when he returned he hallooed again; then he went to the great stone which he showed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called and said such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing, and at the end adds: “God has sent it all; give thanks to Him.” When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

“Well, but,” says I to him, “did you leave her the four shillings, too, which you said was your week’s pay?”

“Yes, yes,” said he, “you shall hear her own it.” So he calls again, “Rachel, Rachel” (which, it seems, was her name), “did you take up the money?” “Yes,” said she. “How much was it?” said he. “Four shillings and a groat,” said she. “Well, well,” says he, “the Lord keep you all”; and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain from contributing tears to this man’s story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him, “Hark thee, friend,” said I, “come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee”; so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before, “Here,” says I, “go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me. God will never forsake a family that trusts in Him as thou dost”; so I gave him four other shillings, and bade him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man’s thankfulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed. . . .

(1722)

Joseph Addison and Richard Steele

1672-1719

Joseph Addison, the son of a churchman, born in 1672, went in due course of time to Oxford, and then embarked upon a career of letters. He first won the attention of certain leaders in the Whig party, particularly of the Earl of Halifax. Although it was a period of partisanship, and a great career was possible for any young man with a gift for political writing, Addison nevertheless began his creative activity with poems, few of which have been remembered except by special students of the period. In 1699, Addison was given the opportunity by his patrons of traveling abroad, presumably to train himself for future diplomatic employment, but the death of King William III in 1702 brought a temporary eclipse of the Whigs and the cessation of political support to Addison, who now felt a distinct financial pinch. Out of the welter of party strife during the next few years, however, Addison emerged with The Campaign (1704), a poem in praise of the Duke of Marlborough, the hero of the hour for his victories at Blenheim and Ramillies during the War of the Spanish Succession (p. 815). The same year saw the beginning of Addison’s active political career, so successful that, in spite of the fluctuating fortunes of the Whigs, who were not given much advantage until the death of Queen Anne in 1714, he eventually reaped the post of Secretary of State in 1717. His marriage just before to the Countess of Warwick undoubtedly was a powerful aid to this important political attainment. Unfortunately Addison was unable to enjoy his position long, for he was forced to resign on account of ill-health and died in 1719.

The name always associated with that of Addison in literary pursuits is that of
Richard Steele, who was born at Dublin in the same year as Addison, met Addison in school and went up with him to Oxford. But unlike his more conservative-minded friend, Steele did not wait to take a degree from the university but joined the army—an act for which he was promptly disinheritied by his uncle. He remained in the army for some time, though not in active service, and rose to the rank of captain. His pamphlet, *The Christian Hero* (1701), aroused the admiration of King William III, although its didactic tone irritated one of Steele’s military comrades. As a result, a duel was arranged in which Steele dangerously wounded his adversary; he always thereafter opposed dueling and affairs of honor. Indeed, by this time Steele was dedicated to the life of a literary opportunist. He turned first to the stage, and wrote four plays of some popularity: *The Funeral* (1701); *The Lying Lover* (1703); *The Tender Husband* (1705), sentimental comedies; and *The Conscious Lovers* (1722), a drama of a nature similar to that of its predecessors.

By 1705, therefore, Steele had actually achieved greater success in literature than Addison, who had been trying to sit on the twin stools of literature and politics at one and the same time. Nevertheless, it was Addison’s preoccupation with political preference that got Steele his first taste of journalism, for Addison had Steele make official gazetteer (mouthpiece and publicity agent) for the Whigs, and the periodical *The Gazette*, appearing in May, 1707, was the first definite recognition of the age that the periodical was more useful than the pamphlet for political controversy and exposition. Hard upon the heels of *The Gazette* came *The Tatler*, a newspaper not only for party politics but also for social comment, published three times a week. The combination in Steele of political reporter and coffee-house gossip was excellent for the journalistic success of *The Tatler*; it was for Addison with his greater stylistic dignity and more penetrating critical ability to give the periodical something more than ephemeral journalistic success. As Steele himself said, “I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in I could not subsist without dependence on him.” Nevertheless Steele, who was the first editor of *The Tatler* under the pseudonym of Isaac Bickerstaff, furnished the initiative for most of the essays in *The Tatler*, and should therefore be given preëminence in the founding of the periodical essay in England. Addison followed Steele’s lead for the greater part, especially in this their first joint periodical venture.

*The Tatler* appeared first in 1709. In January, 1711, the paper was stopped for financial as well as for political reasons. Two months later, at the suggestion of Addison, a new periodical, *The Spectator*, made its debut. The chief distinction of *The Spectator*, as compared with *The Tatler*, is the presence of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers, a series of sketches of the famous country squire and his circle, the Spectator Club (p. 985), who are not only subjects for individual satire, but also mouthpieces for Addison’s and Steele’s pithy observations. The conception of Sir Roger and his group was originally Steele’s, but Addison gave variety, depth, and a certain satirical bent to the characterization. Most of the essays in *The Tatler* were by Steele; most of those in *The Spectator* were by Addison, although the total of both *Tatler* and *Spectator* papers would show that Steele was more active than Addison. To both periodicals, moreover, many other writers of the time contributed. It is to be noted (p. 1062) that Swift was a contributor.

*The Spectator* ran until December, 1712. Its purpose had been definitely stated by Addison (No. 58): “to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain.” In undertaking this high project Addison said, “I shall endeavor to enliven morality with wit and to temper wit with morality.” The general achievement of *The Spectator*, as compared with that of its immediate predecessor, *The Tatler*, was
to treat in mildly satirical fashion a greater variety of subjects, and to be, as it were, a mirror of contemporary opinion and comment. The unusual inventiveness of the authors is shown in critical and descriptive papers covering the whole area of ordinary life in eighteenth-century England, whether discovered in pleasant rambles through the countryside, or in genial gossip at coffee-houses, taverns, and theaters in town.

