

No. 555.] Saturday, December 6, 1712. [Steele.

Respue quod non es ——— Pers.

ALL the Members of the imaginary Society, which were described in my First Papers, having disappear'd one after another, it is high time for the *Spectator* himself to go off the Stage. But, now I am to take my Leave, I am under much greater Anxiety than I have known for the Work of any Day since I undertook this Province. It is much more difficult to converse with the World in a real than a personated Character. That might pass for Humour in the *Spectator*, which would look like Arrogance in a Writer who sets his Name to his Work. The Fictitious Person might contemn those who disapproved him, and extoll his own Performances, without giving Offence. He might assume a mock-Authority, without being looked upon as vain and conceited. The Praises or Censures of himself fall only upon the Creature of his Imaginations; and if any one finds fault with him, the Author may reply with the Philosopher of old, *Thou dost but beat the Case of Anaxarchus*. When I speak in my own private Sentiments, I cannot but address my self to my Readers in a more submissive manner, and with a just Gratitude, for the kind Reception which they have given to these Dayly Papers that have been published for almost the space of Two Years last past.

I hope the Apology I have made as to the Licence allowable to a feigned Character, may excuse any thing which has been said in these Discourses of the *Spectator* and his Works; but the Imputation of the grossest Vanity would still dwell upon me, if I did not give some Account by what Means I was enabled to keep up the Spirit of so long and approved a Performance. 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*. I am indeed much more proud of his long-continued Friendship, than I should be of the Fame of being thought the Author of any Writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished the *Tender Husband*, I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time or other publish a Work written by us both, which should bear the Name of the *Monument*, in Memory of our Friendship. I heartily wish what I have done here, were as Honorary to that Sacred Name, as Learning, Wit, and Humanity render those Pieces which I have taught the Reader how to distinguish for his. When the Play above-mentioned was last Acted, there were so many applauded Stroaks in it which I had from the same Hand, that I thought very meanly of my self that I had never publickly acknowledged them. After I have put other Friends upon importuning him to publish Dramatick, as well as other Writings he has by him, I shall end what I think I am obliged to say on this Head, by giving my Reader this Hint for

the better judging of my Productions, that the best Comment upon them would be an Account when the Patron to the *Tender Husband* was in *England*, or *Abroad*.

The Reader will also find some Papers which are marked with the Letter X, for which he is obliged to the Ingenious Gentleman who diverted the Town with the Epilogue to the *Distressed Mother*. I might have owned these several Papers with the free Consent of these Gentlemen, who did not write them with a design of being known for the Authors. But as a candid and sincere Behaviour ought to be preferred to all other Considerations, I would not let my Heart reproach me with a Consciousness of having acquired a Praise which is not my Right.

The other Assistances which I have had, have been conveyed by Letter, sometimes by whole Papers, and other times by short Hints from unknown Hands. I have not been able to trace Favours of this kind, with any Certainty, but to the following Names, which I place in the Order wherein I received the Obligation, tho' the first I am going to name, can hardly be mentioned in a List wherein he would not deserve the Precedence. The Persons to whom I am to make these Acknowledgments are Mr. *Henry Martyn*, Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Hughs*, Mr. *Carey* of *New-College* in *Oxford*, Mr. *Tickell* of *Queen's* in the same University, Mr. *Parnelle*, and Mr. *Eusden* of *Trinity* in *Cambridge*. Thus, to speak in the Language of my late Friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, I have Ballanced my Accounts with all my Creditors for Wit and Learning. But as these excellent Performances would not have seen the Light without the means of this Paper, I may still arrogate to my self the Merit of their being communicated to the Publick.

I have nothing more to add, but having swelled this Work to five hundred and fifty five Papers, they will be disposed into seven Volumes, four of which are already publish'd, and the three others in the Press. It will not be demanded of me why I now leave off, tho' I must own my self obliged to give an Account to the Town of my Time hereafter; since I retire when their Partiality to me is so great, that an Edition of the former Volumes of *Spectators* of above Nine thousand each Book is already sold off, and the Tax on each half-Sheet has brought into the Stamp-Office one Week with another above 20*l.* a-Week arising from this single Paper, notwithstanding it at first reduced it to less than half the number that was usually Printed before this Tax was laid.

I humbly beseech the Continuance of this Inclination to favour what I may hereafter produce, and hope I have in many Occurrences of Life tasted so deeply of Pain and Sorrow, that I am Proof against much more prosperous Circumstances than any Advantages to which my own Industry can possibly exalt me.

I am,

My Good-natured Reader,

Your most Obedient,

Most Obliged Humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

[*Vos valete et plaudite.*¹] Ter.

¹ Transposed in the volume to this place. In

[The following Letter¹] regards an ingenious Sett of Gentlemen, who have done me the Honour to make me one of their Society.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Dec. 4, 1712.

The Academy of *Painting*, lately established in *London*, having done you and themselves the Honour to chuse you one of their Directors; that Noble and Lovely Art, which before was entitled to your Regards, as a *Spectator*, has an additional Claim to you, and you seem to be under a double Obligation to take some Care of her Interests.

The Honour of our Country is also concerned in the matter I am going to lay before you: we (and perhaps other Nations as well as we) have a National false Humility as well as a National Vain-Glory; and tho' we boast ourselves to excel all the World in things wherein we are out-done abroad, in other things we attribute to others a Superiority which we ourselves possess. This is what is done, particularly, in the Art of *Portrait* or *Face-Painting*.

Painting is an Art of a vast Extent, too great by much for any mortal Man to be in full possession of, in all its Parts; 'tis enough if any one succeed in painting Faces, History, Battels, Landscapes, Sea-Pieces, Fruit, Flowers, or Drolls, &c. Nay, no Man ever was excellent in all the Branches (tho' [many²] in Number) of these several Arts, for a distinct Art I take upon me to call every one of those several Kinds of *Painting*.

And as one Man may be a good Landscape-Painter, but unable to paint a Face or a History tollerably well, and so of the rest; one Nation may excel in some kinds of *Painting*, and other kinds may thrive better in other Climates.

Italy may have the Preference of all other Nations for History-*Painting*; *Holland* for Drolls, and a neat finished manner of Working; *France*, for Gay, Janty, Fluttering Pictures; and *England* for Portraits: but to give the Honour of every one of these kinds of *Painting* to any one of those Nations on account of their Excellence in any of these parts of it, is like adjudging the Prize of Heroick, Dramatick, Lyrick or Burlesque Poetry, to him who has done well in any one of them.

Where there are the greatest Genius's, and most Helps and Encouragements, 'tis reasonable to suppose an Art will arrive to the greatest Perfection: By this Rule let us consider our own Country with respect to *Face-Painting*. No Nation in the World delights so much in having their own, or Friends, or Relations Pictures; whether from their National Good-Nature, or having a love to *Painting*, and not being encouraged in the great Article of Religious Pictures, which the Purity of our Worship refuses the free use of, or from whatever other Cause. Our Helps are not inferior to those of any other

the number it stood last; following the next letter.

¹ [Give me leave before I conclude to insert a Letter which]

² [few]

People, but rather they are greater; for what the Antique Statues and Bas-reliefs which *Italy* enjoys are to the History-Painters, the Beautiful and noble Faces with which *England* is confessed to abound, are to Face-Painters; and besides we have the greatest number of the Works of the best Masters in that kind of any People, not without a competent number of those of the most excellent in every other part of *Painting*. And for Encouragement, the Wealth and Generosity of the *English* Nation affords that in such a degree, as Artists have no reason to complain.

And accordingly in Fact, *Face-Painting* is no where so well performed as in *England*: know not whether it has lain in your way to observe it, but I have, and pretend to be a tolerable Judge. I have seen what is done abroad, and can assure you, that the Honour of that Branch of *Painting* is justly due to us. I appeal to the judicious Observers for the Truth of what I assert. If Foreigners have oftentimes or even for the most part excelled our Natives, it ought to be imputed to the Advantages they have met with here, join'd to their own Ingenuity and Industry; nor has any one Nation distinguished themselves so as to raise an Argument in favour of their Country: but it is to be observed, that neither *French* nor *Italians*, nor any one of either Nation, notwithstanding all our Prejudices in their favour have, or ever had, for any considerable time, any Character among us as *Face-Painters*.

This Honour is due to our own Country; and has been so for near an Age: So that instead of going to *Italy*, or elsewhere, one that designs for *Portrait-Painting* ought to study in *England*. Hither such should come from *Holland*, *France*, *Italy*, *Germany*, &c. as he that intends to practice any other kind of *Painting*, should go to those Parts where 'tis in greatest Perfection. 'Tis said the Blessed Virgin descended from Heaven, to sit to St. *Luke*; I dare venture to affirm, that if she should desire another *Madonna* to be painted by the Life, she would come to *England*; and am of opinion that your present President, Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, from his Improvement since he arrived in this Kingdom, would perform that Office better than any Foreigner living. I am, with all possible Respect,

SIR,

Your most Humble, and
Most Obedient Servant, &c.

The ingenious Letters sign'd the Weather-Glass, with several others, were receiv'd, but came too late.

[POSTSCRIPT.]

It had not come to my Knowledge, when I left off the *Spectator*, that I owe several excellent Sentiments and agreeable Pieces in this Work to Mr. *Ince* of *Grey's-Inn*.¹

R. STEELE.]

¹ Mr. Richard Ince, a good Greek scholar, who became Comptroller of Army Accounts, and inherited a fortune, died in 1758.

THE HONEYCOMB

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

TO

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, ESQ.¹

THE Seven former Volumes of the *Spectator* having been Dedicated to some of the most celebrated Persons of the Age, I take leave to Inscribe this Eighth and Last to You, as to a Gentleman who hath ever been ambitious of appearing in the best Company.

You are now wholly retired from the busie Part of Mankind, and at leisure to reflect upon your past Achievements; for which reason, I look upon You as a Person very well qualified for a Dedication.

I may possibly disappoint my Readers, and your self too, if I do not endeavour on this Occasion to make the World acquainted with your Virtues. And here, Sir, I shall not compliment You upon your Birth, Person, or Fortune; nor any other the like Perfections, which You possess whether You will or no: But shall only touch upon those, which are of your own acquiring, and in which every one must allow You have a real Merit.

Your janty Air and easy Motion, the Volubility of your Discourse, the Suddenness of your Laugh, the Management of your Snuff-Box, with the Whiteness of your Hands and Teeth (which have justly gained You the Envy of the most polite part of the Male World, and the Love of the greatest Beauties in the Female) are intirely to be ascribed to your own personal Genius and Application.

You are formed for these Accomplishments by a happy Turn of Nature, and have finished your self in them by the utmost Improvements of Art. A Man that is defective in either of these Qualifications (whatever may be the secret Ambition of his Heart) must never hope to make the Figure You have done, among the fashionable part of his Species. It is therefore no wonder, we see such Multitudes of aspiring young Men fall short of You in all these Beauties of your Character, notwithstanding the Study and Practice of them is the whole Business of their Lives. But I need not tell You that the free and disengaged Behaviour of a fine Gentleman makes as many awkward Beaux, as the Easiness of your Favourite *Waller* hath made insipid Poets.

At present You are content to aim all your

¹ This Dedication to Addison's supplementary *Spectator*, begun a year and a half after the close of Steele's, is thought to be by Eustace Budgell.

Charms at your own Spouse, without further Thought of Mischief to any others of the Sex. I know you had formerly a very great Contempt for that Pedantick Race of Mortals who call themselves Philosophers; and yet, to your Honour be it spoken, there is not a Sage of them all could have better acted up to their Precepts in one of the most important Points of Life: I mean in that Generous Dis-regard of Popular Opinion, which you showed some Years ago, when you chose for your Wife an obscure young Woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an ancient Family, but has certainly as many Fore-fathers as any Lady in the Land, if she could but reckon up their Names.

I must own I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the Moment that you confessed your Age, and from eight and forty (where you had stuck so many Years) very ingenuously step'd into your Grand Climacterick. Your Department has since been very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly informed, You make a regular Appearance every Quarter-Sessions among your Brothers of the *Quorum*; and if things go on as they do, stand fair for being a Colonel of the Militia. I am told that your Time passes away as agreeably in the Amusements of a Country Life, as it ever did in the Gallantries of the Town: And that you now take as much pleasure in the Planting of young Trees, as you did formerly in the Cutting down of your Old ones. In short, we hear from all Hands that You are thoroughly reconciled to your dirty Acres, and have not too much Wit to look into your own Estate.

After having spoken thus much of my Patron, I must take the Privilege of an Author in saying something of my self. I shall therefore beg leave to add, that I have purposely omitted setting those Marks to the End of every Paper, which appeared in my former Volumes, that You may have an Opportunity of showing Mrs. *Honeycomb* the Shrewdness of your Conjectures, by ascribing every Speculation to its proper Author: Though You know how often many profound Criticks in Style and Sentiments have very judiciously erred in this Particular, before they were let into the Secret. I am,

SIR,
Your most Faithful
Humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

[THE
Bookseller to the Reader.

IN the Six hundred and thirty second *Spectator*, the Reader will find an Account of the Rise of this Eighth and Last Volume.

I have not been able to prevail upon the several

Gentlemen who were concerned in this Work to let me acquaint the World with their Names.

Perhaps it will be unnecessary to inform the Reader, that no other Papers, which have appeared under the Title of *Spectator*, since the closing of this Eighth Volume, were written by any of those Gentlemen who had a Hand in this or the former Volumes.]

No. 556.] FRIDAY, June 18, 1714. [Addison.¹

To be continued every Monday, Wednesday,
and Friday.

*Qualis ubi in lucem coluber, mala gramina pas-
tus,
Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
Nunc positus novus exuvias, nitidusque juventa,
Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis.*
Virg.

UPON laying down the Office of SPECTATOR, I acquainted the World with my Design of electing a new Club, and of opening my Mouth in it after a most solemn Manner. Both the Election and the Ceremony are now past; but not finding it so easy as I at first imagined, to break thro' a Fifty Years Silence, I would not venture into the World under the character of a Man who pretends to talk like other People, till I had arrived at a full Freedom of Speech.

I shall reserve for another time the History of such Club or Clubs of which I am now a Talkative, but unworthy Member; and shall here give an Account of this surprising Change which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an Accident as any recorded in History, since that which happened to the Son of *Cræsus*, after having been many Years as much Tongue-tied as my self.

Upon the first opening of my Mouth, I made a Speech consisting of about half a Dozen well-turned Periods; but grew so very hoarse upon it, that for three Days together, instead of finding the use of my Tongue, I was afraid that I had quite lost it. Besides, the unusual Extension of my Muscles on this Occasion, made my Face ake on both Sides to such a Degree, that nothing but an invincible Resolution and Perseverance could have prevented me from falling back to my Monosyllables.

I afterwards made several Essays towards speaking; and that I might not be startled at my own Voice, which has happen'd to me more than once, I used to read aloud in my Chamber, and have often stood in the Middle of the Street to call a Coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

When I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own Voice, I laid hold of all Opportunities to exert it. Not caring however to speak much by my self, and to draw upon me the whole Attention of those I conversed with, I used, for some time, to walk every Morning in the Mall, and talk in Chorus with a Parcel of *Frenchmen*. I found my Modesty greatly relieved by the communicative Temper of this Nation, who are so very sociable, as to think they are never better Company, than when they are all opening at the same time.

I then fancied I might receive great Benefit from Female Conversation, and that I should have a Convenience of talking with the greater

¹ Addison's papers are marked on the authority of Tickell.

Freedom, when I was not under any Impediment of thinking: I therefore threw my self into an Assembly of Ladies, but could not for my Life get in a Word among them; and found that if I did not change my Company, I was in Danger of being reduced to my primitive Taciturnity.

The Coffee-houses have ever since been my chief Places of Resort, where I have made the greatest Improvements; in order to which I have taken a particular Care never to be of the same Opinion with the Man I conversed with. I was a Tory at *Button's*, and a Whig at *Childe's*; a Friend to the *Englishman*, or an Advocate for the *Examiner*, as it best served my Turn; some fancy me a great Enemy to the *French King*, though, in reality, I only make use of him for a Help to Discourse. In short, I wrangle and dispute for Exercise; and have carried this Point so far that I was once like to have been run through the Body for making a little too free with my Betters.

In a Word, I am quite another Man to what I was.

—*Nil fuit unquam
Tam dispar sibi*—

My old Acquaintance scarce know me; nay I was asked the other Day by a *Jew* at *Jonathan's*, whether I was not related to a dumb Gentleman, who used to come to that Coffee-house? But I think I never was better pleased in my Life than about a Week ago, when, as I was battling it across the Table with a young Templar, his Companion gave him a Pull by the Sleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old Prig would talk him to Death.

Being now a very good Proficient in Discourse, I shall appear in the World with this Addition to my Character, that my Countrymen may reap the Fruits of my new-acquired Loquacity.

Those who have been present at public Disputes in the University, know that it is usual to maintain Heresies for Argument's sake. I have heard a Man a most impudent Socinian for Half an Hour, who has been an Orthodox Divine all his Life after. I have taken the same Method to accomplish my self in the Gift of Utterance, having talked above a Twelve-month, not so much for the Benefit of my Hearers as of my self. But since I have now gained the Faculty, I have been so long endeavouring after, I intend to make a right Use of it, and shall think myself obliged, for the future, to speak always in Truth and Sincerity of Heart. While a Man is learning to fence, he practises both on Friend and Foe; but when he is a Master in the Art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right Side.

That this last Allusion may not give my Reader a wrong Idea of my Design in this Paper, I must here inform him, that the Author of it is of no Faction, that he is a Friend to no Interests but those of Truth and Virtue, nor a Foe to any but those of Vice and Folly. Though I make more Noise in the World than I used to do, I am still resolved to act in it as an indifferent SPECTATOR. It is not my Ambition to encrease the Number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wise and good Men, and I could heartily wish there were not

Faults common to both Parties which afford me sufficient Matter to work upon, without descending to those which are peculiar to either.

If in a Multitude of Counsellors there is Safety, we ought to think our selves the securest Nation in the World. Most of our Garrets are inhabited by Statesmen, who watch over the Liberties of their Country, and make a Shift to keep themselves from starving by taking into their Care the Properties of their Fellow-Subjects.

As these Politicians of both Sides have already worked the Nation into a most unnatural Ferment, I shall be so far from endeavouring to raise it to a greater Height, that on the contrary, it shall be the chief Tendency of my Papers, to inspire my Countrymen with a mutual Good-will and Benevolence. Whatever Faults either Party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by those Reproaches, which they cast upon one another. The most likely Method of rectifying any Man's Conduct, is, by recommending to him the Principles of Truth and Honour, Religion and Virtue; and so long as he acts with an Eye to these Principles, whatever Party he is of, he cannot fail of being a good *Englishman*, and a Lover of his Country.

As for the Persons concerned in this Work, the Names of all of them, or at least of such as desire it, shall be published hereafter: Till which time I must entreat the courteous Reader to suspend his Curiosity, and rather to consider what is written, than who they are that write it.

Having thus adjusted all necessary Preliminaries with my Reader, I shall not trouble him with any more prefatory Discourses, but proceed in my old Method, and entertain him with Speculations on every useful Subject that falls in my Way.

No. 557.]

[Addison.

From FRIDAY, June 18, to MONDAY, June 21, 1714.

To be continued every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Quippe domum timet ambiguum, Tyriosque bilingues.—Virg.

THERE is nothing, says Plato, so delightful, as the hearing or the speaking of Truth. For this Reason there is no Conversation so agreeable as that of the Man of Integrity, who hears without any Intention to betray, and speaks without any Intention to deceive.

Among all the Accounts which are given of *Cato*, I do not remember one that more redounds to his Honour than the following Passage related by *Plutarch*. As an Advocate was pleading the Cause of his Client before one of the Prætors, he could only produce a single Witness in a Point where the Law required the Testimony of two Persons; upon which the Advocate insisted on the Integrity of that Person whom he had produced: but the Prætor told him, That where the Law required two Witnesses he would not accept of one, tho' it were *Cato* himself. Such a Speech from a Person who sat at the Head of a Court of

Justice, while *Cato* was still living, shews us, more than a thousand Examples, the high Reputation this great Man had gained among his Contemporaries upon the Account of his Sincerity.

When such an inflexible Integrity is a little softened and qualified by the Rules of Conversation and Good-breeding, there is not a more shining Virtue in the whole Catalogue of Social Duties. A Man however ought to take great Care not to polish himself out of his Veracity, nor to refine his Behaviour to the Prejudice of his Virtue.

This Subject is exquisitely treated in the most elegant Sermon of the great *British Preacher*.¹ I shall beg Leave to transcribe out of it two or three Sentences, as a proper Introduction to a very curious Letter, which I shall make the chief Entertainment of this Speculation.

'The old *English Plainness and Sincerity, that generous Integrity of Nature, and Honesty of Disposition, which always argues true Greatness of Mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted Courage and Resolution, is in a great Measure lost among us.*

'The Dialect of Conversation is now-a-days so swelled with Vanity and Compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of Expressions of Kindness and Respect, that if a Man that lived an Age or two ago should return into the World again, he would really want a Dictionary to help him to understand his own Language, and to know the true intrinsic Value of the Phrase in Fashion; and would hardly, at first, believe at what a low Rate the highest Strains and Expressions of Kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current Payment; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good Countenance and a good Conscience, to converse with Men upon equal Terms and in their own Way.

I have by me a Letter which I look upon as a great Curiosity, and which may serve as an Exemplification to the foregoing Passage, cited out of this most excellent Prelate. It is said to have been written in King *Charles II.*'s Reign by the Ambassador of *Bantam*,² a little after his Arrival in *England*.

Master,

'The People, where I now am, have Tongues further from their Hearts than from *London* to *Bantam*, and thou knowest the Inhabitants of one of these Places does not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy Subjects Barbarians, because we speak what we mean; and account themselves a civilized People, because they speak one thing and mean another: Truth they call Barbarity, and Falsehood Politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the King of this Place to meet me told me, *That he was extremely sorry for the Storm I had met with just before my Arrival.* I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself

¹ Tillotson. The Sermon 'Of Sincerity Towards God and Man.' Works, Vol. II., p. 6, folio ed.

² In 1682.

'upon my Account; but in less than a Quarter of an Hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him told me by my Interpreter, *He should be glad to do me any Service that lay in his Power.* Upon which I desir'd him to carry one of my Portmantaus for me, but instead of serving me according to his Promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged, the first Week, at the House of one, who desired me *to think my self at home, and to consider his House as my own.* Accordingly, I the next Morning began to knock down one of the Walls of it, in order to let in the fresh Air, and had packed up some of the Houshold-Goods, of which I intended to have made thee a Present: But the false Varlet no sooner saw me falling to Work, but he sent Word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such Doings in his House. I had not been long in this Nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain Favour from the Chief of the King's Servants, whom they here call the Lord-Treasurer, That I had *eternally obliged him.* I was so surpriz'd at his Gratitude, that I could not forbear saying, What Service is there which one Man can do for another, that can oblige him to all Eternity! However I only asked him, for my Reward, that he would lend me his eldest Daughter during my Stay in this Country; but I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest of his Countrymen.

'At my first going to Court, one of the great Men almost put me out of Countenance, by asking *ten thousand Pardons* of me for only treading by Accident upon my Toe. They call this kind of Lye a Compliment; for when they are Civil to a great Man, they tell him Untruths, for which thou wouldst order any of thy Officers of State to receive a hundred Blows upon his Foot. I do not know how I shall negotiate any thing with this People, since there is so little Credit to be given to 'em. When I go to see the King's Scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, tho' perhaps I saw him go into his House almost the very Moment before. Thou wouldst fancy that the whole Nation are Physicians, for the first Question they always ask me, is, *how I do:* I have this Question put to me above a hundred times a Day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my Health, but wish it in a more solemn Manner, with a full Glass in their Hands, every time I sit with them at Table, tho' at the same time they would persuade me to drink their Liquors in such Quantities as I have found by Experience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy Health also in the same Manner; but I have more Reason to expect it from the Goodness of thy Constitution, than the Sincerity of their Wishes. May thy Slave escape in Safety from this doubled-tongued Race of Men, and live to lay himself once more at thy Feet in thy Royal City of *Bantam.*

No. 558.] WEDNESDAY, June 23, 1714. [Addison.

*Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat: laudet diversa sequentes?
O Fortunati mercatores, gravis annis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore!
Contra mercator, navim jactantibus austris,
Militia est potior. Quid enim? concurritur?*

horæ

*Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.
Ille, datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem
est,*

*Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem
Delassare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi
Quo rem deducam. Si quis Deus, en ego dicat,
Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,
Mercator: tu consultus modo, rusticus. Hinc
vos,*

*Vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. Eja,
Quid statis? Nolint. Atque licet esse beatis.*

Hor.

IT is a celebrated Thought of *Socrates*, that if all the Misfortunes of Mankind were cast into a publick Stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole Species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the Share they are already possess'd of, before that which would fall to them by such a Division. *Horace* has carried this Thought a great deal further in the Motto of my Paper, which implies that the Hardships or Misfortunes we lye under, are more easy to us than those of any other Person would be, in case we could change Conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two Remarks, and seated in my Elbow-Chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a Proclamation made by *Jupiter*, that every Mortal should bring in his Grievances and Calamities, and throw them together in a Heap. There was a large Plain appointed for this Purpose. I took my Stand in the Center of it, and saw with a great deal of Pleasure the whole human Species marching one after another and throwing down their several Loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious Mountain that seemed to rise above the Clouds.

There was a certain Lady of a thin airy Shape, who was very active in this Solemnity. She carried a magnifying Glass in one of her Hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing Robe, embroidered with several Figures of Fiends and Spectres, that discovered themselves in a Thousand chimerical Shapes, as her Garment hovered in the Wind. There was something wild and distracted in her Look. Her Name was *FANCY*. She led up every Mortal to the appointed Place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his Pack, and laying it upon his Shoulders. My Heart melted within me to see my Fellow-Creatures groaning under their respective Burthens,

and to consider that prodigious Bulk of human Calamities which lay before me.

There were however several Persons who gave me great Diversion upon this Occasion. I observed one bringing in a Fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered Cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the Heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his Luggage; which, upon examining, I found to be his Wife.

There were Multitudes of Lovers saddled with very whimsical Burthens composed of Darts and Flames; but, what was very odd, tho' they sighed as if their Hearts would break under these Bundles of Calamities, they could not perswade themselves to cast them into the Heap when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their Heads and marched away as heavy loaden as they came. I saw Multitudes of old Women throw down their Wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny Skin. There were very great Heaps of red Noses, large Lips, and rusty Teeth. The Truth of it is, I was surpriz'd to see the greatest Part of the Mountain made up of bodily Deformities. Observing one advancing towards the Heap with a larger Cargo than ordinary upon his Back, I found upon his near Approach, that it was only a natural Hump, which he disposed of with great Joy of Heart among this Collection of humane Miseries. There were likewise Distempers of all Sorts, tho' I could not but observe, that there were many more Imaginary than real. One little Packet I could not but take Notice of, which was a Complication of all the Diseases incident to humane Nature, and was in the Hand of a great many fine People: This was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprized me, was a Remark I made, that there was not a single Vice or Folly thrown into the whole Heap: At which I was very much astonished, having concluded within my self, that every one would take this Opportunity of getting rid of his Passions, Prejudices, and Frailties.

