

**STEELE RICHARD, ДЖОЗЕФ  
АДДИСОН**

**THE TATLER,  
VOLUME 3**

Джозеф Аддисон

**The Tatler, Volume 3**

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# The Tatler, Volume 3

To the Right Honourable

William Lord Cowper

Baron of Wingham <sup>1</sup>

My Lord,

After having long celebrated the superior graces and excellences among men, in an imaginary character, I do myself the honour to show my veneration for transcendent merit, under my own name, in this address to your lordship. The just application of those high accomplishments of which you are master, has been an advantage to all your fellow subjects; and it is from the common obligation you have laid upon all the world, that I, though a private man, can pretend to be affected with, or take the liberty to acknowledge your great talents and public virtues.

It gives a pleasing prospect to your friends, that is to say, to the friends of your country, that you have passed through the highest offices, at an age when others usually do but form to themselves the hopes of them.<sup>2</sup> They may expect to see you in the House of Lords as many years as you were ascending to it. It is our common good, that your admirable eloquence can now no longer be employed but in the expression of your own sentiments and judgment. The skilful pleader is now for ever changed into the just judge; which latter character your lordship exerts with so prevailing an impartiality, that you win the approbation even of those who dissent from you, and you always obtain favour, because you are never moved by it.

This gives you a certain dignity peculiar to your present situation, and makes the equity, even of a Lord High Chancellor, appear but a degree towards the magnanimity of a peer of Great Britain.

Forgive me, my lord, when I cannot conceal from you, that I shall never hereafter behold you, but I shall behold you, as lately, defending the brave, and the unfortunate.<sup>3</sup>

When we attend to your lordship, engaged in a discourse, we cannot but reflect upon the many requisites which the vainglorious speakers of antiquity have demanded in a man who is to excel in oratory; I say, my lord, when we reflect upon the precepts by viewing the example, though there is no excellence proposed by those rhetoricians wanting, the whole art seems to be resolved into that one motive of speaking, sincerity in the intention. The graceful manner, the apt gesture, and the assumed concern, are impotent helps to persuasion, in comparison of the honest countenance of him who

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<sup>1</sup> William Cowper was appointed King's counsel about 1694; he succeeded Sir Nathan Wright, as Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, October 11, 1705; was created Baron Cowper of Wingham, November 9, 1706; and was appointed Lord Chancellor, May 4, 1707, which post he held till September 14, 1710. On the accession of King George, he was again appointed Lord Chancellor, and, on resigning the Great Seal, was created Earl Cowper and Viscount Fordwich, March 18, 1717-18. He died in 1723. Lord Cowper refused to accept New Year's gifts from the counsellors at law, which had been long given to his predecessors, and, when he was Chancellor, though in friendship with the Duke of Marlborough, and of the same political principles, he refused to put the broad seal of his office to a commission for making his Grace generalissimo for life. "When Steele's patent, as Governor of the Theatre Royal, passed the Great Seal, Lord Chancellor Cowper, in compliment to Sir Richard, would receive no fee" (Cibber's "Apology"). He was praised by Hughes, under the name of "Manilius," in No. 467 of the *Spectator*.

<sup>2</sup> The date of Lord Cowper's birth is not known, but in 1710 he was probably about 46. He entered the Middle Temple in 1682.

<sup>3</sup> In a pamphlet entitled "A Letter to Isaac Bickerstaff," 1710, Lord Cowper defended the character of the Duchess of Marlborough against an attack by Bolingbroke in a "Letter to the *Examiner*."

utters what he really means. From hence it is, that all the beauties which others attain with labour, are in your lordship but the natural effects of the heart that dictates.

It is this noble simplicity which makes you surpass mankind in the faculties wherein mankind are distinguished from other creatures, reason and speech.

If these gifts were communicated to all men in proportion to the truth and ardour of their hearts, I should speak of you with the same force as you express yourself on any other subject. But I resist my present impulse, as agreeable as it is to me; though indeed, had I any pretensions to a fame of this kind, I should, above all other themes, attempt a panegyric upon my Lord Cowper: for the only sure way to a reputation for eloquence, in an age wherein that perfect orator lives, is to choose an argument, upon which he himself must of necessity be silent. I am,

*My Lord, your Lordship's  
Most devoted, most obedient, and  
Most humble Servant,  
Richard Steele.*

## No. 115

[Steele.

**From Saturday, Dec. 31, 1709, to Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1709-10**

—Novum intervenit vitium et calamitas,  
Ut neque spectari, neque cognosci potuerit:  
Ita populus studio stupidus in funambulo  
Animum occupârat.—Ter., Hecyra, Prologue.

### Sheer Lane, January 2

I went on Friday last to the opera, and was surprised to find a thin house at so noble an entertainment, till I heard that the tumbler<sup>4</sup> was not to make his appearance that night. For my own part, I was fully satisfied with the sight of an actor, who, by the grace and propriety of his action and gesture, does honour to a human figure, as much as the other vilifies and degrades it. Every one will easily imagine I mean Signor Nicolini,<sup>5</sup> who sets off the character he bears in an opera by his action, as much as he does the words of it by his voice. Every limb, and every finger, contributes to the part he acts, insomuch that a deaf man might go along with him in the sense of it. There is scarce a beautiful posture in an old statue which he does not plant himself in, as the different circumstances of the story give occasion for it. He performs the most ordinary action in a manner suitable to the greatness of his character, and shows the prince even in the giving of a letter, or the despatching of a message. Our best actors are somewhat at a loss to support themselves with proper gesture, as they move from any considerable distance to the front of the stage; but I have seen the person of whom I am now speaking, enter alone at the remotest part of it, and advance from it with such greatness of air and mien, as seemed to fill the stage, and at the same time commanding the attention of the audience with the majesty of his appearance. But notwithstanding the dignity and elegance of this

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<sup>4</sup> See No. 108.

<sup>5</sup> Cavalier Nicolini Grimaldi was a Neapolitan actor and singer, who appeared first in England in McSwiney's "Pyrrhus and Demetrius." He is often mentioned in the *Spectator* (see Nos. , , ), and seems to have been a friend of both Addison and Steele. Addison praises him alike as an actor and as a singer. The following letter from Hughes to Nicolini, dated February 4, 1709-10, is given in Hughes' "Correspondence" (Dublin, 1773, i. 33-4): "Depuis que j'ai eu l'honneur d'être chez vous à la répétition de l'opéra, j'ai diné avec Mr. Steele, et la conversation roulante sur vous, je lui dis la manière obligeante dont je vous avois ou parler de Mr. Bickerstaff, en disant que vous aviez beaucoup d'inclination à étudier l'Anglois pour avoir seulement le plaisir de lire le *Tatler*. Il trouve que votre compliment à l'auteur du *Tatler* est fort galant." Nicolini sang in Italian to the English of Mrs. Tofts (see No. , and *Spectator*, No. ), but Cibber observes that "whatever defect the fashionably skilful might find in her manner, she had, in the general sense of her spectators, charms that few of the most learned singers ever arrive at." A letter from Lady Wentworth, dated December 10, 1708, gives us a curious glimpse of Nicolini and Mrs. Tofts: "My dearest and best of children ... Yesterday I had lyke to have been ketched in a trap, your Brother Wentworth had almoste persuaded me to have gon last night to hear the fyne muisick the famous Etallion sing att the rehearsall of the Operer, which he asured me it was soe dark none could see me. Indeede musick was the greatest temtation I could have, but I was afraid he deceived me, soe Betty only went with his wife and him; and I rejoysed I did not, for thear was a vast deal of company and good light—but the Dutchis of Molbery had gott the Etallion to sing and he sent an excuse, but the Dutchis of Shrosberry made him com, brought him in her coach, but Mrs. Taufs huft and would not sing becaus he had first put it ofe; though she was thear yet she would not, but went away. I wish the house would al joyne to humble her and not receav her again. This man out dus Sefachoe, they say that has hard both" ("Wentworth Papers," 1883, p. 66). Mr. Cartwright quotes from a letter in Lord Egmont's collection, dated March 17, 1709: "This day the opera of 'Camilla' is acted expressly for Lord Marlborough. Our famous Nicolini got 800 guineas for his day; and 'tis thought Mrs. Tofts, whose turn it is on Tuesday next, will get a vast deal. She was on Sunday last at the Duke of Somerset's, where there was about thirty gentlemen, and every kiss was one guinea; some took three, others four, others five, at that rate, but none less than one." (Seventh Report of Hist. MSS. Commission, p. 246).

entertainment, I find for some nights past, that Punchinello has robbed the gentleman of the greater part of his female spectators. The truth of it is, I find it so very hard a task to keep that sex under any manner of government, that I have often resolved to give them over entirely, and leave them to their own inventions. I was in hopes that I had brought them to some order, and was employing my thoughts on the reformation of their petticoats, when on a sudden I received information from all parts, that they run gadding after a puppet-show. I know very well, that what I here say will be thought by some malicious persons to flow from envy to Mr. Powell; for which reason, I shall set the late dispute between us in a true light.<sup>6</sup> Mr. Powell and I had some difference about four months ago, which we managed by way of letter, as learned men ought to do; and I was very well contented to bear such sarcasms as he was pleased to throw upon me, and answered them with the same freedom. In the midst of this our misunderstanding and correspondence, I happened to give the world an account of the order of esquires<sup>7</sup>; upon which, Mr. Powell was so disingenuous, as to make one of his puppets (I wish I knew which of them it was) declare by way of prologue, that one Isaac Bickerstaff, a pretended esquire, had wrote a scurrilous piece to the dishonour of that rank of men; and then, with more art than honesty, concluded, that all the esquires in the pit were abused by his antagonist as much he was. This public accusation made all the esquires of that county, and several of other parts, my professed enemies. I do not in the least question but that he will proceed in his hostilities; and I am informed, that part of his design in coming up to town was to carry the war into my own quarters. I do therefore solemnly declare (notwithstanding that I am a great lover of art and ingenuity) that if I hear he opens any of his people's mouths against me, I shall not fail to write a critique upon his whole performance; for I must confess, that I have naturally so strong a desire of praise, that I cannot bear reproach, though from a piece of timber. As for Punch, who takes all opportunities of bespattering me, I know very well his original, and have been assured by the joiner who put him together, that he was in long dispute with himself, whether he should turn him into several pegs and utensils, or make him the man he is. The same person confessed to me, that he had once actually laid aside his head for a nutcracker. As for his scolding wife (however she may value herself at present), it is very well known that she is but a piece of crabtree. This artificer further whispered in my ear, that all his courtiers and nobles were taken out of a quickset hedge not far from Islington; and that Dr. Faustus himself, who is now so great a conjurer, is supposed to have learned his whole art from an old woman in that neighbourhood, whom he long served in the figure of a broomstaff.

But perhaps it may look trivial to insist so much upon men's persons; I shall therefore turn my thoughts rather to examine their behaviour, and consider, whether the several parts are written up to that character which Mr. Powell piques himself upon, of an able and judicious dramatist. I have for this purpose provided myself with the works of above twenty French critics, and shall examine (by the rules which they have laid down upon the art of the stage) whether the unity of time, place and action, be rightly observed in any one of this celebrated author's productions; as also, whether in the parts of his several actors, and that of Punch in particular, there is not sometimes an impropriety of sentiments, and an impurity of diction.

### White's Chocolate-house, January 2

I came in here to-day at an hour when only the dead appear in places of resort and gallantry, and saw hung up the escutcheon of Sir Hannibal,<sup>8</sup> a gentleman who used to frequent this place, and

<sup>6</sup> See Nos. , , .

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

<sup>8</sup> Sir James Baker, known as the "Knight of the Peak"; see No. 118. Steele's comments on gambling in the *Tatler* brought upon him the anger of many of the sharps. There is a well-known story that Lord Forbes, Major-General Davenport, and Brigadier Bisset were in the St. James's Coffee-house when some well-dressed men entered, and began to abuse Steele as the author of the *Tatler*. One of them swore that he would cut Steele's throat or teach him better manners. "In this country," said Lord Forbes, "you will find



was taken up and interred by the Company of Upholders, as having been seen here at an unlicensed hour. The coat of the deceased is, three bowls and a jack in a green field; the crest, a dice-box, with the king of clubs and Pam for supporters. Some days ago the body was carried out of town with great pomp and ceremony, in order to be buried with his ancestors at the Peak. It is a maxim in morality, that we are to speak nothing but truth of the living, nothing but good of the dead. As I have carefully observed the first during his lifetime, I shall acquit myself as to the latter now he is deceased.

He was knighted very young, not in the ordinary form, but by the common consent of mankind.

He was in his person between round and square; in the motion and gesture of his body he was unaffected and free, as not having too great a respect for superiors. He was in his discourse bold and intrepid; and as every one has an excellence as well as a failing which distinguishes him from other men, eloquence was his predominant quality, which he had to so great a perfection, that it was easier to him to speak than to hold his tongue. This sometimes exposed him to the derision of men who had much less parts than himself: and indeed his great volubility and inimitable manner of speaking, as well as the great courage he showed on those occasions, did sometimes betray him into that figure of speech which is commonly distinguished by the name of "gasconade." To mention no other, he professed in this very place some few days before he died, that he would be one of the six that would undertake to assault me; for which reason I have had his figure upon my wall till the hour of his death: and am resolved for the future to bury every one forthwith who I hear has an intention to kill me.

Since I am upon the subject of my adversaries, I shall here publish a short letter which I have received from a well-wisher, and is as follows:

"Sage Sir,

"You cannot but know, there are many scribblers and others who revile you and your writings. It is wondered that you do not exert yourself, and crush them at once. I am,

*"Sir (with great respect),*

*"Your most humble Admirer*

*"and Disciple."*

In answer to this, I shall act like my predecessor Æsop, and give him a fable instead of a reply.

It happened one day, as a stout and honest mastiff (that guarded the village where he lived against thieves and robbers) was very gravely walking, with one of his puppies by his side, all the little dogs in the street gathered about him, and barked at him. The little puppy was so offended at this affront done to his sire, that he asked him why he would not fall upon them, and tear them to pieces?

To which the sire answered, with a great composure of mind, "If there were no curs, I should be no mastiff."<sup>9</sup>

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it easier to cut a purse than to cut a throat"; and the cut-throats were soon turned out of the house with every mark of disgrace. A similar incident is described in a recently published letter from Lady Marow to her daughter, Lady Kaye ("Manuscripts of the Earl of Dartmouth," iii. 148; Hist. MSS. Comm., Fifteenth Report, Part I.). Writing on January 5, 1709-10, Lady Marow says: "All the town are full of the *Tatler*, which I hope you have to prepare you for discourse, for no visit is made that I hear of but Mr. Bickerstaff is mentioned, and I am told he has done so much good that the sharpeners cannot increase their stocks as they did formerly; for one Young came into the chocolate-house, and said he would stop Mr. Bickerstaff if he knew him. Mr. Steele, who is thought to write the *Tatler*, heard Young say so, and, when he went out of the house, said he should walk in St. James's Park an hour, if any would speak with him; but the Hector took no notice."

<sup>9</sup> In the original folio number, after indication of certain errata in No. 114, comes the following note: "The reader is desired not to pronounce anything in any one of these writings *nonsense*, till the following paper comes out."

## No. 116

[Addison.

**From Tuesday, Jan. 3, to Thursday, Jan. 5, 1709-10**

—Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.

*Ovid, Rem. Amor. 344.*

### **Sheer Lane, January 4**

The court being prepared for proceeding on the cause of the petticoat, I gave orders to bring in a criminal who was taken up as she went out of the puppet-show about three nights ago, and was now standing in the street with a great concourse of people about her. Word was brought me, that she had endeavoured twice or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reason of her petticoat, which was too large for the entrance of my house, though I had ordered both the folding-doors to be thrown open for its reception. Upon this, I desired the jury of matrons, who stood at my right hand, to inform themselves of her condition, and know whether there were any private reasons why she might not make her appearance separate from her petticoat. This was managed with great discretion, and had such an effect, that upon the return of the verdict from the bench of matrons, I issued out an order forthwith, that the criminal should be stripped of her encumbrances, till she became little enough to enter my house. I had before given directions for an engine of several legs, that could contract or open itself like the top of an umbrello,<sup>10</sup> in order to place the petticoat upon it, by which means I might take a leisurely survey of it, as it should appear in its proper dimensions. This was all done accordingly; and forthwith, upon the closing of the engine, the petticoat was brought into court. I then directed the machine to be set upon the table, and dilated in such a manner as to show the garment in its utmost circumference; but my great hall was too narrow for the experiment; for before it was half unfolded, it described so immoderate a circle, that the lower part of it brushed upon my face as I sate in my chair of judicature. I then inquired for the person that belonged to the petticoat; and to my great surprise, was directed to a very beautiful young damsel, with so pretty a face and shape, that I bid her come out of the crowd, and seated her upon a little crock at my left hand. "My pretty maid," said I, "do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?" The girl I found had good sense, and told me with a smile, that notwithstanding it was her own petticoat, she should be very glad to see an example made of it; and that she wore it for no other reason, but that she had a mind to look as big and burly as other persons of her quality; that she had kept out of it as long as she could, and till she began to appear little in the eyes of all her acquaintance; that if she laid it aside, people would think she was not made like other women. I always give great allowances to the fair sex upon account of the fashion, and therefore was not displeased with the defence of my pretty criminal. I then ordered the vest which stood before us to be drawn up by a pulley to the top of my great hall, and afterwards to be spread open by the engine it was placed upon, in such a manner, that it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over our heads, and covered the whole court of judicature with a kind of silken rotunda, in its form not unlike the cupola of St. Paul's. I entered upon the whole cause with great satisfaction as I sat under the shadow of it.

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<sup>10</sup> Swift uses this form of the word: "It served him for a nightcap when he went to bed, and for an umbrello in rainy whether."

The counsel for the petticoat was now called in, and ordered to produce what they had to say against the popular cry which was raised against it. They answered the objections with great strength and solidity of argument, and expatiated in very florid harangues, which they did not fail to set off and furbelow (if I may be allowed the metaphor) with many periodical sentences and turns of oratory. The chief arguments for their client were taken, first, from the great benefit that might arise to our woollen manufactory from this invention, which was calculated as follows: the common petticoat has not above four yards in the circumference; whereas this over our heads had more in the semi-diameter; so that by allowing it twenty-four yards in the circumference, the five millions of woollen petticoats, which (according to Sir William Petty) supposing what ought to be supposed in a well-governed state, that all petticoats are made of that stuff, would amount to thirty millions of those of the ancient mode. A prodigious improvement of the woollen trade! and what could not fail to sink the power of France in a few years.

To introduce the second argument, they begged leave to read a petition of the ropemakers, wherein it was represented, that the demand for cords, and the price of them, were much risen since this fashion came up. At this, all the company who were present lifted up their eyes into the vault; and I must confess, we did discover many traces of cordage which were interwoven in the stiffening of the drapery.

A third argument was founded upon a petition of the Greenland trade, which likewise represented the great consumption of whalebone which would be occasioned by the present fashion, and the benefit which would thereby accrue to that branch of the British trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the weight and unwieldiness of the garment, which they insinuated might be of great use to preserve the honour of families.

These arguments would have wrought very much upon me (as I then told the company in a long and elaborate discourse) had I not considered the great and additional expense which such fashions would bring upon fathers and husbands; and therefore by no means to be thought of till some years after a peace. I further urged, that it would be a prejudice to the ladies themselves, who could never expect to have any money in the pocket, if they laid out so much on the petticoat. To this I added, the great temptation it might give to virgins, of acting in security like married women, and by that means give a check to matrimony, an institution always encouraged by wise societies.

