

# ADDISON JOSEPH

THE TATLER  
(VOL 4)

Джозеф Аддисон

**The Tatler (Vol 4)**

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# Richard Steele, Joseph Addison

## The Tatler (Vol 4)

*To the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax.* <sup>1</sup>

*From the Hovel at Hamptonwick,  
April 7, 1711.*

My Lord,

When I first resolved upon doing myself this honour, I could not but indulge a certain vanity in dating from this little covert, where I have frequently had the honour of your Lordship's company, and received from you very many obligations. The elegant solitude of this place, and the greatest pleasures of it, I owe to its being so near those beautiful manors wherein you sometimes reside: it is not retiring from the world, but enjoying its most valuable blessings, when a man is permitted to share in your Lordship's conversations in the country. All the bright images which the wits of past ages have left behind them in their writings, the noble plans which the greatest statesmen have laid down for administration of affairs, are equally the familiar objects of your knowledge. But what is peculiar to your Lordship above all the illustrious personages that have appeared in any age, is, that wit and learning have from your example fallen into a new era. Your patronage has produced those arts, which before shunned the commerce of the world, into the service of life; and it is to you we owe, that the man of wit has turned himself to be a man of business. The false delicacy of men of genius, and the objections which others were apt to insinuate against their abilities for entering into affairs, have equally vanished. And experience has shown, that men of letters are not only qualified with a greater capacity, but also a greater integrity in the despatch of business. Your own studies have been diverted from being the highest ornament, to the highest use to mankind, and the capacities which would have rendered you the greatest poet of your age, have to the advantage of Great Britain been employed in pursuits which have made you the most able and unbiassed patriot. A vigorous imagination, an extensive apprehension, and a ready judgment have distinguished you in all the illustrious parts of administration, in a reign attended with such difficulties, that the same talents without the same quickness in the possession of them would have been incapable of conquering. The natural success of such abilities has advanced you to a seat in that illustrious House where you were received by a crowd of your relations. Great as you are in your

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<sup>1</sup> Charles Montague, grandson of the first Earl of Manchester, was born in 1661, at Horton, in Northamptonshire, and was educated at Westminster, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1687 he joined with Prior in writing the "County and the City Mouse," a burlesque on Dryden's "Hind and Panther." Montague was amongst those who signed the invitation sent to William of Orange. After the Revolution, he was made a Lord of the Treasury (March 1692), Chancellor of the Exchequer (1694), and First Lord of the Treasury in 1698. These last two offices he held together until 1699. Among the important schemes which he carried out were a re-coining of the money, the founding of the Bank of England and the new East India Company, and the issue of Exchequer bills. In 1700 he was made Auditor of the Exchequer, and was created Baron Halifax. A Tory House of Commons twice attacked him, but without success. In 1706 he took a leading part in the negotiations which led to the Union with Scotland. He voted for the sentence upon Dr. Sacheverell in 1710, and in the subsequent peace negotiations he opposed the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht. In October 1714 he again became First Lord of the Treasury, and was created Viscount Sunbury and Earl of Halifax; but he died in May 1715. He was the patron of numerous men of letters, and was lauded by many as a second Mæcenas. Pope says he was "fed with soft dedication all day long." In 1711 Steele and Addison dedicated the second volume of the *Spectator* to Lord Halifax.

honours and personal qualities, I know you will forgive a humble neighbour the vanity of pretending to a place in your friendship, and subscribing himself,  
*My Lord,*  
*Your Lordship's most obliged and most devoted Servant,*  
*Richard Steele.*

**No. 194. [Steele. <sup>2</sup>**  
**From Tuesday, July 4, to Thursday, July 6, 1710**

*Militat omnis amans. – Ovid, Amor. El. ix. 1.*

**From my own Apartment, July 5**

I was this morning reading the tenth canto in the fourth book of Spenser, in which Sir Scudamore relates the progress of his courtship to Amoret under a very beautiful allegory, which is one of the most natural and unmixed of any in that most excellent author. I shall transpose it, to use Mr. Bayes's term,<sup>3</sup> for the benefit of many English lovers who have by frequent letters desired me to lay down some rules for the conduct of their virtuous amours; and shall only premise, that by the shield of love is meant a generous, constant passion for the person beloved.

When the fame, says he, of this celebrated beauty first flew abroad, I went in pursuit of her to the Temple of Love. This temple, continues he, bore the name of the goddess Venus, and was seated in a most fruitful island, walled by nature against all invaders. There was a single bridge that led into the island, and before it a castle garrisoned by twenty knights. Near the castle was an open plain, and in the midst of it a pillar, on which was hung the shield of love; and underneath it, in letters of gold, was this inscription:

Happy the man who well can use his bliss;  
Whose ever be the shield, fair Amoret be his.

My heart panted upon reading the inscription: I struck upon the shield with my spear. Immediately issued forth a knight well mounted, and completely armed, who, without speaking, ran fiercely at me. I received him as well as I could, and by good fortune threw him out of the saddle. I encountered the whole twenty successively, and leaving them all extended on the plain, carried off the shield in token of victory. Having thus vanquished my rivals, I passed on without impediment, till I came to the outermost gate of the bridge, which I found locked and barred. I knocked and called, but could get no answer. At last I saw one on the other side of the gate, who stood peeping through a small crevice. This was the porter; he had a double face resembling a Janus, and was continually looking about him, as if he mistrusted some sudden danger. His name, as I afterwards learned, was Doubt. Over against him sat Delay, who entertained passengers with some idle story, while they lost such opportunities as were never to be recovered. As soon as the porter saw my shield, he opened the gate; but upon my entering, Delay caught hold of me, and would fain have made me listen to her fooleries. However, I shook her off, and passed forward till I came to the second gate, the Gate of Good Desert, which always stood wide open; but in the porch was a hideous giant, that stopped the entrance: his name was Danger. Many warriors of good reputation, not able to bear the sternness of his look, went back again. Cowards fled at the first sight of him, except some few, who watching their opportunity, slipped by him unobserved. I prepared to assault him; but upon the first sight of my shield, he immediately gave way. Looking back upon him, I found his hinder parts much more deformed and terrible than his face; Hatred, Murder, Treason, Envy, and Detraction lying in ambush behind him, to fall upon the heedless and unwary.

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<sup>2</sup> This paper may be by John Hughes, who published an edition of Spenser in 1715.

<sup>3</sup> In the "Rehearsal," Act I.

I now entered the Island of Love, which appeared in all the beauties of art and nature, and feasted every sense with the most agreeable objects. Amidst a pleasing variety of walks and alleys, shady seats and flowery banks, sunny hills and gloomy valleys, were thousands of lovers sitting, or walking together in pairs, and singing hymns to the deity of the place.

I could not forbear envying this happy people, who were already in possession of all they could desire. While I went forward to the temple, the structure was beautiful beyond imagination. The gate stood open. In the entrance sat a most amiable woman, whose name was Concord.

On either side of her stood two young men, both strongly armed, as if afraid of each other. As I afterwards learned, they were both her sons, but begotten of her by two different fathers; their names, Love and Hatred.

The lady so well tempered and reconciled them both, that she forced them to join hands; though I could not but observe, that Hatred turned aside his face, as not able to endure the sight of his younger brother.

I at length entered the inmost temple, the roof of which was raised upon a hundred marble pillars, decked with crowns, chains, and garlands. The ground was strewn with flowers. A hundred altars, at each of which stood a virgin priestess clothed in white, blazed all at once with the sacrifice of lovers, who were perpetually sending up their vows to heaven in clouds of incense.

In the midst stood the goddess herself, upon an altar, whose substance was neither gold nor stone, but infinitely more precious than either. About her neck flew numberless flocks of little Loves, Joys, and Graces; and all about her altar lay scattered heaps of lovers, complaining of the disdain, pride, or treachery of their mistresses. One among the rest, no longer able to contain his grief, broke out into the following prayer: "Venus, queen of grace and beauty, joy of gods and men, who with a smile becalmest the seas, and renewest all nature; goddess, whom all the different species in the universe obey with joy and pleasure, grant I may at last obtain the object of my vows."

The impatient lover pronounced this with great vehemence; but I in a soft murmur besought the goddess to lend me her assistance. While I was thus praying, I chanced to cast my eye on a company of ladies, who were assembled together in a corner of the temple waiting for the anthem.

The foremost seemed something elder and of a more composed countenance than the rest, who all appeared to be under her direction. Her name was Womanhood. On one side of her sat Shamefacedness, with blushes rising in her cheeks, and her eyes fixed upon the ground: on the other was Cheerfulness, with a smiling look, that infused a secret pleasure into the hearts of all that saw her. With these sat Modesty, holding her hand on her heart; Courtesy, with a graceful aspect, and obliging behaviour; and the two sisters, who were always linked together, and resembled each other, Silence and Obedience.

Thus sat they all around in seemly rate,  
And in the midst of them a goodly maid  
Even in the lap of Womanhood there sat,  
The which was all in lily-white arrayed,  
Where silver streams among the linen strayed;  
Like to the morn, when first her shining face  
Hath to the gloomy world itself bewrayed.  
That same was fairest Amoret in place,  
Shining with beauty's light, and heavenly virtue's grace.

As soon as I beheld the charming Amoret, my heart throbb'd with hopes. I stepped to her, and seized her hand; when Womanhood immediately rising up, sharply rebuked me for offering in so rude a manner to lay hold on a virgin. I excused myself as modestly as I could, and at the same

time displayed my shield; upon which, as soon as she beheld the god emblazoned with his bow and shafts, she was struck mute, and instantly retired.

I still held fast the fair Amoret, and turning my eyes towards the goddess of the place, saw that she favoured my pretensions with a smile, which so emboldened me, that I carried off my prize.

The maid, sometimes with tears, sometimes with smiles, entreated me to let her go: but I led her through the temple-gate, where the goddess Concord, who had favoured my entrance, befriended my retreat.

This allegory is so natural, that it explains itself. The persons in it are very artfully described, and disposed in proper places. The posts assigned to Doubt, Delay, and Danger, are admirable. The Gate of Good Desert has something noble and instructive in it. But above all, I am most pleased with the beautiful group of figures in the corner of the temple. Among these, Womanhood is drawn like what the philosophers call a universal nature, and is attended with beautiful representatives of all those virtues that are the ornaments of the female sex, considered in its natural perfection and innocence.

**No. 195. [Steele.  
From *Thursday, July 6, to Saturday, July 8, 1710***

**Grecian Coffee-house, July 7**

The learned world are very much offended at many of my ratiocinations, and have but a very mean opinion of me as a politician. The reason of this is, that some erroneously conceive a talent for politics to consist in the regard to a man's own interest; but I am of quite another mind, and think the first and essential quality towards being a statesman is to have a public spirit. One of the gentlemen who are out of humour with me, imputes my falling into a way wherein I am so very awkward to a barrenness of invention, and has the charity to lay new matter before me for the future. He is at the bottom my friend, but is at a loss to know whether I am a fool or a physician, and is pleased to expostulate with me with relation to the latter. He falls heavy upon licentiates, and seems to point more particularly at us who are not regularly of the faculty. But since he has been so civil to me as to meddle only with those who are employed no further than about men's lives, and not reflected upon me as of the astrological sect, who concern ourselves about lives and fortunes also, I am not so much hurt as to stifle any part of his fond letter.<sup>4</sup>

"Sir,

"I am afraid there is something in the suspicions of some people, that you begin to be short of matter for your Lucubrations. Though several of them now and then did appear somewhat dull and insipid to me, I was always charitably inclined to believe the fault lay in myself, and that I wanted the true key to uncipher your mysteries, and remember your advertisement upon this account. But since I have seen you fall in an unpardonable error, yea, with a relapse: I mean, since I have seen you turn politician in the present unhappy dissensions, I have begun to stagger, and could not choose but lessen the great value I had for the censor of our isle. How is it possible that a man, whom interest did naturally lead to a constant impartiality in these matters, and who hath wit enough to judge that his opinion was not like to make many proselytes; how is it possible, I say, that a little passion (for I have still too good an opinion of you to think you was bribed by the staggering party) could blind you so far as to offend the very better half of the nation, and to lessen off so much the number of your friends? Mr. Morpheus will not have cause to thank you, unless you give over, and endeavour to regain what you have lost. There is still a great many themes you have left untouched; such as the ill-managements of matters relating to law and physic, the setting down rules for knowing the quacks in both professions. What a large field is there left in discovering the abuses of the College, who had a charter and privileges granted them to hinder the creeping in and prevailing of quacks and pretenders; and yet grant licences to barbers, and write letters of recommendation in the country towns, out of the reach of their practice, in favour of mere boys; valuing the health and lives of their countrymen no further than

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<sup>4</sup> It has been suggested that this letter is by Swift. The *Examiner*, vol. iv. No. 43, said that Steele's friends "acquainted him with many little incidents and corruptions in low life which he has not touched upon; but, instead of a favourable answer, he has rejected all their hints for mirth and waggery, and transcribed scraps of politics, &c." Another protest against Steele's incursion into politics is printed in Lillie's "Original Letters sent to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*" i. 56.

they get money by them. You have said very little or nothing about the dispensation of justice in town and country, where clerks are the counsellors to their masters.

"But as I can't expect that the censor of Great Britain should publish a letter, wherein he is censured with too much reason himself; yet I hope you will be the better for it, and think upon the themes I have mentioned, which must certainly be of greater service to the world, yourself, and Mr. Morphew, than to let us know whether you are a Whig or a Tory. I am still

*"Your Admirer and Servant,  
"Cato Junior."*

This gentleman and I differ about the words "staggering" and "better part"; but instead of answering to the particulars of this epistle, I shall only acquaint my correspondent, that I am at present forming my thoughts upon the foundation of Sir Scudamore's progress in Spenser,<sup>5</sup> which has led me from all other amusements, to consider the state of love in this island; and from the corruptions in the government of that, to deduce the chief evils of life. In the meantime that I am thus employed, I have given positive orders to Don Saltero,<sup>6</sup> of Chelsea, the tooth-drawer, and Dr. Thomas Smith,<sup>7</sup> the corn-cutter, of King Street, Westminster (who have the modesty to confine their pretensions to manual operations), to bring me in, with all convenient speed, complete lists of all who are but of equal learning with themselves, and yet administer physic beyond the feet and gums. These advices I shall reserve for my future leisure; but have now taken a resolution to dedicate the remaining part of this instant July to the service of the fair sex, and have almost finished a scheme for settling the whole remainder of that sex who are unmarried, and above the age of twenty-five.

In order to this good and public service, I shall consider the passion of love in its full extent, as it is attended both with joys and inquietudes; and lay down, for the conduct of my lovers, such rules as shall banish the cares, and heighten the pleasures, which flow from that amiable spring of life and happiness. There is no less than an absolute necessity that some provision be made to take off the dead stock of women in city, town, and country. Let there happen but the least disorder in the streets, and in an instant you see the inequality of the numbers of males and females. Besides that the feminine crowd on such occasions is more numerous in the open way, you may observe them also to the very garrets huddled together, four at least at a casement. Add to this, that by an exact calculation of all that have come to town by stage-coach or waggon for this twelvemonth last, three times in four the treated persons have been males. This over-stock of beauty, for which there are so few bidders, calls for an immediate supply of lovers and husbands; and I am the studious knight-errant who have suffered long nocturnal contemplations to find out methods for the relief of all British females who at present seem to be devoted to involuntary virginity. The scheme upon which I design to act, I have communicated to none but a beauteous young lady (who has for some time left the town), in the following letter:

### **"To Amanda, in Kent**

"Madam,

"I send with this, my discourse of ways and means for encouraging marriage, and repeopling the island. You will soon observe, that according to these rules, the mean considerations (which make beauty and merit cease to be the objects of love and courtship) will be fully exploded. I have unanswerably proved, that jointures and settlements are the bane of happiness; and not only so, but the ruin even of their

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<sup>5</sup> See No. 194.

<sup>6</sup> See Nos. 34 and 221.