I took Notice in particular of a very profligate Fellow, who I did not Question came loaden with his Crimes, but upon searching into his Bundle, I found that instead of throwing his Guilt from him, he had only laid down his Memory. He was followed by another worthless Rogue who flung away his Modesty instead of his Ignorance.

When the whole Race of Mankind had thus cast their Burthens, the *Phantome* which had been so busie on this Occasion, seeing me an idle Spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her Presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying Glass full before my Eyes. I no sooner saw my Face in it, but was startled at the Shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost Aggravation. The immoderate Breadth of the Features made me very much out of Humour with my own Countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a Mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his Visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very Chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole Face. We had both of us an

Opportunity of mending our selves, and all the Contributions being now brought in, every Man was at Liberty to exchange his Misfortune for those of another Person. But as there arose many new Incidents in the Sequel of my Vision, I shall reserve them for the Subject of my next Paper.

No. 559.] FRIDAY, June 25, 1714. [Addison.

*Quid causæ est, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratas buccas inflet: neque se fore posthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?*

Hor.

IN my last Paper, I gave my Reader a Sight of that Mountain of Miseries, which was made up of those several Calamities that afflict the Minds of Men. I saw, with unspeakable Pleasure, the whole Species thus delivered from its Sorrows: though at the same time, as we stood round the Heap, and surveyed the several Materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a Mortal in this vast Multitude who did not discover what he thought Pleasures and Blessings of Life; and wonder'd how the Owners of them ever came to look upon them as Burthens and Grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this Confusion of Miseries, this Chaos of Calamity, *Jupiter* issued out a second Proclamation, that every one was now at Liberty to exchange his Affliction, and to return to his Habitation with any such other Bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, *FANCY* began again to bestir her self, and parcelling out the whole Heap with incredible Activity, recommended to every one his particular Packet. The Hurry and Confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some Observations, which I made upon the Occasion, I shall communicate to the Publick. A venerable grey-headed Man, who had laid down the Cholick, and who I found wanted an Heir to his Estate, snatched up an undutiful Son that had been thrown into the Heap by his angry Father. The graceless Youth, in less than a quarter of an Hour, pulled the old Gentleman by the Beard, and had like to have knocked his Brains out; so that meeting the true Father, who came towards him in a Fit of the Gripes, he begg'd him to take his Son again, and give him back his Cholick; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the Choice they had made. A poor Gally-Slave, who had thrown down his Chains, took up the Gout in their stead, but made such wry Faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great Gainer by the Bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several Exchanges that were made, for Sickness against Poverty, Hunger against want of Appetite, and Care against Pain.

The Female World were very busie among themselves in bartering for Features; one was trucking a Lock of grey Hairs for a Carbuncle, another was making over a short Waste for a Pair of round Shoulders, and a third cheapning a bad

Face for a lost Reputation: But on all these Occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new Blemish, as soon as she had got it into her Possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same Observation on every other Misfortune or Calamity, which every one in the Assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the Evils which befall us are in some Measure suited and proportioned to our Strength, or that every Evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not for my Heart forbear pitying the poor hump-back'd Gentleman mentioned in the former Paper, who went off a very well-shaped Person with a Stone in his Bladder; nor the fine Gentleman who had struck up this Bargain with him, that limped thro' a whole Assembly of Ladies, who used to admire him, with a Pair of Shoulders peeping over his Head.

I must not omit my own particular Adventure. My Friend with the long Visage had no sooner taken upon him my short Face, but he made such a grotesque Figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at my self, insomuch that I put my own Face out of Countenance. The poor Gentleman was so sensible of the Ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: On the other Side I found that I my self had no great Reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my Forehead I missed the Place, and clapped my Finger upon my upper Lip. Besides, as my Nose was exceeding Prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky Knocks as I was playing my Hand about my Face, and aiming at some other Part of it. I saw two other Gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous Circumstances. These had made a foolish Swop between a Couple of thick bandy Legs, and two long Trapsticks that had no Calfs to them. One of these looked like a Man walking upon Stilts, and was so lifted up into the Air above his ordinary Height, that his Head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward Circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new Supporters: Observing him to be a pleasant Kind of Fellow, I stuck my Cane in the Ground, and told him I would lay him a Bottle of Wine, that he did not march up to it on a Line, that I drew for him, in a Quarter of an Hour.

The Heap was at last distributed among the two Sexes, who made a most piteous Sight, as they wandered up and down under the Pressure of their several Burthens. The whole Plain was filled with Murmurs and Complaints, Groans and Lamentations. *Jupiter* at length, taking Compassion on the poor Mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their Loads, with a Design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of Pleasure, after which, the Phantome, who had led them into such gross Delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a Goddess of a quite different Figure: Her Motions were steady and composed, and her Aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her Eyes towards Heaven, and fixed them upon *Ju-*

pter: Her name was *PATIENCE*. She had no sooner placed her self by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole Heap sunk to such a Degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every Man his own proper Calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious Manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own Choice, as to the kind of Evils which fell to his Lot.

Besides the several Pieces of Morality to be drawn out of this Vision, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own Misfortunes, or to envy the Happiness of another, since it is impossible for any Man to form a right Judgment of his Neighbour's Sufferings; for which Reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's Complaints, but to regard the Sorrows of my Fellow Creatures with Sentiments of Humanity and Compassion.

No. 560.] MONDAY, June 28, 1714. [Addison.

—Verba intermissa retentat.—Ov. Met.

EVERY one has heard of the Famous Conjurer, who, according to the Opinion of the Vulgar, has studied himself *dumb*; for which Reason, as it is believed, he delivers out all his Oracles in Writing. Be that as it will, the blind *Tiresias* was not more famous in *Greece*, than this dumb Artist has been, for some Years last past, in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*. Thus much for the profound Gentleman who honours me with the following Epistle.

SIR, From my Cell, June 24, 1714.

'Being informed that you have lately got the
'Use of your Tongue, I have some Thoughts of
'following your Example, that I may be a *Fort-*
'*tune-teller* properly speaking. I am grown
'weary of my Taciturnity, and having served my
'Country many Years under the Title of the
'dumb Doctor, I shall now prophesie by Word of
'Mouth, and (as Mr. *Lee* says of the Magpie,
'who you know was a great Fortune-teller among
'the Ancients) *chatter* Futurity. I have hitherto
'chosen to receive Questions and return Answers
'in Writing, that I might avoid the Tediousness
'and Trouble of Debates, my Querists being
'generally of a Humour to think, that they have
'never Predictions enough for their Mony. In
'short, Sir, my Case has been something like
'that of those discreet Animals the Monkeys,
'who, as the *Indians* tell us, can speak if they
'would, but purposely avoid it that they may not
'be made to work. I have hitherto gained a
'Livelyhood by holding my Tongue, but shall
'now open my Mouth in order to fill it. If I appear
'a little Word-bound in my first Solutions and
'Responses, I hope it will not be imputed to any
'Want of Foresight, but to the long Disuse of
'Speech. I doubt not by this Invention to have
'all my former Customers over again, for if I
'have promised any of them Lovers or Husbands,

Riches or good Luck, it is my Design to confirm to them *viva voce*, what I have already given them under my Hand. If you will honour me with a Visit, I will compliment you with the first opening of my Mouth, and if you please you may make an entertaining Dialogue out of the Conversation of two dumb Men. Excuse this Trouble, worthy Sir, from one who has been a long time

Your Silent Admirer,
Cornelius Agrippa.

I have received the following Letter, or rather *Billet-doux*, from a pert young Baggage, who congratulates with me upon the same Occasion.

Dear Mr. Prate-apace, June 23, 1714.

I am a Member of a Female Society who call ourselves the *Chit-Chat Club*, and am ordered by the whole Sisterhood, to congratulate you upon the Use of your Tongue. We have all of us a mighty Mind to hear you talk, and if you will take your Place among us for an Evening, we have unanimously agreed to allow you one Minute in ten, without Interruption.

I am, SIR,
Your Humble Servant,
S. T.

P. S. You may find us at my Lady Betty Clack's, who will leave Orders with her Porter, that if an elderly Gentleman, with a short Face, enquires for her, he shall be admitted and no Questions asked.

As this particular Paper shall consist wholly of what I have received from my Correspondents, I shall fill up the remaining Part of it with other congratulatory Letters of the same Nature.

SIR, Oxford, June 25, 1714.

We are here wonderfully pleased with the Opening of your Mouth, and very frequently open ours in Approbation of your Design; especially since we find you are resolved to preserve your Taciturnity as to all Party Matters. We do not question but you are as great an Orator as Sir *Hudibras*, of whom the Poet sweetly sings,

— He could not open
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope.

If you will send us down the Half-dozen well-turned Periods, that produced such dismal Effects in your Muscles, we will deposite them near an old Manuscript of *Tully's* Orations, among the Archives of the University; for we all agree with you, that there is not a more remarkable Accident recorded in History, since that which happened to the Son of *Cresus*, nay, I believe you might have gone higher, and have added *Balaam's* Ass. We are impatient to see more of your Productions, and expect what Words will next fall from you, with as much attention as those, who were set to watch the speaking Head which Friar *Bacon* formerly erected in this Place. We are,

Worthy SIR,
Your most humble Servants,
B. R. T. D., &c.

Honest SPEC. Middle-Temple, June 24.

I am very glad to hear that thou beginnest to prate; and find, by thy Yesterday's Vision, thou art so used to it, that thou canst not forbear talking in thy Sleep. Let me only advise thee to speak like other Men, for I am afraid thou wilt be very Queer, if thou dost not intend to use the Phrases in Fashion, as thou callest them in thy Second Paper. Hast thou a Mind to pass for a *Bantamite*, or to make us all *Quakers*? I do assure thee, Dear SPEC, I am not Polished out of my Veracity, when I subscribe my self

Thy Constant Admirer,
and humble Servant,
Frank Townly.

No. 561.] WEDNESDAY, June 30, 1714. [Addison.

— Paulatim abolere Sichaem
Incipit, et vivo tentat praevertere amore
Jam pridem resides animos desuetaque corda.
Virg.

SIR,

I AM a tall, broad-shoulder'd, impudent, black Fellow, and, as I thought, every way qualified for a rich Widow: But, after having tried my Fortune for above three Years together, I have not been able to get one single Relict in the Mind. My first Attacks were generally successful, but always broke off as soon as they came to the Word *Settlement*. Though I have not improved my Fortune this way, I have my Experience, and have learnt several Secrets which may be of use to those unhappy Gentlemen, who are commonly distinguished by the Name of Widow-hunters, and who do not know that this Tribe of Women are, generally speaking, as much upon the Catch as themselves. I shall here communicate to you the Mysteries of a certain Female Cabal of this Order, who call themselves the *Widow-Club*. This Club consists of nine experienced Dames, who take their Places once a Week round a large oval Table.

I. Mrs. President is a Person who has disposed of six Husbands, and is now determined to take a seventh; being of Opinion that there is as much Vertue in the Touch of a seventh Husband as of a seventh Son. Her Comrades are as follow.

II. Mrs. *Snapp*, who has four Jointures, by four different Bed-fellows, of four different Shires. She is at present upon the Point of Marriage with a *Middlesex* Man, and is said to have an Ambition of extending her Possessions through all the Counties in *England* on this Side the *Trent*.

III. Mrs. *Medlar*, who after two Husbands and a Gallant, is now wedded to an old Gentleman of Sixty. Upon her making her Report to the Club after a Week's Cohabitation, she is still allowed to sit as a Widow, and accordingly takes her Place at the Board.

IV. The Widow *Quick*, married within a Fortnight after the Death of her last Husband.

' Her *Weeds* have served her thrice, and are still
' as good as new.

' V. *Lady Catherine Swallow*. She was a
' Widow at Eighteen, and has since buried a
' second Husband and two Coachmen.

' VI. *The Lady Waddle*. She was married in
' the 15th Year of her Age to *Sir Simon Waddle*,
' Knight, aged Threescore and Twelve, by whom
' she had Twinns nine Months after his Decease.
' In the 55th Year of her Age she was married to
' *James Spindle*, Esq.; a Youth of One and
' Twenty, who did not out-live the Honey-Moon.

' VII. *Deborah Conquest*. The Case of this
' Lady is something particular. She is the Relict
' of *Sir Sampson Conquest*, some time Justice of
' the *Quorum*. *Sir Sampson* was seven Foot
' high, and two Foot in Breadth from the Tip of
' one Shoulder to the other. He had married
' three Wives, who all of them died in Child-bed.
' This terrified the whole Sex, who none of them
' durst venture on *Sir Sampson*. At length Mrs.
' *Deborah* undertook him, and gave so good an
' Account of him, that in three Years time she
' very fairly laid him out, and measured his
' Length upon the Ground. This Exploit has
' gained her so great a Reputation in the Club,
' that they have added *Sir Sampson's* three Vic-
' tories to hers, and give her the Merit of a fourth
' Widowhood; and she takes her Place accord-
' ingly.

' VIII. *The Widow Wildfire*, Relict of Mr.
' *John Wildfire*, Fox-hunter, who broke his
' Neck over a six Bar Gate. She took his Death
' so much to Heart, that it was thought it would
' have put an End to her Life, had she not divert-
' ed her Sorrows by receiving the Addresses of a
' Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who made
' Love to her in the second Month of her Widow-
' hood. This Gentleman was discarded in a Fort-
' night for the sake of a young *Templar*, who had
' the Possession of her for six Weeks after, till he
' was beaten out by a broken Officer, who like-
' wise gave up his Place to a Gentleman at Court.
' The Courtier was as short-liv'd a Favourite as
' his Predecessors, but had the Pleasure to see
' himself succeeded by a long Series of Lovers,
' who followed the *Widow Wildfire* to the 37th
' Year of her Age, at which time there ensued a
' Cessation of ten Years, when *John Felt*, Haber-
' dasher, took it in his Head to be in love with
' her, and it is thought will very suddenly carry
' her off.

' IX. The last is pretty Mrs. *Runnet*, who
' broke her first Husband's Heart before she was
' Sixteen, at which Time she was entred of the
' Club, but soon after left it, upon Account of a
' Second, whom she made so quick a Dispatch of,
' that she returned to her Seat in less than a
' Twelvemonth. This young Matron is looked
' upon as the most rising Member of the Society,
' and will probably be in the President's Chair
' before she dies.

' These Ladies, upon their first Institution, re-
' solved to give the Pictures of their deceased
' Husbands to the Club-Room, but two of them
' bringing in their Dead at full Length, they
' cover'd all the Walls; Upon which they came
' to a second Resolution, that every Matron

' should give her own Picture, and set it round
' with her Husbands in Miniature.

' As they have most of them the Misfortune to
' be troubled with the Cholick, they have a noble
' Celler of Cordials and strong Waters. When
' they grow Maudlin, they are very apt to com-
' memorate their former Partners with a Tear.
' But ask them which of their Husbands they
' Condole, they are not able to tell you, and dis-
' cover plainly that they do not Weep so much for
' the Loss of a Husband, as for the want of One.

' The principal Rule, by which the whole
' Society are to govern themselves is this, To
' cry up the Pleasures of a single Life upon all
' Occasions, in order to deter the rest of their Sex
' from Marriage, and engross the whole Male
' World to themselves.

' They are obliged, when any one makes Love
' to a Member of the Society, to communicate his
' Name, at which Time the whole Assembly sit
' upon his Reputation, Person, Fortune, and
' good Humour; and if they find him qualified
' for a Sister of the Club, they lay their Heads to-
' gether how to make him sure. By this Means
' they are acquainted with all the Widow-hunters
' about Town, who often afford them great Di-
' version. There is an honest *Irish* Gentleman,
' it seems, who knows nothing of this Society, but
' at different times has made Love to the whole
' Club.

' Their Conversation often turns upon their for-
' mer Husbands, and it is very diverting to hear
' them relate their several Arts and Stratagems,
' with which they amused the Jealous, pacified
' the Choleric, or wheedled the Good-natured
' Man, till at last, to use the Club Phrase, *They*
' sent him out of the House with his Heels fore-
' most.

' The Politicks, which are most cultivated by
' this Society of *She-Machiavils*, relate chiefly to
' these two Points: How to treat a Lover, and
' How to manage a Husband. As for the first
' Set of Artifices, they are too numerous to come
' within the Compass of your Paper, and shall
' therefore be reserved for a Second Letter.

' The Management of a Husband is built upon
' the following Doctrines, which are Universally
' assented to by the whole Club. Not to give
' him his Head at first. Not to allow him too
' great Freedoms and Familiarities. Not to be
' treated by him like a raw Girl, but as a Wo-
' man that knows the World. Not to Lessen any-
' thing of her former Figure. To celebrate the
' Generosity, or any other Vertue, of a deceased
' Husband, which she would recommend to his
' Successor. To turn away all his old Friends
' and Servants, that she may have the Dear Man
' to her self. To make him disinherit the un-
' dutiful Children of any former Wife. Never to
' be thoroughly convinced of his Affection, till he
' has made over to her all his Goods and Chattels.

' After so long a Letter, I am, without more
' Ceremony,

Your Humble Servant, &c.

No. 562.] FRIDAY, July 2, 1714. [Addison.

— Præsens, absens ut sies.—Ter.

IT is a hard and nice Subject for a Man to speak of himself, says Cowley;¹ it grates his own Heart to say anything of Disparagement, and the Reader's Ears to hear any thing of Praise from him. Let the Tenour of his Discourse be what it will upon this Subject, it generally proceeds from *Vanity*. An ostentatious Man will rather relate a Blunder or an Absurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear Person.

Some very great Writers have been guilty of this Fault. It is observed of *Tully* in particular, that his Works run very much in the First Person, and that he takes all Occasions of doing himself Justice. 'Does he think, says *Brutus*, that his Consulship deserves more Applause than my putting *Cæsar* to Death, because I am not perpetually talking of the Ides of *March*, as he is 'of the Nones of *December*?' I need not acquaint my learned Reader, that in the Ides of *March*, *Brutus* destroyed *Cæsar*, and that *Cicero* quashed the Conspiracy of *Cataline* in the Calends of *December*. How shocking soever this great Man's talking of himself might have been to his Contemporaries, I must confess I am never better pleased than when he is on this Subject. Such Openings of the Heart give a Man a thorough Insight into his Personal Character, and illustrate several Passages in the History of his Life: Besides, that there is some little Pleasure in discovering the Infirmary of a great Man, and seeing how the Opinion he has of himself agrees with what the World entertains of him.

The Gentlemen of *Port-Royal*, who were more eminent for their Learning and their Humility than any other in *France*, banish'd the way of speaking in the First Person out of all their Works, as arising from Vain-Glory and Self-Conceit. To shew their particular Aversion to it, they branded this Form of Writing with the Name of an *Egotism*; a Figure not to be found among the ancient Rhetoricians.

The most violent Egotism which I have met with in the Course of my Reading, is that of Cardinal *Wolsey*, *Ego et Rex meus*, *I and my King*; as perhaps the most eminent Egotist that ever appeared in the World, was *Montagne* the Author of the celebrated Essays. This lively old *Gascon* has woven all his bodily Infirmitities into his Works, and after having spoken of the Faults or Virtues of any other Man, immediately publishes to the World how it stands with himself in that Particular. Had he kept his own Counsel he might have passed for a much better Man, though perhaps he would not have been so diverting an Author. The Title of an Essay promises perhaps a Discourse upon *Virgil* or *Julius Cæsar*; but when you look into it, you are sure to meet with more upon Monsieur *Montagne*, than of either of them. The younger *Scaliger*, who seems to have been no great Friend to this Author, after having

¹ Essay 2.

acquainted the World that his Father sold Herrings, adds these Words; *La grande fadaise de Montagne, qui a escrit, qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc — que diable a-t-on à faire de scavoir ce qu'il aime? For my Part, says Montagne, I am a great Lover of your White Wines — What the Devil signifies it to the Publick, says Scaliger, whether he is a Lover of White Wines or of Red Wines?*

I cannot here forbear mentioning a Tribe of Egotists for whom I have always had a mortal Aversion, I mean the Authors of Memoirs, who are never mentioned in any Works but their own, and who raise all their Productions out of this single Figure of Speech.

Most of our modern Prefaces savour very strongly of the Egotism. Every insignificant Author fancies it of Importance to the World, to know that he writ his Book in the Country, that he did it to pass away some of his idle Hours, that it was published at the Importunity of Friends, or that his natural Temper, Studies or Conversations, directed him to the Choice of his Subject.

— *Id populus curat scilicet.*

Such Informations cannot but be highly improving to the Reader.

In Works of Humour, especially when a Man writes under a fictitious Personage, the talking of one's self may give some Diversion to the Publick; but I would advise every other Writer never to speak of himself, unless there be something very considerable in his Character: Tho' I am sensible this Rule will be of little Use in the World, because there is no Man who fancies his Thoughts worth publishing, that does not look upon himself as a considerable Person.

I shall close this Paper with a Remark upon such as are Egotists in Conversation: These are generally the vain or shallow part of Mankind, People being naturally full of themselves when they have nothing else in them. There is one kind of Egotists which is very common in the World, tho' I do not remember that any Writer has taken Notice of them; I mean those empty conceited Fellows, who repeat as Sayings of their own, or some of their particular Friends, several Jests which were made before they were born, and which every one who has conversed in the World has heard a hundred times over. A forward young Fellow of my Acquaintance was very guilty of this Absurdity: He would be always laying a new Scene for some old Piece of Wit, and telling us, That as he and *Jack* such-a-one were together, one or t'other of them had such a Conceit on such an Occasion; upon which he would laugh very heartily, and wonder the Company did not join with him. When his Mirth was over, I have often reprehended him out of *Terence*, *Tuumne, obsecro te, hoc dictum erat? vetus credidi*. But finding him still incorrigible, and having a Kindness for the young Coxcomb, who was otherwise a good-natured Fellow, I recommended to his Perusal the *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Jests, with several little Pieces of Plesantry of the same Nature. Upon the reading of them, he was under no small Con-

fusion to find that all his Jokes had passed through several Editions, and that what he thought was a new Conceit, and had appropriated to his own Use, had appeared in Print before he or his ingenious Friends were ever heard of. This had so good an Effect upon him, that he is content at present to pass for a Man of plain Sense in his ordinary Conversation, and is never facetious but when he knows his Company.

No. 563.] MONDAY, July 5, 1714. [

—Magni nominis Umbra.—Lucan.

I SHALL entertain my Reader with two very curious Letters. The first of them comes from a chimerical Person, who I believe never writ to any Body before.

SIR,

I am descended from the Ancient Family of the *Blanks*, a Name well known among all Men of Business. It is always read in those little white Spaces of Writing which want to be filled up, and which for that Reason are called *blank* Spaces, as of right appertaining to our Family: For I consider myself as the Lord of a Mannor, who lays his Claim to all Wastes or Spots of Ground that are unappropriated. I am a near Kinsman to *John a Styles* and *John a Nokes*; and they, I am told, came in with the Conquerour. I am mentioned oftner in both Houses of Parliament than any other Person in *Great Britain*. My Name is written, or more properly speaking, not written, thus, I am one that can turn my Hand to every thing, and appear under any Shape whatsoever. I can make my self Man, Woman, or Child. I am sometimes metamorphosed into a Year of our Lord, a Day of the Month, or an Hour of the Day. I very often represent a Sum of Money, and am generally the first Subsidy that is granted to the Crown. I have now and then supplied the Place of several Thousands of Land Soldiers, and have as frequently been employed in the Sea Service.

Now, Sir, my Complaint is this, that I am only made use of to serve a Turn, being always discarded as soon as a proper Person is found out to fill up my Place.

If you have ever been in the Play-house before the Curtain rises, you see most of the Front Boxes filled with Men of my Family, who forthwith turn out and resign their Stations upon the Appearance of those for whom they are retained.

But the most illustrious Branch of the *Blanks* are those who are planted in high Posts, till such time as Persons of greater Consequence can be found out to supply them. One of these *Blanks* is equally qualified for all Offices; he can serve in time of Need for a Soldier, a Politician, a Lawyer, or what you please. I have known in my Time many a Brother *Blank* that has been born under a lucky Planet, heap up great Riches, and swell into a Man of Figure and Importance, before the Grandees of his Party could agree

among themselves which of them should step into his Place. Nay, I have known a *Blank* continue so long in one of these vacant Posts, (for such it is to be reckoned all the Time a *Blank* is in it) that he has grown too formidable and dangerous to be removed.

But to return to myself, since I am so very commodious a Person, and so very necessary in all well-regulated Governments, I desire you will take my Case into Consideration, that I may be no longer made a Tool of, and only employed to stop a Gap. Such Usage, without a Pun, makes me look very blank. For all which Reasons I humbly recommend myself to your Protection, and am

Your most obedient Servant,

Blank.

P. S. I herewith send you a Paper, drawn up by a Country Attorney employed by two Gentlemen, whose Names he was not acquainted with, and who did not think fit to let him into the Secret which they were transacting. I heard him call it a *Blank Instrument*, and read it after the following Manner. You may see by this single Instance of what Use I am to the busy World.

I T. Blank, Esq., of Blank Town, in the County of Blank, do own myself indebted in the Sum of Blank, to Goodman Blank, for the Service he did me in procuring for me the Goods following, Blank: And I do hereby promise the said Blank to pay unto him the said Sum of Blank, on the Blank Day of the Month of Blank next ensuing, under the Penalty and Forfeiture of Blank.

I shall take Time to consider the Case of this my imaginary Correspondent, and in the meanwhile shall present my Reader with a Letter which seems to come from a Person that is made up of Flesh and Blood.

Good Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am married to a very honest Gentleman that is exceedingly good-natured, and at the same time very choleric. There is no standing before him when he is in a Passion; but as soon as it is over he is the best-humour'd Creature in the World. When he is angry, he breaks all my China-Ware that chances to lie in his Way, and the next Morning sends me in twice as much as he broke the Day before. I may positively say, that he has broke me a Child's Fortune since we were first marry'd together.

As soon as he begins to fret, down goes every thing that is within Reach of his Cane. I once prevailed upon him never to carry a Stick in his Hand, but this saved me nothing; for upon seeing me do something that did not please him, he kicked down a great Jarr, that cost him above Ten Pound but the Week before. I then laid the Fragments together in a Heap, and gave him his Cane again, desiring him that if he chanced to be in Anger, he would spend his Passion upon the China that was broke to his Hand: But the very next Day upon my giving a wrong Message to one of the Servants, he flew into such a Rage, that he swept down a Dozen Tea-Dishes, which,

'to my Misfortune, stood very convenient for a Side-Blow.

'I then removed all my China into a Room which he never frequents; but I got nothing by this neither, for my Looking-Glasses immediately went to Rack.

'In short, Sir, whenever he is in a Passion he is angry at every thing that is brittle; and if on such Occasions he had nothing to vent his Rage upon, I do not know whether my Bones would be in Safety. Let me beg of you, Sir, to let me know whether there be any Cure for this unaccountable Distemper; or if not, that you will be pleased to publish this Letter: For my Husband having a great Veneration for your Writings, will by that means know you do not approve of his Conduct.

I am,
Your most humble Servant, &c.

No. 564.] WEDNESDAY, July 7, 1714. [

Adsit

*Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas:
Ne Scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello.*

Hor.