At the same time, in answer to the several petitions produced on that side, I showed one subscribed by the women of several persons of quality, humbly setting forth, that since the introduction of this mode, their respective ladies had, instead of bestowing on them their cast gowns, cut them into shreds, and mixed them with the cordage and buckram, to complete the stiffening of their under-petticoats. For which, and sundry other reasons, I pronounced the petticoat a forfeiture: but to show that I did not make that judgment for the sake of filthy lucre, I ordered it to be folded up, and sent it as a present to a widow gentlewoman, who has five daughters, desiring she would make each of them a petticoat out of it, and send me back the remainder, which I design to cut into stomachers, caps, facings of my waistcoat sleeves, and other garnitures suitable to my age and quality.

I would not be understood, that, while I discard this monstrous invention, I am an enemy to the proper ornaments of the fair sex. On the contrary, as the hand of nature has poured on them such a profusion of charms and graces, and sent them into the world more amiable and finished than the rest of her works; so I would have them bestow upon themselves all the additional beauties that art can supply them with, provided it does not interfere with, disguise, or pervert, those of nature.

I consider woman as a beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast its skin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot, and swan, shall pay contributions to her muff; the sea shall be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature furnish out its share towards the embellishment of a creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can, nor will allow it.

## No. 117

[Addison.

**From Thursday, Jan. 5, to Saturday, Jan. 7, 1709-10**

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.  
*Virg., Æn. i. 207.*

### **Sheer Lane, January 6**

When I look into the frame and constitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction, than that tenderness and concern which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the wealth, strength, beauty, and success, that can be conferred upon a mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings as is vested in himself, and is his own private property. By this means, every man that does himself any real service, does me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of fortune and power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice, as the deliverance of good and generous spirits out of dangers, difficulties, and distresses. And because the world does not supply instances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such a humanity and benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the history of ages past, which draws together into a narrow compass the great occurrences and events that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great man, who has deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of prejudice and envy, breaking out with lustre, and shining forth in all the splendour of success, I close my book, and am a happy man for a whole evening.

But since in history events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthless and the deserving, insomuch that we frequently see a virtuous man dying in the midst of disappointments and calamities, and the vicious ending their days in prosperity and peace, I love to amuse myself with the accounts I meet with in fabulous histories and fictions: for in this kind of writings we have always the pleasure of seeing vice punished, and virtue rewarded. Indeed, were we able to view a man in the whole circle of his existence, we should have the satisfaction of seeing it close with happiness or misery, according to his proper merit: but though our view of him is interrupted by death before the finishing of his adventures (if I may so speak), we may be sure that the conclusion and catastrophe is altogether suitable to his behaviour. On the contrary, the whole being of a man, considered as a hero, or a knight-errant, is comprehended within the limits of a poem or romance, and therefore always ends to our satisfaction; so that inventions of this kind are like food and exercise to a good-natured disposition, which they please and gratify at the same time that they nourish and strengthen. The greater the affliction is in which we see our favourites in these relations engaged, the greater is the pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

Among the many feigned histories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the hero's perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a French author whose name I have forgot. It so happens, that the hero's mistress was the sister of his most intimate

friend, who for certain reasons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his country in quest of adventures. The hero having heard of his friend's death, immediately repaired to his mistress, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he discovered at a distance a man clasped in her arms, and embraced with the most endearing tenderness. What should he do? It did not consist with the gentleness of a knight-errant either to kill his mistress, or the man whom she was pleased to favour. At the same time, it would have spoiled a romance, should he have laid violent hands on himself. In short, he immediately entered upon his adventures; and after a long series of exploits, found out by degrees, that the person he saw in his mistress's arms was her own brother, taking leave of her before he left his country, and the embrace she gave him nothing else but the affectionate farewell of a sister: so that he had at once the two greatest satisfactions that could enter into the heart of man, in finding his friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his mistress faithful, whom he had believed inconstant.

There are indeed some disasters so very fatal, that it is impossible for any accidents to rectify them. Of this kind was that of poor Lucretia; and yet we see Ovid has found an expedient even in this case. He describes a beautiful and royal virgin walking on the seashore, where she was discovered by Neptune, and violated after a long and unsuccessful importunity. To mitigate her sorrow, he offers her whatever she would wish for. Never certainly was the wit of woman more puzzled in finding out a stratagem to retrieve her honour. Had she desired to be changed into a stock or stone, a beast, fish or fowl, she would have been a loser by it: or had she desired to have been made a sea-nymph, or a goddess, her immortality would but have perpetuated her disgrace. "Give me therefore," said she, "such a shape as may make me incapable of suffering again the like calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already suffered." To be short, she was turned into a man, and by that only means avoided the danger and imputation she so much dreaded.

I was once myself in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows: When I was a youth in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm evening diverting ourselves upon the top of the cliff with the prospect of the sea, and trifling away the time in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sank under her, and threw her down from so prodigious a height upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, "It is not in the power of heaven to relieve me!" when I awoke, equally transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an affliction which the very moment before appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The impressions of grief and horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted, they made me more miserable than I was at the real death of this beloved person (which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded), inasmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myself in a sort an accessory; whereas her real decease had at least these alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the description of Dover Cliff in Shakespeare's tragedy of "King Lear,"<sup>11</sup> without a fresh sense of my

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<sup>11</sup> "King Lear," act iv. sc. 6.

escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, must have a good head, or a very bad one.

*"Come on, sir, here's the place; stand still! How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low?  
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,  
Show scarce as gross as beetles. Half-way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire. Dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.  
The fishermen that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice, and yond' tall anchoring bark  
Diminished to her boat<sup>12</sup>; her boat!<sup>13</sup> a buoy  
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge  
(That on the unnumbered idle pebble beats)  
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,  
Lest my brain turn." <sup>14</sup>*

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<sup>12</sup> Altered from Shakespeare's "cock."

<sup>13</sup> Altered from Shakespeare's "cock."

<sup>14</sup> "The parcel of letters, value 10s. 3d., with the subsequent letter, is received, for which Mr. Bickerstaff gives his thanks and humble service" (folio).

## No. 118

[Steele.<sup>15</sup>

**From Saturday, Jan. 7, to Tuesday, Jan. 10, 1709-10**

Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti;  
Tempus abire tibi....—Hor., 2 Ep. ii. 214.

### **From my own Apartment, January 8**

I thought to have given over my prosecution of the dead for this season, having by me many other projects for the reformation of mankind; but I have received so many complaints from such different hands, that I shall disoblige multitudes of my correspondents, if I do not take notice of them. Some of the deceased, who I thought had been laid quietly in their graves, are such hobgoblins in public assemblies, that I must be forced to deal with them as Evander did with his triple-lived adversary, who, according to Virgil, was forced to kill him thrice over before he could despatch him.

*"Ter leto sternendus erat."*<sup>16</sup>

I am likewise informed, that several wives of my dead men have, since the decease of their husbands, been seen in many public places without mourning, or regard to common decency.

I am further advised, that several of the defunct, contrary to the Woollen Act,<sup>17</sup> presume to dress themselves in lace, embroidery, silks, muslins, and other ornaments forbidden to persons in their condition. These and other the like informations moving me thereunto, I must desire, for distinction-sake, and to conclude this subject for ever, that when any of these posthumous persons appear, or are spoken of, their wives may be called "widows"; their houses, "sepulchres"; their chariots, "hearses"; and their garments, "flannel": on which condition, they shall be allowed all the conveniences that dead men can in reason desire.

As I was writing this morning on this subject, I received the following letter:

"Mr. Bickerstaff, *From the Banks of Styx*.

"I must confess I treated you very scurrilously when you first sent me hither; but you have despatched such multitudes after me to keep me in countenance, that I am very well reconciled both to you and my condition. We live very lovingly together; for as death makes us all equal, it makes us very much delight in one another's company. Our time passes away much after the same manner as it did when we were among you: eating, drinking, and sleeping, are our chief diversions. Our quidnuncs between whiles go to a coffee-house, where they have several warm liquors made of the waters of Lethe, with very good poppy tea. We that are

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<sup>15</sup> Nichols suggests that Addison was at least partly responsible for this paper.

<sup>16</sup> "Æneid," viii. 566.

<sup>17</sup> The Act "for burying in wool" (30 Charles II. cap. 3) was intended to protect homespun goods. Sometimes a fine was paid for allowing a person of position to be "buried in linen, contrary to the Act of Parliament." The widow in Steele's "Funeral" (act v. sc. 2) says: "Take care I ain't buried in flannel; 'twould never become me, I'm sure." See, too, Pope's "Moral Essays," i. 246: "Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke, 'Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke."

the sprightly geniuses of the place, refresh ourselves frequently with a bottle of mum,<sup>18</sup> and tell stories till we fall asleep. You would do well to send among us Mr. Dodwell's<sup>19</sup> book against the immortality of the soul, which would be of great consolation to our whole fraternity, who would be very glad to find that they are dead for good and all, and would in particular make me rest for ever,

"Yours,

"John Partridge.

"P.S.—Sir James<sup>20</sup> is just arrived here in good health."

The foregoing letter was the more pleasing to me, because I perceive some little symptoms in it of a resuscitation; and having lately seen the predictions of this author, which are written in a true Protestant spirit of prophecy, and a particular zeal against the French king, I have some thoughts of sending for him from the Banks of Styx, and reinstating him in his own house, at the sign of the Globe in Salisbury Street. For the encouragement of him and others, I shall offer to their consideration a letter which gives me an account of the revival of one of their brethren:

""Sir, *December 31*.

"I have perused your *Tatler* of this day,<sup>21</sup> and have wept over it with great pleasure: I wish you would be more frequent in your family pieces. For as I consider you under the notion of a great designer, I think these are not your least valuable performances. I am glad to find you have given over your face painting for some time, because, I think, you have employed yourself more in grotesque figures, than in beauties; for which reason, I would rather see you work upon history pieces, than on single portraits. Your several draughts of dead men appear to me as pictures of still life, and have done great good in the place where I live. The squire of a neighbouring village, who had been a long time in the number of nonentities, is entirely recovered by them. For these several years past, there was not a hare in the county that could be at rest for him; and I think, the greatest exploit he ever boasted of, was, that when he was high sheriff of the county, he hunted a fox so far, that he could not follow him any farther by the laws of the land. All the hours he spent at home, were in swilling<sup>22</sup> himself with October, and rehearsing the wonders he did in the field. Upon reading your papers, he has sold his dogs, shook off his dead companions, looked into his estate, got the multiplication table by heart, paid his tithes, and intends to take upon him the office of churchwarden next year. I wish the same success with your other patients, and am, &c."

### **Ditto, January 9**

When I came home this evening, a very tight middle-aged woman presented to me the following petition:

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<sup>18</sup> Ale brewed with wheat. John Philips ("Cyder," ii. 231) speaks of "bowls of fattening mum."

<sup>19</sup> Henry Dodwell, the nonjuror, died in 1711, in his seventieth year. He tried to prove that immortality was conferred on the soul only at baptism, by the gift of God, through the hands of the ordained clergy. The title of the book alluded to is "An Epistolary Discourse concerning the Soul's Immortality."

<sup>20</sup> Sir James Baker. See No. [115](#).

<sup>21</sup> 114.

<sup>22</sup> The original editions read "swelling."



## "To the Worshipful Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., Censor of Great Britain

"The humble petition of Penelope Prim, widow;

"Sheweth,

"That your petitioner was bred a clear-starcher and sempstress, and for many years worked to the Exchange; and to several aldermen's wives, lawyers' clerks, and merchants' apprentices.

"That through the scarcity caused by regraters of bread-corn (of which starch is made) and the gentry's immoderate frequenting the operas, the ladies, to save charges, have their heads washed at home, and the beaus put out their linen to common laundresses, so that your petitioner hath little or no work at her trade: for want of which she is reduced to such necessity, that she and her seven fatherless children must inevitably perish, unless relieved by your worship.

"That your petitioner is informed, that in contempt of your judgment pronounced on Tuesday the third instant against the new-fashioned petticoat, or old-fashioned farthingale,<sup>23</sup> the ladies design to go on in that dress. And since it is presumed your worship will not suppress them by force, your petitioner humbly desires you would order, that ruffs may be added to the dress; and that she may be heard by her counsel, who has assured your petitioner, he has such cogent reasons to offer to your court, that ruffs and farthingales are inseparable; and that he questions not but two-thirds of the greatest beauties about town will have cambric collars on their necks before the end of Easter Term next. He further says, that the design of our great-grandmothers in this petticoat, was to appear much bigger than the life; for which reason, they had false shoulder-blades, like wings, and the ruff above mentioned, to make their upper and lower parts of their bodies appear proportionable; whereas the figure of a woman in the present dress, bears (as he calls it) the figure of a cone, which (as he advises) is the same with that of an extinguisher, with a little knob at the upper end, and widening downward, till it ends in a basis of a most enormous circumference.

"Your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that you would restore the ruff to the farthingale, which in their nature ought to be as inseparable as the two Hungarian twins.<sup>24</sup>

*"And your Petitioner shall ever pray."*

I have examined into the allegations of this petition, and find, by several ancient pictures of my own predecessors, particularly that of Dame Deborah Bickerstaff, my great-grandmother, that the ruff and farthingale are made use of as absolutely necessary to preserve the symmetry of the figure; and Mrs. Pyramid Bickerstaff, her second sister, is recorded in our family-book, with some observations to her disadvantage, as the first female of our house that discovered, to any besides her nurse and her husband, an inch below her chin or above her instep. This convinces me of the

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<sup>23</sup> See No. [116](#).

<sup>24</sup> Helen and Judith, two united twin-sisters, were born at Tzoni, in Hungary, October 26, 1701; lived to the age of twenty-one, and died in a convent at Petersburg, February 23, 1723. The mother, it is said, survived their birth, bore another child afterwards, and was alive when her singular twins were shown here, at a house in the Strand, near Charing Cross, in 1708. The writers of a periodical publication at that time seem to have examined them carefully, with a view to enable themselves to answer the many questions of their correspondents concerning them. See "The British Apollo," vol. i, Nos. 35, 36, 37, &c. (1708), and the Royal Society's "Phil. Transact." vol. I. part 1, for the year 1757, art. 39. Nothing more can be well said of the Hungarian twins here, but that they were well shaped, had beautiful faces, and loved each other tenderly; they could read, write, and sing very prettily; they spoke the Hungarian, High and Low Dutch, and French languages, and learnt English when they were in this country (Nichols).

reasonableness of Mrs. Prim's demand; and therefore I shall not allow the reviving of any one part of that ancient mode, except the whole is complied with. Mrs. Prim is therefore hereby empowered to carry home ruffs to such as she shall see in the above-mentioned petticoats, and require payment on demand.

Mr. Bickerstaff has under consideration the offer from the Corporation of Colchester of four hundred pounds per annum, to be paid quarterly, provided that all his dead persons shall be obliged to wear the baize of that place.

## No. 119

[Addison.

**From Tuesday, Jan. 10, to Thursday, Jan. 12, 1709-10**

In tenui labor.—Virg., Georg. iv. 6.

### Sheer Lane, January 11

I have lately applied myself with much satisfaction to the curious discoveries that have been made by the help of microscopes, as they are related by authors of our own and other nations. There is a great deal of pleasure in prying into this world of wonders, which Nature has laid out of sight, and seems industrious to conceal from us. Philosophy had ranged over all the visible creation, and began to want objects for her inquiries, when the present age, by the invention of glasses, opened a new and inexhaustible magazine of rarities, more wonderful and amazing than any of those which astonished our forefathers. I was yesterday amusing myself with speculations of this kind, and reflecting upon myriads of animals that swim in those little seas of juices that are contained in the several vessels of a human body. While my mind was thus filled with that secret wonder and delight, I could not but look upon myself as in an act of devotion, and am very well pleased with the thought of the great heathen anatomist,<sup>25</sup> who calls his description of the parts of a human body, "A Hymn to the Supreme Being." The reading of the day produced in my imagination an agreeable morning's dream, if I may call it such; for I am still in doubt, whether it passed in my sleeping or waking thoughts. However it was, I fancied that my good genius stood at my bed's head, and entertained me with the following discourse; for upon my rising, it dwelt so strongly upon me, that I wrote down the substance of it, if not the very words.

"If," said he, "you can be so transported with those productions of nature which are discovered to you by those artificial eyes that are the works of human invention, how great will your surprise be, when you shall have it in your power to model your own eye as you please, and adapt it to the bulk of objects, which, with all these helps, are by infinite degrees too minute for your perception. We who are unbodied spirits can sharpen our sight to what degree we think fit, and make the least work of the creation distinct and visible. This gives us such ideas as cannot possibly enter into your present conceptions. There is not the least particle of matter which may not furnish one of us sufficient employment for a whole eternity. We can still divide it, and still open it, and still discover new wonders of Providence, as we look into the different texture of its parts, and meet with beds of vegetables, mineral and metallic mixtures, and several kinds of animals that lie hid, and as it were lost in such an endless fund of matter. I find you are surprised at this discourse; but as your reason tells you there are infinite parts in the smallest portion of matter, it will likewise convince you, that there is as great a variety of secrets, and as much room for discoveries, in a particle no bigger than the point of a pin, as in the globe of the whole earth. Your microscopes bring to sight shoals of living creatures in a spoonful of vinegar; but we who can distinguish them in their different magnitudes, see among them several huge leviathans, that terrify the little fry of animals about them, and take their pastime as in an ocean, or the great deep." I could not but smile at this part of his relation, and told him, I doubted not but he could give me the history of several invisible giants, accompanied with their respective

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<sup>25</sup> Galen, "De Usu Partium."

dwarfs, in case that any of these little beings are of a human shape. "You may assure yourself," said he, "that we see in these little animals different natures, instincts and modes of life, which correspond to what you observe in creatures of bigger dimensions. We descry millions of species subsisted on a green leaf, which your glasses represent only in crowds and swarms. What appears to your eye but as hair or down rising on the surface of it, we find to be woods and forests, inhabited by beasts of prey, that are as dreadful in those their little haunts, as lions and tigers in the deserts of Libya." I was much delighted with his discourse, and could not forbear telling him, that I should be wonderfully pleased to see a natural history of imperceptibles, containing a true account of such vegetables and animals as grow and live out of sight. "Such disquisitions," answered he, "are very suitable to reasonable creatures; and you may be sure, there are many curious spirits amongst us who employ themselves in such amusements. For as our hands, and all our senses, may be formed to what degree of strength and delicacy we please, in the same manner as our sight, we can make what experiments we are inclined to, how small soever the matter be in which we make them. I have been present at the dissection of a mite, and have seen the skeleton of a flea. I have been shown a forest of numberless trees, which has been picked out of an acorn. Your microscope can show you in it a complete oak in miniature; and could you suit all your organs as we do, you might pluck an acorn from this little oak, which contains another tree; and so proceed from tree to tree, as long as you would think fit to continue your disquisitions. It is almost impossible," added he, "to talk of things so remote from common life, and the ordinary notions which mankind receive from blunt and gross organs of sense, without appearing extravagant and ridiculous. You have often seen a dog opened, to observe the circulation of the blood, or make any other useful inquiry; and yet would be tempted to laugh if I should tell you, that a circle of much greater philosophers than any of the Royal Society, were present at the cutting up of one of those little animals which we find in the blue of a plum: that it was tied down alive before them; and that they observed the palpitations of the heart, the course of the blood, the working of the muscles, and the convulsions in the several limbs, with great accuracy and improvement." "I must confess," said I, "for my own part, I go along with you in all your discoveries with great pleasure; but it is certain, they are too fine for the gross of mankind, who are more struck with the description of everything that is great and bulky. Accordingly we find the best judge of human nature setting forth his wisdom, not in the formation of these minute animals (though indeed no less wonderful than the other) but in that of the leviathan and behemoth, the horse and the crocodile."<sup>26</sup> "Your observation," said he, "is very just; and I must acknowledge for my own part, that although it is with much delight that I see the traces of Providence in these instances, I still take greater pleasure in considering the works of the creation in their immensity, than in their minuteness. For this reason, I rejoice when I strengthen my sight so as to make it pierce into the most remote spaces, and take a view of those heavenly bodies which lie out of the reach of human eyes, though assisted by telescopes. What you look upon as one confused white in the Milky Way, appears to me a long tract of heavens, distinguished by stars that are ranged in proper figures and constellations. While you are admiring the sky in a starry night, I am entertained with a variety of worlds and suns placed one above another, and rising up to such an immense distance, that no created eye can see an end of them."

