

Selections from
THE TATLER
and
THE SPECTATOR
of Steele and Addison

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by
ANGUS ROSS



PENGUIN BOOKS

II Men, Women, Manners

No. 57 [ADDISON]

[Male and female roles]

Saturday, 5 May 1711

*Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
Quæ fugit à Sexu? —*

Juv.¹

When the Wife of Hector, in *Homer's Iliads*, discourses with her Husband about the Battel in which he was going to engage, the Hero, desiring her to leave that Matter to his Care, bids her go to her Maids and mind her Spinning:² By which the Poet intimates, that Men and Women ought to busie themselves in their proper Spheres, and on such Matters only as are suitable to their respective Sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman, who has passed a great Part of his Life in the Nursery, and, upon Occasion, can make a °Caudle or a °Sack Posset better than any Man in *England*. He is likewise a wonderful Critick in Cambrick and Muslins, and will talk an Hour together upon a Sweetmeat. He entertains his Mother every Night with Observations that he makes both in Town and Court: As what Lady shows the nicest Fancy in her Dress; what Man of Quality wears the fairest [Wig]; who has the finest Linnen, who the prettiest Snuff-box, with many other the like curious Remarks that may be made in good Company.

On the other hand I have very frequently the Opportunity of seeing a Rural *Andromache*, who came up to Town last Winter,³ and is one of the greatest Fox Hunters in the Country. She talks of Hounds and Horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a Six-bar Gate. If a Man tells her a waggish Story, she gives him a Push with her Hand in jest, and calls him an impudent Dog; and if her Servant neglects his Business, threatens to kick him out of the House. I have heard her, in her Wrath, call a Substantial Tradesman a Lousie Cur; and remember one Day, when she could not

think of the Name of a Person, she described him, in a large Company of Men and Ladies, by the Fellow with the Broad Shoulders.

If those Speeches and Actions, which in their own Nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong Sex, the Faults and Imperfections of one Sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the Men, I shall not in this Paper any further concern my self about them; but as I would fain contribute to make Woman-kind, which is the most beautiful Part of the Creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little Spots and Blemishes that are apt to rise among the Charms which Nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this Paper to their Service. The Spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that Party-Rage which of late Years is very much crept into their Conversation. This is, in its nature, a Male Vice, and made up of many angry and cruel Passions that are altogether repugnant to the Softness, the Modesty, and those other endearing Qualities which are natural to the Fair Sex. Women were formed to temper Mankind, and sooth them into Tenderness and Compassion; not to set an Edge upon their Minds, and blow up in them those Passions which are too apt to rise of their own Accord. When I have seen a pretty Mouth uttering Calumnies and Invectives, what would I not have given to have stopt it? How have I been troubled to see some of the finest Features in the World grow pale, and tremble with Party-Rage? *Camilla* is one of the greatest Beauties in the *British* Nation, and yet values herself more upon being the *Virago* of one Party, than upon being the Toast of both. The Dear Creature, about a Week ago, encountred the fierce and beautiful *Penthesilea*⁴ across a Tea-Table; but in the height of her Anger, as her Hand chanced to shake with the Earnestness of the Dispute, she scalded her Fingers, and spilt a Dish of Tea upon her Petticoat. Had not this Accident broke off the Debate, no Body knows where it would have ended.

There is one Consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my Female Readers, and which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the Face as Party-Zeal. It gives an ill-natured Cast to the Eye,

and a disagreeable Sourness to the Look; besides, that it makes the Lines too strong, and flushes them worse than Brandy. I have seen a Woman's Face break out in Heats, as she has been talking against a great Lord, whom she had never seen in her Life; and indeed never knew a Party-Woman that kept her Beauty for a Twelve-month. I would therefore advise all my Female Readers, as they value their Complexions, to let alone all Disputes of this Nature; though, at the same time, I would give free Liberty to all superannuated motherly Partizans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their Faces, or of their gaining Converts.

For my own part, I think a Man makes an odious and despicable Figure, that is violent in a Party; but a Woman is too sincere to mitigate the Fury of her Principles with Temper and Discretion, and to act with that Caution and Reservedness which are requisite in our Sex. When this unnatural Zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand Heats and Extravagances; their generous Souls set no Bounds to their Love, or to their Hatred; and whether a Whig or Tory, a Lap-Dog or a Gallant, an Opera or a Puppet-Show, be the Object of it, the Passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole Woman.

I remember when Dr. *Titus Oates* was in all his Glory,⁵ I accompanied my friend WILL. HONEYCOMB in a Visit to a Lady of his Acquaintance: We were no sooner sate down, but upon casting my Eyes about the Room, I found in almost every Corner of it a Print that represented the Doctor in all Magnitudes and Dimensions. A little after, as the Lady was discoursing my Friend, and held her Snuff-Box in her Hand, who should I see in the Lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after this, when she had occasion for her Handkerchief, which upon the first opening discovered among the Plaites of it the Figure of the Doctor. Upon this my Friend WILL. who loves Raillery, told her, That if he was in Mr. *Truelove's* Place (for that was the Name of her Husband) he should be made as uneasie by a Handkerchief as ever *Othello* was. *I am afraid*, said she, Mr. HONEYCOMB, *you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a Friend to the Doctor or not?* WILL. instead of making her a Reply, smiled in her Face (for indeed she was very pretty) and told

her that one of her Patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, *Well, says she, I'll be hanged if you and your silent Friend there are not against the Doctor in your Hearts, I suspected as much by his saying nothing.* Upon this she took her Fan into her Hand, and upon the opening of it again displayed to us the Figure of the Doctor, who was placed with great Gravity among the Sticks of it. In a word, I found that the Doctor had taken Possession of her Thoughts, her Discourse, and most of her °Furniture; but finding my self pressed too close by her Question, I winked upon my Friend to take his Leave, which he did accordingly. C