IT is the Work of a Philosopher to be every Day subduing his Passions, and laying aside his Prejudices. I endeavour at least to look upon Men and their Actions only as an impartial Spectator, without any regard to them as they happen to advance or cross my own private Interest. But while I am thus employed my self, I cannot help observing, how those about me suffer themselves to be blinded by Prejudice and Inclination, how readily they pronounce on every Man's Character, which they can give in two Words, and make him either good for nothing, or qualified for every thing. On the contrary, those who search thoroughly into humane Nature, will find it much more difficult to determine the Value of their Fellow-Creatures, and that Mens Characters are not thus to be given in general Words. There is indeed no such thing as a Person entirely good or bad; Virtue and Vice are blended and mixed together, in a greater or less Proportion, in every one; and if you would search for some particular good Quality in its most eminent Degree of Perfection, you will often find it in a Mind, where it is darkned and eclipsed by an hundred other irregular Passions.

Men have either no Character at all, says a celebrated Author, or it is that of being inconsistent with themselves. They find it easier to join Extremities, than to be uniform and of a Piece. This is finely illustrated in *Xenophon's* Life of *Cyrus* the Great. That Author tells us, that *Cyrus* having taken a most beautiful Lady named *Panthea*, the Wife of *Abradatas*, committed her to the Custody of *Araspas*, a young *Persian* Nobleman, who had a little before maintain'd in Discourse, that a Mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful Passion. The young Gentleman had not long been in Possession of his fair Captive, when a Complaint was

made to *Cyrus*, that he not only solicited the Lady *Panthea* to receive him in the Room of her absent Husband, but that finding his Entreaties had no Effect, he was preparing to make use of Force. *Cyrus*, who loved the young Man, immediately sent for him, and in a gentle Manner representing to him his Fault, and putting him in Mind of his former Assertion, the unhappy Youth, confounded with a quick Sense of his Guilt and Shame, burst out into a Flood of Tears, and spoke as follows.

Oh Cyrus, I am convinced that I have two Souls. Love has taught me this Piece of Philosophy. If I had but one Soul, it could not at the same time pant after Virtue and Vice, wish and abhor the same thing. It is certain therefore we have two Souls: When the good Soul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous Actions; but when the bad Soul predominates, I am forced to do Evil. All I can say at present is, that I find my good Soul, encouraged by your Presence, has got the Better of my bad.

I know not whether my Readers will allow of this Piece of Philosophy; but if they will not, they must confess we meet with as different Passions in one and the same Soul, as can be supposed in two. We can hardly read the Life of a great Man who lived in former Ages, or converse with any who is eminent among our Contemporaries, that is not an Instance of what I am saying.

But as I have hitherto only argued against the Partiality and Injustice of giving our Judgment upon Men in gross, who are such a Composition of Virtues and Vices, of Good and Evil; I might carry this Reflection still farther, and make it extend to most of their Actions. If on the one Hand, we fairly weighed every Circumstance, we should frequently find them obliged to do that Action we at first Sight condemn, in order to avoid another we should have been much more displeas'd with. If on the other Hand we nicely examined such Actions as appear most dazzling to the Eye, we should find most of them either deficient and lame in several Parts, produced by a bad Ambition, or directed to an ill End. The very same Action may sometimes be so oddly circumstanced, that it is difficult to determine whether it ought to be rewarded or punish'd. Those who compiled the Laws of *England* were so sensible of this, that they have laid it down as one of their first Maxims, *It is better suffering a Mischief than an Inconvenience*; which is as much as to say in other Words, That since no Law can take in or provide for all Cases, it is better private Men should have some Injustice done them, than that a public Grievance should not be redressed. This is usually pleaded in Defence of all those Hardships which fall on particular Persons in particular Occasions, which could not be foreseen when a Law was made. To remedy this however as much as possible, the Court of Chancery was erected, which frequently mitigates and breaks the Teeth of the Common Law, in Cases of Men's Properties, while in Criminal Cases there is a Power of pardoning still lodged in the Crown.

Notwithstanding this, it is perhaps impossible in a large Government to distribute Rewards and

Punishments strictly proportioned to the Merits of every Action. The *Spartan* Commonwealth was indeed wonderfully exact in this Particular; and I do not remember in all my Reading to have met with so nice an Example of Justice as that recorded by *Plutarch*, with which I shall close my Paper for this Day.

The City of *Sparta* being unexpectedly attacked by a powerful Army of *Thebans*, was in very great Danger of falling into the Hands of their Enemies. The Citizens suddenly gathering themselves into a Body, fought with a Resolution equal to the Necessity of their Affairs, yet no one so remarkably distinguished himself on this Occasion, to the Amazement of both Armies, as *Isadas* the Son of *Phæbidas*, who was at that time in the Bloom of his Youth, and very remarkable for the Comeliness of his Person. He was coming out of the Bath when the Alarm was given, so that he had not time to put on his Cloaths, much less his Armour; however transported with a Desire to serve his Country in so great an Exigency, snatching up a Spear in one Hand, and a Sword in the other, he flung himself into the thickest Ranks of his Enemies. Nothing could withstand his Fury: in what Part soever he fought he put the Enemies to Flight without receiving a single Wound. Whether, says *Plutarch*, he was the particular Care of some God, who rewarded his Valour that Day with an extraordinary Protection, or, that his Enemies, struck with the Unusualness of his Dress, and Beauty of his Shape, supposed him something more than Man, I shall not determine.

The Gallantry of this Action was judged so great by the *Spartans*, that the *Ephori*, or chief Magistrates, decreed he should be presented with a Garland; but as soon as they had done so, fined him a thousand Drachmas for going out to the Battle unarmed.

No. 565.] FRIDAY, July 9, 1714. [Addison.

—*Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cælumque profun-
dum.*—Virg.

I WAS Yesterday about Sun-set walking in the open Fields, 'till the Night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the Richness and Variety of Colours, which appeared in the Western Parts of Heaven: In Proportion as they faded away and went out, several Stars and Planets appeared one after another, 'till the whole Firmament was in a Glow. The Blewness of the *Æther* was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the Season of the Year, and by the Rays of all those Luminaries that passed through it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its most beautiful White. To compleat the Scene, the full Moon rose at length in that clouded Majesty, which *Milton* takes Notice of, and opened to the Eye a new Picture of Nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer Lights than that which the Sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the Moon walking in her

Brightness and taking her Progress among the Constellations, a Thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs Men of serious and contemplative Natures. *David* himself fell into it in that Reflection, *When I consider the Heavens the Work of thy Fingers, the Moon and the Stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him!* In the same manner when I considered that infinite Host of Stars, or, to speak more Philosophically, of Suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable Sets of Planets or Worlds, which were moving round their respective Suns; When I still enlarged the Idea, and supposed another Heaven of Suns and Worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior Firmament of Luminaries, which are planted at so great a Distance, that they may appear to the Inhabitants of the former as the Stars do to us; In short, whilst I pursued this Thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant Figure which I my self bore amidst the Immensity of God's Works.

Were the Sun, which enlightens this Part of the Creation, with all the Host of Planetary Worlds, that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of Sand upon the Sea-shore. The Space they possess is so exceedingly little, in Comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a *Blank* in the Creation. The Chasm would be imperceptible to an Eye, that could take in the whole Compass of Nature, and pass from one end of the Creation to the other, as it is possible there may be such a Sense in our selves hereafter, or in Creatures which are at present more exalted than our selves. We see many Stars by the help of Glasses, which we do not discover with our naked Eyes; and the finer our Telescopes are, the more still are our Discoveries. *Huygenius* carries this Thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be Stars whose Light is not yet travelled down to us, since their first Creation. There is no Question but the Universe has certain Bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the Work of infinite Power, prompted by infinite Goodness, with an infinite Space to exert it self in, how can our Imagination set any Bounds to it?

To return therefore to my first Thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret Horror, as a Being that was not worth the smallest Regard of one who had so great a Work under his Care and Superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the Immensity of Nature, and lost among that infinite Variety of Creatures, which in all Probability swarm through all these immeasurable Regions of Matter.

In order to recover my self from this mortifying Thought, I considered that it took its Rise from those narrow Conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We our selves cannot attend to many different Objects at the same Time. If we are careful to inspect some Things, we must of Course neglect others. This Imperfection which we observe in our selves, is an Imperfection that cleaves in some Degree to

Creatures of the highest Capacities, as they are Creatures, that is, Beings of finite and limited Natures. The Presence of every created Being is confined to a certain Measure of Space, and consequently his Observation is stinted to a certain number of Objects. The Sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider Circumference to one Creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the Scale of Existence. But the widest of these our Spheres has its Circumference. When therefore we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this Imperfection in our selves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of Imperfection. Our Reason indeed assures us that his Attributes are Infinite, but the Poorness of our Conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting Bounds to every Thing it contemplates, till our Reason comes again to our Succour, and throws down all those little Prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the Mind of Man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy Thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the Multiplicity of his Works, and the Infinity of those Objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first Place, that he is Omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is Omniscient.

If we consider him in his Omnipresence; His Being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole Frame of Nature. His Creation, and every Part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His Substance is within the Substance of every Being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that Being is to it self. It would be an Imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one Place into another, or to withdraw himself from any Thing he has created, or from any Part of that Space which is diffused and spread abroad to Infinity. In short, to speak of him in the Language of the old Philosopher, he is a Being whose Centre is every where, and his Circumference no where.

In the second Place, he is Omniscient as well as Omnipresent. His Omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his Omnipresence; he cannot but be conscious of every Motion that arises in the whole material World, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every Thought that is stirring in the intellectual World, to every Part of which he is thus intimately united. Several Moralists have considered the Creation as the Temple of God, which he has built with his own Hands, and which is filled with his Presence. Others have considered infinite Space as the Receptacle, or rather the Habitation of the Almighty: But the noblest and most exalted Way of considering this infinite Space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *Sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and Men have their *Sensoriola*, or little *Sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the Presence and perceive the Actions of a few Objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their Knowledge and Observation turns within a very narrow Circle. But as God Almighty cannot but

perceive and know every Thing in which he resides, Infinite Space gives Room to Infinite Knowledge, and is, as it were, an Organ to Omniscience.

Were the Soul separate from the Body, and with one Glance of Thought should start beyond the Bounds of the Creation, should it for Millions of Years continue its Progress through Infinite Space with the same Activity, it would still find it self within the Embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the Immensity of the Godhead. Whilst we are in the Body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find him! says Job. Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. On the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.* In short, Reason as well as Revelation assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this Consideration of God Almighty's Omnipresence and Omniscience every uncomfortable Thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every Thing that has Being, especially such of his Creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their Thoughts, and to that Anxiety of Heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this Occasion: For, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his Creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an Eye of Mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his Notice, and in an unfeigned Humility of Heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

No. 566.] MONDAY, July 12, 1714. [

Militia Species Amor est.— Ovid.

AS my Correspondents begin to grow pretty numerous, I think my self obliged to take some Notice of them, and shall therefore make this Paper a Miscellany of Letters. I have, since my reassuming the Office of SPECTATOR, received abundance of Epistles from Gentlemen of the Blade, who, I find, have been so used to Action that they know not how to lie still: They seem generally to be of Opinion, that the Fair at home ought to reward them for their Services abroad, and that, till the Cause of their Country calls them again into the Field, they have a sort of Right to Quarter themselves upon the Ladies. In Order to favour their Approaches, I am desired by some to enlarge upon the Accomplishments of their Profession, and by others to give them my Advice in the carrying on of their Attacks. But let us hear what the Gentlemen say for themselves.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Tho' it may look somewhat perverse amidst 'the Arts of Peace, to talk too much of War, it is 'but Gratitude to pay the last Office to its *Manes*,

'since even Peace it self is, in some Measure, obliged to it for its Being.

'You have, in your former Papers, always recommended the Accomplished to the Favour of the Fair; and, I hope, you will allow me to represent some Part of a Military Life not altogether unnecessary to the forming a Gentleman. I need not tell you that in *France*, whose Fashions we have been formerly so fond of, almost every one derives his Pretences to Merit from the Sword; and that a Man has scarce the Face to make his Court to a Lady, without some Credentials from the Service to recommend him. As the Profession is very ancient, we have Reason to think some of the greatest Men, among the old *Romans*, derived many of their Virtues from it, their Commanders being frequently, in other Respects, some of the most shining Characters of the Age.

'The Army not only gives a Man Opportunities of exercising those two great Virtues *Patience* and *Courage*, but often produces them in Minds where they had scarce any Footing before. I must add, that it is one of the best Schools in the World to receive a general Notion of Mankind in, and a certain Freedom of Behaviour, which is not so easily acquired in any other Place. At the same Time I must own, that some Military Airs are pretty extraordinary, and that a Man who goes into the Army a Coxcomb will come out of it a Sort of Publick Nuisance: But a Man of Sense, or one who before had not been sufficiently used to a mixed Conversation, generally takes the true Turn. The Court has in all Ages been allowed to be the Standard of Good-breeding; and I believe there is not a juster Observation in *Monsieur Rochefoucault*, than that *A Man who has been bred up wholly to Business, can never get the Air of a Courtier at Court, but will immediately catch it in the Camp.* The Reason of this most certainly is, that the very Essence of Good-Breeding and Politeness consists in several Niceties, which are so minute that they escape his Observation, and he falls short of the Original he would copy after; but when he sees the same Things charged and aggravated to a Fault, he no sooner endeavours to come up to the Pattern which is set before him, than, though he stops somewhat short of that, he naturally rests where in reality he ought. I was two or three Days ago, mightily pleased with the Observation of an humourous Gentleman upon one of his Friends, who was in other Respects every way an accomplished Person, *That he wanted nothing but a Dash of the Coxcomb in him*; by which he understood a little of that Alertness and Unconcern in the common Actions of Life, which is usually so visible among Gentlemen of the Army, and which a Campaign or two would infallibly have given him.

'You will easily guess, Sir, by this my Panegyrick upon a Military Education, that I am myself a Soldier, and indeed I am so; I remember, within three Years after I had been in the Army, I was ordered into the Country a Recruiting. I had very particular Success in this Part of the Service, and was over and above assured, at my going away, that I might have taken a young

'Lady, who was the most considerable Fortune in the County, along with me. I preferred the Pursuit of Fame at that time to all other Considerations, and tho' I was not absolutely bent on a Wooden Leg, resolved at least to get a Scar or two for the good of *Europe*. I have at present as much as I desire of this Sort of Honour, and if you could recommend me effectually, should be well enough contented to pass the Remainder of my Days in the Arms of some dear kind Creature, and upon a pretty Estate in the Country: This, as I take it, would be following the Example of *Lucius Cincinnatus*, the old *Roman* Dictator, who at the End of a War left the Camp to follow the Plow. I am, Sir, with all imaginable Respect,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Will. Warly.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am an Half-pay Officer, and am at present with a Friend in the Country. Here is a rich Widow in the Neighbourhood, who has made Fools of all the Fox-hunters within fifty Miles of her. She declares she intends to marry, but has not yet been asked by the Man she could like. She usually admits her humble Admirers to an Audience or two, but, after she has once given them Denial will never see them more. I am assured by a Female Relation, that I shall have fair Play at her; but as my whole Success Depends on my first Approaches, I desire your Advice, whether I had best *Storm* or proceed by way of *Sap*.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

'P. S. I had forgot to tell you, that I have already carried one of her Outworks, that is, secured her Maid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have assisted in several Sieges in the *Low-Countries*, and being still willing to employ my Talents, as a Soldier and Engineer, lay down this Morning at Seven a Clock before the Door of an obstinate Female, who had for some time refused me Admittance. I made a Lodgment in an outer Parlour about Twelve: The Enemy retired to her Bed-Chamber, yet I still pursued, and about two a-Clock this Afternoon she thought fit to Capitulate. Her Demands are indeed somewhat high, in Relation to the Settlement of her Fortune. But being in Possession of the House, I intend to insist upon *Carte Blanche*, and am in hopes, by keeping off all other Pretenders for the Space of twenty four Hours, to starve her into a Compliance. I beg your speedy Advice, and am,

SIR, Yours,

Peter Push.

From my Camp in *Red-Lion Square*, Saturday 4, in the Afternoon.

No. 567.] WEDNESDAY, July 14, 1714. [Addison.

— *Inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.*—Virg.

I HAVE received private Advice from some of my Correspondents, that if I would give my Paper a general Run, I should take care to season it with Scandal. I have indeed observed of late, that few Writings sell which are not filled with great Names and illustrious Titles. The Reader generally casts his Eye upon a new Book, and if he finds several Letters separated from one another by a Dash, he buys it up, and peruses it with great Satisfaction. An *M* and an *h*, a *T* and an *r*,¹ with a short Line between them, has sold many an Insipid Pamphlet. Nay I have known a whole Edition go off by vertue of two or three well written *&c.*'s.

A sprinkling of the Words *Faction*, *Frenchman*, *Papist*, *Plunderer*, and the like significant Terms, in an Italic Character, have also a very good Effect upon the Eye of the [Purchaser;²] not to mention *Scribler*, *Lier*, *Rogue*, *Rascal*, *Knave*, and *Villain*, without which it is impossible to carry on a Modern Controversie.

Our Party-writers are so sensible of the secret Vertue of an Innuendo to recommend their Productions, that of late they never mention the *Q*—*n* or *P*—*t* at length, though they speak of them with Honour, and with that Deference which is due to them from every private Person. It gives a secret Satisfaction to a Peruser of these mysterious Works, that he is able to decipher them without help, and, by the Strength of his own natural Parts, to fill up a Blank-Space, or make out a Word that has only the first or last Letter to it.

Some of our Authors indeed, when they would be more Satyirical than ordinary, omit only the Vowels of a great Man's Name, and fall most unmercifully upon all the Consonants. This way of Writing was first of all introduced by *T--m Br--wn*, of facetious Memory, who, after having gutted a proper Name of all its intermediate Vowels, used to plant it in his Works, and make as free with it as he pleased, without any Danger of the Statute.

That I may imitate these celebrated Authors, and publish a Paper which shall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious Libel, in which a Reader of Penetration will find a great deal of concealed Satyr, and if he be acquainted with the present Posture of Affairs, will easily discover the Meaning of it.

'If there are *four* Persons in the Nation who endeavour to bring all things into Confusion, and ruin their native Country, I think every honest *Engl-shm-n* ought to be upon his Guard. That there are such, every one will agree with me, who hears me name *** with his first Friend and Favourite ***, not to mention *** nor ***. These People may cry *Ch--rch*, *Ch--rch*, as long as they please, but, to make use of a

¹ For 'Marlborough' and 'Treasurer.'

² [Reader.]

'homely Proverb, The Proof of the *P--dd--ng* is in the eating. This I am sure of, that if a *certtain Prince* should concur with a *certtain Prelate*, (and we have Monsieur *Z--n's* Word for it) our Posterity would be in a sweet *P--ckle*. Must the *British Nation* suffer forsooth, because my Lady *Q--p--t-s* has been disoblged? Or is it reasonable that our *English Fleet*, which used to be the Terror of the Ocean, should lie Wind-bound for the sake of a ———. I love to speak out and declare my Mind clearly, when I am talking for the Good of my Country. I will not make my Court to an ill Man, tho' he were a *B--y* or a *T--t*. Nay, I would not stick to call so wretched a Politician, a Traitor, an Enemy to his Country, and a *Bl--nd-rb--ss*, &c., &c.

The remaining Part of this Political Treatise, which is written after the manner of the most celebrated Authors in *Great Britain*, I may communicate to the Publick at a more convenient Season. In the mean while I shall leave this with my curious Reader, as some ingenious Writers do their Enigmas, and if any sagacious Person can fairly unriddle it, I will print his Explanation, and, if he pleases, acquaint the World with his Name.

I hope this short Essay will convince my Readers, it is not for want of Abilities that I avoid State-tracts, and that if I would apply my Mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a Master of the Political Scratch as any the most eminent Writer of the Age. I shall only add, that in order to outshine all this Modern Race of *Syncopests*, and thoroughly content my *English Readers*, I intend shortly to publish a *SPECTATOR*, that shall not have a single Vowel in it.

No. 568.] FRIDAY, July 16, 1714. [Addison.

— *Dum recitas, incipit esse Tuus.*—Mart.

I WAS Yesterday in a Coffee-House not far from the *Royal Exchange*, where I observed three Persons in close Conference over a Pipe of Tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little Wax Candle that stood before them; and after having thrown in two or three Whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the Company. I need not tell my Reader, that lighting a Man's Pipe at the same Candle, is looked upon among Brother-smokers as an Overture to Conversation and Friendship. As we here lay our Heads together in a very amicable Manner, being intrenched under a Cloud of our own raising, I took up the last *SPECTATOR*, and casting my Eye over it, *The SPECTATOR*, says I, is *very witty to-Day*; upon which a lusty lethargick old Gentleman, who sat at the Upper-end of the Table, having gradually blown out of his Mouth a great deal of Smoke, which he had been collecting for some Time before, *Ay*, says he, *more witty than wise I am afraid*. His Neighbour who sat at his right Hand immediately coloured, and being an angry Politician, laid down his Pipe with so much Wrath that he

broke it in the Middle, and by that Means furnished me with a Tobacco-stopper. I took it up very sedately, and looking him full in the Face, made use of it from Time to Time all the while he was speaking: *This fellow, says he, can't for his Life keep out of Politicks. Do you see how he abuses four great Men here?* I fix'd my Eye very attentively on the Paper, and asked him if he meant those who were represented by Asterisks. *Asterisks, says he, do you call them? they are all of them Stars. He might as well have put Garters to 'em. Then pray do but mind the two or three next Lines? Ch-rch and P-dd-ing in the same Sentence! Our Clergy are very much beholden to him.* Upon this the third Gentleman, who was of a mild Disposition, and, as I found, a Whig in his Heart, desired him not to be too severe upon the SPECTATOR neither; For, says he, *you find he is very cautious of giving Offence, and has therefore put two Dashes into his Pudding. A Fig for his Dash, says the angry Politician. In his next Sentence he gives a plain Innuendo, that our Posterity will be in a sweet P--ckle. What does the Fool mean by his Pickle? Why does not he write it at length, if he means honestly? I have read over the whole Sentence, says I; but I look upon the Parenthesis in the Belly of it to be the most dangerous Part, and as full of Insinuations as it can hold. But who, says I, is my Lady Q--p--t--s? Ay, Answer that if you can, Sir, says the furious Statesman to the poor Whig that sate over-against him. But without giving him Time to reply, I do assure you, says he, were I my Lady Q--p--t--s, I would sue him for Scandalum Magnatum. What is the World come to? Must every Body be allowed to —? He had by this time filled a new Pipe and applying it to his Lips, when we expected the last Word of his Sentence, put us off with a Whiff of Tobacco; which he redoubled with so much Rage and Trepidation, that he almost stifled the whole Company. After a short Pause, I owned that I thought the SPECTATOR had gone too far in writing so many Letters of my Lady Q--p--t--s's Name; but however, says I, he has made a little Amends for it in his next Sentence, where he leaves a blank Space without so much as a Consonant to direct us? I mean, says I, after those Words, The Fleet, that used to be the Terrour of the Ocean, should be Wind-bound for the sake of a —; after which ensues a Chasm, that in my Opinion looks modest enough. Sir, says my Antagonist, you may easily know his Meaning by his Gaping; I suppose he designs his Chasm, as you call it, for an Hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly serve his Turn. Who can endure to see the great Officers of State, the B--y's and T--t's treated after so scurrilous a Manner? I can't for my Life, says I, imagine who they are the SPECTATOR means? No! says he, — Your humble Servant, Sir! Upon which he flung himself back in his Chair after a contemptuous Manner, and smiled upon the old lethargick Gentleman on his left Hand, who I found was his great Admirer. The Whig however had begun to conceive a Good-will towards me, and seeing my Pipe out, very generously offered me the Use of his Box; but I declined it*

with great Civility, being obliged to meet a Friend about that Time in another Quarter of the City.

At my leaving the Coffee-house, I could not forbear reflecting with my self upon that gross Tribe of Fools who may be termed the *Over-wise*, and upon the Difficulty of writing any thing in this censorious Age, which a weak Head may not construe into private Satyr and personal Reflection.

A Man who has a good Nose at an Innuendo, smells Treason and Sedition in the most innocent Words that can be put together, and never sees a Vice or Folly stigmatized, but finds out one or other of his Acquaintance pointed at by the Writer. I remember an empty pragmatist Fellow in the Country, who upon reading over *the whole Duty of Man*, had written the Names of several Persons in the Village at the Side of every Sin which is mentioned by that excellent Author; so that he had converted one of the best Books in the World into a Libel against the 'Squire, Church-wardens, Overseers of the Poor, and all other the most considerable Persons in the Parish. This Book with these extraordinary marginal Notes fell accidentally into the Hands of one who had never seen it before; upon which there arose a current Report that Some-body had written a Book against the 'Squire and the whole Parish. The Minister of the Place having at that Time a Controversy with some of his Congregation upon the Account of his Tythes, was under some Suspicion of being the Author, 'till the good Man set his People right by shewing them that the satyrical Passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring Villages, and that the Book was writ against all the Sinners in England.

No. 569.] MONDAY, July 19, 1714. [Addison.

*Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent.
An sit amicitia dignus — Hor.*

NO Vices are so incurable as those which Men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how Drunkenness should have the good Luck to be of this Number. *Anacharsis*, being invited to a Match of Drinking at *Corinth*, demanded the Prize very humorously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the Company: for, says he, when we run a Race, he who arrives at the Goal first is entitled to the Reward. On the contrary, in this thirsty Generation, the Honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest Quantity of Liquor, and knocks down the rest of the Company. I was the other Day with honest *Will Funnell the West Saxon*, who was reckoning up how much Liquor had past through him in the last twenty Years of his Life, which, according to his Computation, amounted to twenty three Hogsheads of October, four Ton of Port, half a Kilderkin of small Beer, nineteen Barrels of Cider, and three Glasses of Champaign; besides which, he had assisted at four hundred Bowls of Punch, not to mention Sips, Drams,

and Whets without Number. I question not but every Reader's Memory will suggest to him several ambitious young Men, who are as vain in this Particular as *Will. Funnell*, and can boast of as glorious Exploits.

Our modern Philosophers observe, that there is a general Decay of Moisture in the Globe of the Earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the Growth of Vegetables, which incorporate into their own Substance many fluid Bodies that never return again to their former Nature: But, with Submission, they ought to throw into their Account those innumerable rational Beings which fetch their Nourishment chiefly out of Liquids; especially when we consider that Men, compared with their Fellow-Creatures, drink much more than comes to their Share.

But however highly this Tribe of People may think of themselves, a drunken Man is a greater Monster than any that is to be found among all the Creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no Character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the Eyes of all reasonable Persons, than that of a Drunkard. *Bonosus*, one of our own Countrymen, who was addicted to this Vice, having set up for a Share in the *Roman* Empire, and being defeated in a great Battle, hang'd himself. When he was seen by the Army in this melancholy Situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common Jest was, That the Thing they saw hanging upon the Tree before them, was not a Man but a Bottle.

This Vice has very fatal Effects on the Mind, the Body, and Fortune of the Person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the Mind, it first of all discovers every Flaw in it. The sober Man, by the Strength of Reason, may keep under and subdue every Vice or Folly to which he is most inclined; but Wine makes every latent Seed sprout up in the Soul, and shew it self. It gives Fury to the Passions, and Force to those Objects which are apt to produce them. When a young Fellow complained to an old Philosopher that his Wife was not handsome, Put less Water in your Wine, says the Philosopher, and you'll quickly make her so. Wine heightens Indifference into Love, Love into Jealousy, and Jealousy into Madness. It often turns the Good-natured Man into an Ideot, and the Cholerick into an Assassin. It gives Bitterness to Resentment, it makes Vanity insupportable, and displays every little Spot of the Soul in its utmost Deformity.

