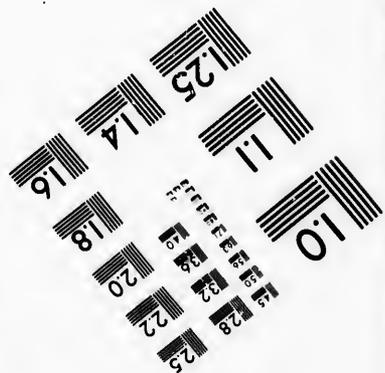
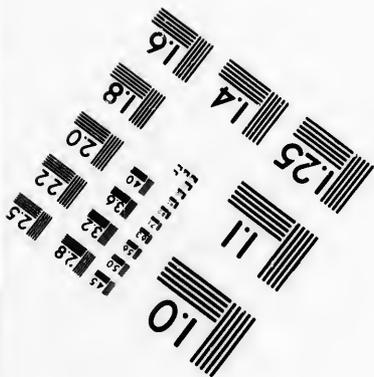
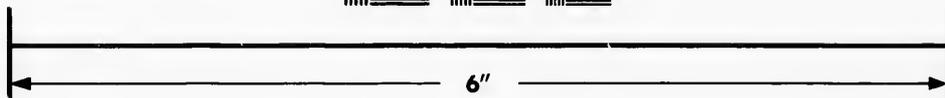
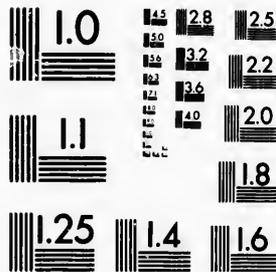


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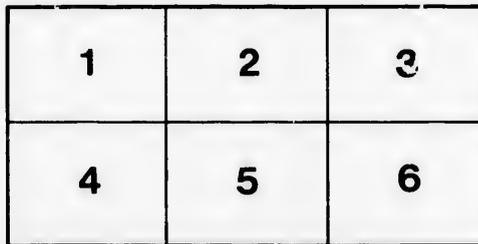
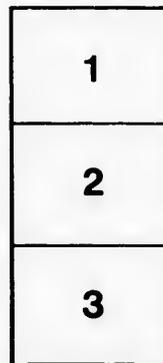
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SIR ROGER
DE COVERLEY
PAPERS

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

BY

JOSEPH ADDISON

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

HALIFAX, N. S. :
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SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY

PAPERS FROM

THE SPECTATOR

BY

JOSEPH ADDISON

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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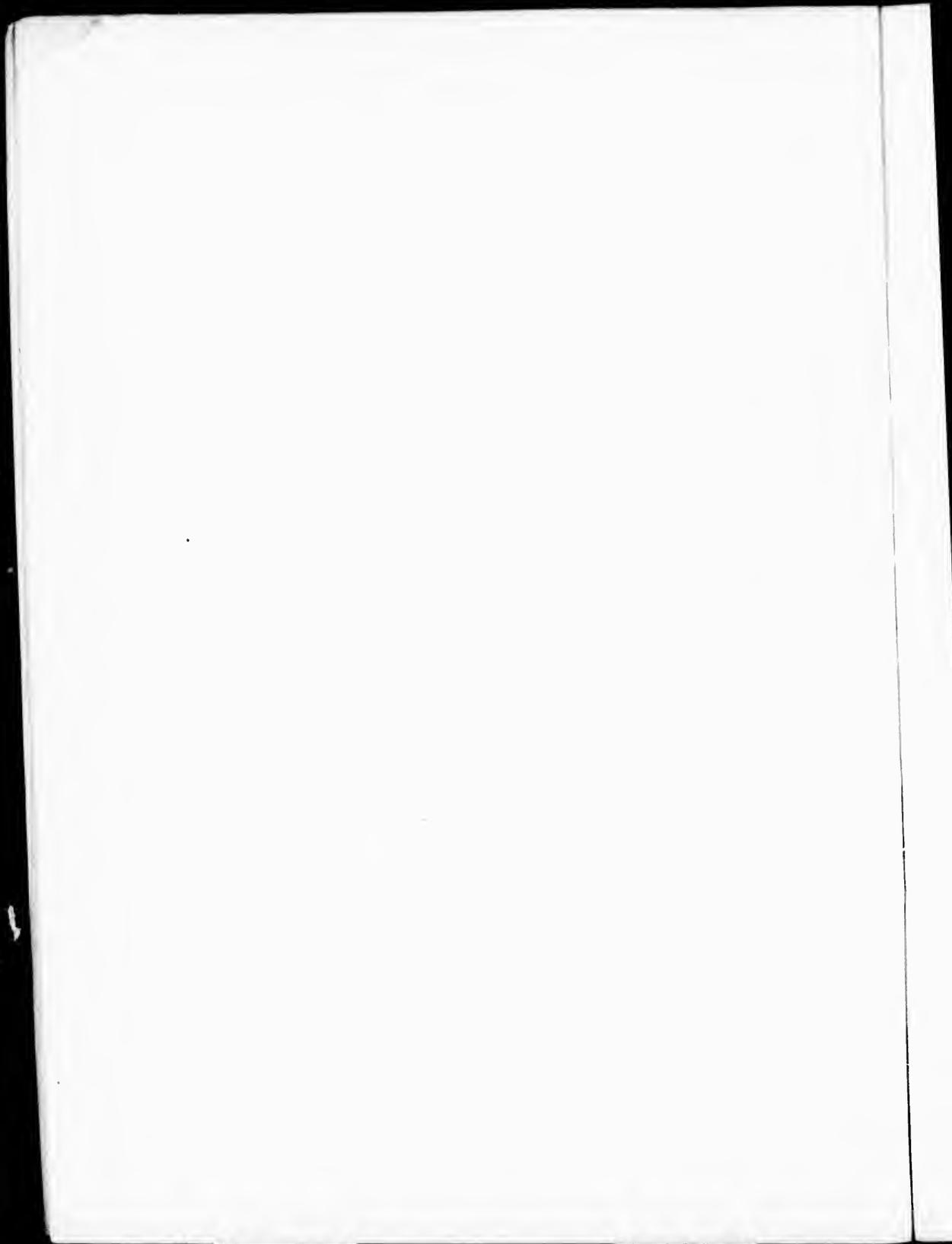
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INTRODUCTION.

We owe the Coverley papers to English journalism. They appeared in *The Spectator*, a daily paper, first published March 1st, 1711.

"The first English journalists were the writers of 'news-letters,' originally dependants of great men, each employed in keeping his own master or patron well-informed, during his absence from court, of all that transpired there. The duty grew at length into a calling. The writer had his periodical subscription list, and instead of writing a single letter wrote as many letters as he had customers. Then one more enterprising than the rest established an 'intelligence office' with a staff of clerks." (*Brit. Enc.*) The Paston letters, written in the 15th century, afford good examples of the earlier "news-letters."

In the 16th century "news pamphlets" began to appear, and in the earlier years of the 17th they came in shoals. They bore such titles as *News from Spaine*, *News from all parts of Germany and Poland to this present 20 of October 1621*, *The certaine news of this present week ending 23rd August 1622*. The "news-letters" and "news-pamphlets" appeared at irregular intervals. *The Weekly News from Italy, Germany, etc.*, published May 23, 1622, was the first English *periodical* newspaper. In 1641, the *Diurnal Occurrences or Heads of the severall proceedings in both Houses of Parliament*—the first to give authentic reports of the proceedings of parliament—appeared as a weekly. It was followed by shoals of "Mercuries," "Diurnals," "Scouts," "Intelligencers," etc. This

great outburst of journalistic activity was due to the anxiety of both King and Commons to secure the support of the people in that great struggle, which cost Charles his life, and which laid the foundations of parliamentary government. "No fewer than 170 weekly papers of various kinds and various shades of politics had been started in England between the commencement of the Civil War in August 1642, and the King's death in January 1649" (Masson).

Nearly fifty years later (1695) the *Postboy* feebly ventured to appear as a daily. It died within a week. The first successful daily appeared three days after Queen Anne's accession to the throne. It was printed in double columns on one side of a single sheet, fourteen inches in length and eight inches in breadth. Across the top, in clear, bold type, ran the title, *The Daily Courant*. Beneath the title and enclosed by two lines running from margin to margin was the date, "Wednesday March 11, 1702." It contained three extracts of war news, dated March 18,* one from the *Harlem Courant*, one from the *Paris Gazette*, and one from the *Amsterdam Courant*. Eight years later, the *Spectator* appeared in similar form; and was sold for one penny.

The *Spectator* differed from its predecessors in one respect. It contained no news. The *Courant* gave nothing but news. Defoe's *Review* and Steele's *Tatler* mingled news with short essays on books, morals and manner. The *Review* also gave vigorous opinions on political questions. In several numbers

* For some years after the Continent had adopted the "New Style" or the reformed (Gregorian) calendar England adhered to the "Old Style." It was not till the reign of George II. that an act was passed "for regulating the commencement of the year and for correcting the calendar now in use." It was enacted then that 11 days should be omitted after the 2nd of September, 1752, so that the ensuing day should be the 14th, and that the first day of the year should be January 1st, and not March 25th, the day of Annunciation, as heretofore.

of the *Spectator*, besides the short essays or papers there appeared advertisements of Books, "Bohea Tea," "Mineral Waters," "Angelick Snuff," etc. Like the *Tatler*, which had ceased to appear January 3rd, 1711, the *Spectator* had for its editor, Richard Steele, and among its contributors, Joseph Addison.