<sup>7</sup> See No. 103.

fortunes who enter into them. I beg of you, therefore, to come to town upon the receipt of this, where I promise you, you shall have as many lovers as toasters; for there needed nothing but to make men's interests fall in with their inclinations, to render you the most courted of your sex. As many as love you will now be willing to marry you: hasten then, and be the honourable mistress of mankind. Cassander, and many others, stand in the Gate of Good Desert<sup>8</sup> to receive you. I am,

*"Madam,*

*"Your most obedient,*

*"Most humble Servant,*

*"Isaac Bickerstaff."*

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<sup>8</sup> "Faërie Queene," Book iv. c. 10. See No. 194.

**No. 196. [Steele.]**  
**From Saturday, July 8, to Tuesday, July 11, 1710**

*Dulcis inexperto cultura potentis amici:  
Expertus metuit —*

*Hor., I Ep. xviii. 86.*

**From my own Apartment, July 10**

The intended course of my studies was altered this evening by a visit from an old acquaintance, who complained to me, mentioning one upon whom he had long depended, that he found his labour and perseverance in his patron's service and interests wholly ineffectual; and he thought now, after his best years were spent in a professed adherence to him and his fortunes, he should in the end be forced to break with him, and give over all further expectations from him. He sighed, and ended his discourse by saying, "You, Mr. Censor, some time ago, gave us your thoughts of the behaviour of great men to their creditors. This sort of demand upon them, for what they invite men to expect, is a debt of honour, which, according to custom, they ought to be most careful of paying, and would be a very worthy subject for a lucubration."

Of all men living, I think, I am the most proper to treat of this matter; because in the character and employment of censor, I have had encouragement so infinitely above my desert, that what I say cannot possibly be supposed to arise from peevishness, or any disappointment in that kind which I myself have met with. When we consider patrons and their clients, those who receive addresses, and those who are addressed to, it must not be understood that the dependants are such as are worthless in their natures, abandoned to any vice or dishonour, or such as without a call thrust themselves upon men in power; nor when we say patrons, do we mean such as have it not in their power, or have no obligation, to assist their friends; but we speak of such leagues where there are power and obligation on the one part, and merit and expectation on the other. Were we to be very particular on this subject, I take it that the division of patron and client may include a third part of our nation. The want of merit and real worth will strike out about ninety-nine in the hundred of these, and want of ability in the patron will dispose of as many of that order. He who out of mere vanity to be applied to will take up another's time and fortune in his service, where he has no prospect of returning it, is as much more unjust as those who took up my friend the upholster's<sup>9</sup> goods without paying him for them. I say, he is as much more unjust as our life and time is more valuable than our goods and movables. Among many whom you see about the great, there is a contented, well-pleased set, who seem to like the attendance for its own sake, and are early at the abodes of the powerful, out of mere fashion. This sort of vanity is as well grounded as if a man should lay aside his own plain suit, and dress himself up in a gay livery of another's.

There are many of this species who exclude others of just expectation, and make those proper dependants appear impatient, because they are not so cheerful as those who expect nothing. I have made use of the penny post for the instruction of these voluntary slaves, and informed them, that they will never be provided for; but they double their diligence upon admonition. Will Afterday has told his friends, that he was to have the next thing these ten years; and Harry Linger has been fourteen

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<sup>9</sup> See No. 180.

within a month of a considerable office. However the fantastic complaisance which is paid to them may blind the great from seeing themselves in a just light, they must needs (if they in the least reflect) at some times have a sense of the injustice they do in raising in others a false expectation. But this is so common a practice in all the stages of power, that there are not more cripples come out of the wars than from the attendance of patrons. You see in one a settled melancholy, in another a bridled rage, a third has lost his memory, and a fourth his whole constitution and humour. In a word, when you see a particular cast of mind or body, which looks a little upon the distracted, you may be sure the poor gentleman has formerly had great friends. For this reason, I have thought it a prudent thing to take a nephew of mine out of a lady's service, where he was a page, and have bound him to a shoemaker.

But what of all the humours under the sun is the most pleasant to consider, is, that you see some men lay as it were a set of acquaintance by them, to converse with when they are out of employment, who had no effect of their power when they were in. Here patrons and clients both make the most fantastical figure imaginable. Friendship indeed is most manifested in adversity; but I do not know how to behave myself to a man who thinks me his friend at no other time but that. Dick Reptile of our club had this in his head the other night, when he said, "I am afraid of ill news when I am visited by any of my old friends." These patrons are a little like some fine gentlemen, who spend all their hours of gaiety with their wenches, but when they fall sick, will let no one come near them but their wives. It seems, truth and honour are companions too sober for prosperity. It is certainly the most black ingratitude to accept of a man's best endeavours to be pleasing to you, and return it with indifference.

I am so much of this mind, that Dick Estcourt<sup>10</sup> the comedian, for coming one night to our club, though he laughed at us all the time he was there, shall have our company at his play on Thursday. A man of talents is to be favoured, or never admitted. Let the ordinary world truck for money and wares, but men of spirit and conversation should in every kind do others as much pleasure as they receive from them. But men are so taken up with outward forms, that they do not consider their actions; else how should it be, that a man shall deny that to the entreaties and almost tears of an old friend, which he shall solicit a new one to accept of? I remember, when I first came out of Staffordshire, I had an intimacy with a man of quality, in whose gift there fell a very good employment. All the town cried, "There's a thing for Mr. Bickerstaff!" when, to my great astonishment, I found my patron had been forced upon twenty artifices to surprise a man with it who never thought of it. But sure it is a degree of murder to amuse men with vain hopes. If a man takes away another's life, where is the difference, whether he does it by taking away the minutes of his time, or the drops of his blood? But indeed, such as have hearts barren of kindness are served accordingly by those whom they employ, and pass their lives away with an empty show of civility for love, and an insipid intercourse of a commerce in which their affections are no way concerned. But on the other side, how beautiful is the life of a patron who performs his duty to his inferiors? a worthy merchant who employs a crowd of artificers? a great lord who is generous and merciful to the several necessities of his tenants? a courtier who uses his credit and power for the welfare of his friends? These have in their several stations a quick relish of the exquisite pleasure of doing good. In a word, good patrons are like the guardian angels of Plato, who are ever busy, though unseen, in the care of their wards; but ill patrons are like the deities of Epicurus, supine, indolent, and unconcerned, though they see mortals in storms and tempests even while they are offering incense to their power.

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<sup>10</sup> See Nos. 51 and 130.

**No. 197. [Steele.]**  
**From Tuesday, July 11, to Thursday, July 13, 1710**

*Semper ego auditor tantum? – Juv., Sat. i. l.*

**Grecian Coffee-house, July 12**

When I came hither this evening, the man of the house delivered me a book very finely bound. When I received it, I overheard one of the boys whisper another, and say, "It was a fine thing to be a great scholar! What a pretty book that is!" It has indeed a very gay outside, and is dedicated to me by a very ingenious gentleman, who does not put his name to it. The title of it (for the work is in Latin) is, "Epistolarum Obscurorum Virorum, ad Dm. M. Ortuinum Gratium, Volumina II. &c."<sup>11</sup> ("The Epistles of the Obscure Writers to Ortuinus, &c."). The purpose of the work is signified in the dedication, in very elegant language, and fine raillery. It seems this is a collection of letters which some profound blockheads, who lived before our times, have written in honour of each other, and for their mutual information in each other's absurdities. They are mostly of the German nation, whence from time to time inundations of writers have flowed, more pernicious to the learned world than the swarms of Goths and Vandals to the politic. It is, methinks, wonderful, that fellows could be awake, and utter such incoherent conceptions, and converse with great gravity like learned men, without the least taste of knowledge or good sense. It would have been an endless labour to have taken any other method of exposing such impertinences, than by an edition of their own works, where you see their follies, according to the ambition of such *virtuosi*, in a most correct edition.

Looking over these accomplished labours, I could not but reflect upon the immense load of writings which the commonalty of scholars have pushed into the world, and the absurdity of parents, who educate crowds to spend their time in pursuit of such cold and sprightless endeavours to appear in public. It seems therefore a fruitless labour to attempt the correction of the taste of our contemporaries, except it was in our power to burn all the senseless labours of our ancestors. There is a secret propensity in nature from generation to generation in the blockheads of one age to admire those of another; and men of the same imperfections are as great admirers of each other, as those of the same abilities.

This great mischief of voluminous follies proceeds from a misfortune which happens in all ages, that men of barren geniuses, but fertile imaginations, are bred scholars. This may at first appear a paradox; but when we consider the talking creatures we meet in public places, it will no longer be such. Ralph Shallow is a young fellow, that has not by nature any the least propensity to strike into what has not been observed and said every day of his life by others; but with that inability of speaking anything that is uncommon, he has a great readiness at what he can speak of, and his imagination runs into all the different views of the subject he treats of in a moment. If Ralph had learning added to the common chit-chat of the town, he would have been a disputant upon all topics that ever were considered by men of his own genius. As for my part, I never am teased by an empty town-fellow, but I bless my stars that he was not bred a scholar. This addition, we must consider, would have made him capable of maintaining his follies. His being in the wrong would have been protected by suitable

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<sup>11</sup> Steele was apparently unaware that the letters in this famous book were a satire, directed against the clergy of the Catholic Church. The letters, written by Ulrich von Hutten and his friends, purported to be from certain monks and theologians to Ortuinus Gratius, doctor of theology. They were intended to ridicule the bad Latin of the clergy, and in every way to satirise the anti-reform party. (See Bayle's "Dictionary," Arts. Hochstrat and Hutten; and *Retrospective Review*, v. 56.) The elegant edition of this book published in London in 1710, in 12mo, was dedicated to Steele by the editor, Maittaire.

arguments; and when he was hedged in by logical terms, and false appearances, you must have owned yourself convinced before you could then have got rid of him, and the shame of his triumph had been added to the pain of his impertinence.

There is a sort of littleness in the minds of men of wrong sense, which makes them much more insufferable than mere fools, and has the further inconvenience of being attended by an endless loquacity. For which reason, it would be a very proper work, if some well-wisher to human society would consider the terms upon which people meet in public places, in order to prevent the unseasonable declamations which we meet with there. I remember, in my youth it was a humour at the University, when a fellow pretended to be more eloquent than ordinary, and had formed to himself a plot to gain all our admiration, or triumph over us with an argument, to either of which he had no manner of call; I say, in either of these cases, it was the humour to shut one eye. This whimsical way of taking notice to him of his absurdity, has prevented many a man from being a coxcomb. If amongst us on such an occasion each man offered a voluntary rhetorician some snuff, it would probably produce the same effect. As the matter now stands, whether a man will or no, he is obliged to be informed in whatever another pleases to entertain him with, though the preceptor makes these advances out of vanity, and not to instruct, but insult him.

There is no man will allow him who wants courage to be called a soldier; but men who want good sense are very frequently not only allowed to be scholars, but esteemed for being such. At the same time it must be granted, that as courage is the natural part of a soldier, so is a good understanding of a scholar. Such little minds as these, whose productions are collected in the volume to which I have the honour to be patron, are the instruments for artful men to work with, and become popular with the unthinking part of mankind. In courts, they make transparent flatterers; in camps, ostentatious bullies; in colleges, unintelligible pedants; and their faculties are used accordingly by those who lead them.

When a man who wants judgment is admitted into the conversation of reasonable men, he shall remember such improper circumstances, and draw such groundless conclusions from their discourse, and that with such colour of sense, as would divide the best set of company that can be got together. It is just thus with a fool who has a familiarity with books, he shall quote and recite one author against another, in such a manner as shall puzzle the best understanding to refute him; though the most ordinary capacity may observe, that it is only ignorance which makes the intricacy. All the true use of that we call learning, is to ennoble and improve our natural faculties, and not to disguise our imperfections. It is therefore in vain for folly to attempt to conceal itself by the refuge of learned languages. Literature does but make a man more eminently the thing which nature made him; and Polyglottes, had he studied less than he has, and written only in his mother tongue, had been known only in Great Britain for a pedant.

Mr. Bickerstaff thanks Dorinda, and will both answer her letter,<sup>12</sup> and take her advice.

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<sup>12</sup> No mention is afterwards made of Dorinda.

**No. 198. [Steele.]**  
**From Thursday, July 13, to Saturday, July 15, 1710**

*Quale sit id quod amas celeri circumspice mente,  
Et tua læsuro substrahe colla jugo.*

*Ovid, Rem. Amor., i. 89.<sup>13</sup>*

**From my own Apartment, July 14**

**The History of Cælia**

It is not necessary to look back into the first years of this young lady, whose story is of consequence only as her life has lately met with passages very uncommon. She is now in the twentieth year of her age, and owes a strict, but cheerful education, to the care of an aunt, to whom she was recommended by her dying father, whose decease was hastened by an inconsolable affliction for the loss of her mother. As Cælia is the offspring of the most generous passion that has been known in our age, she is adorned with as much beauty and grace as the most celebrated of her sex possess; but her domestic life, moderate fortune, and religious education gave her but little opportunity, and less inclination, to be admired in public assemblies. Her abode has been for some years a convenient distance from the Cathedral of St. Paul's, where her aunt and she chose to reside, for the advantage of that rapturous way of devotion which gives ecstasy to the pleasures of innocence, and, in some measure, is the immediate possession of those heavenly enjoyments for which they are addressed.

As you may trace the usual thoughts of men in their countenances, there appeared in the face of Cælia a cheerfulness, the constant companion of unaffected virtue, and a gladness, which is as inseparable from true piety. Her every look and motion spoke the peaceful, mild, resigning, humble inhabitant that animated her beauteous body. Her air discovered her body a mere machine of her mind, and not that her thoughts were employed in studying graces and attractions for her person. Such was Cælia when she was first seen by Palamede at her usual place of worship. Palamede is a young man of two-and-twenty, well-fashioned, learned, genteel, and discreet, and son and heir of a gentleman of a very great estate, and himself possessed of a plentiful one by the gift of an uncle. He became enamoured with Cælia, and after having learned her habitation, had address enough to communicate his passion and circumstances with such an air of good sense and integrity, as soon obtained permission to visit and profess his inclinations towards her. Palamede's present fortune and future expectations were no way prejudicial to his addresses; but after the lovers had passed some time in the agreeable entertainments of a successful courtship, Cælia one day took occasion to interrupt Palamede in the midst of a very pleasing discourse of the happiness he promised himself in so accomplished a companion, and assuming a serious air, told him, there was another heart to be won before he gained hers, which was that of his father. Palamede seemed much disturbed at the overture, and lamented to her, that his father was one of those too provident parents, who only place their thoughts upon bringing riches into their families by marriages, and are wholly insensible of all other considerations. But the strictness of Cælia's rules of life made her insist upon this demand; and

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<sup>13</sup> This quotation is attributed erroneously to Horace in the early editions.

the son, at a proper hour, communicated to his father the circumstances of his love, and the merit of the object. The next day the father made her a visit. The beauty of her person, the fame of her virtue, and a certain irresistible charm in her whole behaviour on so tender and delicate an occasion, wrought so much upon him, in spite of all prepossessions, that he hastened the marriage with an impatience equal to that of his son. Their nuptials were celebrated with a privacy suitable to the character and modesty of Cælia, and from that day, till a fatal one of last week, they lived together with all the joy and happiness which attend minds entirely united.

It should have been intimated, that Palamede is a student of the Temple, and usually retired thither early in a morning, Cælia still sleeping.