Nor does this Vice only betray the hidden Faults of a Man, and shew them in the most odious Colours, but often occasions Faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of Truth in a Saying of *Seneca*, That Drunkenness does not produce but discover Faults. Common Experience teaches us the contrary. Wine throws a Man out of himself, and infuses Qualities into the Mind, which she is a Stranger to in her sober Moments. The Person you converse with, after the third Bottle, is not the same Man who at first sat down at Table with you. Upon this Maxim is founded one of the prettiest Sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to *Publius Syrus*, *Qui ebrium ludificat lædit absentem; He*

who jests upon a Man that is drunk, injures the absent.

Thus does Drunkenness act in direct Contradiction to Reason, whose Business it is to clear the Mind of every Vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the Approaches of any that endeavours to make its Entrance. But besides these ill Effects which this Vice produces in the Person who is actually under its Dominion, it has also a bad Influence on the Mind even in its sober Moments, as it insensibly weakens the Understanding, impairs the Memory, and makes those Faults habitual which are produced by frequent Excesses.

I should now proceed to shew the ill Effects which this Vice has on the Bodies and Fortunes of Men; but these I shall reserve for the Subject of some future Paper.

No. 570.] WEDNESDAY, July 21, 1714. [

—Nugæque canoræ.—Hor.

THERE is scarce a Man living who is not actuated by Ambition. When this Principle meets with an honest Mind and great Abilities, it does infinite Service to the World; on the contrary, when a Man only thinks of distinguishing himself, without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous Creature. I shall here confine my self to that petty kind of Ambition, by which some Men grow eminent for odd Accomplishments and trivial Performances. How many are there whose whole Reputation depends upon a Punn or a Quibble? You may often see an Artist in the Streets gain a Circle of Admirers, by carrying a long Pole upon his Chin or Forehead in a perpendicular Posture. Ambition has taught some to write with their Feet, and others to walk upon their Hands. Some *tumble* into Fame, others grow immortal by throwing themselves through a Hoop.

Cætera de genere hoc adeo sunt multa, loquacem Delassare valent Fabium—

I am led into this Train of Thought by an Adventure I lately met with.

I was the other Day at a Tavern, where the Master of the House¹ accommodating us himself with every thing we wanted, I accidentally fell into a Discourse with him; and talking of a certain great Man, who shall be nameless, he told me, That he had sometimes the Honour to *treat him with a Whistle*; (adding by the way of Parenthesis) *For you must know, Gentlemen, that I whistle the best of any Man in Europe*. This naturally put me upon desiring him to give us a Sample of his Art; upon which he called for a Case-Knife, and applying the Edge of it to his Mouth, converted it into a musical Instrument, and entertained me with an *Italian Solo*. Upon laying down the Knife, he took up a Pair of clean Tobacco Pipes; and after having slid the small

¹ Named Daintry. He was of the trained bands, and commonly known as Captain Daintry.

End of them over the Table in a most melodious Trill, he fetched a Tune out of them, whistling to them at the same time in Consort. In short, the Tobacco-Pipes became *Musical Pipes* in the Hands of our Virtuoso; who confessed to me ingenuously, he had broke such Quantities of them, that he had almost broke himself, before he had brought this Piece of Musick to any tolerable Perfection. I then told him I would bring a Company of Friends to dine with him the next Week, as an Encouragement to his Ingenuity; upon which he thanked me, saying, That he would provide himself with a new Frying-Pan against that Day. I replied, That it was no matter; Roast and Boiled would serve our Turn. He smiled at my Simplicity, and told me, That it was his Design to give us a Tune upon it. As I was surprised at such a Promise, he sent for an old Frying-Pan, and grating it upon the Board, whistled to it in such a melodious Manner, that you could scarce distinguish it from a Base-Viol. He then took his Seat with us at the Table, and hearing my Friend that was with me humm over a Tune to himself, he told him if he would sing out he would accompany his Voice with a Tobacco-Pipe. As my Friend has an agreeable Base, he chose rather to sing to the Frying-Pan; and indeed between them they made up a most extraordinary Consort. Finding our Landlord so great a Proficient in Kitchen-Musick, I asked him if he was Master of the Tongs and Key. He told Me that he had laid it down some Years since, as a little unfashionable: but that if I pleased he would give me a Lesson upon the Gridiron. He then informed me that he had added two Bars to the Gridiron, in order to give it a greater Compass of Sound; and I perceived was as well pleased with the Invention, as *Sappho* could have been upon adding two Strings to the Lute. To be short, I found that his whole Kitchen was furnished with musical Instruments; and could not but look upon this Artist as a kind of Burlesque Musician.

He afterwards of his own Accord fell into the Imitation of several Singing-Birds. My Friend and I toasted our Mistresses to the Nightingale, when all of a sudden we were surpriz'd with the Musick of the Thrush. He next proceeded to the Sky-Lark, mounting up by a proper Scale of Notes, and afterwards falling to the Ground with a very easy and regular Descent. He then contracted his Whistle to the Voice of several Birds of the smallest Size. As he is a Man of a larger Bulk and higher Stature than ordinary, you would fancy him a Giant when you look'd upon him, and a Tom Tit when you shut your Eyes. I must not omit acquainting my Reader, that this accomplished Person was formerly the Master of a Toy-shop near *Temple-Bar*; and that the famous *Charles Mathers* was bred up under him. I am told that the Misfortunes which he has met with in the World, are chiefly owing to his great Application to his Musick; and therefore cannot but recommend him to my Readers as one who deserves their Favour, and may afford them great Diversion over a Bottle of Wine, which he sells at the Queen's Arms, near the End of the little Piazza in *Covent-Garden*.

No. 571.] FRIDAY, July 23, 1714. [Addison.

—Cælum quid querimus ultra?—Luc.

AS the Work, I have engaged in, will not only consist of Papers of Humour and Learning, but of several Essays Moral and Divine, I shall publish the following one, which is founded on a former SPECTATOR,¹ and sent me by a particular Friend, not questioning but it will please such of my Readers, as think it no Disparagement to their Understandings to give way sometimes to a serious Thought.

SIR,

In your Paper of *Friday* the 9th Instant, you had Occasion to consider the Ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the same time, to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the Modes and Parts of its Existence; or, in other Words, that his Omniscience and Omnipresence are coexistent, and run together through the whole Infinitude of Space. This Consideration might furnish us with many Incentives to Devotion and Motives to Morality, but as this Subject has been handled by several excellent Writers, I shall consider it in a Light wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Presence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the Condition of an intellectual Being, who feels no other Effects from this his Presence but such as proceed from Divine Wrath and Indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being, who is sensible of his Maker's Presence from the secret Effects of his Mercy and Loving-kindness!

First, How disconsolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Presence! Every Particle of Matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The Heavens and the Earth, the Stars and Planets, move and gravitate by Vertue of this great Principle within them. All the dead Parts of Nature are invigorated by the Presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective Qualities. The several Instincts, in the brute Creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several Ends which are agreeable to them, by this Divine Energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with this holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his Presence, receives none of those Advantages from it, which are perfective of his Nature, and necessary to his Well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no Advantage to him. It is the same thing to a Man without Religion, as if there were no God in the World. It is indeed impossible for an in-

¹ No. 565, and see Nos. 580, 590, and 628.

finite Being to remove himself from any of his Creatures, but tho' he cannot withdraw his Essence from us, which would argue an Imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the Joys and Consolations of it. His Presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our Existence; but he may leave this our Existence to it self, with regard to its Happiness or Misery. For, in this Sense, he may cast us away from his Presence, and take his holy Spirit from us. This single Consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our Hearts to all those Infusions of Joy and Gladness which are so near at Hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, *Secondly*, The deplorable Condition of an intellectual Being who feels no other Effects from his Maker's Presence, but such as proceed from Divine Wrath and Indignation!

We may assure our selves, that the great Author of Nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his Creatures. Those who will not feel him in his Love, will be sure at length to feel him in his Displeasure. And how dreadful is the Condition of that Creature, who is only sensible of the Being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present in Hell as in Heaven, but the Inhabitants of those accursed Places behold him only in his Wrath, and shrink within the Flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the Power of Imagination to conceive the fearful Effects of Omnipotence incensed.

But I shall only consider the Wretchedness of an intellectual Being, who, in this Life, lies under the Displeasure of him, that at all Times and in all Places is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the Soul, and vex it in all its Faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest Comforts of Life from refreshing us, and give an Edge to every one of its slightest Calamities. Who then can bear the Thought of being an Out-cast from his Presence, that is, from the Comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its Terrors? How pathetick is that Expostulation of *Job*, when, for the Tryal of his Patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable Condition! *Why hast thou set me as a Mark against thee, so that I am become a Burthen to my self?* But, *Thirdly*, how happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being, who is sensible of his Maker's Presence from the secret Effects of his Mercy and Loving-kindness.

The Blessed in Heaven behold him Face to Face; that is, are as sensible of his Presence as we are of the Presence of any Person whom we look upon with our Eyes. There is doubtless a Faculty in Spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our Senses do material Objects; and there is no Question but our Souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified Bodies, will by this Faculty, in whatever Part of Space they reside, be always *sensible* of the Divine Presence. We, who have this Veil of Flesh standing between us and the World of Spirits, must be Content to know that the Spirit of God is present with us, by the Effects which he produceth in us. Our outward Senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and see how gracious he is, by his Influence upon our Minds, by those Virtuous

Thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret Comforts and Refreshments which he conveys into our Souls, and by those ravishing Joys and inward Satisfaction, which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the Thoughts of good Men. He is lodged in our very Essence, and is as a Soul within the Soul, to irradiate its Understanding, rectifie its Will, purifie its Passions, and enliven all the Powers of Man. How happy therefore is an intellectual Being, who, by Prayer and Meditation, by Virtue and good Works, opens this Communication between God and his own Soul! Tho' the whole Creation frowns upon him, and all Nature looks black about him, he has his Light and Support within him, that are able to cheer his Mind, and bear him up in the Midst of all those Horrors which encompass him. He knows that his Helper is at Hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the Midst of Calumny or Contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his Soul, and whom he looks upon as his Defender, his Glory, and the Lifter up of his Head. In his deepest Solitude and Retirement, he knows that he is in Company with the greatest of Beings; and perceives within himself such real Sensations of his Presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the Conversation of his Creatures. Even in the Hour of Death, he considers the Pains of his Dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that Partition, which stands betwixt his Soul, and the Sight of that Being, who is always present with him, and is about to manifest it self to him in Fullness of Joy.

If we would be thus Happy, and thus Sensible of our Maker's Presence, from the secret Effects of his Mercy and Goodness, we must keep such a Watch over all our Thoughts, that, in the Language of the Scripture, his Soul may have Pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his Holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the Meditations of our Hearts always acceptable in his Sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The Light of Nature could direct *Seneca* to this Doctrine, in a very remarkable Passage among his Epistles; *Sacer inest in nobis spiritus bonorum malorumque custos, et Observator, et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.*¹ There is a Holy Spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both Good and Evil Men, and will treat us after the same Manner that we treat him. But I shall conclude this Discourse with those more emphatical Words in Divine Revelation, *If a Man love me, he will keep my Word, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our Abode with him.*²

¹ Ep. 41. To Lucilius. 'Deum in viro bono sedere.' ² John xiv. 23.

No. 572.] MONDAY, July 26, 1714. [Z. Pearce.¹

*Quod medicorum est
Promittant medici*—— Hor.

I AM the more pleased with these my Papers, since I find they have encouraged several Men of Learning and Wit to become my Correspondents: I Yesterday received the following Essay against Quacks, which I shall here communicate to my Readers for the Good of the Publick, begging the Writer's Pardon for those Additions and Retrenchments which I have made in it.

The Desire of Life is so natural and strong a Passion, that I have long since ceased to wonder at the great Encouragement which the Practice of Physick finds among us. Well-constituted Governments have always made the Profession of a Physician both honourable and advantageous. *Homer's Machaon* and *Virgil's Japis* were Men of Renown, Heroes in War, and made at least as much Havock among their Enemies as among their Friends. Those who have little or no Faith in the Abilities of a Quack will apply themselves to him, either because he is willing to sell Health at a reasonable Profit, or because the Patient, like a drowning Man, catches at every Twig, and hopes for Relief from the most Ignorant, when the most able Physicians give him none. Though Impudence and many Words are as necessary to these Itinerary *Galens* as a laced Hat or a Merry *Andrew*, yet they would turn very little to the Advantage of the Owner, if there were not some inward Disposition in the sick Man to favour the Pretensions of the Mountebank. Love of Life in the one, and of Mony in the other, creates a good Correspondence between them.

There is scarce a City in *Great-Britain* but has one of this Tribe, who takes it into his Protection, and on the Market-Day harangues the good People of the Place with Aphorisms and Receipts. You may depend upon it, he comes not there for his own private Interest, but out of a particular Affection to the Town. I remember one of those Public-spirited Artists at *Hammersmith*, who told his Audience 'that he had been born and bred there, and that having a special Regard for the Place of his Nativity, he was determined to make a Present of five Shillings to as many as would accept of it.' The whole Crowd stood agape, and ready to take the Doctor at his Word; when putting his Hand into a long Bag, as every one was expecting his Crown-Piece, he drew out an handful of little Packets, each of which he informed the Spectators was constantly sold at five Shillings and six pence, but that he would bate the odd five Shillings to every Inhabitant of that Place: The whole Assembly immediately closed with this generous Offer, and took off all his Physick, after the Doctor had made them vouch for one another, that there were no Foreign-

¹ Dr. Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, with alterations by Addison.

ers among them, but that they were all *Hammersmith-Men*.

There is another Branch of Pretenders to this Art, who, without either Horse or Pickle-Herring, lie snug in a Garret, and send down Notice to the World of their extraordinary Parts and Abilities by printed Bills and Advertisements. These seem to have derived their Custom from an *Eastern Nation* which *Herodotus* speaks of, among whom it was a Law, that whenever any Cure was performed, both the Method of the Cure, and an Account of the Distemper, should be fixed in some Publick Place; but as Customs will corrupt, these our Moderns provide themselves of Persons to attest the Cure, before they publish or make an Experiment of the Prescription. I have heard of a Porter, who serves as a Knight of the Post under one of these Operators, and tho' he was never sick in his Life, has been cured of all the Diseases in the Dispensary. These are the Men whose Sagacity has invented Elixirs of all sorts, Pills and Lozenges, and take it as an Affront if you come to them before you are given over by every Body else. Their Medicines are infallible, and never fail of Success, that is of enriching the Doctor, and setting the Patient effectually at Rest.

I lately dropt into a Coffee-house at *Westminster*, where I found the Room hung round with Ornaments of this Nature. There were Elixirs, Tinctures, the *Anodine Fotus*, *English Pills*, Electuaries, and, in short, more Remedies than I believe there are Diseases. At the Sight of so many Inventions, I could not but imagine my self in a kind of Arsenal or Magazine, where store of Arms were repositied against any sudden Invasion. Should you be attack'd by the Enemy Side-ways, here was an infallible Piece of defensive Armour to cure the Pleurisie: Should a Distemper beat up your Head Quarters, here you might purchase an impenetrable Helmet, or, in the Language of the Artist, a Cephalic Tincture: If your main Body be assaulted, here are various Kinds of Armour in Case of various Onsets. I began to congratulate the present Age upon the Happiness Men might reasonably hope for in Life, when Death was thus in a manner Defeated; and when Pain it self would be of so short a Duration, that it would but just serve to enhance the Value of Pleasure: While I was in these Thoughts, I unluckily called to mind a Story of an Ingenious Gentleman of the last Age, who lying violently afflicted with the Gout, a Person came and offered his Service to Cure him by a Method, which he assured him was Infallible; the Servant who received the Message carried it up to his Master, who enquiring whether the Person came on Foot or in a Chariot; and being informed that he was on Foot: Go, says he, send the Knave about his Business: Was his Method as infallible as he pretends, he would long before now have been in his Coach and Six. In like manner I concluded, that had all these Advertisers arrived to that Skill they pretend to, they would have had no Need for so many Years successively to publish to the World the Place of their Abode, and the Virtues of their Medicines. One of these Gentlemen indeed pretends to an effectual Cure for Leanness:

What Effects it may have had upon those who have try'd it I cannot tell; but I am credibly informed, that the Call for it has been so great, that it has effectually cured the Doctor himself of that Distemper. Could each of them produce so good an Instance of the Success of his Medicines, they might soon persuade the World into an Opinion of them.

I observe that most of the Bills agree in one Expression, *viz.* that (*with God's Blessing*) they perform such and such Cures: This Expression is certainly very proper and emphatical, for that is all they have for it. And if ever a Cure is performed on a Patient where they are concerned, they can claim no greater Share in it than *Virgil's Japis* in the curing of *Aeneas*; he tried his Skill, was very assiduous about the Wound, and indeed was the only visible Means that relieved the Hero; but the Poet assures us it was the particular Assistance of a Deity that speeded the Operation. An *English* Reader may see the whole Story in Mr. *Dryden's* Translation.

*Prof'd on his Lance the pensive Heroe stood,
And heard, and saw unmov'd, the Mourning
Crowd.*

*The fam'd Physician tucks his Robes around,
With ready Hands, and hastens to the Wound.
With gentle Touches he performs his Part,
This Way and that, solliciting the Dart,
And exercises all his Heav'nly Art.*

*All softning Simples, known of Sov'reign Use,
He presses out, and pours their noble Juice;
These first infus'd, to lenifie the Pain,
He tugs with Pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the Patron of his Art he pray'd;
The Patron of his Art refus'd his Aid.*

*But now the Goddess Mother, mov'd with
Grief,
And pierc'd with Pity, hastens her Relief.
A Branch of Healing Dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan Fields with Care she sought;
Rough is the Stem, which woolly Leaves sur-
round;*

*The Leafs with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs with Pur-
ple crown'd:
Well known to wounded Goats; a sure Relief
To draw the pointed Steel, and ease the Grief.
This Venus brings, in Clouds involv'd; and
brews*

*Th' extracted Liquor with Ambrosian Dewes,
And od'rous Panacee: Unseen she stands,
Temp'ring the Mixture with her heav'nly
Hands:*

*And pours it in a Bowl, already crown'd
With Juice of med'nal Herbs, prepared to bathe
the Wound.*

*The Leech, unknowing of superior Art,
Which aids the Cure, with this foment the
Part;*

*And in a Moment ceas'd the raging Smart.
Stanch'd is the Blood, and in the bottom stands:
The Steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender
Hands,*

*Moves up, and follows of its own Accord;
And Health and Vigour are at once restor'd.
Iäpis first perceiv'd the closing Wound;
And first the Footsteps of a God he found.*

*Arms, Arms! he cries, the Sword and Shield
prepare,
And send the willing Chief, renew'd to War.
This is no mortal Work, no cure of mine,
Nor Art's effect, but done by Hands Divine.*

No. 573.] WEDNESDAY, July 28, 1714. [

—Castigata remordent.—Juv.

MY Paper on the Club of Widows has brought me in several Letters; and, among the rest, a long one from Mrs. President, as follows.

Smart SIR,

'You are pleased to be very merry, as you imagine, with us Widows: And you seem to ground your Satyr on our receiving Consolation so soon after the Death of our Dears, and the Number we are pleased to admit for our Companions; but you never reflect what Husbands we have buried, and how short a Sorrow the Loss of them was capable of occasioning. For my own Part, Mrs. President as you call me, my First Husband I was marry'd to at Fourteen, by my Uncle and Guardian (as I afterwards discovered) by way of Sale, for the Third part of my Fortune. This Fellow looked upon me as a meer Child, he might breed up after his own Fancy; if he kissed my Chamber-Maid before my Face, I was supposed so ignorant, how could I think there was any Hurt in it? When he came home Roaring Drunk at five in the Morning, 'twas the Custom of all Men that live in the World. I was not to see a Penny of Money, for, poor Thing, how could I manage it? He took a handsome Cousin of his into the House, (as he said) to be my House-keeper, and to govern my Servants; for how should I know how to rule a Family? and while she had what Money she pleased, which was but reasonable for the Trouble she was at for my Good, I was not to be so censorious as to dislike Familiarity and Kindness between near Relations. I was too great a Coward to contend, but not so ignorant a Child to be thus imposed upon. I resented his Contempt as I ought to do, and as most poor passive blinded Wives do, 'till it pleased Heaven to take away my Tyrant, who left me free Possession of my own Land, and a large Jointure. My Youth and Money brought me many Lovers, and several endeavoured to establish an Interest in my Heart while my Husband was in his last Sickness; the Honourable *Edward Waitfort* was one of the first who addressed to me, advised to it by a Cousin of his that was my intimate Friend, and knew to a Penny what I was worth. Mr. *Waitfort* is a very agreeable Man, and every Body would like him as well as he does himself, if they did not plainly see that his Esteem and Love is all taken up, and by such an Object, as 'tis impossible to get the better of. I mean himself. He made no doubt of marrying me within Four or Five Months, and begun to proceed with such an assured easie Air, that piqued my Pride not to banish him; quite contrary, out of pure Malice, I

'heard his first Declaration with so much innocent
 'Surprize, and blushed so prettily, I perceived it
 'touched his very Heart, and he thought me the
 'best-natured Silly poor thing on Earth. When
 'a Man has such a Notion of a Woman, he loves
 'her better than he thinks he does. I was over-
 'joy'd to be thus revenged on him, for designing
 'on my Fortune; and finding it was in my Power
 'to make his Heart ake, I resolved to compleat
 'my Conquest, and entertain'd several other Pre-
 'tenders. The first Impression of my undesign-
 'ing Innocence was so strong in his Head, he
 'attributed all my Followers to the inevitable
 'Force of my Charms, and from several Blushes
 'and side Glances, concluded himself the Favour-
 'ite; and when I used him like a Dog for my
 'Diversion, he thought it was all Prudence and
 'Fear, and pitied the Violence I did my own In-
 'clinations to comply with my Friends, when I
 'marry'd Sir *Nicholas Fribble* of Sixty Years of
 'Age. You know, Sir, the Case of Mrs. *Medlar*,
 'I hope you would not have had me cry out my
 'Eyes for such a Husband. I shed Tears enough
 'for my Widowhood a Week after my Marriage,
 'and when he was put in his Grave, reckoning he
 'had been two Years dead, and my self a Widow
 'of that Standing, I married three Weeks after-
 'wards *John Sturdy*, Esq., his next Heir. I had
 'indeed some Thoughts of taking Mr. *Waitfort*,
 'but I found he could stay, and besides he thought
 'it indecent to ask me to marry again 'till my
 'Year was out, so privately resolving him for my
 'Fourth, I took Mr. *Sturdy* for the present.
 'Would you believe it, Sir, Mr. *Sturdy* was just
 'Five and Twenty, about Six Foot high, and the
 'stoutest Fox-hunter in the Country, and I be-
 'lieve I wished ten thousand times for my old
 '*Fribble* again; he was following his Dogs all the
 'Day, and all the Night keeping them up at
 'Table with him and his Companions: however I
 'think my self obliged to them for leading him a
 'Chase in which he broke his Neck. Mr. *Wait-*
 '*fort* began his Addresses anew, and I verily be-
 'lieve I had married him now, but there was a
 'young Officer in the Guards, that had debauched
 'two or three of my Acquaintance, and I could
 'not forbear being a little vain of his Courtship.
 'Mr. *Waitfort* heard of it, and read me such an
 'insolent Lecture upon the Conduct of Women, I
 'married the Officer that very Day, out of pure
 'Spight to him. Half an Hour after I was mar-
 'ried I received a Penitential Letter from the
 'Honourable Mr. *Edward Waitfort*, in which
 'he begged Pardon for his Passion, as proceeding
 'from the Violence of his Love: I triumphed
 'when I read it, and could not help, out of the
 'Pride of my Heart, shewing it to my new Spouse:
 'and we were very merry together upon it. Alas!
 'my Mirth lasted a short time; my young Hus-
 'band was very much in Debt when I marry'd
 'him, and his first Action afterwards was to set
 'up a gilt Chariot and Six, in fine Trappings be-
 'fore and behind. I had married so hastily, I had
 'not the Prudence to reserve my Estate in my
 'own Hands; my ready Money was lost in two
 'Nights at the Groom Porter's; and my Diamond
 'Necklace, which was stole I did not know how,
 'I met in the Street upon *Jenny Wheadle's* Neck.