No. 66 [STEELE]

[The education of girls]

Wednesday, 16 May 1711

Motus Doceri gaudet Jonicos

Matura Virgo, & fingitur Artubus

Jam nunc, & incestos amores

De Tenero meditatatur Ungui.

Hor.¹

The two following Letters are upon a Subject of very great Importance, tho' expressed without any Air of Gravity.²

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I take the Freedom of asking your Advice in Behalf of a young Country Kinswoman of mine who is lately come to Town, and under my Care for her Education. She is very pretty, but you can't imagine how unformed a Creature it is. She comes to my Hands just as Nature left her, half finished, and without any acquired Improvements. When I look on her I often think of the *Belle Sauvage* mentioned in one of your Papers.³ Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, help me to make her comprehend the visible Graces of Speech, and the dumb Eloquence of Motion; for she is at present a perfect Stranger to both. She knows no Way to express her self but by her Tongue, and that always to signifie her Meaning. Her Eyes serve

her yet only to see with, and she is utterly a Foreigner to the Language of Looks and Glances. In this I fancy you could help her better than any Body. I have bestowed two Months in teaching her to Sigh when she is not concerned, and to Smile when she is not pleased; and am ashamed to own she makes little or no Improvement. Then she is no more able now to walk, than she was to go at a Year old. By Walking you will easily know I mean that regular but easie Motion, which gives our Persons so irresistible a Grace as if we moved to Musick, and is a kind of disengaged Figure, or, if I may so speak, recitative Dancing. But the want of this I cannot blame in her, for I find she has no Ear, and means nothing by Walking but to change her Place. I could pardon too her Blushing, if she knew how to carry her self in it, and if it did not manifestly injure her Complexion.

'They tell me you are a Person who have seen the World, and are a Judge of fine Breeding; which makes me ambitious of some Instructions from you for her Improvement: Which when you have favoured me with, I shall further advise with you about the Disposal of this fair °Forrester in Marriage; for I will make it no Secret to you, that her Person and Education are to be her Fortune.'

I am, SIR,

Your very Humble Servant,

CELIMENE.'

SIR,

'Being employed by *Celimene* to make up and send to you her Letter, I make bold to recommend the Case therein mentioned to your Consideration, because she and I happen to differ a little in our Notions. I, who am a rough Man, am afraid the young Girl is in a fair Way to be spoiled; Therefore pray, Mr. SPECTATOR, let us have your Opinion of this fine thing called *Fine Breeding*; for I am afraid it differs too much from that plain thing called *Good Breeding*.

Your most humble Servant.'

The general Mistake among us in the Educating our Children, is, That in our Daughters we take Care of their Persons and neglect their Minds; in our Sons, we are so intent upon adorning their Minds, that we wholly neglect their Bodies. It is from this that you

shall see a young Lady celebrated and admired in all the Assemblies about Town; when her elder Brother is afraid to come into a Room. From this ill Management it arises, That we frequently observe a Man's Life is half spent before he is taken Notice of; and a Woman in the Prime of her Years is out of Fashion and neglected. The Boy I shall consider upon some other Occasion, and at present stick to the Girl: And I am the more inclined to this, because I have several Letters which complain to me that my Female Readers have not understood me for some Days last past, and take themselves to be unconcerned in the present Turn of my Writings. When a Girl is safely brought from her Nurse, before she is capable of forming one simple Notion of any thing in Life, she is delivered to the Hands of her Dancing-Master; and with a °Collar round her Neck, the pretty wild Thing is taught a fantastical Gravity of Behaviour, and forced to a particular Way of holding her Head, heaving her Breast, and moving with her whole Body; and all this under Pain of never having an Husband, if she steps, looks, or moves awry. This gives the young Lady wonderful Workings of imagination, what is to pass between her and this Husband, that she is every Moment told of, and for whom she seems to be educated. Thus her Fancy is engaged to turn all her Endeavours to the Ornament of her Person, as what must determine her Good and Ill in this Life; and she naturally thinks, if she is tall enough, she is wise enough for any thing for which her Education makes her think she is designed. To make her an agreeable Person is the main Purpose of her Parents; to that is all their Cost, to that all their Care directed; and from this general Folly of Parents we owe our present numerous Race of Coquets. These Reflections puzzle me, when I think of giving my Advice on the Subject of managing the wild Thing mentioned in the Letter of my Correspondent. But sure there is a middle Way to be followed; the Management of a young Lady's Person is not to be overlooked, but the °Erudition of her Mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will see the Mind follow the Appetites of the Body, or the Body express the Virtues of the Mind.