The chief glory of The Spectator will always belong to Addison. He was responsible not only for the creation of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers (cf. pp. 985 and 993), especially the whimsicalities of Sir Roger himself, but also for the kindly satires upon the corrupt tastes and the ridiculous manners of the period, for literary criticism, including praise of the ballad Chevy Chase and of Paradise Lost (p. 715), and for vigorous thinking and quiet meditation. Steele, on the other hand, excelled in personal portraits, in the sentimental, and in the characteristic eighteenth-century didacticism.

Neither Addison nor Steele ever matched subsequently the achievement of The Tatler or The Spectator. Addison, as remarked before, found political opportunity knocking at his door, from which a successor to The Spectator, The Guardian (1713), could not distract him. His only other important work, the classical tragedy Cato (1713), won him much contemporary applause with a political echo, but is really a very commonplace play. Steele, on the other hand, went on in the field of journalism through a series of periodical ventures, most famous of which was The Plebeian, appearing first in 1718, in which he found himself in a position opposed politically to that of Addison. With the coming into power of the Whigs in 1714, Steele profited, but his telling literary work was finished. He could never clear himself of financial difficulties because of his improvident, generous nature. His prestige in the world of letters nevertheless remained great.

What is most important for the student of English literature to bear in mind about these two men, gifted so strikingly with such dissimilar gifts, is that they established, in the comparatively short time in which they worked together, the journalistic essay as a significant form of modern writing, and that they gave to the world a notable series of pictures of contemporary social life. Their work is of greater variety than that of Defoe (p. 966); in Addison they show a writer who represented in excellent fashion the neo-classical ideal of prose style, dignified, lucid, and harmonious.

On Ladies’ Dress (Steele)

The Tatler, No. 151: Tuesday, March 28, 1710.

Ni vis boni

In ipsa ineset forma, haec formam extinguerunt.

When artists would expose their diamonds to an advantage, they usually set them to show in little cases of black velvet. By this means the jewels appear in their true and genuine luster, while there is no color that can infect their brightness, or give a false cast to the water. When I was at the opera the other night, the assembly of ladies in mourning made me consider them in the same kind of view. A dress wherein there is so little variety shows the face in all its natural charms, and makes one differ from another only as it is more or less beautiful. Painters are ever careful of offending against a rule which is so essential in all just representations. The chief figure must have the strongest point of light, and not be injured by any gay colorings that may draw away the attention to any less considerable part of the picture. The present fashion obliges everybody to be dressed with pro-

On Ladies’ Dress. Ni... extinguerunt. “These things would extinguish beauty, if there were not an innate pleasure-giving energy in beauty itself.” The quotation is from the Roman comedy-writer Terence (1957-159 B.C.).
adorned her; gaudy ribbands and glaring colors being now out of use, the sex has no opportunity given them to disfigure themselves, which they seldom fail to do whenever it lies in their power. When a woman comes to her glass, she does not employ her time in making herself look more advantageously than what she really is; but endeavors to be as much another creature as she possibly can. Whether this happens because they stay so long, and attend their work so diligently, that they forget the faces and persons which they first sat down with, or whatever it is, they seldom rise from the toilet the same women they appeared when they began to dress. What jewel can the charming Cleora place in her ears that can please her beholders so much as her eyes? The cluster of diamonds upon the breast can add no beauty to the fair chest of ivory which supports it. It may indeed tempt a man to steal a woman, but never to love her. Let Thalestris change herself into a motley parti-colored animal; the pearl necklace, the flowered stomacher, the artificial nosegay, and shaded furbelow, may be of use to attract the eye of the beholder and turn it from the imperfections of her features and shape. But if ladies will take my word for it (and as they dress to please men, they ought to consult our fancy rather than their own in this particular), I can assure them there is nothing touches our imagination so much as a beautiful woman in a plain dress. There might be more agreeable ornaments found in our own manufacture than any that rise out of the looms of Paris.

This, I know, is a very harsh doctrine to womankind, who are carried away with everything that is showy, and with what delights the eye, more than any other species of living creatures whatsoever. Were the minds of the sex laid open, we should find the chief idea in one to be a tippet, in another a muff, in a third a fan, and in a fourth a farthingal. The memory of an old visiting lady is so filled with gloves, silks, and ribbands, that I can look upon it as nothing else but a toy-shop. A matron of my acquaintance, complaining of her daughter’s vanity, was observing that she had all of a sudden held up her head higher than ordinary, and taken an air that showed a secret satisfaction in herself, mixed with a scorn of others. “I did not know,” says my friend, “what to make of the carriage of this fantastical girl, until I was informed by her eldest sister that she had a pair of striped garters on.” This odd turn of mind often makes the sex unhappy, and disposes them to be struck with everything that makes a show, however trifling and superficial.

Many a lady has fetched a sigh at the toss of a wig, and been ruined by the taping of a snuff-box. It is impossible to describe all the execution that was done by the shoulder-knot, while that fashion prevailed, or to reckon up all the virgins that have fallen a sacrifice to a pair of fringed gloves. A sincere heart has not made half so many conquests as an open waistcoat; and I should be glad to see an able head make so good a figure in a woman’s company as a pair of red heels. A Grecian hero, when he was asked whether he could play upon the lute, thought he had made a very good reply, when he answered, “No, but I can make a great city of a little one.” Notwithstanding his boasted wisdom, I appeal to the heart of any toast in town, whether she would not think the lutenist preferable to the statesman. I do not speak out of any aversion that I have to the sex; on the contrary, I have always had a tenderness for them; but, I must confess, it troubles me very much to see the generality of them place their affections on improper objects, and give up all the pleasures of life for gowgaws and trifles.