It happened a few days since, that she followed him thither to communicate to him something she had omitted in her redundant fondness to speak of the evening before. When she came to his apartment, the servant there told her, she was coming with a letter to her. While Cælia in an inner room was reading an apology from her husband, that he had been suddenly taken by some of his acquaintance to dine at Brentford, but that he should return in the evening, a country girl, decently clad, asked, if those were not the chambers of Mr. Palamede? She was answered, they were, but that he was not in town. The stranger asked, when he was expected at home? The servant replied, she would go in and ask his wife. The young woman repeated the word "wife," and fainted. This accident raised no less curiosity than amazement in Cælia, who caused her to be removed into the inner room. Upon proper applications to revive her, the unhappy young creature returned to herself, and said to Cælia, with an earnest and beseeching tone, "Are you really Mr. Palamede's wife?" Cælia replies, "I hope I do not look as if I were any other in the condition you see me." The stranger answers, "No, madam, he is my husband." At the same instant she threw a bundle of letters into Cælia's lap, which confirmed the truth of what she asserted. Their mutual innocence and sorrow made them look at each other as partners in distress, rather than rivals in love. The superiority of Cælia's understanding and genius gave her an authority to examine into this adventure as if she had been offended against, and the other the delinquent. The stranger spoke in the following manner:

"Madam, if it shall please you, Mr. Palamede having an uncle of a good estate near Winchester, was bred at the school there, to gain the more his good-will by being in his sight. His uncle died, and left him the estate, which my husband now has. When he was a mere youth he set his affections on me: but when he could not gain his ends he married me, making me and my mother, who is a farmer's widow, swear we would never tell it upon any account whatsoever; for that it would not look well for him to marry such a one as me; besides, that his father would cut him off of the estate. I was glad to have him in an honest way, and he now and then came and stayed a night and away at our house. But very lately he came down to see us, with a fine young gentleman his friend, who stayed behind there with us, pretending to like the place for the summer; but ever since Master Palamede went, he has attempted to abuse me; and I ran hither to acquaint him with it, and avoid the wicked intentions of his false friend."

Cælia had no more room for doubt, but left her rival the same agonies she felt herself. Palamede returns in the evening, and finding his wife at his chambers, learned all that had passed, and hastened to Cælia's lodgings.

It is much easier to imagine than express the sentiments of either the criminal or the injured at this encounter.

As soon as Palamede had found way for speech, he confessed his marriage, and his placing his companion on purpose to vitiate his wife, that he might break through a marriage made in his nonage, and devote his riper and knowing years to Cælia. She made him no answer; but retired to her closet. He returned to the Temple, where he soon after received from her the following letter:

"Sir,

"You, who this morning were the best, are now the worst of men who breathe vital air. I am at once overwhelmed with love, hatred, rage, and disdain. Can infamy

and innocence live together? I feel the weight of the one too strong for the comfort of the other. How bitter, Heaven, how bitter is my portion! How much have I to say; but the infant which I bear about me stirs with my agitation. I am, Palamede, to live in shame, and this creature be heir to it. Farewell for ever."

**No. 199. [Steele. <sup>14</sup>**  
**From Saturday, July 15, to Tuesday, July 18, 1710**

When we revolve in our thoughts such catastrophes as that in the history of the unhappy Cælia, there seems to be something so hazardous in the changing a single state of life into that of marriage, that (it may happen) all the precautions imaginable are not sufficient to defend a virgin from ruin by her choice. It seems a wonderful inconsistency in the distribution of public justice, that a man who robs a woman of an ear-ring or a jewel, should be punished with death; but one who by false arts and insinuations should take from her her very self, is only to suffer disgrace. This excellent young woman has nothing to console herself with, but the reflection that her sufferings are not the effect of any guilt or misconduct, and has for her protection the influence of a power which, amidst the unjust reproach of all mankind, can give not only patience, but pleasure to innocence in distress.

As the person who is the criminal against Cælia cannot be sufficiently punished according to our present law, so are there numberless unhappy persons without remedy according to present custom. That great ill which has prevailed among us in these latter ages, is the making even beauty and virtue the purchase of money. The generality of parents, and some of those of quality, instead of looking out for introducing health of constitution, frankness of spirit, or dignity of countenance, into their families, lay out all their thoughts upon finding out matches for their estates, and not their children. You shall have one form a plot for the good of his family, that there shall not be six men in England capable of pretending to his daughter. A second shall have a son obliged, out of mere discretion, for fear of doing anything below himself, follow all the drabs in town. These sage parents meet; and as there is no pass, no courtship, between the young ones, it is no unpleasant observation to behold how they proceed to treaty. There is ever in the behaviour of each something that denotes his circumstance; and honest Coupler the conveniencer says, he can distinguish upon sight of the parties, before they have opened any point of their business, which of the two has the daughter to sell. Coupler is of our club, and I have frequently heard him declaim upon this subject, and assert, that the marriage-settlements which are now used have grown fashionable even within his memory.

When the theatre in some late reigns owed its chief support to those scenes which were written to put matrimony out of countenance, and render that state terrible, then it was that pin-money<sup>15</sup> first prevailed, and all the other articles inserted which create a diffidence; and intimate to the young people, that they are very soon to be in a state of war with each other: though this had seldom happened, except the fear of it had been expressed. Coupler will tell you also, that jointures were never frequent till the age before his own; but the women were contented with the third part of the estate the law allotted them, and scorned to engage with men whom they thought capable of abusing their children. He has also informed me, that those who were the oldest benchers when he came to the Temple told him, the first marriage-settlement of considerable length was the invention of an old serjeant, who took the opportunity of two testy fathers, who were ever squabbling to bring about an alliance between their children. These fellows knew each other to be knaves, and the serjeant took hold of their mutual diffidence, for the benefit of the law, to extend the settlement to three skins of parchment.

To this great benefactor to the profession is owing the present price current of lines and words. Thus is tenderness thrown out of the question; and the great care is, what the young couple shall do when they come to hate each other? I do not question but from this one humour of settlements, might

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<sup>14</sup> This paper was probably based on notes by Edward Wortley Montagu. See note to No. 223.

<sup>15</sup> See Addison's paper in the *Spectator*; No. 295, and Sir Harry Gubbin's complaints of "that cursed pin-money" in Steele's "Tender Husband," act i. sc. 2. In No. 231 of the *Tatler*, Steele says, "The lawyers finished the writings, in which, by the way, there was no pin-money, and they were married."

very fairly be deduced not only our present defection in point of morals, but also our want of people. This has given way to such unreasonable gallantries, that a man is hardly reproachable that deceives an innocent woman, though she has never so much merit, if she is below him in fortune. The man has no dishonour following his treachery; and her own sex are so debased by force of custom, as to say in the case of the woman, "How could she expect he would marry her."

By this means the good offices, the pleasures and graces of life, are not put into the balance: the bridegroom has given his estate out of himself, and he has no more left but to follow the blind decree of his fate, whether he shall be succeeded by a sot, or a man of merit, in his fortune. On the other side, a fine woman, who has also a fortune, is set up by way of auction; her first lover has ten to one against him. The very hour after he has opened his heart and his rent-roll, he is made no other use of, but to raise her price. She and her friends lose no opportunity of publishing it to call in new bidders. While the poor lover very innocently waits till the plenipotentiaries at the Inns of Court have debated about the alliance, all the partisans of the lady throw difficulties in the way, till other offers come in; and the man who came first is not put in possession, till she has been refused by half the town. If an abhorrence to such mercenary proceedings were well settled in the minds of my fair readers, those of merit would have a way opened to their advancement; nay, those who abound in wealth only, would in reality find their account in it. It would not be in the power of their prude acquaintance, their waiters, their nurses, cousins and whisperers, to persuade them, that there are not above twenty men in a kingdom (and those such as perhaps they may never set eyes on) whom they can think of with discretion. As the case stands now, let any one consider, how the great heiresses, and those to whom they were offered, for no other reason but that they could make them suitable settlements, live together. What can be more insipid, if not loathsome, than for two persons to be at the head of a crowd, who have as little regard for them as they for each other, and behold one another in an affected sense of prosperity, without the least relish of that exquisite gladness at meeting, that sweet inquietude at parting, together with the charms of voice, look, gesture, and that general benevolence between well-chosen lovers, which makes all things please, and leaves not the least trifle indifferent.

But I am diverted from these sketches for future essays<sup>16</sup> in behalf of my numerous clients of the fair sex, by a notice sent to my office in Sheer Lane, that a blooming widow, in the third year of her widowhood, and twenty-sixth of her age, designs to take a colonel of twenty-eight. The parties request I would draw up their terms of coming together, as having a regard to my opinion against long and diffident settlements; and I have sent them the following indenture:

"We John – and Mary – having estates for life, resolve to take each other. I John will venture my life to enrich thee Mary; and I Mary will consult my health to nurse thee John. To which we have interchangeably set our hands, hearts, and seals, this 17th of July, 1710."

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<sup>16</sup> See No. 223.

**No. 200. [Steele.**  
**From Tuesday, July 18, to Thursday, July 20, 1710**

**From my own Apartment, July 19**

Having devoted the greater part of my time to the service of the fair sex, I must ask pardon of my men correspondents if I postpone their commands, when I have any from the ladies which lie unanswered. That which follows is of importance:

"Sir,

"You can't think it strange if I, who know little of the world, apply to you for advice in the weighty affair of matrimony, since you yourself have often declared it to be of that consequence as to require the utmost deliberation. Without further preface, therefore, give me leave to tell you, that my father at his death left me a fortune sufficient to make me a match for any gentleman. My mother (for she is still alive) is very pressing with me to marry; and I am apt to think, to gratify her, I shall venture upon one of two gentlemen who at this time make their addresses to me. My request is, that you would direct me in my choice; which that you may the better do, I shall give you their characters; and to avoid confusion, desire you to call them by the names of Philander and Silvius. Philander is young, and has a good estate; Silvius is as young, and has a better. The former has had a liberal education, has seen the town, is retired from thence to his estate in the country, is a man of few words, and much given to books. The latter was brought up under his father's eye, who gave him just learning enough to enable him to keep his accounts; but made him withal very expert in country business, such as ploughing, sowing, buying, selling, and the like. They are both very sober men, neither of their persons is disagreeable, nor did I know which to prefer till I had heard them discourse; when the conversation of Philander so much prevailed, as to give him the advantage, with me, in all other respects. My mother pleads strongly for Silvius, and uses these arguments, that he not only has the larger estate at present, but by his good husbandry and management increases it daily; that his little knowledge in other affairs will make him easy and tractable; whereas (according to her) men of letters know too much to make good husbands. To part of this I imagine I answer effectually, by saying, Philander's estate is large enough; that they who think £2000 a year sufficient, make no difference between that and three. I easily believe him less conversant in those affairs, the knowledge of which she so much commends in Silvius; but I think them neither so necessary or becoming in a gentleman as the accomplishments of Philander. It is no great character of a man to say, he rides in his coach and six, and understands as much as he who follows his plough. Add to this, that the conversation of these sort of men seems so disagreeable to me, that though they may make good bailiffs, I can hardly be persuaded they can be good companions. It is possible I may seem to have odd notions, when I say I am not fond of a man only for being of (what is called) a thriving temper. To conclude, I own I am at a loss to conceive how good sense should make a man an ill husband, or conversing with books less complaisant.

*"Celia."*

The resolution which this lady is going to take, she may very well say is founded on reason: for after the necessities of life are served, there is no manner of competition between a man of liberal education and an illiterate. Men are not altered by their circumstances, but as they give them opportunities of exerting what they are in themselves; and a powerful clown is a tyrant in the most ugly form he can possibly appear. There lies a seeming objection in the thoughtful manner of Philander: but let her consider which she shall oftener have occasion to wish, that Philander would speak, or Silvius hold his tongue.

The train of my discourse is prevented by the urgent haste of another correspondent:

*July 14.*

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"This comes to you from one of those virgins of twenty-five years old and upwards, that you, like a patron of the distressed, promised to provide for;<sup>17</sup> who makes it her humble request, that no occasional stories or subjects may (as they have for three or four of your last days) prevent your publishing the scheme you have communicated to Amanda, for every day and hour is of the greatest consequence to damsels of so advanced an age. Be quick then, if you intend to do any service for

*"Your Admirer,*

*"Diana Forecast."*

In this important affair, I have not neglected the proposals of others. Among them is the following sketch of a lottery for persons. The author of it has proposed very ample encouragement, not only to myself, but also to Charles Lillie and John Morphew. If the matter bears, I shall not be unjust to his merit: I only desire to enlarge his plan; for which purpose I lay it before the town, as well for the improvement as encouragement of it.

### **The Amicable Contribution for raising the Fortunes of Ten Young Ladies**

*"Imprimis,* It is proposed to raise 100,000 crowns by way of lots, which will advance for each lady £2500, which sum, together with one of the ladies, the gentleman that shall be so happy as to draw a prize (provided they both like), will be entitled to, under such restrictions hereafter mentioned. And in case they do not like, then either party that refuses shall be entitled to £1000 only, and the remainder to him or her that shall be willing to marry, the man being first to declare his mind. But it is provided, that if both parties shall consent to have one another, the gentleman shall, before he receives the money thus raised, settle £1000 of the same in substantial hands (who shall be as trustees for the said ladies), and shall have the whole and sole disposal of it for her use only.

*"Note.—* Each party shall have three months' time to consider, after an interview had, which shall be within ten days after the lots are drawn.

*"Note also.—* The name and place of abode of the prize shall be placed on a proper ticket.

*"Item.—* They shall be ladies that have had a liberal education, between fifteen and twenty-three, all genteel, witty, and of unblamable characters.

"The money to be raised shall be kept in an iron box, and when there shall be 2000 subscriptions, which amounts to £500, it shall be taken out and put into a goldsmith's hands, and the note made payable to the proper lady, or her assigns (with a clause therein to hinder her from receiving it, till the fortunate person that draws her shall first sign the note), and so on till the whole sum is subscribed for: and as soon as 100,000 subscriptions are completed, and 200 crowns more to pay the charges, the lottery shall be drawn at a proper place, to be appointed a fortnight before the drawing."

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<sup>17</sup> See No. 195.

*Note.*— Mr. Bickerstaff objects to the marriageable years here mentioned; and is of opinion, they should not commence till after twenty-three. But he appeals to the learned, both of Warwick Lane and Bishopsgate Street,<sup>18</sup> on this subject.

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<sup>18</sup> The College of Physicians met in Warwick Lane, and the Royal Society at Gresham College, in Bishopsgate Street.

**No. 201. [Steele.**  
**From Thursday, July 20, to Saturday, July 22, 1710**

**White's Chocolate-house, July 21**

It has been often asserted in these papers, that the great source of our wrong pursuits is the impertinent manner with which we treat women, both in the common and important circumstances of life. In vain do we say, the whole sex would run into England, while the privileges which are allowed them do no way balance the inconveniences arising from those very immunities. Our women have very much indulged to them in the participation of our fortunes and our liberty; but the errors they commit in the use of either, are by no means so impartially considered as the false steps which are made by men. In the commerce of lovers, the man makes the address, assails, and betrays, and yet stands in the same degree of acceptance as he was in before he committed that treachery: the woman, for no other crime but believing one whom she thought loved her, is treated with shyness and indifference at the best, and commonly with reproach and scorn. He that is past the power of beauty may talk of this matter with the same unconcern as of any other subject: therefore I shall take upon me to consider the sex, as they live within rules, and as they transgress them. The ordinary class of the good or the ill have very little influence upon the actions of others; but the eminent in either kind are those who lead the world below them. The ill are employed in communicating scandal, infamy, and disease, like furies; the good distribute benevolence, friendship, and health, like angels. The ill are damped with pain and anguish at the sight of all that is laudable, lovely, or happy. The virtuous are touched with commiseration toward the guilty, the disagreeable, and the wretched. There are those who betray the innocent of their own sex, and solicit the lewd of ours. There are those who have abandoned the very memory, not only of innocence, but shame. There are those who never forgave, nor could ever bear being forgiven. There are also who visit the beds of the sick, lull the cares of the sorrowful, and double the joys of the joyful. Such is the destroying fiend, such the guardian angel, woman.

The way to have a greater number of the amiable part of womankind, and lessen the crowd of the other sort, is to contribute what we can to the success of well-grounded passions; and therefore I comply with the request of an enamoured man in inserting the following billet:

"Madam,

"Mr. Bickerstaff you always read, though me you will never hear. I am obliged therefore to his compassion for the opportunity of imploring yours. I sigh for the most accomplished of her sex. That is so just a distinction of her to whom I write, that the owning I think so is no distinction of me who write. Your good qualities are peculiar to you, my admiration in common with thousands. I shall be present when you read this, but fear every woman will take it for her character, sooner than she who deserves it."

If the next letter which presents itself should come from the mistress of this modest lover, and I make them break through the oppression of their passions, I shall expect gloves at their nuptials.

