a ſermon preſcribed as a good opiate.

[b] See N° 66, N° 68, *ad fin.* and N° 72.

" ——*Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt*
Primum ipſe tibi——"

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 102.

" If you would have me weep, begin the ſtrain."

FRANCIS.

' A man muſt himſelf expreſs ſome concern and affection in delivering his diſcourſe, if he expects his auditory ſhould intereſt themſelves in what he propoſes. For otherwiſe, notwithſtanding the dignity and importance of the ſubject he treats of; notwithſtanding the weight and argument of the diſcourſe itſelf; yet too many will ſay,

" ——*Male ſi mandata loquêris*
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo——"

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 104.

" But if, unmov'd, you act not what you ſay,
I'll ſleep, or laugh the lifeleſs theme away."

' If there be a deficiency in the ſpeaker, there will not be a ſufficient attention and regard paid to the thing ſpoken: but, Mr. Bickerſtaff, you know, that as too little action is cold, ſo too much is fulſome. Some indeed may think themſelves accompliſhed ſpeakers, for no other reaſon than becauſe they can be loud and noiſy; for ſurely Stentor muſt have ſome deſign in his vociferations. But, dear Mr. Bickerſtaff, convince them that, as harſh and irregular ſound is not harmony, ſo neither is banging a cuſhion, oratory: and, therefore, in my humble opinion, a certain divine of the firſt order [c], whom I

[c] Biſhop Burnet.

allow otherwiſe to be a great man, would do well to leave this off; for I think his ſermons would be more perſuaſive, if he gave his auditory leſs diſturbance. Though I cannot ſay that this action would be wholly improper to a prophane oration; yet, I think, in a religious aſſembly, it gives a man too warlike, or perhaps too theatrical a figure, to be ſuitable to a Chriſtian congregation.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant, &c.'

The moſt learned and ingenious Mr. Roſehat is alſo pleaſed to write to me on this ſubject.

'SIR,

'I READ with great pleaſure in the Tatler of Saturday laſt the converſation upon eloquence: permit me to hint to you one thing the great Roman orator obſerves upon this ſubject; "*Caput enim arbitrabatur oratoris* (he quotes Menedemus, an Athenian), *ut ipſis apud quos ageret talis qualem ipſe optaret videretur; id fieri vitæ dignitate.*" TULL. de Orat. It is the firſt rule in oratory, that a man muſt appear ſuch as he would perſuade others to be; and that can be accompliſhed only by the force of his life. I believe it might be of great ſervice to let our public orators know, that an unnatural gravity, or an unbecoming levity in their behaviour out of the pulpit, will take very much from the force of their eloquence in it. Excuſe

another ſcrap of Latin; it is from one of the fathers: I think it will appear a juſt obſervation to all, and it may have authority with ſome; "*Qui autem docent tantùm, nec faciunt, ipſi præceptis ſuis detrahunt pondus: quis enim obtemperet, cum ipſi præceptores doceant non obtemperare?*" Thoſe who teach, but do not act agreeably to the inſtructions they give to others, take away all weight from their doctrine: for who will obey the precepts they inculcate, if they themſelves teach us by their practice to diſobey them?

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

JONATHAN ROSEHAT [d].'

'P. S. You were complaining in that paper, that the clergy of Great Britain had not yet learned to ſpeak: a very great defect indeed: and therefore I ſhall think myſelf a well-deſerver of the church, in recommending all the dumb clergy to the famous ſpeaking-doctor at Kenſington [e]. This ingenious gentleman, out of compaſſion to thoſe of a bad utterance, has

[d] Swift was probably the author of this letter and P. S. They might have been parts of his eſſay on Eloquence and Action, thrown into this form by Steele.

[e] Mr. James Ford, an ingenious man, and not really ridiculous, though here ridiculed by Swift, 'not only recovered ſeveral who ſtammered to a regular ſpeech, but alſo brought the deaf and dumb to ſpeak,' &c. Britiſh Apollo, vol. ii. N° 92, in folio. This ingenious and uſeful art had been diſcovered about half a century before this time. See Biogr. Brit. art. Wallis, notes AA and BB, and Vox Oculis Subjecta, 1783, 8vo.

placed his whole ſtudy in the new modelling the organs of voice; which art he has ſo far advanced, as to be able even to make a good orator of a pair of bellows. He lately exhibited a ſpecimen of his ſkill in this way, of which I was informed by the worthy gentlemen then preſent; who were at once delighted and amazed to hear an inſtrument of ſo ſimple an organization uſe an exact articulation of words, a juſt cadency in its ſentences, and a wonderful pathos in its pronunciation: not that he deſigns to expatiate in this practice; becauſe he cannot, as he ſays, apprehend what uſe it may be of to mankind, whoſe benefit he aims at in a more particular manner: and for the ſame reaſon, he will never more inſtruct the feathered kind, the parrot having been his laſt ſcholar in that way. He has a wonderful faculty in making and mending echoes: and this he will perform at any time for the uſe of the ſolitary in the country; being a man born for univerſal good, and for that reaſon recommended to your patronage by,

Sir, yours, &c.'

Another learned gentleman gives me alſo this encomium:

September 16.

'SIR,

'YOU are now got into an uſeful and noble ſubject; take care to handle it with judgment and delicacy. I wiſh every young divine would give yours of Saturday laſt a ſeri-

ous perusal; and now you are entered upon the action of an orator, if you would proceed to favour the world with some remarks on the mystical enchantments of pronunciation, what a secret force there is in the accents of a tunable voice, and wherefore the works of two very great men of the profession could never please so well when read as heard, I shall trouble you with no more scribble. You are now in the method of being truly profitable and delightful. If you can keep up to such great and sublime subjects, and pursue them with a suitable genius, go on and prosper. Farewell!'

White's Chocolate-house, September 19.

THIS was left for me here, for the use of the company of the house:

'TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

'SIR, September 15.

'THE account[f] you gave lately of a certain dog-kennel in or near Suffolk-street was not so punctual, as to the list of the dogs, as might have been expected from a person of Mr. Bickerstaff's intelligence; for, if you will dispatch Pacolet thither some evening, it is ten to one but he finds, besides those you mentioned,

'Towzer, a large French mongrel, that was not long ago in a tattered condition, but has now got new hair; is not fleet, but, when he grapples, bites even to the marrow.

[f] See Memoirs of Gamesters, *passim*; and Tat. N°s 56, 57, 59, 60, 61, and 65.

'Spring, a little French greyhound, that lately made a falſe trip to Tunbridge.

'Sly, an old battered fox-hound, that began the game in France.

'Lightfoot, a fine ſkinned Flanders dog, that belonged to a pack at Ghent; but, having loſt fleſh, is gone to Paris for the benefit of the air.

'With ſeveral others, that in time may be worth notice.

'Your familiar will ſee alſo, how anxious the keepers are about the prey, and indeed not without very good reaſon, for they have their ſhare of every thing; nay, not ſo much as a poor rabbet can be run down, but theſe carnivorous curs ſwallow a quarter of it. Some mechanics in the neighbourhood, that have entered into this civil ſociety, and who furniſh part of the carrion and oatmeal for the dogs, have the ſkin; and the bones are picked clean by a little French ſhock that belongs to the family, &c.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant, &c.

'I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that Ringwood bites at Hampſtead with falſe teeth [g].'

[g] Falſe dice.

N° 71. Thurſday, September 22, 1709.
STEELE AND SWIFT.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whatever good is done, whatever ill——
By human kind, ſhall this collection fill.'

From my own Apartment, September 21.

I HAVE long been, againſt my inclination, employed in ſatire, and that in proſecution of ſuch perſons who are below the dignity of the true ſpirit of it; ſuch who, I fear, are not to be reclaimed by making them only ridiculous. The ſharpers ſhall, therefore, have a month's time to themſelves, free from the obſervation of this paper; but I muſt not make a truce without letting them know, that at the ſame time I am preparing for a more vigorous war: for a friend of mine has promiſed me, he will employ his time in compiling ſuch a tract, before the ſeſſion of the enſuing parliament, as ſhall lay gaming home to the boſoms of all who love their country or their families; and he doubts not but it will create an act, that ſhall make theſe rogues as ſcandalous as thoſe leſs miſchievous ones on the high road.

I have received private intimations to take care of my walks, and remember there are ſuch things as ſtabs and blows: but as there never was any thing in this deſign which ought to

diſpleaſe a man of honour, or which was not deſigned to offend the raſcals, I ſhall give myſelf very little concern for finding what I expected, that they would be highly provoked at theſe lucubrations. But though I utterly deſpiſe the pack, I muſt confeſs I am at a ſtand at the receipt of the following letter, which ſeems to be written by a man of ſenſe and worth, who has miſtaken ſome paſſage that I am ſure was not levelled at him. This gentleman's complaints give me compunction, when I neglect the threats of the raſcals. I cannot be in jeſt with the rogues any longer, ſince they pretend to threaten. I do not know whether I ſhall allow them the favour of tranſportation [h].

Sept. 13.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'OBSERVING you are not content with laſhing the many vices of the age without illuſtrating each with particular characters, it is thought nothing would more contribute to the impreſſion you deſign by ſuch, than always having regard to truth. In your Tatler of this day, I obſerve you allow, that nothing is ſo tender as a lady's reputation; that a ſtain once got in their fame is hardly ever to be waſhed out. This you grant, even when you give yourſelf leave to trifle. If ſo, what caution is neceſſary in handling the reputation of a man, whoſe well-being in this life perhaps entirely depends on preſerving it from any wound, which, once there received, too often becomes fatal and incurable?

[h] See Tatler, N°s 56, 57, 59, 60, 61, 65, 66, 68, and 70.

Suppoſe ſome villanous hand, through perſonal prejudice, tranſmits materials for this purpoſe, which you publiſh to the world, and afterwards become fully convinced you were impoſed on; as by this time you may be of a character you have ſent into the world; I ſay, ſuppoſing this, I would be glad to know, what reparation you think ought to be made the perſon ſo injured, admitting you ſtood in his place. It has always been held, that a generous education is the ſureſt mark of a generous mind. The former is indeed perſpicuous in all your papers; and I am perſuaded, though you affect often to ſhew the latter, yet you would not keep any meaſures, even of Chriſtianity, with thoſe who ſhould handle you in the manner you do others. The application of all this is from your having very lately glanced at a man, under a character, which were he conſcious to deſerve, he would be the firſt to rid the world of himſelf; and would be more juſtifiable in it to all ſorts of men, than you in your committing ſuch a violence on his reputation, which perhaps you may be convinced of in another manner than you deſerve from him.

'A man of your capacity, Mr. Bickerſtaff, ſhould have more noble views, and purſue the true ſpirit of ſatire; but I will conclude, leſt I grow out of temper, and will only beg you, for your own preſervation, to remember the proverb of the pitcher.

I am your's, A. J[i].'

[i] See N° 74; and N° 76.

The proverb of the pitcher I have no regard to; but it would be an inſenſibility not to be pardoned, if a man could be untouched at ſo warm an accuſation, and that laid with ſo much ſeeming temper. All I can ſay to it is, that if the writer, by the ſame method whereby he conveyed this letter, ſhall give me an inſtance wherein I have injured any good man, or pointed at any thing which is not the true object of raillery, I ſhall acknowledge the offence in as open a manner as the preſs can do it, and lay down this paper for ever.

There is ſomething very terrible in unjuſtly attacking men in a way that may prejudice their honour or fortune; but when men of too modeſt a ſenſe of themſelves will think they are touched, it is impoſſible to prevent ill-conſequences from the moſt innocent and general diſcourſes. This I have known happen in circumſtances the moſt foreign to theirs who have taken offence at them. An advertiſement lately publiſhed, relating to Omicron [k], alarmed a gentleman of good ſenſe, integrity, honour, and induſtry, who is, in every particular, different from the trifling pretenders pointed at in that advertiſement. When the modeſty of ſome is as exceſſive as the vanity of others, what defence is there againſt miſinterpretation? However, giving diſturbance, though not intended, to men of virtuous characters, has ſo ſincerely troubled me, that I will break from this ſatirical vein; and to ſhew I very little value myſelf upon it, ſhall for this month enſuing

[k] See N° 62, *ad finem*.

leave the ſharper, the fop, the pedant, the proud man, the inſolent; in a word, all the train of knaves and fools, to their own devices, and touch on nothing but panegyric. This way is ſuitable to the true genius of the Staffs, who are much more inclined to reward than puniſh. If, therefore, the author of the above-mentioned letter does not command my ſilence wholly, as he ſhall if I do not give him ſatisfaction, I ſhall for the above-mentioned ſpace turn my thoughts to raiſing merit from its obſcurity, celebrating virtue in its diſtreſs, and attacking vice by no other method, but ſetting innocence in a proper light.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 20.

I find here for me the following letter:

'ESQUIRE BICKERSTAFF,

'FINDING your advice and cenſure to have a good effect, I deſire your admonition to our vicar and ſchoolmaſter, who, in his preaching to his auditors, ſtretches his jaws ſo wide, that, inſtead of inſtructing youth, it rather frightens them: likewiſe in reading prayers he has ſuch a careleſs loll, that people are juſtly offended at his irreverent poſture; beſides the extraordinary charge they are put to in ſending their children to dance, to bring them off of thoſe ill geſtures. Another evil faculty he has, in making the bowling-green his daily reſidence, inſtead of his church, where his curate reads prayers every day. If the weather is fair, his

time is ſpent in viſiting; if cold or wet, in bed, or at leaſt at home, though within a hundred yards of the church. Theſe, out of many ſuch irregular practices, I write for his reclamation: but, two or three things more before I conclude; to wit, that generally when his curate preaches in the afternoon, he ſleeps ſitting in the deſk on a haſſock. With all this he is ſo extremely proud, that he will go but once to the ſick, except they return his viſit.'

I was going on in reading my letter, when I was interrupted by Mr. Greenhat, who has been this evening at the play of Hamlet. 'Mr. Bickerſtaff,' ſaid he, 'had you been to-night at the play-houſe, you had ſeen the force of action in perfection: your admired Mr. Betterton [1] behaved himſelf ſo well, that, though now about ſeventy, he acted youth; and by the prevalent power of proper manner, geſture, and voice, appeared through the whole drama a young man of great expectation, vivacity, and enterprize. The ſoliloquy, where he began the celebrated ſentence of, "To be, or not to be!" the expoſtulation, where he explains with his mother in her cloſet; the noble ardour, after ſeeing his father's ghoſt; and his generous diſtreſs for the death of Ophelia, are each of them circumſtances which dwell ſtrongly upon the minds of the audience, and would certainly affect their behaviour on any parallel occaſions in their own lives. Pray, Mr. Bickerſtaff, let us have virtue thus repreſented on the ſtage with its proper

[1] See N^os 157, 167, and Biog. Dram. art. Betterton.

ornaments, or let theſe ornaments be added to her in places more ſacred. As for my part,' ſaid he, 'I carried my couſin Jerry, this little boy, with me; and ſhall always love the child for his partiality in all that concerned the fortune of Hamlet. This is entering youth into the affections and paſſions of manhood before-hand, and as it were, ante-dating the effects we hope from a long and liberal education.'

I cannot, in the midſt of many other things which preſs, hide the comfort that this letter from my ingenious kinſman gives me.

'TO MY HONOURED KINSMAN,
ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE [m].

Oxford, Sept. 18.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'I AM ſorry, though not ſurpriſed, to find that you have rallied the men of dreſs in vain; that the amber-headed cane ſtill maintains its unſtable poſt; that pockets are but few inches ſhortened; and a beau is ſtill a beau, from the crown of his night-cap to the heels of his ſhoes. For your comfort, I can aſſure you, that your endeavours ſucceed better in this famous ſeat of

[m] See N° 45, a let. with the ſame ſignature; and N° 72, another dated Heddington, written perhaps by Mr. W. Aſplin, of Alban's-hall, Oxford, who was a contributor to the Tatler, but unknown, it ſeems, to Steele. See ded. to Alkibla, 8vo. 1740, 2d edit. A Diſſertation on Worſhipping towards the Eaſt, &c. W. Aſplin took the degree of A.M. in 1710, and was ſettled afterwards near Banbury.

learning. By them, the manners of our young gentlemen are in a fair way of amendment, and their very language is mightily refined. To them it is owing, that not a ſervitor will ſing a catch, nor a ſenior fellow make a pun, nor a determining bachelor drink a bumper; and I believe a gentleman-commoner would as ſoon have the heels of his ſhoes red, as his ſtockings. When a witling ſtands at a coffee-houſe door, and ſneers at thoſe who paſs by, to the great improvement of his hopeful audience, he is no longer ſurnamed "a ſlicer," but "a man of fire" is the word. A beauty, whoſe health is drunk from Heddington to Hinkſey [n]; who has been the theme of the Muſes, her cheeks painted with roſes, and her boſom planted with orange-boughs; has no more the title of "lady," but reigns an undiſputed "toaſt." When to the plain garb of gown and band a ſpark adds an inconſiſtent long wig, we do not ſay now "he boſhes," but "there goes a ſmart fellow." If a virgin bluſhes, we no longer cry, "ſhe blues." He that drinks until he ſtares is no more "tow-row," but "honeſt." "A youngſter in a ſcrape," is a word out of date; and what bright man ſays, "I was joabed by the dean?" "Bam-bouzling" is exploded; "a ſhat" is "a tatler;" and if the muſcular motion of a man's face be violent, no mortal ſays, "he raiſes a horſe," but "he is a merry fellow."

'I congratulate you, my dear kinſman, upon theſe conqueſts; ſuch as Roman emperors la-

[n] Villages in the neighbourhood of Oxford.

mented they could not gain; and in which you rival your correſpondent Louis le Grand, and his dictating academy [o].

'Be yours the glory to perform, mine to record, as Mr. Dryden has ſaid before me to his kinſman [p]; and while you enter triumphant into the temple of the Muſes, I, as my office requires, will with my ſtaff on my ſhoulder, attend and conduct you.

I am, dear couſin,

Your moſt affectionate kinſman,

BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF [q].'

*** 'Upon the humble application of certain perſons who have made heroic figures in Mr. Bickerſtaff's narrations, notice is hereby given, that no ſuch ſhall ever be mentioned for the future, except thoſe who have ſent menaces, and not ſubmitted to admonition.'

[o] The academy here alluded to, was inſtituted in 1635, by card. Richlieu, to perfect the French language, and its general object comprehended every thing relative to grammar, poetry, and eloquence. There were 40 members, on an equality, under the title of 'men of letters.' It had a director and chancellor, choſen by ballot every three months, and a perpetual ſecretary. It has publiſhed a French dictionary that has undergone three editions, and which it is ſtill endeavouring to improve and perfect. Its device is *A L'Immortalité.* Once a year it gives a gold medal, as the prize of eloquence and poetry.

[p] See Epiſtle to John Dryden, of Cheſterton, eſq. vol. ii. page 194, 8vo. edit. [q] See N° 45.

N° 72. Saturday, September 24, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, September 23.

I HAVE taken upon me no very eaſy taſk in turning all my thoughts on panegyric, when moſt of the advices I receive tend to the quite contrary purpoſe; and I have few notices but ſuch as regard follies and vices. But the propereſt way for me to treat is, to keep in general upon the paſſions and affections of men, with as little regard to particulars as the nature of the thing will admit. However, I think there is ſomething ſo paſſionate in the circumſtances of the lovers mentioned in the following letter, that I am willing to go out of my way to obey what is commanded in it.

London, Sept. 17.

'SIR,

'YOUR deſign of entertaining the town with the characters of the ancient heroes, as perſons ſhall ſend an account to Mr. Morphew's, encourages me and others to beg of you, that in the mean time, if it is not contrary to the method you have propoſed, you would give us

one paper upon the ſubject of the death of Pætus and his wife, when Nero ſent him an order to kill himſelf: his wife, ſetting him the example, died with theſe words: "Pætus, it is not painful." You muſt know the ſtory, and your obſervations upon it will oblige,

Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.'

When the worſt man that ever lived in the world [r] had the higheſt ſtation in it, human life was the object of his diverſion; and he ſent orders frequently, out of mere wantonneſs, to take off ſuch and ſuch, without ſo much as being angry with them. Nay frequently, his tyranny was ſo humorous, that he put men to death becauſe he could not but approve of them. It came one day to his ear, that a certain married couple, Pætus and Arria, lived in a more happy tranquillity and mutual love than any other perſons who were then in being. He liſtened with great attention to the account of their manner of ſpending their time together, of the conſtan pleaſure they were to each other in all their words an actions; and found by exact information, that they were ſo treaſonable as to be much more happy than his imperial majeſty himſelf. Upon which he writ Pætus the following billet: "Pætus, you are hereby deſired to diſpatch yourſelf. I have heard a very good character of you; and therefore leave it to yourſelf, whether you will die by dagger, ſword, or poiſon. If

[r] Excepting Hen. VIII.

you outlive this order above an hour, I have given directions to put you to death by torture.

NERO.'

This familiar epiſtle was delivered to his wife Arria, who opened it.

One muſt have a ſoul very well turned for love, pity, and indignation, to comprehend the tumult this unhappy lady was thrown into upon this occaſion. The paſſion of love is no more to be underſtood by ſome tempers, than a problem in a ſcience by an ignorant man: but he that knows what affection is, will have, upon conſidering the condition of Arria, ten thouſand thoughts flowing upon him, which the tongue was not formed to expreſs; but the charming ſtatue is now before my eyes, and Arria, in her unutterable ſorrow, has more beauty than ever appeared in youth, in mirth, or in triumph. Theſe are the great and noble incidents which ſpeak the dignity of our nature, in our ſufferings and diſtreſſes. Behold her tender affection for her huſband ſinks her features into a countenance which appears more helpleſs than that of an infant: but again, her indignation ſhews in her viſage and her boſom, a reſentment as ſtrong as that of the braveſt man. Long ſhe ſtood in this agony of alternate rage and love; but at laſt compoſed herſelf for her diſſolution, rather than ſurvive her beloved Pætus. When he came into her preſence, he found her with the tyrant's letter in one hand, and a dagger in the other. Upon his approach to her, ſhe gave him the order: and at the ſame time ſtabbing herſelf, 'Pætus,' ſays ſhe, 'it is not painful;' and ex-

pired. Pætus immediately followed her example. The paſſion of theſe memorable lovers was ſuch, that it illuded the rigour of their fortune, and baffled the force of a blow, which neither felt, becauſe each received it for the ſake of the other. The woman's part in this ſtory is by much the more heroic, and has occaſioned one of the beſt epigrams tranſmitted to us from antiquity [s].

From my own Apartment, September 32.

THE boy ſays, one in a black hat left the following letter:

19th of the ſeventh month.

'FRIEND [t],

'BEING of that part of Chriſtians whom men call Quakers, and being a ſeeker of the right way, I was perſuaded yeſterday to hear one of your moſt noted teachers; the matter he treated was the neceſſity of well living grounded upon a future ſtate. I was attentive; but the

[s] 'Caſta ſuo gladium cum traderet Arria Pæto,
Quem de viſceribus traxerat ipſa ſuis;
Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci, non dolet, inquit,
Sed quod tu facies hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet.'
MARTIAL. Epig. I. 14.

'When the chaſte Arria reached the reeking ſword,
Drawn from her bowels, to her honour'd lord,
"Truſt me," ſhe ſaid, "for this I do not grieve,
I die by that which Pætus muſt receive."

'Arria *marito et ſolatium mortis et exemplum fuit.*—— Pæte *non dolet.*' PLIN. Epiſt. lib. iii. ep. 18.

'*Unde colligitur, facta dictaque virorum feminarumque illuſtrium, alia clariora eſſe, alia majora.*'

[t] See N^os 66, 68, and 70.

man did not appear in earneſt. He read his diſcourſe notwithſtanding thy rebukes, ſo heavily, and with ſo little air of being convinced himſelf, that I thought he would have ſlept, as I obſerved many of his hearers did. I came home unedified, and troubled in mind. I dipt into the Lamentations, and from thence turning to the 34th chapter of Ezekiel, I found theſe words: "Woe be to the ſhepherds of Iſrael, that do feed themſelves! ſhould not the ſhepherd feed the flock? Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool: ye kill them that are fed: but ye feed not the flock. The diſeaſed have ye not ſtrengthened; neither have ye healed that which was ſick; neither have ye bound up that which was broken; neither have ye brought again that which was driven away; neither have ye ſought that which was loſt; but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled them," &c. Now, I pray thee, friend, as thou art a man ſkilled in many things, tell me who is meant by the diſeaſed, the ſick, the broken, the driven away, and the loſt? and whether the prophecy in this chapter be accompliſhed, or yet to come to paſs? and thou wilt oblige thy friend, though unknown.'

This matter is too ſacred for this paper; but I cannot ſee what injury it would do to any clergyman to have it in his eye, and believe all that are taken of him by his want of induſtry are to be demanded from him. I dare ſay, Favonius[u] has very few of theſe loſſes. Favo-

[u] Dr. Smalridge. See preface to the laſt volume of the Tatler, and N° 114.

nius, in the midſt of a thouſand impertinent aſſailants of the divine truths, is an undiſturbed defender of them. He protects all under his care, by the clearneſs of his underſtanding, and the example of his life; he viſits dying men with the air of a man who hopes for his own diſſolution, and enforces in others a contempt of this life, by his own expectation of the next. His voice and behaviour are the lively images of a compoſed and well-governed zeal. None can leave him for the frivolous jargon uttered by the ordinary teachers among diſſenters [x], but ſuch who cannot diſtinguiſh vociferation from eloquence, and argument from railing. He is ſo great a judge of mankind, and touches our paſſions with ſo ſuperior a command, that he who deſerts his congregation muſt be a ſtranger to the dictates of nature as well as thoſe of grace.

But I muſt proceed to other matters, and reſolve the queſtions of other inquirers; as in the following:

Heddington, September 19.

'SIR,

'UPON reading that part of the Tatler, N° 69, where mention is made of a certain chapel-clerk, there aroſe a diſpute, and that produced a wager, whether by the words chapel-clerk was meant a clergyman or layman? by a clergyman I mean one in holy orders. It was not that any body in the company pretended to

[x] See N° 66, and notes.

gueſs who the perſon was; but ſome aſſerted, that by Mr. Bickerſtaff's words muſt be meant a clergyman only: others ſaid, that thoſe words might have been ſaid of any clerk of a pariſh; and ſome of them more properly of a layman. The wager is half a dozen bottles of wine; in which, if you pleaſe to determine it, your health, and all the family of the Staffs, ſhall certainly be drunk; and you will ſingularly oblige another very conſiderable family: I mean that of your humble ſervants,

THE TRENCHER CAPS[y].'

It is very cuſtomary with us learned men, to find perplexities where no one elſe can ſee any. The honeſt gentlemen, who wrote this, are much at a loſs to underſtand what I thought very plain; and, in return, their epiſtle is ſo plain, that I cannot underſtand it. This, perhaps, is at firſt a little like nonſenſe; but I deſire all perſons to examine theſe writings with an eye to my being far gone in the occult ſciences; and remember, that it is the privilege of the learned and the great to be underſtood when they pleaſe; for as a man of much buſineſs may be allowed to leave company when he pleaſes; ſo one of high learning may be above your capacity when he thinks fit. But without further ſpeeches or fooling, I muſt inform my friends, the Trencher Caps, in plain words, that I meant, in the place they ſpeak of, a drunken clerk of a church:

[y] See N° 45, and N° 71.

and I will return their civility among my relations, and drink their healths as they do ours [z].

*** Friday evening. Mr. Bickerſtaff juſt now received Mr. Truſty's letter. See N° 73. Letter ſigned W. Truſty, by Mr. John Hughes. The perſon alluded to under the name of Sam. Truſty, N° 266, might therefore be this worthy man's brother, Mr. Jabez Hughes. See N° 266, and note. Tat. in folio.

N° 73. Tueſday, September 27, 1709.
STEELE AND HUGHES.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for it's theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, September 26.

I CANNOT expreſs the confuſion the following letter gave me, which I received by ſir Thomas [a] this morning. There cannot be a greater ſurpriſe than to meet with ſudden enmity in the midſt of a familiar and friendly correſpondence; which is my caſe in relation to this epiſtle: and

[z] At the end of the let. p. 212, the French tranſlator of the Tat. puts the following abject note. '*Le but ſecret de la lettre, & des reflexions, eſt de characteriſer l'eſprit du deſpotiſme. Les droits du pouvoir abſolu, ſont toujours les mêmes, & ſi tous les princes qui s'en trouvent revetus, ne ſont pas les Nerons, ce n'eſt pas qu'ils ne puiſſent l'etre, s'ils veulent. Le grand objet des* whigs, *eſt de faire enviſager deſpotiſme de cette coté la, pour la rendre odieuſe.*' Le N. P.

[a] The waiter at St. James's coffee-houſe.

I have no way to purge myſelf to the world, but by publiſhing both it and my anſwer.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'You are a very impudent fellow to put me into the Tatler. Rot you, ſir, I have more wit than you; and rot me, I have more money than moſt fools I have bubbled. All perſons of quality admire me; though, rot me if I value a blue garter any more than I do a blue apron. Every body knows I am brave; therefore have a care how you provoke

MONOCULUS [b].'

THE ANSWER.

'SIR,

'DID I not very well know your hand, as well by the ſpelling as the character, I ſhould not have believed yours of to-day had come from you. But when all men are acquainted that I have had all my intelligence [c] from you, relating to your fraternity, let them pronounce who is the more impudent. I con-

[b] Sir Humphrey Moneux. See Tat. N° 36, and note.

[c] 'As for the ſatirical part of theſe writings, thoſe againſt the gentlemen who profeſs gaming are the moſt licentious: but the main of them I take to come from loſing gameſters, as invectives againſt the fortunate; for in very many of them I was very little elſe but the tranſcriber. If any have been more particularly marked at, ſuch perſons may impute it to their own behaviour before they were touched upon, in publicly ſpeaking their reſentment againſt the author, and profeſſing they would ſupport any man who ſhould inſult him.' Steele. See N° 271.

feſs, I have had a peculiar tenderneſs for you, by reaſon of that luxuriant eloquence of which you are maſter, and have treated you accordingly; for which you have turned your florid violence againſt your ancient friend and ſchool-fellow. You know in your own conſcience you gave me leave to touch upon your vein of ſpeaking, provided I hid your other talents; in which I believed you ſincere, becauſe, like the ancient Sinon, you have before now ſuffered yourſelf to be defaced to carry on a plot. Beſides, ſir, is "rot me" language for a perſon of your preſent ſtation! Fy, fy, I am really aſhamed for you, and ſhall no more depend upon your intelligence. Keep your temper, waſh your face, and go to bed.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.'

For aught I know, this fellow may have confuſed the deſcription of the pack, on purpoſe to enſnare the game, while I have all along believed he was deſtroying them as well as myſelf; but becauſe they pretend to bark more than ordinary, I ſhall let them ſee that I will not throw away the whip, until they know better how to behave themſelves. But I muſt not, at the ſame time, omit the praiſes of their œconomy, expreſſed in the following advice:

Sept. 17.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'THOUGH your thoughts are at preſent employed upon the tables of fame, and

marſhalling your illuſtrious dead, it is hoped the living may not be neglected, nor defrauded of their juſt honours; and ſince you have begun to publiſh to the world the great ſagacity and vigilance of the knights of the induſtry, it will be expected you ſhall proceed to do juſtice to all the ſocieties of them you can be informed of; eſpecially ſince their own great induſtry covers their actions as much as poſſible from that public notice which is their due.

"*Paulum ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ*
Celata virtus." HOR. 4 Od. ix. 29.

"Hidden vice and concealed virtue are much alike."

'Be pleaſed, therefore, to let the following memoirs have a place in their hiſtory:

'In a certain part of the town, famous for the freſheſt oyſters and the plaineſt Engliſh, there is a houſe, or rather a college, ſacred to hoſpitality and the induſtrious arts. At the entrance is hieroglyphically drawn a cavalier contending with a monſter, with jaws expanded, juſt ready to devour him [d].

'Hither the brethren of the induſtry reſort; but to avoid oſtentation, they wear no habits of diſtinction, and perform their exerciſes with as little noiſe and ſhew as poſſible. Here are no under-graduates, but each is a maſter of his art, They are diſtributed according to their various talents, and detached abroad in parties, to divide the labours of the day. They have dogs as

[d] A public houſe at Billingſgate, with the ſign of the George.

well-noſed and as fleet as any, and no ſportſmen ſhew greater activity. Some beat for the game, ſome hunt it, others come in at the death; and my honeſt landlord makes very good veniſon ſauce, and eats his ſhare of the dinner.

'I would fain purſue my metaphors; but a venerable perſon who ſtands by me, and waits to bring you this letter, and whom, by a certain benevolence in his look, I ſuſpect to be Pacolet, reproves me, and obliges me to write in plainer terms, that the ſociety had fixed their eyes on a gay young gentleman, who has lately ſucceeded to a title and an eſtate; the latter of which they judged would be very convenient for them. Therefore, after ſeveral attempts to get into his acquaintance, my landlord finds an opportunity to make his court to a friend of the young ſpark, in the following manner:

"Sir, as I take you to be a lover of ingenuity and plain dealing, I ſhall ſpeak very freely to you. In few words then, you are acquainted with ſir Liberal Briſk. Providence has for our emolument ſent him a fair eſtate; for men are not born for themſelves. Therefore, if you will bring him to my houſe, we will take care of him, and you ſhall have half the profits. There is Ace and Cutter will do his buſineſs to a hair. You will tell me, perhaps, he is your friend: I grant it, and it is for that I propoſe it, to prevent his falling into ill hands.

"We'll carve him like a diſh fit for the gods,
Not hew him like a carcaſe fit for hounds."

" In ſhort, there are, to my certain knowledge, a hundred mouths open for him. Now if we can ſecure him to ourſelves, we ſhall diſappoint all thoſe raſcals that do not deſerve him. Nay, you need not ſtart at it. Sir, it is for your own advantage. Beſides, Partridge has caſt me his nativity, and I find by certain deſtiny, " his oaks muſt be felled [c]."

' The gentleman to whom this honeſt propoſal was made, made little anſwer; but ſaid he would conſider of it, and immediately took coach to find out the young baronet, and told him all that had paſſed, together with the new ſalvo to ſatisfy a man's conſcience in ſacrificing his friend. Sir Briſk was fired, ſwore a dozen oaths, drew his ſword, put it up again, called for his man, beat him, and bid him fetch a coach. His friend aſked him, what he deſigned, and whither he was going? He anſwered, to find out the villains, and fight them. To which his friend agreed, and promiſed to be his ſecond, on condition he would firſt divide his eſtate to them, and reſerve only a proportion to himſelf,

[c] In a ſilly book publiſhed about this time, there is a ſimilar ſtory, to which the author of this paper ſeems to allude.

Mr. Thomas Charlton, in the courſe of two years, ſquandered an eſtate of 600l. per annum, and was reduced to the moſt deplorable circumſtances. He was tempted with juſt ſuch an honeſt propoſal as is here deſcribed, by a knight of the induſtry, who from being a livery ſervant, had contrived to get a very pretty eſtate near Perſhore, in Worceſterſhire. The young gentleman, indigent as he was, had the fortitude to reject his moſt lucrative offers; the artful ſharper affected to approve of his principles, and allowed him a hundred a year, by way of huſh money. Memoirs of Gameſters, &c. 12mo. 2d ed. p. 150.

that ſo he might have the juſtice of fighting his equals. His next reſolution was to play with them, and let them ſee he was not the bubble they took him for. But he ſoon quitted that, and reſolved at laſt to tell Bickerſtaff of them, and get them enrolled in the order of The Induſtry; with this caution to all young landed knights and eſquires, that whenever they are drawn to play, they would conſider it as calling them down to a ſentence already pronounced upon them, and think of the ſound of theſe words: "His oaks muſt be felled."

I am, Sir,

Your faithful humble ſervant,

WILL TRUSTY[f].'

From my own Apartment, September 26.

IT is wonderful to conſider what a pitch of confidence this world is arrived at. Do people believe I am made up of patience? I have long told them, that I will ſuffer no enormity to paſs, without I have an underſtanding with the offenders by way of huſh-money; and yet the candidates at Queen-Hithe ſend coals to all the town but me. All the public papers have had this advertiſement:

[f] The letter ſigned Will Truſty was written by Mr. John Hughes. See Spectator, N° 532.

London, September 22, 1709.

‘ To the Electors of an Alderman for the Ward of Queen-Hithe.

‘ WHEREAS an evil and pernicious cuſtom has of late very much prevailed at the election of aldermen for this city, by treating at taverns and alehouſes, thereby engaging many unwarily to give their votes: which practice appearing to ſir Arthur de Bradly to be of dangerous conſequence to the freedom of elections, he hath avoided the exceſs thereof. Nevertheleſs, to make an acknowledment to this ward for their intended favour, he hath depoſited in the hands of Mr. ———, one of the preſent common-council, four hundred and fifty pounds, to be diſpoſed of as follows, provided the ſaid ſir Arthur de Bradly be the alderman, viz.

‘ All ſuch that ſhall poll for ſir Arthur de Bradly, ſhall have one chaldron of good coals gratis.

‘ And half a chaldron to every one that ſhall not poll againſt him.

‘ And the remainder to be laid out in a clock, dial, or otherwiſe, as the common-councilmen of the ſaid ward ſhall think fit.

‘ And if any perſon ſhall refuſe to take the ſaid coals to himſelf, he may aſſign the ſame to any poor electors in the ward.

‘ I do acknowledge to have received the ſaid four hundred and fifty pounds, for the

purpoſes above-mentioned, for which I have given a receipt.

' Witneſs, J—s H—t, J—n M—y.
J—y G—h,
E—d D—s[g].

' N. B.—Whereas ſeveral perſons have already engaged to poll for ſir Humphry Greenhat, it is hereby further declared, that every ſuch perſon as doth poll for ſir Humphry Greenhat, and doth alſo poll for ſir Arthur de Bradly, ſhall each of them receive a chaldron of coals gratis, on the proviſo above-mentioned[h].'

This is certainly the moſt plain dealing that ever was uſed, except that the juſt quantity which an elector may drink without exceſs, and the difference between an acknowledgment and a bribe, wants explanation. Another difficulty with me is, how a man who is bargained with for a chaldron of coals for his vote, ſhall be ſaid to have that chaldron gratis? If my kinſman Greenhat had given me the leaſt intimation of his deſign, I ſhould have prevented his publiſhing nonſenſe; nor ſhould any knight in England have put my relation at the bottom of the leaf as a poſtſcript, when after all it appears Greenhat has been the more popular man. There is here ſuch open contradiction, and clumſy art to palliate the matter, and prove to the people, that the freedom of election is ſafer

[g] Crowley's agent, and the names of the witneſſes marked with their initial and final letters. John Medgley; James Hallet; Jeremy Gough; and Edward Davis. Harl. MSS. Bagford's Coll. 5996.

[h] Sir Ambroſe Crowley, and ſir Benjamin Green.

when laid out in coals than ſtrong drink, that I can turn this only to a religious uſe, and admire the diſpenſation of things; for if theſe fellows were as wiſe as they are rich, where would be our liberty? This reminds me of a memorable ſpeech[i] made to a city almoſt in the ſame latitude with Weſtminſter: 'When I think of your wiſdom, I admire your wealth; when I think of your wealth, I admire your wiſdom.'

The tranſlator of the Tat. into French, has the following note at the end of this paper, N° 73.

'*Je n'ai traduit cet article que pour allonger ce chapitre. On y vérra néanmoins une des ſources ſecrettes du danger qui menace par l'interieur la conſtitution d'Angleterre.*' Le Nouv. Philoſoph.

N° 74. Thurſday, September 29, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

White's Chocolate-houſe, September 28.

The writer of the following letter has made an uſe of me, which I did not foreſee I ſhould fall into. But the gentleman having aſſured me that he has a moſt tender paſſion for the fair one, and ſpeaking his intention with ſo much ſincerity, I am willing to let them contrive an interview by my means.

[i] A ſpeech of queen Elizabeth to the citizens of London.

'SIR,

'I EARNESTLY entreat you to publiſh the incloſed; for I have no other way to come at her, or return to myſelf. A. L.

'P. S. Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'You cannot imagine how handſome ſhe is: the ſuperſcription of my letter will make her recollect the man that gazed at her. Pray put it in.'

I can aſſure the young lady, the gentleman is in the trammels of love: how elſe would he make his ſuperſcription ſo much longer than his billet? He ſuperſcribes,

"To the younger of the two ladies in mourning (who ſat in the hindmoſt ſeat of the middle box at Mr. Winſtanley's water-works[k] on Tueſ-

[k] Winſtanley's mathematical water-theatre ſtood at the lower end of Piccadilly, diſtinguiſhable by a windmill at top. The exhibitions here, between five and ſix in the evening, were diverſified to ſuit the ſeaſons, and the humours of the company; and the prices, except that of the ſix-penny gallery, varied accordingly. Boxes from four ſhillings to half a crown, pit from three to two ſhillings, and a ſeat in the ſhilling gallery ſometimes coſt eighteen pence. The quantity of water uſed on extraordinary occaſions was from 360 to 800 tuns. Winſtanley had another houſe of this ſort at Littleberry, in Eſſex, where there were the ſame or ſimilar exhibitions. He died ſoon after this time, and his houſes came into the poſſeſſion of his widow, for whoſe benefit they were ſhewn in 1713, as appears from the advertiſements of that date, in the original Guardian. See Tat. cr. 8vo. 6 vol. N° 74, note.

day was fortnight, and had with them a brother, or ſome acquaintance that was as careleſs of that pretty creature as a brother; which ſeeming brother uſhered them to their coach) with great reſpect. Preſent."

"MADAM,

"I HAVE a very good eſtate, and wiſh myſelf your huſband: let me know by this way where you live; for I ſhall be miſerable until we live together.

ALEXANDER LANDLORD[1]."

This is the modern way of bargain and ſale; a certain ſhort-hand writing, in which laconic elder brothers are very ſucceſsful. All my fear is, that the nymph's elder ſiſter is unmarried; if ſhe is, we are undone: but perhaps the careleſs fellow was her huſband, and then ſhe will let us go on.

From my own Apartment, September 28.

THE following letter has given me a new ſenſe of the nature of my writings. I have the deepeſt regard to conviction, and ſhall never act againſt it. However, I do not yet underſtand what good man he thinks I have injured: but his epiſtle has ſuch weight in it, that I ſhall always have reſpect for his admonition, and deſire the continuance of it. I am not conſcious

[1] See N° 76.

that I have ſpoke any faults a man may not mend if he pleaſes.

Sept. 25.

' Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

' WHEN I read your paper of Thurſday [m], I was ſurpriſed to find mine of the thirteenth inſerted at large; I never intended myſelf or you a ſecond trouble of this kind, believing I had ſufficiently pointed out the man you had injured, and that by this time you were convinced that ſilence would be the beſt anſwer: but finding your reflections are ſuch as naturally call for a reply, I take this way of doing it; and in the firſt place, return you thanks for the compliment made me of my ſeeming ſenſe and worth. I do aſſure you, I ſhall always endeavour to convince mankind of the latter, though I have no pretence to the former. But to come a little nearer, I obſerve you put yourſelf under a very ſevere reſtriction, even the laying down the Tatler for ever, if I can give you an inſtance, wherein you have injured any good man, or pointed out any thing which is not the true object of raillery.

' I muſt confeſs, Mr. Bickerſtaff, if the making a man guilty of vices that would ſhame the gallows, be the beſt method to point at the true object of raillery, I have until this time been very ignorant; but if it be ſo, I will venture to aſſert one thing, and lay it down as a maxim, even to the Staffian race, viz. That

[m] See N° 71, letter ſigned A. J. and N° 76, letter.

that method of pointing ought no more to be purſued, than thoſe people ought to cut your throat who ſuffer by it; becauſe I take both to be murder, and the law is not in every private man's hands to execute: but indeed, ſir, were you the only perſon would ſuffer by the Tatler's diſcontinuance, I have malice enough to puniſh you in the manner you preſcribe; but I am not ſo great an enemy to the town or my own pleaſures as to wiſh it; nor that you would lay aſide laſhing the reigning vices, ſo long as you keep to the true ſpirit of ſatire, without deſcending to rake into characters below its dignity; for as you well obſerve, there is ſomething very terrible in unjuſtly attacking men in a way that may prejudice their honour or fortune; and indeed where crimes are enormous, the delinquent deſerves little pity, yet the reporter may deſerve leſs: and here I am naturally led to that celebrated author of The Whole Duty of Man[n], who hath ſet this matter in a true light in his treatiſe Of the Government of the Tongue; where, ſpeaking of uncharitable

[n] Dr. Naſh, in his Hiſtory of Worceſterſhire, vol. i. p. 352, has taken much pains to diſcover the author of this celebrated book; which has been aſcribed to no leſs than eight different writers; viz. to Abraham Woodhead, Obadiah Walker, biſhop Fell, biſhop Chapple, Dr. Alleſtree, Dr. Henchman, Mr. Fulman, and lady Pakington. See The Gentleman's Magazine, 1754, p. 26; and biſhop Atterbury's Sermon on 1 Tim. vi. 1. On the whole, Dr. Naſh inclines to aſcribe the book to lady Pakington, though amply and materially corrected by biſhop Fell, between whom and that lady there ſubſiſted a long and uninterrupted correſpondence. The firſt edition of it appeared in 1654. N.

truths, he ſays, "a diſcovery of this kind ſerves not to reclaim, but enrage the offender, and precipitate him into further degrees of ill. Modeſty and fear of ſhame is one of thoſe natural reſtraints which the wiſdom of heaven has put upon mankind; and he that once ſtumbles, may yet by a check of that bridle recover again: but when by a public detection he is fallen under that infamy he feared, he will then be apt to diſcard all caution, and to think he owes himſelf the utmoſt pleaſures of vice, as the price of his reputation. Nay, perhaps he advances farther, and ſets up for a reverſed ſort of fame, by being eminently wicked, and he who before was but a clandeſtine diſciple, becomes a doctor of impiety, &c." This ſort of reaſoning, ſir, moſt certainly induced our wiſe legiſlators very lately to repeal that law which put the ſtamp of infamy in the face of felons: therefore, you had better give an act of oblivion to your delinquents, at leaſt for tranſportation, than to continue to mark them in ſo notorious a manner. I cannot but applaud your deſigned attempt of "raiſing merit from obſcurity, celebrating virtue in diſtreſs, and attacking vice in another method, by ſetting innocence in a proper light." Your purſuing theſe noble themes will make a greater advance to the reformation you ſeem to aim at, than the method you have hitherto taken, by putting mankind beyond the power of retrieving themſelves, or indeed to think it poſſible. But if after all your endeavours in this new way, there ſhould then remain any hardened impenitents, you muſt even

give them up to the rigour of the law, as delinquents not within the benefit of their clergy. Pardon me, good Mr. Bickerſtaff, for the tediouſneſs of this epiſtle, and believe it is not from any ſelf-conviction I have taken up ſo much of your time, or my own; but ſuppoſing you mean all your Lucubrations ſhould tend to the good of mankind, I may the eaſier hope your pardon, being, Sir, yours, &c.'

Grecian Coffee-houſe, September 29°.

THIS evening I thought fit to notify to the literati of this houſe, and by that means to all

° The part of this paper, dated from the Grecian Coffee-houſe, Sept. 29, is aſcribed to Swift, in a valuable paper communicated by J—N H—Y of Manchester, Jan. 15, 1784. The notes it contains were tranſcribed by the communicator many years ago, when he had acceſs to the library of Chriſtopher Byron, eſq; a liberal contributor to Dr. Grey's edition of Hudibras, whoſe communications are there marked with a B. The annotator learnt from this paper ſome things of which he had before no knowledge or ſuſpicion; it ſatisfied him in many particulars about which he had his doubts; and has enabled him to mention others with more confidence, which he could only have offered as mere conjectures. The illuſtrations that reſt on this authority are inſerted in their reſpective places, ſometimes with the ſignature J—N H—Y, M. and often with a reference to this Number 74, and note.

It has likewiſe been ſaid that Dr. Hawkeſworth, without aſſigning any reaſon, claims this whole paper for Swift, in a note in his edition of Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 40.* See N° 66, and N° 67, notes. Nevertheleſs the following objections ſeem to make it impoſſible to acquieſce in the doctor's determination. If this paper had been written by Swift, and dated as it is here in the ſuperſcription Sept. 29, the querulous letter from Steele to Swift of the 8th of Oct. inſerted in Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 40, of which the reader will find a ſatisfactory explanation in a note on Tat.

the world, that on Saturday the fifteenth of October next enſuing, I deſign to fix my firſt table of fame [P]; and deſire that ſuch as are acquainted with the characters of the twelve moſt famous men that have ever appeared in the world would ſend in their liſts, or name any one man for that table, aſſigning alſo his place at it before that time, upon pain of having ſuch his

N° 81, muſt then be deemed abſurd and unaccountable. How could Steele have written in ſuch a ſtrain, to a perſon then in another kingdom, and with a ſea between, tacitly cenſuring the ſuſpenſion of his correſpondence, and the delay of a promiſed contribution, if he had received a communication from him but the very week before, of which he takes no manner of notice? Nor could this paper in its preſent form, and with its printed date, have been a production of Swift, brought over from Ireland by Addiſon, but with-held from the public by Steele, until the 29th of Sept. This is impoſſible, becauſe the paper itſelf contains a manifeſt alluſion to a tranſaction poſterior to this ſuppoſed time of writing, but recent at the real date of the publication. The writer of it prohibits the uſe of a nefarious artifice 'to corrupt the voices by ſending, according to the new mode, any poor electors coals and candles for their votes.' This new mode of bribery had begun to be practiſed, it would ſeem for the firſt time, but a very few days before the printed date of this paper, in the election of an alderman for the ward of Queen-Hythe. Concerning this affair, Swift can ill be ſuppoſed to have had any knowledge, or any care. There ſeems to be no way imaginable by which he could have learnt the generalſhip of ſir Arthur de Bradly's election at Dublin, or publiſhed his jokes upon it at London in the ſhort courſe of one week. It follows certainly, that this paper was not written by Swift, but probably by Steele, who authenticates the original of this novel method of ſoliciting votes, Sept. 22, 1709, and makes it the ſubject of his raillery and animadverſion in the paper immediately precedent. See Tat. N° 73, paragr. dated London, Sept. 22, 1709. Dr. Hawkeſworth was in like manner miſtaken in aſſigning Tat. N° 81, to Swift, as muſt evidently appear from the note on that paper.

[P] See N° 67, N° 81, and notes.

man of fame poſtponed, or placed too high for ever. I ſhall not, upon any application whatever, alter the place which upon that day I ſhall give to any of theſe worthies. But whereas there are many who take upon them to admire this hero, or that author, upon ſecond hand, I expect each ſubſcriber ſhould underwrite his reaſon for the place he allots his candidate.

The thing is of the laſt conſequence; for we are about ſettling the greateſt point that ever has been debated in any age; and I ſhall take precautions accordingly. Let every man who votes conſider, that he is now going to give away that, for which the ſoldier gave up his reſt, his pleaſure, and his life; the ſcholar reſigned his whole ſeries of thought, his midnight repoſe, and his morning ſlumbers. In a word, he is, as I may ſay, to be judge of that after-life, which noble ſpirits prefer to their very real beings. I hope I ſhall be forgiven, therefore, if I make ſome objections againſt their jury, as they ſhall occur to me. The whole of the number by whom they are to be tried, are to be ſcholars. I am perſuaded alſo, that Ariſtotle will be put up by all that claſs of men. However, in behalf of others, ſuch as wear the livery of Ariſtotle, the two famous univerſities are called upon, on this occaſion; but I except the men of Queen's, Exeter, and Jeſus colleges [q], in Oxford; who are not to be electors, becauſe he ſhall not be crowned from an implicit faith in his writings,

[q] They were obliged by the ſtatutes of thoſe colleges to keep to Ariſtotle for their texts.

but receive his honour from ſuch judges as ſhall allow him to be cenſured. Upon this election, as I was juſt now going to ſay, I baniſh all who think and ſpeak after others to concern themſelves in it. For which reaſon all illiterate diſtant admirers are forbidden to corrupt the voices, by ſending, according to the new mode, any poor ſtudents coals [r] and candles for their votes in behalf of ſuch worthies as they pretend to eſteem. All news-writers are alſo excluded, becauſe they conſider fame as it is a report which gives foundation to the filling up their rhapſodies, and not as it is the emanation or conſequence of good and evil actions. Theſe are excepted againſt as juſtly as butchers in caſe of life and death: their familiarity with the greateſt names takes off the delicacy of their regard, as dealing in blood makes the *lanii* leſs tender of ſpilling it.

[r] See N° 73. The article addreſſed to the electors of an alderman, for the ward of Queen-Hithe; and note.

N° 75. Saturday, October 1, 1709 [s].
ADDISON AND STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our medley paper ſeizes for its theme.' P.

From my own Apartment, September 30.

I AM called off from public diſſertations by a domeſtic affair of great importance, which is no leſs than the diſpoſal of my ſiſter Jenny for life. The girl is a girl of great merit, and pleaſing converſation; but I being born of my father's firſt wife, and ſhe of his third, ſhe converſes with me rather like a daughter than a ſiſter. I have indeed told her, that if ſhe kept her honour, and behaved herſelf in ſuch a manner as became

[s] The aſſignment of this paper to Addiſon and Steele, reſts on the authority of the liſt delivered with Steele's own hand to Mr. Tickell. It is inſerted by that gentleman, with an intimation, that it was written by Addiſon and Steele in conjunction, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, vol. ii. p. 182. Birmingham 1761, 4to. Certainly, notwithſtanding what Dr. P. Nicholls has ſaid in his life of Swift, to ſupport his fanciful conjecture, this paper was not 'a brat of Swift's uncommonly turned brain;' the 'great ſtrokes' of the character it deſcribes, were not 'daſhed out by the dean's deſperate hand,' nor was it ever intended to expreſs the dictates or the dolor of that author's heart. There appears to be juſt as much, and juſt as little relation between Jenny Fenton, and Jenny Diſtaff, as between Alexander the Great, and Alexander the Copperſmith. See Biogr. Brit. art. Swift, p. 3862, note N.

the Bickerſtaffs, I would get her an agreeable man for her huſband; which was a promiſe I made her after reading a paſſage in Pliny's 'Epiſtles [t].' That polite author had been employed to find out a conſort for his friend's daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon. *Aciliano plurimum vigoris et induſtriæ quanquam in maxima verecundia: eſt illi facies liberalis, multo ſanguine, multo rubore, ſuffuſa: eſt ingenua totius corporis pulchritudo, et quidam ſenatorius decor, quæ ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda: debet enim hoc caſtitati puellarum quaſi præmium dari.* 'Acilianus (for that was the gentleman's name) is a man of extraordinary vigour and induſtry, accompanied with the greateſt modeſty: he has very much of the gentleman, with a lively colour, and fluſh of health in his aſpect. His whole perſon is finely turned, and ſpeaks him a man of quality: which are qualifications that, I think, ought by no means to be over-looked; and ſhould be beſtowed on a daughter as the reward of her chaſtity.'

A woman that will give herſelf liberties, need not put her parents to ſo much trouble; for if ſhe does not poſſeſs theſe ornaments in a huſband, ſhe can ſupply herſelf elſewhere. But this is not the caſe of my ſiſter Jenny, who, I may ſay without vanity, is as unſpotted a ſpinſter as any in Great Britain. I ſhall take this occaſion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

[t] C. Plin. Cæc. Sec. Epiſtolæ. Lib. i. ep. xiv. Jun. Maurico.