The latter part of his discourse flung me into such an astonishment, that he had been silent for some time before I took notice of it; when on a sudden I started up and drew my curtains, to look if any one was near me, but saw nobody, and cannot tell to this moment whether it was my good genius or a dream that left me.

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<sup>26</sup> See Job, chaps. 39-41.

## No. 120

[Addison.

**From Thursday, Jan. 12, to Saturday, Jan. 14, 1709-10**

——Velut silvis, ubi passim

Palantes error certo de tramite pellit;

Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit.

*Hor., 2 Sat. iii. 48.*

### Sheer Lane, January 13

Instead of considering any particular passion or character in any one set of men, my thoughts were last night employed on the contemplation of human life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole species are hurried on by the same desires, and engaged in the same pursuits, according to the different stages and divisions of life. Youth is devoted to lust, middle age to ambition, old age to avarice. These are the three general motives and principles of action both in good and bad men; though it must be acknowledged, that they change their names, and resign their natures, according to the temper of the person whom they direct and animate. For with the good, lust becomes virtuous love; ambition, true honour; and avarice, the care of posterity. This scheme of thought amused me very agreeably till I retired to rest, and afterwards formed itself into a pleasing and regular vision, which I shall describe in all its circumstances, as the objects presented themselves, whether in a serious or ridiculous manner.

I dreamed that I was in a wood, of so prodigious an extent, and cut into such a variety of walks and alleys, that all mankind were lost and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down some time, I came into the centre of it, which opened into a wide plain, that was filled with multitudes of both sexes. I here discovered three great roads, very wide and long, that led into three different parts of the forest. On a sudden, the whole multitude broke into three parts, according to their different ages, and marched in their respective bodies into the three great roads that lay before them. As I had a mind to know how each of these roads terminated, and whither it would lead those who passed through them, I joined myself with the assembly that were in the flower and vigour of their age, and called themselves, "The Band of Lovers." I found to my great surprise, that several old men besides myself had intruded into this agreeable company; as I had before observed, there were some young men who had united themselves to the Band of Misers, and were walking up the path of avarice; though both made a very ridiculous figure, and were as much laughed at by those they joined, as by those they forsook. The walk which we marched up, for thickness of shades, embroidery of flowers, and melody of birds, with the distant purling of streams, and falls of water, was so wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our senses, and intoxicated our minds with pleasure. We had not been long here, before every man singled out some woman to whom he offered his addresses and professed himself a lover; when on a sudden we perceived this delicious walk to grow more narrow as we advanced in it, till it ended in many intricate thickets, mazes and labyrinths, that were so mixed with roses and brambles, brakes of thorns, and beds of flowers, rocky paths and pleasing grottoes, that it was hard to say, whether it gave greater delight or perplexity to those who travelled in it.

It was here that the lovers began to be eager in their pursuits. Some of their mistresses, who only seemed to retire for the sake of form and decency, led them into plantations that were disposed

into regular walks; where, after they had wheeled about in some turns and windings, they suffered themselves to be overtaken, and gave their hands to those who pursued them. Others withdrew from their followers into little wildernesses, where there were so many paths interwoven with each other in so much confusion and irregularity, that several of the lovers quitted the pursuit, or broke their hearts in the chase. It was sometimes very odd to see a man pursuing a fine woman that was following another, whose eye was fixed upon a fourth, that had her own game in view in some other quarter of the wilderness. I could not but observe two things in this place which I thought very particular, that several persons who stood only at the end of the avenues, and cast a careless eye upon the nymphs during their whole flight, often caught them, when those who pressed them the most warmly through all their turns and doubles, were wholly unsuccessful: and that some of my own age, who were at first looked upon with aversion and contempt, by being well acquainted with the wilderness, and by dodging their women in the particular corners and alleys of it, caught them in their arms, and took them from those they really loved and admired. There was a particular grove, which was called, "The Labyrinth of Coquettes"; where many were enticed to the chase, but few returned with purchase. It was pleasant enough to see a celebrated beauty, by smiling upon one, casting a glance upon another, beckoning to a third, and adapting her charms and graces to the several follies of those that admired her, drawing into the labyrinth a whole pack of lovers, that lost themselves in the maze, and never could find their way out of it. However, it was some satisfaction to me, to see many of the fair ones who had thus deluded their followers, and left them among the intricacies of the labyrinth, obliged when they came out of it, to surrender to the first partner that offered himself. I now had crossed over all the difficult and perplexed passages that seemed to bound our walk, when on the other side of them, I saw the same great road running on a little way, till it was terminated by two beautiful temples. I stood here for some time, and saw most of the multitude who had been dispersed amongst the thickets, coming out two by two, and marching up in pairs towards the temples that stood before us. The structure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) consecrated to virtuous love, and could not be entered but by such as received a ring, or some other token, from a person who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roses and myrtles on his head, and on his shoulders a robe like an imperial mantle, white and unspotted all over, excepting only, that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden turtle-doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies. He was called by the name of Hymen, and was seated near the entrance of the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of several trees, that were embraced by woodbines, jessamines, and amaranths, which were as so many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the mysteries that were performed in it. I had however the curiosity to observe how the several couples that entered were disposed of; which was after the following manner. There were two great gates on the back side of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind, the one having a very careful and composed air, the other a sort of smile and ineffable sweetness in her countenance. The name of the first was Discretion, and of the other Complacency, All who came out of this gate, and put themselves under the direction of these two sisters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with everything that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married, who came out linked together by chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to this gate was possessed by three sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the sisters was known by the name of Levity, who with the innocence of a virgin, had the dress and behaviour of a harlot. The name of the second was Contention, who

bore on her right arm a muff made of the skin of a porcupine; and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and snapped at every one that passed by her.

The eldest of the sisters, who seemed to have a haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his shoulder, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a stag. Her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale. Her eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular distemper, which makes persons who are troubled with it, see objects double. Upon inquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealousy.

Having finished my observations upon this temple, and its votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left hand, and was called, "The Temple of Lust." The front of it was raised on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that order; whereas that of the other was composed of the chaste and matronlike Ionic. The sides of it were adorned with several grotesque figures of goats, sparrows, heathen gods, satyrs, and monsters made up of half-man half-beast. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that served to discover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here stunned with a mixed noise of clamour and jollity: on one side of me, I heard singing and dancing; on the other, brawls and clashing of swords. In short, I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with bolts of iron, and locks of adamant. There was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleasure which led to it: all who passed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant called Remorse, that held a scourge of scorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a passage so rugged, so uneven, and choked with so many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy spectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both sexes suffered who walked through it. The men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and enfeebled with old age: the women wrung their hands, and tore their hair; and several lost their limbs before they could extricate themselves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged. The remaining part of this vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of ambition and avarice, must be the subject of another paper.

## ADVERTISEMENT

I have this morning received the following letter from the famous Mr. Thomas Doggett:<sup>27</sup>

"Sir,

"On Monday next will be acted for my benefit, the comedy of 'Love for Love': if you will do me the honour to appear there, I will publish on the bills, that it is to be performed at the request of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.; and question not but it will bring me as great an audience, as ever was at the house since the Morocco ambassador was there.<sup>28</sup> I am, (with the greatest respect)

*"Your most obedient and*

*"Most humble Servant,*

*"Thomas Doggett."*

Being naturally an encourager of wit, as well as bound to it in the quality of censor, I returned the following answer:

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<sup>27</sup> See No. .

<sup>28</sup> The Morocco ambassador made his public entry into London in April 1706. Don Ventura Zary, another Morocco minister, visited the Haymarket Theatre on May 4, 1710, with his "attendants in their several habits, &c., having never as yet appeared in public." There was no play at Drury Lane Theatre that night (*Postboy*, April 29 to May 2, 1710).

"Mr. Doggett,

"I am very well pleased with the choice you have made of so excellent a play, and have always looked upon you as the best of comedians; I shall therefore come in between the first and second act, and remain in the right-hand box over the pit till the end of the fourth, provided you take care that everything be rightly prepared for my reception."<sup>29</sup>

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<sup>29</sup> See No. [122](#).



## No. 121

[Addison.

**From Saturday, Jan. 14, to Tuesday, Jan. 17, 1709-10**

—Similis tibi, Cynthia, vel tibi, cujus  
Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos.

*Juv., Sat. vi. 7.*

### **From my own Apartment, January 16**

I was recollecting the remainder of my vision, when my maid came to me, and told me, there was a gentlewoman below who seemed to be in great trouble, and pressed very much to see me. When it lay in my power to remove the distress of an unhappy person, I thought I should very ill employ my time in attending matters of speculation, and therefore desired the lady would walk in. When she entered, I saw her eyes full of tears. However, her grief was not so great as to make her omit rules; for she was very long and exact in her civilities, which gave me time to view and consider her. Her clothes were very rich, but tarnished; and her words very fine, but ill applied. These distinctions made me without hesitation (though I had never seen her before) ask her, if her lady had any commands for me? She then began to weep afresh, and with many broken sighs told me, that their family was in very great affliction. I beseeched her to compose herself, for that I might possibly be capable of assisting them. She then cast her eye upon my little dog, and was again transported with too much passion to proceed; but with much ado, she at last gave me to understand, that Cupid, her lady's lap-dog, was dangerously ill, and in so bad a condition, that her lady neither saw company, nor went abroad, for which reason she did not come herself to consult me; that as I had mentioned with great affection my own dog (here she curtsied, and looking first at the cur, and then on me, said, indeed I had reason, for he was very pretty) her lady sent to me rather than to any other doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her sorrow, but send her my advice. I must confess, I had some indignation to find myself treated like something below a farrier; yet well knowing, that the best, as well as most tender way of dealing with a woman, is to fall in with her humours, and by that means to let her see the absurdity of them, I proceeded accordingly: "Pray, madam," said I, "can you give me any methodical account of this illness, and how Cupid was first taken?" "Sir," said she, "we have a little ignorant country girl who is kept to tend him: she was recommended to our family by one, that my lady never saw but once, at a visit; and you know, persons of quality are always inclined to strangers; for I could have helped her to a cousin of my own, but—" "Good madam," said I, "you neglect the account of the sick body, while you are complaining of this girl." "No, no, sir," said she, "begging your pardon: but it is the general fault of physicians, they are so in haste, that they never hear out the case. I say, this silly girl, after washing Cupid, let him stand half an hour in the window without his collar, where he caught cold, and in an hour after began to bark very hoarse. He had however a pretty good night, and we hoped the danger was over; but for these two nights last past, neither he nor my lady have slept a wink." "Has he," said I, "taken anything?" "No," said she, "but my lady says, he shall take anything that you prescribe, provided you do not make use of Jesuits' powder<sup>30</sup>, or the cold bath. Poor Cupid," continued she, "has always been phthisical, and as he lies under something like a chin-cough,

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<sup>30</sup> Peruvian Bark, then comparatively little used.

we are afraid it will end in a consumption." I then asked her, if she had brought any of his water to show me. Upon this, she stared me in the face, and said, "I am afraid, Mr. Bickerstaff, you are not serious; but if you have any receipt that is proper on this occasion, pray let us have it; for my mistress is not to be comforted." Upon this, I paused a little without returning any answer, and after some short silence, I proceeded in the following manner: "I have considered the nature of the distemper, and the constitution of the patient, and by the best observation that I can make on both, I think it is safest to put him into a course of kitchen physic. In the meantime, to remove his hoarseness, it will be the most natural way to make Cupid his own druggist; for which reason, I shall prescribe to him, three mornings successively, as much powder as will lie on a groat, of that noble remedy which the apothecaries call 'Album Græcum.'" Upon hearing this advice, the young woman smiled, as if she knew how ridiculous an errand she had been employed in; and indeed I found by the sequel of her discourse, that she was an arch baggage, and of a character that is frequent enough in persons of her employment, who are so used to conform themselves in everything to the humours and passions of their mistresses, that they sacrifice superiority of sense to superiority of condition, and are insensibly betrayed into the passions and prejudices of those whom they serve, without giving themselves leave to consider, that they are extravagant and ridiculous. However I thought it very natural, when her eyes were thus open, to see her give a new turn to her discourse, and from sympathising with her mistress in her follies, to fall a-railing at her. "You cannot imagine," said she, "Mr. Bickerstaff, what a life she makes us lead for the sake of this little ugly cur: if he dies, we are the most unhappy family in town. She chanced to lose a parrot last year, which, to tell you truly, brought me into her service; for she turned off her woman upon it, who had lived with her ten years, because she neglected to give him water, though every one of the family says, she was as innocent of the bird's death as the babe that is unborn. Nay, she told me this very morning, that if Cupid should die, she would send the poor innocent wench I was telling you of, to Bridewell, and have the milkwoman tried for her life at the Old Bailey, for putting water into his milk. In short, she talks like any distracted creature."

"Since it is so, young woman," said I, "I will by no means let you offend her, by staying on this message longer than is absolutely necessary," and so forced her out.

While I am studying to cure those evils and distresses that are necessary or natural to human life, I find my task growing upon me, since by these accidental cares, and acquired calamities, if I may so call them, my patients contract distempers to which their constitution is of itself a stranger. But this is an evil I have for many years remarked in the fair sex; and as they are by nature very much formed for affection and dalliance, I have observed, that when by too obstinate a cruelty, or any other means, they have disappointed themselves of the proper objects of love, as husbands, or children, such virgins have exactly at such a year grown fond of lap-dogs, parrots, or other animals. I know at this time a celebrated toast, whom I allow to be one of the most agreeable of her sex, that in the presence of her admirers, will give a torrent of kisses to her cat, any one of which a Christian would be glad of. I do not at the same time deny, but there are as great enormities of this kind committed by our sex as theirs. A Roman emperor had so very great an esteem for a horse of his, that he had thoughts of making him a consul; and several moderns of that rank of men whom we call country squires, won't scruple to kiss their hounds before all the world, and declare in the presence of their wives, that they had rather salute a favourite of the pack, than the finest woman in England. These voluntary friendships between animals of different species, seem to arise from instinct; for which reason, I have always looked upon the mutual goodwill between the squire and the hound, to be of the same nature with that between the lion and the jackal.

The only extravagance of this kind which appears to me excusable, is one that grew out of an excess of gratitude, which I have somewhere met with in the life of a Turkish emperor. His horse had brought him safe out of a field of battle, and from the pursuit of a victorious enemy. As a reward for such his good and faithful service, his master built him a stable of marble, shod him with gold, fed him in an ivory manger, and made him a rack of silver. He annexed to the stable several fields

and meadows, lakes, and running streams. At the same time he provided for him a seraglio of mares, the most beautiful that could be found in the whole Ottoman Empire. To these were added a suitable train of domestics, consisting of grooms, farriers, rubbers, &c., accommodated with proper liveries and pensions. In short, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the ease and happiness of his life who had preserved the emperor's.

By reason of the extreme cold, and the changeableness of the weather, I have been prevailed upon to allow the free use of the farthingale, till the 20th of February next ensuing.

## No. 122

[Addison.

**From Tuesday, Jan. 17, to Thursday, Jan. 19, 1709-10**

Cur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?  
*Mart., Epig. i. Prol. 21.*

### **From my own Apartment, January 18**

I find it is thought necessary, that I (who have taken upon me to censure the irregularities of the age) should give an account of my own actions when they appear doubtful, or subject to misconstruction. My appearing at the play on Monday last,<sup>31</sup> is looked upon as a step in my conduct, which I ought to explain, that others may not be misled by my example. It is true in matter of fact, I was present at the ingenious entertainment of that day, and placed myself in a box which was prepared for me with great civility and distinction. It is said of Virgil, when he entered a Roman theatre, where there were many thousands of spectators present, that the whole assembly rose up to do him honour; a respect which was never before paid to any but the emperor. I must confess, that universal clap, and other testimonies of applause, with which I was received at my first appearance in the theatre of Great Britain, gave me as sensible a delight, as the above-mentioned reception could give to that immortal poet. I should be ungrateful at the same time, if I did not take this opportunity of acknowledging the great civilities that were shown me by Mr. Thomas Doggett, who made his compliments to me between the acts, after a most ingenuous and discreet manner; and at the same time communicated to me, that the Company of Upholders desired to receive me at their door at the end of the Haymarket, and to light me home to my lodgings. That part of the ceremony I forbade, and took particular care during the whole play to observe the conduct of the drama, and give no offence by my own behaviour. Here I think it will not be foreign to my character, to lay down the proper duties of an audience, and what is incumbent upon each individual spectator in public diversions of this nature. Every one should on these occasions show his attention, understanding and virtue. I would undertake to find out all the persons of sense and breeding by the effect of a single sentence, and to distinguish a gentleman as much by his laugh, as his bow. When we see the footman and his lord diverted by the same jest, it very much turns to the diminution of the one, or the honour of the other. But though a man's quality may appear in his understanding and taste, the regard to virtue ought to be the same in all ranks and conditions of men, however they make a profession of it under the name of honour, religion, or morality. When therefore we see anything divert an audience, either in tragedy or comedy, that strikes at the duties of civil life, or exposes what the best men in all ages have looked upon as sacred and inviolable, it is the certain sign of a profligate race of men, who are fallen from the virtue of their forefathers, and will be contemptible in the eyes of their posterity. For this reason I took great delight in seeing the generous and disinterested passion of the lovers in this comedy (which stood so many trials, and was proved by such a variety of diverting incidents) received with an universal approbation. This brings to my mind a passage in Cicero,<sup>32</sup> which I could never read without being in love with

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<sup>31</sup> See No. 120. "A person dressed for Isaac Bickerstaff did appear at the playhouse on this occasion" (Addison's "Works," Birmingham, ii. 246).

<sup>32</sup> "De Amicitia," vii.

the virtue of a Roman audience. He there describes the shouts and applause which the people gave to the persons who acted the parts of Pylades and Orestes, in the noblest occasion that a poet could invent to show friendship in perfection. One of them had forfeited his life by an action which he had committed; and as they stood in judgment before the tyrant, each of them strove who should be the criminal, that he might save the life of his friend. Amidst the vehemence of each asserting himself to be the offender, the Roman audience gave a thunder of applause, and by that means, as the author hints, approved in others what they would have done themselves on the like occasion. Methinks, a people of so much virtue were deservedly placed at the head of mankind: But alas! pleasures of this nature are not frequently to be met with on the English stage.