'My Plate vanished Piece by Piece, and I had
 'been reduced to downright Pewter, if my Officer
 'had not been deliciously killed in a Duel, by a
 'Fellow that had cheated him of Five Hundred
 'Pounds, and afterwards, at his own Request,
 'satisfy'd him and me too, by running him through
 'the Body. Mr. *Waitfort* was still in Love, and
 'told me so again; and to prevent all Fears of ill
 'Usage, he desir'd me to reserve every thing in
 'my own Hands: But now my Acquaintance be-
 'gun to wish me Joy of his Constancy, my Charms
 'were declining, and I could not resist the De-
 'light I took in shewing the young Flirts about
 'Town, it was yet in my Power to give Pain to a
 'Man of Sense: This, and some private Hopes
 'he would hang himself, and what a Glory would
 'it be for me, and how I should be envy'd, made
 'me accept of being third Wife to my Lord *Fri-*
 '*day*. I proposed from my Rank and his Estate,
 'to live in all the Joys of Pride, but how was I
 'mistaken? he was neither extravagant, nor ill-
 'natured, nor debauched? I suffered however
 'more with him than with all my others. He was
 'splenatick. I was forced to sit whole Days
 'hearkening to his imaginary Ails; it was impos-
 'sible to tell what would please him; what he
 'liked when the Sun shined, made him sick when
 'it rained; he had no Distemper, but lived in
 'constant Fear of them all: my good Genius dic-
 'tated to me to bring him acquainted with Doctor
 '*Gruel*; from that Day he was always contented,
 'because he had Names for all his Complaints;
 'the good Doctor furnished him with Reasons for
 'all his Pains, and Prescriptions for every Fancy
 'that troubled him; in hot Weather he lived upon
 'Juleps, and let Blood to prevent Fevers; when
 'it grew cloudy he generally apprehended a Con-
 'sumption; to shorten the History of this wretched
 'Part of my Life, he ruined a good Constitution
 'by endeavouring to mend it, and took several
 'Medicines, which ended in taking the grand
 'Remedy, which cured both him and me of all our
 'Uneasinesses. After his Death, I did not expect
 'to hear any more of Mr. *Waitfort*, I knew he
 'had renounced me to all his Friends, and been
 'very witty upon my Choice, which he affected to
 'talk of with great Indifferency; I gave over
 'thinking of him, being told that he was engaged
 'with a pretty Woman and a great Fortune; it
 'vexed me a little, but not enough to make me
 'neglect the Advice of my Cousin *Wishwell*, that
 'came to see me the Day my Lord went into the
 'Country with *Russel*; she told me experiment-
 'ally, nothing put an unfaithful Lover and a dear
 'Husband so soon out of ones Head, as a new
 'one; and, at the same time, propos'd to me a
 'Kinsman of hers; You understand enough of
 'the World (said she) to know Money is the most
 'valuable Consideration; he is very rich, and I
 'am sure cannot live long; he has a Cough that
 'must carry him off soon. I knew afterwards she
 'had given the self-same Character of me to him;
 'but however I was so much persuaded by her, I
 'hastned on the Match, for fear he should die be-
 'fore the time came; he had the same Fears, and
 'was so pressing, I married him in a Fortnight,
 'resolving to keep it private a Fortnight longer.
 'During this Fortnight Mr. *Waitfort* came to

'make me a Visit; he told me he had waited on
'me sooner, but had that Respect for me, he
'would not interrupt me in the first Day of my
'Affliction for my dead Lord; that as soon as he
'heard I was at Liberty to make another Choice,
'he had broke off a Match very advantageous for
'his Fortune, just upon the Point of Conclusion,
'and was forty times more in Love with me than
'ever. I never received more Pleasure in my
'Life than from this Declaration, but I composed
'my Face to a grave Air, and said the News of
'his Engagement had touched me to the Heart,
'that in a rash jealous Fit, I had married a Man
'I could never have thought on if I had not lost
'all hopes of him. Good-natured Mr. Waitfort
'had like to have dropped down dead at hearing
'this, but went from me with such an Air as
'plainly shewed me he laid all the Blame upon
'himself, and hated those Friends that had ad-
'vised him to the Fatal Application; he seemed
'as much touched by my Misfortune as his own,
'for he had not the least Doubt I was still pas-
'sionately in Love with him. The Truth of the
'Story is, my new Husband gave me Reason to
'repent I had not staid for him; he had married
'me for my Money, and I soon found he loved
'Money to Distraction; there was nothing he
'would not do to get it, nothing he would not suf-
'fer to preserve it; the smallest Expence keep
'him awake whole Nights, and when he paid a
'Bill, 'twas with as many Sighs, and after as many
'Delays, as a Man that endures the Loss of a
'Limb. I heard nothing but Reproofs for Ex-
'travagancy whatever I did. I saw very well that
'he would have starved me, but for losing my
'Jointures; and he suffered Agonies between the
'Grief of seeing me have so good a Stomach, and
'the Fear that if he made me fast, it might preju-
'dice my Health. I did not doubt he would have
'broke my Heart, if I did not break his, which
'was allowed by the Law of Self-defence. The
'Way was very easy. I resolved to spend as
'much Money as I could, and before he was aware
'of the Stroke, appeared before him in a two
'thousand Pound Diamond Necklace; he said
'nothing, but went quietly to his Chamber, and,
'as it is thought, composed himself with a Dose
'of Opium. I behaved myself so well upon the
'Occasion, that to this Day I believe he died of
'an Apoplexy. Mr. Waitfort was resolved not
'to be too late this time, and I heard from him in
'two Days. I am almost out of my Weed at this
'present Writing, and am very doubtful whether
'I'll marry him or no. I do not think of a Seventh,
'for the ridiculous Reason you mention, but out
'of pure Morality that I think so much Constancy
'should be rewarded, tho' I may not do it after
'all perhaps. I do not believe all the unreasonable
'Malice of Mankind can give a Pretence why I
'should have been constant to the Memory of any
'of the Deceased, or have spent much time in
'grieving for an insolent, insignificant, negligent,
'extravagant, splenatick, or covetous Husband;
'my first insulted me, my second was nothing to
'me, my third disgusted me, the fourth would
'have ruined me, the fifth tormented me, and the
'sixth would have starved me. If the other
'Ladies you name would thus give in their Hus-

'bands Pictures at length, you would see they
'have had as little Reason as my self to lose their
'Hours in weeping and wailing.

No. 574.] FRIDAY, July 30, 1714. [Addison.

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè Beatum, rectius occupat
Nomen Beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti
Duramque callet pauperiem pati.—Hor.*

I WAS once engaged in Discourse with a *Rosi-
crusian* about the great Secret. As this kind
of Men (I mean those of them who are not pro-
fessed Cheats) are over-run with Enthusiasm and
Philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this re-
ligious Adept descanting on his pretended Dis-
covery. He talked of the Secret as of a Spirit
which lived within an Emerald, and converted
every thing that was near it to the highest Per-
fection it is capable of. It gives a Lustre, says
he, to the Sun, and Water to the Diamond. It
irradiates every Metal, and enriches Lead with
all the Properties of Gold. It heightens Smoak
into Flame, Flame into Light, and Light into
Glory. He further added, that a single Ray of
it dissipates Pain, and Care, and Melancholy
from the Person on whom it falls. In short, says
he, its Presence naturally changes every Place
into a kind of Heaven. After he had gone on for
some Time in this unintelligible Cant, I found
that he jumbled natural and moral Ideas together
into the same Discourse, and that his great Secret
was nothing else but *Content*.

This Virtue does indeed produce, in some
measure, all those Effects which the Alchymist
usually ascribes to what he calls the Philosopher's
Stone; and if it does not bring Riches, it does
the same thing, by banishing the Desire of them.
If it cannot remove the Disquietudes arising out of
a Man's Mind, Body, or Fortune, it makes him
easie under them. It has indeed a kindly In-
fluence on the Soul of Man, in respect of every
Being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes
all Murmur, Repining, and Ingratitude towards
that Being who has allotted him his Part to act
in this World. It destroys all inordinate Ambi-
tion, and every Tendency to Corruption, with re-
gard to the Community wherein he is placed. It
gives Sweetness to his Conversation, and a per-
petual Serenity to all his Thoughts.

Among the many Methods which might be
made use of for the acquiring of this Virtue, I
shall only mention the two following. First of
all, A Man should always consider how much he
has more than he wants; and Secondly, How
much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all, A Man should always consider
how much he has more than he wants. I am
wonderfully pleased with the Reply which *Aris-
tippus* made to one who condoled him upon the
Loss of a Farm, *Why*, said he, *I have three
Farms still, and you have but one; so that I
ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for
me.* On the contrary, foolish Men are more apt

to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their Eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater Difficulties. All the real Pleasures and Conveniences of Life lie in a narrow Compass; but it is the Humour of Mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the Start of them in Wealth and Honour. For this Reason, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich Men in any of the politer Nations but among the middle Sort of People, who keep their Wishes within their Fortunes, and have more Wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher Rank live in a kind of splendid Poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because instead of acquiescing in the solid Pleasures of Life, they endeavour to outvie one another in Shadows and Appearances. Men of Sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of Mirth this silly Game that is playing over their Heads, and by contracting their Desires, enjoy all that secret Satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The Truth is, this ridiculous Chace after imaginary Pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great Source of those Evils which generally undo a Nation. Let a Man's Estate be what it will, he is a poor Man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to Sale to any one that can give him his Price. When *Pittacus*, after the Death of his Brother, who had left him a good Estate, was offered a great Sum of Money by the King of *Lydia*, he thanked him for his Kindness, but told him he had already more by Half than he knew what to do with. In short, Content is equivalent to Wealth, and Luxury to Poverty; or, to give the Thought a more agreeable Turn, *Content is natural Wealth*, says *Socrates*; to which I shall add, *Luxury is artificial Poverty*. I shall therefore recommend to the Consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary Enjoyments, and will not be at the Trouble of contracting their Desires, an excellent Saying of *Bion* the Philosopher; namely, *That no Man has so much Care, as he who endeavours after the most Happiness*.

In the second Place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former Consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the Means to make themselves easie; this regards such as actually lie under some Pressure or Misfortune. These may receive great Alleviation from such a Comparison as the unhappy Person may make between himself and others, or between the Misfortune which he suffers, and greater Misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the Story of the honest *Dutchman*, who, upon breaking his *Leg* by a Fall from the Mainmast, told the Standers-by, It was a great Mercy that 'twas not his *Neck*. To which, since I am got into Quotations, give me leave to add the Saying of an old Philosopher, who, after having invited some of his Friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his Wife that came into the Room in a Passion, and threw down the Table that stood before them; *Every one*, says he, *has his Calam-*

ity, and he is a happy Man that has no greater than this. We find an Instance to the same Purpose in the Life of Doctor *Hammond*, written by Bishop *Fell*. As this good Man was troubled with a Complication of Distempers, when he had the Gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the Stone; and when he had the Stone, that he had not both these Distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this Essay without observing that there was never any System besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the Mind of Man the Virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us content with our present Condition, many of the ancient Philosophers tell us that our Discontent only hurts our selves, without being able to make any Alteration in our Circumstances; others, that whatever Evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal Necessity, to which the Gods themselves are subject; whilst others very gravely tell the Man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so to keep up the Harmony of the Universe, and that the *Scheme* of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like Considerations, rather silence than satisfy a Man. They may shew him that his Discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give Despair than Consolation. In a Word, a Man might reply to one of these Comforters, as *Augustus* did to his Friend who advised him not to grieve for the Death of a Person whom he loved, because his Grief could not fetch him again: *It is for that very Reason*, said the Emperor, *that I grieve*.

On the contrary, Religion bears a more tender Regard to humane Nature. It prescribes to every miserable Man the Means of bettering his Condition; nay, it shews him, that the bearing of his Afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the Removal of them: It makes him easie here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented Mind is the greatest Blessing a Man can enjoy in this World; and if in the present Life his Happiness arises from the subduing of his Desires, it will arise in the next from the Gratification of them.

No. 575.] MONDAY, August 2, 1714. [Addison.

—*Nec morti esse locum*— Virg.

A LEWD young Fellow seeing an aged Hermit go by him barefoot, *Father*, says he, *you are in a very miserable Condition if there is not another World*. True, *Son*, said the Hermit; *but what is thy Condition if there is?* Man is a Creature designed for two different States of Being, or rather, for two different Lives. His first Life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The Question we are all concerned in is this, In which of these two Lives it is our chief Interest to make our selves happy? Or, in other Words, Whether we should endeavour to secure to our selves the Pleasures and Gratifications of a Life which is uncertain and

precarious, and at its utmost Length of a very inconsiderable Duration; or to secure to our selves the Pleasures of a Life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every Man, upon the first hearing of this Question, knows very well which Side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in Theory, it is plain that in Practice we adhere to the wrong Side of the Question. We make Provisions for this Life as tho' it were never to have an End, and for the other Life as tho' it were never to have a Beginning.

Should a Spirit of superior Rank who is a Stranger to human Nature, accidentally alight upon the Earth, and take a Survey of its Inhabitants; what would his Notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a Species of Beings made for quite different Ends and Purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this World to get Riches and Honours? Would not he think that it was our Duty to toil after Wealth, and Station, and Title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden Poverty by Threats of eternal Punishment, and enjoined to pursue our Pleasures under Pain of Damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a Scheme of Duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an Imagination, he must conclude that we are a Species of the most obedient Creatures in the Universe; that we are constant to our Duty; and that we keep a steady Eye on the End for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his Astonishment, when he learnt that we were Beings not designed to exist in this World above threescore and ten Years? and that the greatest Part of this busy Species fall short even of that Age? How would he be lost in Horror and Admiration, when he should know that this Sett of Creatures, who lay out all their Endeavours for this Life, which scarce deserves the Name of Existence, when, I say, he should know that this Sett of Creatures are to exist to all Eternity in another Life, for which they make no Preparations? Nothing can be a greater Disgrace to Reason, than that Men, who are perswaded of these two different States of Being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a Life of threescore and ten Years, and neglecting to make Provision for that, which after many Myriads of Years will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our Happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make our selves happy in the other Life, we are sure that our Endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our Hope.

The following Question is started by one of the Schoolmen. Supposing the whole Body of the Earth were a great Ball or Mass of the finest Sand, and that a single Grain or Particle of this Sand should be annihilated every thousand Years. Supposing then that you had it in your Choice to be happy all the while this prodigious Mass of Sand was consuming by this slow Method till

there was not a Grain of it left, on Condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on Condition you would be miserable till the whole Mass of Sand were thus annihilated at the Rate of one Sand in a thousand Years: Which of these two Cases would you make your Choice?

It must be confessed in this Case, so many Thousands of Years are to the Imagination as a kind of Eternity, tho' in reality they do not bear so great a Proportion to that Duration which is to follow them, as a Unite does to the greatest Number which you can put together in Figures, or as one of those Sands to the supposed Heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any Manner of Hesitation, which would be the better Part in this Choice. However, as I have before intimated, our Reason might in such a Case be so overset by the Imagination, as to dispose some Persons to sink under the Consideration of the great Length of the first Part of this Duration, and of the great Distance of that second Duration which is to succeed it. The Mind, I say, might give it self up to that Happiness which is at Hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the Choice we actually have before us is this, Whether we will chuse to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay perhaps of only twenty or ten Years, I might say of only a Day or an Hour, and miserable to all Eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short Term of Years, and happy for a whole Eternity: What Words are sufficient to express that Folly and want of Consideration which in such a Case makes a wrong Choice?

I here put the Case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a Course of Virtue makes us miserable in this Life: But if we suppose (as it generally happens) that Virtue would make us more happy even in this Life than a contrary Course of Vice; how can we sufficiently admire the Stupidity or Madness of those Persons who are capable of making so absurd a Choice?

Every wise Man therefore will consider this Life only as it may conduce to the Happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the Pleasures of a few Years to those of an Eternity.

No. 576.] WEDNESDAY, August 4, 1714. [Addison.

*Nitor in adversum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus; et rapido contrarius evehor Orbi.*

Ovid.

I REMEMBER a young Man of very lively Parts, and of a sprightly Turn in Conversation, who had only one Fault, which was an inordinate Desire of appearing fashionable. This ran him into many Amours, and consequently into many Distempers. He never went to Bed till two a-Clock in the Morning, because he would not be a queer Fellow; and was every now and then knocked down by a Constable, to signalize his Vivacity. He was initiated into Half a Dozen Clubs before he was One and twenty, and so improved in them his natural Gayety of Temper,

that you might frequently trace him to his Lodgings by a range of broken Windows, and other the like Monuments of Wit and Gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his Reputation of being a very agreeable Rake, he died of old Age at Five and twenty.

There is indeed nothing which betrays a Man into so many Errors and Inconveniences, as the Desire of not appearing singular; for which Reason it is very necessary to form a right Idea of Singularity, that we may know when it is laudable, and when it is vicious. In the first Place, every Man of Sense will agree with me, that Singularity is laudable, when, in Contradiction to a Multitude, it adheres to the Dictates of Conscience, Morality, and Honour. In these Cases we ought to consider, that it is not Custom, but Duty, which is the Rule of Action; and that we should be only so far *sociable*, as we are reasonable Creatures. Truth is never the less so, for not being attended to; and it is the Nature of Actions, not the Number of Actors, by which we ought to regulate our Behaviour. Singularity in Concerns of this Kind is to be looked upon as heroiick Bravery, in which a Man leaves the Species only as he soars above it. What greater Instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous Temper, than for a Man to pass his whole Life in Opposition to his own Sentiments? or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity therefore is only vicious when it makes Men act contrary to Reason, or when it puts them upon distinguishing themselves by Trifles. As for the first of these, who are singular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or dishonourable, I believe every one will easily give them up. I shall therefore speak of those only who are remarkable for their Singularity in things of no Importance, as in Dress, Behaviour, Conversation, and all the little Intercourses of Life. In these Cases there is a certain Deference due to Custom; and notwithstanding there may be a Colour of Reason to deviate from the Multitude in some Particulars, a Man ought to sacrifice his private Inclinations and Opinions to the Practice of the Publick. It must be confessed that good Sense often makes a Humourist; but then it unqualifies him for being of any Moment in the World, and renders him ridiculous to Persons of a much inferior Understanding.

I have heard of a Gentleman in the North of England, who was a remarkable Instance of this foolish Singularity. He had laid it down as a Rule within himself, to act in the most indifferent Parts of Life according to the most abstracted Notions of Reason and Good Sense, without any Regard to Fashion or Example. This Humour broke out at first in many little Oddnesses: He had never any stated Hours for his Dinner, Supper or Sleep; because, said he, we ought to attend the Calls of Nature, and not set our Appetites to our Meals, but bring our Meals to our Appetites. In his Conversation with Country Gentlemen, he would not make use of a Phrase that was not strictly true: He never told any of them, that he was his humble Servant, but that he was his Well-wisher; and would rather be thought a Malecontent, than drink the King's

Health when he was not a-dry. He would thrust his Head out of his Chamber-Window every Morning, and after having gaped for fresh Air about half an Hour, repeat fifty Verses as loud as he could bawl them for the Benefit of his Lungs; to which End he generally took them out of *Homer*; the *Greek* Tongue, especially in that Author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to Expectoration, than any other. He had many other Particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical Reasons. As this Humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a Turban instead of a Perriwig; concluding very justly, that a Bandage of clean Linnen about his Head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the Caul of a Wig, which is soiled with frequent Perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many Ligatures in our *English* Dress must naturally check the Circulation of the Blood; for which Reason, he made his Breeches and his Doublet of one continued Piece of Cloth, after the Manner of the *Hussars*. In short, by following the pure Dictates of Reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his Countrymen, and indeed from his whole Species, that his Friends would have clapped him into *Bedlam*, and have begged his Estate; but the Judge being informed that he did no Harm, contented himself with issuing out a Commission of Lunacy against him, and putting his Estate into the Hands of proper Guardians.

The Fate of this Philosopher puts me in Mind of a Remark in *Monsieur Fontinell's* Dialogues of the Dead. *The Ambitious and the Covetous* (says he) *are Madmen to all Intents and Purposes, as much as those who are shut up in dark Rooms; but they have the good Luck to have Numbers on their Side; whereas the Frenzy of one who is given up for a Lunatick, is a Frenzy hors d'œuvre; that is, in other Words, something which is singular in its Kind, and does not fall in with the Madness of a Multitude.*

The Subject of this Essay was occasioned by a Letter which I received not long since, and which, for want of Room at present, I shall insert in my next Paper.

No. 577.] FRIDAY, August 6, 1714. [

*Hoc tolerabile, si non
Et furere incipias*— Juv.

THE Letter mentioned in my last Paper is as follows.

SIR,

'You have so lately decryed that Custom, too much in use among most People, of making themselves the Subjects of their Writings and Conversation, that I had some difficulty to persuade my self to give you this Trouble, till I had considered that tho' I should speak in the First Person, yet I could not be justly charged with Vanity, since I shall not add my Name; as also, because what I shall write will not, to say the best, redound to my Praise; but is only designed to remove a Prejudice conceived against

me, as I hope, with very little Foundation. My short History is this,

I have lived for some Years last past altogether in London, till about a Month ago an Acquaintance of mine, for whom I have done some small Services in Town, invited me to pass part of the Summer with him at his House in the Country. I accepted his Invitation, and found a very hearty Welcome. My Friend, an honest plain Man, not being qualified to pass away his Time without the Reliefs of Business, has grafted the Farmer upon the Gentleman, and brought himself to submit even to the servile Parts of that Employment, such as inspecting his Plough, and the like. This necessarily takes up some of his Hours every Day; and as I have no Relish for such Diversions, I used at these Times to retire either to my Chamber, or a shady Walk near the House, and entertain myself with some agreeable Author. Now you must know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that when I read, especially if it be Poetry, it is very usual with me, when I meet with any Passage or Expression which strikes me much, to pronounce it aloud, with that Tone of the Voice which I think agreeable to the Sentiments there expressed; and to this I generally add some Motion or Action of the Body. It was not long before I was observed by some of the Family in one of these heroick Fits, who thereupon received Impressions very much to my Disadvantage. This however I did not soon discover, nor should have done probably, had it not been for the following Accident. I had one Day shut my self up in my Chamber, and was very deeply engaged in the Second Book of Milton's Paradise Lost. I walked to and fro with the Book in my Hand, and, to speak the Truth, I fear I made no little Noise; when presently coming to the following Lines,

— On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous Recoil and jarring Sound,
Th' infernal Doors, and on their Hinges grate
Harsh Thunder, &c.

I in great Transport threw open the Door of my Chamber, and found the greatest Part of the Family standing on the Out-side in a very great Consternation. I was in no less Confusion, and begged Pardon for having disturbed them; addressing my self particularly to comfort one of the Children, who received an unlucky fall in this Action, whilst he was too intently surveying my Meditations through the Key-hole. To be short, after this Adventure I easily observed that great Part of the Family, especially the Women and Children, looked upon me with some Apprehensions of Fear; and my Friend himself, tho' he still continued his Civilities to me, did not seem altogether easie: I took Notice, that the Butler was never after this Accident ordered to leave the Bottle upon the Table after Dinner. Add to this, that I frequently overheard the Servants mention me by the Name of the crazed Gentleman, the Gentleman a little touched, the mad Londoner, and the like. This made me think it high Time for me to shift my Quarters, which I resolved to do the first handsome Opportunity; and was confirmed in this Resolution

by a young Lady in the Neighbourhood who frequently visited us, and who one Day, after having heard all the fine Things I was able to say, was pleased with a scornful Smile to bid me go to sleep.

The first Minute I got to my Lodgings in Town I set Pen to Paper to desire your Opinion, whether, upon the Evidence before you, I am mad or not. I can bring Certificates that I behave my self soberly before Company, and I hope there is at least some Merit in withdrawing to be mad. Look you Sir, I am contented to be esteemed a little touched, as they phrase it, but should be sorry to be madder than my Neighbours; therefore, pray let me be as much in my Senses as you can afford. I know I could bring your self as an Instance of a Man who has confessed talking to himself; but yours is a particular Case, and cannot justify me, who have not kept Silence any Part of my Life. What if I should own my self in Love? You know Lovers are always allowed the Comfort of Soliloquy.——But I will say no more upon this Subject, because I have long since observed, the ready Way to be thought Mad is to contend that you are not so; as we generally conclude that Man drunk, who takes Pains to be thought sober. I will therefore leave my self to your Determination; but am the more desirous to be thought in my Senses, that it may be no Discredit to you when I assure you that I have always been very much

Your Admirer.

P. S. If I must be mad, I desire the young Lady may believe it is for her.

The humble Petition of John a Nokes and John a Stiles,

Sheweth,

That your Petitioners have had Causes depending in Westminster-Hall above five hundred Years, and that we despair of ever seeing them brought to an Issue: That your Petitioners have not been involved in these Law Suits out of any litigious Temper of their own, but by the Instigation of contentious Persons; that the young Lawyers in our Inns of Court are continually setting us together by the Ears, and think they do us no Hurt, because they plead for us without a Fee; That many of the Gentlemen of the Robe have no other Clients in the World besides us two; That when they have nothing else to do, they make us Plaintiffs and Defendants, tho' they were never retained by either of us; That they traduce, condemn, or acquit us, without any manner of Regard to our Reputations and good Names in the World. Your Petitioners therefore (being thereunto encouraged by the favourable Reception which you lately gave to our Kinsman Blank) do humbly pray, that you will put an End to the Controversies which have been so long depending between us your said Petitioners, and that our Enmity may not endure from Generation to Generation; it being our Resolution to live hereafter as it becometh Men of peaceable Dispositions.

And your Petitioners (as in Duty bound) shall ever Pray, &c.

No. 578.] MONDAY, August 9, 1714. [

—*Eque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras Noster*— Ovid.

THERE has been very great Reason, on several Accounts, for the learned World to endeavour at settling what it was that might be said to compose *personal Identity*.

Mr. *Lock*, after having premised that the Word *Person* properly signifies a thinking intelligent Being that has Reason and Reflection, and can consider it self as it self; concludes That it is Consciousness alone, and not an Identity of Substance, which makes this personal Identity of Sameness. Had I the same Consciousness (says that Author) that I saw the Ark and *Noah's Flood*, as that I saw an Overflowing of the *Thames* last Winter; or as that I now write; I could no more doubt that I who write this now, that saw the *Thames* overflow last Winter, and that viewed the Flood at the general Deluge, was the same *Self*, place that *Self* in what Substance you please, than that I who write this am the same *My self* now whilst I write, (whether I consist of all the same Substance material or immaterial or no) that I was Yesterday; For as to this Point of being the same *Self*, it matters not whether this present *Self* be made up of the same or other Substances.

I was mightily pleased with a Story in some Measure applicable to this Piece of Philosophy, which I read the other Day in the *Persian Tales*, as they are lately very well translated by Mr. *Philips*; and with an Abridgement whereof I shall here present my Readers.

I shall only premise that these Stories are writ after the Eastern Manner, but somewhat more correct.

Fadlallah, a Prince of great Virtues, succeeded his Father *Bin-Ortoc*, in the Kingdom of *Mousel*. He reigned over his faithful Subjects for some time, and lived in great Happiness with his beauteous Consort Queen *Zemroude*; when there appeared at his Court a young *Dervis* of so lively and entertaining a Turn of Wit, as won upon the Affections of every one he conversed with. His Reputation grew so fast every Day, that it at last raised a Curiosity in the Prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so, and far from finding that common Fame had flatter'd him, he was soon convinced that every thing he had heard of him fell short of the Truth.

Fadlallah immediately lost all Manner of Relish for the Conversation of other Men; and as he was every Day more and more satisfied of the Abilities of this Stranger, offered him the first Posts in his Kingdom. The young *Dervis*, after having thanked him with a very singular Modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a Vow never to accept of any Employment, and preferring a free and independent State of Life to all other Conditions.

The King was infinitely charmed with so great an Example of Moderation; and tho' he could not get him to engage in a Life of Business,

made him however his chief Companion and first Favourite.

As they were one Day hunting together, and happened to be separated from the rest of the Company, the *Dervis* entertained *Fadlallah* with an Account of his Travels and Adventures. After having related to him several Curiosities which he had seen in the *Indies*, *It was in this Place*, says he, *that I contracted an Acquaintance with an old Brachman, who was skilled in the most hidden Powers of Nature: He died within my Arms, and with his parting Breath communicated to me one of the most valuable of his Secrets, on Condition I should never reveal it to any Man.* The King immediately reflecting on his young Favourite's having refused the late Offers of Greatness he had made him, told him he presumed it was the Power of making Gold. *No Sir*, says the *Dervis*, *it is somewhat more wonderful than that; it is the Power of re-animating a dead Body, by flinging my own Soul into it.*

While he was yet speaking a Doe came bounding by them; and the King, who had his Bow ready, shot her through the Heart; telling the *Dervis*, that a fair Opportunity now offered for him to show his Art. The young Man immediately left his own Body breathless on the Ground, while at the same Instant that of the Doe was re-animated, she came to the King, fawned upon him, and after having play'd several wanton Tricks, fell again upon the Grass; at the same Instant the Body of the *Dervis* re-covered its Life. The King was infinitely pleased at so uncommon an Operation, and conjured his Friend by every thing that was sacred to communicate it to him. The *Dervis* at first made some Scruple of violating his Promise to the dying *Brachman*; but told him at last that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a Prince; after having obliged him therefore by an Oath to Secrecy, he taught him to repeat two Cabalistical Words, in pronouncing of which the whole Secret consisted. The King, impatient to try the Experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and in an Instant found himself in the Body of the Doe. He had but little Time to contemplate himself in this new Being; for the treacherous *Dervis* shooting his own Soul into the Royal Corps, and bending the Prince's own Bow against him, had laid him dead on the Spot, had not the King, who perceiv'd his Intent, fled swiftly to the Woods.

The *Dervis*, now triumphant in his Villany, returned to *Mousel*, and filled the Throne and Bed of the unhappy *Fadlallah*.