We have, in the genealogy of our houſe, the deſcriptions and pictures of our anceſtors from the time of king Arthur; in whoſe days there was one of my own name, a knight of his round table, and known by the name of ſir Iſaac Bickerſtaff. He was low of ſtature, and of a very ſwarthy complexion, not unlike a Portugueze Jew. But he was more prudent than men of that height uſually are, and would often communicate to his friends his deſign of lengthening and whitening his poſterity. His eldeſt ſon Ralph, for that was his name, was for this reaſon married to a lady who had little elſe to recommend her, but that ſhe was very tall and very fair. The iſſue of this match, with the help of high ſhoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age; though the complexion of the family was obſcure until the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, until the reign of William the Conqueror, the females of our houſe were famous for their needlework and fine ſkins. In the male line, there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of Richard III. the eldeſt ſon of Philip, then chief of the family, being born with an humpback and very high noſe. This was the more aſtoniſhing, becauſe none of his forefathers ever had ſuch a blemiſh; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the butler, who was noted for round ſhoulders, and a Roman noſe: what made the noſe the leſs excuſable, was the remarkable ſmallneſs of his eyes.

Theſe ſeveral defects were mended by ſucceeding matches; the eyes were open in the next generation, and the hump fell in a century and a half [u]: but the greateſt difficulty was how to reduce the noſe; which I do not find was accompliſhed until about the middle of the reign of Henry VII. or rather the beginning of that of Henry VIII.

But while our anceſtors were thus taken up in cultivating the eyes and noſe, the face of the Bickerſtaffs fell down inſenſibly into chin; which was not taken notice of, their thoughts being ſo much employed upon the more noble features, until it became almoſt too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and ſucceſſive care in our alliances, have cured this alſo, and reduced our faces into that tolerable oval, which we enjoy at preſent. I would not be tedious in this diſcourſe, but cannot but obſerve, that our race ſuffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of our heireſſes with an eminent courtier, who gave us ſpindle-ſhanks, and cramps in our bones: inſomuch that we did not recover our health and legs until ſir Walter Bickerſtaff married Maud the milk-maid, of whom the then garter king at arms, a facetious perſon, ſaid pleaſantly enough, that 'ſhe had ſpoiled our blood, but mended our conſtitutions.'

[u] Perhaps it is ſcarcely worth while to mention, that this century and a half is all a fiction, and that the wit of the paper, and the truth of the hiſtory, are here at variance, for Henry VII. defeated Richard III. in Boſworth-field, was his immediate ſucceſſor in 1485, and died in 1509.

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our perſons and features, I cannot but obſerve, that there are daily inſtances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's minds and humours. One might wear any paſſion out of a family by culture, as ſkilful gardeners blot a colour out of a tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a ſhrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raiſe a jack-pudding from a prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy. It is for want of care in the diſpoſing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into an houſe and ſee ſuch different complexions and humours in the ſame race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pike-ſtaff, from what mixture it is, that this daughter ſilently lours, the other ſteals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a ſplenetic, and a fifth a coquette.

In this diſpoſal of my ſiſter, I have choſen with an eye to her being a wit, and provided that the bridegroom be a man of a ſound and excellent judgment, who will ſeldom mind what ſhe ſays when ſhe begins to harangue: for Jenny's only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, ſluttiſh; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate moſt, and bring into obſervation, what we think moſt excellent in ourſelves, or moſt capable of improvement. Thus, my ſiſter, inſtead of conſulting her glaſs and her toilet for an hour and a half

after her private devotions, ſits with her noſe full of ſnuff, and a man's night-cap on her head, reading plays and romances. Her wit ſhe thinks her diſtinction: therefore knows nothing of the ſkill of dreſs, or making her perſon agreeable. It would make you laugh to ſee me often, with my ſpectacles on, lacing her ſtays: for ſhe is ſo very a wit, that ſhe underſtands no ordinary thing in the world.

For this reaſon, I have diſpoſed of her to a man of buſineſs, who will ſoon let her ſee, that to be well dreſſed, in good humour, and cheerful in the command of her family, are the arts and ſciences of female life. I could have beſtowed her upon a fine gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a coach and ſix: but I found it abſolutely neceſſary to croſs the ſtrain; for had they met, they had entirely been rivals in diſcourſe, and in continual contention for the ſuperiority of underſtanding, and brought forth critics, pedants, or pretty good poets. As it is, I expect an offſpring fit for the habitation of the city, town, or country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

To convince men of the neceſſity of taking this method, let any one, even below the ſkill of an aſtrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as ſoon as he paſſes Cheapſide conduit, and you ſee a deep attention and a certain unthinking ſharpneſs in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purpoſes. To me it is very apparent, when I ſee a citizen paſs by, whether his head

is upon woollen, ſilks, iron, ſugar, indigo, or ſtocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time a perſon of a vaſt eſtate, who is the immediate deſcendant of a fine gentleman, but the great grandſon of a broker, in whom his anceſtor is now revived. He is a very honeſt gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily ſorry for it; but he cheats by conſtitution, and over-reaches by inſtinct.

The happineſs of the man who marries my ſiſter will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little bias of fancy, or particularity of manners, which grew in herſelf, and can be amended by her. From ſuch an untainted couple, we can hope to have our family riſe to its ancient ſplendor of face, air, countenance, manner, and ſhape, without diſcovering the product of ten nations in one houſe [x]. Obadiah Greenhat ſays, he never comes into any company in England, but he diſtinguiſhes the different nations of which we are compoſed. There is ſcarce ſuch a living creature as a true Briton. We ſit down indeed all friends, acquaintance, and neighbours; but, after two bottles, you ſee a Dane ſtart up and ſwear, the kingdom is his own. A Saxon drinks up the whole quart, and ſwears, he will diſpute that with him. A Norman tells them both, he will aſſert his liberty: and a Welchman cries, they are all foreigners and intruders of yeſterday,

[x] Addiſon. See N° 59, N° 63, and notes.

and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours' children, and couſin-germans. For which reaſon, I ſay, ſtudy your race; or the ſoil of your family will dwindle into cits or eſquires, or run up into wits or madmen [y].

N° 76. Tueſday, October 4, 1709.
STEELE [z].

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

'Whatever good is done, whatever ill——
By human kind, ſhall this collection fill.'

From my own Apartment, October 3.

It is a thing very much to be lamented, that a man muſt uſe a certain cunning to caution people againſt what it is their intereſt to avoid.

[y] See N° 77.

[z] In this edition of the Tatler, many papers are aſcribed to Steele, of which, or of conſiderable parts of which, it is ſuſpected that he was not the author. It can do no harm to prefix his name to them in the mean while, as he certainly had ſome hand in the moſt of them, and was the oſtenſible editor of them all. It is to be hoped, that future information, from the obliging communications of well-wiſhers to this work, and relative circumſtances, conſtantly occurring in the courſe of it, and of the very various reading it occaſions, may hereafter ſupercede conjectures, and furniſh more certain diſcoveries of the real writers, whoſe names are at preſent totally unknown, or at beſt but ſuſpected.

This paper is of the nature, and in the number of thoſe here ſpoken of, which is aſſigned ſolely to Steele, though it ſeems probable that he was aſſiſted in it by Mr. John Hughes.

All men will allow, that it is a great and heroic work to correct men's errors, and at the price of being called a common enemy, to go on in being a common friend to my fellow ſubjects and citizens. But I am forced in this work to revolve the ſame thing in ten thouſand lights, and caſt them in as many forms, to come at men's minds and affections, in order to lead the innocent in ſafety, as well as diſappoint the artifices of betrayers. Since, therefore, I can make no impreſſion upon the offending ſide, I ſhall turn my obſervations upon the offended; that is to ſay, I muſt whip my children for going into bad company, inſtead of railing at bad company for enſnaring my children.

The greateſt misfortunes men fall into ariſe from themſelves; and that temper, which is called very often, though with great injuſtice, good-nature, is the ſource of a numberleſs train of evils. For which reaſon we are to take this as a rule, that no action is commendable which is not voluntary; and we have made this a maxim, that a man, who is commonly called good-natured, is hardly to be thanked for any thing he does, becauſe half that is acted about him is done rather by his ſufferance than approbation. It is generally lazineſs of diſpoſition, which chooſes rather to let things paſs the worſt way, than to go through the pain of examination. It muſt be confeſſed, ſuch a one has ſo great a benevolence in him, that he bears a thouſand uneaſineſſes rather than he will incommode others: nay often, when he has juſt reaſon to be offended, chooſes rather to ſit down with a ſmall injury,

than bring it into reprehenſion, out of pure compaſſion to the offender. Such a perſon has it uſually ſaid of him, 'He is no man's enemy but his own;' which is in effect ſaying, he is a friend to every man but himſelf, and his friends: for, by a natural conſequence of his neglecting himſelf, he either incapacitates himſelf to be another's friend, or makes others ceaſe to be his. If I take no care of my own affairs, no man that is my friend can take it ill if I am negligent alſo of his. This ſoft diſpoſition, if it continues uncorrected, throws men into a ſea of difficulties.

There is Euphuſius, with all the good qualities in the world, deſerves well of nobody: that univerſal good-will, which is ſo ſtrong in him, expoſes him to the aſſault of every invader upon his time, his converſation, and his property. His diet is butcher's-meat, his wenches are in plain pinners and Norwich crapes, his dreſs like other people, his income great; and yet has he ſeldom a guinea at command. From theſe eaſy gentlemen, are collected eſtates by ſervants, or gameſters; which latter fraternity are excuſable, when we think of this clan, who ſeem born to be their prey. All, therefore, of the family of Actæon [a] are to take notice, that they are hereby given up to the brethren of the Induſtry, with this reſerve only, that they are to be marked as ſtricken-deer, not for their own ſakes, but to preſerve the herd from following them, and coming within the ſcent.

[a] See N° 59.

I am obliged to leave this important ſubject, without telling whoſe quarters are ſevered, who has the humbles, who the haunch, and who the ſides, of the laſt ſtag that was pulled down; but this is only deferred in hopes my deer will make their eſcape without more admonitions or examples, of which they have had, in mine and the town's opinion, too great a plenty. I muſt I ſay, at preſent go to other matters of moment.

White's Chocolate-houſe, October 3.

THE lady has anſwered the letter of Mr. Alexander Landlord, which was publiſhed on Thurſday laſt [b], but in ſuch a manner as I do not think fit to proceed in the affair; for ſhe has plainly told him, that love is her deſign, but marriage her averſion. Bleſs me! what is this age come to, that people can think to make a pimp of an aſtronomer!

I ſhall not promote ſuch deſigns, but ſhall leave her to find out her admirer, while I ſpeak to another caſe ſent to me by a letter of September the thirtieth, ſubſcribed, Lovewell Barebones, where the author deſires me to ſuſpend my care of the dead, until I have done ſomething for the dying. His caſe is, that the lady he loves is ever accompanied by a kinſwoman, one of thoſe gay cunning women, who prevent all the love which is not addreſſed to themſelves. This creature takes upon her in his miſtreſs's preſence to aſk him, whether Mrs. Florimel (that is the cruel one's name) is not

[b] See N° 74.

very handſome? Upon which he looks ſilly; then they both laugh out, and ſhe will tell him, that Mrs. Florimel had an equal paſſion for him, but deſired him not to expect the firſt time to be admitted in private; but that now he was at liberty before her only, who was her friend, to ſpeak his mind, and that his miſtreſs expected it. Upon which Florimel acts a virgin-confuſion, and with ſome diſorder waits his ſpeech. Here ever follows a deep ſilence; after which a loud laugh. Mr. Barebones applies himſelf to me on this occaſion. All the advice I can give him is to find a lover for the confident, for there is no other bribe will prevail; and I ſee by her carriage, that it is no hard matter, for ſhe is too gay to have a particular paſſion, or to want a general one.

Some days ago the town had a full charge laid againſt my eſſays, and printed at large [c]. I altered not one word of what he of the contrary opinion ſaid, but have blotted out ſome warm things ſaid for me; therefore, pleaſe to hear the counſel for the defendant, though I ſhall be ſo no otherwiſe than to take a middle way, and, if poſſible, keep commendations from being inſipid to men's taſte, or raillery pernicious to their characters.

Sept. 30, 1709.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'As I always looked upon ſatire as the beſt friend to reformation, whilſt its laſhes were

[c] See N° 74, letter Sept. 25; and N° 71, letter ſigned A. J.

general; ſo that gentleman muſt excuſe me, if I do not ſee the inconvenience of a method he is ſo much concerned at. The errors he aſſigns in it, I think, are compriſed in "the deſperation men are generally driven to, when by a public detection they fall under the infamy they feared, who otherwiſe, by checking their bridle, might have recovered their ſtumble, and, through a ſelf-conviction, become their own reformers: ſo he that was before but a clandeſtine diſciple, (to uſe his own quotation) is now become a doctor in impiety." The little ſucceſs that is to be expected by theſe methods from a hardened offender, is too evident to inſiſt on; yet, it is true, there is a great deal of charity in this ſort of reaſoning, whilſt the effects of thoſe crimes extend not beyond themſelves. But what relation has this to your proceedings? It is not a circumſtantial gueſſing will ſerve the turn, for there are more than one to pretend to any of your characters; but there muſt at leaſt be ſomething that muſt amount to a nominal deſcription, before even common fame can ſeparate me from the reſt of mankind to dart at. A general repreſentation of an action, either ridiculous or enormous, may make thoſe winch who find too much ſimilitude in the character with themſelves to plead not guilty; but none but a witneſs to the crime can charge them with the guilt, whilſt the indictment is general, and the offender has the aſylum of the whole world to protect him. Here can then be no injuſtice, where no one is injured; for it is themſelves muſt appropriate the ſaddle, before ſcandal can ride them.

'Your method then, in my opinion, is no way ſubject to the charge brought againſt it; but, on the contrary, I believe this advantage is too often drawn from it, that whilſt we laugh at, or deteſt, the uncertain ſubject of the ſatire, we often find ſomething in the error a parallel to ourſelves; and, being inſenſibly drawn to the compariſon we would get rid of, we plunge deeper into the mire, and ſhame produces that which advice has been too weak for; and you, ſir, get converts you never thought of.

'As for deſcending to characters below the dignity of ſatire; what men think are not beneath commiſſion, I muſt aſſure him, I think are not beneath reproof: for as there is as much folly in a ridiculous deportment, as there is enormity in a criminal one, ſo neither the one nor the other ought to plead exemption. The kennel of curs are as much enemies to the ſtate, as Gregg [d] for his confederacy; for as this be-

[d] William Gregg was an under-clerk to Mr. Secretary Harley, in 1708, and was detected in a treaſonable correſpondence. He diſcovered to the court of France the deſign on Toulon, and was executed for that crime. When he was indicted, he pleaded guilty; which gave occaſion to Mr. Harley's enemies to inſinuate that he was privy to Gregg's practices, and had, by aſſurances of pardon, prevailed upon him to plead guilty, in order to prevent the examination of witneſſes. When Gregg was at length executed, he left a paper behind him, in which it is ſaid that Mr. Harley was fully and particularly juſtified. See Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 77, note, crown 8vo.; and bp. Burnet's Hiſtory of his own Times, 1708, p. 496, folio.

'There is a pamphlet come out, in anſwer to a letter to the ſeven lords who examined Gregg. The anſwer is by the real author of the Examiner, as I believe, for it is very well written.' Swift's Works, vol. xxiii. p. 21, ed. 1769.

trayed our government, ſo the other does our property, and one without the other is equally uſeleſs. As for the act of oblivion he ſo ſtrenuouſly inſiſts on, *Le Roy s'aviſera* [e] is a faſhionable anſwer; and for his modus of panegyric, the hint was unneceſſary, where virtue need never aſk twice for her laurel. But as for his reformation by oppoſites, I muſt again aſk his pardon, if I think the effects of theſe ſort of reaſonings, by the paucity of converts, are too great an argument, both of their imbecility and unſucceſsfulneſs, to believe it will be any better than miſ-ſpending of time, by ſuſpending a method that will turn more to advantage, and which has no other danger of loſing ground, but by diſcontinuance. And as I am certain of what he ſuppoſes, that your Lucubrations are intended for the public benefit; ſo I hope you will not give them ſo great an interruption, by laying aſide the only method that can render you beneficial to mankind, and, among others, agreeable to, Sir,

Your humble ſervant, &c [f].'

'Then there is an account of Guiſcard, by the ſame woman, but the facts ſent by Preſto. Then An Anſwer to the Letter to the Lords about Gregg, by Preſto.' Swift's Works, vol. xxiii. p. 82, ed. 1769, crown 8vo.

N. B. Preſto ſignified Swift in the 'little language,' as he called it, which was ſpoken by him and his female friends; this name originated from the ducheſs of Shrewſbury, who, not recollecting the doctor's name, called him Dr. Preſto, which in Italian ſignifies Swift.

[e] i. e. the king will conſider of it.

[f] In an introductory note to this number, an opinion has been ſuggeſted, that Mr. John Hughes wrote ſome part of the paper. It is grounded on a conjecture that the laſt men-

*** 'Whereas Mr. Bickerſtaff has received intelligence, that a young gentleman, who has taken my diſcourſes upon John Partridge and others in too literal a ſenſe, and is ſuing an elder brother to an ejectment; the aforeſaid young gentleman is hereby adviſed to drop his action, no man being eſteemed dead in law, who eats and drinks, and receives his rents.' See Tat. N° 40.

tioned gentleman was really the writer of the foregoing letter.

This worthy perſon was the intimate friend of Steele, and ſeems to have intereſted himſelf very particularly in thoſe papers of this work which were written with a view to detect and expoſe the ſharpers of that time. Objections there may be to ſome parts of them, but on the whole, they appear to be means not ill-adapted to their end, and excite a preſumption of what is ſtill in remembrance, that they were not unſucceſsful in the furtherance of their laudable purpoſes. Mr. John Hughes took an early concern, and diſcovered peculiar zeal in this buſineſs, as might be expected from his very virtuous character. This may reaſonably be inferred from his firſt certain contribution to the Tatler, which was the letter ſigned Joſiah Couplet, in N° 64. The letter ſigned Philanthropos, in N° 66, and another dated September 15, in N° 70, as well as the preceding letter, which are all in aid of this commendable intention, ſeem to have been the hearty productions of the ſame pen. The letter ſigned Will Truſty, N° 73, is a ſure inſtance of Mr. Hughes's activity in this cauſe, and affords an undeniable argument for what has been advanced, for it is claimed for him by Mr. Duncombe, and aſcribed to him, on that authority. If the knowledge of Mr. Hughes's concern in the three letters before mentioned was entruſted to Steele only, and not diſcloſed to his beſt friends, the infirm ſtate of this good man's health, and the dangerous nature of his communications, obviouſly ſuggeſt other and better reaſons for his caution, than Monoculus or Swift ſeem to have had for ſimilar concealments. See N° 32, note.

N° 77. Thurſday, October 6, 1709.

STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. v. 85, 86.

'Whatever good is done, whatever ill——
By human kind, ſhall this collection fill.'

From my own Apartment, October 5.

As bad as the world is, I find by very ſtrict obſervation upon virtue and vice, that if men appeared no worſe than they really are, I ſhould have leſs work than at preſent I am obliged to undertake for their reformation. They have generally taken up a kind of inverted ambition, and affect even faults and imperfections of which they are innocent. The other day, in a coffee-houſe, I ſtood by a young heir, with a freſh, ſanguine, and healthy look, who entertained us with an account of his love-diſeaſes and diet-drink; though, to my knowledge, he is as ſound as any of his tenants.

This worthy youth put me into reflections upon that ſubject; and I obſerved the fantaſtical humour to be ſo general, that there is hardly a man who is not more or leſs tainted with it. The firſt of this order of men are the valetudinarians, who are never in health; but complain of want of ſtomach or reſt every day until noon, and then devour all which comes before them.

Lady Dainty [g] is convinced, that it is neceſſary for a gentlewoman to be out of order; and, to preſerve that character, ſhe dines every day in her cloſet at twelve, that ſhe may become her table at two, and be unable to eat in public. About five years ago, I remember, it was the faſhion to be ſhort-ſighted. A man would not own an acquaintance until he had firſt examined him with his glaſs. At a lady's entrance into the play-houſe, you might ſee tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter of the pit and ſide-boxes. However, that mode of infirmity is out, and the age has recovered its ſight: but the blind ſeem to be ſucceeded by the lame, and a janty limp is the preſent beauty. I think I have formerly obſerved, a cane is part of the dreſs of a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear he ſhould be thought to have an occaſion for it, or be eſteemed really, and not genteelly a cripple [h]. I have conſidered, but could never find out the bottom of this vanity. I indeed have heard of a Gaſcon general, who by the lucky grazing of a bullet on the roll of his ſtocking, took occaſion to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable cripples, I know no foundation for their behaviour, without it may be ſuppoſed that, in this warlike age, ſome think a cane the next honour to a wooden leg. This ſort of affectation I have known run from one limb or member to another. Before the

[g] The name given to an affected valetudinary lady by Colley Cibber, in his play of The Double Gallant, or Sick Lady's Cure.

[h] See N° 80.

limpers came in, I remember a race of liſpers, fine perſons, who took an averſion to particular letters in our language. Some never uttered the letter H; and others had as mortal an averſion to S. Others have had their faſhionable defect in their ears, and would make you repeat all you ſaid twice over. I know an ancient friend of mine, whoſe table is every day ſurrounded with flatterers, that makes uſe of this, ſometimes as a piece of grandeur, and at others as an art, to make them repeat their commendations. Such affectations have been indeed in the world in ancient times; but they fell into them out of politic ends. Alexander the Great had a wry neck, which made it the faſhion in his court to carry their heads on one ſide when they came into the preſence. One who thought to outſhine the whole court, carried his head ſo over complaiſantly, that this martial prince gave him ſo great a box on the ear, as ſet all the heads of the court upright.

This humour takes place in our minds as well as bodies. I know at this time a young gentleman, who talks atheiſtically all day in coffee-houſes, and in his degrees of underſtanding ſets up for a free-thinker; though it can be proved upon him, he ſays his prayers every morning and evening. But this claſs of modern wits I ſhall reſerve for a chapter by itſelf.

Of the like turn are all your marriage-haters, who rail at the nooſe, at the words, 'for ever and aye,' and at the ſame time are ſecretly pining for ſome young thing or other that makes their hearts ake by her refuſal. The next to

theſe, are ſuch as pretend to govern their wives, and boaſt how ill they uſe them; when at the ſame time, go to their houſes, and you ſhall ſee them ſtep as if they feared making a noiſe, and as fond as an alderman[1]. I do not know but ſometimes theſe pretences may ariſe from a deſire to conceal a contrary defect than that they ſet up for. I remember, when I was a young fellow, we had a companion of a very fearful complexion, who, when we ſat in to drink, would deſire us to take his ſword from him when he grew fuddled, for it was his misfortune to be quarrelſome.

There are many of theſe evils, which demand my obſervation; but becauſe I have of late been thought ſomewhat too ſatirical, I ſhall give them warning, and declare to the whole world, that they are not true, but falſe hypocrites: and make it out that they are good men in their hearts. The motive of this monſtrous affectation, in the above-mentioned, and the like particulars, I take to proceed from that noble thirſt of fame and reputation which is planted in the hearts of all men. As this produces elegant writings and gallant actions in men of great abilities; it alſo brings forth ſpurious productions in men who are not capable of diſtinguiſhing themſelves by things which are really praiſeworthy. As the deſire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry ſhews itſelf in proper inſtances, the ſame deſire in men who have ambition without proper faculties, runs wild, and diſcovers

[1] As fawning as lap-dogs. O. F.

itſelf in a thouſand extravagancies, by which they would ſignalize themſelves from others, and gain a ſet of admirers. When I was a middle-aged man, there were many ſocieties of ambitious young men in England, who, in their purſuits after fame, were every night employed in roaſting porters, ſmoaking coblers, knocking down watchmen, overturning conſtables, breaking windows, blackening ſign-poſts, and the like immortal enterpriſes, that diſperſed their reputation throughout the whole kingdom. One could hardly find a knocker at a door in a whole ſtreet after a midnight expedition of theſe beaux eſprits. I was lately very much ſurpriſed by an account of my maid, who entered my bed-chamber this morning in a very great fright, and told me, ſhe was afraid my parlour was haunted; for that ſhe had found ſeveral panes of my windows broken, and the floor ſtrewed with half-pence [k]. I have not yet a full light into this new way, but am apt to think, that it is a generous piece of wit, that ſome of my contemporaries make uſe of, to break windows, and leave money to pay for them [1].

[k] Gay's Trivia was publiſhed about this time, and from a paſſage in that poem, and a note upon it, we learn, that there were bucks in thoſe days, who took a delight in breaking windows with half-pence, and were diſtinguiſhed by the name of Nickers. The Knights of the Induſtry were likely of the number, or in the favour, of theſe nocturnal heroes; and, as Steele was now at open war with them, it ſeems not difficult to account for the breaking of his windows. R.

The late celebrated marquis of Granby is ſaid to have practiſed this frolic at Cambridge. A.

[1] The following advertiſement, originally annexed to the next paper, and omitted in after-editions, is added to this

St. James's Coffee-house, October 5.

I HAVE no manner of news more than what the whole town had the other day; except that

number to which it has a reference, for the sake of a remark which it suggests. 'Having these moon-shining nights been much taken up with my astronomical observations, I could not attend to the press so carefully as I ought, by which means more than ordinary *errata* have crept into my writings, even to the making of false English.

The advertisement concludes with recommending the correction of errata in this paper, which are now corrected according to it's directions.

In the original edition of the Tatler in folio, there were no signatures, as in the Spectator, nor any marks, as in the first edition of the Guardian, in octavo, to indicate the different writers. It is, therefore, generally difficult, and often impossible, to ascribe the various papers to their real authors. In this part of the work it is, that the assistance of its well-wishers is most needed, and particularly requested.

It will naturally be supposed, that with respect to Addison's papers at least, the list delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell, furnishes ample and satisfactory information. But, useful as it is, and decisive as it may be thought with respect to the numbers it contains, the note on N° 63, and other notes in the course of this work, will, it is apprehended, evince very clearly, that it was both defective and inaccurate.

This, and the two following papers, are here ascribed to Steele; but there is ground to suspect that Addison was concerned both in this and the following paper, if not in all the three. Of intrinsic evidence the reader must judge for himself; a circumstance, the mention of which will appear trivial, inclines the annotator to this suspicion. The generality of readers, he is aware, cannot lay so much stress upon it, not having the advantage of inspecting the original papers, which are now grown scarce, and rarely found complete.

In the preceding part of the Tatler in folio, there are many, very many typographical errors; but, excepting the correction of two passages in one, and a single passage in

I have the original letter of the marſhal Bouſflers to the French king, after the late battle in

another antecedent number, which were unintelligible as originally printed, this is the firſt paper in which the errata are carefully pointed out, and corrected with alteration. Now, in the original Spectator, where Addiſon's numbers are diſcriminated by letters, it is moſt obſervable indeed, that he paid very particular attention to the errata which crept into them at the preſs. In his very firſt after-communication, he never fails to mention, to rectify, and to meliorate them. This is ſometimes done, in his peculiar way, with alterations, ſeemingly according to his directions, by Steele, in the number immediately following, or ſome intervening paper. When this is omitted by his friend, the omiſſion is certainly ſupplied by himſelf in his own next paper, and in ſo marked a manner, as almoſt to diſtinguiſh his ſhare in the work, without the help of his ſignatures. The general negligence of Steele with reſpect to his own numbers, and the papers of his other correſpondents, is equally remarkable. Inſignificant as theſe circumſtances may ſeem, they cannot eſcape the notice, and they are ſubmitted to the judgment, of thoſe who have opportunity, and inclination, to make the ſame obſervations.

Dr. Warton, in his Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, mentions a report, that Addiſon was ſo very nice in his proſaic compoſitions, that when the entire impreſſion of a Spectator was almoſt thrown off, he would even ſtop the preſs, to inſert a new prepoſition or conjunction. The writer quotes here from memory; the book not being at hand, the page could not be referred to, nor the *ipſiſſima verba* given.

It ſeems neceſſary to add what follows, to enable the reader to form a proper opinion of the probability of this report.

Dr. Johnſon tells us, that when Addiſon was ſecretary of the regency, and required to ſend notice of the queen's death to Hanover, he was ſo diſtracted with choice of expreſſion, that the lords in the regency, who could not wait for niceties of criticiſm, appointed Mr. Southwell, a clerk in the houſe, to diſpatch the meſſage, which he readily did in the common ſtyle of buſineſs, and valued himſelf on having done what was too hard for Addiſon. Pope affirmed that

the woods, which I tranſlate for the benefit of the Engliſh reader:

Addiſon, when ſecretary of ſtate, 'could not iſſue an order from his office, without loſing his time in queſt of fine expreſſions.'

This information Dr. Johnſon gives on the authority of Mr. Spence, and he moreover informs us, on the ſame authority, of Pope's declaration, that 'Addiſon wrote very fluently, but was ſlow and ſcrupulous in correction; that many of his Spectators were written very faſt, and ſent immediately to the preſs; and that it ſeemed to be for his advantage, not to have time for much reviſal.' Mr. Tickell aſſerts, in his preface to Addiſon's Works, that 'the diſtinct papers [in the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian] were never or ſeldom ſhewn to each other, by their reſpective writers.' It is hard to reject theſe aſſertions; yet all the papers muſt have been ſubjected to the inſpection of Steele, who delivered them immediately to the preſs, as this writer was informed by old Mr. Richard Nutt, one of the firſt printers of this work, whoſe father, Mr. John Nutt, was Mr. Morphew's partner, as appears undeniably from a paſſage in the Examiner, Vol. i. N° 11, Oct. 12, 1710, orig. folio.

Mr. Richard Nutt remembered that the preſs was ſtopped and not ſeldom, but not by Addiſon, or for the ſake of inſerting new prepoſitions or conjunctions; it was ſtopped he ſaid, for want of copy. In theſe caſes, he had often a hard taſk to find out Steele, who frequently furniſhed him with the needful ſupply, written haſtily, in a room belonging to the printing-office. This merry old man, who died but lately, mentioned upon recollection a particular paper, which he ſaw rapidly written by Steele, at midnight, and in bed, whilſt he waited to carry it to the preſs.

In two of the three inſtances previous to N° 77, where Steele intimated, or corrected errata, in the edition in folio, the notices and alterations were not merely curious, but indiſpenſably neceſſary. The third inſtance occurs at the end of N° 37, and refers to N° 36, the firſt of Mrs. Jenny Diſtaff's papers, and in concurrence with other circumſtances, too minute and tedious to mention particularly, ſuggeſt and ſupport the opinion, that Addiſon was the author of all the three papers aſcribed to 'ſquire Bickerſtaff's half-ſiſter, viz. N° 36, N° 37, and N° 38. See theſe numbers and the notes upon them.

'SIRE,

'THIS is to let your majesty understand, that to your immortal honour, and the destruction of the confederates, your troops have lost another battle. Artagnan did wonders, Rohan performed miracles, Guiche did wonders, Gattion performed miracles, the whole army distinguished themselves, and every body did wonders. And to conclude the wonders of the day, I can assure your majesty, that though you have lost the field of battle, you have not lost an inch of ground. The enemy marched behind us with respect, and we ran away from them as bold as lions.'

Letters have been sent to Mr. Bickerstaff, relating to the present state of the town of Bath, wherein the people of that place have desired him to call home the physicians. All gentlemen, therefore, of that profession are hereby directed to return forthwith to their places of

Steele was not perhaps so correct, certainly he was not so scrupulous a writer as Addison. Steele's own declaration in his dedication of The Drummer, to Mr. Congreve, is quoted to justify this remark. 'The elegance, purity, and correctness, in his [Addison's] writings, were not so much [says Steele] my purpose, as, in any intelligible manner as I could, to rally all those singularities of human life, through the different professions and characters in it, which obstruct any thing that was truly good and great. After this acknowledgment, you will see, that is, such a man as you will see, that I rejoiced in being excelled, &c.'

These things being mentioned, the reader is left to determine for himself on the credibility of the report mentioned by Dr. Warton. See N° 155, adv. and note, *ad finem*.

practice; and the ſtage-coaches are required to take them in before other paſſengers, until there ſhall be a certificate ſigned by the mayor, or Mr. Powel, that there are but two doctors to one patient in town.

N° 78. Saturday, October 8, 1709.

STEELE[m].

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. v. 85, 86.

'Whatever good is done, whatever ill——
By human kind, ſhall this collection fill.'

From my own Apartment, October 7.

As your painters, who deal in hiſtory pieces, often entertain themſelves upon broken ſketches, and ſmaller flouriſhes of the pencil; ſo I find ſome relief in ſtriking out miſcellaneous hints, and ſudden ſtarts of fancy, without any order, or connexion, after having ſpent myſelf on more regular, and elaborate diſſertations[n]. I am at preſent in this eaſy ſtate of mind ſat down to my ſcrutoir; where, for the better diſpoſition of my correſpondence, I have writ upon every drawer the proper title of its contents; as Hypocriſy, Dice, Patches, Politics, Love, Duels, and ſo forth. My various advices are ranged under ſuch ſeveral heads, ſaving only that I have a particular box for Pacolet, and another

[m] See N° 77, laſt note. [n] See N° 79. Adv.

for Monoculus °. I cannot but obſerve, that my Duel-box, which is filled by the lettered men of honour, is ſo very ill ſpelt, that it is hard to decypher their writings. My Love-box, though, on a quite contrary ſubject, filled with the works of the faireſt hands in Great Britain, is almoſt as unintelligible. The private drawer, which is ſacred to politics, has in it ſome of the moſt refined panegyrics and ſatires that any age has produced.

I have now before me ſeveral recommendations for places at my Table of Fame. Three of them are of an extraordinary nature, in which I find I am miſunderſtood, and ſhall, therefore, beg leave to produce them. They are from a quaker, a courtier, and a citizen.

'ISAAC,

'THY Lucubrations, as thou loveſt to call them, have been peruſed by ſeveral of our friends, who have taken offence: foraſmuch as thou excludeſt out of the brotherhood all perſons who are praiſe-worthy for religion, we are afraid that thou wilt fill thy Table with none but heathens, and cannot hope to ſpy a brother there; for there are none of us who can be placed among murdering heroes, or ungodly wits; ſince we do not aſſail our enemies with

° Monoculus, whoever he was, is ſaid to have been Steele's old friend and ſchool-fellow, and it would ſeem that, on whatever occaſion it happened, he was unfortunately marked ſo as to be defaced. See N° 56, and N° 73, firſt let. and anſwer.

the arm of flesh, nor our gainsayers with the vanity of human wisdom. If therefore, thou wilt demean thyself on this occasion with a right judgment, according to the gifts that are in thee, we desire thou wilt place James Nayler [P] at the upper end of thy table.

EZEKIEL STIFFRUMP.'

In answer to my good friend Ezekiel, I must stand to it, that I cannot break my rule for the sake of James Nayler; not knowing, whether Alexander the Great, who is a choleric hero,

[P] James Nayler was born about 1616, in the neighbourhood of Wakefield in Yorkshire, where he married, and had a family. This visionary insane man was about eight or nine years in the parliament's army, and is said to have been converted by G. Fox in 1651. About six years after, on account of his ravings, and the nonsense of his wrong-headed companions, he was apprehended at Bristol, and after serious examination, brought a prisoner, under the charge of blasphemy, before the house of commons. They, instead of sending him to Bedlam, to have that proper attention paid to him which his unhappy condition required, after a deliberation of ten days, sentenced him to be pilloried, and whipped in London and Bristol, to have his tongue bored through with a red hot iron, to be branded with a B in his forehead, and re-committed to hard labour in Bridewell. The sentence was rigorously executed, and in the course of about two years of this discipline, he was thought sufficiently re-converted to be set at liberty. He made an ineffectual effort to return to his wife and children, for he expired upon the road between London and Wakefield. His miserable story was too remarkable to be omitted in the records of human folly, and makes a long melancholy chapter in W. Sewel's History of the Quakers. Most of the precious particulars were re-collected by Mr. Morant, and are republished in the Biographia Britannica, for the edification of future parliaments on like occasions.

would not reſent his ſitting at the upper end of the table with his hat on.

But to my courtier.

'SIR,

'I AM ſurpriſed, that you loſe your time in complimenting the dead, when you may make your court to the living. Let me only tell you in the ear, Alexander and Cæſar, as generous as they were formerly, have not now a groat to diſpoſe of. Fill your table with good company: I know a perſon of quality that ſhall give you one hundred pounds for a place at it. Be ſecret, and be rich. Yours,

You know my hand.'

This gentleman ſeems to have the true ſpirit, without the formality, of an under-courtier; therefore, I ſhall be plain with him, and let him leave the name of his courtier and one hundred pounds in Morphew's hands: if I can take it, I will.

My citizen writes the following:

'MR. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

'SIR,

'YOUR Tatler of the thirteenth of September, I am now reading, and in your liſt of famous men, deſire you not to forget alder-

man Whittington [q], who began the world with a cat, and died worth three hundred and fifty thouſand pounds ſterling, which he left to an only daughter three years after his mayoralty. If you want any further particulars of *ditto* alderman, daughter, or cat, let me know, and *per* firſt will adviſe the needful: which concludes, your loving friend,

LEMUEL LEGER.'

I ſhall have all due regard to this gentleman's recommendation: but cannot forbear obſerving how wonderfully this ſort of ſtyle is adapted for the diſpatch of buſineſs, by leaving out inſignificant particles; beſides that, the dropping of the firſt perſon is an artful way to diſengage a man from the guilt of raſh words, or promiſes. But I am to conſider, that a citizen's reputation is credit, not fame; and am to leave theſe lofty ſubjects for a matter of private concern in the next letter before me.

[q] Richard Whittington lived in the end of the 14th, and the beginning of the 15th century. He was a mercer, four times lord mayor of London, and three times buried in St. Michael's church, Pater Noſter, Vintry-ward.

Of his college, and the alms-houſe which he founded, ſee an account, and the ordinances, in Stow's Survey of London, &c. vol. i. p. 528, 6th ed. Of his cat, the curious may probably learn the particulars, from the following play, if they can find it: 'The hiſtory of Richard Whittington, of his lowe byrthe, and of his greate fortune, as yt was plaied by the prynce's ſervauntes.'

'SIR,

'I AM juſt recovered out of a languiſhing ſickneſs by the care of Hippocrates[r], who viſited me throughout my whole illneſs, and was ſo far from taking any fee, that he inquired into my circumſtances, and would have relieved me alſo that way, but I did not want it. I know of no method of thanking him, but recommending it to you to celebrate ſo great humanity in the manner you think fit, and to do it with the ſpirit and ſentiments of a man juſt relieved from grief, miſery, and pain, to joy, ſatisfaction, and eaſe: in which you will

[r] The humane phyſician here alluded to was moſt probably Dr. Samuel Garth, a man of extenſive benevolence and good nature, not more ready to viſit the rich, than to relieve the neceſſitous. It has been ſaid, that many of his profeſſion grew rich by receiving fewer fees than he refuſed. In his publications there are many things judicious and humorous. The Diſpenſary, improved through a variety of editions, was written in ſupport of a moſt generous and charitable deſign. He became early acquainted with the principal leaders of the whig party, to whoſe principles and fortunes he conſtantly adhered, without narrowneſs of mind, or malignity of ſpirit, to a degree that endeared him to the beſt men in the tory intereſt. On the acceſſion of the Hanoverian family, Dr. Garth was knighted, as Steele alſo was, with the ſword of the duke of Marlborough, made phyſician in ordinary to the king, and phyſician general to the army. He was cenſured, and it ſeems not unjuſtly, for voluptuouſneſs, and ſuſpected of infidelity. Dr. Johnſon has remarked, that Pope, who ſays, 'if ever there was a good Chriſtian, *without knowing himſelf to be ſo, it was Dr. Garth*,' ſeems not able to deny what he was angry to hear, and loth to confeſs. Sir Samuel, in his laſt illneſs, ſaid he was of the religion of all wiſe men, who, he added, kept their own ſecrets. He died Jan. 18, 1718-19, and was buried at Harrow on the Hill.

repreſent the grateful ſenſe of your obedient ſervant,

T. B.'

I think the writer of this letter has put the matter in as good a dreſs, as I can for him; yet I cannot but add my applauſe to what this diſtreſſed man has ſaid. There is not a more uſeful man in a commonwealth than a good phyſician: and by conſequence no worthier a perſon than he that uſes his ſkill with generoſity even to perſons of condition, and compaſſion to thoſe who are in want: which is the behaviour of Hippocrates, who ſhews as much liberality in his practice, as he does wit in his converſation, and ſkill in his profeſſion. A wealthy doctor, who can help a poor man, and will not, without a fee, has leſs ſenſe of humanity than a poor ruffian, who kills a rich man to ſupply his neceſſities. It is ſomething monſtrous, to conſider a man of a liberal education tearing out the bowels of a poor family, by taking for a viſit what would keep them a week. Hippocrates needs not the compariſon of ſuch extortion to ſet off his generoſity; but I mention his generoſity to add ſhame to ſuch extortion.

'This is to give notice to all ingenious gentlemen in and about the cities of London and Weſtminſter, who have a mind to be inſtructed in the noble ſciences of muſic, poetry, and politics, that they repair to the Smyrna coffee-houſe in Pall-mall, betwixt the hours of eight and ten at night, where they may be inſtructed, gratis,

with elaborate Eſſays " by word of mouth," on all, or any of the abovementioned arts.' The diſciples are to prepare their bodies with three diſhes of bohea, and purge their brains with two pinches of ſnuff. If any young ſtudent gives indication of parts, by liſtening attentively, or aſking a pertinent queſtion, one of the profeſſors ſhall diſtinguiſh him, by taking ſnuff out of his box in the preſence of the whole audience.

' N. B.—The ſeat of learning is now removed from the corner of the chimney on the left-hand towards the window, to the round table in the middle of the floor over-againſt the fire; a revolution much lamented by the porters and chairmen, who were much edified through a pane of glaſs that remained broken all the laſt ſummer.'

' I cannot forbear advertiſing my correſpondents, that I think myſelf treated by ſome of them after too familiar a manner, and in phraſes that neither become them to give, nor me to take. I ſhall therefore deſire, for the future, that if any one returns me an anſwer to a letter, he will not tell me he has received the favour of my letter; but if he does not think fit to ſay he has received the honour of it, that he tell me in plain Engliſh, he has received my letter of ſuch a date. I muſt likewiſe inſiſt, that he would conclude with, " I am with great reſpect," or plainly, " I am," without farther addition; and not inſult me, by an aſſurance of his being " with great truth and eſteem my humble ſervant." There is likewiſe another

mark of ſuperiority which I cannot bear; and therefore muſt inform my correſpondents, that I diſcard all "faithful humble ſervants," and am reſolved to read no letters that are not ſubſcribed, "your moſt obedient," or "moſt humble ſervant," or both. Theſe may appear niceties to vulgar minds, but they are ſuch as men of honour and diſtinction muſt have regard to. I very well remember a famous duel in France, where four were killed of one ſide, and three of the other, occaſioned by a gentleman's ſubſcribing himſelf "a moſt affectionate friend."

N° 79. Tueſday, October 11, 1709.
STEELE[s].

Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulſus querimoniis,
Suprema citius ſolvet amor die.
HOR. 1. Od. xiii. 17.

Thrice happy they, in pure delights
Whom love in mutual bonds unites,
Unbroken by complaints or ſtrife
Even to the lateſt hours of life. FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, October 10.

MY ſiſter Jenny's lover, the honeſt Tranquillus, for that ſhall be his name, has been impatient with me to diſpatch the neceſſary direc-

[s] See N° 57, introductory note.
Addiſon was probably concerned in this paper, and its ſequel in N° 85. The ſerious parts of both well deſerve the

tions for his marriage; that while I am taken up with imaginary ſchemes, as he calls them, he might not burn with real deſire, and the torture of expectation. When I had reprimanded him for the ardour wherein he expreſſed himſelf, which I thought had not enough of that veneration with which the marriage-bed is to be aſcended, I told him, the day of his nuptials ſhould be on the Saturday following, which was the eighth inſtant. On the ſeventh in the evening, poor Jenny came into my chamber, and, having her heart full of the great change of life from a virgin condition to that of a wife, ſhe long ſat ſilent. I ſaw ſhe expected me to entertain her on this important ſubject, which was too delicate a circumſtance for herſelf to touch upon; whereupon I relieved her modeſty in the following manner: 'Siſter,' ſaid I, 'you are now going from me: and be contented, that you leave the company of a talkative old man, for that of a ſober young one: but take this

ſerious attention of all who embrace or affect the married-ſtate. At the end of this number, ſome alterations and corrections in the preceding number are recommended, which have been made, according to the directions given for that purpoſe.

The following notice relative to N° 75, having been omitted in all preceding editions, is here reprinted from the folio for the firſt time, and the inſertion of the paſſage is ſtill left, as it was by the author, to the reader's diſcretion.

In the Tatler about the conduct of our family in their marriages [N° 75.] put in where you think beſt. 'It is to be noted, that the women of our family never change their name.' This amendment muſt be made, or we have writ nonſenſe. See N° 77, note concerning Addiſon's nicety in correcting.

along with you, that there is no mean in the ſtate you are entering into, but you are to be exquiſitely happy or miſerable, and your fortune in this way of life will be wholly of your own making. In all the marriages I have ever ſeen, moſt of which have been unhappy ones, the great cauſe of evil has proceeded from ſlight occaſions; and I take it to be the firſt maxim in a married condition, that you are to be above trifles. When two perſons have ſo good an opinion of each other as to come together for life, they will not differ in matters of importance, becauſe they think of each other with reſpect; and in regard to all things of conſideration that may affect them, they are prepared for mutual aſſiſtance and relief in ſuch occurrences. For leſs occaſions, they form no reſolutions, but leave their minds unprepared.

'This, dear Jenny, is the reaſon that the quarrel between ſir Harry Willet and his lady, which began about her ſquirrel, is irreconcileable. Sir Harry was reading a grave author; ſhe runs into his ſtudy, and, in a playing humour, claps the ſquirrel upon the folio: he threw the animal in a rage on the floor; ſhe ſnatches it up again, calls ſir Harry a ſour pedant, without good nature, or good manners. This caſt him into ſuch a rage, that he threw down the table before him, kicked the book round the room; then recollected himſelf: "Lord, madam," ſaid he, "why did you run into ſuch expreſſions? I was," ſaid he, "in the higheſt delight with that author, when you clapped your ſquirrel upon my book;" and, ſmiling, added,

upon recollection, "I have a great reſpect for your favourite, and pray let us all be friends." My lady was ſo far from accepting this apology, that ſhe immediately conceived a reſolution to keep him under for ever; and, with a ſerious air, replied, "There is no regard to be had to what a man ſays, who can fall into ſo indecent a rage, and ſuch an abject ſubmiſſion, in the ſame moment, for which I abſolutely deſpiſe you." Upon which ſhe ruſhed out of the room. Sir Harry ſtayed ſome minutes behind, to think and command himſelf; after which he followed her into her bed-chamber, where ſhe was proſtrate upon the bed, tearing her hair, and naming twenty coxcombs who would have uſed her otherwiſe. This provoked him to ſo high a degree, that he forbore nothing but beating her; and all the ſervants in the family were at their ſeveral ſtations liſtening, whilſt the beſt man and woman, the beſt maſter and miſtreſs, defamed each other in a way that is not to be repeated even at Billingſgate. You know this ended in an immediate ſeparation: ſhe longs to return home, but knows not how to do it: he invites her home every day, and lies with every woman he can get. Her huſband requires no ſubmiſſion of her; but ſhe thinks her very return will argue ſhe is to blame, which ſhe is reſolved to be for ever, rather than acknowledge it. Thus, dear Jenny, my great advice to you is, be guarded againſt giving or receiving little provocations. Great matters of offence I have no reaſon to fear either from you, or your huſband.'

After this, we turned our diſcourſe into a more gay ſtyle, and parted: but before we did ſo, I made her reſign her ſnuff-box for ever, and half drown herſelf with waſhing away the ſtench of the muſty [t].

But the wedding morning arrived, and our family being very numerous, there was no avoiding the inconvenience of making the ceremony and feſtival more public, than the modern way of celebrating them makes me approve of. The bride next morning came out of her chamber, dreſſed with all the art and care that Mrs. Toilet, the tire-woman [u], could beſtow on her. She was on her wedding-day three-and-twenty [x]: her perſon is far from what we call a regular beauty; but a certain ſweetneſs in her countenance, an eaſe in her ſhape and motion, with an unaffected modeſty in her looks, had attractions beyond what ſymmetry and exactneſs can inſpire, without the addition of theſe endowments. When her lover entered the room, her features fluſhed with ſhame, and joy; and the ingenuous manner, ſo full of paſſion and of awe, with which Tranquillus approached to ſalute her, gave me good omens of his future behaviour towards her. The wedding was wholly under my care. After the ceremony at church, I was reſolved to entertain the company with a dinner ſuitable to

[t] A ſort of ſnuff ſo called. See N^os 27, 35, and 142.

[u] I remember when this employment furniſhed a livelihood to a decent-looking decayed gentlewoman, very different indeed from the preſent race of hair-dreſſers. A.

[x] Jenny was twenty-three, her brother was ſixty-four. A

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the occaſion, and pitched upon the Apollo [y], at the Old-Devil at Temple-bar, as a place ſacred to mirth tempered with diſcretion, where Ben Jonſon and his ſons uſed to make their liberal meetings. Here the chief of the Staffian race appeared; and as ſoon as the company were come into that ample room, Lepidus Wagſtaff began to make me compliments for chooſing that place, and fell into a diſcourſe upon the ſubject of pleaſure and entertainment, drawn from the rules of Ben's club, which are in gold letters over the chimney. Lepidus has a way very uncommon, and ſpeaks on ſubjects on which any man elſe would certainly offend, with great dexterity. He gave us a large account of the public meetings of all the well-turned minds who had paſſed through this life in ages paſt, and cloſed his pleaſing narrative with a diſcourſe on marriage, and a repetition of the following verſes out of Milton [z].

'Hail, wedded love! myſterious law! true ſource
Of human offſpring, ſole propriety
In paradiſe, of all things common elſe.
By thee adult'rous luſt was driven from men
Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets,
Whoſe bed is undefil'd and chaſte pronounc'd,
Preſent or paſt, as ſaints or patriarchs us'd.
Here love his golden ſhafts employs; here lights

[y] A large room at the Devil-tavern ſtill bears this name, and the rules of Ben's club are ſtill in gold letters over the chimney.

[z] Paradiſe Loſt, iv. 750.

His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings:
Reigns here, and revels not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unendear'd,
Caſual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight ball,
Or ſerenade, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.'

In theſe verſes, all the images that can come into a young woman's head on ſuch an occaſion are raiſed; but that in ſo chaſte and elegant a manner, that the bride thanked him for his agreeable talk, and we ſat down to dinner.

Among the reſt of the company, there was got in a fellow you call a wag. This ingenious perſon is the uſual life of all feaſts and merriments, by ſpeaking abſurdities, and putting every body of breeding and modeſty out of countenance. As ſoon as we ſat down, he drank to the bride's diverſion that night; and then made twenty double meanings on the word 'thing.' We are the beſt-bred family, for one ſo numerous, in this kingdom; and indeed we ſhould all of us have been as much out of countenance as the bride, but that we were relieved by an honeſt rough relation of ours at the lower end of the table, who is a lieutenant of marines. The ſoldier and ſailor had good plain ſenſe, and ſaw what was wrong as well as another; he had a way of looking at his plate, and ſpeaking aloud in an inward manner; and whenever the wag mentioned the word 'thing,' or the words, 'that ſame,' the lieutenant in that voice cried, 'Knock him down.' The merry man, wondering, angry, and looking round, was the di-

verſion of the table. When he offered to recover, and ſay, 'To the bride's beſt thoughts,' 'Knock him down,' ſays the lieutenant, and ſo on. This ſilly humour diverted, and ſaved us from the fulſome entertainment of an ill-bred coxcomb; and the bride drank the lieutenant's health. We returned to my lodging, and Tranquillus led his wife to her apartment, without the ceremony of throwing the ſtocking.

'One in the morning of the 8th of October, 1709.

'I WAS this night looking on the moon, and find by certain ſigns in that luminary, that a certain perſon under her dominion, who has been for many years diſtempered, will within a few hours publiſh a pamphlet, wherein he will pretend to give my Lucubrations to a wrong perſon; and I require all ſober diſpoſed perſons to avoid meeting the ſaid lunatic, or giving him any credence any farther than pity demands; and to lock up the ſaid perſon wherever they find him, keeping him from pen, ink, and paper. And I hereby prohibit any perſon to take upon him my writings, on pain of being ſent by me into Lethe with the ſaid lunatic and all his works [a].'

[a] This laſt adv. ſeems to refer to a ſilly publication about this period, under the title of Annotations on the Tatler, written in French by monſieur Bournelle, and tranſlated into Engliſh by Walter Wagſtaff, eſq. 24to. 2 vol. 1710. The real author was one Oldiſworth, an 'under-ſpur-leather,' and a coxcomb, as Swift calls him, who partook with the doctor himſelf in the honourable employment of writing the Examiner, under the direction of great men, who aſſured Swift, as he tells Mrs. Johnſon, that the contents of it were true. See Tat. in 6 vol. ed. 1786, N° 79, N° 5, N° 7, N° 8, and notes.

N° 80. Tuesday, October 13, 1709.
STEELE.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. v. 85, 86.

'Whatever good is done, whatever ill——
By human kind, ſhall this collection fill.'

Grecian Coffee-houſe, October 12.

This learned board has complained to me of the exorbitant price of late years put upon books, and conſequently on learning, which has raiſed the reward demanded by learned men for their advice and labour [b]. In order to regulate and fix a ſtandard in theſe matters; divines, phyſicians, and lawyers, have ſent in large propoſals, which are of great light and inſtruction. From the peruſal of theſe memorials, I am come to this immediate reſolution, until I have leiſure to treat the matter at large, viz. In divinity, fathers ſhall be valued according to their antiquity; ſchoolmen by the pound weight; and ſermons by their goodneſs. In my own profeſſion, which is moſtly phyſic, authors ſhall be rated according to their language. The Greek is ſo rarely underſtood, and the Engliſh ſo well,

[b] The firſt paragraph of this paper ſeems to refer to a literary affair then in agitation, and probably a frequent topic of diſcuſſion in the Grecian and Will's coffee-houſes, and in other places to which the wits and men of letters of that time were wont to reſort for converſation, which terminated in the act of queen Anne for the ſecurity of literary property.

I judge them of no value; ſo that only Latin ſhall bear a price, and that too according to its purity, and as it ſerves beſt for preſcription. In law, the value muſt be ſet according to the intricacy and obſcurity of the author, and blackneſs of the letter; provided always, that the binding be of calves-ſkin. This method I ſhall ſettle alſo with relation to all other writings; inſomuch that even theſe our Lucubrations, though hereafter printed by Aldus, Elzevir, or Stephens, ſhall not advance above one ſingle penny [c].

White's Chocolate-houſe, October 12.

It will be allowed me, that I have all along ſhewed great reſpect in matters which concern the fair ſex; but the inhumanity with which the author of the following letter has been uſed is not to be ſuffered.

'Sir, October 9.

'Yesterday I had the misfortune to drop in at my lady Haughty's, upon her viſiting-

[c] The advance of one penny on each number of the Lucubrations, which ſeems to be meant here, juſt doubled the original price of the paper, as appears from a paſſage in Tat. N° 1, and from an advertiſement at the end of N° 4. The whole-ſheet Tatlers, having a double quantity of paper, with one half-ſheet blank, 'to write buſineſs on, and for the convenience of the poſt,' were ſold, perhaps, for three halfpence each. See N° 26, adv.