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"You that are a philosopher know very well the make of the mind of woman, and can best instruct me in the conduct of an affair which highly concerns me. I never can admit my lover to speak to me of love, yet think him impertinent when he offers to talk of anything else. What shall I do with a man that always believes

me? 'Tis a strange thing this distance in men of sense; why do not they always urge their fate? If we are sincere in our severity, you lose nothing by attempting. If we are hypocrites, you certainly succeed."

### **From my own Apartment, July 21**

Before I withdraw from business for the night, it is my custom to receive all addresses to me, that others may go to rest as well as myself, at least as far as I can contribute to it. When I called to know if any would speak with me, I was informed that Mr. Mills,<sup>19</sup> the player, desired to be admitted. He was so, and with much modesty acquainted me, as he did other people of note, that "Hamlet" was to be acted on Wednesday next for his benefit. I had long wanted to speak with this person, because I thought I could admonish him of many things which would tend to his improvement. In the general I observed to him, that though action was his business, the way to that action was not to study gesture, for the behaviour would follow the sentiments of the mind.

Action to the player, is what speech is to an orator. If the matter be well conceived, words will flow with ease; and if the actor is well possessed of the nature of his part, a proper action will necessarily follow. He informed me, that Wilks was to act Hamlet. I desired him, to request of him in my name, that he would wholly forget Mr. Betterton; for that he failed in no part of Othello, but where he had him in view. An actor's forming himself by the carriage of another, is like the trick among the widows, who lament their husbands as their neighbours did theirs, and not according to their own sentiments of the deceased.

There is a fault also in the audience which interrupts their satisfaction very much, that is, the figuring to themselves the actor in some part wherein they formerly particularly liked him, and not attending to the part he is at that time performing. Thus, whatever Wilks (who is the strictest follower of nature) is acting, the vulgar spectators turn their thoughts upon Sir Harry Wildair.

When I had indulged the loquacity of an old man for some time in such loose hints, I took my leave of Mr. Mills, and was told, Mr. Elliot<sup>20</sup> of St. James's Coffee-house would speak with me. His business was to desire I would, as I am an astrologer, let him know beforehand who were to have the benefit tickets in the ensuing lottery; which knowledge he was of opinion he could turn to great account, as he was concerned in news.

I granted his request, upon an oath of secrecy, that he would only make his own use of it, and not let it be publicly known till after they were drawn. I had not done speaking, when he produced to me a plan which he had formed of keeping books, with the names of all such adventurers, and the numbers of their tickets, as should come to him, in order to give an hourly account<sup>21</sup> of what tickets shall come up during the whole time of the lottery, the drawing of which is to begin on Wednesday next. I liked his method of disguising the secret I had told him, and pronounced him a thriving man who could so well watch the motion of things, and profit by a prevailing humour and impatience so aptly, as to make his honest industry agreeable to his customers, as it is to be the messenger of their good fortune.

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<sup>19</sup> John Mills, the elder, who died in 1736. Cibber says that Mills owed his advancement to Wilks, to whose friendship his qualities as an "honest, quiet, careful man, of as few faults as excellences, commended him." Mills' salary (see table printed in vol. ii. p. 164) was the same as Betterton's – £4 a week, and £1 for his wife.

<sup>20</sup> On November 19, 1710, Swift and Steele met at the St. James's Coffee-house. "This evening," says Swift, "I christened our coffee-man Elliot's child, where the rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat among some scurvy company over a bowl of punch; so that I am come late home."

<sup>21</sup> See No. 202, end.

## **Advertisement**

### **From the Trumpet in Sheer Lane, July 20**

Ordered, that for the improvement of the pleasures of society, a member of this house, one of the most wakeful of the soporific assembly beyond Smithfield Bars, and one of the order of story-tellers in Holborn, may meet and exchange stale matter, and report the same to their principals.

*N.B.*— No man is to tell above one story in the same evening; but has liberty to tell the same the night following.

Mr. Bickerstaff desires his love correspondents to vary the names they shall assume in their future letters, for that he is overstocked with Philanders.

**No. 202. [Steele.]**  
**From Saturday, July 22, to Tuesday, July 25, 1710**

– *Est hic,*  
*Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.*

*Hor., 1 Ep. xi. 30.*

**From my own Apartment, July 24**

This afternoon I went to visit a gentleman of my acquaintance at Mile End, and passing through Stepney Churchyard, I could not forbear entertaining myself with the inscriptions on the tombs and graves. Among others, I observed one with this notable memorial:

**"Here lies the body of T.B."**

This fantastical desire of being remembered only by the two first letters of a name, led me into the contemplation of the vanity and imperfect attainments of ambition in general. When I run back in my imagination all the men whom I have ever known and conversed with in my whole life, there are but very few who have not used their faculties in the pursuit of what it is impossible to acquire, or left the possession of what they might have been (at their setting out) masters, to search for it where it was out of their reach. In this thought it was not possible to forget the instance of Pyrrhus, who proposing to himself in discourse with a philosopher,<sup>22</sup> one, and another, and another conquest, was asked, what he would do after all that? "Then," says the King, "we will make merry." He was well answered, "What hinders your doing that in the condition you are already?" The restless desire of exerting themselves above the common level of mankind is not to be resisted in some tempers; and minds of this make may be observed in every condition of life. Where such men do not make to themselves or meet with employment, the soil of their constitution runs into tares and weeds. An old friend of mine, who lost a major's post forty years ago, and quitted, has ever since studied maps, encampments, retreats, and countermarches, with no other design but to feed his spleen and ill-humour, and furnish himself with matter for arguing against all the successful actions of others. He that at his first setting out in the world was the gayest man in our regiment, ventured his life with alacrity, and enjoyed it with satisfaction, encouraged men below him, and was courted by men above him, has been ever since the most froward creature breathing. His warm complexion spends itself now only in a general spirit of contradiction; for which he watches all occasions, and is in his conversation still upon sentry, treats all men like enemies, with every other impertinence of a speculative warrior.

He that observes in himself this natural inquietude, should take all imaginable care to put his mind in some method of gratification, or he will soon find himself grow into the condition of this disappointed major. Instead of courting proper occasions to rise above others, he will be ever studious of pulling others down to him: it being the common refuge of disappointed ambition, to ease themselves by detraction. It would be no great argument against ambition, that there are such mortal things in the disappointment of it; but it certainly is a forcible exception, that there can be no solid happiness in the success of it. If we value popular praise, it is in the power of the meanest of the

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<sup>22</sup> Cineas the orator (see Plutarch's "Life of Pyrrhus").

people to disturb us by calumny. If the fame of being happy, we cannot look into a village but we see crowds in actual possession of what we seek only the appearance. To this may be added, that there is I know not what malignity in the minds of ordinary men to oppose you in what they see you fond of; and it is a certain exception against a man's receiving applause, that he visibly courts it. However, this is not only the passion of great and undertaking spirits, but you see it in the lives of such as one would believe were far enough removed from the ways of ambition. The rural squires of this nation even eat and drink out of vanity. A vainglorious fox-hunter shall entertain half a county for the ostentation of his beef and beer, without the least affection for any of the crowd about him. He feeds them, because he thinks it a superiority over them that he does so: and they devour him, because they know he treats them out of insolence. This indeed is ambition in grotesque, but may figure to us the condition of politer men, whose only pursuit is glory. When the superior acts out of a principle of vanity, the dependant will be sure to allow it him; because he knows it destructive of the very applause which is courted by the man who favours him, and consequently makes him nearer himself.

But as every man living has more or less of this incentive, which makes men impatient of an inactive condition, and urges men to attempt what may tend to their reputation, it is absolutely necessary they should form to themselves an ambition which is in every man's power to gratify. This ambition would be independent, and would consist only in acting what to a man's own mind appears most great and laudable. It is a pursuit in the power of every man, and is only a regular prosecution of what he himself approves. It is what can be interrupted by no outward accidents, for no man can be robbed of his good intention. One of our society of the Trumpet therefore started last night a notion which I thought had reason in it. "It is, methinks," said he, "an unreasonable thing, that heroic virtue should (as it seems to be at present) be confined to a certain order of men, and be attainable by none but those whom fortune has elevated to the most conspicuous stations. I would have everything to be esteemed as heroic which is great and uncommon in the circumstances in the man who performs it." Thus there would be no virtue in human life which every one of the species would not have a pretence to arrive at, and an ardency to exert. Since Fortune is not in our power, let us be as little as possible in hers. Why should it be necessary that a man should be rich, to be generous? If we measured by the quality, and not the quantity, of things, the particulars which accompany an action are what should denominate it mean or great. The highest station of human life is to be attained by each man that pretends to it: for every man can be as valiant, as generous, as wise, and as merciful, as the faculties and opportunities which he has from Heaven and fortune will permit. He that can say to himself, I do as much good, and am as virtuous, as my most earnest endeavours will allow me, whatever is his station in the world, is to himself possessed of the highest honour. If ambition is not thus turned, it is no other than a continual succession of anxiety and vexation. But when it has this cast, it invigorates the mind, and the consciousness of its own worth is a reward which it is not in the power of envy, reproach, or detraction, to take from it. Thus the seat of solid honour is in a man's own bosom, and no one can want support who is in possession of an honest conscience, but he who would suffer the reproaches of it for other greatness.

*P.S.*— I was going on in my philosophy, when notice was brought me that there was a great crowd in my ante-chamber, who expected audience. When they were admitted, I found they all met at my lodgings; each coming upon the same errand, to know whether they were of the fortunate in the lottery, which is now ready to be drawn. I was much at a loss how to extricate myself from their importunity; but observing the assembly made up of both sexes, I signified to them, that in this case it would appear Fortune is not blind, for all the lots would fall upon the wisest and the fairest. This gave so general a satisfaction, that the room was soon emptied, and the company retired with the best air, and the most pleasing grace, I had anywhere observed. Mr. Elliot<sup>23</sup> of St. James's Coffee-house now stood alone before me, and signified to me, he had now not only prepared his books, but

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<sup>23</sup> See No. 201.

had received a very great subscription already. His design was, to advertise his subscribers at their respective places of abode, within an hour after their number is drawn, whether it was a blank or benefit, if the adventurer lives within the bills of mortality; if he dwells in the country, by the next post. I encouraged the man in his industry, and told him, the ready path to good fortune was to believe there was no such thing.

**No. 203. [Steele.]**  
**From Tuesday, July 25, to Thursday, July 27, 1710**

*Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus. – Hor., 1 Ep.  
viii. 17.*

**From my own Apartment, July 26**

It is natural for the imaginations of men who lead their lives in too solitary a manner, to prey upon themselves, and form from their own conceptions beings and things which have no place in nature. This often makes an adept as much at a loss when he comes into the world as a mere savage. To avoid therefore that ineptitude for society, which is frequently the fault of us scholars, and has to men of understanding and breeding something much more shocking and untractable than rusticity itself, I take care to visit all public solemnities, and go into assemblies as often as my studies will permit. This being therefore the first day of the drawing of the lottery,<sup>24</sup> I did not neglect spending a considerable time in the crowd: but as much a philosopher as I pretend to be, I could not but look with a sort of veneration upon the two boys which received the tickets from the wheels, as the impartial and equal dispensers of the fortunes which were to be distributed among the crowd, who all stood expecting the same chance. It seems at first thought very wonderful, that one passion should so universally have the pre-eminence of another in the possession of men's minds as that in this case; all in general have a secret hope of the great ticket: and yet fear in another instance, as in going into a battle, shall have so little influence, as that though each man believes there will be many thousands slain, each is confident he himself shall escape. This certainty proceeds from our vanity; for every man sees abundance in himself that deserves reward, and nothing which should meet with mortification. But of all the adventurers that filled the hall, there was one who stood by me, who I could not but fancy expected the thousand pounds per annum, as a mere justice to his parts and industry. He had his pencil and table-book, and was at the drawing of each lot, counting how much a man with seven tickets was now nearer the great prize, by the striking out another and another competitor. This man was of the most particular constitution I had ever observed; his passions were so active, that he worked in the utmost stretch of hope and fear. When one rival fell before him, you might see a short gleam of triumph in his countenance, which immediately vanished at the approach of another. What added to the particularity of this man, was, that he every moment cast a look, either upon the commissioners, the wheels, or the boys. I gently whispered him, and asked, when he thought the thousand pounds would come up? "Pugh!" says he, "who knows that?" and then looks upon a little list of his own tickets, which were pretty high in their numbers, and said it would not come this ten days. This fellow will have a good chance, though not that which he has put his heart on. The man is mechanically turned, and made for getting. The simplicity and eagerness which he is in, argues an attention to his point; though what he is labouring at does not in the least contribute to it. Were it not for such honest fellows as these, the men who govern the rest of their species would have no tools to work with: for the outward show of the world is carried on by such as cannot find out that they are doing nothing. I left my man with great reluctance, seeing the care he took to observe the whole conduct of the persons concerned, and compute the inequality of the chances with his own hands and eyes. "Dear

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<sup>24</sup> See No. 124.

sir," said I, "they must rise early that cheat you." "Ay," said he, "there's nothing like a man's minding his business himself." "'Tis very true," said I; "the master's eye makes the horse fat."

As it is much the greater number who are to go without prizes, it is but very expedient to turn our lecture<sup>25</sup> to the forming just sentiments on the subject of fortune. One said this morning, that the chief lot he was confident would fall upon some puppy; but this gentleman is one of those wrong tempers who approve only the unhappy, and have a natural prejudice to the fortunate. But as it is certain that there is a great meanness in being attached to a man purely for his fortune, there is no less a meanness in disliking him for his happiness. It is the same perverseness under different colours, and both these resentments arise from mere pride.

The true greatness of mind consists in valuing men apart from their circumstances, or according to their behaviour in them. Wealth is a distinction only in traffic; but it must not be allowed as a recommendation in any other particular, but only just as it is applied. It was very prettily said, that we may learn the little value of fortune by the persons on whom Heaven is pleased to bestow it.<sup>26</sup> However, there is not a harder part in human life than becoming wealth and greatness. He must be very well stocked with merit, who is not willing to draw some superiority over his friends from his fortune: for it is not every man that can entertain with the air of a guest, and do good offices with the mien of one that receives them.

I must confess, I cannot conceive how a man can place himself in a figure wherein he can so much enjoy his own soul, and that greatest of pleasures, the just approbation of his own actions, than as an adventurer on this occasion, to sit and see the lots go off without hope or fear, perfectly unconcerned as to himself, but taking part in the good fortune of others.

I will believe there are happy tempers in being, to whom all the good that arrives to any of their fellow-creatures gives a pleasure. These live in a course of substantial and lasting happiness, and have the satisfaction to see all men endeavour to gratify them. This state of mind not only lets a man into certain enjoyments, but relieves him from as certain anxieties. If you will not rejoice with happy men, you must repine at them. Dick Reptile alluded to this when he said, he would hate no man out of pure idleness. As for my own part, I look at fortune quite in another view than the rest of the world; and, by my knowledge in futurity, tremble at the approaching prize which I see coming to a young lady for whom I have much tenderness; and have therefore written her the following letter, to be sent by Mr. Elliot with the notice of her ticket:

"Madam,

"You receive at the instant this comes to your hands, an account of your having (what only you wanted) fortune; and to admonish you, that you may not now want everything else. You had yesterday wit, virtue, beauty; but you never heard of them till to-day. They say Fortune is blind; but you will find she has opened the eyes of all your beholders. I beseech you, madam, make use of the advantages of having been educated without flattery. If you can still be Chloe, Fortune has indeed been kind to you; if you are altered, she has it not in her power to give you an equivalent."<sup>27</sup>

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<sup>25</sup> Discourse.

<sup>26</sup> A writer in *Notes and Queries* (March 19, 1887) has pointed out that Luther says in his "Colloquies" (1652), p. 90, "Our Lord commonly giveth riches to such gross asses to whom He affordeth nothing else that is good."

<sup>27</sup> Chloe's reply is in No. 207.

## **Grecian Coffee-house, July 26**

Some time ago a virtuoso, my very good friend, sent me a plan of a covered summer-house, which a little after was rallied by another of my correspondents.<sup>28</sup> I cannot therefore defer giving him an opportunity of making his defence to the learned in his own words.