The *Tatler* and the *Spectator* had the same general purpose. It was "to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse and our behaviour" (Steele); or, in the stately language of Dr. Samuel Johnson, "to teach the minuter decencies and inferior duties of life, to regulate the practice of daily conversation, to correct those depravities which are rather ridiculous than criminal, and to remove those grievances which, if they produce no lasting calamities, witness hourly vexation." In the tenth *Spectator*, Addison declares his resolution to refresh his readers' memories from day to day till he has "recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly, into which the age is fallen." "Before the *Tatler* and *Spectator*," said Dr. Johnson, "we had many books to teach us our more important duties, and to settle opinions in philosophy or politics; but an *arbiter elegantiarum*, a judge of propriety, was yet wanting who should survey the track of daily conversation, and free it from the thorns and prickles which tease the passer though they do not wound him" (*Life of Addison*).

"For this purpose," says the same eminent authority, "nothing is so proper as the frequent publications of short papers which are read not as study but as amusement." The interest of a novel was given to these short papers by representing them as the opinions of a small company of select friends—the *Spectator* club. "These friends were first sketched by Steele. Four of the club, the templar, the clergyman, the soldier, and the merchant, were uninteresting

figures, fit only for a back-ground. But the other two, an old country baronet and an old town rake, though not delineated with a very delicate pencil, had some good strokes. Addison took the rude outlines into his own hands, retouched them, coloured them, and is in truth the creator of Sir Roger de Coverley and the Will Honeycomb with whom we are all familiar" (Macaulay *Essay on Addison*). In Sir Roger's treatment of servants and tenants, his improvements in the services of the church, his opinions upon ghosts, witches, gipsies and parties, his conduct at the Assizes and in Westminster, his experience at the Play and in Spring Gardens, the *Spectator* reflects the views of the country gentlemen and corrects with sly humour, grave irony, and kindly criticism, the extravagances and prejudices of the age.

The papers were a great success. They were widely read, and they succeeded in their object. On Addison's authority we are told that they "had a perceptible influence upon the conversation of that time and taught the frolic and the gay to unite merriment with decency." In the tenth *Spectator*, Addison wrote, "There are three thousand of them already distributed daily; so that, if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about three-score thousand disciples in London and Westminster." Later the circulation increased to near four thousand. "For particular papers," says Macaulay, "the demand was immense; of some, it is said, twenty thousand copies were required. But this was not all. To have the *Spectator* served up every morning with the bohea and rolls was a luxury for the few. The majority were content to wait till essays enough had appeared to form a volume. Ten thousand copies of each volume were immediately taken off, and new editions called for. It must be remembered that the population of England was then hardly a third of what it now is. The number of Englishmen who were in the habit of reading

was probably not a sixth of what it now is. A shopkeeper or a farmer who found any pleasure in literature was a rarity. Nay, there was doubtless more than one knight of the shire whose county seat did not contain ten books, receipt books and books on farriery included. In these circumstances the sale of the *Spectator* must be considered as indicating a popularity quite as great as that of the most successful works of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Dickens in our own time." (1843).

To Addison must the success of the *Spectator* in large measure be attributed. "For," in the words of Macaulay, "Addison is the *Spectator*. About three-sevenths of the work are his; and it is no exaggeration to say that his worst essay is as good as the best essay of any of his coadjutors. His best essays approach near to absolute perfection; nor is their excellence more wonderful than their variety."

Addison's life covers a period of "bitterest scorn and party hate." He saw the exile of James II, the great war with Louis the Great of France, the fierce party strife between Whigs and Tories, and the arrival of a German prince to receive the crown of England.

In a small village in Wiltshire, on the 1st of May, 1672, Joseph Addison was born. His father, Rev. Lancelot Addison, was parish priest there, but later was appointed Dean of Lichfield. In Lichfield, Joseph went to a school taught by a Mr. Shaw. Dr. Johnson relates a story which he had received from a nephew of one of Addison's schoolfellows about a "barring-out" of the master. Addison was given the dubious credit of planning and carrying it out. From Lichfield he went to Charterhouse School, where he met Richard Steele and there laid the foundations of that friendship "of which the *Spectator* is the abiding monument." The friendship, begun at Charterhouse, was continued and deepened at Oxford.

At one time Addison seems to have thought of entering the Church. But an introduction to Charles Montague (afterwards Lord Halifax), who was looking for promising young writers as supporters of the Whig cause, led to a pension of £300 a year. By this Addison was enabled to spend four years in travelling in France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany and Holland. It was at this time that he was appointed to the army of Prince Eugenio (as Sir Roger calls him) as king's secretary. A change of ministry, however, and the consequent loss of his pension, forced him to return to England. In 1704, the Whigs, who had meanwhile returned to power, intrusted to Addison the celebration in verse of the victory of Blenheim. The *Campaign* was the result. Its success made the author an under-secretary of state. When Steele was planning the *Tatler*, in 1709, Addison went to Ireland as secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. Addison continued to advance in the service of the State until 1717, when he became a Secretary of State. Ill-health, however, compelled him to resign the following year. The year before he had married the Dowager Countess of Warwick, who seems to have been almost as perverse as the "beautiful widow of the next county" to Sir Roger. The closing years of his life were troubled by a bitter newspaper controversy with his old friend Steele. On the 17th of June, 1719, death came before reconciliation. He was buried in Westminster Abbey,

"I think," says Thackeray, "Addison's life was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name" (*English Humourists*). So great was the heat of party strife that we marvel at the happiness of one who took no mean part in public affairs." "Yet faction itself could not deny that Addison had, through all changes of fortune, been strictly faithful to his early opinions and to his early friends; that his integrity was without stain; that his whole

deportment indicated a fine sense of the becoming; that in the utmost heat of controversy, his zeal was tempered by a regard for truth, humanity, and social decorum; that no outrage could ever provoke him to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman; and that his only faults were a too sensitive delicacy and a modesty which amounted to bashfulness." Of the affection which posterity has for his "happy and spotless name," let Macaulay again speak. "To Addison we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be, which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster."

Addison's style is the despair of imitators. "It is the most perfect form of English" (Lytton). We mark the clearness, the lightness, the grace; we feel the delicate humour, the subtle tenderness, and the calm moderation; and we are amazed at the absence of every appearance of effort. Yet this perfection of form came not without pains. Mr. Courthope has shown how Addison polished and refined, how his direct statements passed through ornament to graceful simplicity. Very interesting is it to observe the difference between the simple style of Addison's essays and that of the well-known estimate from Johnson's *Life of Addison*, which is quoted below.

"His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendor.

"It was apparently his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes de-

scends too much to the language of conversation ; yet if his language had been less idiomatical it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted, he performed ; he is never feeble and he did not wish to be energetic ; he is never rapid and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity ; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

SIR ROGER.

Friday, March 2, 1711.

Ast alii sex

Et plures, uno conclamant ore.—*Juv. Sat. vii. 167.*

Six more at least join their consenting voice.

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire of an 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 behaviour, but his singularities proceed **10** 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 humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier 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 **20** 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 afterwards. 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 humours, he tells us, had been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth
 10 year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, 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
 20 months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

R.

 SIR ROGER AT HOME.

Monday, July 2, 1711.

Hinc tibi copia
 Manabit ad plenum, benigno
 Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.—Hor. 1 *Od.* xvii. 14.

Here Plenty's liberal horn shall pour
 Of fruits for thee a copious show'r,
 Rich honours of the quiet plain.

Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in
 30 the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations.

Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields, I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it 10 consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him: by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet-de-chambre* for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-councillor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the 20 stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics, upon my friend's arrival at his country seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time, the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, 30 tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or in the fields, is a very venerable man, who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentle-
10 man is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation. He heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from
20 those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned; and without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a
30 clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. "My friend," says Sir Roger, "found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher

in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. 10 At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him, that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity."

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday 20 night), told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors, who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and 30 delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example, and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other

talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by great masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people. L.

SIR ROGER AND WILL WIMBLE.

Wednesday, July 4, 1711.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens. —Phaedr. *Fab.* v. 2.

Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service
10 to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

“SIR ROGER,

“I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I
20 twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John’s eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

“WILL WIMBLE.”

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet,
30 and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He

is now between forty and fifty, but being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good¹⁰ correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters, and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them "how they wear?"²⁰ These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazel-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were³⁰ over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box, to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half-year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and

uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rang to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught served up
10 for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it, he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild-fowl that came afterwards, furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest
20 gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider, with a great deal of concern, how so good a heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles, that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader
or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary
30 qualifications!

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation like ours that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie

with the best of their family. Accordingly, we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that, finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. L. 10

SIR ROGER AND GHOSTS.

Friday, July 6, 1711.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.

Virg. Aen. ii. 755.

All things are full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.—Dryden.

At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider 20 as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me with a very grave face not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit 30 that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without

an head, to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way, with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, 10 the harbours of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time, the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which, from time to time, are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; 20 and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks to show how by the prejudice of education one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance: "The ideas of goblins and 30 sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light; yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives, but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of

terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without an head; and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me, with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard 10 in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, 20 and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated their fears which had so long reigned in the family. L.

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH.

Monday, July 9, 1711.

*Ἐθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοῖς, νόμῳ ὡς διακρίεται,
Τιμᾶ.*

—Pythag.

First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worship th' immortal Gods.

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 30 could have been thought of for the polishing and civilising

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
10 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 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-
20 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.

30 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 servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities 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 remark- 10 able 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 behaviour ; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make 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 20 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 catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next 30 day for his encouragement ; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch 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 squire; 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 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.

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

SIR ROGER AND THE HUNT.

Thursday, July 12, 1711.

Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.—*Juv. Sat. x. 356.*

Pray for a sound mind in a sound body.