If what is ſaid in the text is ſeriouſly conſidered in the light of a promiſe, it can only be applied to the two firſt volumes of the Lucubrations, and even with reſpect to them it was ſoon forgotten, or diſregarded.—See Spect. N° 227, note on the price of the Spect. &c.

day. When I entered the room where ſhe receives company, they all ſtood up indeed; but they ſtood, as if they were to ſtare at rather than to receive me. After a long pauſe, a ſervant brought a round ſtool, on which I ſat down at the lower end of the room, in the preſence of no leſs than twelve perſons, gentlemen and ladies, lolling in elbow-chairs. And, to complete my diſgrace, my miſtreſs was of the ſociety. I tried to compoſe myſelf in vain, not knowing how to diſpoſe of either my legs or arms, nor how to ſhape my countenance; the eyes of the whole room being ſtill upon me in a profound ſilence. My confuſion at laſt was ſo great, that, without ſpeaking, or being ſpoken to, I fled for it, and left the aſſembly to treat me at their diſcretion. A lecture from you upon theſe inhuman diſtinctions in a free nation, will, I doubt not, prevent the like evils for the future, and make it, as we ſay, as cheap ſitting as ſtanding.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect, Sir,
Your moſt humble, and
moſt obedient ſervant,
J. R.

'P. S.—I had almoſt forgot to inform you, that a fair young lady ſat in an armleſs chair upon my right hand, with manifeſt diſcontent in her looks.'

Soon after the receipt of this epiſtle, I heard a very gentle knock at my door: my maid went down, and brought up word, that a tall, lean, black man, well dreſſed, who ſaid he had not

the honour to be acquainted with me, desired to be admitted. I bid her shew him up, met him at my chamber-door, and then fell back a few paces. He approached me with great respect, and told me, with a low voice, he was the gentleman that had been seated up on the round stool. I immediately recollected that there was a joint-stool in my chamber, which I was afraid he might take for an instrument of distinction, and therefore winked at my boy to carry it into my closet. I then took him by the hand, and led him to the upper end of my room, where I placed him in my great elbow-chair; at the same time drawing another without arms to it, for myself to sit by him. I then asked him, at what time this misfortune befel him? He answered, 'between the hours of seven and eight in the evening.' I further demanded of him, what he had eat or drunk that day? he replied, 'nothing but a dish of water-gruel with a few plumbs in it.' In the next place, I felt his pulse, which was very low and languishing. These circumstances confirmed me in an opinion, which I had entertained upon the first reading of his letter, that the gentleman was far gone in the spleen. I therefore advised him to rise the next morning, and plunge into the cold-bath, there to remain under water until he was almost drowned. This I ordered him to repeat six days successively; and on the seventh, to repair at the wonted hour to my lady Haughty's, and to acquaint me afterwards with what he shall meet with there; and particularly to tell me, whether he shall think they stared upon

him ſo much as the time before. The gentleman ſmiled; and, by his way of talking to me, ſhewed himſelf a man of excellent ſenſe in all particulars, unleſs when a cane-chair, a round or a joint-ſtool, were ſpoken of. He opened his heart to me at the ſame time concerning ſeveral other grievances; ſuch as being over-looked in public aſſemblies, having his bows unanſwered, being helped laſt at table, and placed at the back part of a coach; with many other diſtreſſes, which have withered his countenance, and worn him to a ſkeleton. Finding him a man of reaſon, I entered into the bottom of his diſtemper. 'Sir,' ſaid I, 'there are more of your conſtitution in this iſland of Great Britain than in any other part of the world; and I beg the favour of you to tell me, whether you do not obſerve, that you meet with moſt affronts in rainy days?' He anſwered candidly, that he had long obſerved, that people were leſs ſaucy in ſunſhine than in cloudy weather. Upon which I told him plainly, his diſtemper was the ſpleen; and that though the world was very ill-natured, it was not ſo bad as he believed it. I further aſſured him, that his uſe of the cold-bath, with a courſe of Steel which I ſhould preſcribe him, would certainly cure moſt of his acquaintance of their rudeneſs, ill-behaviour, and impertinence. My patient ſmiled, and promiſed to obſerve my preſcriptions, not forgetting to give me an account of their operation. This diſtemper being pretty epidemical, I ſhall, for the benefit of mankind, give the public an account of the progreſs I make in the cure of it.

From my own Apartment, October 12.

THE author of the following letter behaves himſelf ſo ingenuouſly, that I cannot defer anſwering him any longer.

'HONOURED SIR, October 6.

'I HAVE lately contracted a very honeſt, and undiſſembled claudication in my left foot, which will be a double affliction to me, if, according to your Tatler of this day [d], it muſt paſs upon the world for a piece of ſingularity and affectation. I muſt, therefore, humbly beg leave to limp along the ſtreets after my own way, or I ſhall be inevitably ruined in coach-hire. As ſoon as I am tolerably recovered, I promiſe to walk as upright as a ghoſt in a tragedy, being not of a ſtature to ſpare an inch of height that I can any way pretend to. I honour your Lucubrations, and am, with the moſt profound ſubmiſſion,

Honoured Sir,

Your moſt dutiful and

moſt obedient ſervant, &c.'

Not doubting but the caſe is as the gentleman repreſents, I do hereby order Mr. Morphew to deliver him out a licence, upon paying his fees, which ſhall impower him to wear a cane until the thirteenth of March next; five months being the moſt I can allow for a ſprain.

[d] See N° 77.

N° 81. Saturday, October 15, 1709.
ADDISON AND STEELE[e].

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulner a paſſi,——
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti;
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 660.

Here patriots live, who for their country's good,
In fighting fields were prodigal of blood;——
Here poets worthy their inſpiring god,
And of unblemiſh'd life, make their abode:
And ſearching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts:
Thoſe who to worth their bounty did extend;
And thoſe who knew that bounty to commend.
DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, October 14.

THERE are two kinds of immortality; that which the ſoul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary exiſtence by which men live in

[e] 'To this paper I find the names of Swift, Addiſon, and Steele.' J——n H——y, M. See N° 74, note.

N° 67, and the note upon it, have probably led the reader, as they did the writer, to expect the dean of St. Patrick's name, and his name only, at the beginning of this paper. Nevertheleſs, the authority of the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell, the credibility of which is here corroborated by ſundry circumſtances, obliges the writer, at laſt, to drop the name of Swift entirely, and to aſcribe the paper to Addiſon and Steele.

It has been ſaid in a preceding note, and it will be ſeen in the progreſs of the work, that this liſt was not either full or correct; it will be found, however, to be deciſive in this inſtance. There is indeed nothing to oppoſe to it, but bare preſumptions, and a random aſſertion of Dr. Hawkeſworth.

their fame and reputation. The beſt and greateſt actions have proceeded from the proſpect of the

In a note referred to Tat. N° 67, in Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 40, crown 8vo. Dr. Hawkeſworth, without aſſigning any reaſon, peremptorily challenges for the dean of St. Patrick's the four following papers; Tatler, N° 66, N° 67, N° 74, and N° 81. In two inſtances out of the four the doctor was miſtaken. In the ſequel of this note, it will appear very plain, that the twelve perſons fixed upon here were not ſelected by Swift.

That the firſt idea of Tables of Fame was ſtarted by Swift is evident on the face of Tat. N° 67, where he makes ſome progreſs upon it; conſequently, this number may be conſidered as one of thoſe which Swift gave hints for. The paper itſelf ſeems even to have been promiſed by him, and expected from him. Upon the ſuppoſition of an explicit promiſe, there was equal good reaſon, both for Steele's expectation, and for Swift's performance. But this is not ſo certain; although it ſeems to have been better known that Swift promiſed the paper, than that he did not write it; which accounts ſufficiently, both for Dr. Hawkeſworth's aſſertion, and Mr. Byron's aſſignment.

The true ſtate of the caſe appears to be as follows: Addiſon, who had been now above a month in England, brought over ſome contributions from Swift to the Tatler, namely Swift's Papers on Eloquence, and that portion of N° 67 aſcribed to him, which clearly intimates ſome ſuch ſequel as is contained in this paper. Accordingly, Steele, on the 29th of September, promiſed to publiſh the paper which he expected, on the fifteenth of October, and of this it is probable that Swift was apprized. Half the intervening time had elapſed, it may be, without any anſwer, certainly without any paper from Ireland. Steele, feeling the aukwardneſs of his ſituation, applied to Addiſon, who probably brought him into the ſcrape, who certainly furniſhed him with a decent pretext for writing to Swift, and ultimately took the performance upon himſelf. Steele's letter is dated October 8, and the principal buſineſs comes in at the bottom.

'I wonder you do not write ſometimes to me. The town is in great expectation from Bickerſtaff; what paſſed at the election for the firſt table being to be publiſhed this day ſevennight. I have not ſeen Ben Tooke a great while, but long

one, or the other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed

to usher you and yours into the world,' &c. See Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 40, crown 8vo.

Swift's answer to this letter does not appear; but it appears very clearly, that he left Steele to gratify, or disappoint the town's expectation. A comparison of N° 67, and N° 81, together, evinces two things relative to this paper, which they seem to make almost equally certain; the one is, that Swift suggested a plan, and the other that he had no hand in the execution. Swift's readers need not to be told, that among all the celebrated heroes of antiquity, Brutus was his favourite character; they must, therefore, be rather disappointed, as the writer was, to find that Brutus has not the honour to be mentioned here, even as a candidate on this occasion. The dean certainly did think on the subject, whatever might be his reason for declining to publish his thoughts at this time. The proof of this rests on a passage in one of his best things, long posterior to this date, and supposed to have been written after the year 1723, which merits consideration in this argument.

'I was told that Brutus, and his ancestor Junius, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the younger, and sir Thomas More, were perpetually together: a sextumvirate, to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh.' Swift's Works, vol. ii. p. 187, ed. crown 8vo.

Now, it so happens, that there are only two of this odd matchless sextumvirate admitted to seats at the first Table of Fame. There are besides, in this paper, such manifest deviations from the plan proposed in N° 67, and such palpable contradictions to it, as are irreconcileable to the supposition, of their being the performances of one and the same person. The 'side-table' is here forgotten; the heroes of 'great fame but dubious existence' are turned into a separate apartment; the number of the company at the second table is reduced from twenty to twelve; Bickerstaff, who 'had not been dead an hundred years,' is mentioned to make out the dozen; of the third table there is nothing said; and the subject seems finally discussed in one paper, which was evidently intended to have made three.

These and other circumstances, omitted or unobserved, concurring with the authority of the list before mentioned,

to themſelves the latter, as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reaſon that I excluded from my Tables of Fame all the great founders and votaries of religion; and it is for this reaſon alſo, that I am more than ordinary anxious to do juſtice to the perſons of whom I am now going to ſpeak; for, ſince fame was the only end of all their enterprizes and ſtudies, a man cannot be too ſcrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this conſideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my aſſiſtance; to many of whom I muſt own my obligations for the catalogues of illuſtrious perſons, which they have ſent me in upon this occaſion. I yeſterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon my imagination, that they broke my ſleep for the firſt part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable viſion, which I ſhall beg leave to deſcribe in all its particulars [f].

furniſhed ſatisfactory evidence that Swift was not concerned in this paper.

[f] In a buſineſs ſo complex, midſt ſo many illuſtrious characters, ſome following fame, and fame following others, diſtracted by communications on the occaſion, and a diverſity of neceſſary and nice diſtinctions, the returning officers, forced into the ſervice, being only vicarious, and urged in point of time, could not well diſcriminate and determine ſo very happily, as not to leave room for complaints and exceptions.

It ought alſo to be conſidered, that the opinions declared in this paper are not opinions of characters, but opinions of reputations; the deciſions are not with regard to merit, but with regard to fame, and the refuſal of the one is no denial of the other.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundleſs plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midſt of it there ſtood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The ſides were extremely ſteep, and of ſuch a particular ſtructure, that no creature, which was not made in an human figure, could poſſibly aſcend it. On a ſudden there was heard from the top of it a ſound like that of a trumept; but ſo exceeding ſweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of thoſe who heard it with raptures, and gave ſuch high and delightful ſenſations, as ſeemed to animate and raiſe human nature above itſelf. This made me very much amazed to find ſo very few in that innumerable

Fame is not here determined, nor is it ever determinable, by a right judgment of men or things. A conqueror of kingdoms, who puts thouſands to death, and reduces ten times their number to poverty and want, riſes ſo high in fame, that the remoteſt poſterity never mentions his name but with admiration and rapture. The generality of the world cannot diſtinguiſh accurately between ſplendour and greatneſs; and, therefore, the plurality of voices would doubtleſs be in favour of military heroes.

Accordingly, they are here appointed to the chief places at the firſt Table of Fame. Their admiſſion might have gone on, to the utter excluſion of all other worthies; and, perhaps, it would have been as well if the table had been appropriated entirely, and ſolely, to this order of famous men.

'The conſequential inconveniencies might have been remedied to advantage, by the ſuper-addition of 'A Table, or Tables of Glory, for the accommodation of more illuſtrious, or at leaſt of better company, aſſorted with a ſuitable regard to the uſefulneſs of their talents, and the degrees of their excellence.'

The paper leads to this general concluſion, *Alia clariora eſſe, alia majora.*'

multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear, or reliſh this muſic with pleaſure: but my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I ſaw moſt of them attentive to three ſyrens, cloathed like goddeſſes, and diſtinguiſhed by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleaſure. They were ſeated on three rocks, amidſt a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the baſe and groveling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages, were liſtening to theſe deluſive deities, thoſe of a more erect aſpect, and exalted ſpirit, ſeparated themſelves from the reſt, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain from whence they heard the ſound, which ſtill grew ſweeter, the more they liſtened to it.

On a ſudden methought this ſelect band ſprang forward, with a reſolution to climb the aſcent, and follow the call of that heavenly muſic. Every one took ſomething with him that he thought might be of aſſiſtance to him in his march. Several had their ſwords drawn, ſome carried rolls of paper in their hands, ſome had compaſſes, others quadrants, others teleſcopes, and others pencils. Some had laurels on their heads, and others buſkins on their legs; in ſhort, there was ſcarce any inſtrument of a mechanic art, or liberal ſcience, which was not made uſe of on this occaſion. My good dæmon, who ſtood at my right hand during the courſe of this whole viſion, obſerving in me a burning deſire to join that glorious company, told me, he highly approved that generous ardour with which I ſeemed tranſported; but at the ſame time ad-

viſed me to cover my face with a maſk all the while I was to labour on the aſcent. I took his counſel, without inquiring into his reaſons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thouſand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended, and led no farther; and I obſerved, that moſt of the artizans, which conſiderably diminiſhed our number, fell into theſe paths.

We left another conſiderable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had diſcovered by-ways up the hill, which proved ſo very intricate and perplexed, that, after having advanced in them a little, they were quite loſt among the ſeveral turns and windings; and, though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progreſs in the aſcent. Theſe, as my guide informed me, were men of ſubtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would ſupply the place of real wiſdom with cunning and artifice. Among thoſe who were far advanced in their way, there were ſome that by one falſe ſtep fell backward, and loſt more ground in a moment, than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and obſerved that all the different paths which ran about the ſides of the mountain began to meet in two great roads; which inſenſibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little diſtance from the entrance of each road there ſtood an hideous phantom, that oppoſed our further paſſage. One of theſe ap-

paritions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandiſhed in the face of all who came up that way. Crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out, 'Death.' The ſpectre that guarded the other road was Envy. She was not armed with weapons of deſtruction, like the former; but by dreadful hiſſings, noiſes of reproach, and a horrid, diſtracted laughter, ſhe appeared more frightful than Death itſelf, inſomuch, that abundance of our company were diſcouraged from paſſing any farther, and ſome appeared aſhamed of having come ſo far. As for myſelf, I muſt confeſs my heart ſhrunk within me at the ſight of theſe ghaſtly appearances; but, on a ſudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, ſo that we felt a new reſolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this reſolution grew, the terrors before us ſeemed to vaniſh. Moſt of the company, who had ſwords in their hands, marched on with great ſpirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had thought and contemplation in their looks, went forward in a more compoſed manner up the road poſſeſſed by Envy. The way above theſe apparitions grew ſmooth, and uniform, and was ſo delightful, that the travellers went on with pleaſure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They there began to breathe a delicious kind of æther, and ſaw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with ſatisfaction on their paſt toils: and diffuſed a ſecret joy through the whole aſſembly, which

ſhewed itſelf in every look and feature. In the midſt of theſe happy fields ſtood a palace of a very glorious ſtructure. It had four great folding-doors, that faced the four ſeveral quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the goddeſs of the Mountain, who ſmiled upon her votaries, and ſounded the ſilver trumpet, which had called them up, and cheered them in their paſſage to her palace. They had now formed themſelves into ſeveral diviſions; a band of hiſtorians taking their ſtations at each door, according to the perſons whom they were to introduce.

On a ſudden, the trumpet, which had hitherto ſounded only a march, or a point of war, now ſwelled all its notes into triumph and exultation. The whole fabric ſhook, and the doors flew open. The firſt who ſtepped forward was a beautiful and blooming hero, and as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a croud of hiſtorians. The perſon who immediately walked before him was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this falſe guide was Quintus Curtius [g]. But

[g] The rhetorical ſtyle of Q. Curtius may warrant the fancy of his 'embroidered garment,' but cannot ſo well juſtify the ſevere cenſure implied in the words 'falſe guide.' Nor can his geographical errors ſupport ſo heavy a charge, for they are likewiſe the errors of the original Greek relators from whom he borrowed the materials of his hiſtory. Q. Curtius was unknown to the learned, or at leaſt not mentioned by any author, till near a 1000 years after his own

Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the firſt table. My good dæmon, that I might ſee the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that paſſed, without being ſeen myſelf. The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm ſhe bore a harp, and on her head a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, ſtood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The virgin, who it ſeems was one of the nine ſiſters that attended on the goddeſs of Fame, ſmiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæſar was now coming forward; and though moſt of the hiſtorians offered their ſervice to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himſelf.

The next who advanced was a man of an homely but cheerful aſpect, and attended by perſons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occaſion. Plato was on his right hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and ſat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himſelf have taken a place next to his maſter Socrates; but on a ſudden there was

time; yet what remains of his book is eſteemed a genuine, faithful hiſtory of Alexander. The following fine paſſage is quoted from this agreeable writer, as an apology for ſome notes in the courſe of this work. '*Equidem plura tranſcribo quam credo; nam nec affirmare ſuſtineo de quibus dubito, nec ſubducere quæ accepi.*' See Tat. N° 8, and N° 209.

heard a great clamour of diſputants at the door, who appeared with Ariſtotle at the head of them. That philoſopher, with ſome rudeneſs, but great ſtrength of reaſon, convinced the whole table, that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had ſcarce ſat down, when the ſame beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excuſed himſelf, had not his modeſty been overcome by the invitation of all who ſat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me eaſily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared, and took his place. He had inquired at the door for one Lucceius to introduce him; but, not finding him there, he contented himſelf with the attendance of many other writers, who all, except Salluſt [h], appeared highly pleaſed with the office.

We waited ſome time in expectation of the next worthy, who came in with a great retinue of hiſtorians, whoſe names I could not learn, moſt of them being natives of Carthage. The perſon thus conducted, who was Hannibal [i],

[h] See Tat. N° 62, and note, *ibidem*.

[i] This decided preference of Hannibal, to the utter excluſion of his conqueror, ſeems arbitrary, and given apparently in contradiction to the truth of hiſtory, which records few characters more illuſtrious in all reſpects, or better vouched in almoſt every particular, than that of Scipio Africanus.

The viſionary retinue of the nameleſs hiſtorians of Carthage might have ſerved leſs exceptionably, as uſhers into the fabulous apartment: the indiſcriminate cenſure of the whole body of Roman hiſtorians, appears to be unſupported; nor is the authority of Polybius well alledged in aid of the fanciful teſtimonies of imaginary writers; for his ὁ Πολύβιος,

ſeemed much diſturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board, of the affronts he had met with among the Roman hiſtorians, 'who attempted,' ſays he, 'to carry me into the ſubterraneous apartment; and perhaps, would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this gentleman,' pointing to Polybius, 'who was the only perſon, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.'

The Carthaginian took his ſeat, and Pompey entered with great dignity in his own perſon, and preceded by ſeveral hiſtorians. Lucan the poet was at the head of them, who obſerving Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to ſit

as he ſtyled Scipio, is evidently his hero, whom he labours to celebrate with great pains to little purpoſe, if it be poſſible, after all, to wreſt from his writings a deciſive proof of Hannibal's ſuperiority, either in fame or merit. Scipio's claim of preference to Hannibal, founded on the right of conqueſt, cannot eſcape notice, or be thought inadmiſſible here, for in the ſame right, Julius Cæſar takes place of Pompey, and of Cato the younger. Moreover, when the cruel Carthaginian was preferred to his generous victor, it was lucky that no diſturbance was bred, by Hannibal's attempting to diſpute precedency with the choleric hero at the head of the table. Plutarch mentions a curious inſtance of Hannibal's tenacious adherence to military precedency; and both Livy and Plutarch record his comparative opinions of himſelf and Alexander, diſcloſed without reſerve, in the fine turned compliment which he paid to Scipio at Epheſus. See Liv. lib. xxxv. apud Script. Hiſt. Rom. Heidelb. folio, tom. i. p. 275; and Plutarch's Life of T. Q. Flaminius.'

No mention is made of the particular language in which the company converſed; nor is it ſaid, that Hannibal complained of the Roman hiſtorians in the Punick tongue; but both Polybius and Livy take particular notice, that his converſations with Scipio were carried on by means of interpreters. See Polyb. Amſt. 1670, 8vo. tom. ii. lib. xv. 6, p. 967; and Liv. lib. 30. cap. 30, *ut ſupra*, tom. i. p. 502.

down himſelf, had not the latter whiſpered him, that whatever pretence he might otherwiſe have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the hiſtorians. Lucan was ſo exaſperated with the repulſe, that he muttered ſomething to himſelf; and was heard to ſay, that ſince he could not have a ſeat among them himſelf, he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole aſſembly: upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with ſuch an air, that ſhewed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Obſerving the ſeat oppoſite to Cæſar was vacant, he took poſſeſſion of it, and ſpoke two or three ſmart ſentences upon the nature of precedency, which, according to him, conſiſted not in place, but in intrinſic merit: to which he added, that the moſt virtuous man, wherever he was ſeated, was always at the upper end of the table. Socrates, who had a great ſpirit of raillery with his wiſdom, could not forbear ſmiling at a virtue which took ſo little pains to make itſelf agreeable. Cicero took the occaſion to make a long diſcourſe in praiſe of Cato, which he uttered with much vehemence. Cæſar anſwered him with a great deal of ſeeming temper; but, as I ſtood at a great diſtance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they ſaid. But I could not forbear taking notice, that, in all the diſcourſe which paſſed at the table, a word or nod from Homer decided the controverſy.

After a ſhort pauſe, Auguſtus appeared looking round him with a ſerene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who ſtrove among themſelves which of them ſhould ſhew him the greateſt marks of gratitude and reſpect. Virgil roſe from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable gueſt to all, he appeared more ſuch to the learned, than the military worthies.

The next man aſtoniſhed the whole table with his appearance. He was ſlow, ſolemn, and ſilent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiouſly wrought with hieroglyphics. (1.) As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the ſkirt of it, and diſcovered a golden thigh. (2.) Socrates, at the ſight of it declared againſt keeping company with any who were not made of fleſh and blood; and, therefore, deſired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted to fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious exiſtence. At his going out, he told them, 'that they did not know whom they diſmiſſed; that he was now Pythagoras [k],

[k] Pythagoras, the celebrated founder of the Italic ſchool, ſeems to be treated here as if he had been nobody, or an unique being *ſui generis*. The reaſons alledged for holding him up to deriſion, and excluding him from the firſt table in both apartments, require illuſtration, and ſeem incompetent.

1. His 'raiment curiouſly wrought with hieroglyphics,' ſignifies his enigmatical manner of teaching, under a veil of numerical figures, and ſymbolical repreſentations. It is certain from hiſtory, that he laboured, not unſucceſsfully, in the reformation and inſtruction of the world, to which he was a more meritorious benefactor than one third at leaſt of this famous company put together. His great thirſt for

the firſt of philoſophers, (3.) and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the ſiege of

knowledge led him to travel, and to reſide about twenty years among the prieſts of Egypt, from which he brought his emblematical method of philoſophiſing with ſtrangers. When his ſcholars were ſufficiently initiated by ſuch a previous courſe of probationary diſcipline as he judged proper, he is ſaid to have inſtructed them, after a plain undiſguiſed manner, in his noble doctrines and admirable precepts. See N° 108. Spect. N° 447, and N° 586. notes.

2. If there be any thing that merits ſerious cenſure, in the ſtory of 'the golden thigh,' Pythagoras ought not to be cenſured, but Diogenes the Laertian biographer, who relates the report here alluded to, in the following words. Λεγεται δε αυτω ποτε παραγυμνωθεντι τον μηρον οφθηναι χρισουν. Lib. viii. 9, p. 880, ed. Longolij, tom. ii. Origen ſays, the thigh appeared not like gold but ivory. Hence we can only infer, that the friends of Pythagoras intimated in ſome ſuch figurative language the extraordinary beauty of his ſkin, a very natural effect of the ſimple ſpare diet which he is ſaid to have obſerved himſelf, and recommended to others.

The curious conſtruction put upon this paſſage, in N° 83, is more humorous, and leſs exceptionable. Such literal interpretation would prove that the perſons were not 'made of fleſh and blood,' of whom we read in an old ſong, that ſome parts were of gold, and others of bright ivory. See The Song of Solomon, *paſſim*. The old ſong in which this kind of language occurs perpetually, to the diſgrace of an enlightened age, has ſtill a place in the Bible, which for the reverence due to it, ought to have been long ſince reſcued from ſuch indignity.

3. Pythagoras is here ſtyled 'the firſt of philoſophers,' in a way ſomewhat contemptuous. Cicero, much to the honour of Pythagoras, tells us where the title of philoſopher firſt took its riſe, the occaſion which gave it birth, and what it ſignifies. Tuſc. Queſt. lib. v. cap. 3.

'Before the time of Pythagoras, they who excelled in the knowledge of nature, or who made themſelves commendable by an exemplary life, were ſtyled ſages, Σοφοι or wiſe men. Pythagoras, thinking that title had ſomething too haughty in it, took another, by which he hinted, that he did not pretend to be already poſſeſſed of wiſdom, but

Troy.—'That may be very true,' ſaid Socrates; 'but you forget that you have likewiſe been (4.)

only deſired to attain it. He, therefore, ſtyled himſelf a philoſopher, that is to ſay, a lover of wiſdom; ſince which time, the name has conſtantly been given to the profeſſors of natural and moral ſciences.'

4. The harlotry with which Pythagoras is ill reproached, alludes to circumſtances in the hiſtory of his tranſmigration, for which he could by no means be accountable.

The doctrine of the metempſychoſis is well known, under ſome or other of the various miſrepreſentations of it; for ignorance, wit, and malignity, have concurred to load it with abſurdities. In the management of Pythagoras, it was probably guarded by ingenuity, in ſubſerviency to the great ends of health, humanity, and mercy. Pythagoras was not the inventor of this doctrine; he learned it in Egypt, as appears from a paſſage in Herodotus, lib. ii. cap. 123, where the doctrine is mentioned as Egyptian, and the name of Pythagoras omitted; it occurs on a like occaſion, in Diodorus the Sicilian, lib. i. *ſub fin.*

The hiſtory of the metamorphoſes, that the ſoul of Pythagoras underwent, goes no higher than the ſiege of Troy, where it actuated, as he ſaid himſelf, the body of Euphorbus. But the charge of harlotry muſt reſt on circumſtances tacked to this hiſtory, not only after the death of Pythagoras himſelf, but alſo after that of Socrates, who, therefore, was not the moſt proper perſon to be his accuſer. The ſoul of Pythagoras, after his deceaſe, continued, it was ſaid, to ſhift its habitations; and Dicæarchus, almoſt a whole century after the death of Socrates, related, that on its third removal it got into the body of Alce, a beautiful courtezan. See A. Gell. Noct. Aitt. lib. iv. cap. xi. Lucian long after, in his bantering way, taking a century poſterior to Pythagoras, makes his ſoul animate the body of Aſpaſia, the miſtreſs of Pericles, more celebrated for eloquence than chaſtity. The charge of harlotry, thus explained, falls to the ground; but there remains, lurking under all that is ſaid about Pythagoras, an odious inſinuation of the dubiouſneſs of his exiſtence. The frivolous grounds of this idle diſputation, the curious may ſee, in Brucker's Hiſt. Crit. Philoſophiæ, and in Tiraboſchi's Storia delle Letteratura Italiana. It damps ſuch curioſity,

a very great harlot in your time.' This exclusion made way for Archimedes[l], who came forward with a ſcheme of mathematical figures in his hand; among which I obſerved a cone and a cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I deſired my guide, for variety, to lead me to the fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with gorgons, chimæras, and centaurs, with many other emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and ſkill to unriddle. The firſt table was almoſt full: at the upper end ſat Hercules, leaning an arm upon his club; on his right hand were Achilles and Ulyſſes, and between them Æneas; on his left were Hector, Theſeus, and Jaſon: the lower end had Orpheus, Æſop[m], Phalaris[n],

to find that Stanley omits them entirely, as undeſerving of notice; and that Bayle, rather ſceptical than credulous, paſſes them over in like manner, with the moſt expreſſive ſilence. This ſcrupuloſity about Pythagoras is the more obſervable, as Homer is admitted readily to ſit at Alexander's right hand, and decide the controverſies with 'a word or a nod.'

[l] Archimedes ordered a ſphere included in a cylinder, the diagram of his 32d propoſition, to be erected upon his tomb; the figure was accordingly carved near one of the gates of Syracuſe, and became the means of enabling Cicero to diſcover the ſepulchre of Archimedes covered over with brambles, &c. See Cicero Diſp. Tuſc. lib. v. ſect. 23; and Tat. N° 48, N° 99, and notes.

[m] Many fabulous things are intermixed with the hiſtory of Æſop, but there certainly was a perſon of his name, celebrated for the invention, or uſe of fables; it is likewiſe credible, that he was the author of thoſe handed down to the preſent time, under his name, but that his *ipſiſſima verba* were as we now read them, is not ſo certain.

[n] The exiſtence of Phalaris is not dubious, nor was it ever conſidered as doubtful; but there was, as has been

and Muſæus. The uſhers ſeemed at a loſs for a twelfth man, when, methought, to my great joy and ſurpriſe, I heard ſome at the lower end of the table mention Iſaac Bickerſtaff; but thoſe of the upper end received it with diſdain; and ſaid, if they muſt have a Britiſh worthy, they would have Robin Hood °.'

mentioned in a note on N° 7, much diſputation concerning the genuineneſs of ſome letters aſcribed to Phalaris, which are probably ſpurious.

° 'In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] there were many robbers, and outlawes, among the which was Robin Hood, and Little John, renowned thieves, continued in woods, deſpoiling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but ſuch as would invade them; or by reſiſtance for their own defence.'

'The ſaide Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with ſuch ſpoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred durſt not give the onſet. He ſuffered no woman to be oppreſſed, violated, or otherwiſe moleſted: poore mens goods he ſpared, abundantlie relieving them with that, which by theft he got from abbeys and the houſes of rich earles: whom Maior (the hiſtorian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince and the moſt gentle theefe.' Stow's Annals, p. 150.

The perſonal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his ſkill in archery, his humanity, and eſpecially his levelling principle, of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have in all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people: who, not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable ſongs and ſtories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed, it is not impoſſible but our hero, to gain the more reſpect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profeſſion, may have given riſe to ſuch a report themſelves: for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which if genuine, muſt have been inſcribed on his tombſtone near the nunnery of Kirk-lees in Yorkſhire; where (as the ſtory goes) he was bled to death by a treacherous nun, to whom he applied for phlebotomy.

Ancient Ballads, vol. i. p. 79.

While I was tranſported with the honour that was done me, and burning with envy againſt my competitor, I was awakened by the noiſe of the cannon, which were then fired for the taking of Mons [p]. I ſhould have been very much troubled at being thrown out of ſo pleaſing a viſion on any other occaſion; but thought it an agreeable change, to have my thoughts diverted from the greateſt among the dead and fabulous heroes, to the moſt famous among the real and the living [q].

N° 82. Tueſday, October 18, 1709.
STEELE.

Ubi idem et maximus et honeſtiſſimus amor eſt, aliquando præſtat morte jungi, quàm vitâ diſtrahi. VAL. MAX.

Where there is the greateſt and moſt honourable love, it is ſometimes better to be joined in death, than ſeparated in life.

From my own Apartment, October 17.

AFTER the mind has been employed on contemplations ſuitable to its greatneſs, it is unnatural to run into ſudden mirth or levity; but we muſt let the ſoul ſubſide as it roſe, by proper degrees. My late conſiderations of the ancient heroes impreſſed a certain gravity upon my mind, which is much above the little gratification re-

[p] The town of Mons ſurrendered, Oct. 21, N. S. 1709.

[q] After all, dreams and viſions are irregular and lawleſs compoſitions; though written in proſe, they claim more than poetical licence, and are hardly reducible to canons of criticiſm.

ceived from ſtarts of humour and fancy, and threw me into a pleaſing ſadneſs. In this ſtate of thought I have been looking at the fire, and in a penſive manner reflecting upon the great misfortunes and calamities incident to human life; among which there are none that touch ſo ſenſibly as thoſe which befal perſons who eminently love, and meet with fatal interruptions of their happineſs when they leaſt expect it. The piety of children to parents, and the affection of parents to their children, are the effects of inſtinct; but the affection between lovers and friends is founded on reaſon and choice, which has always made me think the ſorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than thoſe of the former. The contemplation of diſtreſſes of this ſort ſoftens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It extinguiſhes the ſeeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of proſperity, and beats down all that fierceneſs and inſolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate.

For this reaſon the wiſe Athenians, in their theatrical performances, laid before the eyes of the people the greateſt afflictions which could befal human life, and inſenſibly poliſhed their tempers by ſuch repreſentations. Among the moderns indeed, there has ariſen a chimerical method of diſpoſing the fortune of the perſons repreſented, according to what they call poetical juſtice; and letting none be unhappy but thoſe who deſerve it. In ſuch caſes, an intelligent ſpectator, if he is concerned, knows he ought not to be ſo; and can learn nothing from ſuch

a tenderneſs, but that he is a weak creature, whoſe paſſions cannot follow the dictates of his underſtanding. It is very natural, when one is got into ſuch a way of thinking, to recollect thoſe examples of ſorrow which have made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion upon our imaginations. An inſtance or two of ſuch, you will give me leave to communicate.

A young gentleman and lady, of ancient and honourable houſes in Cornwall, had from their childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble paſſion, which had been long oppoſed by their friends, by reaſon of the inequality of their fortunes; but their conſtancy to each other, and obedience to thoſe on whom they depended, wrought ſo much upon their relations, that theſe celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country, to take care of a conſiderable fortune, which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumſtances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occaſion; and I remember it was a common ſentence in every one's mouth, 'You ſee how faithful love is rewarded [r].'

[r] This melancholy relation concerning theſe Corniſh lovers ſeems to have been founded on a real ſtory, not very remote from the original date of the paper. The writer, whoever he was, affirms that he remembered 'a common ſentence in every one's mouth' on the occaſion of the gentleman's ſucceſſion to an unexpected fortune. The reader may compare this with Gay's much admired relation of John Hewit and Sarah Drew. See Pope's Works, vol. iv. p. 9, ed. Lond. 1770.

He took this agreeable voyage, and ſent home every poſt freſh accounts of his ſucceſs in his affairs abroad; but at laſt, though he deſigned to return with the next ſhip, he lamented, in his letters, that buſineſs would detain him ſome time longer from home, becauſe he would give himſelf the pleaſure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the ſea-ſhore, near which ſhe lived, with a familiar friend, her huſband's kinſwoman; and diverted herſelf with what objects they met there, or upon diſcourſes of the future methods of life, in the happy change of their circumſtances. They ſtood one evening on the ſhore together in a perfect tranquillity, obſerving the ſetting of the ſun, the calm face of the deep, and the ſilent heaving of the waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet; when at a diſtance her kinſwoman ſaw ſomething float on the waters, which ſhe fancied was a cheſt; and with a ſmile told her, ſhe ſaw it firſt, and if it came aſhore full of jewels, ſhe had a right to it. They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themſelves with the ſubject of the wreck, the couſin ſtill aſſerting her right; but promiſing, if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for the child of which ſhe was then big, provided ſhe might be god-mother. Their mirth ſoon abated, when they obſerved, upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compaſſion, made many melancholy reflections on the occaſion. 'Who knows,'

ſaid ſhe, 'but this man may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy houſe; the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in impertinent mirth, and pleaſing themſelves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they have got ready for him? Or may he not be the maſter of a family that wholly depended upon his life? There may, for aught we know, be half a dozen fatherleſs children, and a tender wife, now expoſed to poverty by his death. What pleaſure might he have promiſed himſelf in the different welcome he was to have from her and them! But let us go away; it is a dreadful ſight! The beſt office we can do, is to take care that the poor man, whoever he is, may be decently buried.' She turned away, when a wave threw the carcaſe on the ſhore. The kinſwoman immediately ſhrieked out, 'Oh my couſin!' and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when ſhe ſaw her own huſband at her feet, and dropped in a ſwoon upon the body. An old woman, who had been the gentleman's nurſe, came out about this time to call the ladies in to ſupper, and found her child, as ſhe always called him, dead on the ſhore, her miſtreſs and kinſwoman both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young maſter to life, ſoon awaked the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone for ever.

When the family and neighbourhood got together round the bodies, no one aſked any queſtion, but the objects before them told the ſtory[s].

[s] Any information would be very acceptable, either concerning the preceding well-told ſtory, or relative to the following deplorable incident; the ſcene of which is laid in

Incidents of this nature are the more moving when they are drawn by perſons concerned in the cataſtrophe, notwithſtanding they are often oppreſſed beyond the power of giving them in a diſtinct light, except we gather their ſorrow from their inability to ſpeak it.

I have two original letters, written both on the ſame day, which are to me exquiſite in their different kinds. The occaſion was this. A gentleman who had courted a moſt agreeable young woman, and won her heart, obtained alſo the conſent of her father, to whom ſhe was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they ſhould be married in the ſame church where he himſelf was, in a village in Weſtmorland, and made them ſet out while he was laid up with the gout at London. The bridegroom took only his man, the bride her maid: they had the moſt agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage; from whence the bridegroom writ the following letter to his wife's father.

'SIR, March 18, 1672.

'AFTER a very pleaſant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour in which I am to be your ſon. I aſſure you the bride carries it, in the eye of the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother; though he ſays, your open ſleeves, pantaloons, and ſhoulder-knot, made a much better ſhow than the finical

Weſtmorland, and the time referred by the date of the letters, to the year 1672, or 1673, for the writers at this period allotted the months January, February, and March variouſly, ſometimes annexing them to the cloſing, at other times to the opening year.

dreſs I am in. However, I am contented to be the ſecond fine man this village ever ſaw, and ſhall make it very merry before night, becauſe I ſhall write myſelf from thence,

Your moſt dutiful ſon,

T. D.

'The bride gives her duty, and is as handſome as an angel.——I am the happieſt man breathing.'

The villagers were aſſembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's man knew his maſter would leave the place on a ſudden after the wedding, and ſeeing him draw his piſtols the night before, took this opportunity to go into his chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room; and, after a little fond raillery on the ſubject of their courtſhip, the lover took up a piſtol, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and preſenting it to her, ſaid, with the moſt graceful air, while ſhe looked pleaſed at his agreeable flattery; 'Now, madam, repent of all thoſe cruelties you have been guilty of to me; conſider before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your caſement; you ſhall die, you tyrant, you ſhall die, with all thoſe inſtruments of death and deſtruction about you, with that enchanting ſmile, thoſe killing ringlets of your hair'—'Give fire!' ſaid ſhe, laughing. He did ſo; and ſhot her dead. Who can ſpeak his condition? but he bore it ſo patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch

entered, and his maſter locked the door upon him. 'Will,' ſaid he, 'did you charge theſe piſtols?' He anſwered, 'Yes.' Upon which, he ſhot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidſt a thouſand broken ſobs, piercing groans, and diſtracted motions, he writ the following letter to the father of his dead miſtreſs.

'Sir,

'I, who two hours ago told you truly I was the happieſt man alive, am now the moſt miſerable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a miſtake of my man's charging my piſtols unknown to me. Him have I murdered for it. Such is my wedding day.——I will immediately follow my wife to her grave: but before I throw myſelf upon my ſword, I command my diſtraction ſo far as to explain my ſtory to you. I fear my heart will not keep together until I have ſtabbed it. Poor, good old man!——Remember, he that killed your daughter died for it. In the article of death, I give you my thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for myſelf. If it be poſſible, do not curſe me [t].'

[t] Another Parnelle might make another Hermit out of the curious materials which this paper ſupplies, for the exerciſe of a fine fancy, actuated by due reverence for God, and a thorough conviction of the wiſdom and rectitude of his adminiſtration.

'High as the heavens are above the earth, ſo are His ways above our ways, and His thoughts above our thoughts, who maketh the winds His meſſengers, and His Miniſters the flames of fire.'

See a ſtory by an excellent ſtory-teller, not very unlike to this relation of the Corniſh lovers, in Ovid's Metamorphoſes. See N° 83, final note.

N° 83. Thurſday, October 20, 1709.
STEELE [u].

Senilis ſtultitia, quæ deliratio appellari ſolet, ſenum levium eſt, non omnium. M. T. Cic.

'That which is uſually called dotage is not the foible of all old men, but only of ſuch as are remarkable for their levity and inconſtancy.'

From my own Apartment, October 19.

It is my frequent practice to viſit places of reſort in this town where I am leaſt known, to obſerve what reception my works meet with in

[u] Steele appears to have been the author of that part at leaſt of this paper, which gives occaſion to mention the following remarks.

The introductory paragraphs furniſh a clear concluſive argument, for the propriety of adding notes to theſe papers. Steele thought they required an explanation, which he purpoſed to have given 'for the benefit of poſterity,' at the time of their original publication. Much more muſt explanations be now wanted, at the full expiration of ſeventy-ſeven years.

Steele evidently meant to have done more than is really performed, to enable his readers 'to conſtrue the more difficult parts of his writings.' His explanations would have no doubt formed a very valuable, and a very elegant commentary. Failures in 'the promiſes of authors, and the vows of lovers,' however deplorable, it is ludicrous to lament. In default of ſuch irretrievable illuſtrations, ſome notes may be ſecured now, which hereafter will be ſought for in vain. The papers themſelves contain much ſcattered information, nor are there yet wanting other means and materials, by the help of which the work may ſtill be rendered more intelligible and entertaining.

It ſeems a deſirable thing, and it is now high time to record the knowledge relative to theſe writings, which has lain

the world, and what good effects I may promise myself from my labours: and it being a privilege asserted by Monsieur Montaigne, and others of vain-glorious memory, that we writers of essays may talk of ourselves; I take the liberty to give an account of the remarks which I find are made by some of my gentle readers upon these my dissertations.

I happened this evening to fall into a coffee-house near the Exchange, where two persons were reading my account of the Table of Fame.

too long dispersed, 'which is every day growing less, and in a short time must be lost for ever.' The writers themselves, and all who were the objects of their notice and allusions, their widows and daughters, their kinsmen and friends, have quitted the stage, 'and there can hardly be any thing known that may not now be told.'

To obviate all objections, and conform to Steele's intention, the gratification of merriment may still be suspended, at whatever risk, 'the faulty characters may be left as they are, and only such as he is said or supposed to have commended need be mentioned with their proper names; for as we still live in an age wherein vice is very general, and virtue very particular, the latter only wants explanation.'

The representatives, friends, and allies of the family of the Staffs, are therefore requested to lend their assistance to a work, meant to be honourable to their progenitors and beneficial to their posterity. As expedition will considerably enhance the value of their favours, it is begged they would communicate with all convenient speed, such fragments and elucidations of the history and writings of their ancestor, as rightfully belong to this collection, and may conduce in any way to its use or ornament. In a word, the aged, the knowing, and the inquisitive are hereby called upon to impart all suitable intelligence relative to the authors, or subjects of these writings, and to direct their communications to Mr. Deputy Nichols in Red-lion passage, Fleet-street, or impart them through the very useful channel of The Gentleman's Magazine.

The one of these was commenting as he read, and explaining who was meant by this and the other worthy as he passed on. I observed the person over-against him wonderfully intent and satisfied with his explanation. When he came to Julius Cæsar, who is said to have refused any conductor to the table; 'No, no,' said he, 'he is in the right of it, he has money enough to be welcome wherever he comes;' and then whispered, 'he means a certain colonel of the train-bands.' Upon reading that Aristotle made his claim with some rudeness, but great strength of reason; 'Who can that be, so rough and so reasonable? It must be some whig, I warrant you. There is nothing but party in these public papers.' Where Pythagoras is said to have a golden thigh [x], 'Ay, ay,' said he, 'he has money enough in his breeches; that is the alderman of our ward, you must know.' Whatever he read, I found he interpreted from his own way of life and acquaintance. I am glad my readers can construe for themselves these difficult points; but, for the benefit of posterity, I design, when I come to write my last paper of this kind, to make it an explanation of all my former. In that piece, you shall have all I have commended, with their proper names. The faulty characters must be left as they are, because we live in an age wherein vice is very general, and virtue very particular; for which reason the latter only wants explanation.

[x] See N° 81, and note on the golden thigh of Pythagoras, and The Song of Solomon.

But I muſt turn my preſent diſcourſe to what is of yet greater regard to me than the care of my writings; that is to ſay, the preſervation of a lady's heart. Little did I think I ſhould ever have buſineſs of this kind on my hands more; but as little as any one who knows me would believe it, there is a lady at this time who profeſſes love to me. Her paſſion and good humour you ſhall have in her own words.

'Mr. Bickerstaff,

'I had formerly a very good opinion of myſelf; but it is now withdrawn, and I have placed it upon you, Mr. Bickerſtaff, for whom I am not aſhamed to declare I have a very great paſſion and tenderneſs. It is not for your face, for that I never ſaw; your ſhape and height I am equally a ſtranger to; but your underſtanding charms me, and I am loſt if you do not diſſemble a little love for me. I am not without hopes; becauſe I am not like the tawdry gay things that are fit only to make bone-lace. I am neither childiſh-young, nor beldam-old, but, the world ſays, a good agreeable woman.

'Speak peace to a troubled heart, troubled only for you; and in your next paper let me find your thoughts of me.

'Do not think of finding out who I am, for, notwithſtanding your intereſt in dæmons, they cannot help you either to my name, or a ſight of my face; therefore, do not let them deceive you.

'I can bear no diſcourſe, if you are not the ſubject; and believe me, I know more of love than you do of aſtronomy.

'Pray, ſay ſome civil things in return to my generoſity, and you ſhall have my very beſt pen employed to thank you, and I will confirm it [y].

I am your admirer,

MARIA.'

There is ſomething wonderfully pleaſing in the favour of women; and this letter has put me in ſo good an humour, that nothing could diſpleaſe me ſince I received it. My boy breaks glaſſes and pipes; and inſtead of giving him a knock on the pate, as my way is, for I hate ſcolding at ſervants, I only ſay, 'Ah, Jack! thou haſt a head, and ſo has a pin,' or ſome ſuch merry expreſſion. But, alas! how am I mortified when he is putting on my fourth pair of ſtockings on theſe poor ſpindles of mine? 'The fair-one underſtands love better than I aſtronomy!' I am ſure, without the help of that art, this poor meagre trunk of mine is a very ill habitation for love. She is pleaſed to ſpeak civilly of my ſenſe, but *ingenium malè habitat* is an invincible difficulty in caſes of this nature. I had always indeed, from a paſſion to pleaſe the eyes of the fair, a great pleaſure in dreſs. Add to this, that I have writ ſongs ſince I was ſixty, and have lived with all the

[y] See N° 1. Perhaps this alludes to the paſſion of Mrs. Mary Scurlock for Steele, whoſe wife ſhe was at this time. See Steele's Letters, vol. i. *paſſim*.

circumſpection of an old beau, as I am. But my friend Horace has very well ſaid, 'Every year takes ſomething from us;' and inſtructed me to form my purſuits and deſires according to the ſtage of my life: therefore, I have no more to value myſelf upon, than that I can converſe with young people without peeviſhneſs, or wiſhing myſelf a moment younger. For which reaſon, when I am amongſt them, I rather moderate than interrupt their diverſions. But though I have this complacency, I muſt not pretend to write to a lady civil things, as Maria deſires. Time was, when I could have told her, I had received a letter from her fair hands; and that if this paper trembled as ſhe read it, it then beſt expreſſed its author, or ſome other gay conceit. Though I never ſaw her, I could have told her, that good ſenſe and good humour ſmiled in her eyes: that conſtancy and good-nature dwelt in her heart: that beauty and good-breeding appeared in all her actions. When I was five-and-twenty, upon ſight of one ſyllable, even wrong ſpelt, by a lady I never ſaw, I could tell her, that her height was that which was fit for inviting our approach, and commanding our reſpect; that a ſmile ſat on her lips, which prefaced her expreſſions before ſhe uttered them, and her aſpect prevented her ſpeech. All ſhe could ſay, though ſhe had an infinite deal of wit, was but a repetition of what was expreſſed by her form; her form! which ſtruck her beholders with ideas more moving and forcible than ever were inſpired by muſic, painting, or eloquence. At this rate I

panted in thoſe days; but ah! ſixty-three! I am very ſorry I can only return the agreeable Maria a paſſion expreſſed rather from the head than the heart.

'DEAR MADAM,

'YOU have already ſeen the beſt of me, and I ſo paſſionately love you, that I deſire we may never meet. If you will examine your heart, you will find that you join the man with the philoſopher: and if you have that kind opinion of my ſenſe as you pretend, I queſtion not but you add to it complexion, air, and ſhape: but, dear Molly, a man in his grand climacteric is of no ſex. Be a good girl; and conduct yourſelf with honour and virtue, when you love one younger than myſelf. I am with the greateſt tenderneſs,

Your innocent lover,

I. B.'

Will's Coffee-houſe, October 19.

THERE is nothing more common than the weakneſs mentioned in the following epiſtle; and I believe there is hardly a man living who has not been more or leſs, injured by it.

Land's-End, October 12.

'SIR,

'I HAVE left the town ſome time; and much the ſooner, for not having had the advantage when I lived there, of ſo good a pilot

as you are to this preſent age. Your cautions to the young men againſt the vices of the town are very well: but there is one not leſs needful, which I think you have omitted. I had from "the rough diamond" (a gentleman ſo called from an honeſt blunt wit he had) not long ſince dead, this obſervation, that a young man muſt be at leaſt three or four years in London before he dares ſay No.

'You will eaſily ſee the truth and force of this obſervation; for I believe more people are drawn away againſt their inclinations, than with them. A young man is afraid to deny any body going to a tavern to dinner; or, after being gorged there, to repeat the ſame with another company at ſupper, or to drink exceſſively if deſired, or go to any other place, or commit any other extravagancy propoſed. The fear of being thought covetous, to have no money, or to be under the dominion or fear of his parents and friends, hinder him from the free exerciſe of his underſtanding, and affirming boldly the true reaſon, which is, his real diſlike of what is deſired. If you could cure this ſlaviſh facility, it would ſave abundance at their firſt entrance into the world.

I am, Sir, yours,

SOLOMON AFTERWIT.[z]'

[z] The date of this letter ſuggeſts a conjecture, that the ſtory of the Corniſh lovers in N° 82, accompanied this communication from Cornwall, which was probably ſent, in ſome form or other, to Steele, by the ſame correſpondent, who ſigns himſelf here, Solomon Afterwit, with whoſe real name it would be ſome pleaſure to be made acquainted. See N° 82.

This epiſtle has given an occaſion to a treatiſe on this ſubject, wherein I ſhall lay down rules when a young ſtripling is to ſay No; and a young virgin Yes.

N. B. For the publication of this diſcourſe, I wait only for ſubſcriptions from the under graduates of each univerſity, and the young ladies in the boarding-ſchools of Hackney and Chelſea.

N° 84. Saturday, October 22, 1709.
STEELE.

From my own Apartment, October 21.

I HAVE received a letter ſubſcribed A. B.[a] wherein it has been repreſented to me as an enormity, that there are more than ordinary crowds of women at the Old Bailey when a rape is to be tried. But by Mr. A. B.'s favour, I cannot tell who are ſo much concerned in that part of the law as the ſex he mentions, they being the only perſons liable to ſuch inſults. Nor, indeed, do I think it more unreaſonable that they ſhould be inquiſitive on ſuch occaſions than men of honour, when one is tried for killing another in a duel. It is very natural to

[a] A. B. may be the initial letters of the name of Alexander Bayne, a barriſter at law, who was about this time a reſident in London, and a particular friend of Mr. John Hughes and Steele. He was afterwards profeſſor of municipal law in the univerſity of Edinburgh. See Hughes's Correſpondence, vol. i. p. 56, ed. 1772.

inquire how the fatal paſs was made, that we may the better defend ourſelves when we come to be attacked. Several eminent ladies appeared lately at the court of juſtice on ſuch an occaſion, and with great patience and attention ſtaid the whole trials of two perſons for the aboveſaid crime. The law to me indeed ſeems a little defective in this point; and it is a very great hardſhip, that this crime, which is committed by men only, ſhould have men only on their jury. I humbly therefore propoſe, that on future trials of this ſort, half of the twelve may be women; and thoſe ſuch whoſe faces are well known to have taken notes, or may be ſuppoſed to remember what happened in former trials in the ſame place. There is the learned Androgyne, that would make a good fore-woman of the pannel, who, by long attendance, underſtands as much law and anatomy as is neceſſary in this caſe. Until this is taken care of, I am humbly of opinion, it would be much more expedient that the fair were wholly abſent; for to what end can it be that they ſhould be preſent at ſuch examinations, when they can only be perplexed with a fellow-feeling for the injured, without any power to avenge their ſufferings? It is an unneceſſary pain which the fair ones give themſelves on theſe occaſions. I have known a young woman ſhriek out at ſome parts of the evidence; and have frequently obſerved, that when the proof grew particular and ſtrong, there has been ſuch an univerſal flutter of fans, that one would think the whole female audience were falling into fits. Nor, indeed, can I ſee

how men themſelves can be wholly unmoved at ſuch tragical relations.

In ſhort, I muſt tell my female readers, and they may take an old man's word for it, that there is nothing in woman ſo graceful and becoming as modeſty. It adds charms to their beauty, and gives a new ſoftneſs to their ſex. Without it, ſimplicity and innocence appear rude; reading and good ſenſe, maſculine: wit and humour, laſcivious. This is ſo neceſſary a qualification for pleaſing, that the looſe part of womankind, whoſe ſtudy it is to enſnare men's hearts, never fail to ſupport the appearance of what they know is ſo eſſential to that end; and I have heard it reported by the young fellows in my time as a maxim of the celebrated madam Bennet [b], that a young wench, though never ſo beautiful, was not worth her board when ſhe was paſt her bluſhing. This diſcourſe naturally brings into my thoughts a letter I have received from the virtuous lady Whittleſtick, on the ſubject of Lucretia.

From my tea-table, Oct. 17.

'Cousin Isaac,

'I read your Tatler of Saturday laſt [c], and was ſurpriſed to ſee you ſo partial to your own ſex, as to think none of ours worthy

[b] A notorious bawd in the reign of king Charles II. called miſtreſs, madam, and mother Bennet. The Plain Dealer, Mr. Granger ſays, is dedicated to my lady B——t, and the dedication, he adds, is an admirable piece of raillery on women of her infamous character.