### **"To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. "Sir, July 15, 1710**

"I have been this summer upon a ramble to visit several friends and relations; which is the reason I have left you, and our ingenious, unknown friend of South Wales, so long in your error concerning the grass-plots in my green-house. I will not give you the particulars of my gardener's conduct in the management of my covered garden, but content myself with letting you know, that my little fields within doors, though by their novelty they appear too extravagant to you to subsist even in a regular imagination, are in the effect things that require no conjuration. Your correspondent may depend upon it, that under a sashed roof, which lets in the sun at all times, and the air as often as is convenient, he may have grass-plots in the greatest perfection, if he will be at the pains to water, mow, and roll them. Grass and herbs in general, the less they are exposed to the sun and wind, the livelier is their verdure. They require only warmth and moisture; and if you were to see my plots, your eye would soon confess, that the bowling-green at Marybone<sup>29</sup> wears not half so bright a livery.

"The motto with which the gentleman has been pleased to furnish you, is so very proper, and pleases me so well, that I design to have it set upon the front of my green-house in letters of gold.

*"I am, Sir, &c."*

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<sup>28</sup> See Nos. 179 and 188.

<sup>29</sup> In 1728 we hear of persons arriving in London "from their country-houses in Marylebone" (*cf.* No. 18). Marylebone Gardens, a favourite place of entertainment, had in the centre a bowling-green, "112 paces one way, 88 another," where persons of quality often played.

**No. 204. [Steele.]**  
**From Thursday, July 27, to Saturday, July 29, 1710**

*-Gaudet prænominē molles  
Auriculæ. —*

*Hor., 2 Sat. v. 32.*

**From my own Apartment, July 28**

Many are the inconveniences which happen from the improper manner of address in common speech between persons of the same or of different quality. Among these errors, there is none greater than that of the impertinent use of title, and a paraphrastic way of saying "you." I had the curiosity the other day to follow a crowd of people near Billingsgate, who were conducting a passionate woman who sold fish to a magistrate, in order to explain some words which were ill taken by one of her own quality and profession in the public market. When she came to make her defence, she was so very full of, "his Worship," and of, "if it should please his Honour," that we could for some time hardly hear any other apology she made for herself than that of atoning for the ill language she had been accused of towards her neighbour by the great civilities she paid to her judge. But this extravagance in her sense of doing honour, was no more to be wondered at than that her many rings on each finger were worn as instances of finery and dress. The vulgar may thus heap and huddle terms of respect, and nothing better be expected from them; but for people of rank to repeat appellatives insignificantly, is a folly not to be endured, neither with regard to our times or our understanding. It is below the dignity of speech to extend it with more words or phrases than are necessary to explain ourselves with elegance: and it is, methinks, an instance of ignorance, if not of servitude, to be redundant in such expressions.

I waited upon a man of quality some mornings ago: he happened to be dressing; and his shoemaker fitting him, told him, that if his Lordship would please to tread hard, or that if his Lordship would stamp a little, his Lordship would find his Lordship's shoe will fit as easy as any piece of work his Lordship should see in England. As soon as my lord was dressed, a gentleman approached him with a very good air, and told him, he had an affair which had long depended in the Lower Courts, which, through the inadvertency of his ancestors on the one side, and the ill arts of their adversaries on the other, could not possibly be settled according to the rules of the Lower Courts: that therefore he designed to bring his cause before the House of Lords next session, where he should be glad if his Lordship should happen to be present; for he doubted not but his cause would be approved by all men of justice and honour. In this place the word "Lordship" was gracefully inserted, because it was applied to him in that circumstance wherein his quality was the occasion of the discourse, and wherein it was most useful to the one, and most honourable to the other.

This way is so far from being disrespectful to the honour of nobles, that it is an expedient for using them with greater deference. I would not put "Lordship" to a man's hat, gloves, wig, or cane; but to desire his Lordship's favour, his Lordship's judgment, or his Lordship's patronage, is a manner of speaking which expresses an alliance between his quality and his merit. It is this knowledge which distinguished the discourse of the shoemaker from that of the gentleman. The highest point of good-breeding, if any one can hit it, is to show a very nice regard to your own dignity, and with that in your heart express your value for the man above you.

But the silly humour to the contrary has so much prevailed, that the slavish addition of title enervates discourse, and renders the application of it almost ridiculous. We writers of diurnals are nearer in our styles to that of common talk than any other writers, by which means we use words of respect sometimes very unfortunately. The *Post-Man*,<sup>30</sup> who is one of the most celebrated of our fraternity, fell into this misfortune yesterday in his paragraph from Berlin of July 26. "Count Wartenberg," says he, "Great Chamberlain, and Chief Minister of this Court, who on Monday last accompanied the King of Prussia to Oranienburg, was taken so very ill, that on Wednesday his life was despaired of; and we had a report, that his Excellency was dead."

I humbly presume, that it flattens the narration, to say "his Excellency" in a case which is common to all men; except you would infer what is not to be inferred, to wit, that the author designed to say, "all wherein he excelled others was departed from him."

Were distinctions used according to the rules of reason and sense, those additions to men's names would be, as they were first intended, significant of their worth, and not their persons; so that in some cases it might be proper to say, "The man is dead, but his excellency will never die." It is, methinks, very unjust to laugh at a Quaker, because he has taken up a resolution to treat you with a word, the most expressive of complaisance that can be thought of, and with an air of good-nature and charity calls you friend. I say, it is very unjust to rally him for this term to a stranger, when you yourselves, in all your phrases of distinction, confound phrases of honour into no use at all.

Tom Courtly, who is the pink of courtesy, is an instance of how little moment an undistinguishing application of sounds of honour are to those who understand themselves. Tom never fails of paying his obeisance to every man he sees, who has title or office to make him conspicuous; but his deference is wholly given to outward considerations. I, who know him, can tell within half an acre how much land one man has more than another by Tom's bow to him. Title is all he knows of honour, and civility of friendship: for this reason, because he cares for no man living, he is religiously strict in performing what he calls his respects to you. To this end he is very learned in pedigree, and will abate something in the ceremony of his approaches to a man, if he is in any doubt about the bearing of his coat of arms. What is the most pleasant of all his character is, that he acts with a sort of integrity in these impertinences; and though he would not do any man any solid kindness, he is wonderfully just and careful not to wrong his quality. But as integrity is very scarce in the world, I cannot forbear having respect for the impertinent: it is some virtue to be bound by anything. Tom and I are upon very good terms for the respect he has for the house of Bickerstaff. Though one cannot but laugh at his serious consideration of things so little essential, one must have a value even for a frivolous good conscience.

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<sup>30</sup> See No. 155.

**No. 205. [Fuller. <sup>31</sup>**  
**From Saturday, July 29, to Tuesday, Aug. 1, 1710**

*Νήπιοι, οὐδὲ ἴσασιν ὅσω πλέον ἡμισυ παντός,  
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλω μέγ' ὄνειαρ.*

*Hesiod, Works and Days, 20.*

**From my own Apartment, July 31**

Nature has implanted in us two very strong desires, hunger for the preservation of the individual, and lust for the support of the species; or, to speak more intelligibly, the former to continue our own persons, and the latter to introduce others into the world. According as men behave themselves with regard to these appetites, they are above or below the beasts of the field, which are incited by them without choice or reflection. But reasonable creatures correct these incentives, and improve them into elegant motives of friendship and society. It is chiefly from this homely foundation, that we are under the necessity of seeking for the agreeable companion, and the honourable mistress. By this cultivation of art and reason, our wants are made pleasures, and the gratification of our desires, under proper restrictions, a work no way below our noblest faculties. The wisest man may maintain his character, and yet consider in what manner he shall best entertain his friend, or divert his mistress: nay, it is so far from being a derogation to him, that he can in no other instances show so true a taste of his life or his fortune. What concerns one of the above-mentioned appetites, as it is elevated into love, I shall have abundant occasion to discourse of before I have provided for the numberless crowd of damsels I have proposed to take care of. The subject therefore of the present paper shall be that part of society which owes its beginning to the common necessity of hunger. When this is considered as the support of our being, we may take in under the same head thirst also; otherwise when we are pursuing the glutton, the drunkard may make his escape. The true choice of our diet, and our companions at it, seems to consist in that which contributes most to cheerfulness and refreshment: and these certainly are best consulted by simplicity in the food, and sincerity in the company. By this rule are in the first place excluded from pretence to happiness all meals of state and ceremony, which are performed in dumb show and greedy sullenness. At the boards of the great, they say, you shall have a number attending

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<sup>31</sup> Samuel Partiger Fuller was M.P. for Petersfield from 1715 to 1722. Steele's letters show that he was an intimate friend of Fuller's in 1716-17; and in February 1716, when Steele spoke in the House of Commons on behalf of the noblemen condemned for the part they had taken in the rebellion of 1715, he was seconded by Fuller. The following passage from Steele's *Theatre*, No. 26, March 29, 1720, is the authority for attributing this paper to young Fuller, then a secret correspondent: "I can hardly conceive a more laudable act, than declaring an abhorrence of so fashionable a crime [viz., duelling], which weakness, cowardice, and an impatience of the reproach of fools, have brought upon reasonable men. This sort of behaviour cannot proceed but from a true and undaunted courage; and I cannot but have in great veneration a generous youth, who, in public, declared his assent and concurrence to this law, by saying, that in spite of the prevailing custom, he triumphed more in being a second to prevent, than he should have done in being one to promote murder. A speech thus ingenuous could come only from a heart that scorned reserves, in compliance to falsehood, to do injury to truth." "This was true greatness of mind; and the man who did it, could not possibly do it for his own sake, but must be conscious of a courage sufficient for his own defence, who could thus candidly, at this time of life, rescue other men from the necessity of bearing contempt, or doing an ill action." "The mind usually exerts itself in all its faculties with an equal pace towards maturity; and this gentleman, who at the age of sixteen could form such pleasant pictures of the false and little ambitions of low spirits, as Mr. Fuller did, to whom, when a boy, we owe, with several other excellent pieces, "The Vainglorious Glutton," when a secret correspondent of the *Tatler*: I say, such a one might easily, as he proceeded in human life, arrive at this superior strength of mind at four-and-twenty. The soul that labours against prejudice, and follows reason, ripens in her capacities and grows in her talents at the same time. As therefore courage is what a man attains by thought, as much as he improves his wit by study, it is only from want of opportunities to call the one or the other forth, and draw the respective qualities into habit, if ever a man of sense is a coward."

with as good habits and countenances as the guests, which only circumstance must destroy the whole pleasure of the repast: for if such attendants are introduced for the dignity of their appearance, modest minds are shocked by considering them as spectators, or else look upon them as equals, for whose servitude they are in a kind of suffering. It may be here added, that the sumptuous sideboard to an ingenuous eye has often more the air of an altar than a table. The next absurd way of enjoying ourselves at meals, is, where the bottle is plied without being called for, where humour takes place of appetite, and the good company are too dull or too merry to know any enjoyment in their senses.

Though this part of time is absolutely necessary to sustain life, it must be also considered, that life itself is to the endless being of man but what a meal is to this life, not valuable for itself, but for the purpose of it. If there be any truth in this, the expense of many hours this way is somewhat unaccountable; and placing much thought either in too great sumptuousness and elegance in this matter, or wallowing in noise and riot at it, are both, though not equally, unaccountable. I have often considered these different people with very great attention, and always speak of them with the distinction of the eaters and the swallowers. The eaters sacrifice all their senses and understanding to this appetite: the swallowers hurry themselves out of both, without pleasing this or any other appetite at all. The latter are improved brutes, the former degenerated men. I have sometimes thought it would not be improper to add to my dead and living men, persons in an intermediate state of humanity, under the appellation of dozers. The dozers are a sect, who, instead of keeping their appetites in subjection, live in subjection to them; nay, they are so truly slaves to them, that they keep at too great a distance ever to come into their presence. Within my own acquaintance, I know those that I daresay have forgot that they ever were hungry, and are no less utter strangers to thirst and weariness, who are beholden to sauces for their food, and to their food for their weariness.

I have often wondered, considering the excellent and choice spirits that we have among our divines, that they do not think of putting vicious habits into a more contemptible and unlovely figure than they do at present. So many men of wit and spirit as there are in sacred orders, have it in their power to make the fashion of their side. The leaders in human society are more effectually prevailed upon this way than can easily be imagined. I have more than one in my thoughts at this time capable of doing this against all the opposition of the most witty, as well as the most voluptuous. There may possibly be more acceptable subjects, but sure there are none more useful. It is visible, that though men's fortunes, circumstances, and pleasures give them prepossessions too strong to regard any mention either of punishments or rewards, they will listen to what makes them inconsiderable or mean in the imaginations of others, and by degrees in their own.

It is certain such topics are to be touched upon in the light we mean, only by men of the most consummate prudence, as well as excellent wit: for these discourses are to be made, if made to run into example, before such as have their thoughts more intent upon the propriety than the reason of the discourse. What indeed leads me into this way of thinking, is, that the last thing I read was a sermon of the learned Dr. South,<sup>32</sup> upon the Ways of Pleasantness. This admirable discourse was made at court, where the preacher was too wise a man not to believe; the greatest argument, in that place, against the pleasures then in vogue, must be, that they lost greater pleasures by prosecuting the course they were in. The charming discourse has in it whatever wit and wisdom can put together. This gentleman has a talent of making all his faculties bear to the great end of his hallowed profession. Happy genius! he is the better man for being a wit. The best way to praise this author is to quote him; and, I think, I may defy any man to say a greater thing of him, or his ability, than that there are no paragraphs in the whole discourse I speak of below these which follow.

After having recommended the satisfaction of the mind, and the pleasure of conscience, he proceeds:

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<sup>32</sup> See Nos. 61 and 211. In the *Guardian* (No. 135), Addison quotes from South a passage which, he says, "cannot but make the man's heart burn within him who reads it with due attention."

"An ennobling property of it is, that it is such a pleasure as never satiates or wearies; for it properly affects the spirit, and a spirit feels no weariness, as being privileged from the causes of it. But can the epicure say so of any of the pleasures he so much dotes upon? Do they not expire while they satisfy, and after a few minutes' refreshment determine in loathing and unquietness? How short is the interval between a pleasure and a burden! How undiscernible the transition from one to the other! Pleasure dwells no longer upon the appetite than the necessities of nature, which are quickly and easily provided for; and then all that follows is a load and an oppression. Every morsel to a satisfied hunger is only a new labour to a tired digestion. Every draught to him that has quenched his thirst is but a further quenching of nature, and a provision for rheum and diseases, a drowning of the quickness and activity of the spirits.

"He that prolongs his meals, and sacrifices his time, as well as his other conveniences, to his luxury, how quickly does he outsit his pleasure! And then, how is all the following time bestowed upon ceremony and surfeit! Till at length, after a long fatigue of eating, and drinking, and babbling, he concludes the great work of dining genteelly, and so makes a shift to rise from table, that he may lie down upon his bed; where, after he has slept himself into some use of himself, by much ado he staggers to his table again, and there acts over the same brutish scene: so that he passes his whole life in a dozed condition, between sleeping and waking, with a kind of drowsiness and confusion upon his senses, which, what pleasure it can be, is hard to conceive. All that is of it dwells upon the tip of his tongue, and within the compass of his palate. A worthy prize for a man to purchase with the loss of his time, his reason, and himself!"

**No. 206. [Steele.]**  
**From Tuesday, Aug. 1, to Thursday, Aug. 3, 1710**

*Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede verum est.*  
*Hor., 1 Ep. vii. 98.*

**From my own Apartment, Aug. 2**

The general purposes of men in the conduct of their lives (I mean with relation to this life only), end in gaining either the affection or the esteem of those with whom they converse. Esteem makes a man powerful in business, and affection desirable in conversation; which is certainly the reason that very agreeable men fail of their point in the world, and those who are by no means such arrive at it with much ease. If it be visible in a man's carriage that he has a strong passion to please, no one is much at a loss how to keep measures with him, because there is always a balance in people's hands to make up with him, by giving him what he still wants in exchange for what you think fit to deny him. Such a person asks with diffidence, and ever leaves room for denial by that softness of his complexion. At the same time he himself is capable of denying nothing, even what he is not able to perform. The other sort of man who courts esteem, having a quite different view, has as different a behaviour, and acts as much by the dictates of his reason, as the other does by the impulse of his inclination. You must pay for everything you have of him. He considers mankind as a people in commerce, and never gives out of himself what he is sure will not come in with interest from another. All his words and actions tend to the advancement of his reputation and of his fortune, toward which he makes hourly progress, because he lavishes no part of his good-will upon such as do not make some advances to merit it. The man who values affection sometimes becomes popular, he who aims at esteem seldom fails of growing rich.

