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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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N^o 507. *Saturday, October 11. 1712.*

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges. Juv.

THERE is something very sublime, though very fanciful, in *Plato's* description of the supreme Being, That *Truth is his body, and light his shadow.* According to this definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his nature, as error and falshood. The Platonists have so just a notion of the Almighty's aversion to every thing which is false and erroneous, that they looked upon *Truth* as no less necessary than *Virtue*, to qualify a human Soul for the enjoyment of a separate state. For this reason, as they recommended moral duties to qualify and season the will for a future life, so they prescribed several contemplations and sciences to rectify the understanding. Thus *Plato* has called mathematical demonstrations the Cathartics or purgatives of the Soul, as being the most proper means to cleanse it from error, and to give it a relish of truth; which is the natural food and nourishment of the understanding, as virtue is the perfection and happiness of the will.

There are many Authors who have shewn wherein the malignity of a *Lye* consists, and set forth in proper colours, the heinousness of the offence. I shall here consider one particular kind of this crime, which has not been so much spoken to; I mean that abominable practice of *Party-lying*. This vice is so very predominant among us at present, that a man is thought of no principles, who does not propagate a certain system of Lyes. The coffee-houses are supported by them, the press is choaked with them, eminent Authors live upon them. Our bottle-conversation is so infected with them, that a *Party-lye* is grown as fashionable an entertainment, as a lively catch or a merry story: the truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be struck dumb, were this fountain of discourse dried up. There is however one advantage resulting from this detestable practice; the very appearances of truth are so little regarded, that lyes are at present discharged in the air, and begin to hurt no body. When we hear a party-

story from a stranger, we consider whether he is a Whig or Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are words of course, in which the honest Gentleman designs to recommend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common sense, that gives credit to the relations of Party-writers; nay his own friends shake their heads at him, and consider him in no other light than as an officious tool or a well-meaning ideot. When it was formerly the fashion to husband a Lye, and trump it up in some extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little serviceable to the faction that made use of it; but at present every man is upon his guard, the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I have frequently wondered to see men of probity, who would scorn to utter a falshood for their own particular advantage, give so readily into a Lye when it is become the voice of their faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are men of honour in their persons, thus to become notorious lyers in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reasons for it, and at the same time discover the insufficiency of these reasons to justify so criminal a practice.

In the first place, men are apt to think that the guilt of a Lye, and consequently the punishment, may be very much diminished, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of those who partake in it. Though the weight of a falshood would be too heavy for *one* to bear, it grows light in their imaginations, when it is shared among *many*. But in this case a man very much deceives himself; guilt, when it spreads through numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied: every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not to the number of those who are his companions in it. Both the crime and the penalty lie as heavy upon every individual of an offending multitude, as they would upon any single person, had none shared with him in the offence. In a word, the division of guilt is like that of matter; though it may be separated into infinite portions, every portion shall have the whole essence of matter in it, and consist of as many parts as the whole did before it was divided.

But in the second place, though multitudes, who join in a Lye, cannot exempt themselves from the guilt, they may from the shame of it. The scandal of a Lye is in a manner lost and annihilated, when diffused among several thousands; as a drop of the blackest tincture wears away and vanishes, when mixed and confused in a considerable body of water; the blot is still in it, but is not able to discover it self. This is certainly a ve-
ry

ry great motive to several party-offenders, who avoid crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their virtue, but to their reputation. It is enough to shew the weakness of this reason, which palliates guilt without removing it, that every man who is influenced by it declares himself in effect an infamous hypocrite, prefers the appearance of virtue to its reality, and is determined in his conduct neither by the dictates of his own conscience, the suggestions of true honour, nor the principles of religion.

The third and last great motive for mens joining in a popular falshood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a Party-lye, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing good to a cause which every party may be supposed to look upon as the most meritorious. The unsoundness of this principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a man must be an utter stranger to the principles, either of natural religion or christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a man might promote the supposed good of his country by the blackest calumnies and falshoods, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the christian world. When *Pompey* was desired not to set sail in a tempest that would hazard his life, *It is necessary for me, says he, to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live:* every man should say to himself, with the same spirit, *It is my duty to speak truth, though it is not my duty to be in an office.* One of the Fathers has carried this point so high, as to declare, *He would not tell a lye, though he were sure to gain Heaven by it.* However extravagant such a protestation may appear, every one will own, that a man may say very reasonably, *He would not tell a lye, if he were sure to gain Hell by it;* or, if you have a mind to soften the expression, that he would not tell a lye to gain any temporal reward by it, when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain.



Thursday.

N^o 511. Thursday, October 16.

Quis non in venit turbâ quod amaret in illâ? Ovid.

Dear SPEC.