[c] See N° 81.

to ſit at your firſt table; for ſure you cannot but own Lucretia as famous as any you have placed there, who firſt parted with her virtue [d], and afterwards with her life, to preſerve her fame.'

Mrs. Biddy Twig has written me a letter to the ſame purpoſe; but in anſwer to both my pretty correſpondents and kinſwomen, I muſt tell them, that although I know Lucretia would have made a very graceful figure at the upper end of the table, I did not think it proper to place her there, becauſe I knew ſhe would not care for being in the company of ſo many men without her huſband. At the ſame time, I muſt own, that Tarquin himſelf was not a greater lover and admirer of Lucretia than I myſelf am in an honeſt way. When my ſiſter Jenny was in her ſampler, I made her get the whole ſtory without book, and tell it me in needle-work. This illuſtrious lady ſtands up in hiſtory as the glory of her own ſex, and the reproach of ours; and the circumſtances under which ſhe fell were ſo very particular, that they ſeem to make adultery and murder meritorious. She was a woman of ſuch tranſcendent virtue, that her beauty, which was the greateſt of the age and country in which ſhe lived, and is generally celebrated

[d] See the ſtory of this illuſtrious lady by Liv. Hiſt. Dec. i. *lib.* i. *cap.* 58, *et cap.* 59. The claim here in behalf of the Roman matron goes more upon her title to fame than to merit, and a kinſman of Bickerſtaff obſerves, that much may be ſaid on both ſides. Her caſe ſeems, however, to be ſtated not untruly; her virtue was ſuperior to the fear of death, but ſacrificed to the dread of ſhame. See Dr. Young's Love of Fame, ſat. vii. 155.

as the higheſt of praiſe in other women, is never mentioned as a part of her character. But it would be declaiming to dwell upon ſo celebrated a ſtory, which I mentioned only in reſpect to my kinſwomen; and to make reparation for the omiſſion they complain of, do further promiſe them, that if they can furniſh me with inſtances to fill it, there ſhall be a ſmall tea-table ſet apart in my palace of Fame for the reception of all of her character [c].

Grecian Coffee-houſe, October 21.

I WAS this evening communicating my deſign of producing obſcure merit into public view; and propoſed to the learned, that they would pleaſe to aſſiſt me in the work. For the ſame end I publiſh my intention to the world, that all men of liberal thoughts may know they have an opportunity of doing juſtice to ſuch worthy perſons as have come within their reſpective obſervation, and who by misfortune, modeſty, or want of proper writers to recommend them, have eſcaped the notice of the reſt of mankind. If, therefore, any one can bring any tale, or

[c] 'A Table of Fame for the ladies will be publiſhed as ſoon as materials can be collected, to which end the public are deſired to contribute, and it will be gratefully acknowledged.' Female Tatler, N° 58, Nov. 7, 1709.

The writer of the General Poſtſcript, adverti ſed his intention of erecting, ſpeedily, a Temple of Honour, for Britiſh heroes only. N° 11, October 11, 1709.

The ſame writer ſays, that Mr. Tatler, and his admirers, were wrapped up in his Table of Fame. N° 2, Nov. 11, 1709.

tidings, of illuſtrious perſons, or glorious actions, that are not commonly known, he is deſired to ſend an account thereof to me, at J. Morphew's, and they ſhall have juſtice done them. At the ſame time that I have this concern for men and things that deſerve reputation and have it not, I am reſolved to examine into the claims of ſuch ancients and moderns as are in poſſeſſion of it, with a deſign to diſplace them, in caſe I find their titles defective. The firſt whoſe merits I ſhall inquire into, are ſome merry gentlemen of the French nation, who have written very advantageous hiſtories of their exploits in war, love, and politics, under the title of Memoirs. I am afraid I ſhall find ſeveral of theſe gentlemen tardy, becauſe I hear of them in no writings but their own. To read the narrative of one of theſe authors, you would fancy that there was not an action in a whole campaign which he did not contrive, or execute; yet, if you conſult the hiſtory, or gazettes, of thoſe times, you do not find him ſo much as at the head of a party from one end of the ſummer to the other. But it is the way of theſe great men, when they lie behind their lines, and are in a time of inaction, as they call it, to paſs away their time in writing their exploits. By this means, ſeveral who are either unknown or deſpiſed in the preſent age, will be famous in the next, unleſs a ſudden ſtop be put to ſuch pernicious practices. There are others of that gay people, who, as I am informed, will live half a year together in a garret, and write an hiſtory of their intrigues in the court of France.

As for politicians, they do not abound with that ſpecies of men ſo much as we; but as ours are not ſo famous for writing, as for extemporary diſſertations in coffee-houſes, they are more annoyed with memoirs of this nature alſo than we are. The moſt immediate remedy that I can apply to prevent this growing evil is, that I do hereby give notice to all bookſellers and tranſlators whatſoever, that the word memoir is French for a novel; and to require of them that they ſell and tranſlate it accordingly.

Will's Coffee-houſe, October 21.

Coming into this place to night, I met an old friend[f] of mine, who a little after the reſtoration writ an epigram with ſome applauſe, which he has lived upon ever ſince; and by virtue of it, has been a conſtant frequenter of this coffee-houſe for forty years. He took me aſide, and, with a great deal of friendſhip, told me he was glad to ſee me alive, 'for,' ſays he, 'Mr. Bickerſtaff, I am ſorry to find you have raiſed many enemies by your Lucubrations. There are indeed ſome,' ſays he, 'whoſe enmity is the greateſt honour they can ſhew a man; but have you lived to theſe years, and do not know

[f] Steele ſeems to have been almoſt tired of his old friend; probably Mr. Walſh, ſaid by Dryden to be the beſt critic in the nation.

Walſh votes with us, who tho' he never writ,
Yet paſſes for a critic and a wit.

Faction Displayed. State Poems, 8vo. 1703.

See Life of Addiſon, by Birch, 12mo. N° 109, note.

that the ready way to diſoblige is to give advice? You may endeavour to guard your children, as you call them; but——' He was going on; but I found the diſagreeableneſs of giving advice without being aſked, by my own impatience of what he was about to ſay: in a word, I begged him to give me the hearing of a ſhort fable.

'A gentleman,' ſays I, 'who was one day ſlumbering in an harbour, was on a ſudden awakened by the gentle biting of a lizard, a little animal remarkable for its love to mankind. He threw it from his hand with ſome indignation, and was riſing up to kill it, when he ſaw an huge venomous ſerpent ſliding towards him on the other ſide, which he ſoon deſtroyed; reflecting afterwards with gratitude upon his friend that ſaved him, and with anger againſt himſelf, that had ſhewn ſo little ſenſe of a good office.'

N° 85. Tueſday, October 25, 1709.

STEELE[g].

From my own Apartment, October 24.

My brother Tranquillus, who is a man of buſineſs, came to me this morning into my ſtudy, and after very many civil expreſſions in

[g] See N° 79, and the introductory note, which ſeems to be equally applicable to this paper, the greateſt part of which appears to be a continuation, or ſequel of that number.

return for what good offices I had done him, told me, he deſired to carry his wife, my ſiſter, that very morning to his own houſe. I readily told him, I would wait upon him, without aſking why he was ſo impatient to rob us of his good company. He went out of my chamber, and I thought ſeemed to have a little heavineſs upon him, which gave me ſome diſquiet. Soon after my ſiſter came to me, with a very matron-like air, and moſt ſedate ſatisfaction in her looks, which ſpoke her very much at eaſe; but the traces of her countenance ſeemed to diſcover that ſhe had been lately in a paſſion, and that air of content to flow from a certain triumph upon ſome advantage obtained. She no ſooner ſat down by me, but I perceived ſhe was one of thoſe ladies who begin to be managers within the time of their being brides.—Without letting her ſpeak, which I ſaw ſhe had a mighty inclination to do, I ſaid, 'Here has been your huſband, who tells me has a mind to go home this very morning, and I have conſented to it.'—'It is well,' ſaid ſhe, 'for you muſt know——' 'Nay, Jenny,' ſaid I, 'I beg your pardon, for it is you muſt know—You are to underſtand, that now is the time to fix or alienate your huſband's heart for ever; and I fear you have been a little indiſcreet in your expreſſions or behaviour towards him, even here in my houſe.' 'There has,' ſays ſhe, 'been ſome words: but I will be judged by you if he was not in the wrong: nay, I need not be judged by any body, for he gave it up himſelf, and ſaid not a word when he ſaw me grow paſſionate, but, "Madam,

you are perfectly in the right of it:" as you ſhall judge——' 'Nay, madam,' ſaid I, 'I am judge already, and tell you, that you are perfectly in the wrong of it; for if it was a matter of importance, I know he has better ſenſe than you; if a trifle, you know what I told you on your wedding-day, that you were to be above little provocations [h].' She knows very well I can be ſour upon occaſion, therefore gave me leave to go on.

'Siſter,' ſaid I, 'I will not enter into the diſpute between you, which I find his prudence put an end to before it came to extremity; but charge you to have a care of the firſt quarrel, as you tender your happineſs; for then it is that the mind will reflect harſhly upon every circumſtance that has ever paſſed between you. If ſuch an accident is ever to happen, which I hope never will, be ſure to keep to the circumſtance before you; make no alluſions to what is paſſed, or concluſions referring to what is to come: do not ſhew an hoard of matter for diſſenſion in your breaſt; but if it is neceſſary, lay before him the thing as you underſtand it, candidly, without being aſhamed of acknowledging an error, or proud of being in the right. If a young couple be not careful in this point, they will get into an habit of wrangling: and when to diſpleaſe is thought of no conſequence, to pleaſe is always of as little moment. There is a play, Jenny, I have formerly been at when I was a ſtudent: we got into a dark corner with

[h] See Tatler, N° 79.

a porringer of brandy, and threw raiſins into it, then ſet it on fire. My chamber-fellow and I diverted ourſelves with the ſport of venturing our fingers for the raiſins; and the wantonneſs of the thing was, to ſee each other look like a dæmon, as we burnt ourſelves, and ſnatched out the fruit. This fantaſtical mirth was called ſnap-dragon. You may go into many a family, where you ſee the man and wife at this ſport: every word at their table alludes to ſome paſſage between themſelves; and you ſee by the paleneſs and emotion in their countenances, that it is for your ſake, and not their own, that they forbear playing out the whole game in burning each other's fingers. In this caſe, the whole purpoſe of life is inverted, and the ambition turns upon a certain contention, who ſhall contradict beſt, and not upon an inclination to excel in kindneſs and good offices. Therefore, dear Jenny, remember me, and avoid ſnap-dragon.'

'I thank you, brother,' ſaid ſhe, 'but you do not know how he loves me; I find I can do any thing with him.'—'If you can ſo, why ſhould you deſire to do any thing but pleaſe him? But I have a word or two more before you go out of the room; for I ſee you do not like the ſubject I am upon: let nothing provoke you to fall upon an imperfection he cannot help; for, if he has a reſenting ſpirit, he will think your averſion as immoveable as the imperfection with which you upbraid him. But, above all, dear Jenny, be careful of one thing, and you will be ſomething more than woman; that is, a levity you are almoſt all guilty of, which is, to

take a pleaſure in your power to give pain. It is even in a miſtreſs an argument of meanneſs of ſpirit, but in a wife it is injuſtice and ingratitude. When a ſenſible man once obſerves this in a woman, he muſt have a very great, or very little ſpirit, to overlook it. A woman ought, therefore, to conſider very often, how few men there are who will regard a meditated offence as a weakneſs of temper.

I was going on in my confabulation, when Tranquillus entered. She caſt all her eyes upon him with much ſhame and confuſion, mixed with great complacency and love, and went up to him. He took her in his arms, and looked ſo many ſoft things at one glance, that I could ſee he was glad I had been talking to her, ſorry ſhe had been troubled, and angry at himſelf that he could not diſguiſe the concern he was in an hour before. After which he ſays to me, with an air awkward enough, but methought not unbecoming, 'I have altered my mind, brother; we will live upon you a day or two longer.' I replied, 'That is what I have been perſuading Jenny to aſk of you, but ſhe is reſolved never to contradict your inclination, and refuſed me.'

We were going on in that way which one hardly knows how to expreſs; as when two people mean the ſame thing in a nice caſe, but come at it by talking as diſtantly from it as they can; when very opportunely came in upon us an honeſt inconſiderable fellow, Tim Dapper, a gentleman well known to us both. Tim is one of thoſe who are very neceſſary by being very

inconſiderable. Tim dropped in at an incident, when we knew not how to fall into either a grave or a merry way. My ſiſter took this occaſion to make off, and Dapper gave us an account of all the company he had been in to-day, who was, and who was not at home, where he viſited. This Tim is the head of a ſpecies: he is a little out of his element in this town; but he is a relation of Tranquillus, and his neighbour in the country, which is the true place of reſidence for this ſpecies. The habit of a Dapper, when he is at home, is a light broad cloth, with calamanco or red waiſtcoat and breeches; and it is remarkable, that their wigs ſeldom hide the collar of their coats. They have always a peculiar ſpring in their arms, a wriggle in their bodies, and a trip in their gait. All which motions they expreſs at once in their drinking, bowing, or ſaluting ladies; for a diſtant imitation of a forward fop, and a reſolution to overtop him in his way, are the diſtinguiſhing marks of a Dapper. Theſe under-characters of men are parts of the ſociable world by no means to be neglected: they are like pegs in a building; they make no figure in it, but hold the ſtructure together, and are as abſolutely neceſſary as the pillars and columns. I am ſure we found it ſo this morning; for Tranquillus and I ſhould, perhaps, have looked cold at each other the whole day, but Dapper fell in with his briſk way, ſhook us both by the hand, rallied the bride, miſtook the acceptance he met with amongſt us for extraordinary perfection in himſelf, and heartily pleaſed, and was pleaſed, all

the while he ſtayed. His company left us all in good humour, and we were not ſuch fools as to let it ſink, before we confirmed it by great cheerfulneſs and openneſs in our carriage the whole evening.

White's Chocolate-houſe, October 24.

I HAVE been this evening to viſit a lady who is a relation of the enamoured Cynthio, and there heard the melancholy news of his death. I was in hopes, that fox-hunting and October would have recovered him from his unhappy paſſion. He went into the country with a deſign to leave behind him all thoughts of Clariſſa; but he found that place only more convenient to think of her without interruption. The country gentlemen were very much puzzled upon his caſe, and never finding him merry or loud in their company, took him for a Roman catholic, and immediately upon his death ſeized his French valet-de-chambre for a prieſt; and it is generally thought in the country, it will go hard with him next ſeſſion. Poor Cynthio never held up his head after having received a letter of Clariſſa's marriage. The lady who gave me this account, being far gone in poetry and romance, told me, if I would give her an epitaph, ſhe would take care to have it placed on his tomb; which ſhe herſelf had deviſed in the following manner. It is to be made of black marble, and every corner to be crowned with weeping Cupids. Their quivers are to be hung up upon two tall cypreſs-trees, which are

to grow on each ſide of the monument, and their arrows to be laid in a great heap, after the manner of a funeral pile, on which is to lie the body of the deceaſed. On the top of each cypreſs is to ſtand the figure of a moaning turtle-dove. On the uppermoſt part of the monument, the goddeſs, to whom theſe birds are ſacred, is to ſit in a dejected poſture, as weeping for the death of her votary. I need not tell you this lady's head is a little turned: however, to be rid of importunities, I promiſed her an epitaph, and told her I would take for my pattern that of Don Alonzo, who was no leſs famous in his age than Cynthio is in ours.

Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a wound receiv'd under
his left pap;
The orifice of which was ſo
Small, no ſurgeon could
Diſcover it.

READER;
If thou would'ſt avoid ſo ſtrange
A death,
Look not upon Lucinda's eyes[i].

[i] This is a quotation from a letter of ſir John Suckling. See his Works, vol. i. p. 103. edit. Davies, 1770. See Tat. N° 1, N° 5, N° 22, N° 35; Lover, N° 37, and N° 38, and notes on Cynthio.

N° 86. Tuesday, October 27, 1709.
ADDISON AND STEELE[k].

From my own Apartment, October 25.

When I came home last night, my servant delivered me the following letter:

October 24.

'Sir,

'I have orders from sir Harry Quickset, of Staffordshire, baronet, to acquaint you, that his honour sir Harry himself, sir Giles Wheelbarrow, knight, Thomas Rentfree, esquire, justice of the quorum, Andrew Windmill, esquire, and Mr. Nicholas Doubt, of the Inner Temple, sir Harry's grandson, will wait upon you at the hour of nine to-morrow morning, being Tuesday the twenty-fifth of October, upon business which sir Harry will impart to you by word of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you beforehand so many persons of quality came, that you might not be surprized therewith. Which concludes, though by many years absence since I saw you at Stafford unknown, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

John Thrifty.'

[k] On the authority of Mr. Tickell's list; and J——n H——n, M. See N° 74, and note.

I received this meſſage with leſs ſurpriſe than I believe Mr. Thrifty imagined; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach: but I was in very great concern how I ſhould adjuſt the ceremonial, and demean myſelf to all theſe great men, who perhaps had not ſeen any thing above themſelves for theſe twenty years laſt paſt. I am ſure that is the caſe of ſir Harry. Beſides which, I was ſenſible that there was a great point in adjuſting my behaviour to the ſimple ſquire, ſo as to give him ſatisfaction, and not diſoblige the juſtice of the quorum.

The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no ſooner ſet chairs, by the ſteward's letter, and fixed my tea-equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long ſilence, which was broke at laſt by, 'Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know better:' and another voice, 'Nay, good ſir Giles—' I looked out from my window, and ſaw the good company all with their hats off, and arms ſpread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much ſolemnity, in the order Mr. Thrifty was ſo kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my chamber-door, and I ſaw my old friend ſir Harry enter. I met him with all the reſpect due to ſo reverend a vegetable; for you are to know, that is my ſenſe of a perſon who remains idle in the ſame place for half a century. I got him with great ſucceſs into his chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my cups. The knight-bachelor

told me, he had a great reſpect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himſelf next to ſir Harry, at whoſe right hand he had ſat at every quarter ſeſſions theſe thirty years, unleſs he was ſick. The ſteward in the rear whiſpered the young Templar, 'That is true, to my knowledge.' I had the misfortune, as they ſtood cheek by jole, to deſire the ſquire to ſit down before the juſtice of the quorum, to the no ſmall ſatisfaction of the former, and reſentment of the latter. But I ſaw my error too late, and got them as ſoon as I could into their ſeats. 'Well,' ſaid I, 'gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to deſire you to drink a diſh of tea.' They anſwered one and all, that they never drank tea in a morning.—'Not in a morning!' ſaid I, ſtaring round me. Upon which the pert jackanapes, Nic Doubt, tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his grandfather. Here followed a profound ſilence, when the ſteward in his boots and whip, propoſed, that we ſhould adjourn to ſome public-houſe, where every body might call for what they pleaſed, and enter upon the buſineſs. We all ſtood up in an inſtant, and ſir Harry filed off from the left, very diſcreetly, countermarching behind the chairs towards the door. After him, ſir Giles in the ſame manner. The ſimple ſquire made a ſudden ſtart to follow; but the juſtice of the quorum whipped between upon the ſtand of the ſtairs. A maid going up with coals, made us halt, and put us into ſuch confuſion, that we ſtood all in a heap, without any viſible poſſibility of recovering our

order; for the young jackanapes ſeemed to make a jeſt of this matter, and had ſo contrived, by preſſing amongſt us, under pretence of making way, that his grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to ſtir a ſtep, until ſir Harry moved firſt. We were fixed in this perplexity for ſome time, until we heard a very loud noiſe in the ſtreet; and ſir Harry aſking what it was, I, to make them move, ſaid, it was fire. Upon this, all ran down as faſt as they could, without order or ceremony, until we got into the ſtreet, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down Sheer-lane; the impertinent Templar driving us before him as in a ſtring, and pointing to his acquaintance who paſſed by.

I muſt confeſs, I love to uſe people according to their own ſenſe of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the juſtice and the ſimple ſquire. He could not properly take this ill; but I overheard him whiſper the ſteward, that he thought it hard, that a common conjurer ſhould take place of him, though an elder ſquire. In this order we marched down Sheer-lane, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to Temple-bar, ſir Harry and ſir Giles got over; but a run of coaches kept the reſt of us on this ſide of the ſtreet; however, we all at laſt landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben Tooke's[1] ſhop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity; from whence we proceeded again, until we came to Dick's coffee-

[1] A bookſeller in Fleet-ſtreet.

houſe [m], where I deſigned to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the ſtreet upon the ſame ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were ſo neceſſarily kept in order by the ſituation, that we were now got into the coffee-houſe itſelf, where, as ſoon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which we marched up to the high table, which has an aſcent to it incloſed in the middle of the room. The whole houſe was alarmed at this entry, made up of perſons of ſo much ſtate and ruſticity. Sir Harry called for a mug of ale, and Dyer's Letter [n]. The boy brought the ale in an inſtant; but ſaid, they did not take in the Letter.—'No!' ſays ſir Harry, 'then take back your mug; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this houſe!' Here the Templar tipped me a ſecond wink, and, if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was diſpoſed to be very familiar with me. In ſhort, I obſerved, after a long pauſe, that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon buſineſs until after their morning draught, for which reaſon I called for a bottle of mum; and, finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a ſecond, and a third, after which ſir Harry reached over to me, and told me in a low voice, that the place was too public for buſineſs; but

[m] This coffee-houſe retains ſtill the ſame name.

[n] Mr. Dyer, the publiſher of a news-paper printed in imitation of writing, under the title of Dyer's Letter, is humorouſly ſaid to be 'juſtly looked upon by all the fox-hunters in the nation, as the greateſt ſtateſman our country has produced.' See N° 18, note on news-papers of that period.

he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring ſome more friends with him.

Will's Coffee-houſe, October 26.

THOUGH this place is frequented by a more mixed company than it uſed to be formerly; yet you meet very often ſome whom one cannot leave without being the better for their converſation. A gentleman this evening, in a dictating manner, talked I thought very pleaſingly, in praiſe of modeſty, in the midſt of ten or twelve libertines, upon whom it ſeemed to have a good effect. He repreſented it as the certain indication of a great and noble ſpirit. 'Modeſty,' ſaid he, 'is the virtue which makes men prefer the public to their private intereſt, the guide of every honeſt undertaking, and the great guardian of innocence. It makes men amiable to their friends, and reſpected by their very enemies: in all places, and on all occaſions, it attracts benevolence, and demands approbation.'

One might give inſtances, out of antiquity, of the irreſiſtible force of this quality in great minds; Cicereius, and Cneius Scipio, the ſon of the great Africanus, were competitors for the office of prætor. The crowd followed Cicereius, and left Scipio unattended. Cicereius ſaw this with much concern: and deſiring an audience of the people, he deſcended from the place where the candidates were to ſit, in the eye of the multitude; pleaded for his adverſary; and, with an ingenuous modeſty, which it is impoſſible to

feign, repreſented to them, how much it was to their diſhonour, that a virtuous ſon of Africanus ſhould not be preferred to him, or any other man whatſoever. This immediately gained the election for Scipio; but all the compliments and congratulations upon it were made to Cicereius. It is eaſier in this caſe to ſay who had the office, than the honour. There is no occurrence in life where this quality is not more ornamental than any other. After the battle of Pharſalia, Pompey marching towards Lariſſus, the whole people of that place came out in proceſſion to 'do him honour [o].' He thanked the magiſtrates for their reſpect to him; but deſired them to perform theſe ceremonies to the conqueror. This gallant ſubmiſſion to his fortune, and diſdain of making any appearance but like Pompey, was owing to his modeſty, which would not permit him to be ſo diſingenuous, as to give himſelf the air of proſperity, when he was in the contrary condition.

This I ſay of modeſty, as it is the virtue which preſerves a decorum in the general courſe of our life; but, conſidering it alſo as it regards our mere bodies, it is the certain character of a great mind. It is memorable of the mighty Cæſar, that when he was murdered in the capitol, at the very moment in which he expired he gathered his robe about him, that he might fall in a decent poſture. In this manner, ſays my author, he went off, not like a man that

[o] See Steele's Apology, 4to. 1714. p. 25.

departed out of life, but a deity that returned to his abode [p].

[p] See N° 52, on modesty, and sir C. Wren.

The 'instances out of antiquity of the irresistible force of modesty in great minds,' here mentioned, are taken from Valerius Maximus. See lib. iv. cap. 5, p. 112, &c. ed. J. Janss. 1651.

Dr. Johnson thought Addison's concern in the Tatler was unsuspected, and his name kept secret till the papers were collected into volumes. The following passage in a contemporary paper, does not favour the doctor's opinion. 'The Tat. promises that as the town fills, he will be wittier.' Examiner, vol. i. N° 5, Aug. 31, 1710. On the 31st of Aug. 1710, Addison was in Ireland with lord Wharton, and just then preparing to return to England; and to him it seems the Examiner alluded. It is however true that a month before this date, a volume of the Lucubrations was published. See Tat. N° 80, note.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** Just published The Committee, a comedy, as it is acted by her majesty's servants. Written by the honourable sir Robert Howard. N. B. Sir Robert Howard was brother to the earl of Berkshire, and died Sept. 3, 1698. This play was originally printed in 1698. Tatler in folio. See Spectator, N° 335, *ad initium.* Sir R. de Coverley's account of this play.

N° 87. Saturday, October 29, 1709.
STEELE.

Will's Coffee-houſe, October 28.

THERE is nothing which I contemplate with greater pleaſure than the dignity of human nature, which often ſhews itſelf in all conditions of life. For, notwithſtanding the degeneracy and meanneſs that is crept into it, there are a thouſand occaſions in which it breaks through its original corruption, and ſhews what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. I conſider the ſoul of man as the ruin of a glorious pile of building; where, amidſt great heaps of rubbiſh, you meet with noble fragments of ſculpture, broken pillars and obeliſks, and a magnificence in confuſion. Virtue and wiſdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing theſe diſorderly heaps, recovering the noble pieces that lie buried under them, and adjuſting them as well as poſſible, according to their ancient ſymmetry and beauty. A happy education, converſation with the fineſt ſpirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and obſervations upon mankind, are the great aſſiſtances to this neceſſary and glorious work. But, even among thoſe who have never had the happineſs of any of theſe advantages, there are ſometimes ſuch exertions of the greatneſs that is natural to the mind of man, as ſhew capacities and abilities, which only want theſe accidental helps to

fetch them out, and ſhew them in a proper light. A plebeian ſoul is ſtill the ruin of this glorious edifice, though incumbered with all its rubbiſh. This reflection roſe in me from a letter which my ſervant dropped as he was dreſſing me, and which he told me was communicated to him, as he is an acquaintance of ſome of the perſons mentioned in it. The epiſtle is from one ſerjeant Hall of the foot-guards. It is directed, 'To ſerjeant Cabe, in the Coldſtream regiment of foot-guards, at the Red-lattice [q], in the Butcher-row, near Temple-bar.'

I was ſo pleaſed with ſeveral touches in it, that I could not forbear ſhewing it to a cluſter of critics, who, inſtead of conſidering it in the light I have done, examined it by the rules of epiſtolary writing. For as theſe gentlemen are ſeldom men of any great genius, they work altogether by mechanical rules, and are able to diſcover no beauties that are not pointed out by Bouhours and Rapin. The letter is as follows:

'From the Camp before Mons, Sept. 26.

'COMRADE,

'I RECEIVED yours, and am glad yourſelf and your wife are in good health, with all the reſt of my friends. Our battalion ſuffered more than I could wiſh in the action. But who

[q] The repreſentation of a kind of draught-board, is thought to have been a part of the arms of John of Gaunt, or an earl or duke of Lancaſter, who is ſaid to have had a grant of ſome power over publicans. The houſe here alluded to is probably within the liberties of the dutchy of Lancaſter. See Tat. N° 18, and note on ſign-poſts.

can withſtand fate? Poor Richard Stephenſon had his fate with a great many more. He was killed dead before we entered the trenches. We had above two hundred of our battalion killed and wounded. We loſt ten ſerjeants, ſix are as followeth: Jennings, Caſtles, Roach, Sherring, Meyrick, and my ſon Smith. The reſt are not your acquaintance. I have received a very bad ſhot in my head myſelf, but am in hopes, a'nt pleaſe God, I ſhall recover. I continue in the field, and lie at my colonel's quarters. Arthur is very well; but I can give you no account of Elms; he was in the hoſpital before I came into the field. I will not pretend to give you an account of the battle, knowing you have a better in the prints. Pray give my ſervice to Mrs. Cook and her daughter, to Mr. Stoffet and his wife, and to Mr. Lyver, and Thomas Hogſdon, and to Mr. Ragdell, and to all my friends and acquaintace in general who do aſk after me. My love to Mrs. Stevenſon. I am ſorry for the ſending ſuch ill news. Her huſband was gathering a little money together to ſend to his wife, and put it into my hands. I have ſeven ſhillings and three pence, which I ſhall take care to ſend her. Wiſhing your wife a ſafe delivery, and both of you all happineſs, reſt

Your aſſured friend, and comrade,

JOHN HALL.'

'We had but an indifferent breakfaſt; but the "mounſeers" never had ſuch a dinner in all their lives.

that, if he lives, he is ſure he ſhall go into garriſon at laſt. I doubt not but all the good company at the Red-lattice drank his health with as much real eſteem as we do of any of our friends. All that I am concerned for is, that Mrs. Peggy Hartwell may be offended at ſhewing this letter, becauſe her conduct in Mr. Hartwell's abſence is a little inquired into. But I could not ſink that circumſtance, becauſe you critics would have loſt one of the parts which I doubt not but you have much to ſay upon, whether the familiar way is well hit in this ſtyle or not? As for myſelf, I take a very particular ſatisfaction in ſeeing any letter that is fit only for thoſe to read who are concerned in it, but eſpecially on ſuch a ſubject.

'If we conſider the heap of an army, utterly out of all proſpect of riſing and preferment, as they certainly are, and ſuch great things executed by them, it is hard to account for the motive of their gallantry. But to me, who was a cadet at the battle of Coldſtream in Scotland, when Monk charged at the head of the regiment now called Coldſtream, from the victory of that day; I remember it as well as if it were yeſterdy, I ſtood on the left of old Weſt, who, I believe, is now at Chelſea; I ſay, to me, who know very well this part of mankind, I take the gallantry of private ſoldiers to proceed from the ſame, if not from a nobler impulſe than that of gentlemen and officers. They have the ſame taſte of being acceptable to their friends, and go through the difficulties of that profeſſion by the ſame irreſiſtible charm of fellowſhip, and the

communication of joys and ſorrows, which quickens the reliſh of pleaſure, and abates the anguiſh of pain. Add to this, that they have the ſame regard to fame, though they do not expect ſo great a ſhare as men above them hope for; but I will engage ſerjeant Hall would die ten thouſand deaths, rather than a word ſhould be ſpoken at the Red-lattice, or any part of the Butcher-row, in prejudice to his courage or honeſty. If you will have my opinion then of the ſerjeant's letter, I pronounce the ſtyle to be mixed, but truly epiſtolary; the ſentiment relating to his own wound is in the ſublime; the poſtſcript of Pegg Hartwell, in the gay; and the whole the picture of the braveſt ſort of men, that is to ſay, a man of great courage and ſmall hopes.'

From my own Apartment, October 28.

When I came home this evening, I found, after many attempts to vary my thoughts, that my head ſtill ran upon the ſubject of the diſcourſe to-night at Will's. I fell, therefore, into the amuſement of proportioning the glory of a battle among the whole army, and dividing it into ſhares, according to the method of the million lottery. In this bank of fame, by an exact calculation, and the rules of political arithmetic, I have allotted ten hundred thouſand ſhares; five hundred thouſand of which is the due of the general, two hundred thouſand I aſſign to the general officers, and two hundred thouſand more to all the commiſſioned officers, from colonels to enſigns; the remaining hundred thouſand muſt

'My kind love to my comrade Hinton, and Mrs. Morgan, and to John Brown and his wife. I ſent two ſhillings, and Stevenſon ſixpence, to drink with you at Mr. Cook's; but I have heard nothing from him. It was by Mr. Edgar.

'Corporal Hartwell deſires to be remembered to you, and deſires you to inquire of Edgar, what is become of his wife Pegg; and when you write, to ſend word in your letter what trade ſhe drives.

'We have here very bad weather, which I doubt will be an hindrance to the ſiege; but I am in hopes we ſhall be maſters of the town in a little time, and then, I believe, we ſhall go to garriſon.'

I ſaw the critics prepared to nibble at my letter; therefore examined it myſelf, partly in their way, and partly in my own. 'This is,' ſaid I, 'truly a letter, and an honeſt repreſentation of that cheerful heart which accompanies the poor ſoldier in his warfare. Is not there in this all the topic of ſubmitting to our deſtiny as well diſcuſſed as if a greater man had been placed, like Brutus in his tent at midnight, reflecting on all the occurrences of paſt life, and ſaying fine things on being itſelf? What ſerjeant Hall knows of the matter is, that he wiſhes there had not been ſo many killed; and he had himſelf a very bad ſhot in the head, and ſhould recover, if it pleaſed God. But be that as it will, he takes care, like a man of honour, as he certainly is, to let the widow Stevenſon know, that he had ſeven and three-pence for her, and

be diſtributed among the non-commiſſioned officers and private men: according to which computation, I find ſerjeant Hall is to have one ſhare and a fraction of two fifths. When I was a boy at Oxford, there was among the antiquities near the theatre a great ſtone, on which were engraven the names of all who fell in the battle of Marathon. The generous and knowing people of Athens underſtood the force of the deſire of glory, and would not let the meaneſt ſoldier periſh in oblivion. Were the natural impulſe of the Britiſh nation animated with ſuch monuments, what man would be ſo mean, as not to hazard his life for his ten hundred thouſandth part of the honour in ſuch a day as that of Blenheim, or Blaregnies?

N° 88. Tueſday, November 1, 1709.
STEELE AND ADDISON[r].

White's Chocolate-houſe, October 31.

I HAVE lately received a letter from a friend in the country, wherein he acquaints me, that two or three men of the town are got among them, and have brought down particular words and phraſes, which were never before in thoſe parts. He mentions in particular the words 'gunner' and 'gunſter,' which my correſpon-

[r] On the authority of the liſt, delivered by Steele himſelf to Mr. Tickell. See Addiſon's Works, edit. Birmingham. Preface, p. xv.

dent obſerves, they make uſe of, when any thing has been related that is ſtrange and ſurpriſing; and therefore, deſires I would explain thoſe terms, as I have many others, for the information of ſuch as live at a diſtance from this town and court, which he calls the great mints of language. His letter is dated from York [s]; and, if he tells me truth, a word in its ordinary circulation does not reach that city within the ſpace of five years after it is firſt ſtamped. I cannot ſay how long theſe words have been current in town, but I ſhall now take care to ſend them down by the next poſt.

I muſt in the firſt place obſerve, that the words gunner and gunſter [t] are not to be uſed promiſcuouſly; for a gunner, properly ſpeaking, is not a gunſter; nor is a gunſter, *vice verſa*, a gunner. They both, indeed, are derived from the word gun, and ſo far they agree. But as a gun is remarkable for its deſtroying at a diſtance, or for the report it makes, which is apt to ſtartle all its hearers, thoſe who recount ſtrange accidents and circumſtances, which have no manner of foundation in truth, when they deſign to do miſchief are comprehended under the appellation of gunners; but when they endeavour only to ſurpriſe and entertain, they are diſtinguiſhed by the name of gunſters. Gunners, therefore, are the peſt of ſociety, but the gun-

[s] See N° 21, letter dated York.

[t] A writer in the Examiner, having, about three years after this uſed the expreſſion of gunſters, adds the following marginal note, 'A whiggiſh cant word for liars.' Examiner, folio, Vol. ii. N° 46. Oct. 16, 1712.

ſters often the diverſion. The gunner is deſtructive, and hated; the gunſter innocent, and laughed at. The firſt is prejudicial to others, the other only to himſelf.

This being premiſed, I muſt, in the next place, ſubdivide the gunner into ſeveral branches: all or the chief of which are, I think, as follows:

Firſt, the Bombardier.
Secondly, the Miner.
Thirdly, the Squib.
Fourthly, the Serpent.

And Firſt, of the firſt. The bombardier toſſes his balls ſometimes into the midſt of a city, with a deſign to fill all around him with terror and combuſtion. He has been ſometimes known to drop a bomb in a ſenate-houſe, and to ſcatter a panic over a nation. But his chief aim is at ſeveral eminent ſtations, which he looks upon as the faireſt marks, and uſes all his ſkill to do execution upon thoſe who poſſeſs them. Every man ſo ſituated, let his merit be never ſo great, is ſure to undergo a bombardment. It is further obſerved, that the only way to be out of danger from the burſting of a bomb, is to lie proſtrate on the ground; a poſture too abject for generous ſpirits.

Secondly, the miner.

As the bombardier levels his miſchief at nations and cities, the miner buſies himſelf in ruining and overturning private houſes and particular perſons. He often acts as a ſpy, in diſcovering the ſecret avenues and unguarded acceſſes

of families, where, after he has made his proper diſcoveries and diſpoſitions, he ſets ſudden fire to his train, that blows up families, ſcatters friends, ſeparates lovers, diſperſes kindred, and ſhakes a whole neighbourhood.

It is to be noted, that ſeveral females are great proficients in this way of engineering. The marks by which they are to be known are, a wonderful ſolicitude for the reputation of their friends, and a more than ordinary concern for the good of their neighbours. There is alſo in them ſomething ſo very like religion, as may deceive the vulgar; but if you look upon it more nearly, you ſee on it ſuch a caſt of cenſorioufneſs, as diſcovers it to be nothing but hypocriſy. Cleomilla is a great inſtance of a female miner: but, as my deſign is to expoſe only the incorrigible, let her be ſilent for the future, and I ſhall be ſo too.

Thirdly, the ſquib.

The ſquibs are thoſe who, in the common phraſe of the word, are called libellers, lampooners, and pamphleteers. Their fire-works are made up in paper; and it is obſerved, that they mix abundance of charcoal in their powder, that they may be ſure to blacken where they cannot ſinge. Theſe are obſerved to give a conſternation and diſturbance only to weak minds; which, according to the proverb, are always 'more afraid than hurt.'

Fourthly, ſerpents.

The ſerpents are a petty kind of gunners, more pernicious than any of the reſt. They make uſe

of a ſort of white powder, that goes off without any violent crack, but gives a gentle ſound, much like that of a whiſper; and is more deſtructive in all parts of life than any of the materials made uſe of by any of the fraternity.

Come we now to the gunſters.

This race of engineers deals altogether in wind-guns [u], which, by recoiling, often knock down thoſe who diſcharge them, without hurting any body elſe; and according to the various compreſſions of the air, make ſuch ſtrange ſqueaks, cracks, pops, and bounces, as it is impoſſible to hear without laughing. It is obſervable, however, that there is a diſpoſition in a gunſter to become a gunner; and though their proper inſtruments are only loaden with wind, they often, out of wantonneſs, fire a bomb, or ſpring a mine, out of their natural inclination to engineering; by which means they do miſchief when they do not deſign it, and have their bones broken when they do not deſerve it.

This ſort of engineers are the moſt unaccountable race of men in the world. Some of them have received above an hundred wounds, and yet have not a ſcar in their bodies; ſome have debauched multitudes of women, who have died

[u] In the Poſt Man, a news-paper ſo called, dated Aug.° 19, 1702, the perſon mentioned in Dr. Burnet's Travels from Baſil in Switzerland, advertiſes his arrival, and his having brought ſeveral ſorts of wind-guns and horſe-piſtols, made for the late K. William, to be ſhewn at the price of ſixpence apiece; but he hopes the nobility will be induced to give more, as he has ſome curioſities beſides, not mentioned. See Burnet's Letters, &c. Rotterdam, 1687, p. 236.

maids. You may be with them from morning until night, and the next day they ſhall tell you a thouſand adventures that happened when you were with them, which you know nothing of. They have a quality of having been preſent at every thing they hear related; and never heard a man commended, who was not their intimate acquaintance, if not their kinſman.

I hope theſe notes may ſerve as a rough draught for a new eſtabliſhment of engineers, which I ſhall hereafter fill up with proper perſons, according to my own obſervations on their conduct, having already had one recommended to me for the general of my artillery. But that, and all the other poſts, I intend to keep open, until I can inform myſelf of the candidates, having reſolved in this caſe to depend no more upon their friends' word, than I would upon their own.

From my own Apartment, October 31.

* I WAS this morning awakened by a ſudden ſhake of the houſe; and as ſoon as I had got a little out of my conſternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the ſame convulſion. I got up as faſt as poſſible, girt on my rapier, and ſnatched up my hat; when my landlady came up to me, and told me, that the gentlewoman of the next houſe begged me to ſtep thither, for that a lodger ſhe had taken in was run mad: and ſhe deſired my

* The remainder of this paper was written by Addiſon. See Mr. Tickell's edit. of Addiſon's Works, vol. ii. p. 192.

advice, as indeed every body in the whole lane does upon important occaſions. I am not like ſome artiſts, ſaucy becauſe I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, ſhe had the day before let her ſecond floor to a very genteel youngiſh man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home moſt part of the morning and evening at ſtudy; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noiſe which we then heard. I went up ſtairs with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole, and there I ſaw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a ſudden jump into the air ſo high, that his head almoſt touched the ceiling. He came down ſafe on his right foot, and again flew up, alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and holding out his right leg, put it into ſuch a quivering motion, that I thought he would have ſhaked it off [y]. He uſed the left after the ſame manner, when on a ſudden, to my great ſurpriſe, he ſtooped himſelf incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble poſture for ſome time, looking on his book. After this, he recovered himſelf with a ſudden ſpring, and flew round the room in all the violence and diſorder imaginable, until he made a full pauſe for want of breath. In this interim my women aſked what I thought. I whiſpered that I thought

[y] See N° 93, art. on fencing.

this learned perſon an enthuſiaſt, who poſſibly had his firſt education in the Peripatetic way, which was a ſect of philoſophers who always ſtudied when walking. But obſerving him much out of breath, I thought it the beſt time to maſter him if he were diſordered, and knocked at his door. I was ſurpriſed to find him open it, and ſay with great civility and good mien, that he hoped he had not diſturbed us. I believed him in a lucid interval, and deſired he would pleaſe to let me ſee his book. He did ſo, ſmiling. I could not make any thing of it, and therefore aſked in what language it was writ. He ſaid, it was one he ſtudied with great application; but it was his profeſſion to teach it, and he could not communicate his knowledge without a conſideration. I anſwered, that I hoped he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himſelf, for his meditation this morning had coſt me three coffee-diſhes, and a clean pipe. He ſeemed concerned at that, and told me he was a dancing-maſter, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an academy in France [z]. He obſerved me at a ſtand, and

[z] Thoinet Arbeau, a dancing-maſter at Paris, was the real inventor of the art of writing dances in characters, termed Orcheſography, from two Greek words, ορχησις, a dance, and γραφω, I write. The diſcovery was recent at the time of the firſt publication of this paper.

Muſic, about the year 1709, was generally printed in moſt countries, as well as in England, on letter-preſs types. Engravings on copper-plates were uſed almoſt eighty years before in Italy, and the muſic of many ſingle ſongs was engraven here about the year 1700, by one Thomas Croſs.

went on to inform me, that now articulate motions, as well as ſounds, were expreſſed by

This method of printing muſic was doubtleſs the moſt eligible, as copper-plates had in many reſpects the advantage of letter-preſs types; but the expence of the practice prevented its becoming general. The only objection of expence was in a great meaſure removed, by certain Dutch artificers, who diſcovered a method of ſoftening copper to a ſuſceptibility of impreſſion from punches with muſical notes formed upon them. For ſome conſiderable time, by contriving to conceal their method, which remains a ſecret among themſelves to this day, the Dutch almoſt monopolized the muſic-printing buſineſs. Early in this century, the many inconveniencies and high duty attending an importation from Holland, induced the perſons mentioned in the advertiſement at the end of this number, to adopt the uſe of ſtamped pewter-plates.

They were illiterate penurious men, their very title-pages were ungrammatical, and their muſical publications in this way of printing were in numberleſs inſtances diſgraceful to the ſcience of muſic and its profeſſors, though very lucrative to themſelves. They got 1500l. by printing the opera of Rinaldo only. Richard Mears, a muſical inſtrument-maker, and an ingenious projector, intermeddled with them in this gainful trade. He began with engravings on copper, in a very handſome character; but the advertiſers, by dropping their prices, obliged him to have recourſe to ſtamps, in the uſe of which they excelled him. He tried a variety of projects, to rival them in this buſineſs, but was unable to withſtand their oppoſition. The death of Mears, which happened about 1743, left the ſon of this Walſh in poſſeſſion of almoſt the whole muſic-printing trade of the kingdom.

J. Cluer and B. Creak, co-partners, and Thomas Croſs, junior, ſtamped muſic, but the characters they made uſe of were unhandſome and illegible. William Smith, who had been an apprentice to Walſh, was more ſucceſsful, and uſed a type of his own, remarkably ſteady and uniform.

At laſt, a Welchman of the name of Phillips, having ſtolen the ſecrets of one Fortier, a French watch-maker and muſic-ſtamper, by repeated eſſays, ſucceeded in making types of all muſical characters. With theſe he wrought excellently upon pewter, and in other reſpects very much improved

proper characters; and that there is nothing ſo common, as to communicate a dance by a letter. I beſought him hereafter to meditate in a ground-room, for that otherwiſe it would be impoſſible for an artiſt of any other kind to live near him; and that I was ſure ſeveral of his thoughts this morning would have ſhaken my ſpectacles off my noſe, had I been myſelf at ſtudy.

I then took my leave of this virtuoſo, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

the art of muſic-ſtamping, in which he inſtructed his wife and his ſon.

About twenty years ago, a Laplander, who called himſelf Fougt, arrived in England, and opened a muſic-ſhop in St. Martin's-lane, having firſt obtained a patent for the ſole printing of muſic on letter-preſs types of his own founding, which were very neat. The patent, had it been conteſted at law, would undoubtedly have been adjudged void, as the invention was not a new one. But the muſic-merchants in London, by copying his publications on pewter-plates and underſelling, drove him out of the kingdom.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Twenty-four New Country-dances for the year 1710, with proper tunes, and new figures or directions to each dance, compoſed by Mr. Kynaſton, all fairly engraven, price 6d.—NOTE. The New Country-Dancing-Maſter is publiſhed, containing the country-dances for the three laſt years. Printed for John Walſh, ſervant in ordinary to her majeſty; and P. Randall, at the Harp and Hautboy, in Katharine-ſtreet, near Somerſet-houſe, in the Strand; and J. Hare, at the Viol and Flute in Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange.

N° 89. Thurſday, November 3, 1709.
STEELE.

Rura mihi placeant, riguique in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem ſylvaſque inglorius——
VIRG. Georg. ii. 485.

My next deſire is, void of care and ſtrife,
To lead a ſoft, ſecure, inglorious life:
A country cottage near a cryſtal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood. DRYDEN.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, November 2.

I HAVE received this ſhort epiſtle from an unknown hand.

'SIR,

'I HAVE no more to trouble you with, than to deſire you would in your next help me to ſome anſwer to the encloſed concerning yourſelf. In the mean time I congratulate you upon the increaſe of your fame, which you ſee has extended itſelf beyond the bills of mortality [a].'

"SIR,

"THAT the country is barren of news [b] has been the excuſe, time out of mind, for dropping a correſpondence with our friends in London; as if it were impoſſible out of a

[a] See N° 31, let. and N° 91, let.
[b] See another letter from this correſpondent, in Tatler, N° 112.

coffee-houſe to write an agreeable letter. I am too ingenuous to endeavour at the covering of my negligence with ſo common an excuſe. Doubtleſs amongſt friends, bred as we have been to the knowledge of books as well as men, a letter dated from a garden, a grotto, a fountain, a wood, a meadow, or the banks of a river, may be more entertaining than one from Tom's, Will's, White's, or Saint James's. I promiſe, therefore, to be frequent for the future in my rural dates to you. But, for fear you ſhould from what I have ſaid be induced to believe I ſhun the commerce of men, I muſt inform you, that there is a freſh topic of diſcourſe lately ariſen amongſt the ingenious in our part of the world, and is become the more faſhionable for the ladies giving into it. This we owe to Iſaac Bickerſtaff, who is very much cenſured by ſome, and as much juſtified by others. Some criticiſe his ſtyle, his humour, and his matter; others admire the whole man. Some pretend, from the informations of their friends in town, to decypher the author; and others confeſs they are loſt in their gueſſes. For my part, I muſt own myſelf a profeſſed admirer of the paper, and deſire you to ſend me a complete ſet, together with your thoughts of the ſquire and his lucubrations[c]."

[c] Mr. Thomas Baker animadverts on this paper, in his ironical way, in the Female Tatler, N° 58, Nov. 18, 1709, where he inſinuates, that Steele made this letter himſelf. No notice would have been taken of this inſinuation here, but that there ſeems to be an alluſion to it, in the ſhort letter aſcribed to Nick Doubt, and [illegible] N° 91. See Tat. N° 112.

There is no pleaſure like that of receiving praiſe from the praiſe-worthy; and I own it a very ſolid happineſs, that theſe my Lucubrations are approved by a perſon of ſo fine a taſte as the author of this letter, who is capable of enjoying the world in the ſimplicity of its natural beauties. This paſtoral letter, if I may ſo call it, muſt be written by a man who carries his entertainment wherever he goes, and is undoubtedly one of thoſe happy men who appear far otherwiſe to the vulgar. I dare ſay, he is not envied by the vicious, the vain, the frolic, and the loud; but is continually bleſſed with that ſtrong and ſerious delight, which flows from a well-taught and liberal mind. With great reſpect to country ſports I may ſay, this gentleman could paſs his time agreeably, if there were not a hare or a fox in his county. That calm and elegant ſatisfaction which the vulgar call melancholy, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue. What we take for diverſion, which is a kind of forgetting ourſelves, is but a mean way of entertainment. in compariſon of that which is conſidering, knowing, and enjoying ourſelves. The pleaſures of ordinary people are in their paſſions; but the ſeat of this delight is in the reaſon and underſtanding. Such a frame of mind raiſes that ſweet enthuſiaſm, which warms the imagination at the ſight of every work of nature, and turns all round you into picture and landſcape. I ſhall be ever proud of advices from this gentleman; for I profeſs writing news from the learned, as well as the buſy world.

As for my labours, which he is pleaſed to inquire after, if they can but wear one impertinence out of human life, deſtroy a ſingle vice, or give a morning's cheerfulneſs to an honeſt mind; in ſhort, if the world can be but one virtue the better, or in any degree leſs vicious, or receive from them the ſmalleſt addition to their innocent diverſions; I ſhall not think my pains, or indeed my life, to have been ſpent in vain [d].

Thus far as to my ſtudies. It will be expected I ſhould in the next place give ſome account of my life. I ſhall therefore, for the ſatisfaction of the preſent age, and the benefit of poſterity, preſent the world with the following abridgment of it.

It is remarkable that I was bred by hand, and eat nothing but milk until I was a twelvemonth old; from which time, to the eighth year of my age, I was obſerved to delight in pudding and potatoes; and indeed I retain a benevolence for that ſort of food to this day. I do not remember that I diſtinguiſhed myſelf in any thing at thoſe years, but by my great ſkill at taw, for which I was ſo barbarouſly uſed, that it has ever ſince given me an averſion to gaming. In my twelfth year, I ſuffered very much for two or three falſe concords. At fifteen I was ſent to the univerſity, and ſtayed there for ſome time; but a drum paſſing by, being a lover of muſic, I inliſted myſelf for a ſoldier. As years came on, I began to examine things, and grew diſ-

[d] See dedication to Mr. Maynwaring; Tat. N° 3, N° 5, N° 9, N° 51, N° 64, N° 271, &c.

contented at the times. This made me quit the ſword, and take to the ſtudy of the occult ſciences, in which I was ſo wrapped up, that Oliver Cromwell had been buried and taken up again, five years before I heard he was dead. This gave me firſt the reputation of a conjuror, which has been of great diſadvantage to me ever ſince, and kept me out of all public employments. The greater part of my latter years has been divided between Dick's coffee-houſe, the Trumpet in Sheer-lane, and my own lodgings.

From my own Apartment, November 2.

The evil of unſeaſonable viſits has been complained of to me with much vehemence by perſons of both ſexes; and I am deſired to conſider this very important circumſtance, that men may know how to regulate their conduct in an affair which concerns no leſs than life itſelf. For to a rational creature it is almoſt the ſame cruelty to attack his life, by robbing him of ſo many moments of his time, or ſo many drops of his blood. The author of the following letter has a juſt delicacy in this point, and hath put it into a very good light:

October 29.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'I AM very much afflicted with the gravel, which makes me ſick and peeviſh. I deſire to know of you, if it be reaſonable that any of my acquaintance ſhould take advantage over me at this time, and afflict me with long

viſits, becauſe they are idle, and I am confined. Pray, ſir, reform the town in this matter. Men never conſider whether the ſick perſon be diſpoſed for company, but make their viſits to humour themſelves. You may talk upon this topic, ſo as to oblige all perſons afflicted with chronical diſtempers, among which I reckon viſits. Do not think me a ſour man, for I love converſation and my friends; but I think one's moſt intimate friend may be too familiar, and that there are ſuch things as unſeaſonable wit, and painful mirth.'

It is with ſome ſo hard a thing to employ their time, that it is a great good fortune when they have a friend indiſpoſed, that they may be punctual in perplexing him, when he is recovered enough to be in that ſtate which cannot be called ſickneſs or health; when he is too well to deny company, and too ill to receive them. It is no uncommon caſe, if a man is of any figure or power in the world, to be congratulated into a relapſe [c].

Will's Coffee-houſe, November 2.

I WAS very well pleaſed this evening, to hear a gentleman expreſs a very becoming indignation againſt a practice, which I myſelf have been very much offended at. 'There is nothing,' ſaid he, 'more ridiculous, than for an actor to inſert words of his own in the part he

[c] See N° 112, note on Mr. Parker.

is to act, ſo that it is impoſſible to ſee the poet for the player. You will have Penkethman and Bullock helping out Beaumont and Fletcher. It puts me in mind,' continued he, 'of a collection of antique ſtatues which I once ſaw in a gentleman's poſſeſſion, who employed a neighbouring ſtone-cutter to add noſes, ears, arms, or legs, to the maimed works of Phidias or Praxiteles. You may be ſure, this addition disfigured the ſtatues much more than time had. I remember a Venus, that by the noſe he had given her, looked like mother Shipton; and a Mercury, with a pair of legs that ſeemed very much ſwelled with the dropſy.

I thought the gentleman's obſervations very proper, and he told me I had improved his thought, in mentioning on this occaſion thoſe wiſe commentators who had filled up the hemiſtichs of Virgil [f]; particularly that notable poet, who, to make the Æneid more perfect, carried on the ſtory to Lavinia's wedding [g]. If the proper officer will not condeſcend to take notice of theſe abſurdities, I ſhall myſelf, as a cenſor of the people, animadvert upon ſuch proceedings.

[f] A gentleman of diſtinction in Aquitain, called by the writer on whoſe authority this note is given, Joannes de Peyrarede, filled up the hemiſtichs, or half verſes, in the Æneid of Virgil. Collect. Piſaurenſis. Poet. Latin. vi tomi in 4to. tomus i. Prolegom. p. xxxix.

[g] Mapheus Vegius, a native of Lodi, who died in 1458, added a xiiith book to the Æneid, which gives an account in Latin of the burial of Turnus, and of the marriage of Æneas to Lavinia. *Ut ſupra*, p. xxxix. and xl.