Thus far we have looked at these different men as persons who endeavour to be valued and beloved from design or ambition; but they appear in quite another figure, when you observe the men who are agreeable and venerable from the force of their natural inclinations. We affect the company of him who has least regard of himself in his carriage, who throws himself into unguarded gaiety, voluntary mirth, and general good-humour; who has nothing in his head but the present hour, and seems to have all his interests and passions gratified, if every man else in the room is as unconcerned as himself. This man usually has no quality or character among his companions; let him be born of whom he will, have what great qualities he please, let him be capable of assuming for a moment what figure he pleases, he still dwells in the imagination of all who know him but as Jack Such-a-One. This makes Jack brighten up the room wherever he enters, and change the severity of the company into that gaiety and good-humour into which his conversation generally leads them. It is not unpleasant to observe even this sort of creature go out of his character, to check himself sometimes for his familiarities, and pretend so awkwardly at procuring to himself more esteem than he finds he meets with. I was the other day walking with Jack Gainly towards Lincoln's Inn Walks. We met a fellow who is a lower officer where Jack is in the direction. Jack cries to him, so, "How is it, Mr. – ?" He answers, "Mr. Gainly, I am glad to see you well." This expression of equality gave my friend a pang, which appeared in a flush of his countenance. "Prithee, Jack," says I, "do not be angry at the man; for do what you will, the man can only love you: be contented with the image the man has of thee; for if thou aimest at any other, it must be hatred or contempt." I went on, and told him, "Look'ee, Jack, I have heard thee sometimes talk like an oracle for half-an-hour, with the sentiments of a Roman, the closeness of a school-man, and the integrity of a divine; but then, Jack, while I admired thee,

it was upon topics which did not concern thyself, and where the greatness of the subject (added to thy being personally unconcerned in it) created all that was great in thy discourse." I did not mind his being a little out of humour, but comforted him, by giving him several instances of men of our acquaintance, who had no one quality in any eminence, that were much more esteemed than he was with very many: but the thing is, if your character is to give pleasure, men will consider you only in that light, and not in those acts which turn to esteem and veneration.

When I think of Jack Gainly, I cannot but reflect also upon his sister Gatty. She is young, witty, pleasant, innocent. This is her natural character; but when she observes any one admired for what they call a fine woman, she is all the next day womanly, prudent, observing, and virtuous. She is every moment asked in her prudential behaviour, whether she is not well? Upon which she as often answers in a fret, "Do people think one must be always romping, always a Jack-pudding?" I never fail to inquire of her, if my Lady Such-a-One, that awful beauty, was not at the play last night? She knows the connection between that question and her change of humour, and says, "It would be very well, if some people would examine into themselves as much as they do into others;" or, "Sure there is nothing in the world so ridiculous as an amorous old man."

As I was saying, there is a class which every man is in by his post in nature, from which it is impossible for him to withdraw to another, and become it. Therefore it is necessary that each should be contented with it, and not endeavour at any progress out of that tract. To follow nature, is the only agreeable course; which is what I would fain inculcate to those jarring companions, Flavia and Lucia. They are mother and daughter. Flavia, who is the mamma, has all the charms and desires of youth still about her, and not much turned of thirty: Lucia is blooming and amorous, and but a little above fifteen. The mother looks very much younger than she is, the girl very much older. If it were possible to fix the girl to her sick-bed, and preserve the portion (the use of which the mother partakes), the good widow Flavia would certainly do it. But for fear of Lucia's escape, the mother is forced to be constantly attended with a rival, that explains her age, and draws off the eyes of her admirers. The jest is, they can never be together in strangers' company, but Lucy is eternally reprimanded for something very particular in her behaviour; for which she has the malice to say, she hopes she shall always obey her parents. She carried her passion and jealousy to that height the other day, that coming suddenly into the room, and surprising Colonel Lofty speaking rapture on one knee to her mother, she clapped down by him and asked her blessing.

I do not know whether it is so proper to tell family occurrences of this nature; but we every day see the same thing happen in the public conversation in the world. Men cannot be contented with what is laudable, but they must have all that is laudable. This affectation is what destroys the familiar man into pretences to take state upon him, and the contrary character to the folly of aiming at being winning and complaisant. But in these cases men may easily lay aside what they are, but can never arrive at what they are not.

As to the pursuits after affection and esteem, the fair sex are happy in this particular, that with them the one is much more nearly related to the other than in men. The love of a woman is inseparable from some esteem of her; and as she is naturally the object of affection, the woman who has your esteem has also some degree of your love.<sup>33</sup> A man that dotes on a woman for her beauty, will whisper his friend, "That creature has a great deal of wit when you are well acquainted with her." And if you examine the bottom of your esteem for a woman, you will find you have a greater opinion of her beauty than anybody else. As to us men, I design to pass most of my time with the facetious Harry Bickerstaff; but William Bickerstaff, the most prudent man of our family, shall be my executor.

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<sup>33</sup> "Inseparable always from his passion is the exalted admiration he feels; and his love is the very flower of his respect" (Forster's Essay on Steele).

**No. 207. [Steele.  
From *Thursday, Aug. 3, to Saturday, Aug. 5, 1710***

**From my own Apartment, Aug. 4**

Having yesterday morning received a paper of Latin verses, written with much elegance in honour of these my papers, and being informed at the same time that they were composed by a youth under age, I read them with much delight, as an instance of his improvement. There is not a greater pleasure to old age, than seeing young people entertain themselves in such a manner as that we can partake of their enjoyments. On such occasions we flatter ourselves that we are not quite laid aside in the world, but that we are either used with gratitude for what we were, or honoured for what we are. A well-inclined young man, and whose good-breeding is founded upon the principles of nature and virtue, must needs take delight in being agreeable to his elders, as we are truly delighted when we are not the jest of them. When I say this, I must confess I cannot but think it a very lamentable thing that there should be a necessity for making that a rule of life, which should be, methinks, a mere instinct of nature. If reflection upon a man in poverty, whom we once knew in riches, is an argument of commiseration with generous minds; sure old age, which is a decay from that vigour which the young possess, and must certainly (if not prevented against their will) arrive at, should be more forcibly the object of that reverence which honest spirits are inclined to from a sense of being themselves liable to what they observe has already overtaken others.

My three nephews, whom in June last was twelvemonth I disposed of according to their several capacities and inclinations, the first to the University, the second to a merchant, and the third to a woman of quality as her page, by my invitation dined with me to-day. It is my custom often, when I have a mind to give myself a more than ordinary cheerfulness, to invite a certain young gentlewoman of our neighbourhood to make one of the company. She did me that favour this day. The presence of a beautiful woman of honour, to minds which are not trivially disposed, displays an alacrity which is not to be communicated by any other object. It was not unpleasant to me to look into her thoughts of the company she was in. She smiled at the party of pleasure I had thought of for her, which was composed of an old man and three boys. My scholar, my citizen, and myself were very soon neglected; and the young courtier, by the bow he made to her at her entrance, engaged her observation without a rival. I observed the Oxonian not a little discomposed at this preference, while the trader kept his eye upon his uncle. My nephew Will had a thousand secret resolutions to break in upon the discourse of his younger brother, who gave my fair companion a full account of the fashion, and what was reckoned most becoming to this complexion, and what sort of habit appeared best upon the other shape. He proceeded to acquaint her, who of quality was well or sick within the bills of mortality, and named very familiarly all his lady's acquaintance, not forgetting her very words when he spoke of their characters. Besides all this, he had a road of flattery; and upon her inquiring what sort of woman Lady Lovely was in her person, "Really, madam," says the jackanapes, "she is exactly of your height and shape; but as you are fair, she is a brown woman." There was no enduring that this fop should outshine us all at this unmerciful rate, therefore I thought fit to talk to my young scholar concerning his studies; and because I would throw his learning into present service, I desired him to repeat to me the translation he had made of some tender verses in Theocritus. He did so, with an air of elegance peculiar to the college to which I sent him. I made some exceptions to the turn of the phrases, which he defended with much modesty, as believing in that place the matter was rather to consult the softness of a swain's passion, than the strength of his expressions. It soon appeared that Will had outstripped his brother in the opinion of our young lady. A little poetry to one who is bred a

scholar has the same effect that a good carriage of his person has on one who is to live in courts. The favour of women is so natural a passion, that I envied both the boys their success in the approbation of my guest; and I thought the only person invulnerable was my young trader. During the whole meal, I could observe in the children a mutual contempt and scorn of each other, arising from their different way of life and education, and took that occasion to advertise them of such growing distastes, which might mislead them in their future life, and disappoint their friends, as well as themselves, of the advantages which might be expected from the diversity of their professions and interests.

The prejudices which are growing up between these brothers from the different ways of education, are what create the most fatal misunderstandings in life. But all distinctions of disparagement merely from our circumstances, are such as will not bear the examination of reason. The courtier, the trader, and the scholar should all have an equal pretension to the denomination of a gentleman. That tradesman who deals with me in a commodity which I do not understand with uprightness, has much more right to that character, than the courtier who gives me false hopes, or the scholar who laughs at my ignorance.

The appellation of gentleman is never to be affixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behaviour in them. For this reason I shall ever, as far as I am able, give my nephews such impressions as shall make them value themselves rather as they are useful to others, than as they are conscious of merit in themselves. There are no qualities from which we ought to pretend to the esteem of others, but such as render us serviceable to them; for free men have no superiors but benefactors. I was going on like a true old fellow to this purpose to my guests, when I received the following epistle:

"Sir,

"I have yours,<sup>34</sup> with notice of a benefit ticket of £400 per annum, both enclosed by Mr. Elliot, who had my numbers for that purpose. Your philosophic advice came very seasonably to me with that good fortune; but I must be so sincere with you as to acknowledge, I owe my present moderation more to my own folly than your wisdom. You will think this strange till I inform you, that I had fixed my thoughts upon the £1000 a year, and had with that expectation laid down so many agreeable plans for my behaviour towards my new lovers and old friends, that I have received this favour of fortune with an air of disappointment. This is interpreted by all who know not the springs of my heart as a wonderful piece of humility. I hope my present state of mind will grow into that; but I confess my conduct to be now owing to another cause. However, I know you will approve my taking hold even of imperfections to find my way towards virtue, which is so feeble in us at the best, that we are often beholden to our faults for the first appearances of it. I am,

"Sir,

"*Your most humble Servant,*

"*Chloe.*"

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<sup>34</sup> See No. 203.

**No. 208. [Steele.  
From Saturday, Aug. 5, to Tuesday, Aug. 8, 1710**

*Si dixeris "æstuo," sudat. —  
Juv., Sat. iii. 103.*

**From my own Apartment Aug. 7**

An old acquaintance who met me this morning seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me, I looked as well as he had known me do these forty years: but, continued he, "not quite the man you were when we visited together at Lady Brightly's. Oh, Isaac! those days are over. Do you think there are any such fine creatures now living as we then conversed with?" He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had the quite contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintances we had outlived, recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age, and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up my pleasure in myself. But of all mankind there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something that they know must be a satisfaction; but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry amongst us against flatterers, is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well-wishers: for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man for a constancy is he that has no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections, whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this, either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world who has not such a led friend<sup>35</sup> of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificancy. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependants are of excellent use on a rainy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress or to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that or to company. There are of this good-natured order who are so kind as to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen without fees from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call people at their ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town and the general characters of persons: by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you, that such a one of a quite contrary party said, that though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest

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<sup>35</sup> A hanger-on. As Mr. Dobson points out, Thackeray gives the title of "led-captain" to Lord Steyne's toady and trencher-man, Mr. Wagg ("Vanity Fair," chap. xxi.).

respect for your good sense and address. When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends: for his position is never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer (*assentator*) implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you, but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter; at the same time is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you, if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities (as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them). It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally older than herself, her years serving at once to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of, yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than that of the brightest man I know. It would be a hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him: it is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money is good. All that we want to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident that absurd creatures often outrun the more skilful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage, and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

Terence introduces a flatterer talking to a coxcomb whom he cheats out of a livelihood, and a third person on the stage makes on him this pleasant remark, "This fellow has an art of making fools madmen."<sup>36</sup> The love of flattery is indeed sometimes the weakness of a great mind; but you see it also in persons who otherwise discover no manner of relish of anything above mere sensuality. These latter it sometimes improves, but always debases the former. A fool is in himself the object of pity till he is flattered. By the force of that his stupidity is raised into affectation, and he becomes of dignity enough to be ridiculous. I remember a droll, that upon one's saying, "The times are so ticklish that there must great care be taken what one says in conversation," answered with an air of surliness and honesty, "If people will be free, let them be so in the manner that I am, who never abuse a man but to his face." He had no reputation for saying dangerous truths; therefore when it was repeated, "You abuse a man but to his face?" "Yes," says he, "I flatter him."

It is indeed the greatest of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case we have a member of our club, that when Sir Jeffery falls asleep, wakens him with snoring. This makes Sir Jeffery hold up for some moments the longer, to see there are men younger than himself among us who are more lethargic than he is.

When flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions; but they want persons and talents to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so is a flatterer a knave of parts.

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<sup>36</sup> "Eunuchus," act ii. sc. 2, l. 23.

The best of this order that I know, is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an errant driveller the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon Lady Autumn's<sup>37</sup> disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone, "Pray, madam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you, who were then in your nurse's arms."

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<sup>37</sup> See Nos. 36 and 140.

**No. 209. [Steele.  
From *Tuesday, Aug. 8, to Thursday, Aug. 10, 1710***

**From my own Apartment, Aug. 9**

A noble painter, who has an ambition to draw a history-piece, has desired of me to give him a subject on which he may show the utmost force of his art and genius. For this purpose I have pitched upon that remarkable incident between Alexander the Great and his physician. This Prince, in the midst of his conquests in Persia, was seized by a violent fever; and according to the account we have of his vast mind, his thoughts were more employed about his recovery as it regarded the war, than as it concerned his own life. He professed, a slow method was worse than death to him, because it was what he more dreaded, an interruption of his glory. He desired a dangerous, so it might be a speedy remedy. During this impatience of the King, it is well known that Darius had offered an immense sum to any who should take away his life. But Philippus, the most esteemed and most knowing of his physicians, promised, that within three days' time he would prepare a medicine for him which should restore him more expeditiously than could be imagined. Immediately after this engagement, Alexander receives a letter from the most considerable of his captains, with intelligence, that Darius had bribed Philippus to poison him. Every circumstance imaginable favoured this suspicion; but this monarch, who did nothing but in an extraordinary manner, concealed the letter; and while the medicine was preparing, spent all his thoughts upon his behaviour in this important incident. From his long soliloquy he came to this resolution: "Alexander must not lie here alive to be oppressed by his enemy. I will not believe my physician guilty; or, I will perish rather by his guilt than my own diffidence."