Cleomira dances with all the Elegance of Motion imaginable; but her Eyes are so chastised with the Simplicity and Innocence of her Thoughts, that she raises in her Beholders Admiration and good

Will, but no loose Hope or wild Imagination. The true Art in this Case is, To make the Mind and Body improve together; and if possible, to make Gesture follow Thought, and not let Thought be employed upon Gesture. R

No. 189 [ADDISON]

[Fathers and sons]

Saturday, 6 October 1711

— *Patriæ pietatis imago.*

Virg.¹

The following Letter being written to my Bookseller, upon a Subject of which I treated some time since, I shall publish it in this Paper, together with the Letter that was inclosed in it.

Mr. *Buckley*,

'Mr. SPECTATOR having of late descanted upon the Cruelty of Parents to their Children, I have been induced (at the Request of several of Mr. SPECTATOR's Admirers) to enclose this Letter, which I assure you is the Original from a Father to his own Son, notwithstanding the latter gave but little or no Provocation. It would be wonderfully obliging to the World, if Mr. SPECTATOR would give his Opinion of it, in some of his Speculations, and particularly to

(Mr. *Buckley*)

Your humble Servant.

SIRRAH,

'You are a sawcy audacious Rascal, and both Fool and Mad, and I care not a Farthing whether you comply or no; that does not raze out my Impressions of your Insolence, going about Railing at me, and the next Day to sollicit my Favour: These are Inconsistencies, such as discover thy Reason depraved. To be brief, I never desire to see your Face; and, Sirrah, if you go to the Work-house, it's no Disgrace to me for you to be supported there; and if you Starve in the Streets, I'll never give any thing underhand in your behalf. If I have any more of your scribbling Nonsense, I'll break your Head, the first time I set Sight on you: You are a stubborn Beast; is this

your Gratitude for my giving you Money? You Rogue I'll better your Judgment, and give you a greater Sense of your Duty to (I regret to say) your Father, &c.

'P.S. It's Prudence for you to keep out of my Sight; for to reproach me, that Might overcomes Right, on the outside of your Letter, I shall give you a great Knock on the Skull for it.'

Was there ever such an Image of Paternal Tenderness! It was usual among some of the *Greeks* to make their Slaves drink to excess, and then expose them to their Children, who by that means conceived an early Aversion to a Vice which makes Men appear so monstrous and irrational.² I have exposed this Picture of an unnatural Father with the same Intention, that its Deformity may deter others from its Resemblance. If the Reader has a mind to see a Father of the same Stamp represented in the most exquisite Stroaks of Humour, he may meet with it in one of the finest Comedies that ever appeared upon the *English Stage*: I mean the part of Sir Sampson in *Love for Love*.³

I must not however engage my self blindly on the Side of the Son, to whom the fond Letter above-written was directed. His Father calls him a *sawcy and audacious Rascal* in the first Line, and I am afraid upon Examination he will prove but an ungracious Youth. To go about Railing at his Father, and to find no other place but the outside of his Letter to tell him that *Might overcomes Right*, if it does not discover his Reason to be depraved, and that he is either Fool or Mad, as the Cholerick old Gentleman tells him, we may at least allow that the Father will do very well in endeavouring to better his Judgment, and give him a greater Sense of his Duty. But whether this may be brought about by breaking his Head, or giving him a great Knock on the Skull, ought I think to be well considered. Upon the whole, I wish the Father has not met with his Match, and that he may not be as equally paired with a Son, as the Mother in *Virgil*.

— *Crudelis tu quoque mater:*

Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?

*Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.*⁴

Or like the Crow and her Egg in the *Greek Proverb*.

Κακοῦ κόρακος κακὸν ᾠόν.⁵

I must here take Notice of a Letter which I have received from an unknown Correspondent, upon the Subject of my Paper, upon which the foregoing Letter is likewise founded. The Writer of it seems very much concerned lest that Paper should seem to give Encouragement to the Disobedience of Children towards their Parents; but if the Writer of it will take the Pains to read it over again attentively, I dare say his Apprehensions will vanish. Pardon and Reconciliation are all the Penitent Daughter requests, and all that I contend for in her behalf; and in this Case I may use the Saying of an eminent Wit, who upon some great Mens pressing him to forgive his Daughter who had married against his Consent, told them he could refuse nothing to their Instances, but that he would have them remember there was Difference between *Giving* and *Forgiving*.

I must confess, in all Controversies between Parents and their Children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The Obligations on that side can never be acquitted, and I think it is one of the greatest Reflections upon Humane Nature that Paternal Instinct should be a stronger Motive to Love than Filial Gratitude; that the receiving of Favours should be a less Inducement to Goodwill, Tenderness and Commiseration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking Care of any Person should endear the Child or Dependant more to the Parent or Benefactor, than the Parent or Benefactor to the Child or Dependant; yet so it happens, that for one cruel Parent we meet with a thousand undutiful Children. This is indeed wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly observed)⁶ for the Support of every living Species; but at the same time that it shews the Wisdom of the Creator, it discovers the Imperfection and Degeneracy of the Creature.

The Obedience of Children to their Parents is the Basis of all Government, and set forth as the measure of that Obedience which we owe to those whom Providence hath placed over us.