N° 90. Saturday, November 5, 1709.
STEELE AND ADDISON[h].

——Amoto quæramus seria ludo.

HOR. 1. Sat. 1. 27.

Let us now——
With graver air our serious theme pursue,
And yet preserve our moral full in view.

FRANCIS.

Will's Coffee-house, November 4.

THE passion of love happened to be the subject of discourse between two or three of us at the Table of the Poets this evening; and, among other observations, it was remarked, that the same sentiment on this passion had run through all languages and nations. Memmius, who has a very good taste, fell into a little sort of dissertation on this occasion. 'It is,' said he, 'remarkable, that no passion has been treated by all who have touched upon it, with the same bent of design, but this. The poets, the moralists, the painters, in all their descriptions, allegories, and pictures, have represented it as a soft torment, a bitter sweet, a pleasing pain, or an agreeable distress; and have only expressed the same thought in a different manner.'

[h] On the authority of the list delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell. See Addison's Works, 4to. edit. Birmingham. Preface, p. xv.

The [i] joining of pleaſure and pain together in ſuch devices, ſeems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural; and it muſt have proceeded from its being the univerſal ſenſe and experience of mankind, that they have all ſpoken of it in the ſame manner. I have, in my own reading, remarked an hundred and three epigrams, fifty odes, and ninety-one ſentences, tending to this ſole purpoſe.

It is certain, there is no other paſſion which does produce ſuch contrary effects in ſo great a degree. But this may be ſaid for love, that if you ſtrike it out of the ſoul, life would be inſipid, and our being but half-animated. Human nature would ſink into deadneſs and lethargy, if not quickened with ſome active principle; and as for all others, whether ambition, envy, or avarice, which are apt to poſſeſs the mind in the abſence of this paſſion, it muſt be allowed that they have greater pains, without the compenſation of ſuch exquiſite pleaſures as thoſe we find in love. The great ſkill is to heighten the ſatisfactions, and deaden the ſorrows of it; which has been the end of many of my labours, and ſhall continue to be ſo, for the ſervice of the world in general, and in particular of the fair ſex, who are always the beſt or the worſt part of it. It is pity that a paſſion, which has in it a capacity of making life happy, ſhould not be cultivated to the utmoſt advantage.

[i] From the beginning of this ſecond paragraph, to the article dated from the Tatler's apartment, the paper was written by Addiſon. See Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. ii. p. 192.

Reaſon, prudence, and good-nature, rightly applied, can thoroughly accompliſh this great end, provided they have always a real and conſtant love to work upon. But this ſubject I ſhall treat more at large in the hiſtory of my married ſiſter, and in the mean time ſhall conclude my reflection on the pains and pleaſures which attend this paſſion, with one of the fineſt allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine Plato, and, to ſhew the opinion he himſelf had of it, aſcribed by him to his admired Socrates, whom he repreſents as diſcourſing with his friends, and giving the hiſtory of love in the following manner [k].

'At the birth of Beauty,' ſays he, 'there was a great feaſt made, and many gueſts invited. Among the reſt was the god Plenty, who was the ſon of the goddeſs Prudence, and inherited many of his mother's virtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the garden of Jupiter, which was hung with a great variety of ambroſial fruits, and ſeems to have been a very proper retreat for ſuch a gueſt. In the mean time, an unhappy female called Poverty, having heard of this great feaſt, repaired to it, in hopes of finding relief. The firſt place ſhe lights upon was Jupiter's garden, which generally ſtands open to people of all conditions, Poverty enters, and by chance finds the god Plenty aſleep in it. She was immediately fired with his charms, laid herſelf down by his ſide, and managed matters ſo, that ſhe conceived a child by him. The

[k] Platonis Opera, Baſileæ, 1556, p. 187, folio.

world was very much in ſuſpenſe upon the occaſion, and could not imagine to themſelves what would be the nature of an infant that was to have its original from two ſuch parents. At the laſt, the child appears; and who ſhould it be but Love. This infant grew up, and proved in all his behaviour, what he really was, a compound of oppoſite beings. As he is the ſon of Plenty, who was the offſpring of Prudence, he is ſubtle, intriguing, full of ſtratagems and devices; as the ſon of Poverty, he is fawning, begging! ſerenading, delighting to lie at a threſhold, or beneath a window. By the father, he is audacious, full of hopes, conſcious of merit, and therefore quick of reſentment. By the mother, he is doubtful, timorous, mean-ſpirited, fearful of offending, and abject in ſubmiſſions. In the ſame hour you may ſee him tranſported with raptures, talking of immortal pleaſures, and appearing ſatisfied as a god; and immediately after, as the mortal mother prevails in his compoſition, you behold him pining, languiſhing, deſpairing, dying.'

I have been always wonderfully delighted with fables, allegories, and the like inventions, which the politeſt and the beſt inſtructors of mankind have always made uſe of. They take off from the ſeverity of inſtruction, and inforce it at the ſame time that they conceal it. The ſuppoſing Love to be conceived immediately after the birth of Beauty; the parentage of Plenty; and the inconſiſtency of this paſſion with its ſelf ſo naturally derived to it, are great maſter-ſtrokes in this fable: and if they fell into good hands,

might furniſh out a more pleaſing canto than any in Spenſer.

From my own Apartment, November 4.

I CAME home this evening in a very penſive mood; and, to divert me, took up a volume of Shakſpeare, where I chanced to caſt my eye upon a part of the tragedy of Richard the Third, which filled my mind with a very agreeable horror. It was the ſcene in which that bold but wicked prince is repreſented as ſleeping in his tent, the night before the battle in which he fell. The poet takes that occaſion to ſet before him, in a viſion, a terrible aſſembly of apparitions, the ghoſts of all thoſe innocent perſons whom he is ſaid to have murdered. Prince Edward, Henry VI. the duke of Clarence, Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan; lord Haſtings, the two young princes, ſons to Edward IV. his own wife, and the duke of Buckingham, riſe up in their blood before him, beginning their ſpeeches with that dreadful ſalutation, 'Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow;' and concluding with that diſmal ſentence, 'Deſpair and die.' This inſpires the tyrant with a dream of his paſt guilt, and of the approaching vengeance. He anticipates the fatal day of Boſworth, fancies himſelf diſmounted, weltering in his own blood; and, in the agonies of deſpair, before he is thoroughly awake, ſtarts up with the following ſpeech:

'Give me another horſe—Bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jeſu—Soft! I did but dream.
Oh! coward conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
The light burns blue! Is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh:
What do I fear? myſelf! &c.'

A ſcene written with ſo great ſtrength of imagination indiſpoſed me from further reading, and threw me into a deep contemplation. I began to reflect upon the different ends of good and bad kings; and as this was the birth-day of our late renowned monarch [1], I could not forbear thinking on the departure of that excellent prince, whoſe life was crowned with glory, and his death with peace. I let my mind go ſo far into this thought, as to imagine to myſelf what might have been the viſion of his departing ſlumbers. He might have ſeen confederate kings applauding him in different languages; ſlaves that had been bound in fetters lifting up their hands, and bleſſing him; and the perſecuted in their ſeveral forms of worſhip imploring comfort on his laſt moments. The reflection upon this excellent prince's mortality had been a very melancholy entertainment to me, had I not been relieved by the conſideration of the glorious reign which ſucceeds it.

We now ſee as great virtue as ever was on the Britiſh throne ſurrounded with all the beauty of ſucceſs. Our nation may not only boaſt of a long ſeries of great, regular, and well-laid deſigns, but alſo of triumphs and victories [m]; while we have the happineſs to ſee our ſovereign exerciſe that true policy which tends to make a kingdom great and happy, and at the ſame time enjoy the good and glorious effect of it.

*** There is lately publiſhed, A Letter to a Friend upon the Succeſſes of the Year 1708. An heroic poem. Price 6d.

[1] King William III. [m] Advertiſement.

N° 91. Tuesday, November 8, 1709.
STEELE.

From my own Apartment, November 7.

I WAS very much surprised this evening with a visit from one of the top toasts of the town, who came privately in a chair, and bolted into my room, while I was reading a chapter of Agrippa upon the occult sciences; but as she entered with all the air and bloom that nature ever bestowed on woman, I threw down the conjuror, and met the charmer. I had no sooner placed her at my right hand by the fire, but she opened to me the reason of her visit. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said the fine creature, 'I have been your correspondent some time, though I never saw you before; I have writ by the name of Maria [n]. You have told me, you were too far gone in life to think of love. Therefore, I am answered as to the passion I spoke of; and,' continued she smiling, 'I will not stay until you grow young again, as you men never fail to do in your dotage; but am come to consult you about disposing of myself to another. My person you see; my fortune is very considerable; but I am at present under much perplexity how to act in a great conjuncture. I have two lovers, Crassus and Lorio: Crassus is prodigiously rich, but has no one distinguishing quality; though at

[n] See N° 83, let. 1.

the ſame time he is not remarkable on the defective ſide. Lorio has travelled, is well-bred, pleaſant in diſcourſe, diſcreet in his conduct, agreeable in his perſon; and with all this, he has a competency of fortune without ſuperfluity. When I conſider Lorio, my mind is filled with an idea of the great ſatisfactions of a pleaſant converſation. When I think of Craſſus, my equipage, numerous ſervants, gay liveries, and various dreſſes, are oppoſed to the charms of his rival. In a word, when I caſt my eyes upon Lorio, I forget and deſpiſe fortune; when I behold Craſſus, I think only of pleaſing my vanity, and enjoying an uncontrolled expence in all the pleaſures of life, except love.' She pauſed here.

'Madam,' ſaid I, 'I am confident you have not ſtated your caſe with ſincerity, and that there is ſome ſecret pang which you have concealed from me: for I ſee by your aſpect the generoſity of your mind; and that open ingenuous air lets me know, that you have too great a ſenſe of the generous paſſion of love, to prefer the oſtentation of life in the arms of Craſſus, to the entertainments and conveniencies of it in the company of your beloved Lorio; for ſo he is indeed, madam; you ſpeak his name with a different accent from the reſt of your diſcourſe. The idea his image raiſes in you gives new life to your features, and new grace to your ſpeech. Nay, bluſh not, madam; there is no diſhonour in loving a man of merit; I aſſure you, I am grieved at this dallying with yourſelf, when you put another in competition with him, for no other reaſon but ſuperior wealth.'—'To tell

you, then,' ſaid ſhe, 'the bottom of my heart, there is Clotilda lies by, and plants herſelf in the way of Craſſus, and I am confident will ſnap him if I refuſe him. I cannot bear to think that ſhe will ſhine above me. When our coaches meet, to ſee her chariot hung behind with four footmen, and mine with but two: her's powdered, gay, and ſaucy, kept only for ſhow; mine, a couple of careful rogues that are good for ſomething: I own, I cannot bear that Clotilda ſhould be in all the pride and wantonneſs of wealth, and I only in the eaſe and affluence of it.'

Here I interrupted: 'Well, madam, now I ſee your whole affliction; you could be happy, but that you fear another would be happier. Or rather, you could be ſolidly happy, but that another is to be happy in appearance. This is an evil which you muſt get over, or never know happineſs. We will put the caſe, madam, that you married Craſſus, and ſhe Lorio.' She anſwered, 'Speak not of it. I could tear her eyes out at the mention of it.'—'Well then, I pronounce Lorio to be the man; but I muſt tell you, that what we call ſettling in the world, is in a kind, leaving it; and you muſt at once reſolve to keep your thoughts of happineſs within the reach of your fortune, and not meaſure it by compariſon with others.——But, indeed, madam, when I behold that beauteous form of your's, and conſider the generality of your ſex, as to their diſpoſal of themſelves in marriage, or their parents doing it for them without their own approbation, I cannot but look upon all ſuch

matches as the moſt impudent proſtitutions. Do but obſerve, when you are at a play, the familiar wenches that ſit laughing among the men. Theſe appear deteſtable to you in the boxes. Each of them would give up her perſon for a guinea; and ſome of you would take the worſt there for life for twenty thouſand. If ſo, how do you differ but in price? As to the circumſtance of marriage, I take that to be hardly an alteration of the caſe; for wedlock is but a more ſolemn proſtitution, where there is not an union of minds. You would hardly believe it, but there have been deſigns even upon me.

'A neighbour in this very lane, who knows I have, by leading a very wary life, laid up a little money, had a great mind to marry me to his daughter. I was frequently invited to their table: the girl was always very pleaſant and agreeable. After dinner, miſs Molly would be ſure to fill my pipe for me, and put more ſugar than ordinary into my coffee; for ſhe was ſure I was good-natured. If I chanced to hem, the mother would applaud my vigour; and has often ſaid on that occaſion, "I wonder, Mr. Bickerſtaff, you do not marry, I am ſure you would have children." Things went ſo far, that my miſtreſs preſented me with a wrought night-cap [°] and a laced band of her own working. I began to think of it in earneſt; but one day, having an occaſion to ride to Iſlington, as two or three people were lifting me up on my pad,

[°] See Tatler, edit. cr. 8vo. 1786, N° 141, notes; and Granger's Supplement, vol. i. p. 165.

I ſpied her at a convenient diſtance laughing at her lover, with a parcel of romps of her acquaintance. One of them, who I ſuppoſe had the ſame deſign upon me, told me ſhe ſaid, "Do you ſee how briſkly my old gentleman mounts?" This made me cut off my amour, and to reflect with myſelf, that no married life could be ſo unhappy, as when the wife propoſes no other advantage from her huſband, than that of making herſelf fine, and keeping her out of the dirt.'

My fair client burſt out a laughing at the account I gave her of my eſcape, and went away ſeemingly convinced of the reaſonableneſs of my diſcourſe to her.

As ſoon as ſhe was gone, my maid brought up the following epiſtle, which, by the ſtyle, and the deſcription ſhe gave of the perſon, I ſuppoſe was left by Nick Doubt. 'Hark you,' ſaid he, 'girl, tell old Baſket-hilt [p] I would have him anſwer it by the firſt opportunity.' What he ſays is this.

[p] See N° 89, let. 1, note. Mr. Thomas Baker, the author of The Female Tatler, was, perhaps, the perſon alluded to here, under the name of Nick Doubt.

The following advertiſement is ſubjoined to a periodical paper, entitled The General Poſtſcript, N° 19. Wedneſday, November 9, 1709.

'Nick Doubt deſires the public to take notice, that he did not bring that letter to Baſket-hilt's maid, that begins, "Iſaac, you ſeem a very honeſt fellow; and he's a double Jack-a-napes that thinks he'd diſturb the ſquire's Lucubrations with any ſuch impertinent meſſages.'

'ISAAC,

'You ſeem a very honeſt fellow; therefore, pray tell me, did not you write that letter, in praiſe of the ſquire and his Lucubrations, yourſelf, &c.'

The greateſt plague of coxcombs is, that they often break upon you with an impertinent piece of good ſenſe, as this jackanapes has hit me in a right place enough. I muſt confeſs, I am as likely to play ſuch a trick as another; but that letter he ſpeaks of was really genuine. When I firſt ſet up, I thought it fair enough to let myſelf know from all parts, that my works were wonderfully inquired for, and were become the diverſion, as well as inſtruction, of all the choice ſpirits in every county of Great-Britain. I do not doubt but the more intelligent of my readers found it, before this jackanapes, I can call him no better, took upon him to obſerve upon my ſtyle and my baſket-hilt. A very pleaſant gentleman of my acquaintance told me one day a ſtory of this kind of falſehood and vanity in an author.

Mævius ſhewed him a paper of verſes, which he ſaid he had received that morning by the penny-poſt from an unknown hand. My friend admired them extremely. 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'this muſt come from a man that is eminent: you ſee fire, life, and ſpirit, run through the whole, and at the ſame time a correctneſs, which ſhews he is uſed to writing. Pray, ſir, read them over again.' He begins again, title and all; 'To

Mævius, on his incomparable poems.' The ſecond reading was performed with much more vehemence and action than the former: after which my friend fell into downright raptures ——'Why, they are truly ſublime! there is energy in this line! deſcription in that! Why! it is the thing itſelf! this is perfect picture!' Mævius could bear no more; 'but, faith,' ſays he, 'Ned, to tell you the plain truth, I writ them myſelf.'

There goes juſt ſuch another ſtory of the ſame paternal tenderneſs in Bavius, an ingenious contemporary of mine, who had writ ſeveral comedies which were rejected by the players. This my friend Bavius took for envy, and therefore prevailed upon a gentleman to go with him to the playhouſe, and gave him a new play of his, deſiring he would perſonate the author, and read it, to baffle the ſpite of the actors. The friend conſented, and to reading they went. They had not gone over three ſimilies, before Roſcius the player made the acting author ſtop, and deſired to know, what he meant by ſuch a rapture? and how it came to paſs, that in this condition of the lover, inſtead of acting according to his circumſtances, he ſpent his time in conſidering what his preſent ſtate was like?—'That is very true,' ſays the mock author, 'I believe we had as good ſtrike theſe lines out.'—'By your leave,' ſays Bavius, 'you ſhall not ſpoil your play, you are too modeſt; thoſe very lines, for aught I know, are as good as any in your play, and they ſhall ſtand.' Well, they go on, and the particle 'and' ſtood unfortunately at the end of a verſe,

and was made to rhyme to the word 'ſtand.' This Roſcius excepted againſt. The new poet gave up that too, and ſaid, he would not diſpute for a monoſyllable.—'For a monoſyllable!' ſays the real author, 'I can aſſure you, a monoſyllable may be of as great force as a word of ten ſyllables. I tell you Sir, "and" is the connexion of the matter in that place; without that word you may put all that follows into any other play as well as this. Beſides, if you leave it out, it will look as if you had put it in only for the ſake of the rhyme.' Roſcius perſiſted, aſſuring the gentleman, that it was impoſſible to ſpeak it, but the 'and' muſt be loſt, ſo it might as well be blotted out. Bavius ſnatching his play out of their hands, ſaid, they were both blockheads, and went off; repeating a couplet, becauſe he would not make his exit irregularly. A witty man of theſe days compared this true and feigned poet to the contending mothers before Solomon; the true one was eaſily diſcovered from the pretender, by refuſing to ſee his offſpring diſſected [q].

[q] Biſſected.

*** The Cries and Habits of the City of London, every figure drawn after the life, by Mr. Lauroon; printed on 74 half ſheets of paper, &c. See Tatler, N° 96, note.

†§† Iconologia, or Moral Emblems, by Cæſar Ripa; illuſtrated by 326 human figures, with their explanations, &c.

N° 92. Thurſday, November 10, 1709.
STEELE.

Falſus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret
Quem niſi mendoſum et mendacem?——
HOR. 1. Ep. xvi.

Falſe praiſe can pleaſe, and calumny affright,
None but the vicious and the hypocrite.
R. WYNNE.

White's Chocolate-houſe, November 9.

I KNOW no manner of ſpeaking ſo offenſive as that of giving praiſe, and cloſing it with an exception; which proceeds (where men do not do it to introduce malice, and make calumny more effectual) from the common error of conſidering man as a perfect creature. But, if we rightly examine things, we ſhall find that there is a ſort of œconomy in Providence, that one ſhall excel where another is defective, in order to make men more uſeful to each other, and mix them in ſociety. This man having this talent, and that man another, is as neceſſary in converſation, as one profeſſing one trade, and another another, is beneficial in commerce. The happieſt climate does not produce all things; and it was ſo ordered, that one part of the earth ſhould want the product of another, for uniting mankind in a general correſpondence and good underſtanding. It is, therefore, want of good ſenſe as well as good nature, to ſay Simplicius has a better judgment, but not ſo much wit as

Latius; for that theſe have not each other's capacities is no more a diminution to either, than if you ſhould ſay, Simplicius is not Latius, or Latius not Simplicius. The heathen world had ſo little notion that perfection was to be expected amongſt men, that among them any one quality or endowment in an heroic degree made a God. Hercules had ſtrength; but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit. Apollo preſided over wit, and it was never aſked whether he had ſtrength. We hear no exceptions againſt the beauty of Minerva, or the wiſdom of Venus. Theſe wiſe heathens were glad to immortalize any one ſerviceable gift, and overlook all imperfections in the perſon who had it. But with us it is far otherwiſe, for we reject many eminent virtues, if they are accompanied with one apparent weakneſs. The reflecting after this manner made me account for the ſtrange delight men take in reading lampoons and ſcandal, with which the age abounds, and of which I receive frequent complaints. Upon mature conſideration, I find it is principally for this reaſon, that the worſt of mankind, the libellers, receive ſo much encouragement in the world. The low race of men take a ſecret pleaſure in finding an eminent character levelled to their condition by a report of its defects; and keep themſelves in countenance, though they are excelled in a thouſand virtues, if they believe they have in common with a great perſon any one fault. The libeller falls in with this humour, and gratifies this baſeneſs of temper, which is naturally an enemy to extraordinary

merit. It is from this, that libel and ſatire are promiſcuouſly joined together in the notions of the vulgar, though the ſatiriſt and libeller differ as much as the magiſtrate and the murderer. In the conſideration of human life, the ſatiriſt never falls upon perſons who are not glaringly faulty, and the libeller on none but who are conſpicuouſly commendable. Were I to expoſe any vice in a good or great man, it ſhould certainly be by correcting it in ſome one where that crime was the moſt diſtinguiſhing part of the character; as pages are chaſtized for the admonition of princes [r]. When it is performed otherwiſe, the vicious are kept in credit, by placing men of merit in the ſame accuſation. But all the paſquils, lampoons, and libels we meet with now-a-days, are a ſort of playing

[r] This alludes to a practice in England of whipping the royal children by proxy. It appears from Burnet's Hiſt. of the Reformation, part ii. p. 225, that Barnabas Fitzpatrick, afterwards a man of figure and conſequence, was originally play-fellow and whipping-boy to prince Edward. The ſame writer records in his Hiſt. of his own Times, vol. i. p. 244, that Mr. Murray, of the king's bed-chamber, had been whipping-boy to Charles I.

This mode of regal education might not have extended over all the iſland, or it was ſooner laid aſide in the north, for we find no trace of it in Scotland, A. D. 1582.

Buchanan treated his royal pupil there, juſt as the royal pages were treated here; and was it ſeems, as void of the counteſs of Mar's reverence for the Lord's anointed, as of ceremonious duty to her ladyſhip. A ludicrous anecdote circumſtantially related by Dr. George Mackenzie is a proof of this. Lives and Characters of Scotch Writers, vol. iii. p. 180. Edinb. 1722, folio.

See an account of a ſingular inſtance of voluntary ſubmiſſion to vicarious puniſhment, in the end well requited, Spectator, N° 313.

with the four-and-twenty letters, and throwing them into names and characters, without ſenſe, truth, or wit. In this caſe, I am in great perplexity to know whom they mean, and ſhould be in diſtreſs for thoſe they abuſe, if I did not ſee their judgment and ingenuity in thoſe they commend. This is the true way of examining a libel; and when men conſider, that no one man living thinks the better of their heroes and patrons for the panegyric given them, none can think themſelves leſſened by their invective. The hero or patron in a libel is but a ſcavenger to carry off the dirt, and by that very employment is the filthieſt creature in the ſtreet. Dedications and panegyrics are frequently ridiculous, let them be addreſſed where they will; but at the front, or in the body of a libel, to commend a man, is ſaying to the perſons applauded, 'My lord, or ſir, I have pulled down all men that the reſt of the world think great and honourable, and here is a clear ſtage; you may, as you pleaſe, be valiant or wiſe; you may chooſe to be on the military or civil liſt; for there is no one brave who commands, or juſt who has power. You may rule the world now it is empty, which exploded you when it was full: I have knocked out the brains of all whom mankind thought good for any thing; and I doubt not but you will reward that invention, which found out the only expedient to make your lordſhip, or your worſhip, of any conſideration.'

Had I the honour to be in a libel, and had eſcaped the approbation of the author, I ſhould

look upon it exactly in this manner. But though it is a thing thus perfectly indifferent who is exalted or debaſed in ſuch performances, yet it is not ſo with relation to the authors of them; therefore I ſhall, for the good of my country, hereafter take upon me to puniſh theſe wretches. What has already paſſed may die away according to its nature, and continue in its preſent oblivion; but for the future, I ſhall take notice of ſuch enemies to honour and virtue, and preſerve them to immortal infamy. Their names ſhall give freſh offence many ages hence, and be deteſted a thouſand years after the commiſſion of their crime. It ſhall not avail, that theſe children of infamy publiſh their works under feigned names, or under none at all; for I am ſo perfectly well acquainted with the ſtyles of all my contemporaries, that I ſhall not fail of doing them juſtice, with their proper names, and at full length. Let theſe miſcreants, therefore, enjoy their preſent act of oblivion, and take care how they offend hereafter.

But to avert our eyes from ſuch objects, it is methinks but requiſite to ſettle our opinion in the caſe of praiſe and blame. I believe the only true way to cure that ſenſibility of reproach, which is a common weakneſs with the moſt virtuous men, is to fix their regard firmly upon only what is ſtrictly true, in relation to their advantage, as well as diminution. For if I am pleaſed with commendation which I do not deſerve, I ſhall from the ſame temper be concerned at ſcandal I do not deſerve. But he that can think of falſe applauſe with as much contempt

as falſe detraction, will certainly be prepared for all adventures, and will become all occaſions. 'Undeſerved praiſe can pleaſe only thoſe who want merit, and undeſerved reproach frighten only thoſe who want ſincerity[s].' I have thought of this with ſo much attention, that I fancy there can be no other method in nature found for the cure of that delicacy which gives good men pain under calumny, but placing ſatisfaction no where but in a juſt ſenſe of their own integrity, without regard to the opinion of others. If we have not ſuch a foundation as this, there is no help againſt ſcandal, but being in obſcurity, which to noble minds is not being at all. The truth of it is, this love of praiſe dwells moſt in great and heroic ſpirits; and thoſe who beſt deſerve it have generally the moſt exquiſite reliſh of it. Methinks I ſee the renowned Alexander, after a painful and laborious march, amidſt the heats of a parched ſoil and a burning climate, ſitting over the head of a fountain, and, after a draught of water, pronounce that memorable ſaying, 'Oh! Athenians! how much do I ſuffer, that you may ſpeak well of me?' The Athenians were at that time the learned of the world, and their libels againſt Alexander were written, as he was a profeſſed enemy of their ſtate. But how monſtrous would ſuch invectives have appeared in Macedonians!

As love of reputation is a darling paſſion in great men, ſo the defence of them in this particular is the buſineſs of every man of honour

[s] A tranſlation of the motto prefixed to this paper.

and honeſty. We ſhould run on ſuch an occaſion, as if a public building was on fire, to their relief; and all who ſpread or publiſh ſuch deteſtable pieces as traduce their merit ſhould be uſed like incendiaries. It is the common cauſe of our country to ſupport the reputation of thoſe who preſerve it againſt invaders; and every man is attacked in the perſon of that neighbour who deſerves well of him.

From my own Apartment, November 9.

THE chat I had to-day at White's about fame and ſcandal put me in mind of a perſon who has often writ to me unregarded, and has a very moderate ambition in this particular. His name, it ſeems, is Charles Lillie, and he recommends himſelf to my obſervation as one that ſold ſnuff next door to the Fountain tavern, in the Strand, and was burnt out when he began to have a reputation in his way.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'I SUPPOSE, through a hurry of buſineſs, you have either forgot me, or loſt my laſt of this nature, which was to beg the favour of being advantageouſly expoſed in your paper, chiefly for the reputation of ſnuff. Be pleaſed to pardon this trouble from,

Sir, your very humble ſervant,

C. L.

'I am a perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings, in the Strand.'

This ſame Charles leaves it to me to ſay what I will of him; and I am not a little pleaſed with the ingenuous manner of his addreſs. Taking ſnuff is what I have declared againſt; but, as his holineſs the pope allows whoring for the taxes raiſed by the ladies of pleaſure; ſo I, to repair the loſs of an unhappy trader, indulge all perſons in that cuſtom who buy of Charles. There is ſomething ſo particular in the requeſt of the man, that I ſhall ſend for him before me, and I believe I ſhall find he has a genius for bawbles. If ſo, I ſhall, for aught I know, at his ſhop, give licenſed canes to thoſe who are really lame, and tubes to thoſe who are unfeignedly ſhort-ſighted; and forbid all others to vend the ſame.

N° 93. Saturday, November 12, 1709.

STEELE AND ADDISON[1].

Will's Coffee-houſe, November 11.

The French humour of writing epiſtles, and publiſhing their fulſome compliments to each other, is a thing I frequently complain of in this place. It is, methinks, from the prevalence of this ſilly cuſtom, that there is ſo little inſtruction in the converſation of our diſtant friends. For which reaſon, during the whole courſe of my life, I have deſired my acquaintance, when

[1] On the authority of the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell.

they write to me, rather to ſay ſomething which ſhould make me wiſh myſelf with them, than make me compliments that they wiſhed themſelves with me. By this means, I have by me a collection of letters from moſt parts of the world, which are as naturally of the growth of the place, as any herb, tree, or plant, of the ſoil. This I take to be the proper uſe of an epiſtolary commerce. To deſire to know how Damon goes on with his courtſhip to Sylvia, or how the wine taſtes at the Old Devil, are threadbare ſubjects, and cold treats, which our abſent friends might have given us without going out of town for them. A friend of mine, who went to travel, uſed me far otherwiſe; for he gave me a proſpect of the place, or an account of the people, from every country through which he paſſed. Among others, which I was looking over this evening, I am not a little delighted with this which follows [u]:

'DEAR SIR,

'I BELIEVE this is the firſt letter that was ever ſent you from the middle region, where I am at this preſent writing. Not to keep you in ſuſpenſe, it comes to you from the top of the higheſt mountain in Switzerland, where I am now ſhivering among eternal froſts and ſnows. I can ſcarce forbear dating it in December, though they call it the firſt of Auguſt at the

[u] This letter, and the article dated 'From my own Apartment,' were written by Addiſon. See his works 4to. vol. ii. p. 194.

bottom of the mountain. I aſſure you, I can hardly keep my ink from freezing in the middle of the dog-days. I am here entertained with the prettieſt variety of ſnow-proſpects that you can imagine; and have ſeveral pits of it before me, that are very near as old as the mountain itſelf; for in this country it is as laſting as marble. I am now upon a ſpot of it, which they tell me fell about the reign of Charlemain, or king Pepin. The inhabitants of the country are as great curioſities as the country itſelf. They generally hire themſelves out in their youth, and, if they are muſquet-proof until about fifty, they bring home the money they have got, and the limbs they have left, to paſs the reſt of their time among their native mountains. One of the gentlemen of the place, who is come off with the loſs of an eye only, told me by way of boaſt, that there were now ſeven wooden legs in his family; and that, for theſe four generations, there had not been one in his line that carried a whole body with him to the grave. I believe you will think the ſtyle of this letter a little extraordinary: but the Rehearſal[x] will tell you, that people in clouds muſt not be confined to ſpeak ſenſe; and I hope we that are above them may claim the ſame privilege. Wherever I am, I ſhall always be,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient, moſt humble ſervant.'

[x] A comedy ſo called, by the duke of Buckingham. Acted at the theatre royal, 4to. 1672.

I think they ought, in thoſe parts where the materials are ſo eaſy to work, and at the ſame time ſo durable, when any one of their heroes comes home from the wars, to erect his ſtatue in ſnow upon the mountains, there to remain from generation to generation.

A gentleman, who is apt to expatiate upon any hint, took this occaſion to deliver his opinion upon our ordinary method of ſending young gentlemen to travel for their education. 'It is certain,' ſaid he, 'if gentlemen travel at an age proper for them, during the courſe of their voyages their accounts to their friends, and after their return their diſcourſes and converſations, will have in them ſomething above what we can meet with, from thoſe who have not had thoſe advantages.' At the ſame time it is to be obſerved, that every temper and genius is not qualified for this way of improvement. Men may change their climate, but they cannot their nature. A man that goes out a fool cannot ride or ſail himſelf into common ſenſe. Therefore, let me but walk over London-bridge with a young man, and I will tell you infallibly whether going over the Rialto at Venice will make him wiſer [y].

It is not to be imagined how many I have ſaved in my time from baniſhment, by letting their parents know they were good for nothing. But this is to be done with much tenderneſs. There is my couſin Harry has a ſon, who is the

[y] See a fine paper on this ſubject by lord Hardwicke, Spect. N° 364.

dulleſt mortal that ever was born into our houſe; he had got his trunk and his books all packed up to be tranſported into foreign parts, for no reaſon but becauſe the boy never talked; and his father ſaid, he wanted to know the world. I could not ſay to a fond parent that the boy was dull; but looked grave, and told him, the youth was very thoughtful, and I feared he might have ſome doubts about religion, with which it was not proper to go into Roman catholic countries. He is accordingly kept here until he declares himſelf upon ſome points, which I am ſure he will never think of. By this means I have prevented the diſhonour of having a fool of our houſe laughed at in all parts of Europe. He is now with his father upon his own eſtate, and he has ſent to me to get him a wife, which I ſhall do with all convenient ſpeed; but it ſhall be ſuch a one, whoſe good-nature ſhall hide his faults, and good ſenſe ſupply them. The truth of it is, that race is of the true Britiſh kind. They are of our country only; it hurts them to tranſplant them, and they are deſtroyed if you pretend to improve them. Men of this ſolid make are not to be hurried up and down the world, for if I may ſo ſpeak, they are naturally at their wit's end; and it is an impertinent part to diſturb their repoſe, that they may give you only a hiſtory of their bodily occurrences, which is all they are capable of obſerving. Harry had an elder brother, who was tried in this way; I remember all he could talk of at his return was, that he had like to have been drowned at ſuch a place;

he fell out of a chaiſe at another; he had a better ſtomach when he moved northward than when he turned his courſe to the parts in the ſouth, and ſo forth. It is, therefore, very much to be conſidered, what ſenſe a perſon has of things when he is ſetting out; and if he then knows none of his friends and acquaintance but by their clothes and faces, it is my humble opinion that he ſtay at home. His parents ſhould take care to marry him, and ſee what they can get out of him that way; for there is a certain ſort of men, who are no otherwiſe to be regarded but as they deſcend from men of conſequence, and may beget valuable ſucceſſors. And if we conſider that men are to be eſteemed only as they are uſeful, while a ſtupid wretch is at the head of a great family, we may ſay the race is ſuſpended, as properly as when it is all gone, we ſay it is extinct.

From my own Apartment, November 11.

I HAD ſeveral hints and advertiſements from unknown hands, that ſome, who are enemies to my labours, deſign to demand the faſhionable way of ſatisfaction for the diſturbance my Lucubrations have given them. I confeſs, as things now ſtand, I do not know how to deny ſuch inviters, and am preparing myſelf accordingly. I have bought pumps and files, and am every morning practiſing in my chamber. My neighbour, the dancing-maſter, has demanded of me, why I take this liberty, ſince I would not allow

it him[z]? but I answered his was an act of an indifferent nature, and mine of necessity. My late treatises against duels have so far disobliged the fraternity of the noble science of defence, that I can get none of them to shew me so much as one pass. I am therefore obliged to learn by book; and have accordingly several volumes, wherein all the postures are exactly delineated. I must confess, I am shy of letting people see me at this exercise, because of my flannel waistcoat, and my spectacles, which I am forced to fix on, the better to observe the posture of the enemy.

I have upon my chamber walls drawn at full length the figures of all sorts of men, from eight feet to three feet two inches. Within this height, I take it, that all the fighting men of Great Britain are comprehended. But as I push, I make allowances for my being of a lank and spare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimensions; for I scorn to rob any man of his life by taking advantage of his breadth: therefore I press purely in a line down from his nose, and take no more of him to assault than he has of me: for, to speak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part to the right or left, whether it be in carte or in tierce, beyond the dimensions of the said lean fellow's own breadth, I take it to be murder, and such a murder as is below a gentleman to commit. As I am spare, I am also very tall, and behave myself with relation to that advan-

[z] See N° 88.

tage with the ſame punctilio; and I am ready to ſtoop or ſtand, according to the ſtature of my adverſary. I muſt confeſs, I have had great ſucceſs this morning, and have hit every figure round the room in a mortal part, without receiving the leaſt hurt, except a little ſcratch by falling on my face, in puſhing at one at the lower end of my chamber; but I recovered ſo quick, and jumped ſo nimbly into my guard, that if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is confeſſed I have written againſt duels with ſome warmth; but in all my diſcourſes I have not ever ſaid that I knew how a gentleman could avoid a duel if he were provoked to it; and ſince that cuſtom is now become a law, I know nothing but the legiſlative power, with new animadverſions upon it, can put us in a capacity of denying challenges, though we were afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at preſent. As things ſtand, I ſhall put up no more affronts; and I ſhall be ſo far from taking ill words, that I will not take ill looks. I therefore warn all hot young fellows not to look hereafter more terrible than their neighbours; for if they ſtare at me with their hats cocked higher than other people, I will not bear it. Nay, I give warning to all people in general to look kindly at me; for I will bear no frowns, even from ladies; and if any woman pretends to look ſcornfully at me, I ſhall demand ſatisfaction of the next of kin of the maſculine gender.

N° 94. Tuesday, November 15, 1709.
STEELE.

Si non errâsset, fecerat ille minus. MART.
'Had he not err'd, his glory had been less.'

Will's Coffee-house, November 14.

THAT which we call gallantry to women seems to be the heroic virtue of private persons; and there never breathed one man, who did not, in that part of his days wherein he was recommending himself to his mistress, do something beyond his ordinary course of life. As this has a very great effect even upon the most slow and common men; so, upon such as it finds qualified with virtue and merit, it shines out in proportionable degrees of excellence. It gives new grace to the most eminent accomplishments; and he who, of himself, has either wit, wisdom, or valour, exerts each of these noble endowments, when he becomes a lover, with a certain beauty of action above what was ever observed in him before; and all who are without any one of these qualities are to be looked upon as the rabble of mankind.

I was talking after this manner in a corner of this place with an old acquaintance, who, taking me by the hand, said, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, your discourse recalls to my mind a story, which I have longed to tell you ever since I read that

article wherein you desire your friends to give you accounts of obscure merit.' The story I had of him is literally true, and well known to be so in the country wherein the circumstances were transacted. He acquainted me with the names of the persons concerned, which I shall change into feigned ones; there being a respect due to their families that are still in being, as well as that the names themselves would not be so familiar to an English ear. The adventure really happened in Denmark; and if I can remember all the passages, I doubt not but it will be as moving to my readers as it was to me.

Clarinda and Chloe, two very fine women, were bred up as sisters in the family of Romeo, who was the father of Chloe, and the guardian of Clarinda. Philander, a young gentleman of a good person, and charming conversation, being a friend of old Romeo, frequented his house, and by that means was much in conversation with the young ladies, though still in the presence of the father and the guardian. The ladies both entertained a secret passion for him, and could see well enough, notwithstanding the delight which he really took in Romeo's conversation, that there was something more in his heart, which made him so assiduous a visitant. Each of them thought herself the happy woman; but the person beloved was Chloe. It happened that both of them were at a play in a carnival evening, when it is the fashion there, as well as in most countries of Europe, both for men and women to appear in masks and

diſguiſes [a]. It was on that memorable night, in the year 1679, when the playhouſe by ſome unhappy accident was ſet on fire. Philander, in the firſt hurry of the diſaſter, immediately ran where his treaſure was; burſt open the door of the box, ſnatched the lady up in his arms; and, with unſpeakable reſolution and good fortune, carried her off ſafe. He was no ſooner out of the crowd, but he ſet her down; and, graſping her in his arms, with all the raptures of a deſerving lover, 'How happy am I,' ſays he, 'in an opportunity to tell you I love you more than all things, and of ſhewing you the ſincerity of my paſſion at the very firſt declaration of it!'—'My dear, dear Philander,' ſays the lady, pulling off her maſk, 'this is not a time for art; you are much dearer to me than the life you have preſerved; and the joy of my preſent deliverance does not tranſport me ſo much as the paſſion which occaſioned it.' Who can tell the grief, the aſtoniſhment, the terror, that appeared in the face of Philander, when he ſaw the perſon he ſpoke to was Clarinda! After a ſhort pauſe, 'Madam,' ſays he, with the looks of a dead man, 'we are both miſtaken;' and immediately flew away, without hearing the diſtreſſed Clarinda, who had juſt ſtrength enough to cry out, 'Cruel Philander! why did you not leave me in the

[a] See lord Moleſworth's account of Denmark, p. 61, where there is an account of a fire which happened at the opera houſe at Copenhagen, April 29, 1689, in which above 200 perſons, chiefly of the beſt quality, were burnt. R.

theatre?' Crowds of people immediately gathered about her, and, after having brought her to herſelf, conveyed her to the houſe of the good old unhappy Romeo. Philander was now preſſing againſt a whole tide of people at the doors of the theatre, and ſtriving to enter with more earneſtneſs than any there endeavoured to get out. He did it at laſt, and with much difficulty forced his way to the box where his beloved Chloe ſtood, expecting her fate amidſt this ſcene of terror and diſtraction. She revived at the ſight of Philander, who fell about her neck with a tenderneſs not to be expreſſed; and, amidſt a thouſand ſobs and ſighs, told her his love, and his dreadful miſtake. The ſtage was now in flames, and the whole houſe full of ſmoke: the entrance was quite barred up with heaps of people, who had fallen upon one another as they endeavoured to get out. Swords were drawn, ſhrieks heard on all ſides; and, in ſhort, no poſſibility of an eſcape for Philander himſelf, had he been capable of making it without his Chloe. But his mind was above ſuch a thought, and wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforting. He catches her in his arms. The fire ſurrounds them, while—— I cannot go on——

Were I an infidel, misfortunes like this would convince me that there muſt be an hereafter: for who can believe that ſo much virtue could meet with ſo great diſtreſs without a following reward? As for my part, I am ſo old-faſhioned, as firmly to believe, that all who periſh in ſuch generous enterprizes are relieved from the fur-

ther exercise of life; and Providence, which sees their virtue consummate and manifest, takes them to an immediate reward, in a being more suitable to the grandeur of their spirits. What else can wipe away our tears, when we contemplate such undeserved, such irreparable distresses? It was a sublime thought in some of the heathens of old,

——*Quæ gratia currûm*
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

That is, in other words, 'The same employments and inclinations which were the entertainment of virtuous men upon earth, make up their happiness in Elysium.'

From my own Apartment, November 14.

When I came home this evening, I found a present from Mr. Charles Lillie, the perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings, with a letter of thanks for the mention I made of him. He tells me, several of my gentle readers have obliged me in buying at his shop upon my recommendation. I have inquired into the man's capacity, and find him an adept in his way. He has several helps to discourse besides snuff, which is the best Barcelona, and sells an orange-flower water, which seems to me to have in it the right spirit of brains; and I am informed, he extracts it according to the manner used in Gresham-college [b]. I recommend it to the hand-

[b] The royal society then met at Gresham-college.

kerchiefs of all young pleaders. It cures or ſupplies all pauſes and heſitations in ſpeech, and creates a general alacrity of the ſpirits. When it is uſed as a gargle, it gives volubility to the tongue, and never fails of that neceſſary ſtep towards pleaſing others, making a man pleaſed with himſelf. I have taken ſecurity of him, that he ſhall not raiſe the price of any of his commodities for theſe or any other occult qualities in them: but he is to ſell them at the ſame price which you give at the common perfumers. Mr. Lillie has brought further ſecurity, that he will not ſell the boxes made for politicians to lovers; nor, on the contrary, thoſe proper for lovers to men of ſpeculation: 'At this time, to avoid confuſion, the beſt orangerie for beaux, and right muſty for politicians.'

'My almanac is to be publiſhed on the twenty-ſecond, and from that inſtant all lovers, in raptures or epiſtles, are to forbear the compariſon of their miſtreſſes eyes to ſtars: I having made uſe of that ſimile in my dedication for the laſt time it ſhall ever paſs, and on the propereſt occaſion that it was ever employed. All ladies are hereby deſired to take notice, that they never receive that ſimile in payment for any ſmiles they ſhall beſtow for the future.'

'On Saturday night laſt a gentlewoman's huſband ſtrayed from the playhouſe in the Haymarket. If the lady who was ſeen to take him up will reſtore him, ſhe ſhall be aſked no queſtions, he being of no uſe but to the owner.'

N° 95. Thurſday, November 17, 1709.
STEELE.

Interea dulces pendent circum oſcula nati,
Caſta pudicitiam ſervat domus———

VIRG. Georg. II. 523.

His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliſs;
His little children, climbing for a kiſs,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaſte delight.

DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, November 16.

THERE are ſeveral perſons who have many pleaſures and entertainments in their poſſeſſion, which they do not enjoy. It is, therefore, a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happineſs, and turn their attention to ſuch inſtances of their good fortune as they are apt to overlook. Perſons in the married ſtate often want ſuch a monitor; and pine away their days, by looking upon the ſame condition in anguiſh and murmur, which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleaſures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a viſit I made an old friend, who was formerly my ſchool-fellow. He came to town laſt week with his family for the winter, and yeſterday morning ſent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am as it were at home at that houſe, and every member of it knows me for their well-wiſher.

I cannot indeed expreſs the pleaſure it is, to be met by the children with ſo much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls ſtrive who ſhall come firſt, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loſes the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerſtaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl, that we all thought muſt have forgot me; for the family has been out of town theſe two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty ſubject with us, and took up our diſcourſe at the firſt entrance. After which, they began to rally me upon a thouſand little ſtories they heard in the country, about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters. Upon which the gentleman, my friend, ſaid, 'Nay, if Mr. Bickerſtaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine ſhall have the preference; there is Mrs. Mary is now ſixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the beſt of them. But I know him too well; he is ſo enamoured with the very memory of thoſe who flouriſhed in our youth, that he will not ſo much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refreſh your countenance and dreſs, when Tereminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife ſome of your verſes on her.' With ſuch reflections on little paſſages which happened long ago, we paſſed our time, during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner, his lady left the room, as did alſo the children. As ſoon as we were alone, he took me by the hand; 'Well,

my good friend,' ſays he, 'I am heartily glad to ſee thee; I was afraid you would never have ſeen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the houſe a little altered, ſince you followed her from the play-houſe, to find out who ſhe was, for me?' I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he ſpoke, which moved me not a little. But to turn the diſcourſe, I ſaid, 'She is not indeed quite that creature ſhe was, when ſhe returned me the letter I carried from you; and told me, ſhe hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be ſo much the gentleman's friend, as to diſſuade him from a purſuit, which he could never ſucceed in. You may remember, I thought her in earneſt; and you were forced to employ your couſin Will, who made his ſiſter get acquainted with her, for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen.'—'Fifteen!' replied my good friend: 'Ah! you little underſtand, you that have lived a batchelor, how great, how exquiſite a pleaſure there is, in being really beloved! It is impoſſible, that the moſt beauteous face in nature ſhould raiſe in me ſuch pleaſing ideas, as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly cauſed by her watching with me, in my fever. This was followed by a fit of ſickneſs, which had like to have carried her off laſt winter. I tell you ſincerely, I have ſo many obligations to her, that I cannot, with any ſort of moderation, think of her preſent ſtate of health. But as to what you ſay of fifteen, ſhe

gives me every day pleaſures beyond what I ever knew in the poſſeſſion of her beauty, when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me freſh inſtances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I firſt ſaw it; there is no decay in any feature, which I cannot trace, from the very inſtant it was occaſioned by ſome anxious concern for my welfare and intereſts. Thus at the ſame time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what ſhe was is heightened by my gratitude for what ſhe is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle paſſion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! ſhe is an ineſtimable jewel. In her examination of her houſehold affairs, ſhe ſhews a certain fearfulneſs to find a fault, which makes her ſervants obey her like children; and the meaneſt we have has an ingenuous ſhame for an offence, not always to be ſeen in children in other families. I ſpeak freely to you, my old friend; ever ſince her ſickneſs, things that gave me the quickeſt joy before, turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their ſteps, and am conſidering what they muſt do, ſhould they loſe their mother in their tender years. The pleaſure I uſed to take in telling my boy ſtories of battles, and aſking my girl queſtions about the diſpoſal of her baby, and the goſſiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy.'

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He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpreſſible ſweetneſs in her countenance told us, ſhe had been ſearching her cloſet for ſomething very good, to treat ſuch an old friend as I was. Her huſband's eyes ſparkled with pleaſure at the cheerfulneſs of her countenance; and I ſaw all his fears vaniſh in an inſtant. The lady, obſerving ſomething in our looks which ſhewed we had been more ſerious than ordinary, and ſeeing her huſband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulneſs, immediately gueſſed at what we had been talking of; and applying herſelf to me, ſaid with a ſmile, 'Mr. Bickerſtaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you, I ſhall ſtill live to have you for my ſecond, as I have often promiſed you, unleſs he takes more care of himſelf than he has done ſince his coming to town. You muſt know, he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he ſees ſeveral of his old acquaintance and ſchool-fellows are here young fellows with fair full-bottomed periwigs. I could ſcarce keep him this morning from going out open breaſted.' My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her ſit down with us. She did it with that eaſineſs which is peculiar to women of ſenſe; and to keep up the good humour ſhe had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me. 'Mr. Bickerſtaff, you remember you followed me one night from the playhouſe; ſuppoſe you ſhould carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me into the

front-box.' This put us into a long field of diſcourſe about the beauties, who were mothers to the preſent, and ſhined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her, [c] I was glad ſhe had transferred ſo many of her charms, and I did not queſtion but her eldeſt daughter was within half a year of being a toaſt.'

We were pleaſing ourſelves with this fantaſtical preferment of the young lady, when on a ſudden we were alarmed with the noiſe of a drum, and immediately entered my little godſon to give me a point of war [c]. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room; but I would not part with him ſo. I found, upon converſation with him, though he was a little noiſy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great maſter of all the learning on the other ſide eight years old. I perceived him a very great hiſtorian in Æſop's Fables: but he frankly declared to me his mind, that he did not delight in that learning, becauſe he did not believe they were true; for which reaſon I found he had very much turned his ſtudies, for about a twelve-month paſt, into the lives and adventures of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other hiſtorians of that age. I could not but obſerve the ſatisfaction the father took in the forwardneſs of his ſon; and, that theſe diverſions might turn to ſome profit, I found the boy had made remarks, which might be of ſervice to him during the

[c] See N° 114; aged 15, here only 8. A.

courſe of his whole life. He would tell you the miſmanagements of John Hickerthrift, find fault with the paſſionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved Saint George for being the champion of England; and by this means had his thoughts inſenſibly moulded into the notions of diſcretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accompliſhments, when the mother told me, that the little girl who led me in this morning was in her way a better ſcholar than he. 'Betty,' ſays ſhe, 'deals chiefly in fairies and ſprites; and ſometimes in a winter-night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed.'

I ſat with them until it was very late, ſometimes in merry, ſometimes in ſerious diſcourſe, with this particular pleaſure, which gives the only true reliſh to all converſation, a ſenſe that every one of us liked each other. I went home, conſidering the different conditions of a married life and that of a batchelor: and I muſt confeſs it ſtruck me with a ſecret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off I ſhall leave no traces behind me. In this penſive mood I returned to my family; that is to ſay, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worſe for what happens to me[d].

[d] See N° 114.

N° 96. Saturday, November 19, 1709.

ADDISON°.

Is mihi demum vivere & frui animâ videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam querit. SALL. Bel. Cat.

In my opinion, he only may be truly ſaid to live, and enjoy his being, who is engaged in ſome laudable purſuit, and acquires a name by ſome illuſtrious action, or uſeful art.

From my own Apartment, November 17.

IT has coſt me very much care and thought to marſhal and fix the people under their proper denominations, and to range them according to their reſpective characters. Theſe my endeavours have been received with unexpected ſucceſs in one kind, but neglected in another: for though I have many readers, I have but few converts. This muſt certainly proceed from a falſe opinion, that what I write is deſigned rather to amuſe and entertain, than convince and inſtruct. I entered upon my eſſays with a declaration that I ſhould conſider mankind in quite another manner than they had hitherto been repreſented to the ordinary world; and aſſerted, that none but an uſeful life ſhould be, with me, any life at all. But leſt this doctrine ſhould

° On the authority of J——n A——y, M. From the MS. notes of Chriſtopher Byron, eſq. See N° 74, note. This paper is not printed in the 4to edit. of Addiſon's Works, and moſt probably was not mentioned in the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell.

have made this ſmall progreſs towards the conviction of mankind, becauſe it may have appeared to the unlearned light and whimſical, I muſt take leave to unfold the wiſdom and antiquity of my firſt propoſition in theſe my eſſays, to wit, that 'every worthleſs man is a dead man.' This notion is as old as Pythagoras [f], in whoſe ſchool it was a point of diſcipline, that if among the Ἀκουσικοι, or probationers, there were any who grew weary of ſtudying to be uſeful, and returned to an idle life, they were to regard them as dead; and upon their departing, to perform their obſequies, and raiſe them tombs, with inſcriptions to warn others of the like mortality, and quicken them to reſolutions of refining their ſouls above that wretched ſtate. It is upon a like ſuppoſition, that young ladies, at this very time, in Roman catholic countries, are received into ſome nunneries with their coffins, and with the pomp of a former funeral, to ſignify, that henceforth they are to be of no further uſe, and conſequently dead. Nor was Pythagoras himſelf the firſt author of this ſymbol, with whom, and with the Hebrews, it was generally received. Much more might be offered in illuſtration of this doctrine from ſacred authority, which I recommend to my reader's own reflection; who will eaſily recollect, from places which I do not think fit to quote here, the forcible manner of applying the words

[f] See N° 81, N° 108, and N° 214; Spect. N° 447; Guard. N° 130, N° 165; Spect. Vol. viii. N° 585, and notes.

'dead' and 'living,' to men as they are good or bad [g].

I have therefore compoſed the following ſcheme of exiſtence for the benefit both of the living and the dead: though chiefly of the latter, whom I muſt deſire to read it with all poſſible attention. In the number of the dead I comprehend all perſons, of what title or dignity ſoever, who beſtow moſt of their time in eating and drinking, to ſupport that imaginary exiſtence of theirs, which they call life; or in dreſſing and adorning thoſe ſhadows and apparitions, which are looked upon by the vulgar as real men and women. In ſhort, whoever reſides in the world without having any buſineſs in it, and paſſes away an age without ever thinking on the errand for which he was ſent hither, is to me a dead man to all intents and purpoſes; and I deſire that he may be ſo reputed. The living are only thoſe that are ſome way or other laudably employed in the improvement of their own minds, or for the advantage of others; and even, amongſt theſe, I ſhall only reckon into their lives that part of their time which has been ſpent in the manner abovementioned. By theſe means, I am afraid, we ſhall find the longeſt lives not to conſiſt of many months, and the greateſt part of the earth to be quite unpeopled. According to this ſyſtem we may obſerve, that ſome men are born at twenty years of age, ſome at thirty, ſome at threeſcore, and

[g] She that liveth in pleaſure is dead while ſhe liveth. 1 Tim. v. 6.

ſome not above an hour before they die: nay we may obſerve multitudes that die without ever being born, as well as many dead perſons that fill up the bulk of mankind, and make a better figure in the eyes of the ignorant, than thoſe who are alive, and in their proper and full ſtate of health. However, ſince there may be many good ſubjects, that pay their taxes, and live peaceably in their habitations, who are not yet born, or have departed this life ſeveral years ſince, my deſign is, to encourage both to join themſelves as ſoon as poſſible to the number of the living. For as I invite the former to break forth into being, and become good for ſomething; ſo I allow the latter a ſtate of reſuſcitation; which I chiefly mention for the ſake of a perſon who has lately publiſhed an advertiſement, with ſeveral ſcurrilous terms in it, that do by no means become a dead man to give: it is my departed friend John Partridge, who concludes the advertiſement of his next year's almanack with the following note:

'Whereas it has been induſtriouſly given out by Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſquire, and others, to prevent the ſale of this year's almanack, that John Partridge is dead: this may inform all his loving countrymen, that he is ſtill living in health, and they are knaves that reported it otherwiſe.