The first thing he took Care of, in order to secure himself in the Possession of his newly-acquired Kingdom, was to issue out a Proclamation, ordering his Subjects to destroy all the Deer in the Realm. The King had perished among the rest, had he not avoided his Pursuers by re-animating the Body of a Nightingale which he saw lie dead at the Foot of a Tree. In this new Shape he winged his Way in Safety to the Palace, where perching on a Tree which stood near his Queen's Apartment, he filled the

'whole Place with so many melodious and Melancholy Notes as drew her to the Window. He had the Mortification to see that instead of being pitied, he only moved the Mirth of his Princess, and of a young Female Slave who was with her. He continued however to serenade her every Morning, 'till at last the Queen, charmed with his Harmony, sent for the Bird-catchers, and ordered them to employ their utmost Skill to put that little Creature into her Possession. The King, pleased with an Opportunity of being once more near his beloved Consort, easily suffered himself to be taken; and when he was presented to her, tho' he shewed a Fearfulness to be touched by any of the other Ladies, flew of his own Accord, and hid himself in the Queen's Bosom. *Zemroude* was highly pleased at the unexpected Fondness of her new Favourite, and ordered him to be kept in an open Cage in her own Apartment. He had there an Opportunity of making his Court to her every Morning, by a thousand little Actions which his Shape allowed him. The Queen passed away whole Hours every Day in hearing and playing with him. *Fadlallah* could even have thought himself happy in this State of Life, had he not frequently endured the inexpressible Torment of seeing the *Dervis* enter the Apartment and caress his Queen even in his Presence.

'The Usurper, amidst his toying with the Princess, would often endeavour to ingratiate himself with her Nightingale; and while the enraged *Fadlallah* peck'd at him with his Bill, beat his Wings, and shewed all the Marks of an impotent Rage, it only afforded his Rival and the Queen new Matter for their Diversion.

'*Zemroude* was likewise fond of a little Lap-Dog which she kept in her Apartment, and which one Night happened to die.

'The King immediately found himself inclined to quit the shape of the Nightingale, and enliven this new Body. He did so, and the next Morning *Zemroude* saw her favourite Bird lie dead in the Cage. It is impossible to express her Grief on this Occasion, and when she called to mind all its little Actions, which even appeared to have somewhat in them like Reason, she was insoluble for her Loss.

'Her Women immediately sent for the *Dervis*, to come and comfort her, who after having in vain represented to her the Weakness of being grieved at such an Accident, touched at last by her repeated Complaints; *Well Madam*, says he, *I will exert the utmost of my Art to please you. Your Nightingale shall again revive every Morning and serenade you as before.* The Queen beheld him with a Look which easily shewed she did not believe him; when laying himself down on a Sofa, he shot his Soul into the Nightingale, and *Zemroude* was amazed to see her Bird revive.

'The King, who was a Spectator of all that passed, lying under the Shape of a Lap-Dog, in one Corner of the Room, immediately recovered his own Body, and running to the Cage with the utmost Indignation, twisted off the Neck of the false Nightingale.

'*Zemroude* was more than ever amazed and

'concerned at this second Accident, 'till the King entreating her to hear him, related to her his whole Adventure.

'The Body of the *Dervis*, which was found dead in the Wood, and his Edict for killing all the Deer, left her no Room to doubt of the Truth of it: But the Story adds, That out of an extreme Delicacy (peculiar to the Oriental Ladies) she was so highly afflicted at the innocent Adultery in which she had for some time lived with the *Dervis*, that no Arguments even from *Fadlallah* himself could compose her Mind. She shortly after died with Grief, begging his Pardon with her last Breath for what the most rigid Justice could not have interpreted as a Crime.

'The King was so afflicted with her Death, that he left his Kingdom to one of his nearest Relations, and passed the rest of his Days in Solitude and Retirement.

No. 579.] WEDNESDAY, Aug. 11, 1714. [Addison.

— *Odora canum vis.* — Virg.

IN the Reign of King *Charles I.*, the Company of Stationers, into whose Hands the Printing of the Bible is committed by Patent, made a very remarkable *Erratum* or Blunder in one of their Editions: For instead of *Thou shalt not commit Adultery*, they printed off several thousands of Copies with *Thou shalt commit Adultery*. Archbishop *Laud*, to punish this their Negligence, laid a considerable Fine upon that Company in the *Star-Chamber*.

By the Practice of the World, which prevails in this degenerate Age, I am afraid that very many young Profligates, of both Sexes, are possessed of this spurious Edition of the Bible, and observe the Commandment according to that faulty Reading.

Adulterers, in the first Ages of the Church, were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their Lives from bearing a Part in Christian Assemblies, notwithstanding they might seek it with Tears, and all the Appearances of the most unfeigned Repentance.

I might here mention some ancient Laws among the Heathens which punished this Crime with Death: and others of the same Kind, which are now in Force among several Governments that have embraced the Reformed Religion. But because a Subject of this Nature may be too serious for my ordinary Readers, who are very apt to throw by my Papers, when they are not enlivened with something that is diverting or uncommon; I shall here publish the Contents of a little Manuscript lately fallen into my Hands, and which pretends to great Antiquity, tho' by Reason of some modern Phrases and other Particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the Production of a Modern Sophist.

It is well known by the Learned, that there was a Temple upon Mount *Etna* dedicated to *Vulcan*, which was guarded by Dogs of so exquisite a

Smell, (say the Historians) that they could discern whether the Persons who came thither were chaste or otherwise. They used to meet and faun upon such as were chaste, caressing them as the Friends of their Master *Vulcan*; but flew at those who were polluted, and never ceased barking at them till they had driven them from the Temple.

My Manuscript gives the following Account of these Dogs, and was probably designed as a Comment upon this Story.

These Dogs were given to *Vulcan* by his Sister *Diana*, the Goddess of Hunting and of Chastity, having bred them out of some of her Hounds, in which she had observed this natural Instinct and Sagacity. It was thought she did it in Spight to *Venus*, who, upon her Return home, always found her Husband in a good or bad Humour, according to the Reception which she met with from his Dogs. They lived in the Temple several Years, but were such snappish Curs that they frightened away most of the Votaries. The Women of *Sicily* made a solemn Deputation to the Priest, by which they acquainted him, that they would not come up to the Temple with their annual Offerings unless he muzzled his Mastiffs; and at last comprised the Matter with him, that the Offering should always be brought by a Chorus of young Girls, who were none of them above seven Years old. It was wonderful (says the Author) to see how different the Treatment was which the Dogs gave to these little Misses, from that which they had shown to their Mothers. It is said that the Prince of *Syracuse*, having married a young Lady, and being naturally of a jealous Temper, made such an Interest with the Priests of this Temple, that he procured a Whelp from them of this famous Breed. The young Puppy was very troublesome to the fair Lady at first, insomuch that she solicited her Husband to send him away, but the good Man cut her short with the old *Sicilian* Proverb, *Love me love my Dog*. From which Time she lived very peaceably with both of them. The Ladies of *Syracuse* were very much annoyed with him, and several of very good Reputation refused to come to Court till he was discarded. There were indeed some of them that defied his Sagacity, but it was observed, though he did not actually bite them, he would growle at them most confoundedly. To return to the Dogs of the Temple: After they had lived here in great Repute for several Years, it so happened, that as one of the Priests, who had been making a charitable Visit to a Widow who lived on the Promontory of *Lily-beum*, return'd home pretty late in the Evening, the Dogs flew at him with so much Fury, that they would have worried him if his Brethren had not come in to his Assistance: Upon which, says my Author, the Dogs were all of them hanged, as having lost their original Instinct.

I cannot conclude this Paper without wishing, that we had some of this Breed of Dogs in *Great Britain*, which would certainly do *Justice*, I should say *Honour*, to the Ladies of our Country, and shew the World the difference between Pagan Women and those who are instructed in sounder Principles of Virtue and Religion.

No. 580.] FRIDAY, August 13, 1714. [Addison.

—*Si verbo audacia detur,*
Non metuum magni dixisse palatia Cæli.
Ovid. Met.

SIR,

I CONSIDERED in my two last Letters¹ that awful and tremendous Subject, the Ubiquity or Omnipresence of the Divine Being. I have shewn that he is equally present in all Places throughout the whole Extent of infinite Space. This Doctrine is so agreeable to Reason, that we meet with it in the Writings of the enlightened Heathens, as I might show at large, were it not already done by other Hands. But tho' the Deity be thus essentially present through all the Immensity of Space, there is one Part of it in which he discovers himself in a most transcendent and visible Glory. This is that Place which is marked out in Scripture under the different Appellations of *Paradise*, the *third Heaven*, the *Throne of God*, and the *Habitation of his Glory*. It is here where the glorified Body of our Saviour resides, and where all the celestial Hierarchies, and the innumerable Hosts of Angels, are represented as perpetually surrounding the Seat of God with *Hallelujahs* and Hymns of Praise. This is that Presence of God which some of the Divines call his Glorious, and others his Majestick Presence. He is indeed as essentially present in all other Places as in this, but it is here where he resides in a sensible Magnificence, and in the midst of those Splendors which can affect the Imagination of created Beings.

It is very remarkable that this Opinion of God Almighty's Presence in Heaven, whether discovered by the Light of Nature, or by a general Tradition from our first Parents, prevails among all the Nations of the World, whatsoever different Notions they entertain of the Godhead. If you look into *Homer*, that is, the most ancient of the *Greek* Writers, you see the supreme Powers seated in the Heavens, and encompassed with inferior Deities, among whom the Muses are represented as singing incessantly about his Throne. Who does not here see the main Strokes and Outlines of this great Truth we are speaking of? The same Doctrine is shadowed out in many other Heathen Authors, tho' at the same time, like several other revealed Truths, dashed and adulterated with a mixture of Fables and human Inventions. But to pass over the Notions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, those more enlightened Parts of the Pagan World, we find there is scarce a People among the late discovered Nations who are not trained up in an Opinion, that Heaven is the Habitation of the Divinity whom they worship.

As in *Solomon's* Temple there was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, in which a visible Glory appeared among the Figures of the Cherubims, and into which none but the High Priest himself

¹ See Nos. 565, 571, 590, and 628.

'was permitted to enter, after having made an
'Atonement for the Sins of the People; so if we
'consider the whole Creation as one great Temple,
'there is in it this Holy of Holies, into which the
'High-Priest of our Salvation entered, and took
'his Place among Angels and Archangels, after
'having made a Propitiation for the Sins of Man-
'kind.

'With how much Skill must the Throne of God
'be erected? With what glorious Designs is that
'Habitation beautified, which is contrived and
'built by him who inspired *Hyram* with Wisdom?
'How great must be the Majesty of that Place,
'where the whole Art of Creation has been em-
'ployed, and where God has chosen to show him-
'self in the most magnificent manner? What
'must be the Architecture of Infinite Power under
'the Direction of Infinite Wisdom? A Spirit can-
'not but be transported, after an ineffable manner,
'with the sight of those Objects, which were made
'to affect him by that Being who knows the in-
'ward Frame of a Soul, and how to please and
'ravishe it in all its most secret Powers and Facul-
'ties. It is to this Majestic Presence of God, we
'may apply those beautiful Expressions in holy
'Writ: *Behold even to the Moon, and it shineth
'not; yea the Stars are not pure in his sight.
'The Light of the Sun, and all the Glories of the
'World in which we live, are but as weak and
'sickly Glimmerings, or rather Darkness itself, in
'Comparison of those Splendors which encompass
'the Throne of God.*

'As the *Glory* of this Place is transcendent
'beyond Imagination, so probably is the *Extent*
'of it. There is Light behind Light, and Glory
'within Glory. How far that Space may reach,
'in which God thus appears in perfect Majesty,
'we cannot possibly conceive. Tho' it is not in-
'finite, it may be indefinite; and though not im-
'measurable in its self, it may be so with regard to
'any created Eye or Imagination. If he has made
'these lower Regions of Matter so inconceivably
'wide and magnificent for the Habitation of mor-
'tal and perishable Beings, how great may we
'suppose the Courts of his House to be, where he
'makes his Residence in a more especial manner,
'and displays himself in the Fullness of his Glory,
'among an innumerable Company of Angels, and
'Spirits of just Men made perfect?

'This is certain, that our Imaginations cannot
'be raised too high, when we think on a Place
'where Omnipotence and Omniscience have so
'signally exerted themselves, because that they
'are able to produce a Scene infinitely more great
'and glorious than what we are able to imagine.
'It is not impossible but at the Consummation of
'all Things, these outward Apartments of Nature,
'which are now suited to those Beings who in-
'habit them, may be taken in and added to that
'glorious Place of which I am here speaking; and
'by that means made a proper Habitation for
'Beings who are exempt from Mortality, and
'cleared of their Imperfections: For so the Scrip-
'ture seems to intimate when it speaks of new
'Heavens and of a new Earth, wherein dwelleth
'Righteousness. *But I have only considered this Glorious Place, with
'Regard to the Sight and Imagination, though it is*

'highly probable that our other Senses may here
'likewise enjoy their highest Gratifications. There
'is nothing which more ravishes and transports the
'Soul, than Harmony; and we have great Reason
'to believe, from the Descriptions of this Place in
'Holy Scripture, that this is one of the Enter-
'tainments of it. And if the Soul of Man can be
'so wonderfully affected with those Strains of
'Musick, which Human Art is capable of pro-
'ducing, how much more will it be raised and
'elevated by those, in which is exerted the whole
'Power of Harmony! The Senses are Faculties
'of the Human Soul, though they cannot be em-
'ployed, during this our vital Union, without
'proper Instruments in the Body. Why therefore
'should we exclude the Satisfaction of these Fa-
'culties, which we find by Experience are Inlets
'of great Pleasure to the Soul, from among those
'Entertainments which are to make up our Hap-
'piness hereafter? Why should we suppose that
'our Hearing and Seeing will not be gratify'd
'with those Objects which are most agreeable to
'them, and which they cannot meet with in these
'lower Regions of Nature; Objects, *which neither
'Eye hath seen, nor Ear heard, nor can it enter
'into the Heart of Man to conceive? I knew a
'Man in Christ (says St Paul, speaking of him-
'self) above fourteen Years ago (whether in the
'Body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the Body,
'I cannot tell: God knoweth) such a one caught
'up to the third Heaven. And I knew such a
'Man, (whether in the Body, or out of the Body,
'I cannot tell: God knoweth,) how that he was
'caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeak-
'able Words, which it is not possible for a Man
'to utter.* By this is meant, that what he heard
'was so infinitely different from any thing which
'he had heard in this World, that it was impos-
'sible to express it in such Words as might convey
'a Notion of it to his Hearers.

'It is very natural for us to take Delight in
'Enquiries concerning any Foreign Country, where
'we are some Time or other to make our Abode;
'and as we all hope to be admitted into this
'Glorious Place, it is both a laudable and useful
'Curiosity, to get what Informations we can of it,
'whilst we make Use of Revelation for our Guide.
'When these everlasting Doors shall be open to
'us, we may be sure that the Pleasures and
'Beauties of this Place will infinitely transcend
'our present Hopes and Expectations, and that
'the glorious Appearance of the Throne of God,
'will rise infinitely beyond whatever we are able
'to conceive of it. We might here entertain our
'selves with many other Speculations on this Sub-
'ject, from those several Hints which we find of it
'in the Holy Scriptures; as whether there may
'not be different Mansions and Apartments of
'Glory, to Beings of different Natures; whether
'as they excel one another in Perfection, they are
'not admitted nearer to the Throne of the Al-
'mighty, and enjoy greater Manifestations of his
'Presence; whether there are not solemn Times
'and Occasions, when all the Multitude of Heaven
'celebrate the Presence of their Maker in more
'extraordinary Forms of Praise and Adoration;
'as *Adam*, though he had continued in a State of
'Innocence, would, in the Opinion of our Divines,

'have kept Holy the Sabtath-Day, in a more particular Manner than any other of the Seven. 'These, and the like Speculations, we may very innocently indulge, so long as we make use of 'them to inspire us with a Desire of becoming Inhabitants of this delightful Place.

'I have in this, and in two foregoing Letters, 'treated on the most serious Subject that can employ the Mind of Man, the Omnipresence of the 'Deity; a Subject which, if possible, should never 'depart from our Meditations. We have considered the Divine Being, as he inhabits Infinity, as he dwells among his Work, as he is 'present to the Mind of Man, and as he discovers 'himself in a more glorious Manner among the 'Regions of the Blest. Such a Consideration 'should be kept awake in us at all Times, and in 'all Places, and possess our Minds with a perpetual Awe and Reverence. It should be interwoven with all our Thoughts and Perceptions, 'and become one with the Consciousness of our 'own Being. It is not to be reflected on in the 'Coldness of Philosophy, but ought to sink us 'into the lowest Prostration before him, who is so 'astonishingly Great, Wonderful, and Holy.

No. 581.] MONDAY, August 16, 1714. [Addison.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura
Quæ legis.—— Mart.

I AM at present sitting with a Heap of Letters before me, which I have received under the Character of SPECTATOR; I have Complaints from Lovers, Schemes from Projectors, Scandal from Ladies, Congratulations, Compliments, and Advice in abundance.

I have not been thus long an Author, to be insensible of the natural Fondness every Person must have for their own Productions; and I begin to think I have treated my Correspondents a little too uncivilly in Stringing them all together on a File, and letting them lye so long unregarded. I shall therefore, for the future, think my self at least obliged to take some Notice of such Letters as I receive, and may possibly do it at the end of every Month.

In the mean time, I intend my present Paper as a short Answer to most of those which have been already sent me.

The Publick however is not to expect I should let them into all my Secrets; and though I appear abstruse to most People, it is sufficient if I am understood by my particular Correspondents.

My Well-wisher *Van Nath* is very arch, but not quite enough so to appear in Print.

Philadelphus will, in a little time, see his Query fully answered by a Treatise which is now in the Press.

It was very improper at that time to comply with Mr. G.

Miss *Kitty* must excuse me.

The Gentleman who sent me a Copy of Verses on his Mistress's Dancing, is I believe too thoroughly in Love to compose correctly.

I have too great a Respect for both the Universities to praise one at the Expence of the other.

Tom Nimble is a very honest Fellow, and I desire him to present my humble Service to his Cousin *Fill Bumper*.

I am obliged for the Letter upon Prejudice.

I may in due time animadvert on the Case of *Grace Grumble*.

The Petition of *P. S.* granted.

That of *Sarah Loveit*, refused.

The Papers of *A. S.* are returned.

I thank *Aristippus* for his kind Invitation.

My Friend at *Woodstock* is a bold Man, to undertake for all within Ten Miles of him.

I am afraid the Entertainment of *Tom Turn-over* will hardly be relished by the good Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

I must consider further of it, before I indulge *W. F.* in those Freedoms he takes with the Ladies Stockings.

I am obliged to the ingenious Gentleman, who sent me an Ode on the Subject of a late SPECTATOR, and shall take particular Notice of his last Letter.

When the Lady who wrote me a Letter, dated *July* the 20th, in relation to some Passages in a *Lover*, will be more particular in her Directions, I shall be so in my Answer.

The poor Gentleman, who fancies my Writings could reclaim an Husband who can abuse such a Wife as he describes, has I am afraid too great an Opinion of my Skill.

Philanthropos is, I dare say, a very well-meaning Man, but a little too prolix in his Compositions.

Constantius himself must be the best Judge in the Affair he mentions.

The Letter dated from *Lincoln* is received.

Arethusa and her Friend may hear further from me.

Celia is a little too hasty.

Harriot is a good Girl, but must not Curtsie to Folks she does not know.

I must ingeniously confess my Friend *Sampson Bentstaff* has quite puzzled me, and writ me a long Letter which I cannot comprehend one Word of.

Collidan must also explain what he means by his *Drigelling*.

I think it beneath my *Spectatorial* Dignity, to concern my self in the Affair of the boiled Dumpling.

I shall consult some *Litterati* on the Project sent me for the Discovery of the Longitude.

I know not how to conclude this Paper better, than by inserting a Couple of Letters which are really genuine, and which I look upon to be two of the smartest Pieces I have received from my Correspondents of either Sex.

Brother SPEC.

'While you are surveying every Object that 'falls in your way, I am wholly taken up with 'one. Had that Sage, who demanded what Beauty 'was, lived to see the dear Angel I love, he would 'not have asked such a Question. Had another 'seen her, he would himself have loved the Person in whom Heaven has made Virtue visible; 'and were you your self to be in her Company, 'you could never, with all your Loquacity, say

'enough of her good Humour and Sense. I send
'you the Outlines of a Picture, which I can no
'more finish than I can sufficiently admire the
'dear Original. I am

Your most Affectionate Brother,
Constantio Spec.

Good Mr. Pert,

'I will allow you nothing till you resolve me
'the following Question. Pray what's the Reason
'that while you only talk now upon *Wednesdays*,
'*Fridays*, and *Mondays*, you pretend to be a
'greater Tatler, than when you spoke every Day
'as you formerly used to do? If this be your
'plunging out of your Taciturnity, pray let the
'Length of your Speeches compensate for the
'Scarceness of them.

I am,

Good Mr. Pert,

Your Admirer, if you will be long enough for Me,
Amanda Lovelength.

No. 582.] WEDNESDAY, August 18, 1714. [

— Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi Cacoethes — Juv.

THERE is a certain Distemper, which is mentioned neither by *Galen* nor *Hippocrates*, nor to be met with in the *London Dispensary*. *Juvenal*, in the Motto of my Paper, terms it a *Cacoethes*; which is a hard Word for a Disease called in plain *English*, the *Itch of Writing*. This *Cacoethes* is as Epidemical as the Small-Pox, there being very few who are not seized with it some time or other in their Lives. There is, however, this Difference in these two Distempers, that the first, after having indisposed you for a time, never returns again; whereas this I am speaking of, when it is once got into the Blood, seldom comes out of it. The *British* Nation is very much afflicted with this Malady, and tho' very many Remedies have been applied to Persons infected with it, few of them have ever proved successful. Some have been cauterized with Satyrs and Lampoons, but have received little or no Benefit from them; others have had their Heads fastned for an Hour together between a Cleft Board, which is made use of as a Cure for the Disease when it appears in its greatest Malignity.¹ There is indeed one kind of this Malady which has been sometimes removed, like the Biting of a *Tarantula*, with the sound of a musical Instrument, which is commonly known by the Name of a Cat-Call. But if you have a Patient of this kind under your Care, you may assure your self there is no other way of recovering him effectually, but by forbidding him the use of Pen, Ink and Paper.

But to drop the Allegory before I have tired it out, there is no Species of Scriblers more offensive, and more incurable, than your Periodical Writers, whose Works return upon the Publick on certain Days and at stated Times. We have not the

¹ Put in the Pillory.

Consolation in the Perusal of these Authors, which we find at the reading of all others, (namely) that we are sure if we have but Patience, we may come to the End of their Labours. I have often admired a humorous Saying of *Diogenes*, who reading a dull Author to several of his Friends, when every one began to be tired, finding he was almost come to a blank leaf at the End of it, cried, *Courage, Lads, I see Land*. On the contrary, our Progress through that kind of Writers I am now speaking of is never at an End. One Day makes Work for another, we do not know when to promise our selves Rest.

It is a melancholy thing to consider, that the Art of Printing, which might be the greatest Blessing to Mankind, should prove detrimental to us, and that it should be made use of to scatter Prejudice and Ignorance through a People, instead of conveying to them Truth and Knowledge.

I was lately reading a very whimsical Treatise, entitled, *William Ramsey's* Vindication of Astrology. This profound Author, among many mystical Passages, has the following one: 'The
'Absence of the Sun is not the Cause of Night,
'forasmuch as his Light is so great that it may
'illuminate the Earth all over at once as clear as
'broad Day, but there are tenebrificous and dark
'Stars, by whose Influence Night is brought on,
'and which do ray out Darkness and Obscurity
'upon the Earth, as the Sun does Light.

I consider Writers in the same View this sage Astrologer does the Heavenly Bodies. Some of them are Stars that scatter Light as others do Darkness. I could mention several Authors who are tenebrificous Stars of the first Magnitude, and point out a Knot of Gentlemen, who have been dull in Consort, and may be looked upon as a dark Constellation. The Nation has been a great while benighted with several of these Antiluminaries. I suffered them to ray out their Darkness as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a Resolution of rising upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the *British* Hemisphere.

No. 583.] FRIDAY, August 20, 1714. [Addison.

*Ipse thymum pinosque ferens de montibus altis,
Tecta serat latè circum, cui talia Curæ:
Ipse labore manum duro terat, ipse feraces
Figat humo plantas, et amicos irriget Imbres.*
Virg.

EVERY Station of Life has Duties which are proper to it. Those who are determined by Choice to any particular kind of Business, are indeed more happy than those who are determined by Necessity, but both are under an equal Obligation of fixing on Employments, which may be either useful to themselves or beneficial to others. No one of the Sons of *Adam* ought to think himself exempt from that Labour and Industry which were denounced to our first Parent, and in him to all his Posterity. Those to whom Birth or Fortune may seem to make such an Applica-

tion unnecessary, ought to find out some Calling or Profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a Burden on the Species, and be the only useless Parts of the Creation.

Many of our Country Gentlemen in their busie Hours apply themselves wholly to the Chase, or to some other Diversion which they find in the Fields and Woods. This gave occasion to one of our most eminent *English* Writers to represent every one of them as lying under a kind of Curse pronounced to them in the Words of *Goliah*, *I will give thee to the Fowls of the Air, and to the Beasts of the Field.*

Tho' Exercises of this kind, when indulged with Moderation, may have a good Influence both on the Mind and Body, the Country affords many other Amusements of a more noble kind.

Among these I know none more delightful in itself, and beneficial to the Publick, than that of *PLANTING*. I could mention a Nobleman whose Fortune has placed him in several Parts of *England*, and who has always left these visible Marks behind him, which show he has been there: He never hired a House in his Life, without leaving all about it the Seeds of Wealth, and bestowing Legacies on the Posterity of the Owner. Had all the Gentlemen of *England* made the same Improvements upon their Estates, our whole Country would have been at this time as one great Garden. Nor ought such an Employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for Men of the highest Rank. There have been Heroes in this Art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of *Cyrus* the Great, that he planted all the Lesser *Asia*. There is indeed something truly magnificent in this kind of Amusement: It gives a nobler Air to several Parts of Nature; it fills the Earth with a Variety of beautiful Scenes, and has something in it like Creation. For this Reason the Pleasure of one who Plants is something like that of a Poet, who, as *Aristotle* observes, is more delighted with his Productions than any other Writer or Artist whatsoever.

Plantations have one Advantage in them which is not to be found in most other Works, as they give a Pleasure of a more lasting Date, and continually improve in the Eye of the Planter. When you have finished a Building or any other Undertaking of the like Nature, it immediately decays upon your Hands; you see it brought to its utmost Point of Perfection, and from that time hastening to its Ruin. On the contrary, when you have finished your Plantations, they are still arriving at greater Degrees of Perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every succeeding Year than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this Art to Men of Estates as a pleasing Amusement, but as it is a kind of Virtuous Employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral Motives; particularly from the Love which we ought to have for our Country, and the Regard which we ought to bear to our Posterity. As for the first, I need only mention what is frequently observed by others, that the Increase of Forest-Trees does by no Means bear a Proportion to the Destruction of them, insomuch that in a few Ages the Nation may be at a Loss to supply it self with Timber

sufficient for the Fleets of *England*. I know when a Man talks of Posterity in Matters of this Nature, he is looked upon with an Eye of Ridicule by the cunning and selfish part of Mankind. Most People are of the Humour of an old Fellow of a College, who, when he was pressed by the Society to come into something that might redound to the good of their Successors, grew very peevish, *We are always doing*, says he, *something for Posterity, but I would fain see Posterity do something for us.*

But I think Men are inexcusable, who fail in a Duty of this Nature, since it is so easily discharged. When a Man considers that the putting a few Twigs into the Ground, is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the World about Fifty Years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own Descendants easy or rich, by so inconsiderable an Expence, if he finds himself averse to it, he must conclude that he has a poor and base Heart, void of all generous Principles and Love to Mankind.