The Athenians, at a time when they were the most polite, as well as the most powerful, government in the world, made the care of the stage one of the chief parts of the administration: and I must confess, I am astonished at the spirit of virtue which appeared in that people upon some expressions in a scene of a famous tragedy; an account of which we have in one of Seneca's epistles.<sup>33</sup> A covetous person is represented speaking the common sentiments of all who are possessed with that vice in the following soliloquy, which I have translated literally:

Let me be called a base man, so I am called a rich one. If a man is rich, who asks if he is good? The question is, How much we have; not from whence, or by what means, we have it. Every one has so much merit as he has wealth. For my own part, let me be rich, O ye gods! or let me die. The man dies happily, who dies increasing his treasure. There is more pleasure in the possession of wealth, than in that of parents, children, wife, or friends."

The audience were very much provoked by the first words of this speech; but when the actor came to the close of it, they could bear no longer. In short, the whole assembly rose up at once in the greatest fury, with a design to pluck him off the stage, and brand the work itself with infamy. In the midst of the tumult, the author came out from behind the scenes, begging the audience to be composed for a little while, and they should see the tragical end which this wretch should come to immediately. The promise of punishment appeased the people, who sat with great attention and pleasure to see an example made of so odious a criminal. It is with shame and concern that I speak it; but I very much question, whether it is possible to make a speech so impious, as to raise such a laudable horror and indignation in a modern audience. It is very natural for an author to make ostentation of his reading, as it is for an old man to tell stories; for which reason I must beg the reader will excuse me, if I for once indulge myself in both these inclinations. We see the attention, judgment, and virtue of a whole audience, in the foregoing instances. If we would imitate the behaviour of a single spectator, let us reflect upon that of Socrates, in a particular which gives me as great an idea of that extraordinary man, as any circumstance of his life; or what is more, of his death. This venerable person often frequented the theatre, which brought a great many thither, out of a desire to see him; on which occasions it is recorded of him, that he sometimes stood to make himself the more conspicuous, and to satisfy the curiosity of the beholders. He was one day present at the first representation of a tragedy of Euripides, who was his intimate friend, and whom he is said to have assisted in several of his plays. In the midst of the tragedy, which had met with very great success, there chanced to be a line that seemed to encourage vice and immorality.

This was no sooner spoken, but Socrates rose from his seat, and without any regard to his affection for his friend, or to the success of the play, showed himself displeased at what was said, and walked out of the assembly. I question not but the reader will be curious to know what the line was that gave this divine heathen so much offence. If my memory fails me not, it was in the part of Hippolitus, who when he is pressed by an oath, which he had taken to keep silence, returned for

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<sup>33</sup> L. A. Senecæ Opera, Lips., 1741, ii. 520.

answer, that he had taken the oath with his tongue, but not with his heart. Had a person of a vicious character made such a speech, it might have been allowed as a proper representation of the baseness of his thoughts: but such an expression out of the mouth of the virtuous Hippolitus, was giving a sanction to falsehood, and establishing perjury by a maxim.

Having got over all interruptions, I have set apart tomorrow for the closing of my vision.<sup>34</sup>

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<sup>34</sup> See Nos. [120](#), [123](#).

## No. 123

[Addison.

**From Thursday, Jan. 19, to Saturday, Jan. 21, 1709-10**

Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis  
Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore.

*Hor., 2 Sat. iii. 77.*

**From my own Apartment, January 20**

### *A Continuation of the Vision.* <sup>35</sup>

With much labour and difficulty I passed through the first part of my vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the prospect of the three great roads. I here joined myself to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the standard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the Temple of Virtue. It was planted on each side with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and statues of lawgivers, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets. The persons who travelled up this great path, were such whose thoughts were bent upon doing eminent services to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each side of this great road were several paths, that were also laid out in straight lines, and ran parallel with it. These were most of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who proposed to themselves the same end of their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscurity. The edifices at the extremity of the walk were so contrived, that we could not see the Temple of Honour by reason of the Temple of Virtue, which stood before it. At the gates of this temple we were met by the goddess of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the inner structure had received us, she presented us in a body to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of eternity. She sat on a globe in the midst of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a sun in one hand, and a moon in the other. Her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us as we stood amidst the sphere of light which this image cast on every side of it.

Having seen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of buildings that stood within view of the Temple of Honour, and was raised in imitation of it, upon the very same model; but at my approach to it, I found that the stones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole fabric stood upon so weak a foundation, that it shook with every wind that blew. This was called the Temple of Vanity. The goddess of it sat in the midst of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than she would have done in open daylight. Her whole art was to show herself more beautiful and majestic than she really was. For which reason, she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon her breast: but what I more particularly observed, was, the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the fashion of a modern

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<sup>35</sup> See No. [120](#).

farthingale. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, freethinkers, and prating politicians; with a rabble of those who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the temple, choked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon the seashore. I made it my business in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the walks which led to this temple; for I met in it several who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company: but upon examination I found, that there were several paths which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked turns and windings, that those who travelled through them often turned their backs upon the Temple of Virtue, then crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little space, till the crooked path which they were engaged in again led them into the wood. The several alleys of these wanderers had their particular ornaments: one of them I could not but take notice of, in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a person, whom by the inscription I found to be Machiavel, pointing out the way with an extended finger like a Mercury.

I was now returned in the same manner as before, with a design to observe carefully everything that passed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that assembly, which was made up of persons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them insensibly into a deep valley, in which they journeyed several days with great toil and uneasiness, and without the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of golden sand: they often drank of this stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that though it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see in several parts of them long veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure silver. We were told that the deity of the place had forbade any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the treasures they contained to any use, under pain of starving. At the end of the valley stood the Temple of Avarice, made after the manner of a fortification, and surrounded with a thousand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach they all fell a-barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old woman who had called herself by the forged name of Competency offered herself for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bow, which she no sooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through a hundred iron doors, before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it sat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance, enclosed with heaps of ingots and pyramids of money, but half naked and shivering with cold. On his right hand was a fiend called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite to whom he had given the title of Parsimony. The first was his collector, and the other his cashier.

There were several long tables placed on each side of the temple, with respective officers attending behind them. Some of these I inquired into. At the first table was kept the office of Corruption. Seeing a solicitor extremely busy, and whispering everybody that passed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication table and an almanac before him, which as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was master of. The solicitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper or parchment, signed and sealed in form. The name of this dexterous and successful solicitor was Bribery. At the next table was the office of Extortion. Behind it sat a person in a bob-wig, counting over a great sum of money. He gave out little purses to several, who after a short tour brought him, in return, sacks full of the same kind of coin. I saw at the same time a person called Fraud, who sat behind a counter with false scales, light weights, and scanty measures; by the skilful application of which instruments, she had got together an immense heap of wealth. It would be endless to name the several officers, or describe the votaries that attended in this temple. There were many old men panting and breathless, reposing



their heads on bags of money; nay many of them actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions, which rendered their purses useless to them, only made them grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them, and with the other hand, throwing away what they had seized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that stood behind them.

On a sudden the whole assembly fell a-trembling, and upon inquiry, I found, that the great room we were in was haunted with a spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction.

In the midst of their terror and amazement the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the god of this loathsome temple. The miserable votaries of this place, were, I found, of another mind. Every one fancied himself threatened by the apparition as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmost fear and trembling.

I must confess, I look upon the passion which I saw in this unhappy people to be of the same nature with those unaccountable antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of frenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole assembly was surprised, when, instead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they saw me address myself to the phantom.

"O Poverty!" said I, "my first petition to thee is, that thou wouldst never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that thou wouldst not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats and menaces betray me to anything that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has deserved well of me. Let me not, for any fear of thee, desert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to visit me, and to come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, O Poverty! hasten to my rescue; but bring along with thee the two sisters, in whose company thou art always cheerful, Liberty and Innocence."

The conclusion of this vision must be deferred to another opportunity.

## No. 124

[Steele.

**From Saturday, Jan. 21, to Tuesday, Jan. 24, 1709-10**

—Ex humili summa ad fastigia rerum  
Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna jocari.

*Juv., Sat. iii. 39.*

### **From my own Apartment, January 23**

I went on Saturday last to make a visit in the city; and as I passed through Cheapside, I saw crowds of people turning down towards the Bank, and struggling who should first get their money into the new-erected lottery.<sup>36</sup> It gave me a great notion of the credit of our present government and administration, to find people press as eagerly to pay money, as they would to receive it; and at the same time a due respect for that body of men who have found out so pleasing an expedient for carrying on the common cause, that they have turned a tax into a diversion. The cheerfulness of spirit, and the hopes of success, which this project has occasioned in this great city, lightens the burden of the war, and puts me in mind of some games which they say were invented by wise men who were lovers of their country, to make their fellow citizens undergo the tediousness and fatigues of a long siege. I think there is a kind of homage due to fortune (if I may call it so), and that I should be wanting to myself if I did not lay in my pretences to her favour, and pay my compliments to her by recommending a ticket to her disposal. For this reason, upon my return to my lodgings, I sold off a couple of globes and a telescope,<sup>37</sup> which, with the cash I had by me, raised the sum that was requisite for that purpose. I find by my calculations, that it is but a hundred and fifty thousand to one against my being worth a thousand pounds per annum for thirty-two years;<sup>38</sup> and if any plum<sup>39</sup> in the City will lay me a hundred and fifty thousand pounds to twenty shillings (which is an even bet), that I am not this fortunate man, I will take the wager, and shall look upon him as a man of singular courage and fair-dealing, having given orders to Mr. Morphew to subscribe such a policy in my behalf, if any person accepts of the offer. I must confess, I have had such private intimations from the twinkling of a certain star in some

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<sup>36</sup> The first State lottery of 1710; see No. 87. Various passages in the "Wentworth Papers" (pages 126, 127, 129, 130, 148, 165) throw light upon this subject. Thus, "I hear the Million Lottery is drawing and thear is a prise of 400*l.* a year drawn, and Col. St. Pear has gott 5 (*sic*) a year; it will be hard fate if you mis a pryse that put so much in. I long tel its all drawn; they say it will be six weeks drawing" (Aug. 1, 1710). "It will be a long time first if ever, except I win ye thousand p<sup>d</sup> a year, for mony now adays is the raening passion" (July (?) 1710). "Some very ordenary creecture has gott 400*l.* a year" (Aug. 4, 1710). "Thear is a lady gave her footman in the last before this, mony for a lot, and he got five hundred a year, and she would have half, and they had a law suit, but the lawyers gave it all to him" (Aug. 7, 1710). "Betty has lost all her hopse of the Lottery, als drawn now" (Oct. 6, 1710). "You know your grandfather's Butler (?), they say he put ten thousand pd in the lottry and lost it all, and is really worth forty thousand pd" (Dec. 15, 1710). Swift refers to the drawing in September: "To-day Mr. Addison, Colonel Freind and I went to see the million lottery drawn at Guildhall. The jackanapes of blue-coat boys gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and shewed white hands open to the company to let us see there was no cheat" ("Journal to Stella," Sept. 15, 1710). See also Nos. 170, 203, and the *Spectator*, No..

<sup>37</sup> See No. 128.

<sup>38</sup> "There were 150,000 tickets at £10 each, making £1,500,000, the principal of which was to be sunk, and 9 per cent. to be allowed on it for thirty-two years. Three thousand seven hundred and fifty tickets were prizes from £1000 to £5 per annum; the rest were blanks—a proportion of thirty-nine to one prize, but, as a consolation, each blank was entitled to fourteen shillings per annum during the thirty-two years" (Ashton's "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne," i. 114).

<sup>39</sup> The possessor of a fortune of £100,000.

of my astronomical observations, that I should be unwilling to take fifty pounds a year for my chance, unless it were to oblige a particular friend. My chief business at present is, to prepare my mind for this change of fortune: for as Seneca, who was a great moralist, and a much richer man than I shall be with this addition to my present income, says, "*Munera ista Fortunæ putatis? Insidiæ sunt.*"<sup>40</sup> "What we look upon as gifts and presents of Fortune, are traps and snares which she lays for the unwary." I am arming myself against her favours with all my philosophy; and that I may not lose myself in such a redundancy of unnecessary and superfluous wealth, I have determined to settle an annual pension out of it upon a family of Palatines, and by that means give these unhappy strangers a taste of British property. At the same time, as I have an excellent servant-maid, whose diligence in attending me has increased in proportion to my infirmities, I shall settle upon her the revenue arising out of the ten pounds, and amounting to fourteen shillings per annum, with which she may retire into Wales, where she was born a gentlewoman, and pass the remaining part of her days in a condition suitable to her birth and quality. It was impossible for me to make an inspection into my own fortune on this occasion, without seeing at the same time the fate of others who are embarked in the same adventure. And indeed it was a great pleasure to me to observe, that the war, which generally impoverishes those who furnish out the expense of it, will by this means give estates to some, without making others the poorer for it. I have lately seen several in liveries, who will give as good of their own very suddenly; and took a particular satisfaction in the sight of a young country wench, whom I this morning passed by as she was whirling her mop,<sup>41</sup> with her petticoats tucked up very agreeably, who, if there is any truth in my art, is within ten<sup>42</sup> months of being the handsomest great fortune in town. I must confess, I was so struck with the foresight of what she is to be, that I treated her accordingly, and said to her, "Pray, young lady, permit me to pass by." I would for this reason advise all masters and mistresses to carry it with great moderation and condescension towards their servants till next Michaelmas, lest the superiority at that time should be inverted. I must likewise admonish all my brethren and fellow adventurers, to fill their minds with proper arguments for their support and consolation in case of ill-success. It so happens in this particular, that though the gainers will have reason to rejoice, the losers will have no reason to complain. I remember, the day after the thousand pound prize was drawn in the penny lottery,<sup>43</sup> I went to visit a splenetic acquaintance of mine, who was under much dejection, and seemed to me to have suffered some great disappointment. Upon inquiry, I found he had put twopence for himself and his son into the lottery and that neither of them had drawn the thousand pound. Hereupon this unlucky person took occasion to enumerate the misfortunes of his life, and concluded with telling me, that he never was successful in any of his undertakings. I was forced to comfort him with the common reflection upon such occasions, that men of the greatest merit are not always men of the greatest success, and that persons of his character must not expect to be as happy as fools. I shall proceed in the like manner with my rivals and competitors for the thousand pounds a year which we are now in pursuit of; and that I may give general content to the whole body of candidates, I shall allow all that draw prizes to be fortunate, and all that miss them to be wise.

I must not here omit to acknowledge, that I have received several letters upon this subject, but find one common error running through them all, which is, that the writers of them believe their fate in these cases depends upon the astrologer, and not upon the stars, as in the following letter from one,

<sup>40</sup> L. A. Senecæ Opera, Epist. viii. sect. 3 (Lips., Tauchn., 1832, iii. 14).

<sup>41</sup> Cf. Swift's "City Shower," in No. 238: "She, singing, still whirls on her mop."

<sup>42</sup> Cf. No. 128.

<sup>43</sup> This penny lottery seems to have been a private undertaking, not warranted by Act of Parliament, or intended to raise any part of the public revenue. In the year 1698, a "Penny Lottery" was drawn at the theatre in Dorset Garden, as appears from the title of the following pamphlet, apparently alluded to here: "The Wheel of Fortune: or, Nothing for a Penny. Being remarks on the drawing of the Penny Lottery at the Theatre Royal in Dorset Garden. With the characters of some of the honourable trustees, and all due acknowledgment to his Honour the Undertaker. Written by a person who was cursed mad that he had not the Thousand Pounds Lot" (Nichols).

who, I fear, flatters himself with hopes of success, which are altogether groundless, since he does not seem to me so great a fool as he takes himself to be:

"Sir,

"Coming to town, and finding my friend Mr. Partridge dead and buried, and you the only conjurer in repute, I am under a necessity of applying myself to you for a favour, which nevertheless I confess it would better become a friend to ask, than one who is, as I am altogether, a stranger to you; but poverty, you know, is impudent; and as that gives me the occasion, so that alone could give me the confidence to be thus importunate.

"I am, sir, very poor, and very desirous to be otherwise: I have got ten pounds, which I design to venture in the lottery now on foot. What I desire of you is, that by your art, you will choose such a ticket for me as shall arise a benefit sufficient to maintain me. I must beg leave to inform you, that I am good for nothing, and must therefore insist upon a larger lot than would satisfy those who are capable by their own abilities of adding something to what you should assign them; whereas I must expect an absolute, independent maintenance, because, as I said, I can do nothing. 'Tis possible, after this free confession of mine, you may think I don't deserve to be rich; but I hope you'll likewise observe, I can ill afford to be poor. My own opinion is, I am well qualified for an estate, and have a good title to luck in a lottery; but I resign myself wholly to your mercy, not without hopes that you will consider, the less I deserve, the greater the generosity in you. If you reject me, I have agreed with an acquaintance of mine to bury me for my ten pounds. I once more recommend myself to your favour, and bid you adieu."

I cannot forbear publishing another letter which I have received, because it redounds to my own credit, as well as to that of a very honest footman:

"Mr. Bickerstaff, *January 23, 1709/10.*

"I am bound in justice to acquaint you, that I put an advertisement<sup>44</sup> into your last paper about a watch which was lost, and was brought to me on the very day your paper came out by a footman, who told me, that he would [not] have brought it, if he had not read your discourse of that day against avarice;<sup>45</sup> but that since he had read it, he scorned to take a reward for doing what in justice he ought to do. I am,

"Sir,

*"Your most humble Servant,*

*"John Hammond."*

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<sup>44</sup> The following was the advertisement: "A plain gold watch, made by Tompion, with a gold hook and chain, a cornelian seal set in gold, and a cupid sifting hearts, was dropt from a lady's side in or near Great Marlborough Street on Thursday night last. Whoever took it up, if they will bring it to Mr. Plaistow's, at the Hand and Star between the two Temple Gates, in Fleet Street, shall receive five guineas reward.—Signed John Hammond."

<sup>45</sup> See No. [123](#).

## No. 125

[Steele.

**From Tuesday, Jan. 24, to Thursday, Jan. 26, 1709-10**

Quem mala stultitia, et quæcunque inscitia veri  
Cæcum agit, insanum Chrysippi porticus, et grex  
Autumat. Hæc populos, hæc magnos formula reges,  
Excepto sapiente, tenet.—Hor., 2 Sat. iii. 43.