J. P.'

From my own Apartment, November 18.

When an engineer finds his guns have not had their intended effect, he changes his batteries.

I am forced at preſent to take this method; and inſtead of continuing to write againſt the ſingularity ſome are guilty of in their habit and behaviour, I ſhall henceforward deſire them to perſevere in it; and not only ſo, but ſhall take it as a favour of all the coxcombs in the town, if they will ſet marks upon themſelves, and by ſome particular in their dreſs ſhew to what claſs they belong. It would be very obliging in all ſuch perſons, who feel in themſelves that they are not of ſound underſtanding, to give the world notice of it, and ſpare mankind the pains of finding them out. A cane upon the fifth button ſhall from henceforth be the type of a dapper; red-heeled ſhoes, and an hat hung upon one ſide of the head, ſhall ſignify a ſmart; a good periwig made into a twiſt, with a briſk cock, ſhall ſpeak a mettled fellow; and an upper lip covered with ſnuff, denote a coffee-houſe ſtateſman. But as it is required that all coxcombs hang out their ſigns, it is on the other hand expected that men of real merit ſhould avoid any thing particular in their dreſs, gait, or behaviour. For, as we old men delight in proverbs, I cannot forbear bringing out one on this occaſion, that 'good wine needs no buſh [h].' I

[h] A buſh, as may be inferred from this proverb, was anciently the ſign of a tavern. This ſign was ſucceeded by a thing intended to reſemble a buſh, conſiſting of three or four tier of hoops faſtened one above another; with vine leaves and grapes richly carved and gilt, and a Bacchus beſtriding a tun at top. The owner of a tavern or alehouſe in Alderſgate-ſtreet, at the time when Cha. I. was beheaded was ſo affected, that he put his buſh in mourning by painting it black. The houſe was long after known by the name of the Mourning-buſh at Alderſgate.

muſt not leave this ſubject without reflecting on ſeveral perſons I have lately met with, who at a diſtance ſeem very terrible; but, upon a ſtricter inquiry into their looks and features, appear as meek and harmleſs as any of my own neighbours. Theſe are country gentlemen, who of late years have taken up an humour of coming to town in red coats, whom an arch wag of my acquaintance uſed to deſcribe very well, by calling them ſheep in wolves cloathing. I have often wondered, that honeſt gentlemen who are good neighbours, and live quietly in their own poſſeſſions, ſhould take it in their heads to frighten the town after this unreaſonable manner. I ſhall think myſelf obliged, if they perſiſt in ſo unnatural a dreſs, notwithſtanding any poſts they have in the militia, to give away their red coats to any of the ſoldiery who ſhall think fit to ſtrip them, provided the ſaid ſoldiers can make it appear that they belong to a regiment where there is a deficiency in the cloathing.

About two days ago I was walking in the Park, and accidentally met a rural eſquire, cloathed in all the types above mentioned, with a carriage and behaviour made entirely out of his own head. He was of a bulk and ſtature larger than ordinary, had a red coat, flung open to ſhew a gay calimanco waiſtcoat. His periwig fell in a very conſiderable buſh upon each ſhoulder. His arms naturally ſwang at an unreaſonable diſtance from his ſides; which with the advantage of a cane that he brandiſhed in a great variety of irregular motions, made it unſafe for any one to walk within ſeveral yards of him. In this

manner he took up the whole Mall, his ſpectators moving on each ſide of it, whilſt he cocked up his hat, and marched up directly for Weſtminſter. I cannot tell who this gentleman is, but for my comfort, may ſay with the lover in Terence, who loſt ſight of a fine young lady, 'Wherever thou art, thou canſt not be long concealed.'

St. James's Coffee-houſe, Nov. 18, 1709.

By Letters from Paris of the 16th, we are informed that the French king, the princes of the blood, and the elector of Bavaria, had lately killed 55 peaſants.

'Whereas ſeveral have induſtriouſly ſpread abroad that I am in partnerſhip with Charles Lillie, the perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings; I muſt ſay with my friend Partridge, that they are knaves who reported it [1]. However, ſince the ſaid Charles has promiſed that all his cuſtomers ſhall be mine, I muſt deſire all mine to be his; and dare anſwer for him, that if you aſk in my name for ſnuff, Hungary, or orange water, you ſhall have the beſt the town affords, at the cheapeſt rate.'

[1] See p. 435, a faithful copy of a genuine advertiſement, a printed original of which is in Bagford's Collection, at the Britiſh Muſeum. See vol. v. Tat. edit. 1786, crown 8vo, Life of J. Partridge, at the end of that volume.

N° 97. Tuesday, November 22, 1709.

ADDISON [k].

Illud maximè rarum genus est eorum, qui aut excellente ingenii magnitudine, aut præclarâ eruditione atque doctrinâ, aut utrâque re ornati, spatium deliberandi habuerunt, quem potissimùm vitæ cursum, sequi vellent. TULL. Offic.

There are very few persons of extraordinary genius, or eminent for learning and other noble endowments, who have had sufficient time to consider what particular course of life they ought to pursue.

From my own Apartment, November 21.

HAVING swept away prodigious multitudes in my last paper, and brought a great destruction upon my own species, I must endeavour in this to raise fresh recruits, and, if possible, to supply the places of the unborn and deceased. It is said of Xerxes, that when he stood upon a hill, and saw the whole country round him covered with his army, he burst out into tears, to think that not one of that multitude would be alive an hundred years after. For my part, when I take a survey of this populous city, I can scarce forbear weeping, to see how few of its inhabitants are now living. It was with this thought that I drew up my last bill of mortality, and endeavoured to set out in it the great number of persons who have perished by a distemper, commonly known by the name of idleness, which has long raged in the world, and destroys more

[k] On the authority of the list delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell. Addison's Works, 4to. vol. ii. p. 196.

in every great town than the plague has done at Dantzick [l]. To repair the miſchief it has done, and ſtock the world with a better race of mortals, I have more hopes of bringing to life thoſe that are young, than of reviving thoſe that are old. For which reaſon, I ſhall here ſet down that noble allegory which was written by an old author called Prodicus, but recommended and embelliſhed by Socrates [m]. It is the deſcription of Virtue and Pleaſure, making their court to Hercules under the appearance of two beautiful women.

When Hercules, ſays the divine moraliſt, was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to conſider what courſe of life he ought to purſue, he one day retired into a deſart, where the ſilence and ſolitude of the place very n[illegible]ured his meditations. As he was r[illegible]his preſent condition, and very much [illegible] himſelf on the ſtate of life he [illegible]ſe, he ſaw two women of a larger ſ[illegible]ture than ordinary approaching towards him. [illegible]e of them had a very noble air, and graceful [illegible]ortment; her beauty was natural and eaſy, h[illegible] perſon clean and unſpotted, her eyes caſt towards the ground with an agreeable reſerve, her motion and behaviour full of modeſty, and her raiment as white as ſnow. The other had a great deal of health and floridneſs in her countenance, which ſhe had helped with an artificial

[l] 'In 1709 Dantzick was afflicted with the plague.' See Spect. N° 339, and note.

[m] Xenophontis, Opera, 8vo, vol. iv. p. 74, &c. Leipſ. 1764.

white and red; and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her geſtures. She had a wonderful confidence and aſſurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dreſs that ſhe thought were moſt proper to ſhew her complexion to an advantage. She caſt her eyes upon herſelf, then turned them on thoſe that were preſent, to ſee how they liked her, and often looked on the figure ſhe made in her own ſhadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, ſhe ſtepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular compoſed carriage, and running up to him, accoſted him after the following manner:

'My dear Hercules,' ſays ſhe, 'I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts, upon the way of life that you ough[illegible]ſe. Be my friend, and follow me; I v[illegible]u into the poſſeſſion of pleaſure, ar[illegible]e reach of pain, and remove you [illegible]e noiſe and diſquietude of buſineſs. The affairs of either war or peace ſhall have no power to diſturb you. Your whole employment ſha[illegible], to make your life eaſy, and to entertain [illegible]ry ſenſe with its proper gratification. Sumptuous tables, beds of roſes, clouds of perfumes, concerts of muſic, crowds of beauties, are all in readineſs to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleaſure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to buſineſs.'

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, deſired to know her name; to which

ſhe anſwered, 'My friends, and thoſe who are well acquainted with me, call me Happineſs; but my enemies, and thoſe who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleaſure.'

By this time the other lady was come up, who addreſſed herſelf to the young hero in a very different manner.

'Hercules,' ſays ſhe, 'I offer myſelf to you, becauſe I know you are deſcended from the gods, and give proofs of that deſcent by your love to virtue, and application to the ſtudies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourſelf and me an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my ſociety and friendſhip, I will be open and ſincere with you, and muſt lay down this as an eſtabliſhed truth, that "*there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchaſed without pains and labour* [n]." The gods have ſet a price upon every real and noble pleaſure. If you would gain the favour of the deity, you muſt be at the pains of worſhipping him; if the friendſhip of good men, you muſt ſtudy to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you muſt take care to ſerve it. In ſhort, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you muſt become maſter of all the qualifications that can make you ſo. Theſe are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propoſe happineſs.' The goddeſs of Pleaſure here broke in upon her diſcourſe. 'You ſee,' ſaid ſhe, 'Hercules, by

[n] This is a tranſlation of the following line of Heſiod:
Τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς ἱδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάροιθεν ἔθηκεν. Ἔργ. καὶ Ἡμ. 287.

her own confeſſion, the way to her pleaſure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propoſe is ſhort and eaſy.'—'Alas!' ſaid the other lady, whoſe viſage glowed with a paſſion made up of ſcorn and pity, 'What are the pleaſures you propoſe? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are a-thirſt, ſleep before you are a-tired, to gratify appetites before they are raiſed, and raiſe ſuch appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the moſt delicious muſic, which is the praiſe of oneſelf; nor ſaw the moſt beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries paſs away their youth in a dream of miſtaken pleaſures, while they are hoarding up anguiſh, torment, and remorſe for old age.

'As for me, I am the friend of the gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artizan, an houſehold guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of ſervants, an aſſociate in all true and generous friendſhips. The banquets of my votaries are never coſtly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirſt. Their ſlumbers are ſound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleaſure of hearing themſelves praiſed by thoſe who are in years; and thoſe who are in years, of being honoured by thoſe who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, eſteemed by their country, and, after the cloſe of their labours, honoured by poſterity.'

We know by the life of this memorable hero, to which of theſe two ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe, every one who reads this will do him the juſtice to approve his choice.

I very much admire the ſpeeches of theſe ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of virtue, or a life of pleaſure, that could enter into the thoughts of an heathen; but am particularly pleaſed with the different figures he gives the two goddeſſes. Our modern authors have repreſented Pleaſure or Vice with an alluring face, but ending in ſnakes and monſters. Here ſhe appears in all the charms of beauty, though they are all falſe and borrowed; and by that means compoſes a viſion entirely natural and pleaſing.

I have tranſlated this allegory ° for the benefit of the youth of Great Britain; and particularly of thoſe who are ſtill in the deplorable ſtate of non-exiſtence, and whom I moſt earneſtly entreat to come into the world. Let my embrios ſhew the leaſt inclination to any ſingle virtue, and I ſhall allow it to be a ſtruggling towards birth. I do not expect of them that, like the hero in the foregoing ſtory, they ſhould go about as ſoon as they are born, with a club in their hands, and a lion's ſkin on their ſhoulders, to root out monſters, and deſtroy tyrants; but as the fineſt author of all antiquity has ſaid upon this very occaſion, though a man has not

° The original of this Greek allegory, the curious may ſee in Xenophon's Memorabilia Socratis, &c. *Ut ſupra*, p. 440, Erneſti's edit. 8vo. 4 vol. 1764, Leipſic.

the abilities to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the moſt ſhining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity [p] of being juſt, faithful, modeſt, and temperate.

N° 98. Thurſday, November 24, 1709.
STEELE.

From my own Apartment, November 23.

I READ the following letter, which was left for me this evening, with very much concern for the lady's condition who ſent it, who expreſſes the ſtate of her mind with great frankneſs, as all people ought who talk to their phyſicians.

' Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

' THOUGH you are ſtricken in years, and have had great experience in the world, I believe you will ſay, there are not frequently ſuch difficult occaſions to act in with decency, as thoſe wherein I am entangled. I am a woman in love, and that you will allow to be the moſt unhappy of all circumſtances in human life. Nature has formed us with a ſtrong reluctance againſt owning ſuch a paſſion, and cuſtom has made it criminal in us to make advances. A gentleman, whom I will call Fabio, has the entire poſſeſſion of my heart. I am ſo intimately acquainted with him, that he makes no ſcruple

[p] Capability.

of communicating to me an ardent affection he has for Cleora, a friend of mine, who alſo makes me her confident. Moſt part of my life I am in company with the one or the other, and am always entertained with his paſſion, or her triumph. Cleora is one of thoſe ladies, who think they are virtuous, if they are not guilty; and, without any delicacy of choice, reſolves to take the beſt offer which ſhall be made to her. With this proſpect ſhe puts off declaring herſelf in favour of Fabio, until ſhe ſees what lovers will fall into her ſnares, which ſhe lays in all public places, with all the art of geſture and glances. This reſolution ſhe has herſelf told me. Though I love him better than life, I would not gain him by betraying Cleora; or committing ſuch a treſpaſs againſt modeſty, as letting him know myſelf that I love him. You are an aſtrologer, what ſhall I do?

DIANA DOUBTFUL.'

This lady has ſaid very juſtly, that the condition of a woman in love is of all others the moſt miſerable. Poor Diana! how muſt ſhe be racked with jealouſy, when Fabio talks of Cleora! how with indignation, when Cleora makes a property of Fabio! A female lover is in the condition of a ghoſt, that wanders about its beloved treaſure, without power to ſpeak, until it is ſpoken to. I deſire Diana to continue in this circumſtance; for I ſee an eye of comfort in her caſe, and will take all proper meaſures to extricate her out of this unhappy game

of croſs-purpoſes. Since Cleora is upon the catch with her charms, and has no particular regard for Fabio, I ſhall place a couple of ſpecial fellows in her way, who ſhall both addreſs to her, and have each a better eſtate than Fabio. They are both already taken with her, and are preparing for being of her retinue the enſuing winter.

To women of this worldly turn, as I apprehend Cleora to be, we muſt reckon backward in our computation of merit; and when a fair lady thinks only of making her ſpouſe a convenient domeſtic, the notion of worth and value is altered, and the lover is the more acceptable, the leſs he is conſiderable. The two I ſhall throw into the way of Cleora are, Orſon Thicket and Mr. Walter Wiſdom. Orſon is a huntſman, whoſe father's death, and ſome difficulties about legacies, brought him out of the woods to town laſt November. He was at that time one of thoſe country ſavages, who deſpiſe the ſoftneſs they meet in town and court; and profeſſedly ſhew their ſtrength and roughneſs in every motion and geſture, in ſcorn of our bowing and cringing. He was, at his firſt appearance, very remarkable for that piece of good breeding peculiar to natural Britons, to wit, defiance, and ſhewed every one he met he was as good a man as he. But in the midſt of all this fierceneſs, he would ſometimes attend the diſcourſe of a man of ſenſe, and look at the charms of a beauty, with his eyes and mouth open. He was in this poſture when in the beginning of laſt December, he was ſhot by Cleora from a

ſide-box.——From that moment he ſoftened into humanity, forgot his dogs and horſes, and now moves and ſpeaks with civility and addreſs.

Wat Wiſdom, by the death of an elder brother came to a great eſtate, when he had proceeded juſt far enough in his ſtudies to be very impertinent, and at the years when the law gives him poſſeſſion of his fortune, and his own conſtitution is too warm for the management of it. Orſon is learning to fence and dance, to pleaſe and fight for his miſtreſs; and Walter preparing fine horſes, and a jingling chariot, to enchant her. All perſons concerned will appear at the next opera, where will begin the wild-gooſe chaſe; and I doubt Fabio will ſee himſelf ſo overlooked for Orſon or Walter, as to turn his eyes on the modeſt paſſion and becoming languor in the countenance of Diana; it being my deſign to ſupply with the art of love, all thoſe who preſerve the ſincere paſſion of it.

Will's Coffee-houſe, November 23.

An ingenious and worthy gentleman, my ancient friend, fell into diſcourſe with me this evening, upon the force and efficacy which the writings of good poets have on the minds of their intelligent readers: and recommended to me his ſenſe of the matter, thrown together in the following manner, which he deſired me to communicate to the youth of Great Britain in my eſſays. I chooſe to do it in his own words.

'I have always been of opinion,' ſays he, 'that virtue ſinks deepeſt into the heart of man,

when it comes recommended by the powerful charms of poetry. The moſt active principle in our mind is the imagination: to it a good poet makes his court perpetually, and by this faculty takes care to gain it firſt. Our paſſions and inclinations come over next; and our reaſon ſurrenders itſelf, with pleaſure in the end. Thus the whole ſoul is inſenſibly betrayed into morality, by bribing the fancy with beautiful and agreeable images of thoſe very things that in the books of the philoſophers appear auſtere, and have at the beſt but a kind of forbidding aſpect. In a word, the poets do as it were ſtrew the rough paths of virtue ſo full of flowers, that we are not ſenſible of the uneaſineſs of them; and imagine ourſelves in the midſt of pleaſures, and the moſt bewitching allurements, at the time we are making progreſs in the ſevereſt duties of life.

'All men agree, that licentious poems do, of all writings, ſooneſt corrupt the heart. And why ſhould we not be as univerſally perſuaded, that the grave and ſerious performances of ſuch as write in the moſt engaging manner, by a kind of divine impulſe, muſt be the moſt effectual perſuaſives to goodneſs? If, therefore, I were bleſſed with a ſon, in order to the forming of his manners, which is making him truly my ſon, I ſhould be continually putting into his hand ſome fine poet. The graceful ſentences, and the manly ſentiments, ſo frequently to be met with in every great and ſublime writer, are, in my judgment, the moſt ornamental and valuable furniture, that can be, for a young gentle-

man's head; methinks they ſhew like ſo much rich embroidery upon the brain. Let me add to this, that humanity and tenderneſs, without which there can be no true greatneſs in the mind, are inſpired by the Muſes in ſuch pathetical language, that all we find in proſe-authors towards the raiſing and improving theſe paſſions is, in compariſon, but cold or lukewarm at the beſt. There is beſides a certain elevation of ſoul, a ſedate magnanimity, and a noble turn of virtue, that diſtinguiſhes the hero from the plain honeſt man, to which verſe can only raiſe us. The bold metaphors, and ſounding numbers, peculiar to the poets, rouze up all our ſleeping faculties, and alarm the whole powers of the ſoul, much like that excellent trumpeter mentioned by Virgil:

" ——*Quo non præſtantior alter*
Ære ciere viros, martemque accendere cantu.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 165.

" ——————None ſo renown'd
With breathing braſs to kindle fierce alarms."
DRYDEN.

I fell into this train of thinking this evening, upon reading a paſſage in a maſque writ by Milton, where two brothers are introduced ſeeking their ſiſter, whom they had loſt in a dark night and thick wood. One of the brothers is apprehenſive leſt the wandering virgin ſhould be overpowered with fears, through the darkneſs and lonelineſs of the time and place. This gives the other occaſion to make the following reflec-

tions, which, as I read them, made me forget my age, and renewed in me the warm desires after virtue, so natural to uncorrupted youth.

'I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude:
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd:
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.'

N° 99. Saturday, November 26, 1709.
STEELE.

——*Spirat tragicum ſatis & feliciter audet.*
HOR. 2 Ep. i. 166.
He, fortunately bold, breathes true ſublime.

Will's Coffee-houſe, November 25.

I HAVE been this evening recollecting what paſſages, ſince I could firſt think, have left the ſtrongeſt impreſſions upon my mind; and, after ſtrict inquiry, I am convinced that the impulſes I have received from theatrical repreſentations have had a greater effect than otherwiſe would have been wrought in me by the little occurrences of my private life! My old friends, Hart [q] and Mohun [r], the one by his natural and proper force, the other by his great ſkill and art, never failed to ſend me home full of ſuch ideas as affected my behaviour, and made me inſenſibly more courteous and humane to my friends and acquaintance. It is not the buſineſs of a good play to make every man an hero; but it certainly gives him a livelier ſenſe of virtue and merit, than he had when he entered the theatre.

[q] Hart was boy or apprentice to Robinſon, at the play-houſe in Blackfriars, where he acted womens' parts. C. Cibber tells us, that Hart was as famous for playing the part of Othello, as Betterton was for acting Hamlet.

[r] Mohun was likewiſe bred up to the buſineſs of a player, for he alſo was an apprentice, and played womens' parts.

This rational pleaſure, as I always call it, has for many years been very little taſted: but I am glad to find that the true ſpirit of it is reviving again amongſt us, by a due regard to what is preſented, and by ſupporting only one play-houſe. It has been within the obſervation of the youngeſt amongſt us, that while there were two houſes, they did not outvie each other by ſuch repreſentations as tended to the inſtruction and ornament of life, but by introducing mimical dances, and fulſome buffooneries. For when an excellent tragedy was to be acted in one houſe, the ladder-dancer carried the whole town to the other. Indeed ſuch an evil as this muſt be the natural conſequence of two theatres, as certainly as that there are more who can ſee than can think. Every one is ſenſible of the danger of the fellow on the ladder, and can ſee his activity in coming down ſafe; but very few are judges of the diſtreſs of an hero in a play, or of his manner of behaviour in thoſe circumſtances. Thus, to pleaſe the people, two houſes muſt entertain them with what they can underſtand, and not with things which are deſigned to improve their underſtanding: and the readieſt way to gain good audiences muſt be, to offer ſuch things as are moſt reliſhed by the crowd; that is to ſay, immodeſt action, empty ſhow, or impertinent activity. In ſhort, two houſes cannot hope to ſubſiſt, but by means which are contradictory to the very inſtitution of a theatre in a well-governed kingdom[s].

[s] From the year 1570, to the year 1629, when the play-houſe in White-friars was finiſhed, no leſs than ſeventeen play-

I have ever had this ſenſe of the thing, and for that reaſon have rejoiced that my ancient coeval friend of Drury-lane, though he had ſold off moſt of his moveables, ſtill kept poſſeſſion of his palace; and trembled for him, when he had lately like to have been taken by a ſtratagem. There have for many ages, been a certain learned ſort of unlearned men in this nation called at-

houſes had been built. Moſt of theſe old playhouſes, to which the two mentioned in the text ſucceeded, were only large rooms in noted alehouſes, or ſlight erections in places contiguous, or in gardens, the pits of which were unfloored, where the ſpectators either ſtood, or were badly accommodated with benches to ſit on, and the muſic was mean and deſpicable.

We are informed by another ingenious and learned antiquary, that tobacco, wine, and beer, were in thoſe days the uſual accommodations of the theatre. 'With regard to the ancient prices of admiſſion, the playhouſe called the Hope had five different priced ſeats, from ſixpence to half-a-crown; ſome houſes had penny benches; there was a two-penny gallery; and ſeats at three-pence, and a groat. The general price of what is now called the pit, probably from one of the playhouſes having been a cock-pit, ſeems to have been a ſhilling. The time of exhibition was early in the afternoon, the plays being generally acted by day-light. Even in the reign of Charles II. plays began at three in the afternoon. All female parts were performed by men, no actreſs having been ever ſeen on the public ſtage, before the civil wars. As for the playhouſe furniture and ornaments, they had no other ſcenes and decorations of the ſtage, but only old tapeſtry, and the ſtage ſtrewed with ruſhes, with habits accordingly; as we are aſſured in a ſhort diſcourſe on the Engliſh ſtage, ſubjoined to Flecknoe's Love's Kingdom, 12mo. 1674. Pultenham tells us, they uſed vizards in his time, "partly to ſupply the want of players when there were more parts than there were perſons, or that it was not thought meet to trouble princes chambers with too many folks."

It would ſeem from this laſt clauſe, that vizards were chiefly uſed in the maſques at court.

tornies, who have taken upon them to ſolve all difficulties by increaſing them, and are called upon to the aſſiſtance of all who are lazy, or weak of underſtanding. The inſolence of a ruler of this palace made him reſign the poſſeſſion of it to the management of my above-mentioned friend Divito[t]. Divito was too modeſt to know when to reſign it, until he had the opinion and ſentence of the law for his removal. Both theſe in length of time were obtained againſt him; but as the great Archimedes defended Syracuſe with ſo powerful engines, that if he threw a rope or piece of wood over the wall, the enemy fled; ſo Divito had wounded all adverſaries with ſo much ſkill, that men feared even to be in the right againſt him. For this reaſon, the lawful ruler ſets up an attorney to expel an attorney, and choſe a name dreadful to the ſtage, who only ſeemed able to beat Divito out of his entrenchments.

On the twenty-ſecond inſtant, a night of public rejoicing, the enemies of Divito made a largeſs to the people of faggots, tubs, and other combuſtible matter, which was erected into a

[t] This and the following paragraph refer to a tranſaction between William Collier, eſq. and Chriſtopher Rich, eſq. two lawyers, of which there is here given a very ludicrous account.

Rich was the patentee of Drury-lane theatre, when Collier, having firſt obtained a licence to head a company of players, procured next a leaſe of Drury-lane playhouſe, from the landlords of it, and under this authority, by the help of a hired rabble, he forcibly expelled Rich, and got poſſeſſion.

The particulars of this tranſaction are recorded by C. Cibber, in his Life, vol. i. p. 326, &c.

bonfire before the palace. Plentiful cans were at the ſame time diſtributed among the dependencies of that principality; and the artful rival of Divito, obſerving them prepared for enterpriſe, preſented the lawful owner of the neighbouring edifice, and ſhewed his deputation under him. War immediately enſued upon the peaceful empire of Wit and the Muſes; the Goths and Vandals ſacking Rome did not threaten a more barbarous devaſtation of arts and ſciences. But when they had forced their entrance, the experienced Divito had detached all his ſubjects, and evacuated all his ſtores. The neighbouring inhabitants report, that the refuſe of Divito's followers marched off the night before, diſguiſed in magnificence; door-keepers came out clad like cardinals, and ſcene-drawers like heathen gods. Divito himſelf was wrapped up in one of his black clouds, and left to the enemy nothing but an empty ſtage, full of trap-doors, known only to himſelf and his adherents.

From my own Apartment, November 25.

I HAVE already taken great pains to inſpire notions of honour and virtue into the people of this kingdom, and uſed all gentle methods imaginable, to bring thoſe that are dead in idleneſs, folly, and pleaſure, into life, by applying themſelves to learning, wiſdom, and induſtry. But ſince fair means are ineffectual, I muſt proceed to extremities, and ſhall give my good friends, the company of upholders, full power to bury all ſuch dead as they meet with, who are within

my former deſcriptions of deceaſed perſons. In the mean time the following remonſtrance of that corporation I take to be very juſt.

'From our Office near the Hay-market, Nov. 23.

'WORTHY SIR,

'UPON reading your Tatler on Saturday laſt, by which we received the agreeable news of ſo many deaths, we immediately ordered in a conſiderable quantity of blacks; and our ſervants have wrought night and day ever ſince, to furniſh out the neceſſaries for theſe deceaſed. But ſo it is, ſir, that of this vaſt number of dead bodies, that go putrifying up and down the ſtreets, not one of them has come to us to be buried. Though we ſhould be loth to be any hindrance to our good friends the phyſicians, yet we cannot but take notice what infection her majeſty's ſubjects are liable to from the horrible ſtench of ſo many corpſes. Sir, we will not detain you; our caſe in ſhort is this: here are we embarked in this undertaking for the public good: now, if people ſhould be ſuffered to go on unburied at this rate, there is an end of the uſefulleſt manufactures and handicrafts of the kingdom: for where will be your ſextons, coffin-makers, and plumbers? What will become of your embalmers, epitaph-mongers, and chief mourners? We are loth to drive this matter any farther, though we tremble at the conſequence of it: for if it ſhall be left to every dead man's diſcretion not to be buried until he ſees his time,

no man can ſay where that will end; but thus much we will take upon us to affirm, that ſuch a toleration will be intolerable.

'What would make us eaſy in this matter is no more, but that your worſhip would be pleaſed to iſſue out your orders to *ditto* dead to repair forthwith to our office, in order to their interment; where conſtant attendance ſhall be given to treat with all perſons according to their quality, and the poor to be buried for nothing: and for the convenience of ſuch perſons as are willing enough to be dead, but that they are afraid their friends and relations ſhould know it, we have a back-door into Warwick-ſtreet, from whence they may be interred with all ſecrecy imaginable, and without loſs of time, or hindrance of buſineſs. But in caſe of obſtinacy, for we would gladly make a thorough riddance, we deſire a further power from your worſhip, to take up ſuch deceaſed as ſhall not have complied with your firſt orders, wherever we meet them: and if after that there ſhall be complaints of any perſons ſo offending, let them lie at our doors. We are, your worſhip's until death,

The maſter and company of

UPHOLDERS.'

'P. S. We are ready to give in our printed propoſals at large; and if your worſhip approves of our undertaking, we deſire the following advertiſement may be inſerted in your next paper:

'Whereas a commiſſion of interment has been awarded againſt doctor John Partridge, philomath, profeſſor of phyſic and aſtrology; and, whereas the ſaid Partridge [u] hath not ſurrendered himſelf, nor ſhewn cauſe to the contrary; theſe are to certify, that the company of upholders will proceed to bury him from Cordwainers-hall, on Tueſday the twenty-ninth inſtant, where any ſix of his ſurviving friends, who ſtill believe him to be alive, are deſired to come prepared to hold up the pall.

'Note; we ſhall light away at ſix in the evening, there being to be a ſermon.'

N° 100. Tueſday, November 29, 1709.

ADDISON [x].

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

VIRG. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Returning juſtice brings a golden age. R. W.

Sheer-lane, November 28.

I WAS laſt week taking a ſolitary walk in the garden of Lincoln's-inn (a favour that is indulged me by ſeveral of the benchers, who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me

[u] See a particular account of John Partridge the aſtrologer, at the end of the fifth volume of the Tatler, edit. of 1786, in 6 vol. 12mo, with notes, and plates.

[x] On the authority of the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell. See Addiſon's Works, 4to edit. vol. ii. p. 199. It is likewiſe aſſigned to Addiſon, in Mr. Byron's MS. note.

in this neighbourhood) when, according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progreſs in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the ſudden riſe of many perſons who are my juniors, and indeed at the unequal diſtribution of wealth, honour, and all other bleſſings of life. I was loſt in this thought, when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and preſented me with ſuch an hemiſphere of ſtars, as made the moſt agreeable proſpect imaginable to one who delights in the ſtudy of nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into ſuch a bright tranſparent æther, as made every conſtellation viſible; and at the ſame time gave ſuch a particular glowing to the ſtars, that I thought it the richeſt ſky I had ever ſeen. I could not behold a ſcene ſo wonderfully adorned and lighted up, if I may be allowed that expreſſion, without ſuitable meditations on the Author of ſuch illuſtrious and amazing objects: for on theſe occaſions, philoſophy ſuggeſts motives to religion, and religion adds pleaſure to philoſophy.

As ſoon as I had recovered my uſual temper and ſerenity of ſoul, I retired to my lodgings, with the ſatisfaction of having paſſed away a few hours in the proper employments of a reaſonable creature; and promiſing myſelf that my ſlumbers would be ſweet, I no ſooner fell into them, but I dreamed a dream, or ſaw a viſion, for I know not which to call it, that ſeemed to riſe out of my evening meditation, and had

ſomething in it ſo ſolemn and ſerious that I cannot forbear communicating it; though I muſt confeſs, the wildneſs of imagination, which in a dream is always looſe and irregular, diſcovers itſelf too much in ſeveral parts of it.

Methought I ſaw the ſame azure ſky diverſified with the ſame glorious luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell aſleep. I was looking very attentively on that ſign in the heavens which is called by the name of the Balance, when on a ſudden there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the ſun ſhould riſe at midnight. By its increaſing in breadth and luſtre, I ſoon found that it approached towards the earth; and at length could diſcern ſomething like a ſhadow hovering in the midſt of a great glory, which in a little time after I diſtinctly perceived to be the figure of a woman. I fancied at firſt it might have been an angel, or intelligence that guided the conſtellation from which it deſcended; but, upon a nearer view, I ſaw about her all the emblems with which the goddeſs of Juſtice is uſually deſcribed. Her countenance was unſpeakably awful and majeſtic, but exquiſitely beautiful to thoſe whoſe eyes were ſtrong enough to behold it; her ſmiles tranſported with rapture, her frowns terrified to deſpair. She held in her hand a mirror, endowed with the ſame qualities as that which the painters put into the hand of Truth.

There ſtreamed from it a light, which diſtinguiſhed itſelf from all the ſplendors that ſurrounded her, more than a flaſh of lightning ſhines in the midſt of daylight. As ſhe moved

it in her hand, it brightened the heavens, the air, or the earth. When ſhe had deſcended ſo low as to be ſeen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more ſupportable, ſhe threw darkneſs and clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thouſand beautiful ſhades and colours, and multiplied that luſtre, which was before too ſtrong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the mean time, the world was in an alarm, and all the inhabitants of it gathered together upon a ſpacious plain; ſo that I ſeemed to have the whole ſpecies before my eyes. A voice was heard from the clouds, declaring the intention of this viſit, which was to reſtore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The fear and hope, joy and ſorrow, which appeared in that great aſſembly, after this ſolemn declaration, are not to be expreſſed. The firſt edict was then pronounced, That all titles and claims to riches and eſtates, or to any part of them, ſhould be immediately veſted in the rightful owner. Upon this, the inhabitants of the earth held up the inſtruments of their tenure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the goddeſs moved the mirror of truth which ſhe held in her hand, ſo that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined the ſeveral inſtruments by the beam of it. The rays of this mirror had a particular quality of ſetting fire to all forgery and falſehood. The blaze of papers, the melting of ſeals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd ſcene. The fire

very often ran through two or three lines only, and then ſtopped. Though I could not but obſerve that the flames chiefly broke out among the interlineations and codicils; the light of the mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and receſſes of the univerſe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or deſign. This occaſioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the ſame time, the ſpoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious pile, that almoſt reached to the clouds, and was called, The Mount of Reſtitution; to which all injured perſons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might ſee crowds of people in tattered garments come up, and change clothes with others that were dreſſed with lace and embroidery. Several who were 'plumbs,' or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and poſſeſſions, had no more left than what they uſually ſpent. What moved my concern moſt was, to ſee a certain ſtreet of the greateſt credit in Europe [y] from one end to the other became bankrupt.

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to ſeparate themſelves into their proper families; which was no ſooner done, but an edict was iſſued out, requiring all children to repair to their true and natural fathers. This

[y] Alluding, without doubt, to the bankers in Lombard-ſtreet.

put a great part of the aſſembly in motion; for as the mirror was moved over them, it inſpired every one with ſuch a natural inſtinct, as directed them to their real parents. It was a very melancholy ſpectacle to ſee the fathers of very large families become childleſs, and bachelors undone by a charge of ſons and daughters. You might ſee a preſumptive heir of a great eſtate aſk bleſſing of his coachman, and a celebrated toaſt paying her duty to a valet de chambre. Many, under vows of celibacy, appeared ſurrounded with a numerous iſſue. This change of parentage would have cauſed great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally thoſe who loſt their children, had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them put into the hands of their deareſt friends. Men were no ſooner ſettled in their right to their poſſeſſions and their progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed, That all the poſts of dignity and honour in the univerſe ſhould be conferred on perſons of the greateſt merit, abilities, and perfection. The handſome, the ſtrong, and the wealthy, immediately preſſed forward; but, not being able to bear the ſplendor of the mirror, which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the crowd: but as the goddeſs tried the multitude by her glaſs, as the eagle does its young ones by the luſtre of the ſun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it, who had not diſtinguiſhed himſelf either by virtue, knowledge, or capacity in buſineſs, either military or civil. This ſelect aſſembly was drawn up in the centre of a prodigious mul-

titude, which was diffuſed on all ſides, and ſtood obſerving them, as idle people uſe to gather about a regiment that are exerciſing their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies: in the firſt, were the men of virtue; in the ſecond, men of knowledge; and in the third, the men of buſineſs. It is impoſſible to look at the firſt column without a ſecret veneration, their aſpects were ſo ſweetened with humanity, raiſed with contemplation, emboldened with reſolution, and adorned with the moſt agreeable airs, which are thoſe that proceed from ſecret habits of virtue. I could not but take notice, that there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to ſeveral of their own body.

In the ſecond column, conſiſting of the men of knowledge, there had been great diſputes before they fell into the ranks, which they did not do at laſt without the poſitive command of the goddeſs who preſided over the aſſembly. She had ſo ordered it, that men of the greateſt genius and ſtrongeſt ſenſe were placed at the head of the column. Behind theſe were ſuch as had formed their minds very much on the thoughts and writings of others. In the rear of the column were men who had more wit than ſenſe, or more learning than underſtanding. All living authors of any value were ranged in one of theſe claſſes; but I muſt confeſs, I was very much ſurpriſed to ſee a great body of editors, critics, commentators, and grammarians, meet with ſo very ill a reception. They had formed themſelves into a body, and with a great deal of ar-

rogance demanded the firſt ſtation in the column of knowledge; but the goddeſs, inſtead of complying with their requeſt, clapped them all into liveries, and bid them know themſelves for no other but lacquies of the learned.

The third column were men of buſineſs, and conſiſting of perſons in military and civil capacities. The former marched out from the reſt, and placed themſelves in the front; at which the others ſhook their heads at them, but did not think fit to diſpute the poſt with them. I could not but make ſeveral obſervations upon this laſt column of people; but I have certain private reaſons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the public. In order to fill up all the poſts of honour, dignity, and profit, there was a draught made out of each column of men, who were maſters of all three qualifications in ſome degree, and were preferred to ſtations of the firſt rank. The ſecond draught was made out of ſuch as were poſſeſſed of any two of the qualifications, who were diſpoſed of in ſtations of a ſecond dignity. Thoſe who were left, and were endowed only with one of them, had their ſuitable poſts. When this was over, there remained many places of truſt and profit unfilled, for which there were freſh draughts made out of the ſurrounding multitude, who had any appearance of theſe excellencies, or were recommended by thoſe who poſſeſſed them in reality.

All were ſurpriſed to ſee ſo many new faces in the moſt eminent dignities; and for my own part, I was very well pleaſed to ſee that all my

friends either kept their preſent poſts, or were advanced to higher.

Having filled my paper with thoſe particulars of my viſion which concern the male part of mankind, I muſt reſerve for another occaſion the ſequel of it, which relates to the fair ſex [z].

N° 101. Thurſday, December 1, 1709.

STEELE AND ADDISON [a].

——Poſtquam fregit ſubſellia verſu,
Eſurit intactam Paridi niſi vendit Agaven.

Juv. Sat. vii. 87.

But while the common ſuffrage crown'd his cauſe,
And broke the benches with their loud applauſe;
His Muſe had ſtarv'd, had not a piece unread,
And by a player bought, ſupply'd her bread.

Dryden.

From my own Apartment, November 30.

The progreſs of my intended account of what happened when Juſtice viſited mortals, is at preſent interrupted by the obſervation and ſenſe of an injuſtice againſt which there is no remedy, even in a kingdom more happy in the care taken of the liberty and property of the ſubject, than any other nation upon earth. This iniquity is committed by a moſt impregnable ſet of mor-

[z] See N° 102. the ſequel of this paper, and entitled by Addiſon, 'The continuation of the viſion.'

[a] On the authority of the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell, and the MS. notes of C. Byron, eſq. See N° 74, notes.

tals, men who are rogues within the law; and in the very commiſſion of what they are guilty of, profeſſedly own that they forbear no injury, but from the terror of being puniſhed for it. Theſe miſcreants are a ſet of wretches we authors call 'pirates,' who print any book, poem, or ſermon, as ſoon as it appears in the world, in a ſmaller volume; and ſell it, as all other thieves do ſtolen goods, at a cheaper rate. I was in my rage calling them raſcals, plunderers, robbers, highwaymen. But they acknowledge all that, and are pleaſed with thoſe, as well as any other titles; nay, will print them themſelves, to turn the penny [b].

I am extremely at a loſs how to act againſt ſuch open enemies, who have not ſhame enough to be touched with our reproaches, and are as well defended againſt what we can ſay as what we can do. Railing therefore we muſt turn into complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when

[b] This paper ſeems to have been occaſioned by a pirated edition of the Lucubrations, which came out juſt at this time. The following advertiſement concerning it was ſubjoined to the next paper in the original edition of the Tatler in folio, and often repeated in the ſubſequent numbers.

'Whereas I am informed, that there is a ſpurious and very incorrect edition of theſe papers printed in a ſmall volume; theſe are to give notice, that there is in the preſs, and will ſpeedily be publiſhed, a very neat edition, fitted for the pocket, on extraordinary good paper, a new brevier letter, like the Elzevir editions, and adorned with ſeveral cuts, by the beſt artiſts. To which is added, a preface, index, and many notes, for the better explanation of theſe Lucubrations. By the author, who has reviſed, amended, and made many additions to the whole.

'N. B. Notice ſhall be given in this paper, when I conclude my firſt volume.'

I conſider that all the labours of my long life may be diſappointed by the firſt man that pleaſes to rob me. I had flattered myſelf, that my ſtock of learning was worth a hundred and fifty pounds per annum, which would very handſomely maintain me and my little family, who are ſo happy, or ſo wiſe, as to want only neceſſaries. Before men had come up to this barefaced impudence, it was an eſtate to have a competency of underſtanding.

An ingenious droll, who is ſince dead (and indeed it is well for him he is ſo, for he muſt have ſtarved had he lived to this day), uſed to give me an account of his good huſbandry in the management of his learning. He was a general dealer, and had his amuſements as well comical as ſerious. The merry rogue ſaid, when he wanted a dinner, he writ a paragraph of table talk, and his bookſeller upon ſight paid the reckoning. He was a very good judge of what would pleaſe the people, and could aptly hit both the genius of his readers, and the ſeaſon of the year, in his writings. His brain, which was his eſtate, had as regular and different produce as other men's land. From the beginning of November until the opening of the campaign, he writ pamphlets and letters to members of parliament, or friends in the country. But ſometimes he would relieve his ordinary readers with a murder, and lived comfortably a week or two upon 'ſtrange and lamentable accidents.' A little before the armies took the field, his way was to open your attention with a prodigy; and a monſter well writ, was two guineas the

loweſt price. This prepared his readers for his 'great and bloody news' from Flanders, in June and July. Poor Tom [c]! he is gone——But I obſerved, he always looked well after a battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting year. Had this honeſt careleſs fellow lived until now, famine had ſtared him in the face, and interrupted his merriment; as it muſt be a ſolid affliction to all thoſe whoſe pen is their portion.

As for my part, I do not ſpeak wholly for my own ſake in this point; for palmiſtry and aſtrology will bring me in greater gains than theſe my papers; ſo that I am only in the condition of a lawyer, who leaves the bar for chamber-practice. However, I may be allowed to ſpeak in the cauſe of learning itſelf, and lament that a liberal education is the only one which a polite nation makes unprofitable. All mechanical artizans are allowed to reap the fruit of their invention and ingenuity without invaſion; but he that has ſeparated himſelf from the reſt of mankind, and ſtudied the wonders of the creation, the government of his paſſions, and the revolutions of the world, and has an ambition to communicate the effect of half his life ſpent in ſuch noble inquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is expoſed to robbery and want, with this melancholy and juſt reflection, that he is the only man who is not

[c] The perſon here alluded to, was probably Mr. Thomas Brown, who died in the year 1704, and was buried in the cloyſter of Weſtminſter-abbey, near the remains of Mrs. Behn, with whom he was intimate in his life-time. His works were printed in 4 vols. 12mo, in 1707.

protected by his country, at the ſame time that he beſt deſerves it. According to the ordinary rules of computation, the greater the adventure is, the greater ought to be the profit of thoſe who ſucceed in it; and by this meaſure, none have pretence of turning their labours to greater advantage than perſons brought up to letters. A learned education, paſſing through great ſchools and univerſities, is very expenſive: and conſumes a moderate fortune, before it is gone through in its proper forms. The purchaſe of an handſome commiſſion or employment, which would give a man a good figure in another kind of life, is to be made at a much cheaper rate. Now, if we conſider this expenſive voyage which is undertaken in the ſearch of knowledge, and how few there are who take in any conſiderable merchandize, how leſs frequent it is, to be able to turn what men have gained into profit; how hard is it, that the very ſmall number who are diſtinguiſhed with abilities to know how to vend their wares, and have the good fortune to bring them into port, ſhould ſuffer being plundered by privateers under the very cannon that ſhould protect them! The moſt eminent and uſeful author of the age we live in, after having laid out a princely revenue in works of charity and beneficence, as became the greatneſs of his mind, and the ſanctity of his character, would have left the perſon in the world who was the deareſt to him in a narrow condition, had not the ſale of his immortal writings brought her in a very conſiderable dowry; though it was impoſſible for it to be equal to their value. Every one will

know, that I here mean the works of the late archbiſhop of Canterbury [d], the copy of which was ſold for two thouſand five hundred pounds.

I do not ſpeak with relation to any party; but it has happened, and may often ſo happen, that men of great learning and virtue cannot qualify themſelves for being employed in buſineſs, or receiving preferments. In this caſe, you cut them off from all ſupport, if you take from them the benefit that may ariſe from their writings. For my own part, I have brought myſelf to conſider things in ſo unprejudiced a manner, that I eſteem more a man who can live by the products of his underſtanding, than one who does it by the favour of great men.

The zeal of an author has tranſported me thus far, though I think myſelf as much concerned in the capacity of a reader. If this practice goes on, we muſt never expect to ſee again a beautiful edition of a book in Great Britain.

We have already ſeen the Memoirs of Sir William Temple, publiſhed in the ſame character and volume with the hiſtory of Tom Thumb, and the works of our greateſt poets ſhrunk into penny-books and garlands. For my own part, I expect to ſee my Lucubrations printed on browner paper [e] than they are at preſent, and, if the humour continues, muſt be forced to re-

[d] Dr. John Tillotſon. King William ſettled upon his widow a penſion of 400l. a-year for her life, and gave her, moreover, 1500l. to purchaſe a houſe, and the ſame ſum to furniſh it.

[e] The original Tatler in folio is printed on very brown paper, humorouſly called tobacco paper, N° 160.

trench my expenſive way of living, and not ſmoke above two pipes a day.

'Mr. Charles Lillie [f], perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings, has informed me, that I am obliged to ſeveral of my cuſtomers for coming to his ſhop upon my recommendation, and has alſo given me further aſſurances of his upright dealing with all who ſhall be ſo kind as to make uſe of my name to him. I acknowledge this favour, and have, for the ſervice of my friends who frequent his ſhop, uſed the force of magical powers to add value to his wares. By my knowledge in the ſecret operations of nature, I have made his powders, perfumed and plain, have the ſame effect as love-powder, to all who are too much enamoured to do more than dreſs at their miſtreſſes. His amber, orange-flower, muſk, and civet-violet, put only into an handkerchief, ſhall have the ſame effect towards an honourable lover's wiſhes, as if he had been wrapped in his mother's ſmock. Waſh-balls perfumed, camphired, and plain, ſhall reſtore complexions to that degree, that a country fox-hunter, who uſes them, ſhall, in a week's time, look with a courtly and affable paleneſs, without uſing the bagnio or cupping.

'N. B. Mr. Lillie has ſnuffs, Barcelona, Sevile, muſty, plain, and Spaniſh, which may be taken by a young beginner without danger of ſneezing.'

[f] See N° 110, note on Mr. Lillie.

Sheer-lane, Nov. 30.

'Whereas ſeveral walking dead perſons arrived within the bills of mortality before and ſince the fifteenth inſtant, having been informed of my warrant given to the company of upholders, and being terrified thereat, it not having been advertiſed that privilege or protection would be allowed, have reſolved forthwith to retire to their ſeveral and reſpective abodes in the country, hoping thereby to elude any commiſſion of interment that may iſſue out againſt them; and being informed of ſuch their fallacious deſigns, I do hereby give notice, as well for the good of the public, as for the great veneration I have for the before-mentioned uſeful ſociety, that a proceſs is gone out againſt them; and that, in caſe of contempt, they may be found, or heard of, at moſt coffee-houſes in and about Weſtminſter.

'I muſt deſire my readers to help me out from time to time in the correction of theſe my Eſſays; for as a ſhaking hand does not always write legibly, the preſs ſometimes prints one word for another; and when my paper is to be reviſed, I am perhaps ſo buſy in obſerving the ſpots of the moon, that I have not time to find out the errata that are crept into my Lucubrations [g].'

[g] Addiſon prefixed theſe laſt lines as an introduction to the indication of an erratum in his preceding paper, which is now rectified according to his direction. This erratum was one, he ſaid, among ſeveral of which he made no particular mention.

The correction, and the manner in which it is made, are conſidered by the annotator as additional proofs of Addiſon's concern in this, the preceding, and the following paper.

N° 102. Saturday, December 3, 1709.

ADDISON[h].

From my own Apartment, December 2.

A CONTINUATION OF THE VISION.

THE male world were diſmiſſed by the goddeſs of Juſtice, and diſappeared, when on a ſudden the whole plain was covered with women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unſpeakable pleaſure; and as the celeſtial light of the mirror ſhone upon their faces, ſeveral of them ſeemed rather perſons that deſcended in the train of the goddeſs, than ſuch who were brought before her to their trial. The clack of tongues, and confuſion of voices, in this new aſſembly, were ſo very great, that the goddeſs was forced to command ſilence ſeveral times, and with ſome ſeverity, before ſhe could make them attentive to her edicts. They were all ſenſible that the moſt important affair among woman-kind was then to be ſettled, which every one knows to be the point of place. This had raiſed innumerable diſputes among them, and put the whole ſex into a tumult. Every one produced her claim, and pleaded her pretenſions. Birth, beauty, wit,

[h] On the authority of the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell. See Addiſon's Works, 4to. edit. vol. ii. p. 206.

It is alſo aſcribed to Addiſon by Chriſtopher Byron, eſq. in his MS. notes on the Tatler, and ſo is N° 100, of which this is the ſequel. See N° 74, note.

or wealth, were words that rung in my ears from all parts of the plain. Some boaſted of the merit of their huſbands; others of their own power in governing them. Some pleaded their unſpotted virginity; others their numerous iſſue. Some valued themſelves as they were the mothers, and others as they were the daughters of conſiderable perſons. There was not a ſingle accompliſhment unmentioned, or unpractiſed. The whole congregation was full of ſinging, dancing, toſſing, ogling, ſqueaking, ſmiling, ſighing, fanning, frowning, and all thoſe irreſiſtible arts which women put in practice, to captivate the hearts of reaſonable creatures. The goddeſs, to end this diſpute, cauſed it to be proclaimed, that every one ſhould take place according as ſhe was more or leſs beautiful. This declaration gave great ſatisfaction to the whole aſſembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its beauties. Such as believed themſelves graceful in their motion found an occaſion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a falſe ſtep, that they might ſhew their perſons in the moſt becoming air. Such as had fine necks and boſoms were wonderfully curious to look over the heads of the multitude, and obſerve the moſt diſtant parts of the aſſembly. Several clapt their hands on their foreheads, as helping their ſight to look upon the glories that ſurrounded the goddeſs, but in reality to ſhew fine hands and arms. The ladies were yet better pleaſed, when they heard that in the deciſion of this great controverſy, each of them ſhould be her own judge, and take

her place according to her own opinion of herſelf, when ſhe conſulted her looking-glaſs.

The goddeſs then let down the mirror of Truth in a golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it deſcended and approached nearer to the eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this looking-glaſs, to baniſh all falſe appearances, and ſhew people what they are. The whole woman was repreſented, without regard to the uſual external features, which were made entirely conformable to their real characters. In ſhort, the moſt accompliſhed, taking in the whole circle of female perfections, were the moſt beautiful; and the moſt defective, the moſt deformed. The goddeſs ſo varied the motion of the glaſs, and placed it in ſo many different lights, that each had an opportunity of ſeeing herſelf in it.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the rage, the pleaſure, or aſtoniſhment, that appeared in each face upon its repreſentation in the mirror; multitudes ſtarted at their own form, and would have broke the glaſs if they could have reached it. Many ſaw their blooming features wither as they looked upon them, and their ſelf-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The lady who was thought ſo agreeable in her anger, and was ſo often celebrated for a woman of fire and ſpirit, was frighted at her own image, and fancied ſhe ſaw a fury in the glaſs. The intereſted miſtreſs beheld a harpy, and the ſubtle jilt a ſphinx. I was very much troubled in my own heart, to ſee ſuch a deſtruction of fine faces; but at the ſame time had the pleaſure of ſeeing ſeveral improved,

which I had before looked upon as the greateſt maſterpieces of nature. I obſerved, that ſome few were ſo humble as to be ſurpriſed at their own charms, and that many a one, who had lived in the retirement and ſeverity of a veſtal, ſhined forth in all the graces and attractions of a ſiren. I was raviſhed at the ſight of a particular image in the mirror, which I think the moſt beautiful object that my eyes ever beheld. There was ſomething more than human in her countenance: her eyes were ſo full of light, that they ſeemed to beautify every thing they looked upon. Her face was enlivened with ſuch a florid bloom, as did not ſo properly ſeem the mark of health, as of immortality. Her ſhape, her ſtature, and her mien, were ſuch as diſtinguiſhed her even there, where the whole fair ſex was aſſembled.

I was impatient to ſee the lady repreſented by ſo divine an image, whom I found to be the perſon that ſtood at my right hand, and in the ſame point of view with myſelf. This was a little old woman, who in her prime had been about five feet high, though at preſent ſhrunk to about three quarters of that meaſure. Her natural aſpect was puckered up with wrinkles, and her head covered with gray hairs. I had obſerved all along an innocent cheerfulneſs in her face, which was now heightened into rapture, as ſhe beheld herſelf in the glaſs. It was an odd circumſtance in my dream, but I cannot forbear relating it, I conceived ſo great an inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of diſcourſing her upon the point of marriage, when

on a ſudden ſhe was carried from me; for the word was now given, that all who were pleaſed with their own images ſhould ſeparate, and place themſelves at the head of their ſex.

This detachment was afterwards divided into three bodies, conſiſting of maids, wives, and widows; the wives being placed in the middle, with the maids on the right, and widows on the left, though it was with difficulty that theſe two laſt bodies were hindered from falling into the centre. This ſeparation of thoſe who liked their real ſelves not having leſſened the number of the main body ſo conſiderably as it might have been wiſhed, the goddeſs, after having drawn up her mirror, thought fit to make new diſtinctions among thoſe who did not like the figure which they ſaw in it. She made ſeveral wholeſome edicts, which are ſlipped out of my mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their kind, and executed with great ſeverity. Their deſign was, to make an example of two extremes in the female world; of thoſe who are very ſevere on the conduct of others, and of thoſe who are very regardleſs of their own. The firſt ſentence, therefore, the goddeſs pronounced was, that all females addicted to cenſoriouſneſs and detraction ſhould loſe the uſe of ſpeech; a puniſhment which would be the moſt grievous to the offender, and what ſhould be the end of all puniſhment, effectual for rooting out the crime. Upon this edict, which was as ſoon executed as publiſhed, the noiſe of the aſſembly very conſiderably abated. It was a melancholy ſpectacle,

to ſee ſo many who had the reputation of rigid virtue ſtruck dumb. A lady who ſtood by me, and ſaw my concern, told me, ſhe wondered how I could be concerned for ſuch a pack of ——. I found, by the ſhaking of her head, ſhe was going to give me their characters; but, by her ſaying no more, I perceived ſhe had loſt the command of her tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are diſtinguiſhed by the name of prudes, a courtly word for female hypocrites, who have a ſhort way to being virtuous, by ſhewing that others are vicious. The ſecond ſentence was then pronounced againſt the looſe part of the ſex, that all ſhould immediately be pregnant, who in any part of their lives had run the hazard of it. This produced a very goodly appearance, and revealed ſo many miſconducts, that made thoſe who were lately ſtruck dumb repine more than ever at their want of utterance; though at the ſame time, as afflictions ſeldom come ſingle, many of the mutes were alſo ſeized with this new calamity. The ladies were now in ſuch a condition, that they would have wanted room, had not the plain been large enough to let them divide their ground, and extend their lines on all ſides. It was a ſenſible affliction to me, to ſee ſuch a multitude of fair ones either dumb or big-bellied. But I was ſomething more at eaſe, when I found that they agreed upon ſeveral regulations to cover ſuch misfortunes. Among others, that it ſhould be an eſtabliſhed maxim in all nations, that a woman's firſt child might come into the world within ſix months after her

acquaintance with her husband; and that grief might retard the birth of her last until fourteen months after his decease.