Bodily labour is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the

name of labour for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labour as it rises from another motive.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part, as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want 10 inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase; and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manu-20 factures, trade, and agriculture naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of 30 several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon it with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed

him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable-doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger shewed me one of them that for distinction's sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half-a-
 10 dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western doors of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his
 20 house. L.

SIR ROGER AND THE WITCHES.

Saturday, July 14, 1711.

Ipsi sibi somnia fugunt.—Virg. *Ecl.* viii 108.

With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds.

There are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to
 30 give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of Witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits, as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce, are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been, such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation, by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway:

“In a close lane, as I pursued my journey,
 I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
 Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
 Her eyes with scalding rheum were galled and red;
 Cold palsy shook her head: her hands seemed withered;
 And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapped
 The tattered remnant of an old striped hanging,
 Which served to keep her carcass from the cold;
 So there was nothing of a piece about her.
 Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched
 With different-coloured rags, black, red, white, yellow,
 And seemed to speak variety of wretchedness.”

30

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the knight told me that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country; that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws, that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, 10 and cried Amen in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy-maid does not make her butter come so soon as she would have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare 20 makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. "Nay," says Sir Roger, "I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering, Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, 30 upon looking that way, I found to be an old broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney corner, which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself: for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so

much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her, as a justice of peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbors' cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me that old Moll had often been brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the nightmare: and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and 10 trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon inquiry that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions, had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has 20 not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the meantime, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerces and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevo- 30 lence towards those poor decrepit parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

L.

SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES.

Friday, July 20, 1711.

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.—Publ. Syr. *Frag.*

An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a coach.

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 applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his
 10 conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that 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 neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which
 20 is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the country 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 an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a
 30 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 neighbour,

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.

"The 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 10 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 20 and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. such an one, 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. 30 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 and 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
10 for him, until 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.
20 I was highly delighted when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country 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
30 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 honour 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 honour 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 innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him, in my hearing, that his Honour'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 behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

L.

SIR ROGER AND PARTY STRIFE.

Tuesday, July 24, 1711.

Ne pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella :
 Neu patriae validas in viscere vertite vires.—Virg. *Aen.* vi. 832.

This thirst of kindred blood, my sons, detest,
 Nor turn your force against your country's breast.—Dryden.

My worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a school-boy, which was at the time when the feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight being then but a
 10 stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint. The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met which was the way to Anne's Lane, but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former
 20 question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane." By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country, how they spoil good neighbourhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than
 30 such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers, and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are

pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints, naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of good nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch says very finely, "that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because," says he, "if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you."

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers, that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles, the first of them inclined to the landed, and the other to the moneyed interest. This humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find, however, that the knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping of his interest. In all our journey from London to his house we did not so much as bait at a Whig inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer, for we were not so inquisitive about the

inn as the innkeeper; and, provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and a hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into a house of anyone that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

- 10 Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party humour. Being upon the bowling-green at a neighbouring market town the other day (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a week), I observed a stranger among them, of a better presence and genteeler behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprised, that notwithstanding he was a very fair better, nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry I found that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason
20 there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. Will Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories that he had picked up, nobody knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country, which had never been so much as
30 whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was sure that I was not a fanatic.

C.

SIR ROGER AND THE GIPSIES.

Monday, July 30, 1711.

Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat praedas, et vivere rapto.
Virg. *Æn.* vii. 748.

A plundering race, still eager to invade,
On spoil they live, and make of theft a trade.

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; 10 but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop; but, at the same time, gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods, and spoiling their servants. "If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge," says Sir Roger, "they are sure to have it; if a hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, 20 his hen roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year, and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be, whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon, every 30 time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for about half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then

some handsome young jades among them; the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me, that if I would, they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty
10 maid in a corner, that I was a good woman's man, with some particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it, when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him, that he had a widow in his line of life. Upon which the knight cried: "Go, go, you are an idle baggage:" and at the same time
20 smiled upon me. The gipsy, finding he was not displeas'd in his heart, told him, after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night. My old friend cried "Fish!" and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The knight still repeated, she was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. "Ah, master," says the gipsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache; you have not that simper
30 about the mouth for nothing." The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of this good humour, meeting a common beggar

upon the road, who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him, he found his pocket was picked—that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my readers with historical remarks on this idle profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe, and live in the midst of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story, which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of 10 our monthly accounts about twenty years ago. “As the *trekschuyt*, or hackney-boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in, which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could 20 speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon further examination that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gipsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, 30 who was her only son, that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate; the father, on the

other hand, was not a little delighted to see a son return to him whom he had given for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages." Here the printed story leaves off; but if I may give credit to reports, our linguist, having received such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in everything that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to
 10 in the course of his peregrinations. Nay, it is said that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honour to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister in which he formerly wandered as a gipsy.

SIR ROGER IN TOWN.

Tuesday, January 8, 1712.

*Ævo rarissima nostro
 Simplicitas.*—Ovid, *Art. Am.* i. 241.

Most rare is now our old Simplicity.—Dryden.

I was this morning surprised with a great knocking at
 20 the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and
 told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any
 30 letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn walks but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour; for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the 10 strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who, before he saw me, was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket, and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which 20 the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service; and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Dr. Barrow. "I have left," says he, "all my affairs in his hands; and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners."

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, 30 telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation; for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought

from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead ; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. " But for my own part," says Sir Roger, " I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays ; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from
10 him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season ; that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbours ; and that in particular he had sent a string of hog's puddings, with a pack of cards, to every poor family in the parish. " I have often thought," says Sir Roger, " it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I
20 love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a-running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shews a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

30 I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late act of parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect ; for that a rigid dissenter who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

The knight then asked me, if I had seen Prince Eugenio,

and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence did so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that since I was with him in the country he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in ¹⁰ hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's? As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the Supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness ²⁰ and good-humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, until the knight had got all his conveniences about him. L.

SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Tuesday, March 18, 1712.

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus,
Hor. *Epod.* vi. 27.

With Ancus, and with Numa, kings of Rome,
We must descend into the silent tomb.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night ³⁰ that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many

ingenious fancies. He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call
10 upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the Widow Truby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces,
20 told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzick: when of
30 a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Truby's water, telling me that the widow Truby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people; to which the knight added

that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; "and truly," says Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good; upon the fellow's telling he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony. 10

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from the box, and upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, 20 and cried out: "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudsley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried: "Sir Cloudsley Shovel! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: "Dr. Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our 30 historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us

that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle."

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillow, sat himself
10 down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a
20 tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of 'em.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shewn Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first
30 who touched for the evil: and afterwards Henry the Fourth's; upon which he shook his head, and told us, there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since; "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger, "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry V. and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight shew such an honest passion for the glory of his country and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk-buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

L.

SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY.

Tuesday, March 25, 1712.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.

Hor. *Ars Poet.* 327. 20

Keep Nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue."—Francis.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me, that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was *The Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this *Distressed Mother* was; and upon hearing that she was *Hector's* widow, he told me, that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy, he had

read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the knight with a smile, "I fancied they
10 had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shewn them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added, that "if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out," says he, "at
20 the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he
30 had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footman in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain

and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure, which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told 10 me, that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to 20 her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in 30 the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer; "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose

we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and from time to time fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom, at his first entering, he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time, "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that "Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something."

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger

went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the play-house; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

L.

 SIR ROGER'S VISIT TO SPRING GARDENS.

Tuesday, May 20, 1712.

Criminibus debent hortos.—Juv. Sat. i. 75

A beauteous garden, but by vice maintain'd.

As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three¹⁰ irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and, upon the opening of it, a loud cheering voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring-garden, in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating, he would stay below till I had²⁰ done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend; and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy on the head, and bidding him to be a good child and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple-stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg,³⁰

and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of any body to row me, that has not lost either a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed
10 the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Faux-hall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg; and, hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our
20 fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple-bar. "A most heathenish sight!"
30 says Sir Roger: "there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church-work is slow, church-work is slow."

I do not remember I have any where mentioned in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting every body that passes by him with a good-morrow, or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought

to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us on the water: but, to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us, what queer old put we had in the boat, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked 10 at first, but at length assuming a face of magistracy, told us, that if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

We were now arrived at Spring-garden, which is excellently pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. 20 Sir Roger told me, it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the knight, "that there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator, the many moon-light nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and 30 asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the knight, being startled at so unexpected familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her she was a wanton baggage; and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale, and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the

remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

I.

 DEATH OF SIR ROGER.

Thursday, October 23, 1712.

Heu pietas ! heu prisca fides !—Virg. *Aen.* vi. 878.

Mirror of ancient faith !
Undaunted worth ! Inviolable truth !—Dryden.