There is one Consideration, which may very much enforce what I have here said. Many honest Minds that are naturally disposed to do good in the World, and become Beneficial to Mankind, complain within themselves that they have not Talents for it. This therefore is a good Office, which is suited to the meanest Capacities, and which may be performed by Multitudes, who have not Abilities sufficient to deserve well of their Country and to recommend themselves to their Posterity, by any other Method. It is the Phrase of a Friend of mine, when any useful Country Neighbour dies, that *you may trace him*: which I look upon as a good Funeral Oration, at the Death of an honest Husbandman, who hath left the Impressions of his Industry behind him, in the Place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing Considerations, I can scarce forbear representing the Subject of this Paper as a kind of Moral Virtue: Which, as I have already shown, recommends it self likewise by the Pleasure that attends it. It must be confessed, that this is none of those turbulent Pleasures which is apt to gratifie a Man in the Heats of Youth; but if it be not so Tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful than to entertain ourselves with Prospects of our own making, and to walk under those Shades which our own Industry has raised. Amusements of this Nature compose the Mind, and lay at Rest all those Passions which are uneasy to the Soul of Man, besides that they naturally engender good Thoughts, and dispose us to laudable Contemplations. Many of the old Philosophers passed away the greatest Parts of their Lives among their Gardens. *Epicurus* himself could not think sensual Pleasure attainable in any other Scene. Every Reader who is acquainted with *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Horace*, the greatest Genius's of all Antiquity, knows very well with how much Rapture they have spoken on this Subject; and that *Virgil* in particular has written a whole Book on the Art of Planting.

This Art seems to have been more especially adapted to the Nature of Man in his Primæval State, when he had Life enough to see his Pro-

ductions flourish in their utmost Beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the Flood might have seen a Wood of the tallest Oakes in the Accorn. But I only mention this Particular, in order to introduce in my next Paper, a History which I have found among the Accounts of *China*, and which may be looked upon as an Antediluvian Novel.

No. 584.] MONDAY, August 23, 1714. [Addison.

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic Nemus, hic toto tecum consumerer ævo.*
Virg.

HILPA was one of the 150 Daughters of *Zilpah*, of the Race of *Cohu*, by whom some of the Learned think is meant *Cain*. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was but a Girl of threescore and ten Years of Age, received the Addresses of several who made Love to her. Among these were two Brothers, *Harpath* and *Shalum*; *Harpath*, being the First-born, was Master of that fruitful Region which lies at the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, in the Southern Parts of *China*. *Shalum* (which is to say the Planter in the *Chinese* Language) possessed all the neighbouring Hills, and that great Range of Mountains which goes under the Name of *Tirzah*. *Harpath* was of a haughty contemptuous Spirit; *Shalum* was of a gentle Disposition, beloved both by God and Man.

It is said that, among the Antediluvian Women, the Daughters of *Cohu* had their Minds wholly set upon Riches; for which Reason the beautiful *Hilpa* prefer'd *Harpath* to *Shalum*, because of his numerous Flocks and Herds, that covered all the low Country which runs along the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, and is watered by several Fountains and Streams breaking out of the Sides of that Mountain.

Harpath made so quick a Dispatch of his Courtship, that he married *Hilpa* in the hundredth Year of her Age; and being of an insolent Temper, laughed to Scorn his Brother *Shalum* for having pretended to the beautiful *Hilpa*, when he was Master of nothing but a long Chain of Rocks and Mountains. This so much provoked *Shalum*, that he is said to have cursed his Brother in the Bitterness of his Heart, and to have prayed that one of his Mountains might fall upon his Head if ever he came within the Shadow of it.

From this Time forward *Harpath* would never venture out of the Vallies, but came to an untimely End in the 250th Year of his Age, being drowned in a River as he attempted to cross it. This River is called to this Day, from his Name who perished in it, the River *Harpath*, and, what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those Mountains which *Shalum* wished might fall upon his Brother, when he cursed him in the Bitterness of his Heart.

Hilpa was in the 160th Year of her Age at the Death of her Husband, having brought him but 50 Children, before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the Antediluvians

made Love to the young Widow, tho' no one was thought so likely to succeed in her Affections as her first Lover *Shalum*, who renewed his Court to her about ten Years after the Death of *Harpath*; for it was not thought decent in those Days that a Widow should be seen by a Man within ten Years after the Decease of her Husband.

Shalum falling into a deep Melancholy, and resolving to take away that Objection which had been raised against him when he made his first Addresses to *Hilpa*, began immediately, after her Marriage with *Harpath*, to plant all that mountainous Region which fell to his Lot in the Division of this Country. He knew how to adapt every Plant to its proper Soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional Secrets of that Art from the first Man. This Employment turn'd at length to his Profit as well as to his Amusement: His Mountains were in a few Years shaded with young Trees, that gradually shot up into Groves, Woods, and Forests, intermixed with Walks, and Launs, and Gardens; insomuch that the whole Region, from a naked and desolate Prospect, began now to look like a second Paradise. The Pleasantness of the Place, and the agreeable Disposition of *Shalum*, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the Flood, drew into it Multitudes of People, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of Wells, the digging of Trenches, and the hollowing of Trees, for the better Distribution of Water through every Part of this spacious Plantation.

The Habitations of *Shalum* looked every Year more beautiful in the Eyes of *Hilpa*, who, after the Space of 70 Autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant Prospect of *Shalum's* Hills, which were then covered with innumerable Tufts of Trees and gloomy Scenes that gave a Magnificence to the Place, and converted it into one of the finest Landscips the Eye of Man could behold.

The *Chinese* record a Letter which *Shalum* is said to have written to *Hilpa*, in the Eleventh Year of her Widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble Simplicity of Sentiments, and Plainness of Manners which appears in the Original.

Shalum was at this Time 180 Years old, and *Hilpa* 170.

Shalum, Master of Mount Tirzah, to Hilpa, Mistress of the Vallies.

In the 788th Year of the Creation.

'What have I not suffered, O thou Daughter
'of *Zilpah*, since thou gavest thy self away in
'Marriage to my Rival? I grew weary of the
'Light of the Sun, and have been ever since
'covering my self with Woods and Forests. These
'threescore and ten Years have I bewailed the
'Loss of thee on the Tops of Mount *Tirzah*,
'and soothed my Melancholy among a thousand
'gloomy Shades of my own raising. My Dwell-
'ings are at present as the Garden of God; every
'Part of them is filled with Fruits, and Flowers,
'and Fountains. The whole Mountain is per-
'fumed for thy Reception. Come up into it, O
'my Beloved, and let us People this Spot of the
'new World with a beautiful Race of Mortals;

'let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful Shades, and fill every Quarter of them with Sons and Daughters. Remember, O thou Daughter of *Zilpah*, that the Age of Man is but a thousand Years; that Beauty is the Admiration but of a few Centuries. It flourishes as a Mountain Oak, or as a Cedar on the Top of *Tirzah*, which in three or four hundred Years will fade away, and never be thought of by Posterity, unless a young Wood springs from its Roots. Think well on this, and remember thy Neighbour in the Mountains.

Having here inserted this Letter, which I look upon as the only Antediluvian *Billet-doux* now extant, I shall in my next Paper give the Answer to it, and the Sequel of this Story.

No. 585.] WEDNESDAY, Aug. 25, 1714. [Addison.

*Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes: ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsæ sonant arbusta* ————— Virg.

The Sequel of the Story of Shalum and Hilpa.

THE Letter inserted in my last had so good an Effect upon *Hilpa*, that she answered it in less than a Twelvemonth, after the following Manner.

*Hilpa, Mistress of the Vallies, to Shalum,
Master of Mount Tirzah.*

In the 789th Year of the Creation.

'What have I to do with thee, O *Shalum*? Thou praisest *Hilpa's* Beauty, but art thou not secretly enamoured with the Verdure of her Meadows? Art thou not more affected with the Prospect of her green Vallies, than thou wouldst be with the Sight of her Person? The Lowings of my Herds, and the Bleatings of my Flocks, make a pleasant Eccho in thy Mountains, and sound sweetly in thy Ears. What tho' I am delighted with the Wavings of thy Forests, and those Breezes of Perfumes which flow from the Top of *Tirzah*: Are these like the Riches of the Valley?

'I know thee, O *Shalum*; thou art more wise and happy than any of the Sons of Men. Thy Dwellings are among the Cedars; thou searchest out the Diversity of Soils, thou understandest the Influences of the Stars, and markest the Change of Seasons. Can a Woman appear lovely in the Eyes of such a one? Disquiet me not, O *Shalum*; let me alone, that I may enjoy those goodly Possessions which are fallen to my Lot. Win me not by thy enticing Words. May thy Trees increase and multiply; mayest thou add Wood to Wood, and Shade to Shade; but tempt not *Hilpa* to destroy thy Solitude, and make thy Retirement populous.

The *Chinese* say, that a little time afterwards she accepted of a Treat in one of the neighbouring Hills to which *Shalum* had invited her. This Treat lasted for two Years, and is said to have cost *Shalum* five hundred Antelopes, two thousand Ostriches, and a thousand Tun of Milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that Variety

of delicious Fruits and Pot-herbs, in which no Person then living could any way equal *Shalum*.

He treated her in the Bower which he had planted amidst the Wood of Nightingales. This Wood was made up of such Fruit-Trees and Plants as are most agreeable to the several Kinds of Singing Birds; so that it had drawn into it all the Musick of the Country, and was filled from one End of the Year to the other with the most agreeable Consort in Season.

He shewed her every Day some beautiful and surprising Scene in this new Region of Woodlands; and as by this Means he had all the Opportunities he could wish for of opening his Mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her Departure she made him a kind of Promise, and gave him her Word to return him a positive Answer in less than fifty Years.

She had not been long among her own People in the Vallies, when she received new Overtures, and at the same Time a most splendid Visit from *Mishpach*, who was a mighty Man of old, and had built a great City, which he called after his own Name. Every House was made for at least a thousand Years, nay there were some that were leased out for three Lives; so that the Quantity of Stone and Timber consumed in this Building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present Age of the World. This great Man entertained her with the Voice of musical Instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the Sound of the Timbrel. He also presented her with several domestick Utensils wrought in Brass and Iron, which had been newly found out for the Conveniency of Life. In the mean time *Shalum* grew very uneasie with himself, and was sorely displeas'd at *Hilpa* for the Reception which she had given to *Mishpach*, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole Revolution of *Saturn*; but finding that this Intercourse went no further than a Visit, he again renewed his Addresses to her, who during his long Silence is said very often to have cast a wishing Eye upon Mount *Tirzah*.

Her Mind continued wavering about twenty Years longer between *Shalum* and *Mishpach*; for tho' her Inclinations favoured the former, her Interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her Heart was in this unsettled Condition, the following Accident happened which determined her Choice. A high Tower of Wood that stood in the City of *Mishpach* having caught Fire by a Flash of Lightning, in a few Days reduced the whole Town to Ashes. *Mishpach* resolved to rebuild the Place whatever it should cost him; and having already destroyed all the Timber of the Country, he was forced to have Recourse to *Shalum*, whose Forests were now two hundred Years old. He purchased these Woods with so many Herds of Cattle and Flocks of Sheep, and with such a vast Extent of Fields and Pastures, that *Shalum* was now grown more wealthy than *Mishpach*; and therefore appeared so charming in the Eyes of *Zilpah's* Daughter, that she no longer refused him in Marriage. On the Day in which he brought her up into the Mountains he raised a most prodigious Pile of Cedar and of every sweet smelling Wood, which reached above

300 Cubits in Height ; He also cast into the Pile Bundles of Myrrh and Sheaves of Spikenard, enriching it with every spicy Shrub, and making it fat with the Gums of his Plantations. This was the Burnt-Offering which *Shalum* offered in the Day of his Espousals : The Smoke of it ascended up to Heaven, and filled the whole Country with Incense and Perfume.

No. 586.] FRIDAY, Aug. 27, 1714. [John Byrom¹

Quæ in vita usurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident, Quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea cuique in somno accidunt.

Cic. de Div.

BY the last Post I received the following Letter, which is built upon a Thought that is new, and very well carried on ; for which Reasons I shall give it to the Publick without Alteration, Addition, or Amendment.

SIR,

'It was a good Piece of Advice which *Pythagoras* gave to his Scholars, That every Night before they slept they should examine what they had been a doing that Day, and so discover what Actions were worthy of Pursuit to-morrow, and what little Vices were to be prevented from slipping unawares into a Habit. If I might second the Philosopher's Advice, it should be mine, That in a Morning before my Scholar rose, he should consider what he had been about that Night, and with the same Strictness, as if the Condition he has believed himself to be in, was real. Such a Scrutiny into the Actions of his Fancy must be of considerable Advantage, for this Reason, because the Circumstances which a Man imagines himself in during Sleep, are generally such as entirely favour his Inclinations good or bad, and give him imaginary Opportunities of pursuing them to the utmost ; so that his Temper will lye fairly open to his View, while he considers how it is moved when free from those Constraints which the Accidents of real Life put it under. Dreams are certainly the Result of our waking Thoughts, and our daily Hopes and Fears are what give the Mind such nimble Relishes of Pleasure, and such severe Touches of Pain, in its Midnight Rambles. A Man that murders his Enemy, or deserts his Friend in a Dream, had need to guard his Temper against Revenge and Ingratitude, and take heed that he be not tempted to do a vile thing in the Pur-

¹ John Byrom, born at Manchester, in 1691, was quarrelled with by his family for marrying a young lady without fortune, and lived by an ingenious way of teaching short-hand, till the death of an elder brother gave him the family estate. He died in 1763. In 1714 he had just been elected Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1723 he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society, and contributed to its Transactions a paper upon his own system of short-hand. In his later years he wrote much rhyme.

'suit of false, or the Neglect of true Honour. For my Part, I seldom receive a Benefit, but in a Night or two's Time I make most noble Returns for it ; which tho' my Benefactor is not a whit the better for, yet it pleases me to think that it was from a Principle of Gratitude in me, that my Mind was susceptible of such generous Transport while I thought my self repaying the Kindness of my Friend : And I have often been ready to beg Pardon, instead of returning an Injury, after considering, that when the Offender was in my Power I had carried my Resentments much too far.

'I think it has been observed in the Course of your Papers, how much one's Happiness or Misery may depend upon the Imagination : Of which Truth those strange Workings of Fancy in Sleep are no inconsiderable Instances ; so that not only the Advantage a Man has of making Discoveries of himself, but a Regard to his own Ease or Disquiet, may induce him to accept of my Advice. Such as are willing to comply with it, I shall put into a way of doing it with pleasure, by observing only one Maxim which I shall give them, viz. *To go to Bed with a Mind entirely free from Passion, and a Body clear of the least Intemperance.*

'They indeed who can sink into Sleep with their Thoughts less calm or innocent than they should be, do but plunge themselves into Scenes of Guilt and Misery ; or they who are willing to purchase any Midnight Disquietudes for the Satisfaction of a full Meal, or a Skin full of Wine ; these I have nothing to say to, as not knowing how to invite them to Reflections full of Shame and Horror : But those that will observe this Rule, I promise them they shall awake into Health and Cheerfulness, and be capable of recounting with Delight those glorious Moments wherein the Mind has been indulging it self in such Luxury of Thought, such noble Hurry of Imagination. Suppose a Man's going supperless to Bed should introduce him to the Table of some great Prince or other, where he shall be entertained with the noblest Marks of Honour and Plenty, and do so much Business after, that he shall rise with as good a Stomach to his Breakfast as if he had fasted all Night long ; or suppose he should see his dearest Friends remain all Night in great Distresses, which he could instantly have disengaged them from, could he have been content to have gone to Bed without t'other Bottle : Believe me, these Effects of Fancy are no contemptible Consequences of commanding or indulging one's Appetite.

'I forbear recommending my Advice upon many other Accounts, till I hear how you and your Readers relish what I have already said, among whom if there be any that may pretend it is useless to them, because they never dream at all, there may be others, perhaps, who do little else all Day long. Were every one as sensible as I am what happens to him in his Sleep, it would be no Dispute whether we past so considerable a Portion of our Time in the Condition of Stocks and Stones, or whether the Soul were not perpetually at Work upon the Principle of Thought. However, 'tis an honest Endeavour of mine to

'perswade my Countrymen to reap some Advantage from so many unregarded Hours, and as such you will encourage it.

'I shall conclude with giving you a Sketch or two of my Way of proceeding.

'If I have any Business of consequence to do to-morrow, I am scarce dropt asleep to-night but I am in the midst of it, and when awake I consider the whole Procession of the Affair, and get the Advantage of the next Day's Experience before the Sun has risen upon it.

'There is scarce a great Post but what I have some Time or other been in ; but my Behaviour while I was Master of a College, pleases me so well, that whenever there is a Province of that Nature vacant, I intend to step in as soon as I can.

'I have done many Things that would not pass Examination, when I have had the Art of Flying, or being invisible ; for which Reason I am glad I am not possessed of those extraordinary Qualities.

'Lastly, Mr. SPECTATOR, I have been a great Correspondent of yours, and have read many of my Letters in your Paper which I never wrote you. If you have a Mind I should really be so, I have got a Parcel of Visions and other Miscellanies in my Noctuary, which I shall send you to enrich your Paper with on proper Occasions.

Oxford, Aug. 20.

I am, &c.

John Shadow.

No. 587.] MONDAY, Aug. 30, 1714. [John Byron.

Intus, et in Cute novi.—Pers.

THO' the Author of the following Vision is unknown to me, I am apt to think it may be the Work of that ingenious Gentleman, who promised me, in the last Paper, some Extracts out of his Noctuary.

SIR,

'I was the other Day reading the Life of *Mahomet*. Among many other Extravagancies, I find it recorded of that Impostor, that in the fourth Year of his Age the Angel *Gabriel* caught him up, while he was among his Play-fellows, and, carrying him aside, cut open his Breast, plucked out his Heart, and wrung out of it that black Drop of Blood, in which, say the *Turkish Divines*, is contained the *Fomes Peccati*, so that he was free from Sin ever after. I immediately said to my self, tho' this Story be a Fiction, a very good Moral may be drawn from it, would every Man but apply it to himself, and endeavour to squeeze out of his Heart whatever Sins or ill Qualities he finds in it.

'While my Mind was wholly taken up with this Contemplation, I insensibly fell into a most pleasing Slumber, when methought two Porters entered my Chamber, carrying a large Chest between them. After having set it down in the middle of the Room they departed. I immediately endeavour'd to open what was sent me, when a Shape, like that in which we paint our

'Angels, appeared before me, and forbad me. Enclosed, said he, are the Hearts of several of your Friends and Acquaintance ; but before you can be qualified to see and animadvert on the Failings of others, you must be pure your self ; whereupon he drew out his Incision Knife, cut me open, took out my Heart, and began to squeeze it. I was in a great Confusion, to see how many things, which I had always cherished as Virtues, issued out of my Heart on this Occasion. In short, after it had been thoroughly squeezed, it looked like an empty Bladder, when the Phantome, breathing a fresh Particle of Divine Air into it, restored it safe to its former Repository : and having sewed me up, we began to examine the Chest.

'The Hearts were all enclosed in transparent Phials, and preserved in a Liquor which looked like Spirits of Wine. The first which I cast my Eye upon, I was afraid would have broke the Glass which contained it. It shot up and down, with incredible Swiftmess, thro' the Liquor in which it swam, and very frequently bounced against the Side of the Phial. The *Fomes*, or Spot in the Middle of it, was not large, but of a red fiery Colour, and seemed to be the Cause of these violent Agitations. That, says my Instructor, is the Heart of *Tom. Dread-Neught*, who behaved himself well in the late Wars, but has for these Ten Years last past been aiming at some Post of Honour to no Purpose. He is lately retired into the Country, where, quite choaked up with Spleen and Choler, he rails at better Men than himself, and will be for ever uneasie, because it is impossible he should think his Merit sufficiently rewarded. The next Heart that I examined was remarkable for its Smallness ; it lay still at the Bottom of the Phial, and I could hardly perceive that it beat at all. The *Fomes* was quite black, and had almost diffused it self over the whole Heart. This, says my Interpreter, is the Heart of *Dick Gloomy*, who never thirsted after any thing but Money. Notwithstanding all his Endeavours, he is still poor. This has flung him into a most deplorable State of Melancholy and Despair. He is a Composition of Envy and Idleness, hates Mankind, but gives them their Revenge by being more uneasie to himself, than to any one else.

'The Phial I looked upon next contained a large fair Heart, which beat very strongly. The *Fomes* or Spot in it was exceeding small ; but I could not help observing, that which way soever I turned the Phial it always appeared uppermost and in the strongest Point of Light. The Heart you are examining, says my Companion, belongs to *Will. Worthy*. He has, indeed, a most noble Soul, and is possessed of a thousand good Qualities. The Speck which you discover is *Vanity*.

'Here, says the Angel, is the Heart of *Freelove*, your intimate Friend. *Freelove* and I, said I, are at present very cold to one another, and I do not care for looking on the Heart of a Man, which I fear is overcast with Rancour. My Teacher commanded me to look upon it ; I did so, and to my unspeakable Surprize, found that a small swelling Spot, which I at first took to be *Ill-Will* towards me, was only *Passion*, and

‘that upon my nearer Inspection it wholly disappeared; upon which the Phantome told me *Freelove* was one of the best-natured Men alive.

‘This, says my Teacher, is a Female Heart of your Acquaintance. I found the *Fomes* in it of the largest Size, and of a hundred different Colours, which were still varying every Moment. Upon my asking to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the Heart of *Coquetilla*.

‘I set it down, and drew out another, in which I took the *Fomes* at first Sight to be very small, but was amazed to find, that as I looked steadfastly upon it, it grew still larger. It was the Heart of *Melissa*, a noted Prude who lives the next Door to me.

‘I show you this, says the Phantome, because it is indeed a Rarity, and you have the Happiness to know the Person to whom it belongs. He then put into my Hands a large Chrystal Glass, that enclosed an Heart, in which, though I examined it with the utmost Nicety, I could not perceive any Blemish. I made no Scruple to affirm that it must be the Heart of *Seraphina*, and was glad, but not surprized, to find that it was so. She is, indeed, continued my Guide, the Ornament, as well as the Envy, of her Sex; at these last Words, he pointed to the Hearts of several of her Female Acquaintance which lay in different Phials, and had very large Spots in them, all of a deep *Blue*. You are not to wonder, says he, that you see no Spot in an Heart, whose Innocence has been Proof against all the Corruptions of a depraved Age. If it has any Blemish, it is too small to be discovered by Human Eyes.

‘I laid it down, and took up the Hearts of other Females, in all of which the *Fomes* ran in several Veins, which were twisted together, and made a very perplexed Figure. I asked the Meaning of it, and was told it represented *Deceit*.

‘I should have been glad to have examined the Hearts of several of my Acquaintance, whom I knew to be particularly addicted to Drinking, Gaming, Intreaguings, &c., but my Interpreter told me I must let that alone till another Opportunity, and flung down the Cover of the Chest with so much violence, as immediately awoke me.

No. 588.] WEDNESDAY, Sept. 1, 1714. [H. Grove.¹

Dicitis, Omnis in Imbecillitate est et Gratia, et Caritas.—Cicero de Nat. Deor. L.

MAN may be considered in two Views, as a Reasonable, and as a Sociable Being; capable of becoming himself either happy or

¹ The Rev. Henry Grove was a Presbyterian minister, who kept school at Taunton. He was born there in 1683, became a teacher at the age of 23 (already married), and worked for the next 18 years in the Taunton Academy, his department Ethics and Pneumatology. He spent his leisure in religious controversy, writing an ‘Essay on the Terms of Christian Communion,’ a Discourse

miserable, and of contributing to the Happiness or Misery of his Fellow Creatures. Suitably to this double Capacity, the Contriver of Human Nature hath wisely furnished it with two Principles of Action, Self-love and Benevolence; designed one of them to render Man wakeful to his own personal Interest, the other to dispose him for giving his utmost Assistance to all engaged in the same Pursuit. This is such an Account of our Frame, so agreeable to Reason, so much for the Honour of our Maker, and the Credit of our Species, that it may appear somewhat unaccountable what should induce Men to represent human Nature as they do under Characters of Disadvantage, or, having drawn it with a little and sordid Aspect, what Pleasure they can possibly take in such a Picture. Do they reflect that ’tis their Own, and, if we will believe themselves, is not more odious than the Original? One of the first that talked in this lofty Strain of our Nature was *Epicurus*. Beneficence, would his Followers say, is all founded in Weakness; and, whatever be pretended, the Kindness that passeth between Men and Men is by every Man directed to himself. This, it must be confessed, is of a Piece with the rest of that hopeful Philosophy, which having patch’d Man up out of the four Elements, attributes his Being to Chance, and derives all his Actions from an unintelligible Declination of Atoms. And for these glorious Discoveries the Poet is beyond measure transported in the Praises of his Hero, as if he must needs be something more than Man, only for an Endeavour to prove that Man is in nothing superior to Beasts. In this School was Mr. *Hobs* instructed to speak after the same Manner, if he did not rather draw his Knowledge from an Observation of his own Temper; for he somewhere unluckily lays down this as a Rule, ‘That from the Similitudes of Thoughts and Passions of one Man to the Thoughts and Passions of another, whosoever looks into himself and considers what he doth when he thinks, hopes, fears, &c., and upon what Grounds; he shall hereby read and know what are the Thoughts and Passions of all other Men upon the like Occasions.’ Now we will allow Mr. *Hobs* to know best how he was inclined; But in earnest, I should be heartily out of Conceit with my self, if I thought my self of this unamiable Temper, as he affirms, and should have as little Kindness for my self as for any Body in the World. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent Propensions were the original Growth of the Heart of Man, and, however checked and overtopped by counter Inclinations that have since sprung up within us, have still some Force in the worst of Tempers, and a considerable Influence on the best. And, methinks, it’s a fair Step towards the Proof of this,

on Saving Faith, an Essay on the Soul’s Immortality, and miscellanies in prose and verse, including Nos. 588, 601, 626, and 635 of the *Spectator*. He received also £20 a year for ministering to two small congregations in the neighbourhood of Taunton. His wife died in 1736, and he in the year following. His works appeared in 1740 in 4 vols. 8vo.

that the most beneficent of all Beings is He who hath an absolute Fulness of Perfection in Himself, who gave Existence to the Universe, and so cannot be supposed to want that which He communicated, without diminishing from the Plenitude of his own Power and Happiness. The Philosophers before mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to invalidate this Argument; for, placing the Gods in a State of the most elevated Blessedness, they describe them as Selfish as we poor miserable Mortals can be, and shut them out from all Concern for Mankind, upon the Score of their having no Need of us. But if He that sitteth in the Heavens wants not us, we stand in continual Need of Him; and surely, next to the Survey of the immense Treasures of his own Mind, the most exalted Pleasure He receives is from beholding Millions of Creatures, lately drawn out of the Gulph of Non-existence, rejoicing in the various Degrees of Being and Happiness imparted to them. And as this is the true, the glorious Character of the Deity, so in forming a reasonable Creature He would not, if possible, suffer his Image to pass out of his Hands unadorned with a Resemblance of Himself in this most lovely Part of his Nature. For what Complacency could a Mind, whose Love is as unbounded as his Knowledge, have in a Work so unlike Himself? a Creature that should be capable of knowing and conversing with a vast Circle of Objects, and love none but Himself? What Proportion would there be between the Head and the Heart of such a Creature, its Affections, and its Understandings? Or could a Society of such Creatures, with no other Bottom but Self-Love on which to maintain a Commerce, ever flourish? Reason, 'tis certain, would oblige every Man to pursue the general Happiness, as the Means to procure and establish his own; and yet if, besides this Consideration, there were not a natural Instinct, prompting Men to desire the Welfare and Satisfaction of others, Self-Love, in Defiance of the Admonitions of Reason, would quickly run all Things into a State of War and Confusion. As nearly interested as the Soul is in the Fate of the Body; our provident Creator saw it necessary, by the constant Returns of Hunger and Thirst, those importunate Appetites, to put it in Mind of its Charge; knowing, that if we should eat and drink no oftner than cold abstracted Speculation should put us upon these Exercises, and then leave it to Reason to prescribe the Quantity, we should soon refine our selves out of this bodily Life. And indeed, 'tis obvious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily, unless carried to it by Inclinations which anticipate our Reason, and, like a Biass, draw the Mind strongly towards it. In order, therefore, to establish a perpetual Intercourse of Benefits amongst Mankind, their Maker would not fail to give them this generous Prepossession of Benevolence, if, as I have said, it were possible. And from whence can we go about to argue its Impossibility? Is it inconsistent with Self-Love? Are their Motions contrary? No more than the diurnal Rotation of the Earth is opposed to its Annual; or its Motion round its own Center, which may be improved as an Illustration of Self-Love,

to that which whirls it about the common Center of the World, answering to universal Benevolence. Is the Force of Self-Love abated, or its Interest prejudiced by Benevolence? So far from it, that Benevolence, though a distinct Principle, is extremely serviceable to Self-Love, and then doth most Service when 'tis least designed.