It is Father *le Conte*, if I am not mistaken, who tells us how want of Duty in this Particular is punished among the *Chinese*, insomuch that if a Son should be known to kill or so much as to strike his Father, not only the Criminal but his whole Family would be rooted out, nay the Inhabitants of the Place where he lived would be put to the Sword, nay the Place it self would be razed to the Ground,

and its Foundations sown with Salt: For, say they, there must have been an utter Depravation of Manners in that Clan or Society of People, who could have bred up among them so horrible an Offender.⁷ To this I shall add a Passage out of the first Book of *Herodotus*. That Historian in his Account of the *Persian* Customs and Religion tells us, it is their Opinion that no Man ever killed his Father, or that it is possible such a Crime should be in Nature; but that if anything like it should ever happen, they conclude that the reputed Son must have been illegitimate, Supposititious, or begotten in Adultery. Their Opinion in this Particular shews sufficiently what a Notion they must have had of Undutifulness in general. L

No. 261 [ADDISON]

[Courtship]

Saturday, 29 December 1711

Γάμος γὰρ ἀνθρώποισι ἐκταίον κακόν Frag. vet. Po.¹

My Father, whom I mentioned in my first Speculation, and whom I must always Name with Honour and Gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the Subject of Marriage. I was in my younger Years engaged, partly by his Advice, and partly by my own Inclinations, in the Courtship of a Person who had a great Deal of Beauty, and did not at my first Approaches seem to have any Aversion to me; but as my natural Taciturnity hindered me from shewing my self to the best Advantage, she by Degrees began to look upon me as a very silly Fellow, and being resolved to regard Merit more than any Thing else in the Persons who made their Applications to her, she married a Captain of Dragoons who happened to be beating up for Recruits in those Parts.

This unlucky Accident has given me an Aversion to pretty Fellows ever since, and discouraged me from trying my Fortune with the fair Sex. The Observations which I made in this Conjunction, and the repeated Advices which I received at that Time from the good old Man above-mentioned, have produced the following Essay upon Love and Marriage.

The pleasantest Part of a Man's Life is generally that which passes

in Courtship, provided his Passion be sincere, and the Party beloved kind with Discretion. Love, Desire, Hope, all the pleasing Motions of the Soul rise in the Pursuit.

It is easier for an artful Man, who is not in Love, to persuade his Mistress he has a Passion for her, and to succeed in his Pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest Violence. True Love hath ten thousand Grievs, Impatiencies and Resentments, that render a Man unamiable in the Eyes of the Person whose Affection he sollicit; besides that, it sinks his Figure, gives him Fears, Apprehensions, and Poorness of Spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a Mind to recommend himself.

Those Marriages generally abound most with Love and Constancy, that are preceded by a long Courtship. The Passion should strike Root, and gather Strength before Marriage be grafted on it. A long Course of Hopes and Expectations fixes the Idea in our Minds, and habituates us to a Fondness of the Person beloved.

There is Nothing of so great Importance to us, as the good Qualities of one to whom we join our selves for Life; they do not only make our present State agreeable, but often determine our Happiness to all Eternity. Where the Choice is left to Friends, the chief Point under Consideration is an Estate: Where the Parties chuse for themselves, their Thoughts turn most upon the Person. They have both their Reasons. The first would procure many Conveniencies and Pleasures of Life to the Party whose Interests they espouse; and at the same Time may hope that the Wealth of their Friend will turn to their own Credit and Advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual Feast. A good Person does not only raise, but continue Love, and breeds a secret Pleasure and Complacency in the Beholder, when the first Heats of Desire are extinguished. It puts the Wife or Husband in Countenance both among Friends and Strangers, and generally fills the Family with a healthy and beautiful Race of Children.

I should prefer a Woman that is agreeable in my own Eye, and not deformed in that of the World, to a celebrated Beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent Passion for her, or you have not the proper Taste of her Charms; and if you have such a Passion for her, it is odds but it will be imbittered with Fears and Jealousies.

Good Nature, and Evenness of Temper, will give you an easie Companion for Life; Vertue and good Sense, an agreeable Friend; Love and Constancy, a good Wife or Husband. Where we meet one Person with all these Accomplishments, we find an Hundred without any one of them. The World notwithstanding, is more intent on Trains and Equipages, and all the showy Parts of Life; we love rather to dazzle the Multitude, than consult our proper Interest; and, as I have elsewhere observed,² it is one of the most unaccountable Passions of humane Nature, that we are at greater Pains to appear easie and happy to others, than really to make our selves so. Of all Disparities, that in Humour makes the most unhappy Marriages, yet scarce enters into our Thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this Respect unequally yoked, and uneasie for Life, with a Person of a particular Character, might have been pleased and happy with a Person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally vertuous and laudable in their Kind.

Before Marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the Faults of the Person beloved, nor after it too dim sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the Person appears to you at a Distance, you will find many Blemishes and Imperfections in her Humour, upon a more intimate Acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected. Here therefore Discretion and good Nature are to shew their Strength; the first will hinder your Thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the Tenderness of Compassion and Humanity, and by Degrees soften those very Imperfections into Beauties.