We last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question
 10 not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this
 20 particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

30 "Honoured Sir,

"Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I

could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him. I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not 10 being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which 20 belonged to my good old lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in t' e parish a great frieze-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for 30 our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown grey-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church: for he

was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum. The whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits; the
 10 men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him, a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quit rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved,
 20 and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

Honoured sir, your most sorrowful servant,

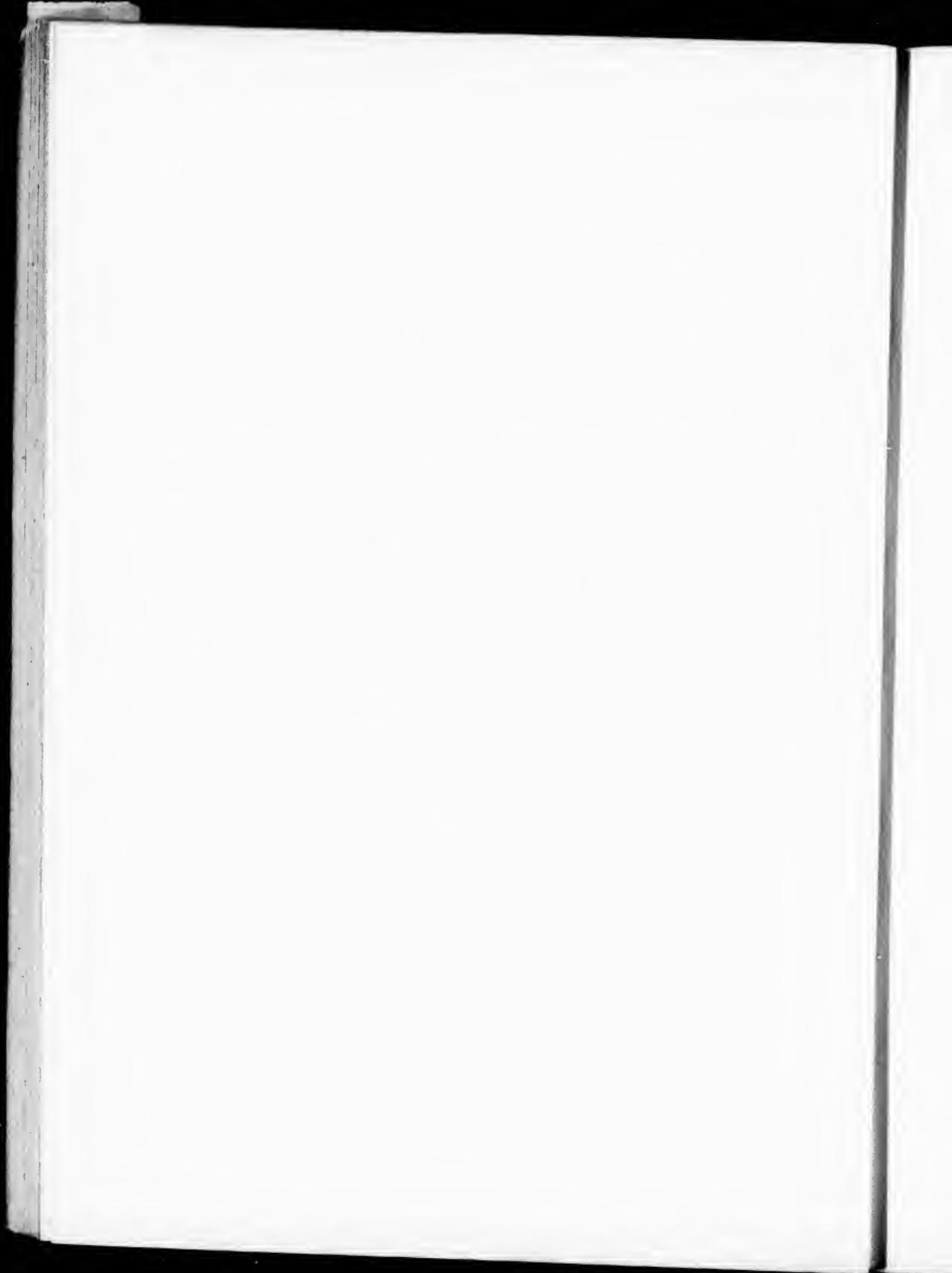
EDWARD BISCUIT.

“P.S.—My master desired, some weeks before he died,
 30 that a book which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name.”

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that, upon the reading of it, there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was, in particular, the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it

marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's writing, burst into tears, and put the book in his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me, that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

O.



NOTES.

SIR ROGER.—No. 2 (in part).

P. 1, l. 4. **Our Society.** The members of the Spectator Club were Sir Roger the country gentleman, the Templar more learned in the laws of the stage than in those of the land, Sir Andrew Freeport the merchant, Captain Sentry a retired officer, Will Honeycomb a man of fashion, the clergyman a very philosophic man, and the Spectator who never opens his lips except in his own club.

P. 1, l. 8. **parts, talents.**

P. 1, l. 13. **humour, disposition.** Compare the use of "humour," p. 2, l. 8; p. 3, l. 1; p. 7, l. 22; p. 8, l. 34; p. 25, l. 26. According to Hippocrates, the father of medicine, the human body contains four humours: blood, phlegm, black bile, and yellow bile. These humours mingled in different proportions give different dispositions or temperaments. An excess of blood makes one sanguine; of phlegm, stolid or phlegmatic; of yellow bile or cholera, choleric; of black bile, melancholy. In the 16th and 17th centuries the word was fashionable in the sense of peculiarity of disposition—"some absorbing singularity of character."

P. 1, l. 17. **Soho Square,** a fashionable part of London in Addison's time.

P. 1, l. 22. **Lord Rochester and Sir George Etheridge,** two well known men of fashion and of letters in the reign of Charles II.

P. 1, l. 23. **Bully Dawson,** a notorious ruffian. In Goldsmith's *The Stoops to Conquer* (published 1773), Hardcastle says of Marlowe: "I never saw such a bouncing, swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him." See note on Mohocks, p. 64.

P. 2, l. 1. **Coffee houses** first appeared in the reign of Charles II. Misson says: "These houses which are very numerous in London are extremely convenient. You have all manner of news there; you have a good fire, which you may sit by as long as you please; you have a dish of coffee; you meet your friends for the transaction of business, and all for a penny, if you don't care to spend more." Macaulay says they "were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself." "Every man of the upper

or middle class went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news and to discuss it." Particular houses became the resort of men of similar interests. For instance, politicians gathered at St. James', wits at Will's, scholars at the Grecian, merchants at the Exchange, men of fashion at White's. In Queen Anne's time, the patrons of the different coffee-houses formed clubs. In No. 9 of the *Spectator*, Addison speaks of "those little nocturnal assemblies," commonly called clubs. "When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance." Read *Spect.* Nos. 1, 2, 9, 49, and 269; Ashton *Social Life in the reign of Queen Anne*, chaps. 18, 19; Macaulay *Hist.* c. 3.

P. 2, l. 12. **cast.** Compare "This cast of mind," p. 4, l. 20; and *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

P. 2, l. 18, **Justice of the quorum.** One of the country justices or magistrates. The country gentlemen who were justices of the peace seldom knew any law. They spent most of their time in hunting and convivial gatherings. Read *Spect.* No. 123 on the education of country Squires, and Macaulay, *Hist.* c. 3. See Webster or some good dictionary for the meaning of quorum.

P. 2, l. 19. **quarter-session.** (We now say quarter-sessions.) The county court held sessions or sittings every quarter for the trial of cases.

P. 2, l. 20. **universal applause.** Compare the way the gentlemen of the country received Sir Roger's speech, though "so little to the purpose," at the assizes.

P. 2, l. 21. **The Game Act.** For the preservation of game. "The game laws are a remnant of the Forest Laws of William the Conqueror who made it forfeiture of property to disable a wild beast; loss of eyes for a stag, buck or boar."

P. 2, l. 21, **R.** Richard Steele signed his papers for the *Spectator* with an R, presumably for Richard, or a T, the initial of the *Tatler*—the *Spectator's* predecessor. The other papers in this selection were written by Addison.

SIR ROGER AT HOME.—No. 106.

P. 2, l. 32. "**Speculations,**" observations (Lat. *specula*, a watch-tower). Addison begins paper No. 3 with these words: "In one of my late rambles or rather speculations." In paper No. 1, *Spectator* says: "I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on." "I have made myself a *speculative* statesman, soldier, etc."

P. 3, l. 1. **humour.** See note p. 49.

P. 3, l. 7. **an hedge.** Compare an before sounded *h*, in *an head* l. 1, p. 10, and *an humourist* l. 16, p. 4.

P. 3, l. 9. **stared at.** In paper No. 1, the *Spectator* says: "The greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to and stared at."

P. 3, l. 18. privy councillor. A member of the sovereign's council of advisers and therefore presumed to be a man of wisdom and discretion.

P. 3, l. 20. pad. An abbrev. for pad nag, pad horse. Pad a dialect variation of path. In Spect. No. 88 Steele says: "A careless groom of mine has spoiled me the prettiest pad in the world with only riding him ten miles." Compare "An abbot on an ambling pad." Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott*.

P. 3, l. 30. mixture of father and master. "As a rule," says Ashton, "servants were treated like dogs by their masters, and were caned mercilessly for very trivial faults." *Social Life in Queen Anne's Reign*, ch. 6.

P. 3, l. 31. tempered. See note on *humour*, p. 49. A person's temper or temperament, so it was believed, depended upon the way the humours were mixed or mingled. Here tempered means mingled.

P. 3, l. 32. humanity, kindly interest in men. See also, p. 8, l. 23.

P. 4, l. 9, in the nature of, "in the character of."

P. 4, l. 14. dependant. In Addison's time the country gentleman's chaplain was generally treated as a servant. He dined at the servant's table, and was often required to do the work of a servant. See Macaulay *History*, chap. 3, and Ashton *Social Life*, chap. 32.

P. 4, l. 20, cast. See note p. 50.

P. 4, l. 30. clergyman. Read Addison's description of the ideal clergyman, (Spect. No. 2) and note the differences between his ideal and Sir Roger's. What is there humorous in Sir Roger's?

P. 5, l. 14, digested, arranged. Compare "To make a *digest* of the reports of the court." How is this word used in Bacon's *Essay on Studies*?