The vision lasted until my usual hour of waking, which I did with some surprise, to find myself alone, after having been engaged almost a whole night in so prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with wonder at the partiality and extravagance of my vision; which, according to my thoughts, has not done justice to the sex. If virtue in men is more venerable, it is in women more lovely; which Milton has very finely expressed in his Paradise Lost, where Adam, speaking of Eve, after having asserted his own pre-eminence, as being first in creation and internal faculties, breaks out into the following rapture:

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

*** 'The Perpetual Office of The Charitable Society of Single Persons, in town or country, for raising and assuring money upon marriages,' where they pay sixpence entrance,

and two ſhillings per quarter till they marry. Whenſoever that is, they receive all their money back, and £.150 per cent. clear profit, full or not, ſtand fair to gain £.40 or £.50 when full, and may get 1, 2, 3, or £.400. The entries increaſe, and the ſhares of the new married are riſen from 48 *s.* to £.7. The ſooner you enter, the more you are likely to gain, as appears from the propoſals given gratis at the office, London-houſe, Cannon-ſtreet. Tat. in folio.

N° 103. Tueſday, December 6, 1709.

ADDISON AND STEELE[1].

——Hæ nugæ ſeria ducunt
In mala, deriſum ſemel, exceptumque ſiniſtre.

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 452.

Theſe toys will once to ſerious miſchief fall,
When he is laugh'd at, when he's jeer'd by all.

CREECH.

From my own Apartment, December 5.

There is nothing gives a man a greater ſatisfaction, than the ſenſe of having diſpatched a great deal of buſineſs, eſpecially when it turns to the public emolument. I have much pleaſure of this kind upon my ſpirits at preſent, occaſioned by the fatigue of affairs which I went through laſt Saturday. It is ſome time ſince I ſet apart that day for examining the pretenſions of ſeveral who had applied to me for canes, perſpective glaſſes, ſnuff-boxes, orange-flower-waters, and the like ornaments of life. In

[1] On the authority of the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell, and of the MS. notes of Chriſtopher Byron, eſq. See N° 74, note.

order to adjuſt this matter, I had before directed Charles Lillie, of Beaufort-buildings, to prepare a great bundle of blank licences in the following words:

'You are hereby required to permit the bearer of this cane to paſs and repaſs through the ſtreets and ſuburbs of London, or any place within ten miles of it, without let or moleſtation, provided that he does not walk with it under his arm, brandiſh it in the air, or hang it on a button: in which caſe it ſhall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who ſhall think it ſafe to take it from him.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.'

The ſame form, differing only in the proviſos, will ſerve for a perſpective, ſnuff-box, or perfumed handkerchief. I had placed myſelf in my elbow-chair at the upper end of my great parlour, having ordered Charles Lillie to take his place upon a joint-ſtool, with a writing-deſk before him. John Morphew[k] alſo took his ſtation at the door; I having, for his good and faithful ſervices, appointed him my chamber-keeper upon court-days. He let me know, that there was a great number attending without. Upon which I ordered him to give notice, that I did not intend to ſit upon ſnuff-boxes that day; but that thoſe who appeared for canes might enter. The firſt preſented me with the following petition, which I ordered Mr. Lillie to read.

[k] John Morphew was the printer and publiſher of the original edition of the Lucubrations of Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſq. in half ſheets.

'*To Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſquire, Cenſor of Great-Britain.*

'The humble petition of Simon Trippit,

'Sheweth,

'THAT your petitioner having been bred up to a cane from his youth, it is now become as neceſſary to him as any other of his limbs.

'That, a great part of his behaviour depending upon it, he ſhould be reduced to the utmoſt neceſſities if he ſhould loſe the uſe of it.

'That the knocking of it upon his ſhoe, leaning one leg upon it, or whiſtling with it on his mouth, are ſuch great reliefs to him in converſation, that he does not know how to be good company without it.

'That he is at preſent engaged in an amour, and muſt deſpair of ſucceſs if it be taken from him.

'Your petitioner, therefore, hopes, that, the premiſes tenderly conſidered, your worſhip will not deprive him of ſo uſeful and ſo neceſſary a ſupport.

'And your petitioner ſhall ever, &c.'

Upon the hearing of his caſe, I was touched with ſome compaſſion, and the more ſo, when, upon obſerving him nearer, I found he was a prig. I bid him produce his cane in court, which he had left at the door. He did ſo, and

I finding it to be very curiouſly clouded, with a tranſparent amber head, and a blue ribband to hang upon his wriſt, I immediately ordered my clerk Lillie to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint, headed with walnut: and then, in order to wean him from it by degrees, permitted him to wear it three days in a week, and to abate proportionably until he found himſelf able to go alone.

The ſecond who appeared came limping into the court; and ſetting forth in his petition many pretences for the uſe of a cane, I cauſed them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different ſtories, and confronting him with ſeveral witneſſes who had ſeen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. Lillie to take in his cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.

A third made his entry with great difficulty leaning upon a ſlight ſtick, and in danger of falling every ſtep he took. I ſaw the weakneſs of his hams; and hearing that he had married a young wife about a fortnight before, I bid him leave his cane, and gave him a new pair of crutches, with which he went off in great vigour and alacrity. This gentleman was ſucceeded by another, who ſeemed very much pleaſed while his petition was reading, in which he had repreſented, that he was extremely afflicted with the gout, and ſet his foot upon the ground with the caution and dignity which accompany that diſtemper. I ſuſpected him for an impoſtor, and having ordered him to be ſearched, I committed him into the hands of doctor Thomas Smith in

King-ſtreet[1], my own corn-cutter, who attended in an outward room, and wrought ſo ſpeedy a cure upon him, that I thought fit to ſend him alſo away without his cane.

While I was thus diſpenſing juſtice, I heard a noiſe in my outward room; and inquiring what was the occaſion of it, my door-keeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very fact, as he was paſſing by my door. They immediately brought in a lively freſh-coloured young man, who made great reſiſtance with hand and foot, but did not offer to make uſe of his cane, which hung upon his fifth button. Upon examination, I found him to be an Oxford ſcholar, who was juſt entered at the Temple. He at firſt diſputed the juriſdiction of the court; but, being driven out of his little law and logic, he told me very pertly, that he looked upon ſuch a perpendicular creature as man to make a very imperfect figure without a cane in his hand. 'It is well known,' ſays he, 'we ought, according to the natural ſituation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet;' and that the wiſdom of the ancients had deſcribed man to be an animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night; by which they intimated, that the cane might very properly become part of us in ſome period of life. Upon which I aſked him, whether he wore it

[1] In the Examiner, N° 45, Vol. iv. there is a letter to John Smith, corn-cutter and operator for the toes, the perſon here alluded to, under the name of Dr. Thomas Smith, in King-ſtreet, and in the Britiſh Muſeum ſeveral originals of his curious advertiſements.

at his breaſt to have it in readineſs when that period ſhould arrive? My young lawyer immediately told me, he had a property in it, and a right to hang it where he pleaſed, and to make uſe of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it; and further ſaid, that he never took it off his button, unleſs it were to lift it up at a coachman, hold it over the head of a drawer, point out the circumſtances of a ſtory, or for other ſervices of the like nature, that are all within the laws of the land. I did not care for diſcouraging a young man, who, I ſaw, would come to good; and, becauſe his heart was ſet upon his new purchaſe, I only ordered him to wear it about his neck, inſtead of hanging it upon his button, and ſo diſmiſſed him.

There were ſeveral appeared in court, whoſe pretenſions I found to be very good, and, therefore, gave them their licences upon paying their fees; as many others had their licences renewed, who required more time for recovery of their lameneſs than I had before allowed them.

Having diſpatched this ſet of my petitioners, there came in a well-dreſſed man, with a glaſs tube in one hand, and his petition in the other. Upon his entering the room, he threw back the right ſide of his wig, put forward his right leg, and advancing his glaſs to his right eye, aimed it directly at me. In the mean while, to make my obſervations alſo, I put on my ſpectacles; in which poſture we ſurveyed each other for ſome time. Upon the removal of our glaſſes, I deſired him to read his petition, which he did

very promptly and eaſily; though at the ſame time it ſet forth, that he could ſee nothing diſtinctly, and was within very few degrees of being utterly blind; concluding by a prayer, that he might be permitted to ſtrengthen and extend his ſight with a glaſs. In anſwer to this, I told him, he might ſometimes extend it to his own deſtruction. 'As you are now,' ſaid I, 'you are out of the reach of beauty; the ſhafts of the fineſt eyes loſe their force before they can come at you; you cannot diſtinguiſh a toaſt from an orange-wench; you can ſee a whole circle of beauty without any interruption from an impertinent face to diſcompoſe you. In ſhort, what are ſnares for others—' My petitioner would hear no more, but told me very ſeriouſly, 'Mr. Bickerſtaff, you quite miſtake your man; it is the joy, the pleaſure, the employment of my life, to frequent public aſſemblies, and gaze upon the fair.' In a word, I found his uſe of a glaſs was occaſioned by no other infirmity but his vanity, and was not ſo much deſigned to make him ſee, as to make him be ſeen and diſtinguiſhed by others. I, therefore, refuſed him a licence for a perſpective, but allowed him a pair of ſpectacles, with full permiſſion to uſe them in any public aſſembly as he ſhould think fit. He was followed by ſo very few of this order of men, that I have reaſon to hope this ſort of cheats is almoſt at an end.

The orange flower-men appeared next with petitions, perfumed ſo ſtrongly with muſk, that I was almoſt overcome with the ſcent; and for

my own ſake was obliged forthwith to licence their handkerchiefs, eſpecially when I found they had ſweetened them at Charles Lillie's, and that ſome of their perſons would not be altogether inoffenſive without them. John Morphew, whom I have made the general of the dead men, acquainted me, that the petitioners were all of that order, and could produce certificates to prove it, if I required it. I was ſo well pleaſed with this way of their embalming themſelves, that I commanded the aboveſaid Morphew to give it in orders to his whole army, that every one, who did not ſurrender himſelf up to be diſpoſed of by the upholders, ſhould uſe the ſame method to keep himſelf ſweet during his preſent ſtate of putrefaction.

I finiſhed my ſeſſion with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done: for, however ſlightly men may regard theſe particulars, and little follies in dreſs and behaviour, they lead to greater evils. The bearing to be laughed at for ſuch ſingularities, teaches us inſenſibly an impertinent fortitude, and enables us to bear public cenſure for things which more ſubſtantially deſerve it. By this means they open a gate to folly, and oftentimes render a man ſo ridiculous, as to diſcredit his virtues and capacities, and unqualify them from doing any good in the world. Beſides, the giving into uncommon habits of this nature, is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind, and, what is worſt of all, the certain indication of ſome ſecret flaw in the mind of the perſon that commits them. When I was a young man,

I remember a gentleman of great integrity and worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad belt, and a hanger inſtead of a faſhionable ſword, though in all other points a very well-bred man. I ſuſpected him at firſt ſight to have ſomething wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to diſcover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for ſix-and-thirty years, when at laſt, to the ſurpriſe of every body but myſelf, who had long expected to ſee the folly break out, he married his own cook-maid.

N° 104. Thurſday, December 8, 1709.

STEELE.

——Garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas.—— HOR. ii. Sat. vi. 78.

He tells an old wife's tale very pertinently.

From my own Apartment, December 7.

My brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for ſome days, my ſiſter Jenny ſent me word ſhe would come and dine with me, and therefore deſired me to have no other company. I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleaſed to ſee her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I ſaw ſhe had a great deal to ſay to me, and eaſily diſcovered in her eyes, and the air of her countenance, that ſhe had abundance of ſatisfaction in her heart, which

ſhe longed to communicate. However, I was reſolved to let her break into her diſcourſe her own way, and reduced her to a thouſand little devices and intimations to bring me to the mention of her huſband. But finding I was reſolved not to name him, ſhe began of her own accord. 'My huſband,' ſaid ſhe, 'gives his humble ſervice to you;' to which I only anſwered, 'I hope he is well;' and, without waiting for a reply, fell into other ſubjects. She at laſt was out of all patience, and ſaid, with a ſmile and manner that I thought had more beauty and ſpirit than I had ever obſerved before in her, 'I did not think, brother, you had been ſo ill-natured. You have ſeen, ever ſince I came in, that I had a mind to talk of my huſband, and you will not be ſo kind as to give me an occaſion.'—'I did not know,' ſaid I, 'but it might be a diſagreeable ſubject to you. You do not take me for ſo old-faſhioned a fellow as to think of entertaining a young lady with the diſcourſe of her huſband. I know nothing is more acceptable than to ſpeak of one who is to be ſo; but to ſpeak of one who is ſo! Indeed, Jenny, I am a better bred man than you think me.' She ſhewed a little diſlike at my raillery; and, by her bridling up, I perceived ſhe expected to be treated hereafter not as Jenny Diſtaff, but Mrs. Tranquillus. I was very well pleaſed with this change in her humour; and, upon talking with her on ſeveral ſubjects, I could not but fancy that I ſaw a great deal of her huſband's way and manner in her remarks, her phraſes, the tone of her voice, and the very

air of her countenance. This gave me an unſpeakable ſatisfaction, not only becauſe I had found her an huſband, from whom ſhe could learn many things that were laudable, but alſo becauſe I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible ſign that ſhe entirely loved him. This is an obſervation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural ſhyneſs of her ſex hindered her from telling me the greatneſs of her own paſſion; but I eaſily collected it from the repreſentation ſhe gave me of his. 'I have every thing,' ſays ſhe, 'in Tranquillus, that I can wiſh for; and enjoy in him, what indeed you have told me were to be met with in a good huſband, the fondneſs of a lover, the tenderneſs of a parent, and the intimacy of a friend.' It tranſported me to ſee her eyes ſwimming in tears of affection when ſhe ſpoke. 'And is there not, dear ſiſter,' ſaid I, 'more pleaſure in the poſſeſſion of ſuch a man, than in all the little impertinencies of balls, aſſemblies, and equipage, which it coſt me ſo much pains to make you contemn?' She anſwered, ſmiling, 'Tranquillus has made me a ſincere convert in a few weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole life. To tell you truly, I have only one fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me trouble in the midſt of all my ſatisfactions: I am afraid, you muſt know, that I ſhall not always make the ſame amiable appearance in his eye that I do at preſent. You know, brother Bickerſtaff, that you have the reputation of a conjurer; and if you

have any one ſecret in your heart to make your ſiſter always beautiful, I ſhould be happier than if I were miſtreſs of all the worlds you have ſhewn me in a ſtarry night.'—'Jenny,' ſaid I, 'without having recourſe to magic, I ſhall give you one plain rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a man who has ſo great a paſſion for you, and is of ſo equal and reaſonable a temper as Tranquillus. Endeavour to pleaſe, and you muſt pleaſe; be always in the ſame diſpoſition as you are when you aſk for this ſecret, and you may take my word, you will never want it. An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it inviſible.'

We diſcourſed very long upon this head, which was equally agreeable to us both; for I muſt confeſs, as I tenderly love her, I take as much pleaſure in giving her inſtructions for her welfare, as ſhe herſelf does in receiving them. I proceeded therefore to inculcate theſe ſentiments, by relating a very particular paſſage that happened within my own knowledge.

There were ſeveral of us making merry at a friend's houſe in a country-village, when the ſexton of the pariſh-church entered the room in a ſort of ſurpriſe, and told us, that as he was digging a grave in the chancel, a little blow of his pick-ax opened a decayed coffin, in which there were ſeveral written papers. Our curioſity was immediately raiſed, ſo that we went to the place where the ſexton had been at work, and found a great concourſe of people about the

grave. Among the reſt, there was an old woman, who told us, the perſon buried there was a lady whoſe name I do not think fit to mention, though there is nothing in the ſtory but what tends very much to her honour [m]. This lady lived ſeveral years an exemplary pattern of conjugal love, and, dying ſoon after her huſband, who every way anſwered her character in virtue and affection, made it her death-bed requeſt, that all the letters which ſhe had received from him, both before and after her marriage, ſhould be buried in the coffin with her. Theſe, I found upon examination, were the papers before us. Several of them had ſuffered ſo much by time, that I could only pick out a few words; as 'my ſoul! lilies! roſes! deareſt angel!' and the like. One of them, which was legible throughout, ran thus.

'MADAM,

'IF you would know the greatneſs of my love, conſider that of your own beauty. That blooming countenance, that ſnowy boſom, that graceful perſon, return every moment to my imagination: the brightneſs of your eyes hath hindered me from cloſing mine ſince I laſt ſaw you. You may ſtill add to your beauties by a ſmile. A frown will make me the moſt wretched of men, as I am the moſt paſſionate of lovers.'

[m] A ſon of ſir Thomas Chichely, one of king William's admirals, aſſured the very reſpectable communicator of this note, that the lady here alluded to was his mother, and that the letters were genuine.

It filled the whole company with a deep melancholy, to compare the deſcription of the letter with the perſon that occaſioned it, who was now reduced to a few crumbling bones and a little mouldering heap of earth. With much ado I decyphered another letter, which began with, 'My dear, dear wife.' This gave me a curioſity to ſee how the ſtyle of one written in marriage differed from one written in courtſhip. To my ſurpriſe, I found the fondneſs rather augmented than leſſened, though the panegyric turned upon a different accompliſhment. The words were as follow:

'Before this ſhort abſence from you, I did not know that I loved you ſo much as I really do: though, at the ſame time, I thought I loved you as much as poſſible. I am under great apprehenſion, leſt you ſhould have any uneaſineſs whilſt I am defrauded of my ſhare in it, and cannot think of taſting any pleaſures that you do not partake with me. Pray, my dear, be careful of your health, if for no other reaſon, but becauſe you know I could not outlive you. It is natural in abſence to make profeſſions of an inviolable conſtancy; but towards ſo much merit, it is ſcarce a virtue, eſpecially when it is but a bare return to that of which you have given me ſuch continued proofs ever ſince our firſt acquaintance. I am, &c.'

It happened that the daughter of theſe two excellent perſons was by when I was reading this letter. At the ſight of the coffin, in which was the body of her mother, near that of her

father, ſhe melted into a flood of tears. As I had heard a great character of her virtue, and obſerved in her this inſtance of filial piety, I could not reſiſt my natural inclination of giving advice to young people, and therefore addreſſed myſelf to her. 'Young lady,' ſaid I, 'you ſee how ſhort is the poſſeſſion of that beauty, in which nature has been ſo liberal to you. You find the melancholy ſight before you is a contradiction to the firſt letter that you heard on that ſubject; whereas you may obſerve, the ſecond letter, which celebrates your mother's conſtancy, is itſelf, being found in this place, an argument of it. But, madam, I ought to caution you, not to think the bodies that lie before you your father and your mother. Know, their conſtancy is rewarded by a nobler union than by this mingling of their aſhes, in a ſtate where there is no danger or poſſibility of a ſecond ſeparation.'

N° 105. Saturday, December 10, 1709.
STEELE.

Sheer-lane, December 9.

As ſoon as my midnight ſtudies are finiſhed, I take but a very ſhort repoſe, and am again up at an exerciſe of another kind; that is to ſay, my fencing [n]. Thus my life paſſes away in a

[n] See N° 93, and N° 115.

reſtleſs purſuit of fame, and a preparation to defend myſelf againſt ſuch as attack it. This anxiety in the point of reputation is the peculiar diſtreſs of fine ſpirits, and makes them liable to a thouſand inquietudes, from which men of groſſer underſtandings are exempt; ſo that nothing is more common, than to ſee one part of mankind live at perfect eaſe under ſuch circumſtances as would make another part of them entirely miſerable.

This may ſerve for a preface to the hiſtory of poor Will Roſin, the fiddler of Wapping, who is a man as much made for happineſs and a quiet life, as any one breathing; but has been lately entangled in ſo many intricate and unreaſonable diſtreſſes, as would have made him, had he been a man of too nice honour, the moſt wretched of all mortals. I came to the knowledge of his affairs by mere accident. Several of the narrow end of our lane having made an appointment to viſit ſome friends beyond Saint Katharine's, where there was to be a merry meeting, they would needs take with them the old gentleman, as they are pleaſed to call me. I, who value my company by their good-will, which naturally has the ſame effect as good-breeding, was not too ſtately, or too wiſe, to accept of the invitation. Our deſign was to be ſpectators of a ſea-ball; to which I readily conſented, provided I might be incognito, being naturally pleaſed with the ſurvey of human life in all its degrees and circumſtances. In order to this merriment, Will Roſin, who is the

Corelli[o] of the Wapping ſide, as Tom Scrape is the Bononcini[p] of Redriffe[q], was immediately ſent for: but, to our utter diſappointment, poor Will was under an arreſt, and deſired the aſſiſtance of all his kind maſters and miſtreſſes, or he muſt go to gaol. The whole company received his meſſage with great humanity, and very generouſly threw in their half-pence a-piece in a great diſh, which purchaſed his redemption out of the hands of the bailiffs. During the negociation for his enlargement, I had an opportunity of acquainting myſelf with his hiſtory.

[o] Arcangelus Corellius, a native of Fuſignanoin, in the territory of Bologne, was born in 1653, and died at Rome in 1713. He was the greateſt maſter of the violin that the world had then heard of, and his excellencies as a muſician at large, as the author of new and original harmonies, and the father of a ſtyle not leſs noble and grand, than elegant and pathetic, were ſufficient to attract the patronage of the great, and to ſilence, as they did, all competition.

[p] Giovanni Bononcini, a native of Modena, was the youngeſt of three ſons of Giovanni Maria Bononcini, a celebrated muſical compoſer and author. He had a very fine hand on the violoncello; his ſtyle in muſic was tender, elegant, and pathetic; and he was patronized by the whigs, in oppoſition to Handel.

[q] The ſtory here told, though at this diſtance of time unintereſting, may poſſibly be true; and the relation of it ſerves to ſhew that the writers of theſe papers, for the purpoſes of variety, and to exhibit repreſentations of low manners, thought it often neceſſary to mix with the vulgar. Steele, who at one time reſided at Poplar, may be ſuppoſed to have viſited the muſic-houſe at Wapping, and to have known enough of Will Roſin to induce him to be preſent at the celebrity here recorded.

This is ſtill rendered more probable by the recollection that Medley, N° 23, was written by Steele, in which there is a humorous account of a ball at Wapping.

Mr. William Roſin, of the pariſh of Saint Katherine, is ſomewhat ſtricken in years, and married to a young widow, who has very much the aſcendant over him; this degenerate age being ſo perverted in all things, that even in the ſtate of matrimony, the young pretend to govern their elders. The muſician is extremely fond of her; but is often obliged to lay by his fiddle, to hear louder notes of hers, when ſhe is pleaſed to be angry with him: for you are to know, Will is not of conſequence enough to enjoy her converſation but when ſhe chides him, or makes uſe of him to carry on her amours: for ſhe is a woman of ſtratagem; and, even in that part of the world, where one would expect but very little gallantry by the force of natural genius, ſhe can be ſullen, ſick, out of humour, ſplenetic, want new clothes, and more money, as well as if ſhe had been bred in Cheapſide, or Cornhill. She was lately under a ſecret diſcontent, upon account of a lover ſhe was like to loſe by his marriage; for her gallant, Mr. Ezekiel Boniface, had been twice aſked in the church, in order to be joined in matrimony with Mrs. Winifred Dimple, ſpinſter, of the ſame pariſh. Hereupon Mrs. Roſin was far gone in that diſtemper which well-governed huſbands know by the deſcription of, 'I am I know not how;' and Will ſoon underſtood, that it was his part to inquire into the occaſion of her melancholy, or ſuffer as the cauſe of it himſelf. After much importunity, all he could get out of her was, that ſhe was the moſt unhappy and the moſt

wicked of all women, and had no friend in the world to tell her grief to. Upon this, Will doubled his importunities; but ſhe ſaid, that ſhe ſhould break her poor heart, if he did not take a ſolemn oath upon a book, that he would not be angry; and that he would expoſe the perſon who had wronged her to all the world, for the eaſe of her mind, which was no way elſe to be quieted. The fiddler was ſo melted, that he immediately kiſſed her, and afterwards the book. When his oath was taken, ſhe began to lament herſelf, and revealed to him, that, miſerable woman as ſhe was, ſhe had been falſe to his bed. Will was glad to hear it was no worſe; but, before he could reply, 'Nay,' ſaid ſhe, 'I will make you all the atonement I can, and take ſhame upon me, by proclaiming it to all the world, which is the only thing that can remove my preſent terrors of mind.' This was indeed too true, for her deſign was to prevent Mr. Boniface's marriage, which was all ſhe apprehended. Will was thoroughly angry, and began to curſe and ſwear, the ordinary expreſſions of paſſion in perſons of his condition. Upon which his wife—'Ah, William! how well you mind the oath you have taken, and the diſtreſs of your poor wife, who can keep nothing from you! I hope you will not be ſuch a perjured wretch as to forſwear yourſelf.' The fiddler anſwered, that his oath obliged him only not to be angry at what was paſſed; 'but I find you intend to make me laughed at all over Wapping.'——'No, no,' replied Mrs. Roſin, I ſee well enough what you would be at, you

poor-ſpirited cuckold! You are afraid to expoſe Boniface, who has abuſed your poor wife, and would fain perſuade me ſtill to ſuffer the ſtings of conſcience; but I aſſure you, ſirrah, I will not go to the devil for you.' Poor Will was not made for contention, and beſeeching her to be pacified, deſired ſhe would conſult the good of her ſoul her own way, for he would not ſay her nay in any thing.

Mrs. Roſin was ſo very loud and public in her invectives againſt Boniface, that the parents of his miſtreſs forbad the banns, and his match was prevented; which was the whole deſign of this deep ſtratagem. The father of Boniface brought his action of defamation, arreſted the fiddler, and recovered damages. This was the diſtreſs from which he was relieved by the company; and the good huſband's air, hiſtory, and jollity upon his enlargement, gave occaſion to very much mirth; eſpecially when Will, finding he had friends to ſtand by him, proclaimed himſelf a cuckold, by way of inſult over the family of the Bonifaces. Here is a man of tranquillity without reading Seneca! What work had ſuch an incident made among perſons of diſtinction! The brothers and kindred of each ſide muſt have been drawn out, and hereditary hatred entailed on the families as long as their very names remained in the world. Who would believe that Herod, Othello, and Will Roſin, were of the ſame ſpecies[r].

[r] See N° 164.

There are quite different ſentiments which reign in the parlour and the kitchen; and it is by the point of honour, when juſtly regulated, and inviolably obſerved, that ſome men are ſuperior to others, as much as mankind in general are to brutes. This puts me in mind of a paſſage in the admirable poem called The Diſpenſary, where the nature of true honour is artfully deſcribed in an ironical diſpraiſe of it:

'But ere we once engage in honour's cauſe,
Firſt know what honour is, and whence it was.
Scorn'd by the baſe, 'tis courted by the brave,
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's ſlave.
Born in the noiſy camp, it lives on air;
And both exiſts by hope, and by deſpair.
Angry whene'er a moment's eaſe we gain,
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.
It lives when in death's arms the hero lies,
But when his ſafety he conſults, it dies.
Bigoted to this idol, we diſclaim
Reſt, health, and eaſe, for nothing but a name[*].'

'A very odd fellow viſited me to-day at my lodgings, and deſired encouragement and recommendation from me for a new invention of knockers to doors, which he told me he had made, and profeſſed to teach ruſtic ſervants the uſe of them. I deſired him to ſhow me an experiment of this invention; upon which he fixed one of his knockers to my parlour-door. He then gave me a complete ſet of knocks, from the ſolitary rap of the dun and beggar, to

[*] Dr. Garth's Diſpenſary, canto iii. ver. 264.

the thunderings of the ſaucy footman of quality, with ſeveral flouriſhes and rattlings never yet performed. He likewiſe played over ſome private notes, diſtinguiſhing the familiar friend or relation from the moſt modiſh viſitor; and directing when the reſerve candles are to be lighted. He has ſeveral other curioſities in this art. He waits only to receive my approbation of the main deſign. He is now ready to practiſe to ſuch as ſhall apply themſelves to him; but I have put off his public licence until next court-day.

'N. B. He teaches under-ground.'

*** There having of late, in ſeveral news-papers, been an adv. called Merlinus Liberatus, pretended to be made by J. Partridge, but in truth patched together by Benj. Harris, famous for practices of this nature; this notice is given to prevent perſons being impoſed upon, for there will not be any almanac publiſhed by J. Partridge for 1710, the lord chancellor's injunction againſt printing the ſame being ſtill in force, &c. &c.' Tat. in fol. See N° 99, *ad finem*; and account of J. Partridge, Tat. vol. v. edit. 1786, cr. 8vo. 6 vols.

N° 106. Tuesday, December 13, 1709.

STEELE.

——*Invenies disjecti membra poetæ.*

HOR. Sat iv. 62.

You will find the limbs of a dismember'd poet.

Will's Coffee-house, December 12.

I WAS this evening sitting at the side-table, and reading one of my own papers with great satisfaction, not knowing that I was observed by any in the room. I had not long enjoyed this secret pleasure of an author, when a gentleman, some of whose works I have been highly entertained with [t], accosted me after the following manner. 'Mr. Bickerstaff, you know I have for some years devoted myself wholly to the Muses, and perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you, I am resolved to take up, and apply myself to business. I shall therefore beg you will stand my friend, and recommend a customer to me for several goods that I have now upon my hands.'—I desired him to 'let me have a particular [u],' and I would do my ut-

[t] The person here alluded to, was probably Peter Anthony Motteux, a Frenchman, who translated Don Quixote, and was a writer of songs, prologues, epilogues, &c. who about this time became a seller of china, fans, and tea, on which he published a sixpenny poem. See Spect. N° 476, *ad finem*, and N° 552.

[u] Perhaps the technical phrase of an auctioneer, or a mercantile expression in use at that time.

moſt to ſerve him.—'I have firſt of all,' ſays he, 'the progreſs of an amour digeſted into ſonnets, beginning with a poem to the unknown fair, and ending with an epithalamium. I have celebrated in it her cruelty, her pity, her face, her ſhape, her wit, her good humour, her dancing, her ſinging'—I could not forbear interrupting him; 'This is a moſt accompliſhed lady,' ſaid I, 'but has ſhe really, with all theſe perfections, a fine voice?'—'Pugh,' ſays he, 'you do not believe there is ſuch a perſon in nature. This was only my employment in ſolitude laſt ſummer, when I had neither friends nor books to divert me.'—'I was going,' ſaid I, 'to aſk her name, but I find it is only an imaginary miſtreſs.—'That's true,' replied my friend, 'but her name is Flavia. I have,' continued he, 'in the ſecond place, a collection of lampoons, calculated either for the Bath, Tunbridge, or any place where they drink waters, with blank ſpaces for the names of ſuch perſon or perſons as may be inſerted in them on occaſion. Thus much I have told only of what I have by me, proceeding from love and malice. I have alſo at this time the ſketch of an heroic poem upon the next peace: ſeveral, indeed, of the verſes are either too long or too ſhort, it being a rough draught of my thoughts upon that ſubject.' I thereupon told him, that, as it was, it might probably paſs for a very good Pindaric, and I believe I knew one who would be willing to deal with him for it upon that foot*.

* The author probably alludes here to Mr. Thomas Tickell, who publiſhed a poem, intituled, The Proſpect of

'I muſt tell you alſo,' ſaid he, 'I have made a dedication to it, which is about four ſides cloſe written, that may ſerve any one that is tall, and underſtands Latin. I have further, about fifty ſimilies, that were never yet applied, beſides three-and-twenty deſcriptions of the ſun riſing, that might be of great uſe to an epic poet. Theſe are my more bulky commodities: beſides which, I have ſeveral ſmall wares that I would part with at eaſy rates; as, obſervations upon life, and moral ſentences, reduced into ſeveral couplets, very proper to cloſe up acts of plays, and may be eaſily introduced by two or three lines of proſe, either in tragedy or comedy. If I could find a purchaſer curious in Latin poetry, I could accommodate him with two dozen of epigrams, which by reaſon of a few falſe quantities, ſhould come for little or nothing.'

I heard the gentleman with much attention, and aſked him, whether he would break bulk, and ſell his goods by retail, or deſigned they ſhould all go in a lump. He told me, that he ſhould be very loth to part them, unleſs it was to oblige a man of quality, or any perſon for whom I had a particular friendſhip.—'My reaſon for aſking,' ſaid I, 'is, only becauſe I know a young gentleman who intends to appear next ſpring in a new jingling [y] chariot, with the figures of the nine Muſes on each ſide of it; and, I believe, would be glad to come into

Peace. See Spectator, N° 523, and Tat. N° 47, note on Tom Spindle.

[y] See N° 98, and N° 113.

the world in verſe.' We could not go on in our treaty, by reaſon of two or three critics that joined us. They had been talking, it ſeems, of the two letters which were found in the coffin, and mentioned in one of my late Lucubrations, and came with a requeſt to me, that I would communicate any others of them that were legible[z]. One of the gentlemen was pleaſed to ſay, that it was a very proper inſtance of a widow's conſtancy; and ſaid, he wiſhed I had ſubjoined, as a foil to it, the following paſſage in Hamlet. The young prince was not yet acquainted with all the guilt of his mother, but turns his thoughts on her ſudden forgetfulneſs of his father, and the indecency of her haſty marriage.

'——That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not ſo much, not two!
So excellent a king! that was, to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr: ſo loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Viſit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Muſt I remember? Why ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month!
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month! or e'er thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears, why ſhe, even ſhe,
O heaven! a brute, that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine uncle!
My father's brother! but no more like my father,

[z] See N° 104, and note.

Than I to Hercules. Within a month!
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eyes,
She married—O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But, break, my heart; for I muſt hold my tongue!'

The ſeveral emotions of mind, and breaks of paſſion, in this ſpeech, are admirable. He has touched every circumſtance that aggravated the fact, and ſeemed capable of hurrying the thoughts of a ſon into diſtraction. His father's tenderneſs for his mother, expreſſed in ſo delicate a particular; his mother's fondneſs for his father, no leſs exquiſitely deſcribed; the great and amiable figure of his dead parent drawn by a true filial piety; his diſdain of ſo unworthy a ſucceſſor to his bed: but above all, the ſhortneſs of the time between his father's death and his mother's ſecond marriage, brought together with ſo much diſorder, make up as noble a part as any in that celebrated tragedy. The circumſtance of time I never could enough admire. The widowhood had laſted two months. This is his firſt reflection: but as his indignation riſes he ſinks to ſcarce two months: afterwards into a month; and at laſt, into a little month: but all this ſo naturally, that the reader accompanies him in the violence of his paſſion, and finds the time leſſen inſenſibly, according to the different workings of his diſdain. I have not mentioned the inceſt of her marriage, which is ſo obvious a provocation; but cannot forbear taking notice, that when his fury is at its height,

he cries, 'Frailty, thy name is woman!' as railing at the ſex in general, rather than giving himſelf leave to think his mother worſe than others—*Deſiderantur multa.*

'Whereas Mr. Jeffery Groggram has ſurrendered himſelf, by his letter bearing date December 7, and has ſent an acknowledgement that he is dead, praying an order to the company of upholders for interment at ſuch a reaſonable rate as may not impoveriſh his heirs: the ſaid Groggram having been dead ever ſince he was born, and added nothing to his ſmall patrimony; Mr. Bickerſtaff has taken the premiſes into conſideration; and being ſenſible of the ingenuous and ſingular behaviour of this petitioner, pronounces the ſaid Jeffery Groggram a live man, and will not ſuffer that he ſhould bury himſelf out of modeſty; but requires him to remain among the living, as an example to thoſe obſtinate dead men, who will neither labour for life, nor go to their graves.

'N. B. Mr. Groggram is the firſt perſon that has come in upon Mr. Bickerſtaff's dead warrant.

'Florinda demands, by her letter of this day, to be allowed to paſs for a living woman, having danced the Derbyſhire hornpipe in the preſence of ſeveral friends on Saturday laſt.

'Granted: provided ſhe can bring proof, that ſhe can make a pudding on the twenty-fourth inſtant [a].'

[a] For Chriſtmas-day's dinner.

*** An advertiſement againſt a pirated incorrect edition of the Lucubrations, &c. in a ſmall volume, is annexed to this paper in the folio copy.

N° 107. Thurſday, December 15, 1709.
STEELE.

——Ah miſer!
Quantâ laboras in Charybdi,
Digne puer meliore flammâ?

HOR. 1. Od. xxvii. 20.

Unhappy youth! doth ſhe ſurpriſe?
And have her flames poſſeſs'd
Thy burning breaſt?
Thou didſt deſerve a dart from kinder eyes.

CREECH.

Sheer-lane, December 14.

ABOUT four this afternoon, which is the hour I uſually put myſelf in a readineſs to receive company, there entered a gentleman, who I believed at firſt came upon ſome ordinary queſtion: but, as he approached nearer to me, I ſaw in his countenance a deep ſorrow, mixed with a certain ingenuous complacency, that gave me ſudden good-will towards him. He ſtared, and betrayed an abſence of thought, as he was going to communicate his buſineſs to me. But at laſt, recovering himſelf, he ſaid with an air of great reſpect, 'Sir, it would be an injury to your knowledge in the occult ſciences, to tell you what is my diſtreſs; I dare ſay, you read it in my countenance: I therefore beg your advice to the moſt unhappy of all men.' Much experience has made me particularly ſagacious in the diſcovery of diſtempers, and I ſoon ſaw that his was love. I then turned to my common-place

book, and found his caſe under the word 'coquette;' and reading over the catalogue which I have collected out of this great city of all under that character, I ſaw at the name of Cynthia his fit came upon him. I repeated the name thrice after a muſing manner, and immediately perceived his pulſe quicken two thirds; when his eyes, inſtead of the wildneſs with which they appeared at his entrance, looked with all the gentleneſs imaginable upon me, not without tears. 'Oh! ſir,' ſaid he, 'you know not the unworthy uſage I have met with from the woman my ſoul doats on. I could gaze at her to the end of my being: yet when I have done ſo, for ſome time paſt, I have found her eyes fixed on another. She is now two-and-twenty, in the full tyranny of her charms, which ſhe once acknowledged ſhe rejoiced in, only as they made her choice of me, out of a crowd of admirers, the more obliging. But in the midſt of this happineſs, ſo it is, Mr. Bickerſtaff, that young Quickſet, who is juſt come to town, without any other recommendation than that of being tolerably handſome, and exceſſively rich, has won her heart in ſo ſhameleſs a manner, that ſhe dies for him. In a word, I would conſult you how to cure myſelf of this paſſion for an ungrateful woman, who triumphs in her falſehood, and can make no man happy, becauſe her own ſatisfaction conſiſts chiefly in being capable of giving diſtreſs. I know Quickſet is at preſent conſiderable with her, for no other reaſon but that he can be without her, and feel no pain in the loſs. Let me therefore deſire you, ſir, to

fortify my reaſon againſt the levity of an inconſtant, who ought only to be treated with neglect.'

All this time I was looking over my receipts, and aſked him, if he had any good winter boots——'Boots, ſir!' ſaid my patient——I went on; 'You may eaſily reach Harwich in a day, ſo as to be there when the packet goes off.'—'Sir,' ſaid the lover, 'I find you deſign me for travelling; but, alas! I have no language, it will be the ſame thing to me as ſolitude, to be in a ſtrange country. I have,' continued he ſighing, 'been many years in love with this creature, and have almoſt loſt even my Engliſh, at leaſt to ſpeak ſuch as any body elſe does. I aſked a tenant of ours, who came up to town the other day with rent, whether the flowery mead near my father's houſe in the country had any ſhepherd in it? I have called a cave a grotto theſe three years, and muſt keep ordinary company, and frequent buſy people for ſome time, before I can recover my common words.' I ſmiled at his raillery upon himſelf, though I well ſaw it came from a heavy heart. 'You are,' ſaid I, 'acquainted, to be ſure, with ſome of the general officers: ſuppoſe you made a campaign?'—'If I did,' ſaid he, 'I ſhould venture more than any man there, for I ſhould be in danger of ſtarving; my father is ſuch an untoward old gentleman, that he would tell me he found it hard enough to pay his taxes towards the war, without making it more expenſive by an allowance to me. With all this, he is as fond as he is rugged, and I am his only ſon.'

I looked upon the young gentleman with much tenderneſs, and not like a phyſician, but a friend; for I talked to him ſo largely, that if I had parcelled my diſcourſe into diſtinct preſcriptions, I am confident I gave him two hundred pounds worth of advice. He heard me with great attention, bowing, ſmiling, and ſhewing all other inſtances of that natural good breeding which ingenuous tempers pay to thoſe who are elder and wiſer than themſelves. I entertained him to the following purpoſe. 'I am ſorry, ſir, that your paſſion is of ſo long a date, for evils are much more curable in their beginnings; but at the ſame time muſt allow, that you are not to be blamed, ſince your youth and merit has been abuſed by one of the moſt charming, but the moſt unworthy ſort of women, the coquettes. A coquette is a chaſte jilt, and differs only from a common one, as a ſoldier who is perfect in exerciſe does from one that is actually in ſervice. This grief, like all others, is to be cured only by time; and, although you are convinced this moment, as much as you will be ten years hence, that ſhe ought to be ſcorned and neglected, you ſee you muſt not expect your remedy from the force of reaſon. The cure then is only in time, and the haſtening of the cure only in the manner of employing that time. You have anſwered me as to travel and a campaign, ſo that we have only Great Britain to avoid her in. Be then yourſelf, and liſten to the following rules, which only can be of uſe to you in this unaccountable diſtemper, wherein the patient is often averſe even to his recovery.

It has been of benefit to ſome to apply themſelves to buſineſs; but as that may not lie in your way, go down to your eſtate, mind your fox-hounds, and venture the life you are weary of over every hedge and ditch in the country. Theſe are wholſome remedies; but, if you can have reſolution enough, rather ſtay in town, and recover yourſelf even in the town where ſhe inhabits. Take particular care to avoid all places where you may poſſibly meet her, and ſhun the ſight of every thing which may bring her to your remembrance; there is an infection in all that relates to her: you will find her houſe, her chariot, her domeſtics, and her very lap-dog, are ſo many inſtruments of torment. Tell me ſeriouſly, do you think you could bear the ſight of her fan?' He ſhook his head at the queſtion, and ſaid, 'Ah! Mr. Bickerſtaff, you muſt have been a patient, or you could not have been ſo good a phyſician.'—'To tell you truly,' ſaid I, 'about the thirtieth year of my age, I received a wound that has ſtill left a ſcar in my mind, never to be quite worn out by time, or philoſophy.

'The means which I found the moſt effectual for my cure were reflections upon the ill-uſage I had received from the woman I loved, and the pleaſure I ſaw her take in my ſufferings.

'I conſidered the diſtreſs ſhe brought upon me the greateſt that could befal an human creature, at the ſame time that ſhe did not inflict this upon one who was her enemy, one that had done her an injury, one that had wiſhed her ill; but on the man who loved her more than any elſe loved

her, and more than it was poſſible for him to love any other perſon.

'In the next place, I took pains to conſider her in all her imperfections; and, that I might be ſure to hear of them conſtantly, kept company with thoſe, her female friends, who were her deareſt and moſt intimate acquaintance.

'Among her higheſt imperfections, I ſtill dwelt upon her baſeneſs of mind and ingratitude, that made her triumph in the pain and anguiſh of the man who loved her, and of one who in thoſe days, without vanity be it ſpoken, was thought to deſerve her love.

'To ſhorten my ſtory, ſhe was married to another, which would have diſtracted me, had he proved a good huſband; but, to my great pleaſure, he uſed her at firſt with coldneſs, and afterwards with contempt. I hear he ſtill treats her very ill; and am informed, that ſhe often ſays to her woman, this is a juſt revenge for my falſehood to my firſt love: what a wretch am I, that might have been married to the famous Mr. Bickerſtaff!'

My patient looked upon me with a kind of melancholy pleaſure, and told me, he did not think it was poſſible for a man to live to the age I am now of, who in his thirtieth year had been tortured with that paſſion in its violence. 'For my part,' ſaid he, 'I can neither eat, drink, nor ſleep in it; nor keep company with any body, but two or three friends who are in the ſame condition.'

'There,' anſwered I, 'you are to blame; for, as you ought to avoid nothing more than

keeping company with yourſelf, ſo you ought to be particularly cautious of keeping company with men like yourſelf. As long as you do this, you do but indulge your diſtemper.

'I muſt not diſmiſs you without further inſtructions. If poſſible, transfer your paſſion from the woman you are now in love with to another; or, if you cannot do that, change the paſſion itſelf into ſome other paſſion, that is, to ſpeak more plainly, find out ſome other agreeable woman [b]: or, if you cannot do this, grow

[b] This paſſage ſeems to be reprehenſible. The following quotation from Mr. Thomas Baker, a contemporary periodical writer, is tranſcribed, as a proof of the alacrity with which the ſingularities of Steele's conduct, and the ſlips of his pen, were miſrepreſented to his diſadvantage by his competitors.

'I ſaw Mr. Bickerſtaff going to the corner of St. James's [in the beginning of December.] It was a great fog, yet the ſquire wore his hat under his left arm, and, as if that ſide had been lame, all the ſtreſs of his gait was laid upon the other; he ſtooped very much forward, and whenever his right foot came to the ground, which was always ſet down with a more than ordinary and affected force, his cane, with a great vibration of the arm, ſtruck the ſtones, whilſt a violent jerk of his head kept time with the latter. I obſerved ſeveral beſides myſelf, that took notice of this ſtrange ſingularity, which nobody could imagine to proceed from leſs than either madneſs or deſpair. It is not to be conceived how any wiſe man alive, that had been ſuch an implacable enemy to all ſingularities and mimic poſtures, and writ ſo learnedly concerning the uſe of the cane, could make ſuch a ridiculous figure of himſelf in the ſtreet at the very moment that his *Os homini ſublime, &c.* was a-printing. [Tat. N° 108, motto.] What mortal can think that any honeſt pains taking man alive, that was ſo well paid as the ſquire was, would fill his paper with a tranſcription of ſir Francis Bacon's, inſtead of his own acceptable Lucubrations? [Tatler, N° 108, *ad finem.*] But, above all, what virtuous man alive, that

covetous, ambitious, litigious; turn your love of women into that of profit, preferment, reputation; and for a time give up yourſelf entirely to the purſuit.

'This is a method we ſometimes take in phyſic, when we turn a deſperate diſeaſe into one we can more eaſily cure.'

He made little anſwer to all this, but crying out, 'Ah, ſir!' for his paſſion reduced his diſcourſe to interjections.

'There is one thing,' added I, 'which is preſent death to a man in your condition, and therefore to be avoided with the greateſt care and caution: that is, in a word, to think of your miſtreſs and rival together, whether walking, diſcourſing, dallying'—'The devil!' he cried out, 'who can bear it?' To compoſe him, for I pitied him very much; 'The time will come,' ſaid I, 'when you ſhall not only bear it, but laugh at it. As a preparation to it, ride every morning, an hour at leaſt, with the wind full in your face. Upon your return, recollect the ſeveral precepts which I have now given you, and drink upon them a bottle of Spaw-water. Repeat this every day for a month ſucceſſively, and let me ſee you at the end of it.' He was taking his leave, with many thanks, and ſome

pretends to give council to people in love, would adviſe them to go to a w—e, as was done in the Tatler of Thurſday laſt?

'Wiſdom, virtue, and laborioufneſs, have always been inſeparable from the famous Bickerſtaff; but, if the characters that have firſt recommended him to the public, and by which he was known to the world, are no more to be found in thoſe works that go under his name, the author is dead, and the papers are ſpurious, &c.'—Female Tatler, N° 72.

appearance of conſolation in his countenance, when I called him back to acquaint him, that I had private information of a deſign of the coquettes to buy up all the true Spaw-water in town: upon which he took his leave in haſte, with a reſolution to get all things ready for entering upon his regimen next morning.

*** Lately publiſhed, 3d edit. in 2 pocket volumes, Female Falſehood: or the Life and Adventures of a French Nobleman. Written by himſelf, and digeſted by M. De St. Evremond.

N. B. This is the book mentioned by Steele in the Guard. N° 150, from which the adventure related in that paper is taken. Evening Poſt, N° 3267, June 27, 1730.

N° 108. Saturday, December 17, 1709.

ADDISON[c].

Pronaque cùm ſpectent animalia cætera terram;
Os homini ſublime dedit[d] *: cœlúmque tueri*
Juſſit—— OVID. Met. i. 85.

Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their ſight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary ſkies. DRYDEN.

Sheer-lane, December 16.

IT is not to be imagined how great an effect well-diſpoſed lights, with proper forms and orders in aſſemblies, have upon ſome tempers.

[c] On the authority of J——n H——y, M. ſee N° 74, note; and of the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell; ſee Addiſon's Works, 4to. edit. vol. ii. p. 214.

[d] See N° 107, note, p. 467.

I am ſure I feel it in ſo extraordinary a manner, that I cannot in a day or two get out of my imagination any very beautiful or diſagreeable impreſſion which I receive on ſuch occaſions. For this reaſon I frequently look in at the play-houſe, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with ſome new ideas, that may be ſerviceable to me in my Lucubrations.

In this diſpoſition I entered the theatre the other day, and placed myſelf in a corner of it very convenient for ſeeing, without being myſelf obſerved. I found the audience huſhed in a very deep attention, and did not queſtion but ſome noble tragedy was juſt then in its criſis, or that an incident was to be unravelled, which would determine the fate of a hero. While I was in this ſuſpenſe, expecting every moment to ſee my old friend Mr. Betterton [e] appear in all the majeſty of diſtreſs, to my unſpeakable amazement there came up a monſter with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raiſed himſelf on one leg in ſuch a perpendicular poſture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head [f]. It afterwards twiſted itſelf into the motions and writheings of ſeveral different animals, and after great variety of ſhapes and transformations, went off the ſtage in the figure of a human creature. The admiration, the applauſe, the ſatisfaction of the audience, during

[e] See N° 71.

[f] This perſon, whoever he was, trod in the ſteps of the famous poſture-maſter, Joſeph Clarke, whoſe portrait by Lauron is among the Cries of London. See Guard. N° 102, note; and Tat. N° 115.

this ſtrange entertainment, is not to be expreſſed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear countrymen, and looked about with ſome apprehenſion, for fear any foreigner ſhould be preſent. Is it poſſible, thought I, that human nature can rejoice in its diſgrace, and take pleaſure in ſeeing its own figure turned to ridicule, and diſtorted into forms that raiſe horror and averſion? There is ſomething diſingenuous, and immoral, in the being able to bear ſuch a ſight. Men of elegant and noble minds are ſhocked at ſeeing the characters of perſons who deſerve eſteem for their virtue, knowledge, or ſervices to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by miſrepreſentation made the ſubject of buffoonery. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that thoſe who have nothing but the outward figure to diſtinguiſh them as men, ſhould delight in ſeeing humanity abuſed, vilified, and diſgraced.

I muſt confeſs, there is nothing that more pleaſes me, in all that I read in books, or ſee among mankind, than ſuch paſſages as repreſent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has ſomething in him very great and very mean. A ſkilful artiſt may draw an excellent picture of him in either of theſe views. The fineſt authors of antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous ſide. They cultivate the natural grandeur of the ſoul, raiſe in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality, and perfection, and do all they can to widen the

partition between the virtuous and the vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between gods and brutes. In ſhort, it is impoſſible to read a page in Plato, Tully, and a thouſand other ancient moraliſts, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modiſh French authors, or thoſe of our own country, who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for ſome time out of humour with myſelf, and at every thing about me. Their buſineſs is, to depreciate human nature, and conſider it under its worſt appearances. They give mean interpretations and baſe motives to the worthieſt actions: they reſolve virtue and vice into conſtitution. In ſhort, they endeavour to make no diſtinction between man and man, or between the ſpecies of men and that of brutes. As an inſtance of this kind of authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated Rochefoucault [5], who is the great philoſopher for adminiſtering of conſolation to the idle, the envious, and worthleſs part of mankind.

I remember a young gentleman of moderate underſtanding, but great vivacity, who by dipping into many authors of this nature, had got a little ſmattering of knowledge, juſt enough to make an atheiſt or a free-thinker, but not a philoſopher, or a man of ſenſe. With theſe accom-

[5] '*Il n'a pas trop bon opinion de la pauvre humanité. Il ne croit non plus aux vertus, qu'aux revenants.*' Lettres de M. N. de L'Enclos, let. ii. 'He has not too good an opinion of poor humanity. He believes no more in virtues, than he does in ghoſts.'

pliſhments, he went to viſit his father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honeſt man, and wiſe, though not learned. The ſon, who took all opportunities to ſhew his learning, began to eſtabliſh a new religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowneſs of their country notions; in which he ſucceeded ſo well, that he had ſeduced the butler by his table-talk, and ſtaggered his eldeſt ſiſter. The old gentleman began to be alarmed at the ſchiſms that aroſe among his children, but did not yet believe his ſon's doctrine to be ſo pernicious as it really was, until one day talking of his ſetting dog, the ſon ſaid, he did not queſtion but Tray was as immortal as any one of the family; and in the heat of the argument told his father, that, for his own part, he expected to die like a dog. Upon which, the old man, ſtarting up in a very great paſſion, cried out, 'Then, ſirrah, you ſhall live like one;' and, taking his cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his ſyſtem. This had ſo good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a bencher in the Middle Temple.

I do not mention this cudgelling part of the ſtory with a deſign to engage the ſecular arm in matters of this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itſelf in affairs of opinion and ſpeculation, it ought to do it on ſuch ſhallow and deſpicable pretenders to knowledge, who endeavour to give man dark and uncomfortable proſpects of his being, and deſtroy thoſe principles which are the ſupport, happineſs, and glory of all public ſocieties, as well as private perſons.

I think it is one of Pythagoras's Golden Sayings, that a man ſhould take care above all things to have a due reſpect for himſelf [h]. And it is certain, that this licentious ſort of authors, who are for depreciating mankind, endeavour to diſappoint and undo what the moſt refined ſpirits have been labouring to advance ſince the beginning of the world. The very deſign of dreſs, good-breeding, outward ornaments, and ceremony, were to lift up human nature, and ſet it off to an advantage. Architecture, painting, and ſtatuary, were invented with the ſame deſign; as indeed every art and ſcience contributes to the embelliſhment of life, and to the wearing off and throwing into ſhades the mean and low parts of our nature. Poetry carries on this great end more than all the reſt, as may be ſeen in the following paſſage taken out of ſir Francis Bacon's Advancement of Learning, which gives a truer and better account of this art than all the volumes that were ever written upon it.