Mrs. Margery Bickerstaff, my great aunt, had a thousand pounds to her portion, which our family was desirous of keeping among themselves, and therefore used all possible means to turn off her thoughts from marriage. The method they took was, in any time of danger, to throw a new gown or petticoat in her way. When she was about twenty-five years of age, she fell in love with a man of an agreeable temper and equal fortune, and would certainly have married him had not my

25. furbelow, a showy trimming; cf. the phrase “frills and furbelows.”
42. tippet, a scarf, or part of a dress having hanging ends.
43. farthingal, more commonly “farthingale,” a hoop-skirt.
45. shoulder-knot, an ornamental knot of ribbon or lace worn on the shoulder by men of fashion in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.
grandfather, Sir Jacob, dressed her up in a suit of flowered satin, upon which she set so immoderate a value upon herself that the lover was conterminous and discarded. In the fourtieth year of her age, she was again smitten; but very luckily transferred her passion to a tippet, which was presented to her by another relation who was in the plot. This, with a white sarsenet hood, kept her safe in the family until fifty. About sixty, which generally produces a kind of latter spring in amorous constitutions, my aunt Margery had again a colt’s tooth in her head; and would certainly have eloped from the mansion-house had not her brother Simon, who was a wise man and a scholar, advised to dress her in cherry-colored ribbands, which was the only expedient that could have been found out by the wit of man to preserve the thousand pounds in our family, part of which I enjoy at this time.

This discourse puts me in mind of a humorist mentioned by Horace, called Eutrapelus, who, when he designed to do a man a mischief made him a present of a gay suit; and brings to my memory another passage of the same author, when he describes the most ornamental dress that a woman can appear in, with two words, *simpex munditiis*, which I have quoted for the benefit of my female readers.

**TOM FOLIO**

*(Addison)*

*The Tatler*, No. 158; Thursday, April 13, 1710.

*Faciunt nac intelligendo, ut nihil intelligent.*

Tom Folio is a broker in learning, employed to get together good editions, and stock the libraries of great men. There is not a sale of books begins until Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not an auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a subscription goes forward in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draught of the proposals; nor a catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the press. He is an universal scholar, so far as the title-page of all authors; knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a panegyric upon Harry Stephens. He thinks he gives you an account of an author, when he tells you the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed: Or if you draw him into farther particulars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the dilligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning and substantial criticism. As for those who talk of the fineness of style, and the justness of thought, or describe the brightness of any particular passages; nay, though they themselves write in the genius and spirit of the author they admire; Tom looks upon them as men of superficial learning and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned idiot, for that is the light in which I consider every pedant, when I discovered in him some little touches of the coxcomb, which I had not before observed. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the republic of letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations that he did not believe in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a thought of a certain author upon a passage of Virgil’s account of the dead, which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought hath taken very much among men of Tom’s pitch and understand-

9. *sarsenet*, a soft silk material; 15. *colt’s tooth*, a proverbial expression indicating traits of youth. 22. *Horace*, the great Roman lyrical and satirical poet (65-8 B.C.). The allusion to Eutrapelus is to a Roman wit and friend of Cicero’s named Volumnius. (Cf. Horace’s *Epistles*, Book I, xvii, II, 31 f.).


48. Aldus and Elzevir, etc. *Aldus Manutius* was a famous Venetian printer of the classics (1450-1515); Elzevir was the name of a family of Dutch printers in the early seventeenth century. As for Virgil and Horace, mentioned in the next line, they are of course the noted Roman poets of the first century B.C. 49. Herodotus, a famous Greek historian (484-428 B.C.).

51. Harry Stephens, Henri Estienne, a French printer and scholar of the classics (1528-1598), one of a distinguished family of printers. His grandfather, Henri Estienne (1460-1520), had founded the family tradition. 79. late paper, No. 154 of The Tatler.
ing, though universally exploded by all that know how to construe Virgil, or have any relish of antiquity. Not to trouble my reader with it, I found, upon the whole, that Tom did not believe a future state of rewards and punishments, because Aeneas, at his leaving the empire of the dead, passed through the gate of ivory, and not through that of horn. Knowing that Tom had not sense enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that I might avoid wrangling, I told him “that Virgil possibly had his oversights as well as another author.” “Ah! Mr. Bickerstaff,” says he, “you would have another opinion of him, if you would read him in Daniel Heinsius’s edition. I have perused myself several times in that edition,” continued he; “and after the strictest and most malicious examination, could find but two faults in him; one of them is in the Aeneid, where there are two commas instead of a parenthesis; and another in the third Georgic, where you may find a semicolon turned upside down.” “Perhaps,” said I, “these were not Virgil’s faults, but those of the transcriber.” “I do not design it,” says Tom, “as a reflection on Virgil; on the contrary, I know that all the manuscripts declaim against such a punctuation. Oh! Mr. Bickerstaff,” says he, “what would a man give to see one simile of Virgil writ in his own hand?” I asked him which was the simile he meant; but was answered, any simile in Virgil. He then told me all the secret history in the commonwealth of learning; of modern pieces that had the names of ancient authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the several parts of Europe; of many amendments which are made, and not yet published, and a thousand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burdened with for a Vatican.

At length, being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of Tom’s class, who are professed admirers of Tasso, without understanding a word of Italian; and one in particular, that carries a Pastor Fido in his pocket, in which, I am sure, he is acquainted with no other beauty but the clearness of the character.

There is another kind of pedant, who, with all Tom Folio’s impertinences, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of Greek and Latin; and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are editors, commentators, interpreters, scholiasts, and critics; and, in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in Greek, than upon the author for having written it; nay, will allow the passage itself not to have any beauty in it, at the same time that they would be considered as the greatest men of the age, for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt on the most beautiful poems that have been composed by any of their contemporaries; but will lock themselves up in their studies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publish, and expound such trifles of antiquity, as a modern author would be condemned for. Men of the strictest morals, severest lives, and the gravest professions, will write volumes upon an idle sonnet, that is originally in Greek or Latin; give editions of the most immoral authors; and spin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them is, that their works sufficiently show they have no taste of their authors; and that what they do in this kind, is out of their great learning, and not out of any levity or lasciviousness of temper.

A pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of Boileau, with which I shall conclude his character:

6. **Aeneas**, the Trojan prince, hero of Virgil’s *Aeneid*. The episode alluded to here is from the *Aeneid*, Book VI, 895 ff.: Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn; Of polished ivory, this, that of transparent horn— True visions through transparent horn arise; Through polished ivory pass deluding lies.  

15. **Daniel Heinsius**, a noted Dutch classical scholar (1580-1655). His well-known edition of Virgil was published in 1636.

46. **Tasso**, Torquato (1544-1595), the great Italian Renaissance poet, author of *Jerusalem Delivered* (1575), an epic which had considerable influence upon Milton’s *Paradise Lost*. 48. **Pastor Fido**, an Italian pastoral drama by Guarini (1537-1612), which had much influence upon Elizabethan pastoral dramas, notably Fletcher’s *Faithful Shepherdess* (printed in 1610). 86. **Boileau**, Nicolas Boileau-Despreaux (1636-1711), a French satirist and critic, most important in fixing neo-classical ideals upon the French literature of the seventeenth century.
Un Pédant enivrè de sa vaine science,
Tout herisè de Grec, tout boufi d'arrogance;
Et qui de mille auteurs retenu mot pour mot,
Dans sa tête entassés n'a souvent fait qu'un sot,
Croit qu'un livre tout, et que sans Aristote
La raison ne voit goute, et le bon sens radote.

Brim-full of learning see that pedant stride,
Bristling with horrid Greek, and puffed with pride!

A thousand authors he in vain has read,
And with their maxims stuffed his empty head;
And thinks that, without Aristotle's rule,
Reason is blind, and common sense a fool.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SORROW
(Steele)
The Tatler, No. 181: Tuesday, June 6, 1710.
—Dies, ni juro, adestd, quem semper acerbam,
Semper honoratum (sic di voluitatis), habebo.

There are those among mankind who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think everything lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modeling their life after such a manner, as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or good-will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the manes of their deceased friends, and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life: and indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion, 40 I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends, are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at that time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature that 50 length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory, and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. “Such,” thought I, “shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.”

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and called “Papa”; for I know not how I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she

1. Un Pédant ... radote, a quotation from Boileau's Satires, IV, 5-10. The translation is by Wynn.

2. Recollections of Sorrow. Dies ... habebo. "And now the rising day reneweth the year. A day forever sad, forever dear."—from Virgil's Aeneid, V, 49-50, tr. by Dryden.

82. battledore, a kind of bat, used in the game of battledore and shuttlecock.
almost smothered me in her embrace, and
told me in a flood of tears, papa could not hear
me, and would play with me no more, for they
were going to put him under ground, whence
he could never come to us again. She was a
very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and
there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the
wildness of her transport, which methought,
struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which,
before I was sensible of what it was to grieve,
seized my very soul, and has made pity the
weakness of my heart ever since. The mind
in infancy is, methinks, like the body in
embryo, and receives impressions so forcible,
that they are as hard to be removed by reason,
as any mark with which a child is born is
to be taken away by any future application.
Hence it is that good nature in me is no merit;
but having been so frequently overwhelmed
with her tears before I knew the cause of any
affliction, or could draw defenses from my
own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, re-
morse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind,
which has since ensnared me into ten thou-
sand calamities, and from whence I can reap
no advantage, except it be, that in such a
humor as I am now in, I can the better in-
dulge myself in the softnesses of humanity,
and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises
from the memory of past afflictions.

We that are very old, are better able to re-
member things which befell us in our distant
youth than the passages of later days. For this
reason it is, that the companions of my strong
and vigorous years present themselves more
immediately to me in this office of sorrow.
Untimely or unhappy deaths are what we are
most apt to lament, so little are we able to
make it indifferent when a thing happens,
though we know it must happen. Thus we
groan under life, and bewail those who are
relieved from it. Every object that returns to
our imagination raises different passions ac-
cording to the circumstance of their departure.
Who can have lived in an army, and in a ser-
ious hour reflect upon the many gay and agree-
able men that might long have flourished in
the arts of peace, and not join with the im-
precations of the fatherless and widow on the
tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? 50
But gallant men who are cut off by the sword
move rather our veneration than our pity, and
we gather relief enough from their own con-
tempt of death to make it no evil, which was
approached with so much cheerfulness, and
attended with so much honor. But when we
turn our thoughts from the great parts of life
on such occasions, and instead of lamenting
those who stood ready to give death to those
from whom they had the fortune to receive
it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander
from such noble objects, and consider the
havoc which is made among the tender and
the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed
softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such
sentiments with proper tenderness) I should
record the beauty, innocence, and untimely
death, of the first object my eyes ever beheld
with love. The beauteous virgin! How igno-
rantly did she charm, how carelessly excel! O
Death! thou hast right to the bold, to the am-
bitious, to the high, and to the haughty, but
why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek,
to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor
age, nor business, nor distress can erase the
dear image from my imagination. In the
same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and
in a shroud. How ill did the habit of Death
become thee trier! I still behold the
smiling earth—

A large train of disasters were coming on to
my memory when my servant knocked at my
closet door, and interrupted me with a letter,
attended with a hamper of wine, of the same
sort with that which is to be put to sale on
Thursday next at Garraway's Coffee-house.
Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my
friends. We are so intimate that we can be
company in whatever state of mind we meet, 80
and can entertain each other without expect-
ing always to rejoice. The wine we found to
be generous and warming, but with such a
heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than

31. We... ed. Actually, Steele was only thirty-eight at the
time this essay was written.
frolicsome. It revived the spirits without firing the blood. We commended it till two of the clock this morning, and, having today met a little before dinner, we found that, though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

THE SPECTATOR INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO THE READER
(Addison)

The Spectator, No. 1: Thursday, 1 March. 1711.