P. 5, ll. 21, 22, 24 and 25. Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. South, etc., famous divines of the 17th century whose sermons were widely read. Dr. Barrow was also a famous mathematician, the tutor of Sir Isaac Newton. Barrow's sermons were of enormous length. On one occasion, we are told, he preached a charity sermon before the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London for three hours and a half. On another occasion, in Westminster Abbey, the vergers, anxious to make a little money by showing people the sights, put an end to one of his long sermons by causing the organs to play till they blew him down. See *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*

P. 5, l. 31. delivery. Read Spect, No. 407, on Gestures and Delivery.

P. 5, l. 35. I could heartily wish. Johnson once gave the following advice to a young clergyman: "Attempt, from time to time, an original sermon." See Boswell's Life, year 1780.

P. 6, l. 1. **proper**. Compare the use of 'proper,' 'improper,' p. 9, l. 8; p. 10, l. 7; p. 15, ll. 5 and 12.

P. 6, l. 3. **L**. In *Spect.*, No. 555, Steele says: "All the papers marked with a C, an L, an I or an O, that is to say, all the papers which I have distinguished by any letter in the name of the muse, CLIO, were given me by the gentleman of whose assistance I formerly boasted in the preface and concluding leaf of my *Tatlers*" (that is Joseph Addison).

WILL WIMBLE.—No. 108.

P. 6, l. 9. **service**. With his compliments. Cp., p. 31, l. 22, and "Pray do my *service* to his majesty" Hen. viii., iii., 1, 179.

P. 6, l. 14. **jack**, a pike. Jack also meant a young pike or pickerel.

P. 6, l. 18. **bowling-green**. The game of bowls is played with wooden balls on a smooth lawn. It was very popular in Addison's time. See p. 26, l. 10. "A Bowling-green is one of the most agreeable compartments of a garden. Its hollow figure covered with a beautiful carpet of turf, very smooth, and of a lovely green, most commonly encompassed with a row of tall trees with flower-bearing shrubs."—*Ashton Soc. Life*, vol. 1., p. 325.

Page 6, l. 22. **Eton**. The famous English school, Eton College, near Windsor, founded by Henry VI.

P. 7, l. 3. **hunts**. Manages in the hunt.

P. 7, l. 6. **handicrafts**. (*A. S. Handcraft*), "a corruption of handcraft; the insertion of "i" being due to an imitation of handiwork, (*A. S. Handgeworc*), in which the i (representing *ge*) is a real part of the word" (Skeat).

P. 7, l. 7. **makes a May-fly to a Miracle**. He is wonderfully skillful in making artificial flies like the flies the trout take greedily in May.

P. 7, l. 8. **officious**. "An officious man was one prompt in offices of kindness and not as now an uninvited meddler in things that concern him not" (Trench).

P. 7, l. 12. **tulip root**. In the 17th cent. the cultivation of the tulip became a mania in Holland. The fashion was introduced into England by the followers of William of Orange, the Dutch prince who became King of England after the expulsion of James II.

P. 7, l. 17. **made**, trained.

P. 7, l. 22. **humours**, fanciful ways. See note p. 49.

P. 7, l. 29. **discovered**. Compare "The voice of the Lord is *covereth* the forests," Ps. xxix. 9. In *Spect.* No. 1 Addison speaks of

making *discoveries* (to his readers) of his complexion and dress. *Discover* here means *uncover, reveal*. Also cp. *Merch. of Ven.* II. 7 and *Rom. and Jul.* III. i. 147.

P. 8, l. 12. **drew**. Is the grammar correct?

P. 8, l. 17. **quail-pipe**. "A pipe with which fowlers used to imitate the peculiar cry of the hen bird in order to allure quails."

P. 8, l. 23. **humanity**. Cp. p. 3, l. 32.

P. 8, l. 34 **quality**. Cp. "Persons of quality," *Hen. v.*, iv., 8, 95, also quotation in note on barges, p. 65.

P. 8, l. 37. **liberal arts or professions**. Among the Romans, only the freeborn (Lat. *liberales*) were allowed to pursue the liberal or higher arts. In the middle ages the liberal arts were grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy. The liberal or learned professions are named below, p. 9, l. 5.

P. 9, l. 10. **turned**. Contrast *Spect.* No. 2. "His person is well *turned* and of good height."

See what Addison says in *Spect.* No. 21 about the overcrowding of the learned professions.

SIR ROGER AND GHOSTS.—No. 110 (in part).

P. 9, l. 18. **rooks** and **crows**. Are these different birds?

P. 9, l. 23. **Psalms**. Which Psalm?

P. 9, l. 24. **retirement**. Is this word used in its ordinary sense? "Walk" was first written.

P. 10, l. 9. **elder**. This bush once had an evil reputation. Judas was supposed to have hanged himself upon an elder.

P. 10, l. 24. **John Locke** (1632-1704.) The father of English philosophy.

P. 10, l. 24. **chapter**. Chap. xxxiii. of Bk. II. of *Essay on Human Understanding*.

P. 10, l. 30. **sprite**, a form of the word "spirit."

P. 10, l. 31. **inculcate**, from Latin (*in* and *calcare*) literally meaning to tread in.

P. 11, l. 4. **trivial**. from Lat. *Trivium*, place where three roads meet. "Trivialities properly mean such talk as is holden by those idle loiterers that gather at this meeting of three roads." (Trench).

P. 11, l. 21. **exorcised**. This word is more commonly used of the evil spirits than of the place from which they are supposed to have been driven.

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH.—No. 112.

P. 12, l. 5. **habits.** Cp. lady's riding-*habit*. Addison first wrote "*dress.*"

P. 12, l. 8. **rust.** What does Addison mean by "rust"? How is it cleared away?

P. 12, l. 12. **figure in the eye of the village.** Put in other words, cp. p. 22, l. 19.

P. 12, l. 14. **citizen,** city man.

P. 12, l. 14. **Change.** "A place where merchants meet for the transaction of business. Since 1800 erroneously treated as an abbreviation of exchange, and written 'Change.'" *Oxford Dict.*

P. 12, l. 22. **irregular.** This was true of England generally at this time. See Ashton *Social Life*, ch. 32.

P. 12, l. 25. **singing.** The *Spectator*, No. 338, speaks of the need of proper music in the churches. "Many of our church musicians have introduced in their farewell voluntaries a sort of music quite foreign to the design of church services. Good thoughts and dispositions, I have found, have been all in a moment dissipated by a merry jig from the organ loft." Again, No. 405, "I could heartily wish there was the same application and endeavours to cultivate and improve our church music as have been lately bestowed on that of the stage."

P. 12, l. 38. **singing psalms,** the metrical, not the prose versions.

P. 12, l. 37. **particularities.** See equivalent, p. 13, l. 18.

P. 13, l. 15. **polite** polished. Cp. "polite society," "polite literature.

P. 13, l. 22. **chancel.** "East end of a church. So-called because formerly fenced off with a screen with openings in it," (low lat *can-cellus*-lattice window) (Skeat.) In Addison's time people of the higher rank among the congregation usually had their seats in the chancel.

P. 13, l. 33. **clerk.** The duties of the clerk were to lead the responses, to say "amen" at the end of each prayer, to give out the hymns, and generally to attend upon the minister.

P. 14, l. 6. **squire,** esquire, originally shield bearer to a knight. "By courtesy the title is given to the landed gentry." (Brewer.)

P. 14, l. 8. **tithe,** tenth part. A tenth part of the produce of the land was to go to the support of the clergy. At first it was paid in produce, later in money. Those who withheld their tithes and so defrauded the parson were called tithe-stealers.

P. 14, l. 11. **patron.** The squire or landed proprietor had the right to bestow the "living" of the parish on any clergyman whom he chose. Read Macaulay on Squires and Clergy. *Hist.* ch. 3.

P. 14, l. 24. **five hundred a year.** Macaulay says Addison was made a rich man by his pension of £300. (*Essay on Addison.*) One pound would purchase in Addison's time about as much as three pounds would now.

SIR ROGER AND THE HUNT.—No. 115 (in part).

P. 15, l. 22. **the species.** The human species.

P. 15, l. 23. **condition.** Rank in life.

P. 16, l. 12. **Widow.** See pp. l. 21, 39, 43, 45 and also *Spect.* No. 113.

P. 16, l. 15. **amours.** Efforts to win the love of the widow.

SIR ROGER AND THE WITCHES.—No. 117.

P. 16, l. 24. **neuter.** Neutral.

P. 17, l. 2. **relations.** Narratives. Cp. *Jesuits' Relations.*

P. 17, l. 11. **commerce.** Dealings, communications, "*conversing familiarly,*" Cp. "looks *commencing* with the skies." Il Penseroso, l. 39.

P. 17, l. 15. **suspend.** See how Addison describes this suspension of belief in ll. 25 and 26, p. 16.

P. 17, l. 29. **Otway.** Thomas Otway, (1651-1685) a dramatic writer. This quotation is from *The Orphan*, Act ii., Sc. 4.

P. 17, l. 30. **close,** narrow.

P. 17, l. 34. **scalding rheum,** hot salt tears.

P. 17, l. 35. **cold palsy.** Shivering fits due to palsy. *Palsy*, contracted form of paralysis.

P. 17, l. 39. **weeds.** garments, cp. widow's *weeds*, "In *weeds* of peace." L'Allegro, l. 120.

P. 18, l. 4. **lips in motion,** muttering charms or curses.

P. 18, l. 5. **switch.** Witches were supposed to travel through the air on switches, broomsticks, etc. They crossed the sea in eggshells and sieves. See l. 30, p. 18. In *Macbeth*, Act. I. sc. 3, a witch says:

"But in a sieve I'll thither sail."