Marriage enlarges the Scene of our Happiness and Miseries. A Marriage of Love is pleasant; a Marriage of Interest easie; and a Marriage, where both meet, happy. A happy Marriage has in it all the Pleasures of Friendship, all the Enjoyments of Sense and Reason, and, indeed, all the Sweets of Life. Nothing is a greater Mark of a degenerate and vitious Age, than the common Ridicule which passes on this State of Life. It is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with Scorn or Neglect on the Impieties of the Times, and tread the Paths of Life together in a constant uniform Course of Virtue.

[C]

No. 182 [STEELE]

[Seduction]

Friday, 28 September 1711

*Plus aloes quam mellis habet—*Juv.¹

As all Parts of humane Life come under my Observation, my Reader must not make uncharitable Inferences from my speaking knowingly of that sort of Crime which is at present treated of. He will, I hope, suppose I know it only from the Letters of Correspondents, two of which you shall have as follow.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'It is wonderful to me, that among the many Enormities which you have treated of you have not mentioned that of Wenching, and particularly the insnaring Part; I mean, that it is a thing very fit for your Pen to expose the Villany of the Practice of deluding Women. You are to know, Sir, that I my self am a Woman who have been one of the Unhappy that have fallen into this Misfortune, and that by the Insinuation of a very worthless Fellow who served others in the same Manner both before my Ruin and since that Time. I had, as soon as the Rascal left me, so much Indignation and Resolution, as not to go upon the Town, as the Phrase is, but took to work for my Living in an obscure Place, out of the Knowledge of all with whom I was before acquainted.

'It is the ordinary Practice and Business of Life with a Sett of idle Fellows about this Town, to write Letters, send Messages, and form Appointments with little raw unthinking Girls, and leave them after Possession of them without any Mercy to Shame, Infamy, Poverty, and Disease. Were you to read the nauseous Impertinencies which are written on these Occasions, and to see the silly Creatures sighing over them, it could not but be Matter of Mirth as well as Pity. A little Prentice Girl of mine has been for some time applied to by an *Irish* Fellow, who dresses very fine, and struts in a laced Coat, and is the Admiration of Semstresses who are under Age in Town. Ever since I have had some Knowledge of the Matter, I have debarred my Prentice from Pen, Ink, and Paper. But the other Day he bespoke some Cravats of me: I went out of the Shop, and left his Mistress to put them up into a °Band-Box in order to be sent to

him when his Man called. When I came into the Shop again I took Occasion to send her away, and found in the Bottom of the Box written these Words, *Why would you ruin a harmless Creature that loves you?* then in the Lid, *There is no resisting* Strephon: I searched a little further, and found in the Rim of the Box, *At eleven of Clock at Night come in an Hackney-Coach at the End of our Street.* This was enough to alarm me; I sent away the things, and took my Measures accordingly. An Hour or two before the appointed Time I examined my young Lady and found her Trunk stuffed with impertinent Letters, and an old Scrole of Parchment in Latin, which her Lover had sent her as a Settlement of fifty Pounds a Year; among other things there was also the best Lace I had in my Shop to make him a Present for Cravats. I was very glad of this last Circumstance, because I could very conscientiously swear against him that he had enticed my Servant away, and was her Accomplice in robbing me. I procured a Warrant against him accordingly. Every thing was now prepared, and the tender Hour of Love approaching, I who had acted for my self in my Youth the same senseless Part, knew how to manage accordingly. Therefore after having locked up my Maid, and not being so much unlike her in Height and Shape, as in a huddled way not to pass for her, I delivered the Bundle designed to be carried off to her Lover's Man, who came with the Signal to receive them. Thus I followed after to the Coach, where when I saw his Master take them in, I cried out Thieves! Thieves! and the Constable with his Attendants seized my expecting Lover. I kept my self unobserved 'till I saw the Crowd sufficiently increased, and then appeared to declare the Goods to be mine; and had the Satisfaction to see my Man of Mode² put into the °Round-house with the stolen Wares by him, to be produced in Evidence against the next Morning. This Matter is notoriously known to be Fact, and I have been contented to save my Prentice, and take a Year's Rent of this mortified Lover not to appear further in the Matter. This was some Penance; but, Sir, is this enough for a Villany of much more pernicious Consequence than the Trifles for which he was to have been indicted? Should not you, and all Men of any Parts or Honour, put things upon so right a Foot, as that such a Rascal should not laugh at the Imputation of what he was really guilty, and dread being accused of that for which he was arrested?

'In a Word, Sir, it is in the Power of you, and such as I hope you are, to make it as infamous to rob a poor Creature of her Honour as her Cloaths. I leave this to your Consideration, only take Leave (which I cannot do without sighing) to remark to you, that if this had been the Sense of Mankind thirty Years ago, I should have avoided a Life spent in Poverty and Shame.

I am, SIR,

*Your most humble Servant,
Alice Threadneedle.'*

Mr. SPECTATOR

°Round-house, Sept. 9.