### **From my own Apartment, January 25**

There is a sect of ancient philosophers, who, I think, have left more volumes behind them, and those better written, than any other of the fraternities in philosophy. It was a maxim of this sect, that all those who do not live up to the principles of reason and virtue, are madmen. Every one, who governs himself by these rules, is allowed the title of wise, and reputed to be in his senses; and every one in proportion, as he deviates from them, is pronounced frantic and distracted. Cicero having chosen this maxim for his theme, takes occasion to argue from it very agreeably with Clodius, his implacable adversary, who had procured his banishment. "A city," says he, "is an assembly distinguished into bodies of men, who are in possession of their respective rights and privileges, cast under proper subordinations, and in all its parts obedient to the rules of law and equity." He then represents the government from whence he was banished, at a time when the consul, senate, and laws, had lost their authority, as a commonwealth of lunatics. For this reason, he regards his expulsion from Rome, as a man would being turned out of Bedlam, if the inhabitants of it should drive him out of their walls as a person unfit for their community.<sup>46</sup> We are therefore to look upon every man's brain to be touched, however he may appear in the general conduct of his life, if he has an unjustifiable singularity in any part of his conversation or behaviour: or if he swerves from right reason, however common his kind of madness may be, we shall not excuse him for its being epidemical, it being our present design to clap up all such as have the marks of madness upon them, who are now permitted to go about the streets, for no other reason, but because they do no mischief in their fits. Abundance of imaginary great men are put in straw to bring them to a right sense of themselves: and is it not altogether as reasonable, that an insignificant man, who has an immoderate opinion of his merits, and a quite different notion of his own abilities from what the rest of the world entertain, should have the same care taken of him, as a beggar who fancies himself a duke or a prince? Or, why should a man, who starves in the midst of plenty, be trusted with himself, more than he who fancies he is an emperor in the midst of poverty? I have several women of quality in my thoughts, who set so exorbitant a value upon themselves, that I have often most heartily pitied them, and wished them, for their recovery, under the same discipline with the pewterer's wife. I find by several hints in ancient authors, that when the Romans were in the height of power and luxury, they assigned out of their vast dominions, an island called Anticyra, as an habitation for madmen. This was the Bedlam of the Roman Empire, whither all persons who had left their wits used to resort from all parts of the world in quest of them. Several of the Roman emperors were advised to repair to this island; but most of them, instead of listening to such sober counsels, gave way to their distraction, till the people knocked them in the head as despairing of their

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<sup>46</sup> Cicero, Tusc. Disp. iii. 4, &c.; Orat. pro Dom. 33, &c.

cure. In short, it was as usual for men of distempered brains to take a voyage to Anticyra<sup>47</sup> in those days, as it is in ours for persons who have a disorder in their lungs to go to Montpellier.

The prodigious crops of hellebore<sup>48</sup> with which this whole island abounded, did not only furnish them with incomparable tea, snuff, and Hungary water,<sup>49</sup> but impregnated the air of the country with such sober and salutiferous streams, as very much comforted the heads, and refreshed the senses, of all that breathed in it. A discarded statesman, that at his first landing appeared stark staring mad, would become calm in a week's time; and upon his return home, live easy and satisfied in his retirement. A moping lover would grow a pleasant fellow by that time he had ridden thrice about the island; and a hair-brained rake, after a short stay in the country, go home again a composed, grave, worthy gentleman.

I have premised these particulars before I enter on the main design of this paper, because I would not be thought altogether notional<sup>50</sup> in what I have to say, and pass only for a projector in morality. I could quote Horace, and Seneca, and some other ancient writers of good repute, upon the same occasion, and make out by their testimony, that our streets are filled with distracted persons; that our shops and taverns, private and public houses, swarm with them; and that it is very hard to make up a tolerable assembly without a majority of them. But what I have already said, is, I hope, sufficient to justify the ensuing project, which I shall therefore give some account of without any further preface.

1. It is humbly proposed, that a proper receptacle or habitation be forthwith erected for all such persons as, upon due trial and examination, shall appear to be out of their wits.

2. That to serve the present exigency, the College in Moorfields<sup>51</sup> be very much extended at both ends; and that it be converted into a square, by adding three other sides to it.

3. That nobody be admitted into these three additional sides, but such whose frenzy can lay no claim to an apartment in that row of building which is already erected.

4. That the architect, physician, apothecary, surgeon, keepers, nurses, and porters, be all and each of them cracked, provided that their frenzy does not lie in the profession or employment to which they shall severally and respectively be assigned.

N.B. It is thought fit to give the foregoing notice, that none may present himself here for any post of honour or profit who is not duly qualified.

5. That over all the gates of the additional buildings, there be figures placed in the same manner as over the entrance of the edifice already erected;<sup>52</sup> provided, they represent such distractions only as are proper for those additional buildings; as, of an envious man gnawing his own flesh, a gamester pulling himself by the ears, and knocking his head against a marble pillar, a covetous man warming himself over a heap of gold, a coward flying from his own shadow, and the like.

Having laid down this general scheme of my design, I do hereby invite all persons who are willing to encourage so public-spirited a project, to bring in their contributions as soon as possible, and to apprehend forthwith any politician whom they shall catch raving in a coffee-house, or any

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<sup>47</sup> Mr. Dobson quotes from Burton's "Anatomie of Melancholy" (1628), p. 18: "I will evince it, that most men are mad, that they had as much need to go a pilgrimage to the Anticyræ (as in Strabo's time they did) as in our dayes they run to Compostella, our Lady of Sichim, or Lauretta, to seeke for helpe; that it is likely to be as prosperous a voyage as that of Guiana, and there is much more need of Hellebor than of Tobacco."

<sup>48</sup> Hellebore was much used by the ancients as a cure for madness and melancholy.

<sup>49</sup> The best Hungary water (a popular scent) was made of spirits of wine, rosemary in bloom, lavender flowers, and oil of rosemary.

<sup>50</sup> Dealing in ideas instead of realities.

<sup>51</sup> Bedlam; see No. .

<sup>52</sup> The statues by C. G. Cibber.

freethinker whom they shall find publishing his deliriums, or any other person who shall give the like manifest signs of a crazed imagination; and I do at the same time give this public notice to all the madmen about this great city, that they may return to their senses with all imaginable expedition, lest if they should come into my hands, I should put them into a regimen which they would not like; for if I find any one of them persist in his frantic behaviour, I will make him in a month's time as famous as ever Oliver's porter<sup>53</sup> was.

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<sup>53</sup> See No. 51.

## No. 126

[Steele.

**From Thursday, Jan. 26, to Saturday, Jan. 28, 1709-10**

Anguillam caudâ tenes.—T. D'Urfey.

### **From my own Apartment, January 27**

There is no sort of company so agreeable as that of women who have good sense without affectation, and can converse with men without any private design of imposing chains and fetters. Belvidera, whom I visited this evening, is one of these. There is an invincible prejudice in favour of all she says, from her being a beautiful woman, because she does not consider herself as such when she talks to you. This amiable temper gives a certain tincture to all her discourse, and made it very agreeable to me, till we were interrupted by Lydia, a creature who has all the charms that can adorn a woman. Her attractions would indeed be irresistible, but that she thinks them so, and is always employing them in stratagems and conquests. When I turned my eye upon her as she sat down, I saw she was a person of that character, which, for the further information of my country correspondents, I had long wanted an opportunity of explaining. Lydia is a finished coquette, which is a sect among women of all others the most mischievous, and makes the greatest havoc and disorder in society. I went on in the discourse I was in with Belvidera, without showing that I had observed anything extraordinary in Lydia: upon which, I immediately saw her look me over as some very ill-bred fellow; and casting a scornful glance on my dress, gave a shrug at Belvidera. But as much as she despised me, she wanted my admiration, and made twenty offers to bring my eyes her way: but I reduced her to a restlessness in her seat, an impertinent playing of her fan, and many other motions and gestures, before I took the least notice of her. At last I looked at her with a kind of surprise, as if she had before been unobserved by reason of an ill light where she sat. It is not to be expressed what a sudden joy I saw rise in her countenance, even at the approbation of such a very old fellow: but she did not long enjoy her triumph without a rival; for there immediately entered Castabella, a lady of a quite contrary character, that is to say, as eminent a prude as Lydia is a coquette. Belvidera gave me a glance, which methought intimated, that they were both curiosities in their kind, and worth remarking. As soon as we were again seated, I stole looks at each lady, as if I was comparing their perfections. Belvidera observed it, and began to lead me into a discourse of them both to their faces, which is to be done easily enough; for one woman is generally so intent upon the faults of another, that she has not reflection enough to observe when her own are represented. "I have taken notice, Mr. Bickerstaff," said Belvidera, "that you have in some parts of your writings drawn characters of our sex, in which you have not, to my apprehension, been clear enough and distinct, particularly in those of a prude and a coquette." Upon the mention of this, Lydia was roused with the expectation of seeing Castabella's picture, and Castabella with the hopes of that of Lydia. "Madam," said I to Belvidera, "when we consider nature, we shall often find very contrary effects flow from the same cause. The prude and coquette (as different as they appear in their behaviour) are in reality the same kind of women: the motive of action in both is the affectation of pleasing men. They are sisters of the same blood and constitution, only one chooses a grave, the other a light, dress. The prude appears more virtuous, the coquette more vicious, than she really is. The distant behaviour of the prude tends to the same purpose as the advances of the coquette; and you have as little reason to fall into despair



from the severity of the one, as to conceive hope from the familiarity of the latter. What leads you into a clear sense of their character is, that you may observe each of them has the distinction of sex in all her thoughts, words and actions. You can never mention any assembly you were lately in, but one asks you with a rigid, the other with a sprightly air, 'Pray, what men were there?' As for prudes, it must be confessed, that there are several of them, who, like hypocrites, by long practice of a false part, become sincere; or at least delude themselves into a belief that they are so."

For the benefit of this society of ladies, I shall propose one rule to them as a test of their virtue. I find in a very celebrated modern author, that the great foundress of the Pietists, Madame de Bourignon,<sup>54</sup> who was no less famous for the sanctity of her life than for the singularity of some of her opinions, was used to boast, that she had not only the spirit of continency in herself, but that she had also the power of communicating it to all who beheld her. This the scoffers of those days called the Gift of Infrigidation, and took occasion from it to rally her face, rather than admire her virtue. I would therefore advise the prude, who has a mind to know the integrity of her own heart, to lay her hand seriously upon it, and to examine herself, whether she could sincerely rejoice in such a gift of conveying chaste thoughts to all her male beholders. If she has any aversion to the power of inspiring so great a virtue, whatever notion she may have of her perfection, she deceives her own heart, and is still in the state of prudery. Some perhaps will look upon the boast of Madame de Bourignon as the utmost ostentation of a prude.

If you would see the humour of a coquette pushed to the last excess, you may find an instance of it in the following story, which I will set down at length, because it pleased me when I read it, though I cannot recollect in what author.

A young coquette widow in France having been followed by a Gascon of quality, who had boasted among his companions of some favours which he had never received, to be revenged of him, sent for him one evening, and told him, it was in his power to do her a very particular service. The Gascon, with much profession of his readiness to obey her commands, begged to hear in what manner she designed to employ him. "You know," said the widow, "my friend Belinda, and must often have heard of the jealousy of that impotent wretch her husband. Now it is absolutely necessary, for the carrying on a certain affair, that his wife and I should be together a whole night. What I have to ask of you, is, to dress yourself in her night-clothes, and lie by him a whole night in her place, that he may not miss her while she is with me." The Gascon (though of a very lively and undertaking complexion) began to startle at the proposal. "Nay," says the widow, "if you have not the courage to go through what I ask of you, I must employ somebody else that will." "Madam," says the Gascon, "I'll kill him for you if you please; but for lying with him!—How is it possible to do it without being discovered?" "If you do not discover yourself," says the widow, "you will lie safe enough, for he is past all curiosity. He comes in at night while she is asleep, and goes out in the morning before she awakes, and is in pain for nothing, so he knows she is there." "Madam," replied the Gascon, "how can you reward me for passing a night with this old fellow?" The widow answered with a laugh, "Perhaps by admitting you to pass a night with one you think more agreeable." He took the hint, put on his night-clothes, and had not been a-bed above an hour before he heard a knocking at the door, and the treading of

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<sup>54</sup> Bayle, in his life of this devotee, 1697, says that Antoinette Bourignon was born at Lisle in 1616, so deformed, that it was debated for some days in the family, whether it was not proper to stifle her as a monster. Her deformity diminishing, they laid aside the thought. Although she was of a morose and peevish temper, and embroiled in troubles most part of her life, she seemed to be but forty years of age when she was above sixty; never made use of spectacles, and died at Franeker, in the province of Frise, in 1680. From her childhood to her old age she had an extraordinary turn of mind. She published a multitude of books, filled with singular doctrines, such as might be expected from a person who roundly asserted, on the express declaration, she said, of God Himself, "That the examination of things by reason, was the most accursed of all heresies, formal atheism, a rejection of God, and the substitution of corrupt reason in his place." She pretended to inspiration, and boasted of extraordinary communications with God; but appears to have been exceedingly defective in the essential duties of humility and charity. She was a woman of such ill conditions and odd behaviour, that nobody could live with her; and she seriously maintained, that anger was a real virtue. She contrived to accumulate money, but continued always uncharitable upon principle, alleging the errors of her understanding in defence of the inhumanity of her conduct.

one who approached the other side of the bed, and who he did not question was the good man of the house. I do not know, whether the story would be better by telling you in this place, or at the end of it, that the person who went to bed to him was our young coquette widow. The Gascon was in a terrible fright every time she moved in the bed, or turned towards him, and did not fail to shrink from her till he had conveyed himself to the very ridge of the bed. I will not dwell upon the perplexity he was in the whole night, which was augmented, when he observed that it was now broad day, and that the husband did not yet offer to get up and go about his business. All that the Gascon had for it, was to keep his face turned from him, and to feign himself asleep, when, to his utter confusion, the widow at last puts out her arm, and pulls the bell at her bed's head. In came her friend, and two or three companions, to whom the Gascon had boasted of her favours. The widow jumped into a wrapping-gown, and joined with the rest in laughing at this man of intrigue.<sup>55</sup>

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<sup>55</sup> "Advertisement.—Proposals for printing the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., by subscriptions, are to be seen, and subscriptions taken by Charles Lillie, a perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand, and John Morphew, near Stationers Hall." See No. 80, note. The same proposals are advertised at the end of the subsequent papers in the original folio, with the following variation and addition: Proposals for printing, &c. by subscriptions, "in two volumes in octavo, on a large character and fine royal paper," &c. In No. 134, &c., there was this addition: "All persons that desire to subscribe to this work are desired to send their subscriptions before the 25th instant, it being intended to print no more than what shall be subscribed for, and to begin on the 27th in order to have it published before Easter." In No. 139 (Feb. 25-28) was the announcement, "this day put to press." The idea of publishing by Easter was given up after No. 153. The books were not ready for the subscribers until July 10 (see No. 195, Advertisement). The third and fourth volumes of the *Tatler* were advertised as "ready to be delivered" in No. 227 of the *Spectator* (Nov. 20, 1711). The copies on royal paper were issued at a guinea a volume, and copies on medium paper at half a guinea. "I am one of your two-guinea subscribers," says the writer of No. 5 of the *Examiner* (Aug. 31, 1710).

## No. 127

[Steele.

**From Saturday, Jan. 28, to Tuesday, Jan. 31, 1709-10**

Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod  
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.

*Hor., 2 Sat. iii. 120.*

### **From my own Apartment, January 30**

There is no affection of the mind so much blended in human nature, and wrought into our very constitution, as pride. It appears under a multitude of disguises, and breaks out in ten thousand different symptoms. Every one feels it in himself, and yet wonders to see it in his neighbour. I must confess, I met with an instance of it the other day where I should very little have expected it. Who would believe the proud person I am going to speak of, is a cobbler upon Ludgate Hill? This artist being naturally a lover of respect, and considering that his circumstances are such that no man living will give it him, has contrived the figure of a beau in wood, who stands before him in a bending posture, with his hat under his left arm, and his right hand extended in such a manner as to hold a thread, a piece of wax, or an awl, according to the particular service in which his master thinks fit to employ him. When I saw him, he held a candle in this obsequious posture. I was very well pleased with the cobbler's invention, that had so ingeniously contrived an inferior, and stood a little while contemplating this inverted idolatry, wherein the image did homage to the man. When we meet with such a fantastic vanity in one of this order, it is no wonder if we may trace it through all degrees above it, and particularly through all the steps of greatness. We easily see the absurdity of pride when it enters into the heart of a cobbler; though in reality it is altogether as ridiculous and unreasonable wherever it takes possession of a human creature. There is no temptation to it from the reflection upon our being in general, or upon any comparative perfection, whereby one man may excel another. The greater a man's knowledge is, the greater motive he may seem to have for pride; but in the same proportion as the one rises, the other sinks, it being the chief office of wisdom to discover to us our weaknesses and imperfections.

As folly is the foundation of pride, the natural superstructure of it is madness. If there was an occasion for the experiment, I would not question to make a proud man a lunatic in three weeks' time, provided I had it in my power to ripen his frenzy with proper applications. It is an admirable reflection in Terence, where it is said of a parasite, "*Hic homines ex stultis facit insanos!*"<sup>56</sup> "This fellow," says he, "has an art of converting fools into madmen." When I was in France (the region of complaisance and vanity), I have often observed, that a great man who has entered a levy of flatterers humble and temperate, has grown so insensibly heated by the court which was paid him on all sides, that he has been quite distracted before he could get into his coach.

If we consult the collegiates of Moorfields, we shall find most of them are beholden to their pride for their introduction into that magnificent palace.<sup>57</sup> I had some years ago the curiosity to inquire into the particular circumstances of these whimsical freeholders, and learned from their own mouths

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<sup>56</sup> "Eunuchus," II. ii. 23. See No. 208.

<sup>57</sup> Bedlam.

the condition and character of each of them. Indeed I found, that all I spoke to were persons of quality. There were at that time five duchesses, three earls, two heathen gods, an emperor, and a prophet. There were also a great number of such as were locked up from their estates, and others who concealed their titles. A leather-seller of Taunton whispered me in my ear, that he was the Duke of Monmouth; but begged me not to betray him. At a little distance from him sat a tailor's wife, who asked me as I went by, if I had seen the sword-bearer? Upon which I presumed to ask her, who she was; and was answered, "My Lady Mayoress."

I was very sensibly touched with compassion towards these miserable people; and indeed, extremely mortified to see human nature capable of being thus disfigured. However, I reaped this benefit from it, that I was resolved to guard myself against a passion which makes such havoc in the brain, and produces so much disorder in the imagination. For this reason, I have endeavoured to keep down the secret swellings of resentment, and stifle the very first suggestions of self-esteem; to establish my mind in tranquillity, and over-value nothing in my own, or in another's possession.

For the benefit of such whose heads are a little turned, though not to so great a degree as to qualify them for the place of which I have been now speaking, I shall assign one of the sides of the college which I am erecting, for the cure of this dangerous distemper.

The most remarkable of the persons whose disturbance arises from pride, and whom I shall use all possible diligence to cure, are such as are bidden in the appearance of quite contrary habits and dispositions. Among such, I shall in the first place take care of one who is under the most subtle species of pride that I have observed in my whole experience.

This patient is a person for whom I have a great respect, as being an old courtier, and a friend of mine in my youth. The man has but a bare subsistence, just enough to pay his reckoning with us at the Trumpet;<sup>58</sup> but by having spent the beginning of his life in the hearing of great men and persons of power, he is always promising to do good offices, to introduce every man he converses with into the world; will desire one of ten times his substance to let him see him sometimes, and hints to him, that he does not forget him. He answers to matters of no consequence with great circumspection; but however, maintains a general civility in his words and actions, and an insolent benevolence to all whom he has to do with: this he practises with a grave tone and air; and though I am his senior by twelve years, and richer by forty pounds per annum, he had yesterday the impudence to commend me to my face, and tell me, he should be always ready to encourage me. In a-word, he is a very insignificant fellow, but exceeding gracious. The best return I can make him for his favours, is, to carry him myself to Bedlam, and see him well taken care of.<sup>59</sup>

The next person I shall provide for, is of a quite contrary character; that has in him all the stiffness and insolence of quality, without a grain of sense or good nature to make it either respected or beloved. His pride has infected every muscle of his face; and yet, after all his endeavours to show mankind that he contemns them, he is only neglected by all that see him, as not of consequence enough to be hated.