Non funum ex fulgore, sed ex fume dare lucem
Cogitat, ut spectora dehinc miracula pronomat.

—Horace.

I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history. I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family that my mother dreamed that she was brought to bed by a judge: whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favor my mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it.

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

Upon the death of my father I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University with the character of an odd, unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, I returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general

---

The Spectator Introduces Himself to the Reader. Non promat, "Not smoke from fire his object is to bring. But fire from smoke, a very different thing," quoted from Horace's Ars Poetica, 143-144 in Conington's translation. 12. choleric; irritable. In ancient medical lore, a preponderance of bile (choler) produced an irascible disposition. 35. depending, hanging fire.
sort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoked a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but The Postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's Coffee-House, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the Inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-Tree, and in the theaters both of Drury Lane and the Haymarket. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

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

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

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

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in tomorrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned.

---

3. Will's. Most of the coffee-houses, such as Will's, the St. James, the Grecian, and the Cocoa-Tree, have been described briefly (p. 813). Child's (l. 6) was another coffee-house frequented by the clergy. Jonathan's (l. 19) was used chiefly by brokers and bankers. 7. The Postman, a mystical news-letter, intended by Addison to typify all such current news-sheets, the forerunners of our modern newspaper. 13. Drury Lane . . . Haymarket, at this time (1711) the two theaters of London. The Drury Lane was first opened in 1663, but was rebuilt after the Great Fire of London (see p. 813) and was re-opened in 1674. The Haymarket has been equally famous in London theatrical history; but until about 1710 it was more or less of a training-ground and annex to the Drury Lane.

84. complexion, general appearance.
with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid andconcerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters To The Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader that, though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

THE SPECTATOR CLUB

(Steele)

The Spectator, No. 2: Friday, March 2, 1711.

Hacce alii sex

Vel plures uno conclamant ore.

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet; his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness of obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the reader and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse, beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etheredge, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him "youngster." But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterward. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. "Tis said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel beauty; but this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house in both town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities; and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than

7. Mr. Buckley, the senior partner of the firm which published The Spectator. The Spectator Club. Hacce . . . ore, "Six others or more cry out with one voice," a quotation from the seventh Satire (ll. 166-167) of the Roman satirist Juvenal (60-170). 36. Lord Rochester, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-1680), a courtier, man of fashion, and poet, perhaps the most notorious person in the court of Charles II.

37. Sir George Etheredge, playwright of the Restoration (1655-1691), author of the three striking comedies, The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub (1664); She Would if She Could (1668), of which Pepys said in his Diary, "though my wife and I arrived at the house by two o'clock, there were one thousand people put back that could not have room in the pit"; and The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter (1676), which showed Etheredge as a master of "gaiety, candor, and toppish wit." Sir Fopling, indeed, was a character much imitated by other playwrights who followed Etheredge. 38. Bully Dawson, a notorious London sharper of the seventeenth century. 39. Justice of the quorum, justice of the peace in a county. 65. quarter-session, a meeting of a court every three months. 71. Inner Temple, The Inns of Court were voluntary legal societies in London, which had their origin toward the end of the thirteenth century. By the time of Elizabeth, they had become "a whole university, as it were, of students, practitioners or pleaders, and judges of the laws of this realm," to quote a writer of the time. The Inns of Court were four in number: Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, and Gray's Inn.
in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up, every post, questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable; as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London, a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, among which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even, regular
behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavor at the same end with himself—the favor of a commander. He will, however, in this way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it, "For," says he, "that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me as I have to come at him"; therefore he will conclude that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having been ever very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces in his brain. His person is well turned and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up: "He has good blood in his veins; Tom Mirabel, the rogue, cheated me in that affair; that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred, fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest, worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counselor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integrity of his life create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advancers others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this

world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

**WESTMINSTER ABBEY**

(Addison)

*The Spectator, No. 26: Friday, March 30, 1711.*

*Pallida mors necqua pulsat pede panisperna tabernas,*

*Regnumque ture,*

*Vitae summa brevis sper nos vetat inchoare longam,*

*iarn te premet nox, fabulaeque manes,*

*Et domus exilis Plutonia.*

When I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombs and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that is common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head. *Γιαννόν τε Μέλοντα τε Θερσιλοχον τε.* Hom. *Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.*

Vergil.

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by “the path of an arrow,” which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh moldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were, in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelve-month. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and

---

46. prebendaries, persons who receive the revenues of a cathedral. 70. the present war, the War of the Spanish Succession with France (cf. p. 815). One of the great victories won by the English in this war took place at Blenheim, Bavaria, in 1704 (cf. I. 74).
justness of thought, and therefore do honor
to the living as well as to the dead. As a
foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of
the ignorance or politeness of a nation from
the turn of their public monuments and in-
scriptions, they should be submitted to the
perusal of men of learning and genius before
they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesly
Shovel's monument has very often given me
great offense: instead of the brave rough
English Admiral, which was the distinguishing
character of that plain gallant man, he is
represented on his tomb by the figure of a
beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing
himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy
of state. The inscription is answerable to
the monument; for instead of celebrating the
many remarkable actions he had performed
in the service of his country, it acquaints us
only with the manner of his death, in which
it was impossible for him to reap any honor.
The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for
want of genius, show an infinitely greater
taste of antiquity and politeness in their build-
ings and works of this nature than what we
meet with in those of our own country. The
monuments of their admirals, which have been
erected at the public expense, represent
them like themselves; and are adorned with
rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with
beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and
coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left
the repository of our English kings for the
contemplation of another day, when I shall
find my mind disposed for so serious an
amusement. I know that entertainments of
this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal
thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy
imaginations; but for my own part, though
I am always serious, I do not know what it
is to be melancholy; and can therefore take
a view of nature in her deep and solemn
scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most
gay and delightful ones. By this means I can
improve myself with those objects which
others consider with terror. When I look
upon the tombs of the great, every emotion
of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs
of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes
out; when I meet with the grief of parents
upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with com-
passion; when I see the tomb of the parents
themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving
for those whom we must quickly follow:
when I see kings lying by those who deposed
them, when I consider rival wits placed side
by side, or the holy men that divided the
world with their contests and disputes, I re-
flex with sorrow and astonishment on the
little competitions, factions, and debates of
mankind. When I read the several dates of
the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and
some six hundred years ago, I consider that
great day when we shall all of us be contem-
poraries, and make our appearance together.