'I am a Man of Pleasure about Town, but by the Stupidity of a dull Rogue of a Justice of Peace and an insolent Constable, upon the Oath of an old Harridan, am imprisoned here for Theft when I designed only Fornication. The °Midnight Magistrate as he conveyed me along had you in his Mouth, and said this would make a °pure Story for the SPECTATOR. I hope, Sir, you won't pretend to Wit, and take the Part of dull Rogues of Business. The World is so altered of late Years, that there was not a Man who would knock down a Watchman in my Behalf, but I was carried off with as much Triumph as if I had been a Pick-pocket. At this Rate there is an End to all the Wit and Humour in the World. The Time was when all the honest Whore-masters in the Neighbourhood, would have rose against the Cuckolds to my Rescue. If Fornication is to be scandalous, half the fine Things that have been writ by most of the Wits of the last Age may be burnt by the common Hangman. Harkee, SPEC. do not be queer; after having done some things pretty well, don't begin to write at that Rate that no Gentleman can read thee. Be true to Love, and burn your *Seneca*. You do not expect me to write my Name from hence, but I am

Your unknown humble, &c.'

T

No. 266 [STEELE]

[Poor and publick whores]

Friday, 4 January 1712

*Id vero est, quod ego mihi puto palmarium,**Me reperisse, quomodo adolescensulus**Meretricum ingenia & mores possit noscere:**Mature ut cum cognorist perpetuo oderit.*Ter.¹

No Vice or Wickedness, which People fall into from Indulgence to Desires which are natural to all, ought to place them below the Compassion of the virtuous Part of the World; which indeed often makes me a little apt to suspect the Sincerity of their Virtue, who are too warmly provoked at other Peoples personal Sins. The unlawful Commerce of the Sexes is of all other the hardest to avoid; and yet there is no one which you shall hear the rigider Part of Womankind speak of with so little Mercy. It is very certain that a modest Woman cannot abhor the Breach of Chastity too much; but pray let her hate it for herself, and only pity it in others. WILL. HONEYCOMB calls these over-offended Ladies, the outrageously virtuous.

I do not design to fall upon Failures in general, with Relation to the Gift of Chastity, but at present only enter upon that large Field, and begin with the Consideration of poor and publick Whores. The other Evening passing along near *Covent-Garden*, I was jogged on the Elbow as I turned into the Piazza, on the right Hand coming out of *James-Street*, by a slim young Girl of about Seventeen, who with a pert Air asked me if I was for a Pint of Wine. I do not know but I should have indulged my Curiosity in having some Chat with her, but that I am informed the Man of the *Bumper* knows me;² and it would have made a Story for him not very agreeable to some Part of my Writings, though I have in others so frequently said that I am wholly unconcerned in any Scene I am in, but merely as a Spectator. This Impediment being in my Way, we stood under one of the Arches by Twilight; and there I could observe as exact Features as I had ever seen, the most agreeable Shape, the finest Neck and Bosom, in a Word, the whole Person of a Woman exquisitely beautiful. She affected to allure me with a forced Wantonness in her Look and Air; but I saw it checked

with Hunger and Cold; Her Eyes were wan and eager, her Dress thin and tawdry, her [Mien] genteel and childish. This strange Figure gave me much Anguish of Heart, and to avoid being seen with her I went away, but could not forbear giving her a ^oCrown. The poor Thing sighed, curtsied, and with a Blessing, expressed with the utmost Vehemence, turned from me. This Creature is what they call ^o*newly come upon the Town*, but who, I suppose, falling into cruel Hands, was left in the first Month from her Dishonour, and exposed to pass through the Hands and Discipline of one of those Hags of Hell whom we call Bawds. But least I should grow too suddenly grave on this Subject, and be my self outrageously good, I shall turn to a Scene in one of *Fletcher's* Plays, where this Character is drawn, and the Oeconomy of Whoredom most admirably described. The Passage I would point to is in the third Scene of the second Act of the *Humorous Lieutenant*.³ *Leucippe*, who is Agent for the King's Lust, and bawds at the same Time for the whole Court, is very pleasantly introduced, reading her Minutes as a Person of Business, with two Maids, her Under-Secretaries, taking Instructions at a Table before her. Her Women, both those under her present Tutelage, and those which she is laying Wait for, are alphabetically set down in her Book; and she is looking over the Letter C, in a muttering Voice, as if between Soliloquy and speaking out, she says,

*Her Maiden-head will yield me; let me see now;
She is not Fifteen they say: For her Complexion —
Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, here I have her,
Cloe, the Daughter of a Country Gentleman;
Her Age upon Fifteen. Now her Complexion,
A lovely brown; here 'tis; Eyes black and rowling,
The Body neatly built; she strikes a Lute well,
Sings most enticingly: These Helps consider'd,
Her Maiden-head will amount to some three hundred,
Or three hundred and fifty Crowns, 'twill bear it handsomly.
Her Father's poor, some little Share deducted,
To buy him a Hunting-Nag . . .*

These Creatures are very well instructed in the Circumstances and Manners of all who are any Way related to the fair one whom

they have a Design upon. As *Cloe* is to be purchased with 350 Crowns, and the Father taken off with a Pad; the Merchant's Wife next to her, who abounds in Plenty, is not to have downright Money, but the mercenary Part of her Mind is engaged with a Present of Plate and a little Ambition: She is made to understand that it is a Man of Quality who dies for her. The Examination of a young Girl for Business, and the crying down her Value for being a slight Thing, together with every other Circumstance in the Scene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true Spirit of Comedy; tho' it were to be wished the Author had added a Circumstance which should make *Leucippe's* Baseness more odious.