For the cure of this particular sort of madness, it will be necessary to break through all forms with him, and familiarise<sup>60</sup> his carriage by the use of a good cudgel. It may likewise be of great benefit to make him jump over a stick half a dozen times every morning.

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<sup>58</sup> In Shire Lane. See No. [132](#).

<sup>59</sup> "Perhaps the most consummately drawn of all his characters is introduced in the Essay, No. 127.... We have a portrait of that kind which, though produced by a few apparently careless touches, never ceases to charm, and is a study for all succeeding time and painters" (Forster's Essay on Steele). "This character," wrote Leigh Hunt, "is one of the finest that ever proceeded from his pen. It shows his contempt of that absurdest of all the passions of mortality—pride. The reader will take notice of the exquisite expression 'insolent benevolence,' and the 'very insignificant fellow, but exceeding gracious'" ("A Book for a Corner," ii. 78-9).

<sup>60</sup> Bring down from its state of superiority.

A third whom I have in my eye is a young fellow, whose lunacy is such, that he boasts of nothing but what he ought to be ashamed of. He is vain of being rotten, and talks publicly of having committed crimes, which he ought to be hanged for by the laws of his country.

There are several others whose brains are hurt with pride, and whom I may hereafter attempt to recover; but shall conclude my present list with an old woman, who is just dropping into her grave, that talks of nothing but her birth. Though she has not a tooth in her head, she expects to be valued for the blood in her veins, which she fancies is much better than that which glows in the cheeks of Belinda,<sup>61</sup> and sets half the town on fire.

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<sup>61</sup> Nichols suggests an allusion to Mary Ann, daughter of Baron Spanheim, the Bavarian ambassador. She married the Marquis de Montandre in April 1710, and was a Kit-Cat toast. The reference—if there is any personal reference at all—may equally well be to any one of the beauties of the time.

## No. 128

[Steele.

**From Tuesday, Jan. 31, to Thursday, Feb. 2, 1709-10**

—Veniunt a dote sagittæ.—Juv., Sat. vi. 139.

### **From my own Apartment, February 1**

This morning I received a letter from a fortune-hunter, which being better in its kind than men of that character usually write, I have thought fit to communicate to the public:

#### **"To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq**

"Sir,

"I take the boldness to recommend to your care the enclosed letter, not knowing how to communicate it but by your means to the agreeable country maid you mention with so much honour in your discourse concerning the lottery.<sup>62</sup>

"I should be ashamed to give you this trouble without offering at some small requital: I shall therefore direct a new pair of globes and a telescope of the best maker, to be left for you at Mr. Morpew's, as a testimony of the great respect with which I am

*"Your most humble Servant, &c."*

#### **"To Mopsa in Sheer Lane**

"Fairest Unknown,

"It being discovered by the stars, that about ten<sup>63</sup> months hence, you will run the hazard of being persecuted by many worthless pretenders to your person, unless timely prevented, I now offer my service for your security against the persecution that threatens you. This is therefore to let you know, that I have conceived a most extraordinary passion for you; and that for several days I have been perpetually haunted with the vision of a person I have never yet seen. To satisfy you that I am in my senses, and that I do not mistake you for any one of higher rank, I assure you, that in your daily employment, you appear to my imagination more agreeable in a short scanty petticoat, than the finest woman of quality in her spreading farthingale; and that the dexterous twirl of your mop has more native charms than the studied airs of a lady's fan. In a word, I am captivated with your menial qualifications: the domestic virtues adorn you like attendant Cupids; cleanliness and healthful industry wait on all your motions; and dust and cobwebs fly your approach.

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<sup>62</sup> See No. 124.

<sup>63</sup> Altered, in error, to "three," in the 1711 edition. In No. 124 "ten months" remains. The drawing was at Michaelmas 1710.

"Now, to give you an honest account of myself, and that you may see my designs are honourable, I am an esquire of an ancient family, born to about fifteen hundred pounds a year, half of which I have spent in discovering myself to be a fool, and with the rest am resolved to retire with some plain honest partner, and study to be wiser. I had my education in a laced coat, and a French dancing school; and by my travel into foreign parts, have just as much breeding to spare, as you may think you want, which I intend to exchange as fast as I can for old English honesty and good sense. I will not impose on you by a false recommendation of my person, which (to show you my sincerity) is none of the handsomest, being of a figure somewhat short; but what I want in length, I make out in breadth. But in amends for that and all other defects, If you can like me when you see me, I shall continue to you, whether I find you fair, black or brown,

*"The most Constant of Lovers.*

*"January 27, 1709/10."*

This letter seems to be written by a wag, and for that reason I am not much concerned for what reception Mopsa shall think fit to give it; but the following certainly proceeds from a poor heart, that languishes under the most deplorable misfortune that possibly can befall a woman. A man that is treacherously dealt with in love may have recourse to many consolations. He may gracefully break through all opposition to his mistress, or explain with his rival; urge his own constancy, or aggravate the falsehood by which it is repaid. But a woman that is ill-treated has no refuge in her griefs but in silence and secrecy. The world is so unjust, that a female heart which has been once touched is thought for ever blemished. The very grief in this case is looked upon as a reproach, and a complaint almost a breach of chastity. For these reasons, we see treachery and falsehood are become as it were male vices, and are seldom found, never acknowledged, in the other sex. This may serve to introduce Statira's letter, which, without any turn or art, has something so pathetic and moving in it, that I verily believe it to be true, and therefore heartily pity the injured creature that wrote it:

### **"To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq**

"Sir,

"You seem in many of your writings to be a man of a very compassionate temper, and well acquainted with the passion of love. This encourages me to apply myself to you in my present distress, which I believe you will look upon to be very great, and treat with tenderness, notwithstanding it wholly arises from love, and that it is a woman that makes this confession. I am now in the twenty-third year of my age, and have for a great while entertained the addresses of a man who I thought loved me more than life. I am sure I did him; and must own to you, not without some confusion, that I have thought on nothing else for these two long years, but the happy life we should lead together, and the means I should use to make myself still dearer to him. My fortune was indeed much beyond his; and as I was always in the company of my relations, he was forced to discover his inclinations, and declare himself to me by stories of other persons, kind looks, and many ways which he knew too well that I understood. Oh! Mr. Bickerstaff, it is impossible to tell you, how industrious I have been to make him appear lovely in my thoughts. I made it a point of conscience to think well of him, and of no man else: but he has since had an estate fallen to him, and makes love to another of a greater fortune than mine. I could not believe the report of this at first; but about a fortnight ago I was convinced of the truth of it by his own behaviour. He came to give our family a formal visit, when, as there

were several in company, and many things talked of, the discourse fell upon some unhappy woman who was in my own circumstances. It was said by one in the room, that they could not believe the story could be true, because they did not believe any man could be so false. Upon which, I stole a look upon him with an anguish not to be expressed. He saw my eyes full of tears; yet had the cruelty to say, that he could see no falsehood in alterations of this nature, where there had been no contracts or vows interchanged. Pray, do not make a jest of misery, but tell me seriously your opinion of his behaviour; and if you can have any pity for my condition, publish this in your next paper, that being the only way I have of complaining of his unkindness, and showing him the injustice he has done me. I am

*"Your humble Servant,*

*"The unfortunate*

*"Statira."*

The name my correspondent gives herself, puts me in mind of my old reading in romances, and brings into my thoughts a speech of the renowned Don Bellianis, who, upon a complaint made him of a discourteous knight, that had left his injured paramour in the same manner, dries up her tears with a promise of relief. "Disconsolate damsel," quoth he, "a foul disgrace it were to all right worthy professors of chivalry, if such a blot to knighthood should pass unchastised. Give me to know the abode of this recreant lover, and I will give him as a feast to the fowls of the air, or drag him bound before you at my horse's tail."

I am not ashamed to own myself a champion of distressed damsels, and would venture as far to relieve them as Don Bellianis; for which reason, I do invite this lady to let me know the name of the traitor who has deceived her; and do promise, not only her, but all the fair ones of Great Britain who lie under the same calamity, to employ my right hand for their redress, and serve them to my last drop of ink.



## No. 129

[Addison. <sup>64</sup>

**From Thursday, Feb. 2, to Saturday, Feb. 4, 1709-10**

Ingenio manus est et cervix cæsa.—Juv., Sat. x. 120.

### **From my own Apartment, February 3**

When my paper for to-morrow was prepared for the press, there came in this morning a mail from Holland, which brought me several advices from foreign parts, and took my thoughts off domestic affairs. Among others, I have a letter from a burgher of Amsterdam, who makes me his compliments, and tells me, he has sent me several draughts of humorous and satirical pictures by the best hands of the Dutch nation. They are a trading people, and in their very minds mechanics. They express their wit in manufacture, as we do in manuscript. He informs me, that a very witty hand has lately represented the present posture of public affairs in a landscape, or rather sea-piece, wherein the potentates of the Alliance are figured as their interests correspond with, or affect each other, under the appearance of commanders of ships. These vessels carry the colours of the respective nations concerned in the present war. The whole design seems to tend to one point, which is, that several squadrons of British and Dutch ships are battering a French man-of-war, in order to make her deliver up a long-boat with Spanish colours. My correspondent informs me, that a man must understand the compass perfectly well, to be able to comprehend the beauty and invention of this piece, which is so skilfully drawn, that the particular views of every prince in Europe are seen according as the ships lie to the main figure in the picture, and as that figure may help or retard their sailing. It seems this curiosity is now on board a ship bound for England, and with other rarities made a present to me. As soon as it arrives, I design to expose it to public view at my secretary Mr. Lillie's, who shall have an explication of all the terms of art; and I doubt not but it will give as good content as the moving picture in Fleet Street.<sup>65</sup>

But above all the honours I have received from the learned world abroad, I am most delighted with the following epistle from Rome:

### **"Pasquin of Rome, to Isaac Bickerstaff of Great Britain, greeting**

"Sir,

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<sup>64</sup> There is the following note in No. 130 (orig. folio): "Errata in the last. Insert the following motto, which was overlooked by the printer," &c. "Col. 2, line 16, for Oration read Ovation." Probably this paper, No. 129, was by Addison, not only because of these corrections, but because of the allusions to medals, &c., in the letter from Pasquin. The paper is, however, not included in Addison's Works.

<sup>65</sup> "To be seen daily, at the Duke of Marlborough's Head in Fleet Street, a new moving picture, drawn by the best hand, with great variety of curious motions and figures, which form a most agreeable prospect. It has the general approbation of all who see it, and far exceeds the original formerly shown at the same place.—N.B. This picture was never exposed to public view, before the beginning of the present year 1710" (No. 127, Advertisement). "The famous and curious original moving picture, which came from Germany, that was designed for the Elector of Bavaria, is still to be seen at the Duke of Marlborough's Head, in Fleet Street;" &c. —*Postman*, March 1-3, 1709 [-10].

"Your reputation has passed the Alps, and would have come to my ears by this time, if I had any. In short, sir, you are looked upon here as a Northern droll, and the greatest virtuoso among the Tramontanes. Some indeed say, that Mr. Bickerstaff and Pasquin are only names invented, to father compositions which the natural parent does not care for owning. But however that is, all agree, that there are several persons, who, if they durst attack you, would endeavour to leave you no more limbs than I have. I need not tell you that my adversaries have joined in a confederacy with Time to demolish me, and that, if I were not a very great wit, I should make the worst figure in Europe, being abridged of my legs, arms, nose, and ears. If you think fit to accept of the correspondence of so facetious a cripple, I shall from time to time send you an account of what happens at Rome. You have only heard of it from Latin and Greek authors; may, perhaps, have read no accounts from hence, but of a triumph, ovation, or apotheosis, and will, doubtless, be surprised to see the description of a procession, jubilee, or canonisation. I shall however send you what the place affords, in return to what I shall receive from you. If you will acquaint me with your next promotion of general officers, I will send you an account of our next advancement of saints. If you will let me know who is reckoned the bravest warrior in Great Britain, I'll tell you who is the best fiddler in Rome. If you will favour me with an inventory of the riches that were brought into your nation by Admiral Wager,<sup>66</sup> I will not fail giving you an account of a pot of medals that has been lately dug up here, and are now under the examination of our ministers of state.

"There is one thing in which I desire you would be very particular. What I mean is an exact list of all the religions in Great Britain, as likewise the habits, which are said here to be the great points of conscience in England, whether they are made of serge or broadcloth, of silk or linen. I should be glad to see a model of the most conscientious dress amongst you, and desire you would send me a hat of each religion; as likewise, if it be not too much trouble, a cravat. It would also be very acceptable here to receive an account of those two religious orders which are lately sprung up amongst you, the Whigs and the Tories, with the points of doctrine, severities in discipline, penances, mortifications, and good works, by which they differ one from another. It would be no less kind if you would explain to us a word which they do not understand even at our English monastery toasts, and let us know whether the ladies so called are nuns or lay-sisters.

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<sup>66</sup> Charles Wager was first made a captain at the battle of La Hogue by Admiral Russell, who recommended him on the most important services. He was sent commodore to the West Indies in 1707, where he attacked the Spanish galleons, May 28, 1708, with three ships, though they were fourteen in number drawn up in line of battle, and defeated them. His services Queen Anne distinguished by sending him a flag as Vice-admiral of the Blue, intended for him before this engagement, and by honouring him at his return with knighthood. His share of prize-money amounted to 100,000*l*. But the riches he acquired, on this and other occasions, were regarded by him only as instruments of doing good; accordingly he gave fortunes to his relations, that he might see them happy in his lifetime; and to persons in distress, his liberality was such, that whole families were supported, and their estates and fortunes saved, by his generosity. He was promoted to be Rear-admiral of the Red, November 9, 1709; and in that year was returned for Portsmouth to Parliament, where he continued to sit till his death. In April 1726, he was sent up the Baltic as Vice-admiral of the Red, with a large fleet on an important expedition; and performed all that could be expected from the wisdom and skill of an English admiral. He dined with the King of Denmark; had an audience of the King of Sweden; and exchanged many civilities with Prince Menzikoff, then Prime Minister of Russia. He was appointed Comptroller of the Navy in February 1714; a Lord of the Admiralty in March 1717; and, on the death of Lord Torrington in January 1732-3, he was placed at the head of that Board, and appointed president of the corporation for relief of poor sea-officers' widows, and also president of the corporation of the Trinity House. He was appointed one of the Lords Regent in 1741; Vice-admiral of England and Treasurer of the Navy in 1742; and died May 24, 1743, aged 77. A prudent, temperate, wise, and honest man, he was easy of access to all, unaffected in his manners, steady and resolute in his conduct, affable and cheerful in his behaviour, and in time of action or imminent danger was never hurried or discomposed (Nichols).

"In return, I will send you the secret history of several cardinals, which I have by me in manuscript, with gallantries, amours, politics, and intrigues, by which they made their way to the Holy Purple.

"But when I propose a correspondence, I must not tell you what I intend to advise you of hereafter, and neglect to give you what I have at present. The Pope has been sick for this fortnight of a violent toothache, which has very much raised the French faction, and put the conclave into a great ferment. Every one of the pretenders to the succession is grown twenty years older than he was a fortnight ago. Each candidate tries who shall cough and stoop most; for these are at present the great gifts that recommend to the apostolical seat, which he stands the fairest for, who is likely to resign it the soonest. I have known the time when it used to rain louis-d'ors on such occasions; but whatever is the matter, there are very few of them to be seen at present at Rome, insomuch that it is thought a man might purchase infallibility at a very reasonable rate. It is nevertheless hoped that his Holiness may recover, and bury these his imaginary successors.

"There has lately been found a human tooth in a catacomb, which has engaged a couple of convents in a lawsuit; each of them pretending that it belonged to the jawbone of a saint who was of their Order. The colleges have sat upon it thrice, and I find there is a disposition among them to take it out of the possession of both the contending parties, by reason of a speech which was made by one of the cardinals, who, by reason of its being found out of the company of any other bones, asserted, that it might be one of the teeth which was coughed out by Ælia, an old woman whose loss is recorded in Martial.<sup>67</sup>

"I have nothing remarkable to communicate to you of State affairs, excepting only, that the Pope has lately received a horse from the German ambassador, as an acknowledgment for the kingdom of Naples, which is a fief of the Church. His Holiness refused this horse from the Germans ever since the Duke of Anjou has been possessed of Spain; but as they lately took care to accompany it with a body of ten thousand more, they have at last overcome his Holiness's modesty, and prevailed upon him to accept the present. I am,

"Sir,

*"Your most obedient,*

*"Humble Servant,*

*"Pasquin.*

"P.S. Morforio is very much yours."<sup>68</sup>

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<sup>67</sup> "Epig." i. 20.

<sup>68</sup> See No. [130](#), Advertisement.

## No. 130

[? Addison.<sup>69</sup>

**From Saturday, Feb. 4, to Tuesday, Feb. 7, 1709-10**

——At me

Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque

Invidia.—Hor., 2 Sat. i. 75.

### Sheer Lane, February 6

I find some of the most polite Latin authors, who wrote at a time when Rome was in its glory, speak with a certain noble vanity of the brightness and splendour of the age in which they lived. Pliny often compliments his Emperor Trajan upon this head; and when he would animate him to anything great, or dissuade him from anything that was improper, he insinuates, that it is befitting or unbecoming the *claritas et nitor sæculi*, that period of time which was made illustrious by his reign. When we cast our eyes back on the history of mankind, and trace them through their several successions to their first original, we sometimes see them breaking out in great and memorable actions, and towering up to the utmost heights of virtue and knowledge; when, perhaps, if we carry our observation to a little distance, we see them sunk into sloth and ignorance, and altogether lost in darkness and obscurity. Sometimes the whole species is asleep for two or three generations, and then again awakens into action, flourishes in heroes, philosophers, and poets, who do honour to human nature, and leave such tracts of glory behind them, as distinguish the years in which they acted their part from the ordinary course of time.

Methinks a man cannot, without a secret satisfaction, consider the glory of the present age, which will shine as bright as any other in the history of mankind. It is still big with great events, and has already produced changes and revolutions which will be as much admired by posterity, as any that have happened in the days of our fathers, or in the old times before them. We have seen kingdoms divided and united, monarchs erected and deposed, nations transferred from one sovereign to another; conquerors raised to such a greatness as has given a terror to Europe, and thrown down by such a fall, as has moved their pity.

But it is still a more pleasing view to an Englishman, to see his own country give the chief influence to so illustrious an age, and stand in the strongest point of light amidst the diffused glory that surrounds it.

If we begin with learned men, we may observe, to the honour of our country, that those who make the greatest figure in most arts and sciences, are universally allowed to be of the British nation; and what is more remarkable, that men of the greatest learning are among the men of the greatest quality.