At the appointed hour, Philippus enters with the potion. One cannot but form to one's self on occasion the encounter of their eyes, the resolution in those of the patient, and the benevolence in the countenance of the physician. The hero raised himself in his bed, and holding the letter in one hand, and the potion in the other, drank the medicine. It will exercise my friend's pencil and brain to place this action in its proper beauty. A prince observing the features of a suspected traitor after having drank the poison he offered him, is a circumstance so full of passion, that it will require the highest strength of his imagination to conceive it, much more to express it. But as painting is eloquence and poetry in mechanism, I shall raise his ideas, by reading with him the finest draughts of the passions concerned in this circumstance from the most excellent poets and orators. The confidence which Alexander assumes from the air of Philippus's face as he is reading his accusation, and the generous disdain which is to rise in the features of a falsely accused man, are principally to be regarded. In this particular he must heighten his thoughts, by reflecting, that he is not drawing only an innocent man traduced, but a man zealously affected to his person and safety, full of resentment for being thought false. How shall we contrive to express the highest admiration mingled with disdain? How shall we in strokes of a pencil say what Philippus did to his Prince on this occasion? "Sir, my life never depended on yours more than it does now. Without knowing this secret, I prepared the potion, which you have taken as what concerned Philippus no less than Alexander; and there is nothing new in this adventure, but that it makes me still more admire the generosity and confidence of my master." Alexander took him by the hand, and said, "Philippus, I am confident you had rather I had any other way to have manifested the faith I have in you, than a case which so nearly concerns me: and in gratitude I now assure you, I am anxious for the effect of your medicine, more for your sake than my own."<sup>38</sup>

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<sup>38</sup> Q. Curtius, "Hist.," iii. 6, &c.

My painter is employed by a man of sense and wealth to furnish him a gallery, and I shall join with my friend in the designing part. It is the great use of pictures to raise in our minds either agreeable ideas of our absent friends, or high images of eminent personages. But the latter design is, methinks, carried on in a very improper way; for to fill a room full of battle-pieces, pompous histories of sieges, and a tall hero alone in a crowd of insignificant figures about him, is of no consequence to private men. But to place before our eyes great and illustrious men in those parts and circumstances of life wherein their behaviour may have an effect upon our minds, as being such as we partake with them merely as they were men: such as these, I say, may be just and useful ornaments of an elegant apartment. In this collection therefore that we are making, we will not have the battles, but the sentiments of Alexander. The affair we were just now talking of, has circumstances of the highest nature, and yet their grandeur has little to do with his fortune. If by observing such a piece as that of his taking a bowl of poison with so much magnanimity, a man, the next time he has a fit of the spleen, is less froward to his friend or his servants; thus far is some improvement.

I have frequently thought, that if we had many draughts which were historical of certain passions, and had the true figure of the great men we see transported by them, it would be of the most solid advantage imaginable. To consider this mighty man on one occasion administer to the wants of a poor soldier, benumbed with cold, with the greatest humanity; at another, barbarously stabbing a faithful officer: at one time, so generously chaste and virtuous as to give his captive Statira her liberty; at another, burning a town at the instigation of Thais – this sort of changes in the same person are what would be more beneficial lessons of morality than the several revolutions in a great man's fortune. There are but one or two in an age to whom the pompous incidents of his life can be exemplary; but I or any man may be as sick, as good-natured, as compassionate, and as angry as Alexander the Great. My purpose in all this chat is, that so excellent a furniture may not for the future have so romantic a turn, but allude to incidents which come within the fortunes of the ordinary race of men. I do not know but it is by the force of this senseless custom that people are drawn in postures they would not for half they are worth be surprised in. The unparalleled fierceness of some rural squires drawn in red, or in armour, who never dreamed to destroy anything above a fox, is a common and ordinary offence of this kind. But I shall give an account of our whole gallery on another occasion.

**No. 210. [Steele.]**  
**From *Thursday, Aug. 10, to Saturday, Aug. 12, 1710***

**Sheer Lane, Aug. 10**

I did myself the honour this day to make a visit to a lady of quality, who is one of those who are ever railing at the vices of the age, but mean only one vice, because it is the only vice they are not guilty of. She went so far as to fall foul on a young woman who has had imputations; but whether they were just or not, no one knows but herself. However that is, she is in her present behaviour modest, humble, pious, and discreet. I thought it became me to bring this censorious lady to reason, and let her see she was a much more vicious woman than the person she spoke of.

"Madam," said I, "you are very severe to this poor young woman, for a trespass which I believe Heaven has forgiven her, and for which you see she is for ever out of countenance." "Nay, Mr. Bickerstaff," she interrupted, "if you at this time of day contradict people of virtue, and stand up for ill women –" "No, no, madam," said I, "not so fast; she is reclaimed, and I fear you never will be. Nay, nay, madam, do not be in a passion, but let me tell you what you are. You are indeed as good as your neighbours, but that is being very bad. You are a woman at the head of a family, and lead a perfect town lady's life. You go on your own way, and consult nothing but your glass. What imperfections indeed you see there, you immediately mend as fast as you can. You may do the same by the faults I tell you of, for they are much more in your power to correct.

"You are to know, then, that you visiting ladies, that carry your virtue from house to house with so much prattle in each other's applause, and triumph over other people's faults, I grant you have but the speculation of vice in your own conversations, but promote the practice of it in all others you have to do with.

"As for you, madam, your time passes away in dressing, eating, sleeping, and praying. When you rise in a morning, I grant you an hour spent very well; but you come out to dress in so froward a humour, that the poor girl who attends you, curses her very being in that she is your servant, for the peevish things you say to her; when this poor creature is put into a way, that good or evil are regarded but as they relieve her from the hours she has and must pass with you. The next you have to do with is your coachman and footmen. They convey your ladyship to church. While you are praying there, they are cursing, swearing, and drinking in an alehouse. During the time also which your ladyship sets apart for heaven, you are to know, that your cook is swearing and fretting in preparation for your dinner. Soon after your meal you make visits, and the whole world that belongs to you speaks all the ill of you which you are repeating of others. You see, madam, whatever way you go, all about you are in a very broad one. The morality of these people it is your proper business to inquire into; and till you reform them, you had best let your equals alone; otherwise, if I allow you you are not vicious, you must allow me you are not virtuous."

I took my leave, and received at my coming home the following letter:

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"I have lived a pure and undefiled virgin these twenty-seven years; and I assure you, 'tis with great grief and sorrow of heart I tell you, that I become weary and impatient of the derision of the gigglers of our sex, who call me old maid, and tell me I shall lead apes.<sup>39</sup> If you are truly a patron of the distressed, and an adept

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<sup>39</sup> Lady Strafford, writing in 1712, says: "Sis Betty ... hopes you'll provide her a husband against she comes, for she begins to be in fears of leading apes in hell" ("Wentworth Papers," 285).

in astrology, you will advise whether I shall or ought to be prevailed upon by the impertinencies of my own sex, to give way to the importunities of yours. I assure you, I am surrounded with both, though at present a forlorn.

"I am, &c."

I must defer my answer to this lady out of a point of chronology. She says, she has been twenty-seven years a maid; but I fear, according to a common error, she dates her virginity from her birth, which is a very erroneous method; for a woman of twenty is no more to be thought chaste so many years, than a man of that age can be said to have been so long valiant. We must not allow people the favour of a virtue till they have been under the temptation to the contrary. A woman is not a maid till her birthday, as we call it, of her fifteenth year. My plaintiff is therefore desired to inform me, whether she is at present in her twenty-eighth or forty-third year, and she shall be despatched accordingly.<sup>40</sup>

### *St. James's Coffee-house, Aug. 11.* <sup>41</sup>

A merchant came hither this morning, and read a letter from a correspondent of his at Milan. It was dated of the 7th instant, N.S. The following is an abstract of it: On the 25th of the last month, five thousand men were on their march in the Lampourdan, under the command of General Wesell, having received orders from his Catholic Majesty to join him in his camp with all possible expedition. The Duke of Anjou soon had intelligence of their motion, and took a resolution to decamp, in order to intercept them, within a day's march of our army. The King of Spain was apprehensive the enemy might make such a movement, and commanded General Stanhope<sup>42</sup> with a body of horse, consisting of fourteen squadrons, to observe their course, and prevent their passage over the rivers Segre and Noguera between Lerida and Balaguer. It happened to be the first day that officer had appeared abroad after a dangerous and violent fever; but he received the King's commands on this occasion with a joy which surmounted his present weakness, and on the 27th of last month came up with the enemy on the plains of Balaguer. The Duke of Anjou's rear-guard consisting of twenty-six squadrons, that general sent intelligence of their posture to the King, and desired his Majesty's orders to attack them. During the time which he waited for his instructions, he made his disposition for the charge, which was to divide themselves into three bodies; one to be commanded by himself in the centre, a body on the right by Count Maurice of Nassau, and the third on the left by the Earl of Rochford.<sup>43</sup> Upon the receipt of his Majesty's direction to attack the enemy, the general himself charged with the utmost vigour and resolution, while the Earl of Rochford and Count Maurice extended themselves on his right and left, to prevent the advantage the enemy might make of the superiority of their numbers. What appears to have misled the enemy's general in this affair was, that it was not supposed practicable that the confederates would attack him till they had received a reinforcement. For this reason he pursued his march without facing about, till we were actually coming on to engagement. General Stanhope's disposition made it impracticable to do it at that time, Count Maurice and the Earl of Rochford attacking them in the instant in which they were forming themselves. The charge

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<sup>40</sup> See reply in No. 212.

<sup>41</sup> The fifth paper of the first volume of the *Examiner* is a critique on this article, with a comparison of the account of the same events given in the *Gazette*. "We too are sorry," says the writer, "for the loss of the Earl of Rochford; but I am afraid Isaac Bickerstaff, who now compliments him with the title of 'heroic youth,' has forgot the *Tatler* of Tun, Gun, and Pistol." This seems to allude to No. 24. In the conclusion of the paper, Steele is reproached for meddling with matters of State, and warned in a contemptuous manner, with a reference, no doubt, to his being gazetteer, &c., to take care of himself. Arguments of a different kind, it is said, were made use of about this time, to detach Steele from his party, equally in vain.

<sup>42</sup> James Stanhope, who became Secretary of State on the accession of George I., and Earl Stanhope in 1718, had been appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in Spain in 1708. He died in 1721.

<sup>43</sup> William, second Earl of Rochford, brigadier-general, was thirty-six years of age when he was killed at the battle of Almenara.

was made with the greatest gallantry, and the enemy very soon put into so great disorder, that their whole cavalry were commanded to support their rear-guard. Upon the advance of this reinforcement, all the horse of the King of Spain were come up to sustain General Stanhope, insomuch that the battle improved to a general engagement of the cavalry of both armies. After a warm dispute for some time, it ended in the utter defeat of all the Duke of Anjou's horse. Upon the despatch of these advices, that Prince was retiring towards Lerida. We have no account of any considerable loss on our side, except that both those heroic youths, the Earl of Rochford and Count Nassau, fell in this action. They were, you know, both sons of persons who had a great place in the confidence of your late King William; and I doubt not but their deaths will endear their families, which were ennobled by him, in your nation. General Stanhope has been reported by the enemy dead of his wounds; but he received only a slight contusion on the shoulder.

"*P.S.*— We acknowledge you here a mighty brave people; but you are said to love quarrelling so well, that you cannot be quiet at home. The favourers of the House of Bourbon among us affirm, that this Stanhope, who could as it were get out of his sick-bed to fight against their King of Spain, must be of the anti-monarchical party."

**No. 211. [Steele.]**  
**From Saturday, Aug. 12, to Tuesday, Aug. 15, 1710**

*-Nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum.*  
*Juv., Sat. vii. 56.*

**Sunday, Aug. 13**

If there were no other consequence of it, but barely that human creatures on this day assemble themselves before their Creator, without regard to their usual employments, their minds at leisure from the cares of this life, and their bodies adorned with the best attire they can bestow on them; I say, were this mere outward celebration of a Sabbath all that is expected from men, even that were a laudable distinction, and a purpose worthy the human nature. But when there is added to it the sublime pleasure of devotion, our being is exalted above itself; and he who spends a seventh day in the contemplation of the next life, will not easily fall into the corruptions of this in the other six. They who never admit thoughts of this kind into their imagination, lose higher and sweeter satisfactions than can be raised by any other entertainment. The most illiterate man who is touched with devotion, and uses frequent exercises of it, contracts a certain greatness of mind, mingled with a noble simplicity, that raises him above those of the same condition; and there is an indelible mark of goodness in those who sincerely possess it. It is hardly possible it should be otherwise; for the fervours of a pious mind will naturally contract such an earnestness and attention towards a better being, as will make the ordinary passages of life go off with a becoming indifference. By this, a man in the lowest condition will not appear mean, or in the most splendid fortune, insolent.

As to all the intricacies and vicissitudes under which men are ordinarily entangled with the utmost sorrow and passion, one who is devoted to Heaven when he falls into such difficulties is led by a clue through a labyrinth. As to this world, he does not pretend to skill in the mazes of it, but fixes his thoughts upon one certainty, that he shall soon be out of it. And we may ask very boldly, What can be a more sure consolation than to have a hope in death? When men are arrived at thinking of their very dissolution with pleasure, how few things are there that can be terrible to them? Certainly nothing can be dreadful to such spirits, but what would make death terrible to them, falsehood towards man, or impiety towards Heaven. To such as these, as there are certainly many such, the gratifications of innocent pleasures are doubled, even with reflections upon their imperfection. The disappointments which naturally attend the great promises we make ourselves in expected enjoyments, strike no damp upon such men, but only quicken their hopes of soon knowing joys, which are too pure to admit of allay or satiety.

It is thought among the politer part of mankind an imperfection to want a relish of any of those things which refine our lives. This is the foundation of the acceptance which eloquence, music, and poetry make in the world; and I know not why devotion, considered merely as an exaltation of our happiness, should not at least be so far regarded as to be considered. It is possible the very inquiry would lead men into such thoughts and gratifications as they did not expect to meet with in this place. Many a good acquaintance has been lost from a general prepossession in his disfavour, and a severe aspect has often hid under it a very agreeable companion.

There are no distinguishing qualities among men to which there are not false pretenders; but though none is more pretended to than that of devotion, there are, perhaps, fewer successful impostors in this kind than any other. There is something so natively great and good in a person that is truly devout, that an awkward man may as well pretend to be genteel, as a hypocrite to be pious. The

constraint in words and actions are equally visible in both cases, and anything set up in their room does but remove the endeavourers the further off their pretensions. But however the sense of true piety is abated, there is no other motive of action that can carry us through all the vicissitudes of life with alacrity and resolution. But piety, like philosophy, when it is superficial, does but make men appear the worse for it; and a principle that is but half received, does but distract, instead of guiding our behaviour. When I reflect upon the unequal conduct of Lotius, I see many things that run directly counter to his interest; therefore I cannot attribute his labours for the public good to ambition. When I consider his disregard to his fortune, I cannot esteem him covetous. How then can I reconcile his neglect of himself, and his zeal for others? I have long suspected him to be a little pious: but no man ever hid his vice with greater caution than he does his virtue. It was the praise of a great Roman, that he had rather be, than appear good. But such is the weakness of Lotius, that I dare say, he had rather be esteemed irreligious than devout. By I know not what impatience of raillery he is wonderfully fearful of being thought too great a believer. A hundred little devices are made use of to hide a time of private devotion; and he will allow you any suspicion of his being ill employed, so you do not tax him with being well. But alas! how mean is such a behaviour? To boast of virtue is a most ridiculous way of disappointing the merit of it, but not so pitiful as that of being ashamed of it. How unhappy is the wretch who makes the most absolute and independent motive of action the cause of perplexity and inconstancy? How much another figure does Cælicola<sup>44</sup> make with all who know him? His great and superior mind, frequently exalted by the raptures of heavenly meditation, is to all his friends of the same use as if an angel were to appear at the decision of their disputes. They very well understand he is as much disinterested and unbiassed as such a being. He considers all applications made to him, as those addresses will effect his own application to heaven. All his determinations are delivered with a beautiful humility; and he pronounces his decisions with the air of one who is more frequently a supplicant than a judge.

Thus humble, and thus great, is the man who is moved by piety, and exalted by devotion. But behold this recommended by the masterly hand of a great divine<sup>45</sup> I have heretofore made bold with:

"It is such a pleasure as can never cloy or overwork the mind; a delight that grows and improves under thought and reflection; and while it exercises, does also endear itself to the mind. All pleasures that affect the body must needs weary, because they transport; and all transportation is a violence; and no violence can be lasting, but determines upon the falling of the spirits, which are not able to keep up that height of motion that the pleasure of the senses raises them to. And therefore how inevitably does an immoderate laughter end in a sigh, which is only nature's recovering itself after a force done to it; but the religious pleasure of a well-disposed mind moves gently, and therefore constantly. It does not effect by rapture and ecstasy, but is like the pleasure of health, greater and stronger than those that call up the senses with grosser and more affecting impressions. No man's body is as strong as his appetites; but Heaven has corrected the boundlessness of his voluptuous desires by stinting his strengths, and contracting his capacities... The pleasure of the religious man is an easy and a portable pleasure, such a one as he carries about in his bosom, without alarming either the eye or envy of the world. A man putting all his pleasure into this one, is like a traveller putting all his goods into one jewel; the value is the same, and the convenience greater."