It must not be Thought a Digression from my intended Speculation, to talk of Bawds in a Discourse upon Wenches; for a Woman of the Town is not thoroughly and properly such, without having gone through the Education of one of these Houses: But the compassionate Case of very many is, that they are taken into such Hands without any the least Suspicion, previous Temptation, or Admonition to what Place they are going. The last Week I went to an Inn in the City, to enquire for some Provisions which were sent by a Waggon out of the Country; and as I waited in one of the °Boxes till the Chamberlain had looked over his Parcels, I heard an old and a young Voice repeating the Questions and Responses of the Church-Catechism. I thought it no Breach of good Manners to peep at a Crevice, and look in at People so well employed; but who should I see there but the most artful Procuress in the Town, examining a most beautiful Country-Girl, who had come up in the same Waggon with my Things,⁴ *Whether she was well educated, could forbear playing the Wanton with Servants, and idle Fellows, of which this Town, says she, is too full: At the same Time, Whether she knew enough of Breeding; as that if a Squire or a Gentleman, or one that was her Betters, should give her a civil Salute, she could curtsie and be humble nevertheless. Her innocent forsooths, yes's, and't please you's, and she would do her Endeavour,* moved the good old Lady to take her out of the Hands of a Country Bumkin her Brother, and hire her for her own Maid. I stayed till I saw them all marched out to take Coach; the Brother loaded with a great Cheese, he prevailed upon her to take for her Civilities to Sister. This poor Creature's Fate is not far off that of her's whom I spoke of above; and it is not to be doubted,

but after she has been long enough a Prey to Lust she will be delivered over to Famine; the Ironical Commendation of the Industry and Charity of these antiquated Ladies, these Directors of Sin, after they can no longer commit it, makes up the Beauty of the inimitable Dedication to the *Plain Dealer*, and is a Master-piece of Rallery on this Vice: But to understand all the °Purlues of this Game the better, and to illustrate this Subject in future Discourses, I must venture my self, with my Friend WILL, into the Haunts of Beauty and Gallantry; from pampered Vice in the Habitations of the Wealthy, to distressed indigent Wickedness expelled the Harbours of the Brothel. T

No. 276 [STEELE]

[Responses to S 266]

Wednesday, 16 January 1712

Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.

Hor.¹

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I hope you have Philosophy enough to be capable of bearing the Mention of your Faults. Your Papers which regard the fallen Part of the fair Sex, are, I think, written with an Indelicacy which makes them unworthy to be inserted in the Writings of a Moralist who knows the World. I cannot allow that you are at Liberty to observe upon the Actions of Mankind with the Freedom which you seem to resolve upon; at least if you do so, you should take along with you the Distinction of Manners of the World, according to the Quality and Way of Life of the Persons concerned. A Man of Breeding speaks of even Misfortune among Ladies, without giving it the most terrible Aspect it can bear; and this Tenderness towards them, is much more to be preserved when you speak of Vices. All Mankind are so far related, that Care is to be taken, in things to which all are liable, you do not mention what concerns one in Terms which shall disgust another. Thus to tell a rich Man of the Indigence of a Kinsman of his, or abruptly inform a virtuous Woman of the Lapse of one who till then was in the same Degree of Esteem with her self, is in a kind involving each of them in some Participation of those Disadvantages. It is therefore expected from every Writer, to treat his Argument in such