A nation may indeed abound with persons of such uncommon parts and worth, as may make them rather a misfortune than a blessing to the public. Those who singly might have been of infinite

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<sup>69</sup> Nichols suggests that this paper may be by Addison, because in No. 131 Addison has the following note: "For the benefit of my readers, I think myself obliged here to let them know that I always make use of an old-fashioned e, which very little differs from an o. This has been the reason that my printer sometimes mistakes the one for the other; as in my last paper, I find, *those* for *these*, *beheld* for *behold*, *Corvix* for *Cervix*, and the like." The internal evidence supports this view; but the paper is not included in Addison's Works.

advantage to the age they live in, may, by rising up together in the same crisis of time, and by interfering in their pursuits of honour, rather interrupt than promote the service of their country. Of this we have a famous instance in the Republic of Rome, when Cæsar, Pompey, Cato, Cicero, and Brutus, endeavoured to recommend themselves at the same time to the admiration of their contemporaries. Mankind was not able to provide for so many extraordinary persons at once, or find out posts suitable to their ambition and abilities. For this reason, they were all as miserable in their deaths as they were famous in their lives, and occasioned, not only the ruin of each other, but also that of the commonwealth.

It is therefore a particular happiness to a people, when the men of superior genius and character are so justly disposed in the high places of honour, that each of them moves in a sphere which is proper to him, and requires those particular qualities in which he excels.

If I see a general commanding the forces of his country, whose victories are not to be paralleled in story, and who is as famous for his negotiations as his victories;<sup>70</sup> and at the same time see the management of a nation's treasury in the hands of one who has always distinguished himself by a generous contempt of his own private wealth, and an exact frugality of that which belongs to the public;<sup>71</sup> I cannot but think a people under such an Administration may promise themselves conquest abroad, and plenty at home. If I were to wish for a proper person to preside over the public councils, it should certainly be one as much admired for his universal knowledge of men and things, as for his eloquence, courage and integrity, in the exerting of such extraordinary talents.<sup>72</sup>

Who is not pleased to see a person in the highest station in the law, who was the most eminent in his profession, and the most accomplished orator at the Bar?<sup>73</sup> Or at the head of the fleet a commander, under whose conduct the common enemy received such a blow as he has never been able to recover?<sup>74</sup>

Were we to form to ourselves the idea of one whom we should think proper to govern a distant kingdom, consisting chiefly of those who differ from us in religion, and are influenced by foreign politics, would it not be such a one as had signalised himself by a uniform and unshaken zeal for the Protestant interest, and by his dexterity in defeating the skill and artifice of its enemies?<sup>75</sup> In short, if we find a great man popular for his honesty and humanity, as well as famed for his learning and great skill in all the languages of Europe, or a person eminent for those qualifications which make men shine in public assemblies, or for that steadiness, constancy, and good sense, which carry a man to the desired point through all the opposition of tumult and prejudice, we have the happiness to behold them all in posts suitable to their characters.

Such a constellation of great persons, if I may so speak, while they shine out in their own distinct capacities, reflect a lustre upon each other, but in a more particular manner on their Sovereign, who has placed them in those proper situations, by which their virtues become so beneficial to all her subjects. It is the anniversary of the birthday of this glorious Queen which naturally led me into this field of contemplation, and instead of joining in the public exultations that are made on such occasions, to entertain my thoughts with the more serious pleasure of ruminating upon the glories of her reign.

While I behold her surrounded with triumphs, and adorned with all the prosperity and success which Heaven ever shed on a mortal, and still considering herself as such; though the person appears to me exceeding great that has these just honours paid to her, yet I must confess, she appears much

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<sup>70</sup> The Duke of Marlborough.

<sup>71</sup> Sidney, Lord Godolphin.

<sup>72</sup> Lord Somers. See No. .

<sup>73</sup> Lord Chancellor Cowper. See the [Dedication](#) to this volume.

<sup>74</sup> Edward Russell, Earl of Oxford. See No. .

<sup>75</sup> Thomas, Earl of Wharton, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

greater in that she receives them with such a glorious humility, and shows she has no further regard for them, than as they arise from these great events which have made her subjects happy. For my own part, I must confess, when I see private virtues in so high a degree of perfection, I am not astonished at any extraordinary success that attends them, but look upon public triumphs as the natural consequences of religious retirements.

## ADVERTISEMENT

Finding some persons have mistaken Pasquin who was mentioned in my last, for one who has been pilloried at Rome; I must here advertise them, that it is only a maimed statue so called, on which the private scandal of that city is generally pasted. Morforio is a person of the same quality, who is usually made to answer whatever is published by the other: the wits of that place, like too many of our own country, taking pleasure in setting innocent people together by the ears. The mentioning of this person, who is a great wit, and a great cripple, put me in mind of Mr. Estcourt,<sup>76</sup> who is under the same circumstances. He was formerly my apothecary, and being at present disabled by the gout and stone, I must recommend him to the public on Thursday next, that admirable play of Ben Jonson's, called, "The Silent Woman," being appointed to be acted for his benefit. It would be indecent for me to appear twice in a season at these ludicrous diversions; but as I always give my man and my maid one day in the year, I shall allow them this, and am promised by Mr. Estcourt, my ingenious apothecary, that they shall have a place kept for them in the first row of the middle gallery.

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<sup>76</sup> See Nos. , 51. Estcourt was apprenticed to an apothecary, and is said to have tried that business before going on the stage.

## No. 131

[Addison.

**From Tuesday, Feb. 7, to Thursday, Feb. 9, 1709-10**

——Scelus est jugulare Falernum,  
Et dare Campano toxica sæva mero.  
*Mart., Epig. i. 18.*

### Sheer Lane, February 8

There is in this city a certain fraternity of chemical operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind. These subterraneous philosophers are daily employed in the transmutation of liquors, and, by the power of magical drugs and incantations, raising under the streets of London the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France. They can squeeze bordeaux out of the sloe, and draw champagne from an apple. Virgil in that remarkable prophecy,

*Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,*<sup>77</sup>  
(*The ripening grape shall hang on every thorn*),

seems to have hinted at this art which can turn a plantation of Northern hedges into a vineyard. These adepts are known among one another by the name of "wine-brewers," and I am afraid do great injury, not only to her Majesty's customs, but to the bodies of many of her good subjects.

Having received sundry complaints against these invisible workmen, I ordered the proper officer of my court to ferret them out of their respective caves, and bring them before me, which was yesterday executed accordingly.

The person who appeared against them was a merchant, who had by him a great magazine of wines that he had laid in before the war: but these gentlemen (as he said) had so vitiated the nation's palate, that no man could believe his to be French, because it did not taste like what they sold for such. As a man never pleads better than where his own personal interest is concerned, he exhibited to the court with great eloquence, that this new corporation of druggists had inflamed the bills of mortality, and puzzled the College of Physicians with diseases, for which they neither knew a name nor cure. He accused some of giving all their customers colics and megrims; and mentioned one who had boasted, he had a tun of claret by him, that in a fortnight's time should give the gout to a dozen of the healthiest men in the city, provided that their constitutions were prepared for it by wealth and idleness. He then enlarged, with a great show of reason, upon the prejudice which these mixtures and compositions had done to the brains of the English nation; as is too visible (said he) from many late pamphlets, speeches and sermons, as well as from the ordinary conversations of the youth of this age. He then quoted an ingenious person, who would undertake to know by a man's writings, the wine he most delighted in; and on that occasion named a certain satirist, whom he had discovered to be the author of a lampoon, by a manifest taste of the sloe, which showed itself in it by much roughness, and little spirit.

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<sup>77</sup> Eclog. iv. 29.

In the last place, he ascribed to the unnatural tumults and fermentations which these mixtures raise in our blood, the divisions, heat and animosities, that reign among us; and in particular, asserted most of the modern enthusiasms and agitations to be nothing else but the effects of adulterated port.

The counsel for the brewers had a face so extremely inflamed and illuminated with carbuncles, that I did not wonder to see him an advocate for these sophistications. His rhetoric was likewise such as I should have expected from the common draught, which I found he often drank to a great excess. Indeed, I was so surprised at his figure and parts, that I ordered him to give me a taste of his usual liquor; which I had no sooner drunk, but I found a pimple rising in my forehead; and felt such a sensible decay in my understanding, that I would not proceed in the trial till the fume of it was entirely dissipated.

This notable advocate had little to say in the defence of his clients, but that they were under a necessity of making claret if they would keep open their doors, it being the nature of mankind to love everything that is prohibited. He further pretended to reason, that it might be as profitable to the nation to make French wine as French hats; and concluded with the great advantage that this had already brought to part of the kingdom. Upon which he informed the court, that the lands in Hertfordshire were raised two years' purchase since the beginning of the war.

When I had sent out my summons to these people, I gave at the same time orders to each of them to bring the several ingredients he made use of in distinct phials, which they had done accordingly, and ranged them into two rows on each side of the court. The workmen were drawn up in ranks behind them. The merchant informed me, that in one row of phials were the several colours they dealt in, and in the other the tastes. He then showed me on the right hand one who went by the name of Tom Tintoret, who (as he told me) was the greatest master in his colouring of any vintner in London.<sup>78</sup> To give me a proof of his art, he took a glass of fair water; and by the infusion of three drops out of one of his phials, converted it into a most beautiful pale burgundy. Two more of the same kind heightened it into a perfect languedoc: from thence it passed into a florid hermitage: and after having gone through two or three other changes, by the addition of a single drop, ended in a very deep pontack.<sup>79</sup> This ingenious virtuoso seeing me very much surprised at his art, told me, that he had not an opportunity of showing it in perfection, having only made use of water for the groundwork of his colouring: but that if I were to see an operation upon liquors of stronger bodies, the art would appear to a much greater advantage. He added, that he doubted not that it would please my curiosity to see the cider of one apple take only a vermilion, when another, with a less quantity of the same infusion, would rise into a dark purple, according to the different texture of parts in the liquor. He informed me also, that he could hit the different shades and degrees of red, as they appear in the pink and the rose, the clove and the carnation, as he had Rhenish or Moselle, perry, or white port, to work in.

I was so satisfied with the ingenuity of this virtuoso, that, after having advised him to quit so dishonest a profession, I promised him, in consideration of his great genius, to recommend him as a partner to a friend of mine, who has heaped up great riches, and is a scarlet dyer.

The artists on my other hand were ordered in the second place to make some experiments of their skill before me: upon which the famous Harry Sippet stepped out, and asked me what I would be pleased to drink. At the same time he filled out three or four white liquors in a glass, and told me, that it should be what I pleased to call for; adding very learnedly, that the liquor before him was as the naked substance or first matter of his compound, to which he and his friend, who stood over against him, could give what accidents or form they pleased. Finding him so great a philosopher, I desired he would convey into it the qualities and essence of right bordeaux. "Coming, coming, sir," said he, with the air of a drawer; and after having cast his eye on the several tastes and flavours that

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<sup>78</sup> See No. [138](#).

<sup>79</sup> A fashionable eating-house in Abchurch Lane, kept by one Pontack, who was son of the President of Bordeaux, then owner, as Evelyn tells us, of the excellent vineyards of Pontaq and Haut Brion.



stood before him; he took up a little cruet that was filled with a kind of inky juice, and pouring some of it out into the glass of white wine, presented it to me, and told me, this was the wine over which most of the business of the last term had been despatched. I must confess, I looked upon that sooty drug which he held up in his cruet as the quintessence of English bordeaux, and therefore desired him to give me a glass of it by itself, which he did with great unwillingness. My cat at that time sat by me upon the elbow of my chair; and as I did not care for making the experiment upon myself, I reached it to her to sip of it, which had like to have cost her her life; for notwithstanding it flung her at first into freakish tricks, quite contrary to her usual gravity, in less than a quarter of an hour she fell into convulsions; and had it not been a creature more tenacious of life than any other, would certainly have died under the operation.

I was so incensed by the tortures of my innocent domestic, and the unworthy dealings of these men, that I told them, if each of them had as many lives as the injured creature before them, they deserved to forfeit them for the pernicious arts which they used for their profit. I therefore bid them look upon themselves as no better than as a kind of assassins and murderers within the law. However, since they had dealt so clearly with me, and laid before me their whole practice, I dismissed them for that time; with a particular request, that they would not poison any of my friends and acquaintance, and take to some honest livelihood without loss of time.

For my own part, I have resolved hereafter to be very careful in my liquors, and have agreed with a friend of mine in the army, upon their next march, to secure me two hogsheads of the best stomach-wine in the cellars of Versailles, for the good of my Lucubrations, and the comfort of my old age.

## No. 132

[Steele.

*Thursday, Feb. 9, to Saturday, Feb. 11, 1709-10*

Habeo senectuti magnam gratiam, quæ mihi sermonis aviditatem auxit, potionis et cibi sustulit.—Cicero, De Sen. 46.

### Sheer Lane, February 10

After having applied my mind with more than ordinary attention to my studies, it is my usual custom to relax and unbend it in the conversation of such as are rather easy than shining companions. This I find particularly necessary for me before I retire to rest, in order to draw my slumbers upon me by degrees, and fall asleep insensibly. This is the particular use I make of a set of heavy honest men, with whom I have passed many hours, with much indolence, though not with great pleasure. Their conversation is a kind of preparative for sleep: it takes the mind down from its abstractions, leads it into the familiar traces<sup>80</sup> of thought, and lulls it into that state of tranquillity, which is the condition of a thinking man when he is but half awake. After this, my reader will not be surprised to hear the account which I am about to give of a club of my own contemporaries, among whom I pass two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my first nap before I go to bed. The truth of it is, I should think myself unjust to posterity, as well as to the society at the Trumpet,<sup>81</sup> of which I am a member, did not I in some part of my writings give an account of the persons among whom I have passed almost a sixth part of my time for these last forty years. Our club consisted originally of fifteen; but partly by the severity of the law in arbitrary times, and partly by the natural effects of old age, we are at present reduced to a third part of that number: in which however we have this consolation, that the best company is said to consist of five persons. I must confess, besides the aforementioned benefit which I meet with in the conversation of this select society, I am not the less pleased with the company, in that I find myself the greatest wit among them, and am heard as their oracle in all points of learning and difficulty.

Sir Jeoffrey Notch, who is the oldest of the club, has been in possession of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the liberty of stirring the fire. This our foreman is a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and run it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting; for which reason he looks upon himself as an honest worthy gentleman who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart.

Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in the last civil wars, and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any action in Europe worth talking of since the fight of Marston Moor;<sup>82</sup> and

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<sup>80</sup> Paths.

<sup>81</sup> The Trumpet stood about half-way up Shire Lane, between Temple Bar and Carey Street, at the widest and best part of the lane, and remained almost entirely in its original state until demolished to make way for the new Law Courts. It had the old sign of the Trumpet to the last, as it is figured in Limbard's "Mirror," in a picture where it is placed side by side with a view of the house in Fulwood's Rents where papers for the *Spectator* were taken in.

<sup>82</sup> July 2, 1644.

every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices;<sup>83</sup> for which he is in great esteem amongst us.

Honest old Dick Reptile is the third of our society: he is a good-natured indolent man, who speaks little himself, but laughs at our jokes, and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to show him good company, and give him a taste of the world. This young fellow sits generally silent; but whenever he opens his mouth, or laughs at anything that passes, he is constantly told by his uncle, after a jocular manner, "Ay, ay, Jack, you young men think us fools; but we old men know you are."<sup>84</sup>

The greatest wit of our company, next to myself, is a bencher of the neighbouring inn, who in his youth frequented the ordinaries about Charing Cross, and pretends to have been intimate with Jack Ogle.<sup>85</sup> He has about ten distichs of "Hudibras" without book, and never leaves the club till he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town frolic spoken of, he shakes his head at the dulness of the present age, and tells us a story of Jack Ogle.

For my own part, I am esteemed among them, because they see I am something respected by others, though at the same time I understand by their behaviour, that I am considered by them as a man of a great deal of learning, but no knowledge of the world; insomuch that the Major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the philosopher: and Sir Jeoffrey no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried, "What does the scholar say to it?"

Our club meets precisely at six o'clock in the evening; but I did not come last night till half an hour after seven, by which means I escaped the battle of Naseby, which the Major usually begins at about three-quarters after six; I found also, that my good friend, the bencher, had already spent three of his distichs, and only waiting an opportunity to hear a sermon spoken of, that he might introduce the couplet where "a stick" rhymes to "ecclesiastic."<sup>86</sup> At my entrance into the room, they were naming a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the bencher had been diverting them with a story of Jack Ogle.

I had no sooner taken my seat, but Sir Jeoffrey, to show his goodwill towards me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco, and stirred up the fire. I look upon it as a point of morality, to be obliged by those who endeavour to oblige me; and therefore in requital for his kindness, and to set the conversation a-going, I took the best occasion I could, to put him upon telling us the story of old Gantlett, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his descent on both sides for several generations, describing his diet and manner of life, with his several battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This Gantlett was a game-cock, upon whose head the knight in his youth had won five hundred pounds, and lost two thousand. This naturally set the major upon the account of Edge Hill fight, and ended in a duel of Jack Ogle's.

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<sup>83</sup> In July 1647 the London apprentices presented a petition, and forced their way into the House of Commons.

<sup>84</sup> This retort, in almost identical words, occurs in Swift's "Genteel Conversation" (1739), and in Defoe's "Life of Duncan Campbell" (1720).

<sup>85</sup> Jack Ogle, said to have been descended from a decent family in Devonshire, was a man of some genius and great extravagance, but rather artful than witty. Ogle had an only sister, more beautiful, it is said, than was necessary to arrive, as she did, at the honour of being a mistress to the Duke of York. This sister Ogle laid under very frequent contributions to supply his wants and support his extravagance. It is said that, by the interest of her royal keeper, Ogle was placed, as a private gentleman, in the first troop of foot guards, at that time under the command of the Duke of Monmouth. To this era of Ogle's life the story of the red petticoat refers. He had pawned his trooper's cloak, and to save appearances at a review, had borrowed his landlady's red petticoat, which he carried rolled up *en croupe* behind him. The Duke of Monmouth "smoked" it, and willing to enjoy the confusion of a detection, gave order to "cloak all," with which Ogle, after some hesitation, was obliged to comply; although he could not cloak, he said he would petticoat with the best of them. Such as are curious to know more of the history, the duels, and odd pranks of this mad fellow, may consult the account of them in the "Memoirs of Gamesters," 1714, 12mo, p. 183 (Nichols).

<sup>86</sup> "When pulpit drum ecclesiastic Was beat with fist instead of a stick."—"Hudibras," Part I. c. i. line 10.

Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all that was said, though it was the same he had heard every night for these twenty years, and upon all occasions, winked upon his nephew to mind what passed.

This may suffice to give the world a taste of our innocent conversation, which we spun out till about ten of the clock, when my maid<sup>87</sup> came with a lantern to light me home. I could not but reflect with myself as I was going out upon the talkative humour of old men, and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot employ this natural propensity in discourses which would make him venerable. I must own, it makes me very melancholy in company, when I hear a young man begin a story; and have often observed, that one of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five and twenty, gathers circumstances every time he tells it, till it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by that time he is three-score.

The only way of avoiding such a trifling and frivolous old age, is, to lay up in our way to it such stores of knowledge and observation as may make us useful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind of man in a long life will become a magazine of wisdom or folly, and will consequently discharge itself in something impertinent or improving. For which reason, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling story-teller, so there is nothing more venerable than one who has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

In short, we who are in the last stage of life, and are apt to indulge ourselves in talk, ought to consider, if what we speak be worth being heard, and endeavour to make our discourse like that of Nestor, which Homer compares to the flowing of honey for its sweetness.<sup>88</sup>

I am afraid I shall be thought guilty of this excess I am speaking of, when I cannot conclude without observing, that Milton certainly thought of this passage in Homer, when in his description of an eloquent spirit, he says, "His tongue dropped manna."<sup>89</sup>

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<sup>87</sup> Cf. No. 130, Advertisements. The dangers of the streets at the beginning of the eighteenth century are described in Gay's "Trivia," iii. 335 *seq.*

<sup>88</sup> "Iliad," i. 249.