But to descend from Reason to Matter of Fact; the Pity which arises on Sight of Persons in Distress, and the Satisfaction of Mind which is the Consequence of having removed them into a happier State, are instead of a thousand Arguments to prove such a thing as a disinterested Benevolence. Did Pity proceed from a Reflection we make upon our Liableness to the same ill Accidents we see befall others, it were nothing to the present Purpose; but this is assigning an artificial Cause of a natural Passion, and can by no Means be admitted as a tolerable Account of it, because Children and Persons most Thoughtless about their own Condition, and incapable of entering into the Prospects of Futurity, feel the most violent Touches of Compassion. And then as to that charming Delight which immediately follows the giving Joy to another, or relieving his Sorrow, and is, when the Objects are numerous, and the kindness of Importance really inexpressible, what can this be owing to but a Consciousness of a Man's having done something Praise-worthy, and expressive of a great Soul? Whereas, if in all this he only Sacrificed to Vanity and Self-Love, as there would be nothing brave in Actions that make the most shining Appearance, so Nature would not have rewarded them with this divine Pleasure; nor could the Commendations, which a Person receives for Benefits done upon selfish Views, be at all more Satisfactory, than when he is applauded for what he doth without Design; because in both Cases the Ends of Self-Love are equally answered. The Conscience of approving ones self a Benefactor to Mankind is the noblest Recompence for being so; doubtless it is, and the most interested cannot propose any thing so much to their own Advantage, notwithstanding which, the Inclination is nevertheless unselfish. The Pleasure which attends the Gratification of our Hunger and Thirst, is not the Cause of these Appetites; they are previous to any such Prospect; and so likewise is the Desire of doing Good; with this Difference, that being seated in the intellectual Part, this last, though Antecedent to Reason, may yet be improved and regulated by it, and, I will add, is no otherwise a Virtue than as it is so. Thus have I contended for the Dignity of that Nature I have the Honour to partake of, and, after all the Evidence produced, think I have a Right to conclude, against the Motto of this Paper, that there is such a thing as Generosity in the World. Though if I were under a Mistake in this, I should say as *Cicero* in Relation to the Immortality of the Soul, I willingly err, and should believe it very much for the Interest of Mankind to lye under the same Delusion. For the contrary Notion naturally tends to dispirit the Mind, and sinks it into a Meanness fatal to the Godlike Zeal of doing good. As on the other hand, it teaches People to be Ungrateful, by possessing them with a Perswasion concerning

their Benefactors. that they have no Regard to them in the Benefits they bestow. Now he that banishes Gratitude from among Men, by so doing stops up the Stream of Beneficence. For though in conferring Kindnesses, a truly generous Man doth not aim at a Return, yet he looks to the Qualities of the Person obliged, and as nothing renders a Person more unworthy of a Benefit, than his being without all Resentment of it, he will not be extremly forward to Oblige such a Man.

No. 589.] FRIDAY, September 3, 1714. [

*Persequitur scelus ille suum: labefactaque tandem
Ictibus innumeris adductaque funibus arbor
Corruit.*——— Ovid.

SIR,

I AM so great an Admirer of Trees, that the Spot of Ground I have chosen to build a small Seat upon, in the Country, is almost in the midst of a large Wood. I was obliged, much against my Will, to cut down several Trees, that I might have any such thing as a Walk in my Gardens; but then I have taken Care to leave the Space, between every Walk, as much a Wood as I found it. The Moment you turn either to the Right or Left, you are in a Forest, where Nature presents you with a much more beautiful Scene than could have been raised by Art.

Instead of *Tulips* or *Carnations*, I can shew you *Oakes* in my Gardens of four hundred Years standing, and a Knot of *Elms* that might shelter a Troop of Horse from the Rain.

It is not without the utmost Indignation, that I observe several prodigal young Heirs in the Neighbourhood, felling down the most glorious Monuments of their Ancestors Industry, and ruining, in a Day, the Product of Ages.

I am mightily pleased with your Discourse upon Planting, which put me upon looking into my Books to give you some Account of the Veneration the Ancients had for Trees. There is an old Tradition, that *Abraham* planted a *Cypress*, a *Pine*, and a *Cedar*, and that these three incorporated into one Tree, which was cut down for the building of the Temple of *Solomon*.

Isidorus, who lived in the Reign of *Constantius*, assures us, that he saw, even in his Time, that famous *Oak* in the Plains of *Mambré*, under which *Abraham* is reported to have dwelt, and adds, that the People looked upon it with a great Veneration, and preserved it as a Sacred Tree.

The Heathens still went farther, and regarded it as the highest Piece of Sacrilege to injure certain Trees which they took to be protected by some Deity. The Story of *Erisichthon*, the Grove of *Dodona*, and that at *Delphi*, are all Instances of this Kind.

If we consider the Machine in *Virgil*, so much blamed by several Criticks, in this Light, we shall hardly think it too violent.

Aeneas, when he built his Fleet, in order to

sail for *Italy*, was obliged to cut down the Grove on Mount *Ida*, which however he durst not do till he had obtained leave from *Cybele*, to whom it was dedicated. The Goddess could not but think her self obliged to protect these Ships, which were made of Consecrated Timber, after a very extraordinary Manner, and therefore desired *Jupiter*, that they might not be obnoxious to the Power of Waves or Winds. *Jupiter* would not grant this, but promised her, that as many as came safe to *Italy* should be transformed into Goddesses of the Sea; which the Poet tells us was accordingly executed.

And now at length the number'd Hours were come,

Prefix'd by Fate's irrevocable Doom,
When the great Mother of the Gods was free
To save her Ships, and finish Jove's Decree.
First, from the Quarter of the Morn, there

sprung
A Light that sign'd the Heavens, and shot along:
Then from a Cloud, fring'd round with Golden

Fires,
Were Timbrels heard, and Berecynthian Quires:
And last a Voice, with more than Mortal

Sounds,
Both Hosts in Arms oppos'd, with equal Horror

wounds.
O Trojan Race, your needless Aid forbear;
And know my Ships are my peculiar Care.

With greater Ease the bold Rutulian may,
With hissing Brands, attempt to burn the Sea,
Than singe my sacred Pines. But you my

Charge,
Loos'd from your crooked Anchors launch at

large,
Exalted each a Nymph: Forsake the Sand,
And swim the Seas, at Cybele's Command.

No sooner had the Goddess ceas'd to speak,
When lo, th' obedient Ships their Haulsers break;
And, strange to tell, like Dolphins in the Main,
They plunge their Prows, and dive, and spring

again:
As many beauteous Maids the Billows sweep,
As rode before tall Vessels on the Deep.

Dryden's Virg.

The common Opinion concerning the Nymphs, whom the Ancients called *Hamadryads*, is more to the Honour of Trees than any thing yet mentioned. It was thought the Fate of these Nymphs had so near a Dependance on some Trees, more especially *Oaks*, that they lived and died together. For this Reason they were extremely grateful to such Persons who preserved those Trees with which their Being subsisted. *Apolonius* tells us a very remarkable Story to this Purpose, with which I shall conclude my Letter.

A certain Man, called *Rhæcus*, observing an old Oak ready to fall, and being moved with a sort of Compassion towards the Tree, ordered his Servants to pour in fresh Earth at the Roots of it, and set it upright. The *Hamadryad* or Nymph who must necessarily have perished with the Tree, appeared to him the next Day, and after having returned him her Thanks, told him, she was ready to grant whatever he should ask. As she was extremly Beautiful, *Rhæcus* desired

'he might be entertained as her Lover. The 'Hamadryad, not much displeas'd with the Request, promis'd to give him a Meeting, but commanded him for some Days to abstain from the Embraces of all other Women, adding that she would send a Bee to him, to let him know when he was to be Happy. Rhæcus was, it seems, too much addicted to Gaming, and happened to be in a Run of ill Luck when the faithful Bee came buzzing about him; so that instead of minding his kind Invitation, he had like to have killed him for his Pains. The Hamadryad was so provoked at her own Disappointment, and the ill Usage of her Messenger, that she deprived Rhæcus of the Use of his Limbs. However, says the Story, he was not so much a Cripple, but he made a shift to cut down the Tree, and consequently to fell his Mistress.

No. 590.] MONDAY, Sept. 6, 1714. [Addison.

—*Assiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere
flumen,
Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur
unda,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque se-
quuntur;
Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, re-
lictum est;
Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta
novantur.* Ov. Met.

The following Discourse comes from the same Hand with the Essays upon Infinitude.¹

WE consider infinite Space as an Expansion without a Circumference: We consider Eternity, or infinite Duration, as a Line that has neither a Beginning nor an End. In our Speculations of infinite Space, we consider that particular Place in which we exist, as a kind of Center to the whole Expansion. In our Speculations of Eternity, we consider the Time which is present to us as the Middle, which divides the whole Line into two equal Parts. For this Reason, many witty Authors compare the present Time to an Isthmus or narrow Neck of Land, that rises in the midst of an Ocean, immeasurably diffused on either Side of it.

Philosophy, and indeed common Sense, naturally throws Eternity under two Divisions; which we may call in English, that Eternity which is past, and that Eternity which is to come. The learned Terms of *Æternitas a Parte ante*, and *Æternitas a Parte post*, may be more amusing to the Reader, but can have no other Idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by those Words, an Eternity that is past, and an Eternity that is to come. Each of these Eternities is bounded at the one Extream; or, in other Words, the former has an End, and the latter a Beginning.

Let us first of all consider that Eternity which

is past, reserving that which is to come for the Subject of another Paper. The Nature of this Eternity is utterly inconceivable by the Mind of Man: Our Reason demonstrates to us that it *has been*, but at the same Time can frame no Idea of it, but what is big with Absurdity and Contradiction. We can have no other Conception of any Duration which is past, than that all of it was once present; and whatever was once present, is at some certain Distance from us, and whatever is at any certain Distance from us, be the Distance never so remote, cannot be Eternity. The very Notion of any Duration's being past, implies that it was once present; for the Idea of being once present, is actually included in the Idea of its being past. This therefore is a Depth not to be sounded by human Understanding. We are sure that there has been an Eternity, and yet contradict our selves when we measure this Eternity by any Notion which we can frame of it.

If we go to the Bottom of this Matter, we shall find, that the Difficulties we meet with in our Conceptions of Eternity proceed from this single Reason, That we can have no other Idea of any kind of Duration, than that by which we our selves, and all other created Beings, do exist; which is, a successive Duration made up of past, present, and to come. There is nothing which exists after this Manner, all the Parts of whose Existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain Number of Years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our Being to that Eternity which is to come, in adding Millions of Years to Millions of Years, and we can never come up to any Fountain-Head of Duration, to any Beginning in Eternity: But at the same time we are sure, that whatever was once present does lye within the Reach of Numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that Purpose. We may as well say, that any thing may be actually present in any Part of infinite Space, which does not lye at a certain Distance from us, as that any Part of infinite Duration was once actually present, and does not also lye at some determined Distance from us. The Distance in both Cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our Faculties, but our Reason tells us that it cannot be so in it self. Here therefore is that Difficulty which Human Understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from Eternity, and are at the same Time unable to conceive, that any thing which exists, according to our Notion of Existence, can have existed from Eternity.

It is hard for a Reader, who has not rolled this Thought in his own Mind, to follow in such an abstracted Speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative Argument of the Being and Eternity of a God: And tho' there are many other Demonstrations which lead us to this great Truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any Proofs in this Matter which the Light of Reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by Men famous for their Penetration and Force of Understanding, and which appears altogether

¹ See Nos. 565, 571, 580, and 628.

conclusive to those who will be at the Pains to examine it.

Having thus considered that Eternity which is past, according to the best Idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several Articles on this Subject which are dictated to us by the Light of Reason, and which may be looked upon as the Creed of a Philosopher in this great Point.

First, It is certain that no Being could have made it self; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a Contradiction.

Secondly, That therefore some Being must have existed from all Eternity.

Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created Beings, or according to any Notions which we have of Existence, could not have existed from Eternity.

Fourthly, That this eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of Nature, *The Ancient of Days*, who, being at an infinite Distance in his Perfections from all finite and created Beings, exists in a quite different Manner from them, and in a Manner of which they can have no Idea.

I know that several of the School-men, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the Manner of God's Existence, by telling us, That he comprehends infinite Duration in every Moment; That Eternity is with him a *Punctum stans*, a fixed Point; or, which is as good Sense, an *Infinite Instance*; That nothing with Reference to his Existence is either past or to come: To which the ingenious Mr. Cowley alludes in his Description of Heaven,

*Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an Eternal NOW does always last.*

For my own Part, I look upon these Propositions as Words that have no Ideas annexed to them; and think Men had better own their Ignorance than advance Doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which indeed are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our Disquisitions, when we meditate on Him who is environed with so much Glory and Perfection, who is the Source of Being, the Fountain of all that Existence which we and his whole Creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost Humility acknowledge, that as some Being must necessarily have existed from Eternity, so this Being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a Being to have existed from Eternity after our Manner or Notions of Existence. Revelation confirms these natural Dictates of Reason in the Accounts which it gives us of the Divine Existence, where it tells us, that he is the same Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever; that he is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the Beginning and the Ending; that a thousand Years are with him as one Day, and one Day as a Thousand Years; by which and the like Expressions, we are taught, that his Existence, with Relation to Time or Duration, is infinitely different from the Existence of any of his Creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate Conceptions of it.

In the first Revelation which he makes of his own Being, he entitles himself, *I am that I am*; and when *Moses* desires to know what Name he

shall give him in his Embassy to *Pharaoh*, he bids him say that *I am* hath sent you. Our great Creator, by this Revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real Existence, and distinguishes himself from his Creatures, as the only Being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonick Notion, which was drawn from Speculations of Eternity, wonderfully agrees with this Revelation which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in Reality exists, whose Existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a flitting and successive Existence is rather a Shadow of Existence, and something which is like it, than Existence it self. He only properly exists whose Existence is intirely present; that is, in other Words, who exists in the most perfect Manner, and in such a Manner as we have no Idea of.

I shall conclude this Speculation with one useful Inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate our selves and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable Goodness and Wisdom which contrived this Existence for finite Natures? What must be the Overflowings of that good Will, which prompted our Creator to adapt Existence to Beings, in whom it is not necessary? Especially when we consider that he himself was before him in the compleat Possession of Existence and of Happiness, and in the full Enjoyment of Eternity. What Man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable and a happy Creature, in short, of being taken in as a Sharer of Existence and a kind of Partner in Eternity, without being swallowed up in Wonder, in Praise, in Adoration! It is indeed a Thought too big for the Mind of Man, and rather to be entertained in the Secrecy of Devotion, and in the Silence of the Soul, than to be expressed by Words. The Supreme Being has not given us Powers or Faculties sufficient to extol and magnifie such unutterable Goodness.

It is however some Comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall be never able to do, and that a Work which cannot be finished, will however be the Work of an Eternity.

No. 591.] WEDNESDAY, Sept. 8, 1714. [Budgell.

—*Tenerorum lusor amorum.*—Ovid.

I HAVE just receiv'd a Letter from a Gentleman, who tells me he has observed, with no small Concern, that my Papers have of late been very barren in relation to Love;¹ a Subject which when agreeably handled, can scarce fail of being well receiv'd by both Sexes.

If my Invention therefore should be almost exhausted on this Head, he offers to serve under me in the Quality of a *Love Casuist*; for which Place he conceives himself to be thoroughly qualified, having made this Passion his Principal Study,

¹ See Nos. 602, 605, 614, 623, and 625.

and observed it in all its different Shapes and Appearances, from the Fifteenth to the Forty Fifth Year of his Age.

He assures me with an Air of Confidence, which I hope proceeds from his real Abilities, that he does not doubt of giving Judgment to the Satisfaction of the Parties concerned, on the most nice and intricate Cases which can happen in an Amour; as,

How great the Contraction of the Fingers must be before it amounts to a Squeeze by the Hand.

What can be properly termed an absolute Denial from a Maid, and what from a Widow.

What Advances a Lover may presume to make, after having received a Patt upon his Shoulder from his Mistress's Fan.

Whether a Lady, at the first Interview, may allow an Humble Servant to kiss her Hand.

How far it may be permitted to caress the Maid in order to succeed with the Mistress.

What Constructions a Man may put upon a Smile, and in what Cases a Frown goes for nothing.

On what Occasions a sheepish Look may do Service, &c.

As a farther Proof of his Skill, he has also sent me several Maxims in Love, which he assures me are the Result of a long and profound Reflection, some of which I think my self obliged to communicate to the Publick, not remembering to have seen them before in any Author.

'There are more Calamities in the World arising from Love than from Hatred.

'Love is the Daughter of *Idleness*, but the Mother of *Disquietude*.

'Men of grave Natures (says Sir *Francis Bacon*) are the most constant; for the same Reason Men should be more constant than Women.

'The Gay Part of Mankind is most amorous, the Serious most loving.

'A Coquet often loses her Reputation, whilst she preserves her Virtue.

'A Prude often preserves her Reputation when she has lost her Virtue.

'Love refines a Man's Behaviour, but makes a Woman's ridiculous.

'Love is generally accompanied with Good-will in the Young, Interest in the Middle-aged, and a Passion too gross to Name in the Old.

'The Endeavours to revive a decaying Passion generally extinguish the Remains of it.

'A Woman who from being a Slattern becomes over-neat, or from being over-neat becomes a Slattern, is most certainly in Love.

I shall make use of this Gentleman's Skill as I see Occasion; and since I am got upon the Subject of Love, shall conclude this Paper with a Copy of Verses which were lately sent me by an unknown Hand, as I look upon them to be above the ordinary Run of Sonneteers.

The Author tells me they were written in one of his despairing Fits; and I find entertains some Hope that his Mistress may pity such a Passion as he has described, before she knows that she is herself *Corinna*.

*Conceal, fond Man, conceal the mighty Smart,
Nor tell Corinna she has fir'd thy Heart.*

*In vain would'st thou complain, in vain pretend
To ask a Pity which she must not lend.
She's too much thy Superior to comply,
And too too fair to let thy Passion dye.
Languish in Secret, and with dumb Surprise
Drink the resistless Glances of her Eyes.
At awful Distance entertain thy Grief,
Be still in Pain, but never ask Relief.
Ne'er tempt her Scorn of thy consuming State;
Be any way undone, but fly her Hate.
Thou must submit to see thy Charmer bless
Some happier Youth that shall admire her less;
Who in that lovely Form, that Heav'nly Mind,
Shall miss ten thousand Beauties thou could'st
find;
Who with low Fancy shall approach her Charms,
While half enjoy'd she sinks into his Arms.
She knows not, must not know, thy nobler Fire,
Whom she, and whom the Muses do inspire;
Her Image only shall thy Breast employ,
And fill thy captiv'd Soul with Shades of Joy;
Direct thy Dreams by Night, thy Thoughts by
Day;
And never, never, from thy Bosom stray.¹*

No. 592.] FRIDAY, Sept. 10, 1714. [Addison.

—Studium sine divite Vena.—Hor.

I LOOK upon the Play-house as a World within it self. They have lately furnished the Middle Region of it with a new Sett of Meteors, in order to give the Sublime to many modern Tragedies. I was there last Winter at the first Rehearsal of the new Thunder,² which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of. They have a *Salmonius* behind the Scenes, who plays it off with great Success. Their Lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore; their Clouds are also better furbelow'd, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent Storm locked up in a great Chest that is designed for the *Tempest*. They are also provided with above a Dozen Showers of Snow, which, as I am informed, are the Plays of many unsuccessful Poets artificially cut and shreaded for that Use. Mr. *Rimer's Edgar* is to fall in Snow at the next acting of *King Lear*, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the Distress of that unfortunate Prince; and to serve by way of Decoration to a Piece which that great Critick has written against.

I do not indeed wonder that the Actors should be such professed Enemies to those among our Nation who are commonly known by the Name of Criticks, since it is a Rule among these Gentlemen to fall upon a Play, not because it is ill written, but because it takes. Several of them lay it down as a Maxim, That whatever Dramatick Performance has a long Run, must of Necessity be good for nothing; as though the first Precept in Poetry were *not to please*. Whether this Rule

¹ These verses were by Gilbert Budgell, second brother of Eustace.

² John Dennis's invention, of which he said with exultation, 'That's my thunder.'

holds good or not, I shall leave to the Determination of those who are better Judges than my self: If it does, I am sure it tends very much to the Honour of those Gentlemen who have established it; few of their Pieces having been disgraced by a Run of three Days, and most of them being so exquisitely written, that the Town would never give them more than one Night's Hearing.

I have a great Esteem for a true Critick, such as *Aristotle* and *Longinus* among the *Greeks*, *Horace* and *Quintilian* among the *Romans*, *Boileau* and *Dacier* among the *French*. But it is our Misfortune, that some who set up for professed Criticks among us are so stupid, that they do not know how to put ten Words together with Elegance or common Propriety, and withal so illiterate, that they have no Taste of the learned Languages, and therefore criticise upon old Authors only at second-hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any Notions they have of the Authors themselves. The Words Unity, Action, Sentiment, and Diction, pronounced with an Air of Authority, give them a Figure among unlearned Readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, because they are unintelligible. The Ancient Criticks are full of the Praises of their Contemporaries; they discover Beauties which escaped the Observation of the Vulgar, and very often find out Reasons for palliating and excusing such little Slips and Oversights as were committed in the Writings of eminent Authors. On the contrary, most of the Smatterers in Criticism who appear among us, make it their Business to vilifie and depreciate every new Production that gains Applause, to descry imaginary Blemishes, and to prove by far-fetch'd Arguments, that what pass for Beauties in any celebrated Piece are Faults and Errors. In short, the Writings of these Criticks compared with those of the Ancients, are like the Works of the Sophists compared with those of the old Philosophers.

Envy and Cavil are the natural Fruits of Laziness and Ignorance; which was probably the Reason, that in the Heathen Mythology *Momus* is said to be the Son of *Nox* and *Somnus*, of Darkness and Sleep. Idle Men, who have not been at the Pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant Men are very subject to decry those Beauties in a celebrated Work which they have not Eyes to discover. Many of our Sons of *Momus*, who dignify themselves by the Name of Criticks, are the genuine Descendants of these two illustrious Ancestors. They are often led into those numerous Absurdities, in which they daily instruct the People, by not considering that, 1st, There is sometimes a greater Judgment shewn in deviating from the Rules of Art, than in adhering to them; and, 2^{dly}, That there is more Beauty in the Works of a great Genius who is ignorant of all the Rules of Art, than in the Works of a little Genius, who not only knows, but scrupulously observes them.

First, We may often take Notice of Men who are perfectly acquainted with all the Rules of good Writing, and notwithstanding chuse to depart from them on extraordinary Occasions. I

could give Instances out of all the Tragick Writers of Antiquity who have shewn their Judgment in this Particular; and purposely receded from an established Rule of the Drama, when it has made way for a much higher Beauty than the Observation of such a Rule would have been. Those who have surveyed the noblest Pieces of Architecture and Statuary both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent Deviations from Art in the Works of the greatest Masters, which have produced a much nobler Effect than a more accurate and exact way of Proceeding could have done. This often arises from what the *Italians* call the *Gusto Grande* in these Arts, which is what we call the Sublime in Writing.

In the next Place, our Criticks do not seem sensible that there is more Beauty in the Works of a great Genius who is ignorant of the Rules of Art, than in those of a little Genius who knows and observes them. It is of these Men of Genius that *Terence* speaks, in Opposition to the little artificial Cavillers of his Time;

*Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quàm istorum obscuram diligentiam.*

A Critick may have the same Consolation in the ill Success of his Play, as *Dr. South* tells us a Physician has at the Death of a Patient, That he was killed *secundum artem*. Our inimitable *Shakespear* is a Stumbling-Block to the whole Tribe of these rigid Criticks. Who would not rather read one of his Plays, where there is not a single Rule of the Stage observed, than any Production of a modern Critick, where there is not one of them violated? *Shakespear* was indeed born with all the Seeds of Poetry, and may be compared to the Stone in *Pyrrhus's* Ring, which, as *Pliny* tells us, had the Figure of *Apollo* and the Nine Muses in the Veins of it, produced by the spontaneous Hand of Nature, without any Help from Art.

No. 593.] MONDAY, Sept. 13, 1714. [Byrom.

*Quale per incertam Lunam sub luce maligna
Est iter in Sylvis:— Virg.*

MY dreaming Correspondent, Mr. *Shadow*, has sent me a second Letter, with several curious Observations on Dreams in general, and the Method to render Sleep improving: An Extract of his Letter will not, I presume, be disagreeable to my Readers.

'Since we have so little Time to spare, that none of it may be lost, I see no Reason why we should neglect to examine those imaginary Scenes we are presented with in Sleep, only because they have less Reality in them than our waking Meditations. A Traveller would bring his Judgment in Question who should despise the Directions of his Map for want of real Roads in it, because here stands a *Dott* instead of a Town, or a *Cypher* instead of a City, and it must be a long Day's Journey to travel thro' two or three Inches. Fancy in Dreams gives us much such