PARTY PATCHES

(Addison)

The Spectator, No. 81: Saturday, June 2, 1711.

Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure tigris
Horrutis in macula—

About the middle of last winter I went to
see an opera at the theater in the Haym-
arket, where I could not but take notice of two
parties of very fine women, that had placed
themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and
seemed drawn up in a kind of battle array
one against another. After a short survey of
them, I found they were patched differently;
the faces on one hand being spotted on the
right side of the forehead, and those upon the
other on the left. I quickly perceived that they
cast hostile glances upon one another; and
that their patches were placed in those differ-
ent situations, as party-signals to distinguish
friends from foes. In the middle boxes, be-
tween these two opposite bodies, were several
ladies who patched indifferently on both sides
of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no
other intention but to see the opera. Upon
inquiry I found that the body of Amazons
on my right hand were Whigs, and those on my
left, Tories; and that those who had placed

8. Sir Cloudesly Shovel, a noted British naval leader
(1650-1707). 30. rostral, of, or pertaining to, a rostrum.

Party Patches. Qualis . . . maculas. "Like the tigress when,
at the sound of the hunters, spots appear upon her skin." From
the Thraulid, II, II. 128-139, an epig by the Roman poet Status
(61-96). 87. Amazons, an ancient race of female warriors,
famous in literature for their contests with the Greeks.
themselves in the middle boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory side of the face. The censorious say that the men, whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonored, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favor. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain that there are several women of honor who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draft of marriage articles a lady has stipulated with her husband that, whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

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

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

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

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

This account of party patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful Spectator had I not recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavored to expose this party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatreds and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprive the fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the

62. She swells . . . side, from the Davidikos, III. 11. 493-494, an epic poem by the seventeenth-century poet Abraham Cowley (1618-1667); see particularly p. 671. 89. Romans and Sabines. The Sabines were an ancient people living in central Italy, the history of whom is bound up with the early history of the Romans. The story given here is legendary, but may easily have happened; if the Romans took many wives from the Sabines, it would account for the fact that there was a considerable relationship between the two people from the beginning of history. There were at least three wars, however, between the Romans and Sabines, at widely separated dates; this incident of the marrying of Sabine women by Romans supposedly occurred in the first war, shortly after the founding of Rome in the eighth century B.C.
women, who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and entreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

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

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

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honor of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedaemonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shown them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience: “And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few words: Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other.”

A COUNTRY SUNDAY
(Addison)

The Spectator, No. 112: Monday, July 9, 1711.

Ἀθηναῖοι μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νῦν τίποτε διδάσκειται, Τίμα.

—PYTHAGORAS.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole

52. Lacedaemonians, Spartans. Sparta was the great rival of Athens among the ancient Greek cities. The Peloponnesian War was brought about largely by the rivalry of Athens and Sparta, and culminated in the defeat of the Athenians and the capture of their city in 404. Pericles (495-429 B.C.) was the greatest of Athenian rulers; the climax of ancient Greek literature is often alluded to as the Age of Pericles.

A Country Sunday, 'Addison, etc. First, in obedience to thy country's rites, worship the immortal gods. 85 'Change, the London Stock-Exchange, held during the time of Addison and Steele in Jonathan's Coffee-house in Change Alley.
parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me that, at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer-book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for, if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particulars break out upon these occasions; sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the Singing-Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church—which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that, upon a catechizing day, when Sir Roger had been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the square, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers, while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or in private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary.

89. tithe-stealers, those who do not pay their tithes. By not paying they may be said to "steal" from the church.
people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

*SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES* (Addison)

*The Spectator, No. 122: Friday, July 20, 1711.*

*Cum jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.*
—PUBL. SYR. FRAG.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauds of the public. A man is more sure of conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all those who know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the game-act and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short he is a very sensible man; shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury. "That other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for 'taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution; his father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveler an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Touchy, if he pleased, might "take the law of him" for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that "much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it; upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.
The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge’s ear, that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour’s sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger “was up.” The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the court gathering about my old friend and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight’s family; and to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight’s head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant’s indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly, they got a painter by the knight’s directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen’s Head. I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger’s alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honor’s head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend with his usual cheerfulness related the particulars above-mentioned and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight’s conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied “that much might be said on both sides.”

These several adventures, with the knight’s behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

A CONSIDERATION OF MILTON’S PARADISE LOST

(Addison)

The Spectator, No. 267: Saturday, January 5, 1712.
Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graeci.