<sup>89</sup> Milton says of Belial ("Paradise Lost," ii. 112): "But all was false and hollow, though his tongueDropped manna, and could make the worse appearThe better cause."

## No. 133

[Addison.

*Saturday, Feb. 11, to Tuesday, Feb. 14, 1709-10*

Dum tacent, clamant.—Tull.

### Sheer Lane, February 13

Silence is sometimes more significant and sublime than the most noble and most expressive eloquence, and is on many occasions the indication of a great mind. Several authors have treated of silence as a part of duty and discretion, but none of them have considered it in this light. Homer compares the noise and clamour of the Trojans advancing towards the enemy, to the cackling of cranes when they invade an army of pigmies.<sup>90</sup> On the contrary, he makes his countrymen and favourites, the Greeks, move forward in a regular determined march, and in the depth of silence. I find in the accounts which are given us of some of the more Eastern nations, where the inhabitants are disposed by their constitutions and climates to higher strains of thought, and more elevated raptures than what we feel in the northern regions of the world, that silence is a religious exercise among them. For when their public devotions are in the greatest fervour, and their hearts lifted up as high as words can raise them, there are certain suspensions of sound and motion for a time, in which the mind is left to itself, and supposed to swell with such secret conceptions as are too big for utterance. I have myself been wonderfully delighted with a masterpiece of music, when in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony, all the voices and instruments have stopped short on a sudden, and after a little pause recovered themselves again as it were, and renewed the concert in all its parts. Methought this short interval of silence has had more music in it than any the same space of time before or after it. There are two instances of silence in the two greatest poets that ever wrote, which have something in them as sublime as any of the speeches in their whole works. The first is that of Ajax, in the eleventh book of the Odyssey.<sup>91</sup> Ulysses, who had been the rival of this great man in his life, as well as the occasion of his death, upon meeting his shade in the region of departed heroes, makes his submission to him with a humility next to adoration, which the other passes over with dumb sullen majesty, and such a silence, as (to use the words of Longinus) had more greatness in it than anything he could have spoken.

The next instance I shall mention is in Virgil, where the poet, doubtless, imitates this silence of Ajax in that of Dido;<sup>92</sup> though I do not know that any of his commentators have taken notice of it. Æneas finding among the shades of despairing lovers, the ghost of her who had lately died for him, with the wound still fresh upon her, addresses himself to her with expanded arms, floods of tears, and the most passionate professions of his own innocence as to what had happened; all which Dido receives with the dignity and disdain of a resenting lover, and an injured Queen; and is so far from vouchsafing him an answer, that she does not give him a single look. The poet represents her as turning away her face from him while he spoke to her; and after having kept her eyes for some time

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<sup>90</sup> "Iliad," iii. 3.

<sup>91</sup> "Odyssey," xi. 563.

<sup>92</sup> "Æneid," vi. 46.

upon the ground, as one that heard and contemned his protestations, flying from him into the grove of myrtle, and into the arms of another, whose fidelity had deserved her love.<sup>93</sup>

I have often thought our writers of tragedy have been very defective in this particular, and that they might have given great beauty to their works, by certain stops and pauses in the representation of such passions, as it is not in the power of language to express. There is something like this in the last act of "Venice Preserved," where Pierre is brought to an infamous execution, and begs of his friend,<sup>94</sup> as a reparation for past injuries, and the only favour he could do him, to rescue him from the ignominy of the wheel by stabbing him. As he is going to make this dreadful request, he is not able to communicate it, but withdraws his face from his friend's ear, and bursts into tears. The melancholy silence that follows hereupon, and continues till he has recovered himself enough to reveal his mind to his friend, raises in the spectators a grief that is inexpressible, and an idea of such a complicated distress in the actor as words cannot utter. It would look as ridiculous to many readers to give rules and directions for proper silences, as for penning a whisper: but it is certain, that in the extremity of most passions, particularly surprise, admiration, astonishment, nay, rage itself, there is nothing more graceful than to see the play stand still for a few moments, and the audience fixed in an agreeable suspense during the silence of a skilful actor.

But silence never shows itself to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them. One might produce an example of it in the behaviour of one in whom it appeared in all its majesty, and one whose silence, as well as his person, was altogether divine. When one considers this subject only in its sublimity, this great instance could not but occur to me; and since I only make use of it to show the highest example of it, I hope I do not offend in it. To forbear replying to an unjust reproach, and overlook it with a generous, or (if possible) with an entire neglect of it, is one of the most heroic acts of a great mind. And I must confess, when I reflect upon the behaviour of some of the greatest men in antiquity, I do not so much admire them that they deserved the praise of the whole age they lived in, as because they contemned the envy and detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a man of worth, who suffers under so ill a treatment, is to lie by for some time in silence and obscurity, till the prejudice of the times be over, and his reputation cleared. I have often read with a great deal of pleasure a legacy of the famous Lord Bacon, one of the greatest geniuses that our own or any country has produced: after having bequeathed his soul, body, and estate, in the usual form, he adds, "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my countrymen, after some time be passed over."

At the same time that I recommend this philosophy to others, I must confess I am so poor a proficient in it myself, that if in the course of my Lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my paper is duller than in conscience it ought to be, I think the time an age till I have an opportunity of putting out another, and growing famous again for two days.

I must not close my discourse upon silence, without informing my reader, that I have by me an elaborate treatise on the Aposiopesis called an "Et cætera," it being a figure much used by some learned authors, and particularly by the great Littleton, who, as my Lord Chief Justice Coke observes, had a most admirable talent at an et cetera.<sup>95</sup>

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<sup>93</sup> Sichæus.

<sup>94</sup> Jaffier. See Otway's "Venice Preserved," act v. sc. 3.

<sup>95</sup> In the preface to his "Institutes of the Laws of England; or, a Commentary upon Littleton," Coke says, "Certain it is, that there is never a period, nor (for the most part) a word, nor an &c., but affordeth excellent matter of learning."

## ADVERTISEMENT

To oblige the Pretty Fellows, and my fair readers, I have thought fit to insert the whole passage above mentioned relating to Dido, as it is translated by Mr. Dryden:

Not far from thence, the mournful fields appear;  
So called, from lovers that inhabit there.  
The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,  
In secret solitude, and myrtle shades,  
Make endless moans, and pining with desire,  
Lament too late their unextinguished fire.  
Here Procris, Eryphile here, he found  
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound  
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphae there,  
With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair;  
There Laodamia with Evadne moves:  
Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves.  
Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man;  
But ending in the sex she first began.  
Not far from these, Phœnician Dido stood;  
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bathed in blood.  
Whom, when the Trojan hero hardly knew,  
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view  
(Doubtful as he who runs through dusky night,  
Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain light)  
With tears he first approached the sullen shade;  
And, as his love inspired him, thus he said:  
"Unhappy queen! Then is the common breath  
Of rumour true, in your reported death;  
And I, alas, the cause! By Heaven, I vow,  
And all the powers that rule the realms below,  
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,  
Commanded by the gods, and forced by Fate.  
Those gods, that Fate, whose unresisted might,  
Have sent me to these regions, void of light,  
Through the vast empire of eternal night.  
Nor dared I to presume, that, pressed with grief,  
My flight should urge you to this dire relief.  
Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows;  
'Tis the last interview that Fate allows!"  
In vain he thus attempts her mind to move,  
With tears and prayers, and late repenting love.  
Disdainfully she looked, then turning round;  
But fixed her eyes unmoved upon the ground;  
And, what he says, and swears, regards no more  
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;  
But whirled away, to shun his hateful fight,  
Hid in the forest, and the shades of night.

Then sought Sichæus through the shady grove,  
Who answered all her cares, and equalled all her love.



## No. 134

[Steele.

*Tuesday, Feb. 14, to Thursday, Feb. 16, 1709-10*

——Quis talia fando  
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulixi,  
Temperet a lachrimis!—Virg., *Æn.* ii. 6.

### Sheer Lane, February 15

I was awakened very early this morning by the distant crowing of a cock, which I thought had the finest pipe I ever heard. He seemed to me to strain his voice more than ordinary, as if he designed to make himself heard to the remotest corner of this lane. Having entertained myself a little before I went to bed with a discourse on the transmigration of men into other animals, I could not but fancy that this was the soul of some drowsy bellman who used to sleep upon his post, for which he was condemned to do penance in feathers, and distinguish the several watches of the night under the outside of a cock. While I was thinking of the condition of this poor bellman in masquerade, I heard a great knocking at my door, and was soon after told by my maid, that my worthy friend the tall black gentleman, who frequents the coffee-houses hereabouts, desired to speak with me. This ancient Pythagorean, who has as much honesty as any man living, but good nature to an excess, brought me the following petition, which I am apt to believe he penned himself, the petitioner not being able to express his mind in paper under his present form, however famous he might have been for writing verses when he was in his original shape.

### "To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., Censor of Great Britain

"The humble petition of Job Chanticleer, in behalf of himself, and many other poor sufferers in the same condition;

"Sheweth,

"That whereas your petitioner is truly descended of the ancient family of the Chanticleers at Cock Hall near Romford in Essex, it has been his misfortune to come into the mercenary hands of a certain ill-disposed person, commonly called a 'higgler,' who, under the close confinement of a pannier, has conveyed him and many others up to London; but hearing by chance of your worship's great humanity towards robin-redbreasts and tom-tits,<sup>96</sup> he is emboldened to beseech you to take his deplorable condition into your tender consideration, who otherwise must suffer (with many thousands more as innocent as himself) that inhumane barbarity of a Shrove Tuesday persecution.<sup>97</sup> We humbly hope that our courage and vigilance may plead for us on this occasion.

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<sup>96</sup> See No. 112.

<sup>97</sup> See the date of this number.

"Your poor petitioner most earnestly implores your immediate protection from the insolence of the rabble, the batteries of catsticks,<sup>98</sup> and a painful lingering death.

*"And your petitioner, &c.*

"From my coup in Clare Market, *February 13, 1709.*"

Upon delivery of this petition, the worthy gentleman who presented it, told me the customs of many wise nations of the East, through which he had travelled; that nothing was more frequent than to see a dervish lay out a whole year's income in the redemption of larks or linnets that had unhappily fallen into the hands of bird-catchers:<sup>99</sup> that it was also usual to run between a dog and a bull to keep them from hurting one another, or to lose the use of a limb in parting a couple of furious mastiffs. He then insisted upon the ingratitude and disingenuity<sup>100</sup> of treating in this manner a necessary and domestic animal, that has made the whole house keep good hours, and called up the cook maid for five years together. "What would a Turk say," continued he, "should he hear, that it is a common entertainment in a nation which pretends to be one of the most civilised of Europe, to tie an innocent animal to a stake, and put him to an ignominious death, who has perhaps been the guardian and providitor of a poor family, as long as he was able to get eggs for his mistress?"

I thought what this gentleman said was very reasonable; and have often wondered, that we do not lay aside a custom which makes us appear barbarous to nations much more rude and unpolished than ourselves. Some French writers have represented this diversion of the common people much to our disadvantage, and imputed it to natural fierceness and cruelty of temper; as they do some other entertainments peculiar to our nation: I mean those elegant diversions of bull-baiting and prize-fighting, with the like ingenious recreations of the bear-garden.<sup>101</sup> I wish I knew how to answer this reproach which is cast upon us, and excuse the death of so many innocent cocks, bulls, dogs, and bears, as have been set together by the ears, or died untimely deaths only to make us sport.

It will be said, that these are the entertainments of common people. It is true; but they are the entertainments of no other common people.<sup>102</sup> Besides, I am afraid there is a tincture of the same savage spirit in the diversions of those of higher rank, and more refined relish. Rapin observes, that the English theatre very much delights in bloodshed, which he likewise represents as an indication of our tempers. I must own, there is something very horrid in the public executions of an English tragedy. Stabbing and poisoning, which are performed behind the scenes in other nations, must be done openly among us, to gratify the audience.<sup>103</sup>

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<sup>98</sup> Sticks used in the game of tip-cat and trap-ball.

<sup>99</sup> Cf. the *Spectator*, No. , where Addison refers to Sir Paul Rycout's work on the Ottoman Empire.

<sup>100</sup> Disingenuousness.

<sup>101</sup> See Nos. , .

<sup>102</sup> "Cock-fighting is diverting enough, the anger and eagerness of these little creatures, and the triumphant crowing of a cock when he struts haughtily on the body of his enemy, has something in't singular and pleasant. What renders these shows less agreeable is the great number of wagerers, who appear as angry as the cocks themselves, and make such a noise that one would believe every minute they were going to fight; but combats among the men are another kind of diversion, where the spectators are more peaceable" ("Letters describing the Character and Customs of the English and French Nations; by Mr. Muralt, a Gentleman of Switzerland. 2nd ed.; translated from the French." London, 1726, p. 41). In Hogarth's picture of a cock-fight a Frenchman is depicted turning away in disgust (see Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," 1878, i. 552). "There will be a cock-match fought at Leeds in Yorkshire, the 19th of March next; and another at Wakefield the 23rd of April next. At each meeting 40 Cocks on each side will be shewn. These are fought betwixt the people of the West and North Riding of Yorkshire; And every Battel 5l. each side, and 50l. the odd Battel, and four Shake Bags for 10l. each Cock" (*London Gazette*, March 8-12, 1687). A cock-match between Surrey and Sussex was to commence on May 4, 1703, "and will continue the whole week" (*London Gazette*, April 12-15, 1703) "The Royal Pastime of Cock-fighting, or, the Art of Breeding, Feeding, Fighting and Curing Cocks of the Game. Published purely for the good and benefit of all such as take Delight in that Royal and Warlike Sport. To which is prefixed, a Short Treatise, wherein Cocking is proved not only ancient and honourable, but also useful and profitable. By R. H., a Lover of the Sport, and a friend to such as delight in Military Discipline" (*Post Boy*, Jan. 15-18, 1708-9).

<sup>103</sup> Addison, also referring to Rapin, writes to the same effect in the *Spectator*, No. 44. Rapin said, in his "Reflections on Aristotle's

When poor Sandford<sup>104</sup> was upon the stage, I have seen him groaning upon a wheel, stuck with daggers, impaled alive, calling his executioners, with a dying voice, cruel dogs and villains! And all this to please his judicious spectators, who were wonderfully delighted with seeing a man in torment so well acted. The truth of it is, the politeness of our English stage, in regard to decorum, is very extraordinary. We act murders to show our intrepidity, and adulteries to show our gallantry: both of them are frequent in our most taking plays, with this difference only, that the first are done in sight of the audience, and the other wrought up to such a height upon the stage, that they are almost put in execution before the actors can get behind the scenes.

I would not have it thought, that there is just ground for those consequences which our enemies draw against us from these practices; but methinks one would be sorry for any manner of occasion for such misrepresentations of us. The virtues of tenderness, compassion and humanity, are those by which men are distinguished from brutes, as much as by reason itself; and it would be the greatest reproach to a nation to distinguish itself from all others by any defect in these particular virtues. For which reasons, I hope that my dear countrymen will no longer expose themselves by an effusion of blood, whether it be of theatrical heroes, cocks, or any other innocent animals, which we are not obliged to slaughter for our safety, convenience, or nourishment. Where any of these ends are not served in the destruction of a living creature, I cannot but pronounce it a great piece of cruelty, if not a kind of murder.

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Treatise of Poetry," translated in 1694: "The English, our neighbours, love blood in their sports, by the quality of their temperament.... The English have more of genius for tragedy than other people, as well by the spirit of their nation, which delights in cruelty, as also by the character of their language, which is proper for great expressions." There is an "Address to the Cock-killers" in Lillie's "Letters sent to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*," i. 25-29.

<sup>104</sup> Samuel Sandford seems to have left the stage about 1700. He had a low and crooked person, and Cibber describes him as "an excellent actor in disagreeable parts." Charles II. called him the best villain in the world. There is a story of a new play being damned because Sandford played the part of an honest statesman, and the pit was therefore disappointed at not seeing the usual Iago-like or Machiavelian character.

## No. 135

[Steele.

***Thursday, Feb. 16, to Saturday, Feb. 18, 1709-10***

Quod si in hoc erro, quod animos hominum immortales esse credam, libenter erro: nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo, extorqueri volo: sin mortuus (ut quidam minuti philosophi censent) nihil sentiam; non vereor, ne hunc errorem meum mortui philosophi irrideant.—Cicero, De Sen., cap. ult.

### **Sheer Lane, February 17**

Several letters which I have lately received give me information, that some well-disposed persons have taken offence at my using the word "freethinker" as a term of reproach. To set therefore this matter in a clear light, I must declare, that no one can have a greater veneration than myself for the freethinkers of antiquity, who acted the same part in those times, as the great men of the Reformation did in several nations of Europe, by exerting themselves against the idolatry and superstition of the times in which they lived. It was by this noble impulse that Socrates and his disciples, as well as all the philosophers of note in Greece, and Cicero, Seneca, with all the learned men of Rome, endeavoured to enlighten their contemporaries amidst the darkness and ignorance in which the world was then sunk and buried. The great points which these freethinkers endeavoured to establish and inculcate into the minds of men, were, the formation of the universe, the superintendency of Providence, the perfection of the divine nature, the immortality of the soul, and the future state of rewards and punishments. They all complied with the religion of their country, as much as possible, in such particulars as did not contradict and pervert these great and fundamental doctrines of mankind. On the contrary, the persons who now set up for freethinkers, are such as endeavour by a little trash of words and sophistry, to weaken and destroy those very principles, for the vindication of which, freedom of thought at first became laudable and heroic.<sup>105</sup> These apostates, from reason and good sense, can look at the glorious frame of Nature, without paying an adoration to Him that raised it; can consider the great revolutions in the universe, without lifting up their minds to that Superior Power which hath the direction of it; can presume to censure the Deity in His ways towards men; can level mankind with the beasts that perish; can extinguish in their own minds all the pleasing hopes of a future state, and lull themselves into a stupid security against the terrors of it. If one were to take the word "priestcraft" out of the mouths of these shallow monsters, they would be immediately struck dumb. It is by the help of this single term that they endeavour to disappoint the good works of the most learned and venerable order of men, and harden the hearts of the ignorant against the very light of Nature, and the common received notions of mankind. We ought not to treat such miscreants as these upon the foot of fair disputants, but to pour out contempt upon them, and speak of them with scorn and infamy, as the pests of society, the revilers of human nature, and the blasphemers of a Being, whom a good man would rather die than hear dishonoured. Cicero, after having mentioned the great heroes of knowledge

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<sup>105</sup> In speaking of Collins' "Discourse of Free-Thinking" (1713) in the *Guardian* (No. 9), Steele says: "I cannot see any possible interpretation to give this work, but a design to subvert and ridicule the authority of scripture. The peace and tranquillity of the nation, and regards even above those, are so much concerned in this matter, that it is difficult to express sufficient sorrow for the offender, or indignation against him."

that recommended this divine doctrine of the immortality of the soul, calls those small pretenders to wisdom who declared against it, certain minute philosophers,<sup>106</sup>

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<sup>106</sup> See the motto at the head of this paper.

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