P. 18, l. 9. **cross.** Evil spirits were supposed to be unable to pass over the figure of the cross.

P. 18, l. 11. **prayers backwards.** Witches were supposed to do this to prevent the prayers injuring them.

P. 18, l. 12. **pin.** See note on l. 17, p. 19.

P. 18, l. 18. **horse.** Witches were supposed to take horses out of the stable at night and ride them fast and far.

P. 18, l. 20. **unexpected escape.** Sometimes, so it was believed, the witch would take the form of some animal and of course baffle the swiftest hounds, either by greater speed, or by vanishing into the air.

P. 18, l. 30. **tabby cat**, brindled cat. Tabby was originally a kind of waved silk. Cp Macbeth, iv. 1. "Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed." See note on l. 17. p. 19.

P. 19, l. 5. **cattle.** It was believed that the witches "had the power to lame the oxen in the plough," etc.—Green.

P. 19, l. 11. **trying experiments.** In various ways persons suspected of witchcraft were tested. Sometimes the victim was stripped naked and bound, (the right toe to the left thumb and the right thumb to the left toe, so as to form a cross), and then thrown into a pond. If she floated she was believed to be guilty. One Matthew Hopkins of the 17th century who travelled about discovering witches, was finally tried by his own test. He floated and was put to death. Sometimes the victim was weighed against bibles, if they proved heavier she was declared guilty. Or she might be required to repeat the Lord's prayer; failure to do so meant guilt. Or she might be required to weep. A witch, it was supposed, could not shed more than three tears and these only from the left eye.

P. 19, l. 16. **bound her over.** It was not till the reign of George II. that the laws condemning witches to death were repealed. As late as 1716 a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, a child of nine, were put to death for selling their souls to the devil and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap. See Ashton, *Social Life*, ch. 10, and Chambers's *Information for the People*.

P. 19, l. 17. **persuaded him to the contrary.**

"The squire, who would have shrunk from any conscious cruelty as from a blow, looked on without ruth as the torturers ran needles into the witch's flesh, or swam her in the witch's pool, or hurried her to the witch's stake." Green. *Hist.* Vol. III., p. 27.

"When this essay was written, charges were being laid against one old woman, Jane Wenham, which led to her trial for witchcraft in 1712, when she was found guilty and condemned to capital punishment. The judge got first a reprieve and then a pardon. The lawyers had refused to draw up any indictment against the poor old creature, except, in mockery, for 'conversing familiarly with the devil in the form of a cat.' But of that offence she was found guilty upon the testimony of sixteen witnesses, three of whom were clergymen. One witness, Anne Thorne, testified that every night the pins went from her pincushion to her mouth. Others gave evidence that they had seen pins come jumping through the air into Anne Thorne's mouth. Two swore that they had heard the prisoner, in the shape of a cat, converse with the devil, he being in the form of a cat. Anne Thorne swore that she was tormented exceedingly with cats, and that all the cats had the face and voice of the witch. The vicar of Ardeley had tested the poor ignorant creature with the Lord's Prayer,

and finding that she could not repeat it, had terrified her with his moral tortures into some sort of confession. Such things, then, were said and done, and such credulity was abetted even by educated men at the time when the essay was written. Upon charges like those ridiculed in the text, a woman actually was, a few months later, not only committed by justices with a less judicious counsellor than Sir Roger's chaplain, but actually found guilty at the assizes and condemned to death." Morley's Edit. of *Spect.*, p. 179.

P. 19, l. 22. **chargeable to a parish.** The people find it profitable to make her out a witch.

P. 19, l. 31. **decrepit** from Lat. *decrepitus*, that which makes no noise, hence creeping about noiselessly like an old man. (Skeat.)

SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES.—No. 122.

P. 20, l. 21. **Assizes.** A session of a court of justice.

P. 20, l. 23. **rid.** Obsolete form of rode.

P. 20, l. 28. **within the game act.** Only men of birth or of property yielding at least £100 per annum, were allowed to shoot game.

P. 21, l. 3. **petty-jury.** The grand or great jury decides whether the accusation made against an offender is supported by sufficient evidence to justify a trial. The petty or little jury sits in court, hears the evidence, and gives the verdict. The foreman is the spokesman of the jury.

P. 21, l. 13. **cast.** Won and lost so many lawsuits.

P. 21, l. 15. **willow tree.** Probably a long contested lawsuit about a willow-tree.

P. 21, l. 28. **round trot.** As he was riding at full trot.

P. 22, l. 26. **accident.** Anything that happens—incident. Cp. "moving accidents by flood and field." Othello l. 3. "To what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit." Vicar of Wakefield, ch. 19.

P. 22, l. 35. **Knight's Head.** "Portrait signs were not uncommon. Pontack, the famed purveyor, had a likeness of his father on his sign-board. Cp. the sign of the Swiss Compt, "the features being strong and fit for hanging high" (Tatler, No. 18), (Smith).

P. 23, l. 25. **conjuring.** Imploring solemnly, earnestly desiring.

SIR ROGER AND PARTY STRIFE.—Nos. 125, 126, (in part.)

P. 24, l. 6. **accident.** Cp. l. 26, P. 22.

P. 24, l. 8. **Roundheads and Cavaliers.** The Cavaliers were the supporters of Charles I.; the Roundheads of the parliamentary party. "To wear his hair long and flowing almost to the shoulder was at this

time the mark of a gentleman, whether Puritan or anti-Puritan. Servants, on the other hand, or apprentices, wore the hair closely cropped to the head. "The crowds who flocked to Westminster were chiefly made up of London apprentices; and their opponents taunted them as 'Round heads.' They replied by branding the courtiers about Whitehall as soldiers of fortune or 'Cavaliers.'" Green, vol. iii., p. 211.

P. 24, l. 13. **popish cur.** The Puritans or parliamentary party were strongly anti-catholic.

P. 24, l. 16. **prick-eared cur.** The ears of the roundheads were prominent because of their closely cropped hair. The term, prick-eared cur was one of contempt. It was originally applied to the half wild Esquimaux dogs. "The prick-ears are invariable indications of the half-reclaimed animal."

P. 24, l. 28. **land tax.** The Roundheads were the first to raise a revenue, not by subsidies, but by demanding a fixed rate of the value of each estate. This method of taxing real property was afterwards adopted by the Cavaliers. In Addison's time, the wars with France made an increase in taxation necessary. The Whig ministry increased the land tax; and the Tory landlords attributed it to party spite.

P. 24, l. 28. **destruction of game by poachers who were left undisturbed,** when the country gentlemen were divided by party strife.

P. 25, l. 8. **a furious party spirit.**

"The *Teller* and the *Spectator* were published at a time when two parties, loud, restless and violent, each with plausible declarations, and each perhaps without any distinct termination of its views, were agitating the nation." (Johnson.)

See also Green's or Macaulay's *History*.

P. 25, l. 25. **landed . . . moneyed interest.** The country gentlemen or landed proprietors were generally Tories; the London merchants, Whigs. The names "Whig" and "Tory" came into general use during the agitation about the succession to the throne of the Duke of York, (afterwards James II.) They were originally terms of "bitterest scorn and party hate." "Tory was at this time the name for a native Irish outlaw or 'bog trotter,' and in fastening it on the loyalist adherents of James' cause their opponents meant to brand the Duke and his party as the friends of Catholic rebels." "Whig, (possibly the same as our 'Whey,') was the name given to the extreme Covenanters of the west of Scotland and in applying it to the members of the country party their opponents meant to stigmatize them as rebels and 'sour' fanatics." See Green, vol. iii., pp. 258, 435; also Trench, *Study of Words*, p. 148; Macaulay, *History*, Ch. ii.

P. 25, l. 33. **bait.** Literally to make to bite. Some stables to-day advertising "boarding and baiting."

P. 25, l. 38. **cheer**. Cp. "If they had not good cheer, warm fires, etc.," p. 32, l. 18, and "Every table was loaded with good cheer." Macaulay, *Hist.* 162.

P. 26, l. 31 **not a fanatic**. not sane in political matters. Fanatic ("lat. *fanaticus* (1) belonging to a temple, or *fanum* (2) inspired by a divinity, filled with enthusiasm.") properly refers to religious matters only.

SIR ROGER AND THE GIPSIES.—No. 130.

P. 27, l. 8. **Gipsies**. The middle English form of the word was *Egyptien*. "The supposition that they were Egyptians is false; their original home was India." (Skeat)

P. 27, l. 11. **clerk**. The country gentlemen were appointed magistrates, not because of their knowledge, but because of their rank. Their clerks were supposed to be skilled in the law. See Macaulay, *Hist.*, c. 3.

P. 27, l. 13. **let the thought drop**. The laws were cruelly severe against gipsies. "By acts of Parliament and statutes, made in the reign of Henry VIII. and his two daughters, all those people calling themselves Bohemians or Egyptians, are hangable as felons at the age of 14 years, a month after their arrival in England, or after their first disguising themselves. Before the month is out they may escape with the loss of their goods, money, etc., if they have any." Ashton, *Social Life*, ch. 40. The majority of the magistrates, however, like Sir Roger, did not put the laws in execution.

P. 27, l. 23. **agog**. "To 'set agog' is to put in eagerness, to make one eager or anxious to do a thing" (Skeat).

P. 28, l. 1. **jade**. properly tired horse, also applied contemptuously to an old woman. Here the term is used in a good-humoured way.

P. 28, l. 1. **slut**. A slovenly woman; here it is used in a kindly way.

P. 28, l. 8. **Cassandra**. Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, King of Troy had the gift of prophecy; but Apollo, whom she had offended, caused her to be always disbelieved.

P. 28, l. 9. **my lines**. According to palmistry, the wrinkles or lines of the palm of the hand indicate character and fortune. The line of life, mentioned below, runs from the base of the forefinger around the base of the thumb to the wrist. If long, narrow and deep, it indicates a long life, free from ills.