There is nothing in nature so icksome as general discourses, especially when they turn chiefly upon words. For this reason I shall Cedite... Graeci, “Give place, ye Roman and Greek writers,” quoted from the Elegias of the Roman poet Sextus Propertius (50-18 B.C.), II, no. 34, 165.
waive the discussion of that point which was started some years since, whether Milton's Paradise Lost may be called an heroic poem. Those who will not give it that title, may call it (if they please) a divine poem. It will be sufficient to its perfection, if it has in it all the beauties of the highest kind of poetry; and as for those who allege it is not an heroic poem, they advance no more to the diminution of it, than if they should say Adam is not Aeneas, nor Eve Helen. I shall therefore examine it by the rules of epic poetry, and see whether it falls short of the Iliad or Aeneid in the beauties which are essential to that kind of writing. The first thing to be considered in an epic poem is the fable, which is perfect or imperfect according as the action which it relates is more or less so. This action should have three qualifications in it. First, it should be but one action. Secondly, it should be an entire action; and, thirdly, it should be a great action. To consider the action of the Iliad, Aeneid, and Paradise Lost, in these three several lights: Homer, to preserve the unity of his action, hastens into the midst of things, as Horace has observed. Had he gone up to Leda's egg, or begun much later, even at the rape of Helen, or the investing of Troy, it is manifest that the story of the poem would have been a series of several actions. He therefore opens his poem with the discord of his princes and artfully interweaves, in the several succeeding parts of it, an account of everything material which relates to them and had passed before that fatal dissertation. After the same manner Aeneas makes his first appearance in the Tyrrhenian seas, and within sight of Italy, because the action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in Latium. But because it was necessary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of Troy, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, Virgil makes his hero relate it by way of episode in the second and third books of the Aeneid; the contents of both which books came before those of the first book in the thread of the story, though for preserving this unity of action they follow them in the disposition of the poem. Milton, in imitation of these two great poets, opens his Paradise Lost with an infernal council plotting the fall of man, which is the action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great actions, which preceded, in point of time, the battle of the angels, and the creation of the world, (which would have entirely destroyed the unity of the principal action, had he related them in the same order that they happened) he cast them into the fifth, sixth, and seventh books, by way of episode to this noble poem.

Aristotle himself allows that Homer has nothing to boast of as to the unity of his fable, though at the same time that great critic and philosopher endeavors to palliate this imperfection in the Greek poet by imputing it in some measure to the very nature of an epic poem. Some have been of opinion that the Aeneid also labors in this particular, and has episodes which may be looked upon as excrescences rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the poem which we have now under our consideration hath no other episodes than such as naturally arise from the subject, and yet is filled with such a multitude of astonishing incidents that it gives us at the same time a pleasure of the greatest variety and of the greatest simplicity; uniform in its nature, though diversified in the execution.

I must observe also, that as Virgil, in the poem which was designed to celebrate the original of the Roman empire, has described the birth of its great rival, the Carthaginian commonwealth; Milton, with the like art, in his poem on the fall of man, has related the fall of those angels who are his professed enemies. Besides the many other beauties in such an episode, its running parallel with the great action of the poem hinders it from breaking the unity so much as another episode would have done, that had not so great an affinity with the principal subject. In short, this is the same kind of beauty which the

26. Horace has observed, in his Art Poetica. 27. Leda's egg. It has been assumed here that the reader is familiar with the general outline of the narrative in the Iliad and the Aeneid. The Trojan War, which underlies both epics, had its primary cause in the abduction of Helen by Paris of Troy (I. 29). But the enmity of Greeks and Trojans went behind this particular episode; Addison implies here that it would be imperfect for the epic poet, however, to go too far back in tracing the causes of the conflict. Thus, Helen was born miraculously from an egg delivered by her mother Leda (who had been wooed by Zeus in the disguise of a swan); but it is sufficient to start the epic thread with the actual presence of Helen in the world rather than from her rather startling biogenetic origin. 28. Tyrrhenian seas, in ancient geography, that part of the Mediterranean off the west coast of Italy.
critics admire in the Spanish Friar, or the Double Discovery, where the two different plots look like counter-parts and copies of one another.

The second qualification required in the action of an epic poem is that it should be an entire action. An action is entire when it is complete in all its parts; or as Aristotle describes it, when it consists of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As, on the contrary, no single step should be omitted in that just and regular process which it must be supposed to take from its original to its consummation. Thus we see the anger of Achilles in its birth, its continuance, and effects; and Aeneas's settlement in Italy carried on through all the oppositions in his way to it both by sea and land. The action in Milton excels (I think) both the former in this particular; we see it contrived in hell, executed upon earth, and punished by heaven. The parts of it are told in the most distinct manner and grow out of one another in the most natural method.

The third qualification of an epic poem is its greatness. The anger of Achilles was of such consequence that it embroiled the kings of Greece, destroyed the heroes of Troy, and engaged all the gods in factions. Aeneas's settlement in Italy produced the Caesars and gave birth to the Roman empire. Milton's subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of single persons or nations; but of a whole species. The united powers of hell are joined together for the destruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence itself interposed. The principal actors are man in his greatest perfection, and woman in her highest beauty. Their enemies are the fallen angels; the Messiah their friend, and the Almighty their Protector. In short, everything that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of nature, or out of it, has a proper part assigned it in this admirable poem.

In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, should be great. I will not presume to say, that the book of games in the Aeneid, or that in the Iliad, are not of this nature; nor to reprehend Virgil's simile of the top, and many other of the same kind in the Iliad, as liable to any censure in this particular; but I think we may say, without derogating from those wonderful performances, that there is an unquestionable magnificence in every part of Paradise Lost, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any pagan system.

But Aristotle, by the greatness of the action, does not only mean that it should be great in its nature, but also in its duration, or in other words, that it should have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call greatness. The just measure of this kind of magnitude he explains by the following similitude: An animal no bigger than a mite cannot appear perfect to the eye, because the sight takes it in at once and has only a confused idea of the whole, and not a distinct idea of all its parts; if on the contrary, you should suppose an animal of ten thousand furlongs in length, the eye would be so filled with a single part of it that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What these animals are to the eye, a very short or a very long action would be to the memory. The first would be, as it were, lost and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. Homer and Virgil have shown their principal art in this particular; the action of the Iliad, and that of the Aeneid, were in themselves exceeding short but are so beautifully extended and diversified by the invention of episodes, and the machinery of gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable story, sufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. Milton's action is enriched with such a variety of circumstances that I have taken as much pleasure in reading the contents of his books

1. Spanish ... Discovery, a tragedy by John Dryden, produced in 1681. It ranks with All for Love (p. 879) and Don Sebastian (1690) as his best serious drama.
as in the best invented story I ever met with. It is possible that the traditions on which the Iliad and the Aeneid were built had more circumstances in them than the history of the fall of man, as it is related in scripture. Besides, it was easier for Homer and Virgil to dash the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it. But as for Milton, he had not only a very few circumstances upon which to raise his poem but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest caution in everything that he added out of his own invention. And indeed, notwithstanding all the restraint he was under, he has filled his story with so many surprising incidents, which bear so close an analogy with what is delivered in holy writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate reader without giving offense to the most scrupulous.