a Manner, as is most proper to entertain the sort of Readers to whom his Discourse is directed. It is not necessary, when you write to the Tea-Table, that you should draw Vices which carry all the Horrour of Shame and Contempt: If you paint an impertinent Self-love, an artful Glance, an assumed Complexion, you say all which you ought to suppose they can possibly be guilty of. When you talk with this Limitation, you behave your self so as that you may expect others in Conversation may second your Raillery; but when you do it in a Stile which every Body else forbears in Respect to their Quality, they have an easy Remedy in forbearing to read you, and hearing no more of their Faults. A Man that is now and then guilty of an Intemperance, is not to be called a Drunkard; but the Rule of polite Raillery, is to speak of a Man's Faults as if you loved him. Of this Nature is what was said by *Cæsar*: When one was railing with an uncourtly Vehemence, and broke out, What must we call him who was taken in an Intrigue with another Man's Wife? *Cæsar* answered very gravely, *A careless Fellow*. This was at once a Reprimand for speaking of a Crime which in those Days had not the Abhorrence attending it as it ought, as well as an Intimation that all intemperate Behaviour before Superiours loses its Aim, by accusing in a Method unfit for the Audience. A Word to the Wise. All I mean here to say to you is, That the most free Person of Quality can go no further than being an unkind Woman; and you should never say of a Man of Figure worse, than that he knows the World.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Francis Courtly.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Woman of an unspotted Reputation, and know Nothing I have ever done which should encourage such Insolence; but here was one the other Day, and he was dressed like a Gentleman too, who took Liberty to Name the Words lusty Fellow in my Presence. I doubt not but you will resent it in Behalf of,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Celia.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You lately put out a dreadful Paper, wherein you promise a full Account of the State of criminal Love; and call all the Fair who have transgressed in that Kind by one very rude Name which I do not care to repeat: But I Desire to know of you whether I am or I am not one of those? My Case is as follows. I am kept by an old Batchelour, who took me so young that I knew not how he came by me: He is a Bencher of one of the Inns of Court, a very gay healthy old Man; which is a very lucky Thing for him, who has been, he tells me, a °Scowrer, a °Scamperer, a Breaker of Windows, and Invader of Constables, in the Days of Yore, when all Dominion ended with the Day, and Males and Females met helter-skelter, and the Scowrers drove before them all who pretended to keep up Order or Rule to the Interruption of Love and Honour. This is his Way of Talk, for he is very gay when he visits me; but as his former Knowledge of the Town has alarmed him into an invincible Jealousy, he keeps me in a Pair of Slippers, neat Boddice, warm Petticoats, and my own Hair woven in Ringlets, after a Manner, he says, he remembers. I am not Mistress of one Farthing of Money, but have all Necessaries provided for me, under the Guard of one who procured for him while he had any Desires to gratify. I know Nothing of a Wench's Life, but the Reputation of it: I have a natural Voice, and a pretty untaught Step in Dancing. His Manner is to bring an old Fellow who has been his Servant from his Youth, and is grey-headed: This Man makes on the Violin a certain Jiggish Noise, to which I dance, and when that is over I sing to him some loose Air that has more Wantonness than Musick in it. You must have seen a strange windowed House near *Hide-Park*, which is so built that no one can look out of any of the Apartments; my Rooms are after that Manner, and I never see Man, Woman or Child but in Company with the two Persons abovementioned. He sends me in all the Books, Pamphlets, Plays, Operas and Songs that come out; and his utmost Delight in me, as a Woman, is to talk over all his old Amours in my Presence, to play with my Neck, say *the Time was*, give me a Kiss, and bid me be sure to follow the Directions of my Guardian, (the abovementioned Lady) and I shall never want. The Truth of my Case is, I suppose, that I was educated for a Purpose he did not know he should be unfit for when I came

to Years. Now, Sir, what I ask of you, as a Casuist, is to tell me how far in these Circumstances I am innocent, though submissive; he guilty, though impotent?

I am,

SIR,

Your constant Reader,

PUCELLA.

To the Man called the SPECTATOR.

Friend,

'Forasmuch as at the Birth of thy Labour, thou didst promise upon thy Word, that letting alone the Vanities that do abound, thou wouldest only endeavour to strengthen the crooked Morals of this our *Babylon*, I gave Credit to thy fair Speeches, and admitted one of thy Papers, every Day, save *Sunday*, into my House; for the Edification of my Daughter *Tabitha*, and to the End that *Susanna* the Wife of my Bosom might profit thereby. But alas! my Friend, I find that thou art a Liar, and that the Truth is not in thee; else why didst thou in a Paper which thou didst lately put forth, make Mention of those vain Coverings for the Heads of our Females, which thou lovest to liken unto Tulips,² and which are lately sprung up among us? Nay, why didst thou make Mention of them in such a Seeming, as if thou didst approve the Invention, insomuch that my Daughter *Tabitha* beginneth to wax wanton, and to lust after these foolish Vanities? Surely thou dost see with the Eyes of the Flesh. Verily therefore, unless thou dost speedily amend and leave off following thine own Imaginations, I will leave off thee.

Thy Friend as hereafter thou dost demean thy self,

T

Hezekiah Broadbrim.'

No. 203 [ADDISON]

[Illegitimate children]

Tuesday, 23 October 1711

— *Phæbe pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum,*

Nec falsâ Clymene culpam sub imagine celat;

Pignora da, Genitor —

Ov. Met.¹

There is a loose Tribe of Men whom I have not yet taken Notice of, that ramble into all the Corners of this great City, in order to seduce such unfortunate Females as fall into their Walks. These abandoned Profligates raise up Issue in every Quarter of the Town, and very often for a valuable Consideration father it upon the Church-warden. By this means there are several Married Men who have a little Family in most of the Parishes of *London* and *Westminster*, and several Batchelors who are undone by a Charge of Children.

When a Man once gives himself this Liberty of preying at large, and living upon the Common, he finds so much Game in a populous City, that it is surprising to consider the Numbers which he sometimes Propagates. We see many a young Fellow, who is scarce of Age, that could lay his Claim to the *Jus trium Liberorum*, or the Privileges which were granted by the *Roman* Laws to all such as were Fathers of three Children: Nay, I have heard a Rake who was not quite Five and Twenty declare himself the Father of a Seventh Son,² and very prudently determine to breed him up a Physician. In short, the Town is full of these young Patriarchs, not to mention several battered Beaus, who, like heedless Spend-thrifts that squander away their Estates before they [are] Masters of them, have raised up their whole stock of Children before Marriage.

I must not here omit the particular Whim of an Impudent Libertine that had a little smattering of Heraldry, and observing how the Genealogies of great Families were often drawn up in the shape of Trees, had taken a Fancy to dispose of his own Illegitimate Issue in a Figure of the same kind.

— *Nec longum tempus et ingens,*

Exiit ad cælum ramis felicibus arbos,

Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.

Virg.³