'Poetry, eſpecially heroical, ſeems to be raiſed altogether from a noble foundation, which makes much for the dignity of man's nature. For ſeeing this ſenſible world is in dignity inferior to the ſoul of man, poeſy ſeems to endow human nature with that which hiſtory denies; and to give ſatisfaction to the mind, with at leaſt the

[h] Πάντων δὲ μάλιστ' αἰσχύνεο σ' αὐτόν. Pythag. Aur. Carm. ver. 12.

The Golden Sayings of Pythagoras which contain the ſum of his doctrine, though, as ſome ſuppoſe, they were not written by him. See Tat. N° 96, N° 214, notes; edit. crown 8vo, 1786, 6 vols. Spect. N° 447, N° 586; Guard. N° 130, N° 165, and notes.

ſhadow of things, where the ſubſtance cannot be had. For if the matter be thoroughly conſidered, a ſtrong argument may be drawn from poeſy, that a more ſtately greatneſs of things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety, delights the ſoul of man, than any way can be found in nature ſince the fall. Wherefore, ſeeing the acts and events, which are the ſubjects of true hiſtory, are not of that amplitude as to content the mind of man; poeſy is ready at hand to feign acts more heroical. Becauſe true hiſtory reports the ſucceſſes of buſineſs not proportionable to the merit of virtues and vices, poeſy corrects it, and preſents events and fortunes according to deſert, and according to the law of Providence: becauſe true hiſtory, through the frequent ſatiety and ſimilitude of things, works a diſtaſte and miſpriſion in the mind of man; poeſy cheareth and refreſheth the ſoul, chanting things rare and various, and full of viciſſitudes. So as poeſy ſerveth and conferreth to delectation, magnanimity, and morality; and, therefore, it may ſeem deſervedly to have ſome participation of divineneſs, becauſe it doth raiſe the mind, and exalt the ſpirit with high raptures, by proportioning the ſhews of things to the deſires of the mind, and not ſubmitting the mind to things, as reaſon and hiſtory do. And by theſe allurements and congruities, whereby it cheriſheth the ſoul of man, joined alſo with conſort of muſic, whereby it may more ſweetly inſinuate itſelf, it hath won ſuch acceſs, that it hath been in eſtimation even in rude times, and

barbarous nations, when other learning ſtood excluded[i].'

But there is nothing which favours and falls in with this natural greatneſs and dignity of human nature ſo much as religion, which does not only promiſe the entire refinement of the mind, but the glorifying of the body, and the immortality of both.

N° 109. Tueſday, December 20, 1709.

STEELE.

Perditur hæc inter miſeris lux———

HOR. 2. Sat. vi. 59.

———in this giddy, buſy maze,
I loſe the ſunſhine of my days. FRANCIS.

Sheer-lane, December 19.

THERE has not ſome years been ſuch a tumult in our neighbourhood as this evening about ſix. At the lower end of the lane the word was given, that there was a great funeral coming by. The next moment came forward, and in a very haſty, inſtead of a ſolemn manner, a long train of lights, when at laſt a footman, in very high youth and health, with all his force, ran through the whole art of beating the door of the houſe next to me, and ended his rattle with the true finiſhing

[i] See N° 107, note, from Mr. T. Baker, author of the Female Tatler, and ſeveral dramatic compoſitions. See Biog. Dram. vol. i. art. Baker, edit. 8vo. 2 vols.

rap. This did not only bring one to the door at which he knocked, but to that of every one in the lane in an inſtant. Among the reſt, my country-maid took the alarm, and immediately running to me, told me, there was a fine, fine lady, who had three men with burial torches making way before her, carried by two men upon poles, with looking-glaſſes on each ſide of her, and one glaſs alſo before, ſhe herſelf appearing the prettieſt that ever was. The girl was going on in her ſtory, when the lady was come to my door in her chair, having miſtaken the houſe. As ſoon as ſhe entered I ſaw ſhe was Mr. Iſaac's [k] ſcholar, by her ſpeaking air, and the becoming ſtop ſhe made when ſhe began her apology. 'You will be ſurpriſed, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that I take this liberty, who am utterly a ſtranger to you; beſides that it may be thought an indecorum that I viſit a man.' She made here a pretty heſitation, and held her fan to her face.——Then, as if recovering her reſolution, ſhe proceeded——'But I think you have ſaid, that men of your age are of no ſex; therefore, I may be as free with you as one of my own.' The lady did me the honour to conſult me on ſome particular matters, which I am not at liberty to report. But, before ſhe took her leave, ſhe produced a long liſt of names which ſhe looked upon, to know whither ſhe was to go to next. I muſt confeſs, I could hardly forbear diſcovering to her, immediately, that I

[k] A French dancing maſter. See N° 34, note.

ſecretly laughed at the fantaſtical regularity ſhe obſerved in throwing away her time; but I ſeemed to indulge her in it, out of a curioſity to hear her own ſenſe of her way of life. 'Mr. Bickerſtaff,' ſaid ſhe, 'you cannot imagine how much you are obliged to me, in ſtaying thus long with you, having ſo many viſits to make; and, indeed, if I had not hopes that a third part of thoſe I am going to will be abroad, I ſhould be unable to diſpatch them this evening.' —'Madam,' ſaid I, 'are you in all this haſte and perplexity, and only going to ſuch as you have not a mind to ſee?'—'Yes, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I have ſeveral now with whom I keep a conſtant correſpondence, and return viſit for viſit punctually every week, and yet we have not ſeen each other ſince laſt November was twelvemonth.'

She went on with a very good air, and fixing her eyes on her liſt, told me, ſhe was obliged to ride about three miles and an half before ſhe arrived at her own houſe. I aſked after what manner this liſt was taken; whether the perſons writ their names to her, and deſired that favour, or how ſhe knew ſhe was not cheated in her muſter-roll?—'The method we take,' ſays ſhe, 'is, that the porter, or ſervant who comes to the door, writes down all the names who come to ſee us, and all ſuch are entitled to a return of their viſit.'—'But,' ſaid I, 'madam, I preſume thoſe who are ſearching for each other, and know one another by meſſages, may be underſtood as candidates only for each other's

favour; and that after ſo many how-do-ye-does, you proceed to viſit or not, as you like the run of each other's reputation or fortune.'—'You underſtand it aright,' ſaid ſhe; 'and we become friends, as ſoon as we are convinced that our diſlike to each other may be of any conſequence: for to tell you truly,' ſaid ſhe, 'for it is in vain to hide any thing from a man of your penetration, general viſits are not made out of good-will, but for fear of ill-will. Punctuality in this caſe is often a ſuſpicious circumſtance; and there is nothing ſo common as to have a lady ſay, "I hope ſhe has heard nothing of what I ſaid of her, that ſhe grows ſo great with me!" But indeed my porter is ſo dull and negligent, that I fear he has not put down half the people I owe viſits to.'—'Madam,' ſaid I, 'methinks it would be very proper if your gentleman-uſher or groom of the chamber were always to keep an account, by way of debtor and creditor. I know a city lady who uſes that method, which I think very laudable; for though you may poſſibly at the court end of the town receive at the door, and light up better than within Temple-bar, yet I muſt do that juſtice to my friends the ladies within the walls, to own, that they are much more exact in their correſpondence. The lady I was going to mention as an example has always the ſecond apprentice out of the counting-houſe for her own uſe on her viſiting-day, and he ſets down very methodically all the viſits which are made her. I remember very well, that on the firſt of January

laſt, when ſhe made up her account for the year 1708, it ſtood thus:

‘Mrs. Courtwood—Debtor.		‘*Per Contra*—Creditor.	
‘To ſeventeen hundred and four viſits received.	1704	‘By eleven hundred and nine paid.	1109
		‘Due to balance	595
			1704

‘This gentlewoman is a woman of great œconomy, and was not afraid to go to the bottom of her affairs; and therefore, ordered her apprentice to give her credit for my lady Eaſy's impertinent viſits upon wrong days, and deduct only twelve per cent. He had orders alſo to ſubſtract one and a half from the whole of ſuch as ſhe had denied herſelf to before ſhe kept a day; and, after taking thoſe proper articles of credit on her ſide, ſhe was in arrear but five hundred. She ordered her huſband to buy in a couple of freſh coach-horſes; and, with no other loſs than the death of two footmen, and a church-yard cough brought upon her coachman, ſhe was clear in the world on the tenth of February laſt, and keeps ſo beforehand, that ſhe pays every body their own, and yet makes daily new acquaintances.’

I know not whether this agreeable viſitant was fired with the example of the lady I told her of, but ſhe immediately vaniſhed out of my ſight, it being, it ſeems, as neceſſary a point of

good-breeding, to go off as if you ſtole ſomething out of the houſe, as it is to enter as if you came to fire it. I do not know one thing that contributes ſo much to the leſſening the eſteem men of ſenſe have to the fair ſex, as this article of viſits. A young lady cannot be married, but all impertinents in town muſt be beating the tattoo from one quarter of the town to the other, to ſhew they know what paſſes. If a man of honour ſhould once in an age marry a woman of merit for her intrinſic value, the envious things are all in motion in an inſtant, to make it known to the ſiſterhood as an indiſcretion, and publiſh to the town how many pounds he might have had to have been troubled with one of them. After they are tired with that, the next thing is, to make their compliments to the married couple and their relations. They are equally buſy at a funeral, and the death of a perſon of quality is always attended with the murder of ſeveral ſets of coach-horſes and chairmen. In both caſes, the viſitants are wholly unaffected, either with joy or ſorrow. For which reaſon, their congratulations and condolences are equally words of courſe; and one would be thought wonderfully ill-bred, that ſhould build upon ſuch expreſſions, as encouragements to expect from them any inſtance of friendſhip.

Thus are the true cauſes of living, and the ſolid pleaſures in life, loſt in ſhew, impoſture, and impertinence. As for my part, I think moſt of the misfortunes in families ariſe from the trifling way the women have in ſpending

their time, and gratifying only their eyes and ears, inſtead of their reaſon and underſtanding.

A fine young woman, bred under a viſiting mother, knows all that is poſſible for her to be acquainted with by report, and ſees the virtuous and the vicious uſed ſo indifferently, that the fears ſhe is born with are abated, and deſires indulged, in proportion to her love of that light and trifling converſation. I know I talk like an old man; but I muſt go on to ſay, that I think the general reception of mixed company, and the pretty fellows that are admitted at thoſe aſſemblies, give a young woman ſo falſe an idea of life, that ſhe is generally bred up with a ſcorn of that ſort of merit in a man, which only can make her happy in marriage; and the wretch, to whoſe lot ſhe falls, very often receives in his arms a coquette, with the refuſe of an heart long before given away to a coxcomb.

'Having received from the Society of upholders ſundry complaints of the obſtinate and refractory behaviour of ſeveral dead perſons, who have been guilty of very great outrages and diſorders, and by that means elapſed the proper time of their interment; and having on the other hand received many appeals from the aforeſaid dead perſons, wherein they deſire to be heard before ſuch their interment; I have ſet apart Wedneſday, the twenty-firſt inſtant, as an extraordinary court-day for the hearing of both parties. If, therefore, any one can alledge why they, or any of their acquaintance, ſhould, or ſhould not, be buried, I deſire they may be ready

with their witneſſes at that time, or that they will for ever after hold their tongues.

'N. B. This is the laſt hearing on this ſubject[l].'

N° 110. Thurſday, December 22, 1709.

ADDISON AND STEELE[m].

——*Quæ lucis miſeris tam dira cupido?*

VIRG. Æn. vi. 721.

Gods! can the wretches long for life again?

PITT.

Sheer-lane, December 21.

As ſoon as I had placed myſelf in my chair of judicature, I ordered my clerk, Mr. Lillie[n],

[l] The humorous paſſages in theſe papers that repreſent uſeleſs members of ſociety as dead, &c. ſprang out of the merriment excited by Swift, at the expence of John Partridge the almanac maker, and originated with Partridge himſelf, who was for ever predicting the death of the French king. See an account of Partridge, ſubjoined to the 5th vol. of The Tatler, cr. 8vo. 1786, and notes on J. Partridge, *paſſim*.

[m] This paper is aſcribed to Addiſon and Steele, on the authority of the liſt delivered to Mr. Tickell by Steele; and of J——n H——y. M. See N° 74, note.

[n] It appears from an advertiſement in N° 101, that Charles Lillie had a ſhop in the corner of Beaufort-buildings in the Strand, where he ſold ſnuff of various kinds, perfumes, &c. and took in letters for the Tatler, Spectator, &c. which were directed to him at the deſire of Steele, who befriended him greatly. A contemporary writer, and a moſt illiberal cenſurer of our author and his publications, ſpeaking of Steele, ſays, 'He ſets himſelf out as a noble creature, that is, as it were, the baſis and ſupport of multitudes, meaning, I ſup-

to read to the aſſembly, who were gathered together according to notice, a certain declaration, by way of charge, to open the purpoſe of my ſeſſion, which tended only to this explanation, that as other courts were often called to demand the execution of perſons dead in law; ſo this was held to give the laſt orders relating to thoſe who are dead in reaſon. The ſolicitor of the new company of upholders near the Hay-market appeared in behalf of that uſeful ſociety, and brought in an accuſation of a young woman, who herſelf ſtood at the bar before me. Mr. Lillie read her indictment, which was in ſubſtance, 'That, whereas, Mrs. Rebecca Pinduſt, of the pariſh of Saint Martin in the Fields, had, by the uſe of an inſtrument called a looking-glaſs, and by the further uſe of certain attire, made either of cambric, muſlin, or other linen wares, upon her head, attained to ſuch an evil art and magical force in the motion of her eyes

poſe, John Nutt, John Morphew, Charles Lillie, &c.' Examiner, Vol. i. N° 11, Oct. 12, 1710.

When the original publication of the Tatler, Spectator, &c. in folio, was diſcontinued, Charles Lillie was permitted to print for his own benefit the remaining letters not made uſe of in them, under ſuch reſtrictions as Steele, from principle, ſeems to have laid down for himſelf.

Accordingly, many, if not all theſe letters, ſome of them from eminent perſons, and well worthy of preſervation, were publiſhed in two volumes 8vo. in 1725. The knight's permiſſion of the publication prefixed to the firſt volume, ſeems to have been written haſtily. See Spect. N° 173.

It is unneceſſary to give a more particular account of theſe volumes; the reader may have recourſe to the book itſelf, which is not a very ſcarce one, and has a proper explanatory preface prefixed to it. See N° 13, and N° 164.

and turn of her countenance, that ſhe the ſaid Rebecca had put to death ſeveral young men of the ſaid pariſh; and that the ſaid young men had acknowledged in certain papers, commonly called love-letters, which were produced in court, gilded on the edges, and ſealed with a particular wax, with certain amorous and inchanting words wrought upon the ſaid ſeals, that they died for the ſaid Rebecca: and, whereas the ſaid Rebecca perſiſted in the ſaid evil practice; this way of life the ſaid ſociety conſtrued to be, according to former edicts, a ſtate of death, and demanded an order for the interment of the ſaid Rebecca.'

I looked upon the maid with great humanity, and deſired her to make anſwer to what was ſaid againſt her. She ſaid, it was indeed true, that ſhe had practiſed all the arts and means ſhe could, to diſpoſe of herſelf happily in marriage, but thought ſhe did not come under the cenſure expreſſed in my writings for the ſame; and humbly hoped I would not condemn her for the ignorance of her accuſers, who, according to their own words, had rather repreſented her killing, than dead. She further alledged, that the expreſſions mentioned in the papers written to her were become mere words, and that ſhe had been always ready to marry any of thoſe who ſaid they died for her; but that they made their eſcape, as ſoon as they found themſelves pitied or believed. She ended her diſcourſe, by deſiring I would for the future ſettle the meaning of the words 'I die,' in letters of love.

Mrs. Pinduſt behaved herſelf with ſuch an air of innocence, that ſhe eaſily gained credit, and was acquitted. Upon which occaſion, I gave it as a ſtanding rule, that any perſon, who in any letter, billet, or diſcourſe, ſhould tell a woman he died for her, ſhould, if ſhe pleaſed, be obliged to live with her, or be immediately interred upon ſuch their own confeſſion, without bail or mainprize.

It happened, that the very next who was brought before me was one of her admirers, who was indicted upon that very head. A letter, which he acknowledged to be his own hand, was read, in which were the following words, 'Cruel creature, I die for you.' It was obſervable that he took ſnuff all the time his accuſation was reading. I aſked him, how he came to uſe theſe words, if he were not a dead man? He told me, he was in love with the lady, and did not know any other way of telling her ſo; and that all his acquaintance took the ſame method. Though I was moved with compaſſion towards him, by reaſon of the weakneſs of his parts, yet, for example-ſake, I was forced to anſwer, 'Your ſentence ſhall be a warning to all the reſt of your companions, not to tell lies for want of wit.' Upon this, he began to beat his ſnuff-box with a very ſaucy air; and, opening it again, 'Faith, Iſaac,' ſaid he, 'thou art a very unaccountable old fellow—Pr'ythee, who gave thee power of life and death? What-a-pox haſt thou to do with ladies and lovers? I ſuppoſe thou wouldſt have a man be in com-

pany with his miſtreſs, and ſay nothing to her. Doſt thou call breaking a jeſt, telling a lie? Ha! is that thy wiſdom, old ſtiffrump, ha?' He was going on with this inſipid common-place mirth, ſometimes opening his box, ſometimes ſhutting it, then viewing the picture on the lid, and then the workmanſhip of the hinge, when, in the midſt of his eloquence, I ordered his box to be taken from him: upon which he was immediately ſtruck ſpeechleſs, and carried off ſtone-dead.

The next who appeared was a hale old fellow of ſixty. He was brought in by his relations, who deſired leave to bury him. Upon requiring a diſtinct account of the priſoner, a credible witneſs depoſed, that he always roſe at ten of the clock, played with his cat until twelve, ſmoaked tobacco until one, was at dinner until two, then took another pipe, played at back-gammon until ſix, talked of one madam Frances, an old miſtreſs of his, until eight, repeated the ſame account at the tavern until ten, then returned home, took the other pipe, and then to bed. I aſked him, what he had to ſay for himſelf?—'As to what,' ſaid he, 'they mention concerning madam Frances——'

I did not care for hearing the Canterbury tale, and therefore thought myſelf ſeaſonably interrupted by a young gentleman, who appeared in the behalf of the old man, and prayed an arreſt of judgment: for that he the ſaid young man held certain lands by his the ſaid old man's life. Upon this, the ſolicitor of the upholders took an occaſion to demand him alſo, and thereupon

produced ſeveral evidences that witneſſed to his life and converſation. It appeared, that each of them divided their hours in matters of equal moment and importance to themſelves and to the public. They roſe at the ſame hour: while the old man was playing with his cat, the young one was looking out of his window: while the old man was ſmoking his pipe, the young man was rubbing his teeth; while one was at dinner, the other was dreſſing; while one was at back-gammon, the other was at dinner; while the old fellow was talking of madam Frances, the young one was either at play, or toaſting women whom he never converſed with. The only difference was, that the young man had never been good for any thing; the old man, a man of worth before he knew madam Frances. Upon the whole, I ordered them to be both interred together, with inſcriptions proper to their characters, ſignifying that the old man died in the year 1689, and was buried in the year 1709; and over the young one it was ſaid, that he departed this world in the twenty-fifth year of his death.

The next claſs of criminals were authors in proſe and verſe. Thoſe of them who had produced any ſtill-born work were immediately diſmiſſed to their burial, and were followed by others, who, notwithſtanding ſome ſprightly iſſue in their life-time, had given proofs of their death by ſome poſthumous children, that bore no reſemblance to their elder brethren. As for thoſe who were the fathers of a mixed progeny, provided always they could prove the laſt to be

a live child, they eſcaped with life, but not without loſs of limbs; for, in this caſe, I was ſatisfied with amputation of the parts which were mortified.

Theſe were followed by a great crowd of ſuperannuated benchers of the inns of court, ſenior fellows of colleges, and defunct ſtateſmen; all of whom I ordered to be decimated indifferently, allowing the reſt a reprieve for one year, with a promiſe of a free pardon in caſe of a reſuſcitation.

There were ſtill great multitudes to be examined: but, finding it very late, I adjourned the court, not without the ſecret pleaſure that I had done my duty, and furniſhed out an handſome execution.

Going out of the court, I received a letter, informing me, that, in purſuance of the edict of juſtice in one of my late viſions, all thoſe of the fair ſex began to appear pregnant who had run any hazard of it; as was manifeſt by a particular ſwelling in the petticoats of ſeveral ladies in and about this great city. I muſt confeſs, I do not attribute the riſing of this part of the dreſs to this occaſion, yet muſt own, that I am very much diſpoſed to be offended with ſuch a new and unaccountable faſhion. I ſhall, however, pronounce nothing upon it, until I have examined all that can be ſaid for and againſt it. And, in the mean time, think fit to give this notice to the fair ladies who are now making up their winter ſuits, that they may abſtain from all dreſſes of that kind, until they ſhall find what judgment will be paſſed upon them; for it would

very much trouble me, that they ſhould put themſelves to an unneceſſary expence; and I could not but think myſelf to blame, if I ſhould hereafter forbid them the wearing of ſuch garments, when they have laid out money upon them, without having given them any previous admonition.

'N. B. A letter of the ſixteenth inſtant about one of the fifth, will be anſwered according to the deſire of the party, which he will ſee in a few days °.'

N° 111. Saturday, December 24, 1709.

ADDISON AND STEELE P.

——Procul, O! Procul, eſt profani!

Hence, ye profane! far hence be gone!

Sheer-lane, December 23.

THE watchman, who does me particular honours, as being the chief man in the lane, gave ſo very great a thump at my door laſt night, that I awakened at the knock, and heard myſelf complimented with the uſual ſalutation of, 'Good-morrow, Mr. Bickerſtaff; good-morrow, my maſters all.' The ſilence and darkneſs of the night diſpoſed me to be more than ordinarily

° See Tat. N° 112.

P The aſſignment of this paper is ſupported by the authorities mentioned in the introductory note to the preceding N° 110; viz. Steele's liſt, and Mr. Byron's MS. notes, mentioned more particularly in a note to N° 74.

ſerious; and as my attention was not drawn out among exterior objects by the avocations of ſenſe, my thoughts naturally fell upon myſelf. I was conſidering, amidſt the ſtillneſs of the night, what was the proper employment of a thinking being; what were the perfections it ſhould propoſe to itſelf; and, what the end it ſhould aim at. My mind is of ſuch a particular caſt, that the falling of a ſhower of rain, or the whiſtling of wind, at ſuch a time, is apt to fill my thoughts with ſomething awful and ſolemn. I was in this diſpoſition, when our bellman began his midnight homily, which he has been repeating to us every winter-night for theſe twenty years, with the uſual exordium;

'Oh! mortal man, thou that art born in ſin!'

Sentiments of this nature, which are in themſelves juſt and reaſonable, however debaſed by the circumſtances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their natural effect in a mind that is not perverted and depraved by wrong notions of gallantry, politeneſs, and ridicule. The temper which I now found myſelf in, as well as the time of the year, put me in mind of thoſe lines in Shakeſpeare, wherein, according to his agreeable wildneſs of imagination, he has wrought a country tradition into a beautiful piece of poetry. In the tragedy of Hamlet, where the Ghoſt vaniſhes upon the cock's crowing [q], he takes

[q] This is a very ancient ſuperſtition. Philoſtratus, giving an account of the apparition of Achilles's ſhade to Apollonius Tyaneus, ſays, that it vaniſhed with a little glimmer as ſoon as the cock crowed. Vid. Apol. iv. 16. Mr. Steevens's ed. Shakſpeare, 1778, vol. x. p. 180.

occaſion to mention its crowing all hours of the night about Chriſtmas time, and to inſinuate a kind of religious veneration for that ſeaſon.

'It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning ſingeth all night long.
And then, they ſay, no ſpirit dares ſtir abroad:
The nights are wholeſome; then no planets ſtrike,
No fairy takes; no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.'

This admirable author, as well as the beſt and greateſt men of all ages, and of all nations, ſeems to have had his mind thoroughly ſeaſoned with religion, as is evident by many paſſages in his plays, that would not be ſuffered by a modern audience! and are, therefore, certain inſtances that the age he lived in had a much greater ſenſe of virtue than the preſent.

It is indeed a melancholy reflection to conſider, that the Britiſh nation, which is now at a greater height of glory for its councils and conqueſts than it ever was before, ſhould diſtinguiſh itſelf by a certain looſeneſs of principles, and a falling-off from thoſe ſchemes of thinking, which conduce to the happineſs and perfection of human nature. This evil comes upon us from the works of a few ſolemn blockheads, that meet together, with the zeal and ſerioufneſs of apoſtles, to extirpate common ſenſe, and propagate infidelity. Theſe are the wretches who, without any ſhew of wit, learning, or reaſon, publiſh their crude conceptions with an ambition of appearing more wiſe than the reſt of

mankind, upon no other pretence than that of diſſenting from them. One gets by heart a catalogue of title-pages and editions; and, immediately, to become conſpicuous, declares that he is an unbeliever. Another knows how to write a receipt, or cut up a dog, and forthwith argues againſt the immortality of the ſoul. I have known many a little wit, in the oſtentation of his parts, rally the truth of the ſcripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it. Theſe poor wretches talk blaſphemy for want of diſcourſe, and are rather the objects of ſcorn or pity, than of our indignation; but the grave diſputant [r], that reads and writes, and ſpends all his time in convincing himſelf and the world that he is no better than a brute, ought to be whipped out of a government, as a blot to civil ſociety, and a defamer of mankind. I love to conſider an infidel, whether diſtinguiſhed by the title of deiſt, atheiſt, or free-thinker, in three different lights, in his ſolitudes, his afflictions, and his laſt moments.

A wiſe man, that lives up to the principles of reaſon and virtue, if one conſiders him in his ſolitude, as in taking in the ſyſtem of the univerſe, obſerving the mutual dependence and harmony, by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his paſſions, or ſwelling his thoughts with magnificent ideas of Providence, makes a nobler figure in the eye of an intelligent being, than the greateſt conqueror

[r] Perhaps the author here alludes to Toland, for we are told, by a contemporary writer, that he was once the butt of the Tatler. See Examiner, Vol. iv. N° 35.

amidſt all the pomps and ſolemnities of a triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous animal than an atheiſt in his retirement. His mind is incapable of rapture or elevation. He can only conſider himſelf as an inſignificant figure in a landſcape, and wandering up and down in a field or meadow, under the ſame terms as the meaneſt animals about him, and as ſubject to as total a mortality as they; with this aggravation, that he is the only one amongſt them, who lies under the apprehenſion of it.

In diſtreſſes, he muſt be of all creatures the moſt helpleſs and forlorn; he feels the whole preſſure of a preſent calamity, without being relieved by the memory of any thing that is paſt, or the proſpect of any thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greateſt bleſſing that he propoſes to himſelf, and an halter or a piſtol the only refuge he can fly to. But, if you would behold one of theſe gloomy miſcreants in his pooreſt figure, you muſt conſider him under the terrors, or the approach, of death.

About thirty years ago I was a ſhipboard with one of theſe vermin, when there aroſe a briſk gale, which could frighten nobody but himſelf. Upon the rolling of the ſhip, he fell upon his knees, and confeſſed to the chaplain, that he had been a vile atheiſt, and had denied a Supreme Being ever ſince he came to his eſtate. The good man was aſtoniſhed, and a report immediately ran through the ſhip, that there was an atheiſt upon the upper-deck. Several of the common ſeamen, who had never heard the word

before, thought it had been ſome ſtrange fiſh; but they were more ſurpriſed when they ſaw it was a man, and heard out of his own mouth, that he never believed until that day that there was a God. As he lay in the agonies of confeſſion, one of the honeſt tars whiſpered to the boatſwain, that it would be a good deed to heave him overboard. But we were now within ſight of port, when of a ſudden the wind fell, and the penitent relapſed, begging all of us that were preſent, as we were gentlemen, not to ſay any thing of what had paſſed.

He had not been aſhore above two days, when one of the company began to rally him upon his devotion on ſhipboard, which the other denied in ſo high terms, that it produced the lye on both ſides, and ended in a duel. The atheiſt was run through the body, and, after ſome loſs of blood, became as good a Chriſtian as he was at ſea, until he found that his wound was not mortal. He is at preſent one of the free-thinkers of the age, and now writing a pamphlet againſt ſeveral received opinions concerning the exiſtence of fairies.

As I have taken upon me to cenſure the faults of the age and country in which I live, I ſhould have thought myſelf inexcuſable to have paſſed over this crying one, which is the ſubject of my preſent diſcourſe. I ſhall, therefore, from time to time, give my countrymen particular cautions againſt this diſtemper of the mind, that is almoſt become faſhionable, and by that means more likely to ſpread. I have ſomewhere either read or heard a very memorable ſentence, that a man

would be a moſt inſupportable monſter, ſhould he have the faults that are incident to his years, conſtitution, profeſſion, family, religion, age, and country; and yet every man is in danger of them all. For this reaſon, as I am an old man, I take particular care to avoid being covetous, and telling long ſtories. As I am choleric, I forbear not only ſwearing, but all interjections of fretting, as pugh! or piſh! and the like. As I am a layman, I reſolve not to conceive an averſion for a wiſe and a good man, becauſe his coat is of a different colour from mine. As I am deſcended of the ancient family of the Bickerſtaffs, I never call a man of merit an upſtart [s]. As a proteſtant, I do not ſuffer my zeal ſo far to tranſport me, as to name the pope and the devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate age, I guard myſelf particularly againſt the folly I have been now ſpeaking of. And as I am an Engliſhman, I am very cautious not to hate a ſtranger, or deſpiſe a poor Palatine [t].

[s] A fling at the Examiner, in which lord Somers is repreſented by Swift as a man of no family, and ſprung from the dregs of the people.

[t] See N° 69.

N° 112. Tuesday, December 27, 1709.
STEELE.

Accedat suavitas quæ damoportet sermonum, atque morum, haud-quaquam mediocre condimentum amicitiæ: tristitia autem, et in omni re severitas absit. Habet illa quidem gravitatem, sed amicitia, remissior esse debet, et liberior, et dulcior, et ad omnem comitatem facilitatemque proclivior.

Cic. De Amicitia.

'There should be added a certain sweetness of discourse and manners, which is no inconsiderable sauce to friendship. But by all means throw out sadness and severity in every thing. There is something of gravity indeed in it; but friendship requires a greater remissness, freedom, and pleasantness, and an inclination to good temper and affability.'

Sheer-lane, December 26.

As I was looking over my letters this morning, I chanced to cast my eye upon the following one, which came to my hands about two months ago from an old friend of mine, who, as I have since learned, was the person that writ the agreeable epistle inserted in my paper of the third of the last month [u]. It is of the same turn with the other, and may be looked upon as a specimen of right country letters.

'Sir,

'This sets out to you from my summer-house upon the terrace, where I am enjoying a few hours sunshine, the scanty sweet remains of

[u] See Tatler, N° 89.

a fine autumn. The year is almoſt at the loweſt; ſo that, in all appearance, the reſt of my letters between this and ſpring will be dated from my parlour fire, where the little fond prattle of a wife and children will ſo often break in upon the connexion of my thoughts, that you will eaſily diſcover it in my ſtyle. If this winter ſhould prove as ſevere as the laſt, I can tell you, beforehand, that I am likely to be a very miſerable man, through the perverſe temper of my eldeſt boy. When the froſt was in its extremity, you muſt know that moſt of the black-birds, robins, and finches of the pariſh, whoſe muſic had entertained me in the ſummer, took refuge under my roof. Upon this, my care was, to riſe every morning before day, to ſet open my windows for the reception of the cold and the hungry, whom at the ſame time I relieved with a very plentiful alms, by ſtrewing corn and ſeeds upon the floors and ſhelves. But, Dicky [x],

[x] Dicky was probably Bickerſtaff's little godſon, who gave him a point of war, and was maſter of all the learning on the other ſide eight years old, as we are told in the admirable paper, Tatler, N° 95. If ſo, perhaps, Steele's old friend and fellow-collegian, Mr. Richard Parker, was the author of this letter, and of the agreeable epiſtle in Tatler, N° 89. This gentleman is honourably mentioned by Dr. Johnſon, and by Steele's biographer in the Biogr. Brit. He was of Merton college, Oxford, M. A. April 17, 1697; and died at an advanced age, vicar of Embleton in Northumberland, a living in the gift of that college. About fourteen or fifteen years ago it was ſtill in the remembrance of ſeveral gentlemen in Bamburyſhire, that Steele ſpent ſome time with Mr. Parker on his way to, or from, Edinburgh. It was credibly reported that this amiable gentleman was held in high eſtimation for his learning, his politeneſs, and regular exemplary conduct in a hoſpitable neighbourhood, diſtinguiſhed, as it

without any regard to the laws of hoſpitality, conſidered the caſements as ſo many traps, and uſed every bird as a priſoner at diſcretion. Never did tyrant exerciſe more various cruelties. Some of the poor creatures he chaſed to death about the room; others he drove into the jaws of a blood-thirſty cat; and even in his greateſt acts of mercy, either clipped the wings, or ſinged the tails, of his innocent captives. You will laugh, when I tell you I ſympathized with every bird in its misfortunes: but I believe you will think me in the right for bewailing the child's unlucky humour. On the other hand, I am extremely pleaſed to ſee his younger brother carry an univerſal benevolence towards every thing that has life. When he was between four and five years old, I caught him weeping over a beautiful butterfly, which he chanced to kill as he was playing with it; and I am informed, that this morning he has given his brother three half-pence, which was his whole eſtate, to ſpare the life of a tom-tit. Theſe are at preſent the matters of greateſt moment within my obſervation, and I know are too trifling to be communicated to any but ſo wiſe a man as yourſelf, and from one who has the happineſs to be

Your moſt faithful,

and moſt obedient ſervant.'

The beſt critic that ever wrote, ſpeaking of ſome paſſages in Homer which appear extra-

has long been, for plenty, and convivial hilarity. See Dr. Johnſon's Lives of Engl. Poets, art. Smith, *alias*, &c. and Spect. N° 474, let. i.

vagant or frivolous, ſays, indeed, that they are dreams, but the dreams of Jupiter. My friend's letter appears to me in the ſame light. One ſees him in an idle hour; but at the ſame time in the idle hour of a wiſe man. A great mind has ſomething in it too ſevere and forbidding, that is not capable of giving itſelf ſuch little relaxations, and of condeſcending to theſe agreeable ways of trifling. Tully, when he celebrates the friendſhip of Scipio and Lælius, who were the greateſt as well as the politeſt men of their age, repreſents it as a beautiful paſſage in their retirement, that they uſed to gather up ſhells on the ſea-ſhore, and amuſe themſelves with the variety of ſhape and colour which they met with in thoſe little unregarded works of nature. The great Ageſilaus could be a companion to his own children, and was ſurpriſed by the ambaſſadors of Sparta [y], as he was riding among them upon an hobby-horſe. Auguſtus, indeed, had no playfellows of his own begetting; but is ſaid to have paſſed many of his hours with little Mooriſh boys at a game of marbles, not unlike our modern taw. There is, methinks, a pleaſure in ſeeing great men thus fall into the rank of mankind, and entertain themſelves with diverſions and amuſements that are agreeable to the very weakeſt of the ſpecies. I muſt frankly confeſs, that it is to me a beauty in Cato's character, that he would drink a cheerful bottle with his friend; and I cannot but own, that I have ſeen with great delight one of the moſt celebrated authors [z] of the laſt age feeding the

[y] Perſia. A. [z] Perhaps Wycherley.

ducks [a] in Saint James's Park. By inſtances of this nature, the heroes, the ſtateſmen, the philoſophers, become as it were familiar with us, and grow the more amiable, the leſs they endeavour to appear awful. A man who always acts in the ſeverity of wiſdom, or the haughtineſs of quality, ſeems to move in a perſonated part. It looks too conſtrained and theatrical, for a man to be always in that character which diſtinguiſhes him from others; beſides that the ſlackening and unbending our minds on ſome occaſions makes them exert themſelves with greater vigour and

[a] In the time of Henry VIII, the Park was a wild wet field; but that prince, on building St. James's palace, encloſed it, laid it out in walks, and, collecting the waters together, gave to the new encloſed ground and new raiſed building the name of St. James. It was much enlarged by Charles II, who added to it ſeveral fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, the Bird-cage walk (where he moſt probably had an aviary), ſecured the canal with a decoy, and other ponds for water fowl. The lime-trees, or tilia, whoſe bloſſoms were incomparably fragrant, were perhaps planted in conſequence of a ſuggeſtion of Mr. Evelyn, in his Fumifugium, 1661. The improvements of the preſent age ſeem in ſome meaſure to have brought the Park into the ſtate it was in before the reſtoration, at leaſt, the wild ducks have in their turn again given way to the graſshoppers. N.

I have heard, that when Berenger was writing his Hiſtory of Horſemanſhip, he made the proper inquiries every where, and particularly at the king's mews. There he found a regular charge made every year for hemp-ſeed. It was allowed that none was uſed, but the charge had been regularly made ever ſince the reign of Charles II; and it was recollected that this good natured monarch was as fond of his ducks as of his dogs, and took a pleaſure in feeding theſe fowls in the canal. It was, therefore, concluded, that this new article of expence began in his time, and continued to be charged regularly long after any ſuch ſeed was uſed, or provided. A.

alacrity, when they return to their proper and natural ſtate.

As this innocent way of paſſing a leiſure hour is not only conſiſtent with a great character, but very graceful in it; ſo there are two ſorts of people to whom I would moſt earneſtly recommend it. The firſt are thoſe who are uneaſy, out of want of thought; the ſecond are thoſe who are ſo, out of a turbulence of ſpirit. The firſt are the impertinent, and the ſecond the dangerous part of mankind.

It grieves me to the very heart, when I ſee ſeveral young gentlemen, deſcended of honeſt parents, run up and down, hurrying from one end of the town to the other, calling in at every place of reſort, without being able to fix a quarter of an hour in any, and in a particular haſte without knowing for what. It would, methinks, be ſome conſolation, if I could perſuade theſe precipitate young gentlemen to compoſe this reſtleſſneſs of mind, and apply themſelves to any amuſement, how trivial ſoever, that might give them employment, and keep them out of harm's way. They cannot imagine how great a relief it would be to them, if they could grow ſedate enough to play for two or three hours at a game of puſh-pin. But theſe buſy, idle animals are only their own tormentors. The turbulent and dangerous are for embroiling councils, ſtirring up ſeditions, and ſubverting conſtitutions, out of a mere reſtleſſneſs of temper, and an inſenſibility of all the pleaſures of life that are calm and innocent. It is impoſſible for a man to be ſo much employed in any ſcene of action, as to

have great and good affairs enough to fill up his whole time; there will ſtill be chaſms and empty ſpaces, in which a working mind will employ itſelf to its own prejudice, or that of others, unleſs it can be at eaſe in the exerciſe of ſuch actions as are in themſelves indifferent. How often have I wiſhed, for the good of the nation, that ſeveral famous politicians could take any pleaſure in feeding ducks! I look upon an able ſtateſman out of buſineſs, like a huge whale, that will endeavour to overturn the ſhip, unleſs he has an empty caſk to play with.

But to return to my good friend and correſpondent: I am afraid we ſhall both be laughed at, when I confeſs, that we have often gone out into the field to look upon a bird's neſt; and have more than once taken an evening's walk together on purpoſe to ſee the ſun ſet. I ſhall conclude with my anſwer to his foregoing letter:

'DEAR SIR,

'I THANK you for your obliging letter, and your kindneſs to the diſtreſſed, who will, doubtleſs, expreſs their gratitude to you themſelves the next ſpring. As for Dick the tyrant, I muſt deſire you will put a ſtop to his proceedings; and at the ſame time take care that his little brother be no loſer by his mercy to the tom-tit. For my own part, I am excluded all converſation with animals that delight only in a country life, and am, therefore, forced to entertain myſelf as well as I can with my little dog

and cat. They both of them ſit by my fire every night, expecting my coming home with impatience: and, at my entrance, never fail of running up to me, and bidding me welcome, each of them in his proper language. As they have been bred up together from their infancy, and ſeen no other company, they have learned each other's manners, ſo that the dog often gives himſelf the airs of a cat, and the cat, in ſeveral of her motions and geſtures, affects the behaviour of the little dog. When they are at play, I often make one with them: and ſometimes pleaſe myſelf with conſidering how much reaſon and inſtinct are capable of delighting each other. Thus, you ſee, I have communicated to you the material occurrences of my family, with the ſame freedom that you uſe to me; as I am, with the ſame ſincerity and affection,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.'

N° 113. Thurſday, December 29, 1709.

MR. JOHN HUGHES [b].

——*Ecce iterum Criſpinus!* Juv.

Once more Criſpinus comes upon the ſtage.

Hay-market, December 23.

WHEREAS the gentleman that behaved himſelf in a very diſobedient and obſtinate manner at his late trial in Sheer-lane on the twentieth inſtant, and was carried off dead upon taking away of his ſnuff-box, remains ſtill unburied; the company of upholders, not knowing otherwiſe how they ſhould be paid, have taken his goods in execution, to defray the charge of his funeral. His ſaid effects are to be expoſed to ſale by auction, at their office in the Hay-market, on the fourth of January next, and are as follows:

A very rich tweezer-caſe, containing twelve inſtruments for the uſe of each hour in the day.

Four pounds of ſcented ſnuff, with three gilt ſnuff-boxes; one of them with an inviſible hinge, and a looking-glaſs in the lid.

Two more of ivory, with the portraitures on their lids of two ladies of the town; the originals to be ſeen every night in the ſide-boxes of the playhouſe.

[b] On the authority of the Rev. John Duncombe, M. A. this paper, containing the inventory of a beau, is aſcribed to Mr. John Hughes. See Hughes's Correſpondence, vol. iii. p. 7, note.

A ſword with a ſteel diamond hilt, never drawn but once at May-fair.

Six clean packs of cards, a quart of orange-flower water, a pair of French ſciſſars, a tooth-pick-caſe, and an eye-brow-bruſh.

A large glaſs-caſe, containing the linen and clothes of the deceaſed; among which are, two embroidered ſuits, a pocket perſpective, a dozen pair of red heeled ſhoes, three pair of red ſilk ſtockings [c], and an amber-headed cane.

The ſtrong box of the deceaſed, wherein were found, five billet-doux, a Bath ſhilling, a crooked ſixpence, a ſilk garter, a lock of hair, and three broken fans.

[c] It is entertaining to obſerve the curious variations in articles of dreſs among people of faſhion in our own and former times. The Rev. Mr. John Duncombe, the only ſon of Mr. Hughes's only ſiſter, had a picture of Mr. John Hughes the author of this paper, when aged about twenty, in which he was repreſented in a full trimmed blue ſuit, with ſcarlet ſtockings rolled above his knee, a large white peruke and a flute half an ell long. The ornament of black garters buckled under the knee is noted in N° 155 as an oddity in the wearer, who is held up to ridicule for perſevering in an antiquated faſhion. Shoulder-knots are mentioned as obſolete in N° 151. Mr. How'd' ye call's old faſhioned buttons are cenſured in N° 21; and ſir Will. Whitlocke is nick-named Will Shoe-ſtring in N° 38, for his ſingularity in wearing ſhoe-ſtrings ſo long after the æra of ſhoe-buckles, which commenced in the reign of Cha. II. though ordinary people, and ſuch as affected plainneſs in their dreſs, wore ſtrings in their ſhoes after that period. About the end of the year 1787, ſhoe-ſtrings came again into faſhion, and are now ſo well eſtabliſhed, that moſt young men of faſhion have at leaſt one pair of ſhoes with ſhoe-ties. In the interval while this faſhion was ſtruggling for acceptance, it was not uncommon to ſee a fine young gentleman with a buckle in one ſhoe and a ſtring in the other. See N° 155, paragraph 2.

A preſs for books; containing on the upper ſhelf,

Three bottles of diet-drink.

Two boxes of pills.

A ſyrynge, and other mathematical inſtruments.

On the ſecond ſhelf are ſeveral miſcellaneous works: as,

Lampoons.

Plays.

Taylors bills.

And an almanac for the year ſeventeen hundred.

On the third ſhelf,

A bundle of letters unopened, indorſed, in the hand of the deceaſed, 'Letters from the old gentleman.'

Leſſons for the flute.

Toland's Chriſtianity not myſterious [d]: and a paper filled with patterns of ſeveral faſhionable ſtuffs.

On the lower ſhelf,

One ſhoe.

A pair of ſnuffers.

A French grammar.

A mourning hatband; and half a bottle of uſquebaugh.

There will be added to theſe goods, to make a complete auction, a collection of gold ſnuff-

[d] See N° 108, note on Toland.

boxes and clouded canes, which are to continue in faſhion for three months after the ſale.

The whole are to be ſet up and prized by Charles Bubbleboy, who is to open the auction with a ſpeech [c].

I find I am ſo very unhappy, that, while I am buſy in correcting the folly and vice of one ſex, ſeveral exorbitances break out in the other. I have not thoroughly examined their new faſhioned petticoats, but ſhall ſet aſide one day in the next week for that purpoſe. The following petition on this ſubject was preſented to me this morning.

'The humble petition of William Jingle, coach-maker and chair-maker, of the liberty of Weſtminſter;

'*To Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſquire, Cenſor of Great-Britain;*

'SHEWETH,

'THAT upon the late invention of Mrs. Catharine Croſs-ſtitch, mantua-maker, the petticoats of ladies were too wide for entering into any coach or chair which was in uſe before the ſaid invention.

'That, for the ſervice of the ſaid ladies, your petitioner has built a round chair, in the form of a lantern, ſix yards and a half in circum-

[c] Charles Bubbleboy meant, it is ſaid, Charles Mather, a noted toyman in Fleet-ſtreet at the date of this paper, who afterwards retired from buſineſs, and died at Teddington, in Middleſex.

ference, with a ſtool in the centre of it; the ſaid vehicle being ſo contrived, as to receive the paſſenger by opening in two in the middle, and cloſing mathematically when ſhe is ſeated.

'That your petitioner has alſo invented a coach for the reception of one lady only, who is to be let in at the top.

'That the ſaid coach has been tried by a lady's woman in one of theſe full petticoats, who was let down from a balcony, and drawn up again by pullies, to the great ſatisfaction of her lady, and all who beheld her.

'Your petitioner, therefore, moſt humbly prays, that, for the encouragement of ingenuity and uſeful inventions, he may be heard before you paſs ſentence upon the petticoats aforeſaid.

'And your petitioner, &c.'

I have likewiſe received a female petition, ſigned by ſeveral thouſands, praying that I would not any longer defer giving judgment in the caſe of the petticoat, many of them having put off the making new clothes, until ſuch time as they know what verdict will paſs upon it. I do, therefore, hereby certify to all whom it may concern, that I do deſign to ſet apart Tueſday next for the final determination of that matter, having already ordered a jury of matrons to be impanelled, for the clearing up of any difficult points that may ariſe in the trial.

'Being informed that ſeveral dead men in and about this city do keep out of the way and abſcond, for fear of being buried; and being

willing to reſpite their interment, in conſideration of their families, and in hopes of their amendment, I ſhall allow them certain privileged places, where they may appear to one another, without cauſing any lett or moleſtation to the living, or receiving any, in their own perſons, from the company of upholders. Between the hours of ſeven and nine in the morning, they may appear in ſafety at Saint James's coffee-houſe, or at White's, if they do not keep their beds, which is more proper for men in their condition. From nine to eleven, I allow them to walk from Storey's to Roſamond's pond [f] in the Park, or in any other public walks which are not frequented by the living at that time. Between eleven and three, they are to vaniſh, and keep out of ſight until three in the afternoon, at which time they may go to the Exchange until five; and then, if they pleaſe, divert themſelves at the Hay-market, or Drury-lane, until the play begins. It is further granted in favour of theſe perſons, that they may be received at any table where there are more preſent than ſeven in number: provided that they do not take upon them to talk, judge, commend, or find fault with, any ſpeech, action, or behaviour of the living. In which caſe, it ſhall be lawful to ſeize their perſons at any place or hour whatſoever, and to convey their bodies to the next undertaker's; any thing in this advertiſement to the contrary notwithſtanding.'

[f] Storey's gate, at one end of the Birdcage-walk, ſtill retains its name; but Roſamond's pond, at the other end, has been filled up within theſe few years.

N° 114. Saturday, December 31, 1709.
ADDISON AND STEELE [g].

Ut in vitâ, ſic in ſtudiis, pulcherrimum et humaniſſimum exiſtimo, ſeveritatem comitatemque miſcere, ne illa in triſtitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat. PLIN. Epiſt.

'As in a man's life, ſo in his ſtudies, I think it the moſt beautiful and humane thing in the world, ſo to mingle gravity with pleaſantry, that the one may not ſink into melancholy, nor the other riſe into wantonneſs.'

Sheer-lane, December 30.

I WAS walking about my chamber this morning in a very gay humour, when I ſaw a coach ſtop at my door, and a youth about fifteen alighting out of it, whom I perceived to be the eldeſt ſon of my boſom friend [h], that I gave ſome account of in my paper of the ſeventeenth of the laſt month. I felt a ſenſible pleaſure riſing in me at the ſight of him, my acquaintance having begun with his father when he was juſt ſuch a ſtripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burſt out in tears. I was extremely moved, and immediately ſaid, 'Child, how does your father do?' He began to reply, 'My mother—' But could not go on for weeping. I went down with him, into the coach, and gathered out of

[g] On the authority of the MS. notes of Chriſtopher Byron, Eſq; and of the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell. See N° 74, note.

[h] See Tatler, N° 112, note.

him, that his mother was then dying, and that, while the holy man was doing the laſt offices to her, he had taken that time to come and call me to his father, who, he ſaid, would certainly break his heart, if I did not go and comfort him. The child's diſcretion in coming to me of his own head, and the tenderneſs he ſhewed for his parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not reſolved to fortify myſelf for the ſeaſonable performances of thoſe duties which I owed to my friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent woman, and the greatneſs of his grief for the loſs of one who has ever been the ſupport to him under all other afflictions. How, thought I, will he be able to bear the hour of her death, that could not, when I was lately with him, ſpeak of a ſickneſs, which was then paſt, without ſorrow! We were now got pretty far into Weſtminſter, and arrived at my friend's houſe. At the door of it I met Favonius [1], not without a ſecret ſatisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly converſed with him at this houſe; and as he abounds with that ſort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful, and never leads the converſation into the violence and rage of party-diſputes, I liſtened to him with great pleaſure. Our diſcourſe

[1] Dr. Smalridge. See pref. to the 4th vol. of the Tat. N° 72, and N° 63, note on Mrs. Elſtob.—Dr. Smalridge was at this time miniſter of the new chapel, in Tothill-fields; he ſucceeded to Atterbury's preferments one after another, and is ſaid to have followed with water, to extinguiſh the flames kindled by his predeceſſor.

chanced to be upon the ſubject of death, which he treated with ſuch a ſtrength of reaſon, and greatneſs of ſoul, that inſtead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated altogether to be contemned, or rather to be deſired. As I met him at the door, I ſaw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an air of fortitude and reſolution, which, as I afterwards found, had ſuch an irreſiſtible force, as to ſuſpend the pains of the dying, and the lamentation of the neareſt friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where ſhe lay, and was met at the entrance by my friend, who, notwithſtanding his thoughts had been compoſed a little before, at the ſight of me turned away his face and wept. The little family of children renewed the expreſſions of their ſorrow according to their ſeveral ages and degrees of underſtanding. The eldeſt daughter was in tears, buſied in attendance upon her mother; others were kneeling about the bedſide: and what troubled me moſt was, to ſee a little boy, who was too young to know the reaſon, weeping only becauſe his ſiſters did. The only one in the room who ſeemed reſigned and comforted was the dying perſon. At my approach to the bedſide, ſhe told me, with a low broken voice, 'This is kindly done—Take care of your friend——do not go from him!' She had before taken leave of her huſband and children, in a manner proper for ſo ſolemn a parting, and with a gracefulneſs peculiar to a woman of her character. My heart was torn in pieces, to ſee the huſband on one ſide ſuppreſſing and

keeping down the ſwellings of his grief, for fear of diſturbing her in her laſt moments; and the wife even at that time concealing the pains ſhe endured, for fear of increaſing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for ſome moments after ſhe grew ſpeechleſs, and ſoon after cloſed them for ever. In the moment of her departure, my friend, who had thus far commanded himſelf, gave a deep groan, and fell into a ſwoon by her bedſide. The diſtraction of the children, who thought they ſaw both their parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardeſt heart; but they ſoon perceived their father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a reſolution to accompany him until the firſt pangs of his affliction were abated. I knew conſolation would now be impertinent; and therefore contented myſelf to ſit by him, and condole with him in ſilence. For I ſhall here uſe the method of an ancient author, who in one of his epiſtles, relating the virtues and death of Macrinus's wife, expreſſes himſelf thus: 'I ſhall ſuſpend my advice to this beſt of friends, until he is made capable of receiving it by thoſe three great remedies, the neceſſity of ſubmiſſion, length of time, and ſatiety of grief[k].'

In the mean time, I cannot but conſider, with much commiſeration, the melancholy ſtate of one who has had ſuch a part of himſelf torn from him, and which he miſſes in every circumſtance of life. His condition is like that of one

[k] *Neceſſitas ipſa, dies longa, et ſatietas doloris.* PLINY.

who has lately loſt his right arm, and is every moment offering to help himſelf with it. He does not appear to himſelf the ſame perſon in his houſe, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loſes the reliſh of all the pleaſures and diverſions that were before entertaining to him by her participation of them. The moſt agreeable objects recall the ſorrow for her with whom he uſed to enjoy them. This additional ſatisfaction, from the taſte of pleaſures in the ſociety of one we love, is admirably deſcribed by Milton, who repreſents Eve, though in Paradiſe itſelf, no further pleaſed with the beautiful objects around her, than as ſhe ſees them in company with Adam, in that paſſage ſo inexpreſſibly charming[m]:

'With thee converſing, I forget all time;
All ſeaſons, and their change; all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet
With charms of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſtering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhowers; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; the ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of heaven, her ſtarry train.
But neither breath of morn when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſtering with dew; nor fragrance after ſhowers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.'

[m] Paradiſe Loſt, book iv. ver. 639.

The variety of images in this paſſage is infinitely pleaſing, and the recapitulation of each particular image, with a little varying of the expreſſion, makes one of the fineſt turns of words that I have ever ſeen: which I rather mention, becauſe Mr. Dryden has ſaid, in his preface to Juvenal, that he could meet with no turn of words in Milton.

It may be further obſerved, that though the ſweetneſs of theſe verſes has ſomething in it of a paſtoral, yet it excels the ordinary kind, as much as the ſcene of it is above an ordinary field or meadow. I might here, ſince I am accidentally led into this ſubject, ſhew ſeveral paſſages in Milton that have as excellent turns of this nature as any of our Engliſh poets whatſoever; but ſhall only mention that which follows, in which he deſcribes the fallen angels engaged in the intricate diſputes of predeſtination, free-will, and fore-knowledge; and, to humour the perplexity, makes a kind of labyrinth in the very words that deſcribe it.

'Others apart ſat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge abſolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes loſt[m].'

[m] Paradiſe Loſt, book ii. ver. 557.

*** As Addiſon was concerned in this paper, two paragraphs are ſubjoined to the following number, pointing out ſeveral corrections, with additions to be made, which have been properly attended to, and inſerted according to the directions. What follows comes after the two paragraphs abovementioned, in the Tat. in folio.

'N. B. The reader is deſired not to pronounce any thing in any one of theſe writings nonſenſe, till the following paper comes out.'

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