The modern critics have collected from several hints in the Iliad and Aeneid the space of time which is taken up by the action of each of those poems; but as a great part of Milton’s story was translated in regions that lie out of the reach of the sun and the sphere of day, it is impossible to gratify the reader with such a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive, none of the critics, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circumscribe the action of an epic poem with any determined number of years, days, or hours.

This piece of criticism on Milton’s Paradise Lost shall be carried on in the following Saturdays’ papers.

A YOUNG LADY’S DIARY
(Addison)

The Spectator, No. 323: Tuesday, March 11, 1712.
Modo vir, modo femina.
—Ovid.

The Journal with which I presented my readers on Tuesday last has brought me in several letters with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the Rake’s Journal, the Sot’s Journal, the Whoremaster’s Journal, and among several others a very curious piece, entitled, The Journal of a Mohock. By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday’s paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifles and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities. Offenses of this later kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shows the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blamable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself Clarinda, is such a journalist as I require: she seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shown her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my correspondent.

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

You having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week’s papers, I have performed mine according to your orders and herewith send it you enclosed. You must know, Mr. Spectator, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had several matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by a very pretty fellow. As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter and pass my time after the manner

43. Mohock, or Mohawk, the name given to thugs and hoodlums who infested the streets of London after dark (cf. p. 453). Sometimes they were referred to as “hectors,” whence our modern English verb to hector, meaning to bully.
you will find in the following journal, which I began to write upon the very day after your Spectator upon that subject.

**Tuesday night.** Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

**Wednesday.** From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

**From ten to eleven.** Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read The Spectator.

**From eleven to one.** At my toilette, tried a new head. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. Mem. I look best in blue.

**From one till half an hour after two.** Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans. **Till four.** At dinner. Mem. Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

**From four to six.** Dressed, paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

**From six to eleven.** At bassett. Mem. Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

**Thursday.** From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dreamed that I punted to Mr. Froth.

**From eight to ten.** Chocolate. Read two acts in Aurengzebe a-bed.

**From ten to eleven.** Tea-table. Sent to borrow Lady Faddle’s Cupid for Veny. Read the play-bills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. Mem. Locked it up in my strong box.

**Rest of the morning.** Fontange, the tirewoman, her account of my Lady Blithe’s wash. **Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb.** Sent Frank to know how my Lady Hectic rested after her monkey’s leaping out at window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

**From three to four.** Dinner cold before I sat down.

**From four to ten.** Saw company. Mr. Froth’s opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy for a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

**Twelve a clock at night.** Went to bed.

**Friday.** Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth’s letters. Cupid and Veny.

**Ten a clock.** Stayed within all day, not at home.

**From ten to twelve.** In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribands. Broke my blue china cup.

**From twelve to one.** Shut myself up in my chamber, practiced Lady Betty Modely’s skittle.

**One in the afternoon.** Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet leaf in it. Eyes ached and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of Aurengzebe.

**From three to four.** Dined.

**From four to twelve.** Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spiteley at home. Conversation Mrs. Brilliant’s necklace false stones. Old Lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a great. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townley has red hair. Mem. **Mrs. Spiteley whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth; I am sure it is not true.**

**Between twelve and one.** Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.

11. bohea, a kind of tea. 14. head, headdress. Veny, short for Venice (cf. note to l. 32). Clarinda’s Lap-dog. 15. Mem. Here, as elsewhere in this paper, a note indicating “I must remember.” 18. Cheapened, bargained for or beat down the price of. 24. bassett, a game of cards somewhat resembling the old game of faro. 27. punted to, gambled with, played cards with. 30. Aurengzebe, Dryden’s heroic play Aurengzebe (1676). 32. Cupid, a male lap-dog evidently borrowed for studding purposes. 35. Fontange, Mademoiselle de Fontange was a famous hairdresser of London, who introduced a new type of headdress that was extremely fashionable.

49. crimp, another card-game popular in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. 57. mantua, a woman’s loose cloak. 61. skittle, skittle. Evidently Lady Modely’s walk was an affected, hurried kind of walk, and yet one that was deemed worthy of imitation. 73. groat, originally a Dutch coin; by the eighteenth century, however, it had the monetary value of fourpence and the figurative value of a mere trifle. 80. Indamora, the captive queen in Dryden’s Aurengzebe (cf. note to l. 30).
Saturday. Rose at eight a clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea and dressed.

From twelve to two. At Chapel. A great deal of good company. Mem. The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Mrs. Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six a clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out Ancora. Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

Sunday. Indisposed.

Monday. Eight a clock. Waked by Miss Kitty. Aureneze lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobs to the dumb man, according to appointment. Told me that my lover’s name began with a G. Mem. The conjurer was within a letter of Mr. Froth’s name, etc.

Upon looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether

I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it, before I perused your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts, as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn off if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream.

Your humble servant,

Clarinda.

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir Philip Sidney’s sister, a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble that I dare say my reader will pardon the quotation.

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother;
Death, ere thou hast killed another,
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

4. determine, decide where it belonged. 16. Turned off, discharged. 21. Nicolini, the famous Italian opera-singer of his day. 22. Ancora, encore. 32. mobs, caps or headaddresses worn by women and tied under the chin. 62. uncertain author. Actually the author of the following verses is generally conceded to be Ben Jonson (p. 381).