P. 28, l. 10. **in a corner**. Cp. Acts, ch. xxix, 26.

P. 28, l. 18. **baggage**. A worthless woman. Here spoken good humouredly. "Perhaps originally a camp follower." (Skeat)

P. 28, l. 29 **uncouth**. "The literal sense is simply 'unknown,' hence strange, awkward, etc.," (Skeat.) A. S. *un* not and *cuth* pp. of *cuman* to know.

P. 28, l. 30. **darkness of an Oracle.** Cp. the answer of the Delphic Oracle to King Croesus. "When Croesus passes over the river Halys, he overthrows the strength of an empire." It turned out to be his own empire and not that of his enemy as he thought. Also Cp. "Aio te Accide Romanos vincere posse," and "Ibis, redibis nunquam per bella peribis."

P. 29, l. 12. **trek schuyt.** From Dutch **trekken**, to draw, and **schuyt**, a boat.

P. 29, l. 12. **hackney-boat**, boat which plies for hire. From O. F. *haquence*, an ambling nag, then a horse let out for hire, finally anything hired, e.g., "hackney coach."

SIR ROGER IN TOWN.—No. 269.

P. 30, l. 27. **Gray's Inn Walks.** These walks or gardens were a favorite promenade for the fashionable people of London in Addison's time. See Pepys' Diary, June 17, '60, and 30, '61, and May 4, '62. The trees were planted by Lord Bacon, who was Treasurer of Gray's Inn in 1597. The four Inns of Court or societies of lawyers that have the exclusive right of calling to the bar are the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn.

P. 30, l. 31. **Prince Eugene.** Prince of Savoy (1663-1736), in the war of the Spanish succession, was at first commander of the Italian army, later of the Austrian army. He shared with Marlborough the honours of the victories of Blenheim, Malplaquet and Oudenarde. When Marlborough was disgraced, Prince Eugene came to England in 1711 to endeavor to maintain the alliance against France. "Queen Anne made the prince a present of a sword richly set with diamonds to the value of £4,500." Being of an Italian family, he signed himself "Eugenio von Savoye." See *Spect.* No. 340.

P. 31, l. 5. **Scanderbeg.** (Turkish for Alexander, the chief) An Albanian chief, George Castriota, (1403-1468) who was "captured in childhood by the Turks and brought up among them; but at the age of 40 he escaped, became a Christian, and led his countrymen in their struggles against the Turks." Of the many battles which he fought, he lost but one.

P. 31, l. 22. **much at my service.** See note on l. 9, p. 6.

P. 31, l. 26. **mark**, not a coin, but a sum of money. "Thirty marks = £20"

P. 31, l. 30. **tobacco stopper**, "plug for pressing down tobacco in a pipe to make it draw better."

P. 32, l. 13. **hog's puddings**, "large sausage-shaped bags of minced pork."

P. 32, l. 22. **small beer**, a thin, weak beer. The double quantity of malt made it stronger.

P. 32, l. 26. **smutting one another.** This is probably an allusion to an old trick not yet forgotten. Two persons take plates, one of which has been secretly covered on the bottom with soot. The person upon whom the trick is being played is required to imitate the movements of the other. The finger is first rubbed on the bottom of the plate, then over the face. After this has been done several times the innocent victim is shown a looking-glass.

P. 32, l. 32. **late act of parliament.** The Occasional Conformity Bill. "By the Test Act of 1673 no one could hold a civil, military or magisterial office without receiving the sacrament according to the Anglican rite. Many dissenters had complied formally with the act in order to be able to hold office. The Occasional Conformity Bill (of 1711) enacted that anyone, who, after taking the sacrament, attended a religious meeting of dissenters, should lose his appointment and pay a heavy fine," (Wileroft). See Green.

P. 32, l. 37. **plum-porridge.** The Puritans refused to observe Christmas day. "Plum Puddings on Christmas day were emblematical of the gifts of the wise men to the infant Jesus," (Brewer). Washington Irving in the *Sketch Book* alludes to the time "when plum pudding was denounced as mere popery and roast beef as anti-christian." Cp. "Plum-broth was popish and mince pie, Oh, that was flat idolatry!" "Plum-porridge was a compound of stewed beef and mutton with currants, raisins, spices, etc."

P. 33, l. 2. **full sight of the Prince in his triumphal progress through the city of London.**

P. 33, l. 7. **Baker's Chronicle.** *A Chronicle of the kings of England from the time of the Romans government unto the death of King James I.* It was written by Sir Robert Baker, when in prison for debt, and published in 1643.

P. 33, l. 13. **Squire's** "was noted for its coffee and was frequented chiefly by the benchers and students of Gray's Inn." (Smith).

P. 33, l. 20. **Supplement.** "A newspaper of the time. It was published alternately with the *Postboy*," by a foreigner whom Swift calls "One Boyer, a French dog."

SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—No. 329.

P. 33, l. 30. **my paper.** *Spect.* No. 26.

P. 33, l. 31. **Westminster** is one of the western districts of London. The Abbey is quite near the Houses of Parliament. It contains the monuments of nearly all the great poets and of many illustrious Englishmen.

P. 34, l. 7. **Baker's Chronicle.** See note on p. 33, l. 7.

P. 34, l. 14. **Widow Trueby's Water.** "One of the innumerable 'strong waters' drunk, it is said (perhaps libellously) chiefly by the

fair sex as an exhilarant, the excuses being the colic and the vapors" (Wills). For its qualities, see this and the next paragraph.

P. 34, l. 29. **The sickness.** The plague of 1709.

P. 34, l. 31. **hackney-coach.** Hackney coaches were introduced into London about 1639. For Hackney see note on l. 12, p. 29.

P. 34, l. 35. **doctors and apothecaries.** The doctors were divided into surgeons and physicians. See *Spect.* No. 16, for the difference. The apothecaries then as now sold drugs.

P. 35, l. 3. **engaged.** Sir Roger's chivalrous way of regarding his affection for the perverse widow.

P. 35, l. 16. **roll.** "The tobacco was twisted into a rope and made up in rolls," (Ashton.)

P. 35, l. 22. **Sir Cloudesley Shovel.** Born in 1650 of poor parents, he ran away to sea and rose from cabin-boy to be an admiral. In 1707 when returning to England with his fleet he was shipwrecked off Scilly Islands. His body being washed ashore was buried by some fisherman but was afterwards taken to Westminster Abbey. Macaulay says, "Sir Christopher Mings had entered the service as a cabin boy. His cabin boy was Sir John Narborough, and the cabin boy of Sir John Narborough was Sir Cloudesley Shovel." *Hist.*, ch. 3. See what Addison says of the monument in *Spect.* No. 26.

P. 35, l. 26. **Dr. Busby.** Headmaster of Westminster from 1640 to 1695. Among his pupils were Dryden and Locke. He is said to have kept his cap on when Charles II. visited the school, saying it would never do for the boys to think any one superior to himself. "He was famous for the severity of his dressings." See interesting story of Busby's school in *Spect.* No. 313.

P. 35, l. 29. **little chapel,** of St. Edmund, the king of East Anglia who was murdered in 870.

P. 35, l. 31. **historian, guide.** In this, the next, and last paragraphs he is given another name.

P. 35, l. 32. **The lord who cut off the King of Morocco's head.** The crest of Sir Bernard Brocas (1330? 1395), one of the favourite knights of the Black Prince, "represented what is hereditarily called 'a moor's head orientally crowned.' The crest probably represented some feat of war or chivalry." *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*

P. 35, l. 35. **statesman Cecil.** Lord Burleigh, Elizabeth's famous minister, an ancestor of the present Marquis of Salisbury.

P. 35, l. 37. **martyr.** "An alabaster statue of Elizabeth Russell of the Bedford family, foolishly shown for many years as the lady who died by the prick of a needle" (Murray's, *London*). Goldsmith says it was one of the "hundred lies" which the attendant of his day was in the habit of telling without blushing.

P. 36, l. 6. **coronation chairs.** In the "most ancient" of the chairs

all the sovereigns of England, since the time of Edward I., have sat at coronation. Under it, is the famous stone on which the Scottish kings were crowned. It was brought from Scone by Edward I. in 1296. Legend says "it was the stony pillar on which Jacob slept at Bethel. After being in Egypt it was brought to Spain by Cæcrops, King of Athens. From Spain it was taken by Simon Brock to Ireland. There, on the sacred hill of Tara, it became *Lia Fáil*, 'The Stone of Destiny.' Fergus, the founder of the Scottish monarchy, took it to Scotland." The second chair was made for the coronation of William and Mary.

P. 36, l. 14. **forfeit**, fine demanded from any one who has sat in the chair.

P. 36, l. 15. **trepanned**. More correct form, *trapanned*, caught in a trap.

P. 36, l. 29. **The evil**, scrofula or "king's evil." The touch of the king was believed to cure persons afflicted with it. The belief dates from the fifth century. Dr. Johnson remembered having been touched, when less than two years old, by Queen Anne. Cp. *Mach.* IV. 3, 140-156.

P. 36, l. 36. **Whig**. The Whigs were the active opponents of James II. and really the successors of the old Parliamentary party of the reign of Charles I. See note on l. 25, p. 25.

SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY.—No. 335.