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<sup>44</sup> Possibly John Hughes, author of the "Siege of Damascus," who contributed to both *Tatler* and *Spectator*. He died in 1720, aged forty-seven. In the *Theatre* (No. 15) Steele said that Hughes's "head, hand, or heart was always employed in something worthy imitation."

<sup>45</sup> Dr. South (see Nos. 61 and 205).

**No. 212. [Steele.  
From Tuesday, Aug. 15, to Thursday, Aug. 17, 1710**

**From my own Apartment, Aug. 16**

I have had much importunity to answer the following letter:

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"Reading over a volume of yours, I find the words *simplex munditiis* mentioned as a description of a very well-dressed woman.<sup>46</sup> I beg of you, for the sake of the sex, to explain these terms. I cannot comprehend what my brother means, when he tells me they signify my own name, which is,

"Sir,

"Your humble Servant,

"Plain English."

I think the lady's brother has given us a very good idea of that elegant expression, it being the greatest beauty of speech to be close and intelligible. To this end nothing is to be more carefully consulted than plainness. In a lady's attire this is the single excellence; for to be what some call fine, is the same vice in that case as to be florid is in writing or speaking. I have studied and written on this important subject till I almost despair of making a reformation in the females of this island, where we have more beauty than in any spot in the universe, if we did not disguise it by false garniture, and detract from it by impertinent improvements. I have by me a treatise concerning pinners, which I have some hopes will contribute to the amendment of the present head-dresses, to which I have solid and unanswerable objections. But most of the errors in that and other particulars of adorning the head, are crept into the world from the ignorance of modern tirewomen; for it is come to that pass, that an awkward creature in the first year of her apprenticeship, that can hardly stick a pin, shall take upon her to dress a woman of the first quality. However, it is certain that there requires in a good tirewoman a perfect skill in optics; for all the force of ornament is to contribute to the intention of the eyes. Thus she who has a mind to look killing, must arm her face accordingly, and not leave her eyes and cheeks undressed. There is Araminta so sensible of this, that she never will see even her own husband without a hood<sup>47</sup> on. Can any one living bear to see Miss Gruel, lean as she is, with her hair tied back after the modern way? But such is the folly of our ladies, that because one who is a beauty, out of ostentation of her being such, takes care to wear something that she knows cannot be of any consequence to her complexion; I say, our women run on so heedlessly in the fashion, that though it is the interest of some to hide as much of their faces as possible, yet because a leading toast appeared with a backward head-dress, the rest shall follow the mode, without observing that the author of the fashion assumed it because it could become no one but herself.

Flavia<sup>48</sup> is ever well dressed, and always the genteelst woman you meet: but the make of her mind very much contributes to the ornament of her body. She has the greatest simplicity of manners

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<sup>46</sup> See No. 151.

<sup>47</sup> The *Spectator* contains accounts of the new-fashioned hoods, which were made in various tints, especially cherry-colour. In the reign of King William the ladies wore a high head-dress, as appears from the following passage in a letter of Swift to Esther Johnson, dated Nov. 22, 1711: "I dined to-day with Sir Thomas Hanmer, whose lady, the Duchess of Grafton, wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad woman in it, yet she has great remains of beauty." In the *Spectator* (No. 98) Addison refers to these high head-dresses as in fashion ten years earlier, *i. e.* about 1701.

<sup>48</sup> This picture of Flavia has been thought to be a representation of Mrs. Anne Oldfield (see No. 10), of whom Cibber wrote: "Had her birth placed her in a higher rank of life, she had certainly appeared in reality what in the character of Lady Betty Modish she only

of any of her sex. This makes everything look native about her, and her clothes are so exactly fitted, that they appear as it were part of her person. Every one that sees her, knows her to be of quality; but her distinction is owing to her manner, and not to her habit. Her beauty is full of attraction, but not of allurements. There is such a composure in her looks, and propriety in her dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the garb you one day see her in for anything so becoming, till you next day see her in another. There is no other mystery in this, but that however she is apparelled, she is herself the same: for there is so immediate a relation between our thoughts and gestures, that a woman must think well to look well.

But this weighty subject I must put off for some other matters in which my correspondents are urgent for answers, which I shall do where I can, and appeal to the judgment of others where I cannot.

*Aug. 15, 1710.*

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"Taking the air the other day on horseback in the Green Lane that leads to Southgate, I discovered coming towards me a person well mounted in a mask; and I accordingly expected, as any one would, to have been robbed. But when we came up with each other, the spark, to my greater surprise, very peaceably gave me the way; which made me take courage enough to ask him, if he masqueraded, or how? He made me no answer, but still continued *incognito*. This was certainly an ass in a lion's skin; a harmless bull-beggar,<sup>49</sup> who delights to fright innocent people, and set them a-galloping. I bethought myself of putting as good a jest upon him, and had turned my horse, with a design to pursue him to London, and get him apprehended, on suspicion of being a highwayman: but when I reflected, that it was the proper office of the magistrate to punish only knaves, and that we had a censor of Great Britain for people of another denomination, I immediately determined to prosecute him in your court only. This unjustifiable frolic I take to be neither wit nor humour: therefore hope you will do me, and as many others as were that day frightened, justice. I am,

"*Sir,*

"*Your Friend and Servant,*

"*J. L.*"

"*Sir,*

"The gentleman begs your pardon, and frighted you out of fear of frightening you; for he is just come out of the smallpox."

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"Your distinction concerning the time of commencing virgins<sup>50</sup> is allowed to be just. I write you my thanks for it, in the twenty-eighth year of my life, and twelfth of my virginity. But I am to ask you another question, May a woman be said to live any more years a maid than she continues to be courted?

"*I am, &c.*"

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excellently acted, an agreeable gay woman of quality, a little too conscious of her natural attractions. I have often seen her in private societies, where women of the first rank might have borrowed some part of their behaviour, without the least diminution of their sense of dignity." From this passage it will be seen that the account of a lady "of quality," with "the greatest simplicity of manners," can hardly be a description of Mrs. Oldfield. Moreover, the name "Flavia" occurs in No. 239, by Addison, and it appears that the lady there referred to was Miss Osborne, who became Atterbury's wife.

<sup>49</sup> Something used to frighten children. Cf. Sir T. Smith's "Appendix to his Life," p. 34: "As children be afraid of bear-bugs and bull-beggars."

<sup>50</sup> See No. 210

*Aug. 15, 1710.*

"Sir,

"I observe that the *Post-Man* of Saturday last, giving an account of the action in Spain, has this elegant turn of expression: 'General Stanhope,<sup>51</sup> who in the whole action expressed as much bravery as conduct, received a contusion in his right shoulder.' I should be glad to know, whether this cautious politician means to commend or to rally him, by saying, 'He expressed as much bravery as conduct'? If you can explain this dubious phrase, it will inform the public, and oblige,

"Sir,

*"Your humble Servant, &c."*

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<sup>51</sup> Ibid.

**No. 213. [Steele.  
From *Thursday, Aug. 17, to Saturday, Aug. 19, 1710***

**Sheer Lane, Aug. 16**

There has of late crept in among the downright English a mighty spirit of dissimulation. But before we discourse of this vice, it will be necessary to observe, that the learned make a difference between simulation and dissimulation.<sup>52</sup> Simulation is a pretence of what is not, and dissimulation a concealment of what is. The latter is our present affair. When you look round you in public places in this island, you see the generality of mankind carry in their countenance an air of challenge or defiance: and there is no such man to be found among us who naturally strives to do greater honours and civilities than he receives. This innate sullenness or stubbornness of complexion is hardly to be conquered by any of our islanders. For which reason, however they may pretend to choose one another, they make but very awkward rogues; and their dislike to each other is seldom so well dissembled, but it is suspected. When once it is so, it had as good be professed. A man who dissembles well must have none of what we call stomach, otherwise he will be cold in his professions of goodwill where he hates; an imperfection of the last ill consequence in business. This fierceness in our natures is apparent from the conduct of our young fellows, who are not got into the schemes and arts of life which the children of this world walk by. One would think that, of course, when a man of any consequence for his figure, his mien, or his gravity, passes by a youth, he should certainly have the first advances of salutation; but he is, you may observe, treated in a quite different manner, it being the very characteristic of an English temper to defy. As I am an Englishman, I find it a very hard matter to bring myself to pull off the hat first; but it is the only way to be upon any good terms with those we meet with: therefore the first advance is of high moment. Men judge of others by themselves; and he that will command with us must condescend. It moves one's spleen very agreeably to see fellows pretend to be dissemblers without this lesson. They are so reservedly complaisant till they have learned to resign their natural passions, that all the steps they make towards gaining those whom they would be well with, are but so many marks of what they really are, and not of what they would appear.

The rough Britons, when they pretend to be artful towards one another, are ridiculous enough; but when they set up for vices they have not, and dissemble their good with an affectation of ill, they are insupportable. I know two men in this town who make as good figures as any in it, that manage their credit so well as to be thought atheists, and yet say their prayers morning and evening. Tom Springly the other day pretended to go to an assignation with a married woman at Rosamond's Pond,<sup>53</sup> and was seen soon after reading the responses with great gravity at six-of-clock prayers.

**Sheer Lane, Aug. 17**

Though the following epistle bears a just accusation of myself, yet in regard it is a more advantageous piece of justice to another, I insert it at large:

*Garraway's Coffee-house, Aug. 10.*

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<sup>52</sup> Bacon has an essay "Of Simulation and Dissimulation"; and Sallust, in his character of Catiline ("Bell. Cat." v.), says, "Animus, subdolos, varius, cujus rei libet simulator ac dissimulator."

<sup>53</sup> See No. 60.

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"I have lately read your paper<sup>54</sup> wherein you represent a conversation between a young lady, your three nephews, and yourself; and am not a little offended at the figure you give your young merchant in the presence of a beauty. The topic of love is a subject on which a man is more beholden to nature for his eloquence, than to the instruction of the schools, or my lady's woman. From the two latter, your scholar and page must have reaped all their advantage above him. I know by this time you have pronounced me a trader. I acknowledge it, but cannot bear the exclusion from any pretence of speaking agreeably to a fine woman, or from any degree of generosity that way. You have among us citizens many well-wishers, but it is for the justice of your representations, which we, perhaps, are better judges of than you (by the account you give of your nephew) seem to allow.

"To give you an opportunity of making us some reparation, I desire you would tell your own way the following instance of heroic love in the city. You are to remember, that somewhere in your writings, for enlarging the territories of virtue and honour, you have multiplied the opportunities of attaining to heroic virtue, and have hinted, that in whatever state of life a man is, if he does things above what is ordinarily performed by men of his rank, he is in those instances a hero.<sup>55</sup>

"Tom Trueman, a young gentleman of eighteen years of age, fell passionately in love with the beautiful Almira, daughter to his master. Her regard for him was no less tender. Trueman was better acquainted with his master's affairs than his daughter, and secretly lamented that each day brought him by many miscarriages nearer bankruptcy than the former. This unhappy posture of their affairs the youth suspected was owing to the ill management of a factor, in whom his master had an entire confidence. Trueman took a proper occasion, when his master was ruminating on his decaying fortune, to address him for leave to spend the remainder of his time with his foreign correspondent. During three years' stay in that employment he became acquainted with all that concerned his master; and by his great address in the management of that knowledge, saved him ten thousand pounds. Soon after this accident, Trueman's uncle left him a considerable estate. Upon receiving that advice, he returned to England, and demanded Almira of her father. The father, overjoyed at the match, offered him the £10,000 he had saved him, with the further proposal of resigning to him all his business. Trueman refused both, and retired into the country with his bride, contented with his own fortune, though perfectly skilled in all the methods of improving it.

"It is to be noted, that Trueman refused twenty thousand pounds with another young lady; so that reckoning both his self-denials, he is to have in your court the merit of having given £30,000 for the woman he loved. This gentleman I claim your justice to; and hope you will be convinced, that some of us have larger views than only cash debtor, *per contra* creditor.

"Yours,

"Richard Traffic."

"N.B.— Mr. Thomas Trueman of Lime Street is entered among the heroes of domestic life.

"Charles Lillie."

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<sup>54</sup> See No. 207.

<sup>55</sup> See the story of Sergeant Hall in No. 87.

**No. 214. [Steele. <sup>56</sup>**  
**From Saturday, Aug. 19, to Tuesday, Aug. 22, 1710**

– *Soles et aperta serena*  
*Prospicere, et certis poteris cognoscere signis.*

*Virg., Georg. i. 393.*

**From my own Apartment, Aug. 21**

In every party there are two sorts of men, the rigid and the supple. The rigid are an intractable race of mortals, who act upon principle, and will not, forsooth, fall into any measures that are not consistent with their received notions of honour. These are persons of a stubborn, unpliant morality, that sullenly adhere to their friends when they are disgraced, and to their principles, though they are exploded. I shall therefore give up this stiff-necked generation to their own obstinacy, and turn my thoughts to the advantage of the supple, who pay their homage to places, and not persons; and without enslaving themselves to any particular scheme of opinions, are as ready to change their conduct in point of sentiment as of fashion. The well-disciplined part of a court are generally so perfect at their exercise, that you may see a whole assembly, from front to rear, face about at once to a new man of power, though at the same time they turn their backs upon him that brought them thither. The great hardship these complaisant members of society are under, seems to be the want of warning upon any approaching change or revolution; so that they are obliged in a hurry to tack about with every wind, and stop short in the midst of a full career, to the great surprise and derision of their beholders.

When a man foresees a decaying ministry, he has leisure to grow a malcontent, reflect upon the present conduct, and by gradual murmurs fall off from his friends into a new party, by just steps and measures. For want of such notices, I have formerly known a very well-bred person refuse to return a bow of a man whom he thought in disgrace, that was next day made Secretary of State; and another, who after a long neglect of a minister, came to his levee, and made professions of zeal for his service the very day before he was turned out.

This produces also unavoidable confusions and mistakes in the descriptions of great men's parts and merits. That ancient lyric, Mr. D'Urfey,<sup>57</sup> some years ago wrote a dedication to a certain lord, in which he celebrated him for the greatest poet and critic of that age, upon a misinformation in Dyer's Letter<sup>58</sup>, that his noble patron was made Lord Chamberlain. In short, innumerable votes, speeches, and sermons have been thrown away, and turned to no account, merely for want of due and timely intelligence. Nay, it has been known, that a panegyric has been half printed off, when the poet, upon the removal of the minister, has been forced to alter it into a satire.

For the conduct therefore of such useful persons as are ready to do their country service upon all occasions, I have an engine in my study, which is a sort of a Political Barometer, or, to speak more intelligibly, a State Weather-Glass, that, by the rising and falling of a certain magical liquor,

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<sup>56</sup> It is not unlikely that the account of a State weather-glass in this paper is by Addison, who was the author of the description of an ecclesiastical thermometer in No. 220.

<sup>57</sup> See Nos. 1, 11, and 43. The dedication was to the Second Part of "Don Quixote," which D'Urfey addressed to Charles, Earl of Dorset, in these lines: "You have, my Lord, a patent from above, And can monopolise both wit and love, Inspired and blest by Heaven's peculiar care, Adored by all the wise and all the fair; To whom the world united give this due, Best judge of men, and best of poets too."

<sup>58</sup> See No. 18.

presages all changes and revolutions in government, as the common glass does those of the weather. This weather-glass is said to have been invented by Cardan,<sup>59</sup>

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<sup>59</sup> Jerome Cardan (1501-1576), physician and astrologer (see Professor Henry Morley's "Life of Girolamo Cardano," 1854).

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