P. 37, l. 25. **new tragedy**, *The Distressed Mother*, an adaptation of Racine's *Andromaque*, by Ambrose Philips, one of Addison's friends. The following outline of the plot will explain some of the allusions of this paper: "At the fall of Troy, Andromache, widow of Hector, was given in the distribution of captives to Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, along with her son Astyanax. Falling in love with her, Pyrrhus wished her to become his wife, but she refused. At the same time he was madly loved by Hermione, daughter of Helen and Menelaus, who had been betrothed to Orestes, but promised in marriage by her father to Pyrrhus. An embassy was sent from Greece, under the lead of Orestes, to demand the surrender of Astyanax, in order that he might be put to death, and so prevented from growing to manhood and avenging his father's death. Pyrrhus promised Andromache that he would protect her son against all Greece if she would marry him, and at last she consented, and they were married, Hermione giving way to a passion of jealousy. In the midst of the marriage ceremonies the Greek ambassadors suddenly attacked and slew Pyrrhus, who, however, placed the crown, as he fell, upon Andromache's head. She was now Queen of Epirus, and the ambassadors made a hasty flight back to Greece. Hermione, hearing of the death of Pyrrhus, stabbed herself and died." (Wilcroft)

P. 37, l. 27. **The Committee or Faithful Irishman**. A comedy by Sir R. Howard, the brother-in-law of Dryden. "It was monarchical and anti-puritanic in a high degree."

P. 38, l. 3. **The Mohocks.** Bands of dissolute young men, some of noble birth, "who every night" says Steele, "were employed in roasting Porters, smocking Cobblers, knocking down Watchmen, overturning Constables, breaking windows, blackening sign posts, pulling off knockers and the like immortal enterprises." In March, 1712, when this paper was written, their outbreaks were at their worst. A contemporary says: "The Town Rakes, Mohawks or Hawkbiters, attacked the watch in Devereux court and Essex street, and made them scower. They also slit two persons' noses, and cut a woman in the arm with a penknife that she is lam'd. They likewise, rowed a woman in a tub down Snow Hill, that was going to market, set other women on their heads, mis-using them in a barbarous manner." Ashton, *Social Life*, Ch. 37. Their name apparently was suggested by the title of Tee Yu Nee Ho Ga Row, "Emperor of the Mohocks," one of the four Indian kings who visited England in 1710. See *Spect.* No. 50. Bully Daws n was a Mohawk. See Macaulay, *l. story* Ch. 3., also Swift's *Journal to Stella*, March 8, 1711.

P. 38, l. 23. **Captain Sentry.** See l. 11, p. 46 and note on l. 4, p. 1.

P. 38, l. 24. **four o'clock.** The plays during the winter began at five. See Ashton *Social Life*, vol. II, pp. 5 and 6.

P. 38, l. 31. **Steenkirk.** A hotly contested battle between the French under Duke of Luxembourg and the allies under William III. 1692.

P. 39, l. 2. **The pit** "The pit is an amphitheatre, filled with benches without backboards, and adorned and covered with green cloth. Men of quality, particularly the younger sort, some ladies of reputation and virtue, and abundance of damsels that hunt for prey sit all together in this place, higgledy-piggledy, chatter, toy, play, hear, hear not." Ashton, *Social life*, vol. ii., p. 7.

P. 39, l. 11. **King of France.** Louis XIV. See *Spect.* No. 139 for Addison's opinion of this proud prince.

P. 39, l. 25. **his, 's,** the sign of the possessive case, represents the old English *es*. Wrongly it was formerly supposed to be a contraction for *his*.

P. 39, l. 34. **to be understood.** "A sly hit at the bombastic dramas of the Restoration period."

P. 40, l. 11. **young baggage.** "young hussy." See note on l. 18, p. 28.

P. 40, l. 24. **smoke.** "To *smoke* to detect or find out; in this place with a view of turning into ridicule." (Arnold.)

P. 40, l. 31. **raving fit.** Orestes went mad after the death of Hermione, whom he loved.

P. 40, l. 34. **saw something, i.e.,** a spectre.

SIR ROGER'S VISIT TO SPRING GARDENS.—No. 383.

P. 41, l. 17. **Spring-garden.** Gardens at Fox, Faux, or Vauxhall. Pepys' Diary, May 28, 1667: "By water to Fox-hall and there walked in Spring Garden. A great deal of company and the weather and garden pleasant; and it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing, all is one. But to hear the nightingales and other birds, and here fiddles, and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising."

P. 41, l. 23. **gossip.** From *God* and *sib* akin. First the name was applied to sponsors or God-parents as akin in God; later to the talk of those who were brought into affinity and near familiarity with one another by the act of a common sponsorship. See Trench, *English Past and Present*. p. 321.

P. 41, l. 27. **Temple-stairs.** The stairs at the bottom of the Temple gardens where the Thames watermen moored their boats.

P. 42, l. 5. **bate him,** excuse his missing, *bate*, abate.

P. 42, l. 7. **barge.** "They give this name in England to a sort of pleasure-boat, at one end of which is a little room handsomely painted and covered, with a table in the middle and benches round it; and at the other end, seats for 8, 10, 12, 30 or 40 rowers. There are very few persons of great quality but what have their barges. Their watermen wear a jacket of the same colour they give for their livery, with a pretty large silver badge upon their arm, with the nobleman's coat of arms embossed on it." Ashton, *Social Life*, vol. 11, p. 148.

P. 42, l. 14. **La Hogue.** The French fleet under Tourville was to land a French army in England to aid the Jacobites against William III. It was defeated with great loss by the allied English and Dutch fleets on May 19th, 1692. This destroyed the hopes of the Jacobites and the chance of the Catholic powers restoring the throne of England to James II., who was supposed to be in favor of making the Catholic church the national church.

P. 42, l. 21. **London Bridge.** The old London Bridge, built of stone. It was commenced in 1176 and remained in use until 1825. "A curious fabric it was, containing an immense quantity of stone arches of various shapes and sizes, piers so bulky as to render navigation between them very dangerous, and a row of buildings. These buildings were four stories in height, spanning across the passageway for traffic. The lowest story was frequently used as a shop; the other stories were dwellings." *Book of Days*.

P. 42, l. 22. **seven wonders of the world.** (1) The pyramids of Egypt. (2) The Hanging Gardens of Babylon, built by Nebuchadnezzar. (3) The Tomb of Mausolus, King of Caria. (4) The temple of

Diana at Ephesus. (5) The Colossus at Rhodes, cast in brass. (6) The ivory and gold Statue of Zens by Phidias. (7) The Pharos or Watch-tower, built by Plotemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt.

P. 42, l. 29. **Temple-bar.** A decorated arch that formerly stood at the east end of the Strand and west end of Fleet street dividing the city from Westminster. The "this side" to which Sir Roger refers is Westminster or the western district beyond the limits of the city proper.

P. 42, l. 31. **fifty new churches.** In 1711, parliament passed an act for building fifty new churches in the suburbs.

P. 43, l. 2. **Knight of the shire.** Member of parliament for the county. Which shire?

P. 43, l. 9. **put,** rustic, clown, silly fellow.

P. 43, l. 10. **Thames-ribaldry.** "The torrent of licentious ribaldry with which every boat greeted each other, and which was known as River-Wit, is unfit to be printed for general perusal." Ashton, *Social Life*, ch. 34.

P. 43, l. 20. **Mahometan Paradise.** The humblest follower of the Prophet may look to a future life in a garden flowing with milk and honey. For him there may be "feasting in the most gorgeous and delicious variety, the most costly and brilliant garments, odours and music of the most ravishing nature, and, above all, the charming society of the black-eyed daughters of paradise, created of pure musk and free from all bodily weaknesses." All these he may enjoy in the full vigour of youth and manhood. See Chamb. Encycl., *Mohammedanism*.

P. 43, l. 23. **nightingale.** Cp. what Milton says of Philomel in *Il Penseroso*, in the sonnet 'To the Nigatingale,' in *Comus*, l. 234, and in *Par. Lost*, iii. 38, iv. 602, 648, 771, v. 40, vii. 435, viii. 518.

P. 43, l. 25. **your.** The well known. Compare for this use of your, as indefinite pronoun, "*Your* medalist and critic are much nearer than the world imagines." Addison.

P. 43, l. 29. **mask.** A woman wearing a mask.

P. 43, l. 31. **mead.** A drink made from honey.

P. 43, l. 34. **wanton baggage,** disreputable hussy. See note l. 18, p. 28.

P. 43, l. 36. **Burton ale.** "This seems to have just been coming into vogue in Addison's time. In earlier times the Monks of Burton were noted for their beer, which, however, was much stronger than the liquor of the same name to-day." (Wilcroft.) To-day, Bass' and Allsopp's great breweries are at Burton-on-Trent. Doubtless the character of the water of the place gives the beer its fine quality.

P. 43, l. 37. **hung beef,** "spiced or salted beef which is hung up, and keeps good for a long time."

DEATH OF SIR ROGER.—No. 517.

P. 45, l. 26. **tenement.** "In England a house depending on a manor, the land belonging to a nobleman."

P. 46, l. 37. **The act of Uniformity.** This act, passed in 1662, required an express assent and consent to everything in the revised prayer-book. Between 1900 and 2000 clergymen left the church rather than subscribe. See Chambers Encyc. *England (church)*.

P. 47, l. 8. **S. rings and mourning.** Thoresby, in his Diary, says: "Afternoon at the funeral of my excellent and dear friend, Dr. Thomas Gale, Dean of York, who was interred with great solemnity; lay in state, 200 rings (besides scarfs to bearers and gloves to all) given in the room where I was." Evelyn (Diary, May 26, 1703), says: "Mr. Pepys had been for neare 40 years so much my particular friend that Mr. Jackson sent me *complete mourning*, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies, but my indisposition hindered me from doing him this last office." At Pepys funeral over 40 suits of mourning and 130 rings were given to friends. The rings cost 20s. and 15s. each, or, since money then was worth about three times as much as now, about \$15 and \$11. See Ashton, *Social Life*, Ch. 4.



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