“FINDING that my last Letter took, I do intend to continue
 “ my epistolary correspondence with thee, on those dear con-
 “ founded creatures, *Women*. Thou knowest, all the little
 “ learning I am master of is upon that subject: I never looked in a book,
 “ but for their fakes. I have lately met with two pure stories for a *Spe-*
 “ *ctator*, which I am sure will please mightily, if they pass through thy
 “ hands. The first of them I found by chance in an *English* book called
 “ *Herodotus*, that lay in my friend *Dapperwit*’s window, as I visited him
 “ one morning. It luckily opened in the place where I met the follow-
 “ ing account. He tells us that it was the manner among the *Persians* to
 “ have several fairs in the kingdom, at which all the young unmarried
 “ women were annually exposed to sale. The men who wanted wives
 “ came hither to provide themselves: every woman was given to the
 “ highest bidder, and the money which she fetched laid aside for the
 “ public use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and by. By this means
 “ the richest people had the choice of the market, and culled out the
 “ most extraordinary beauties: As soon as the fair was thus picked, the
 “ refuse was to be distributed among the poor, and among those who
 “ could not go to the price of a *Beauty*. Several of these married the
 “ *Agreeables*, without paying a farthing for them, unless somebody chanced
 “ to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which case the best bid-
 “ der was always the purchaser. But now you must know, SPEC, it
 “ happened in *Persia*, as it does in our own country, that there were as
 “ many *ugly women*, as *Beauties* or *Agreeables*; so that by consequence,
 “ after the magistrates had put off a great many, there were still a great
 “ many that stuck upon their hands. In order therefore to clear the
 “ market, the money which the beauties had sold for, was disposed of
 “ among the ugly; so that a poor man, who could not afford to have a
 “ beauty

“ beauty for his wife, was forced to take up with a fortune ; the greatest
“ portion being always given to the most deformed. To this the Author
“ adds, that every poor man was forced to live kindly with his wife, or,
“ in case he repented of his bargain, to return her portion with her to
“ the next publick sale.

“ What I would recommend to thee on this occasion is, to establish
“ such an imaginary fair in *Great Britain* : thou couldst make it very
“ pleasant, by matching women of quality with coblers and carmen, or
“ describing titles and garters leading off in great ceremony shop-keepers
“ and farmers daughters. Though, to tell thee the truth, I am con-
“ foundedly afraid that as the love of money prevails in our Island more
“ than it did in *Persia*, we should find that some of our greatest men
“ would chuse out the portions, and rival one another for the richest
“ piece of deformity ; and that on the contrary, the Toasts and Belles
“ would be bought up by extravagant heirs, gamesters and spendthrifts.
“ Thou couldst make very pretty reflections upon this occasion in ho-
“ nour of the *Persian* Politics, who took care, by such marriages, to
“ beautifie the upper part of the species, and to make the greatest persons
“ in the government the most graceful. But this I shall leave to thy ju-
“ dicious pen.

“ I have another story to tell thee, which I likewise met in a book. It
“ seems the General of the *Tartars*, after having laid siege to a strong
“ town in *China*, and taken it by storm, would set to sale all the women
“ that were found in it. Accordingly, he put each of them into a sack,
“ and after having thorowly considered the value of the woman who
“ was inclosed, marked the price that was demanded for her upon the
“ sack. There were a great confluence of chapmen, that resorted
“ from every part, with a design to purchase, which they were to do
“ *unsight unseen*. The book mentions a Merchant in particular, who
“ observing one of the sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it,
“ and carried it off with him to his house. As he was resting with it
“ upon a half-way bridge, he was resolved to take a survey of his pur-
“ chase : upon opening the sack, a little old woman popped her head
“ out of it ; at which the adventurer was in so great a rage, that he was
“ going to shoot her out into the river. The old Lady, however, beg-
“ ged him first of all to hear her story, by which he learned that she
“ was sister to a great *Mandarin*, who would infallibly make the fortune
“ of his brother-in-law as soon as he should know to whose lot she fell.
“ Upon which the Merchant again tied her up in his sack, and carried
“ her

" her to his house, where she proved an excellent wife, and procured
 " him all the riches from her brother that she promised him.
 " I fancy, if I was disposed to dream a second time, I could make a
 " tolerable vision upon this plan. I would suppose all the unmarried wo-
 " men in *London* and *Westminster* brought to market in sacks, with their
 " respective prices on each sack. The first sack that is sold is marked
 " with five thousand pound: upon the opening of it, I find it filled with
 " an admirable housewife, of an agreeable countenance: the purchaser,
 " upon hearing her good qualities, pays down her price very chearfully.
 " The second I would open, should be a five hundred pound sack: the
 " Lady in it, to our surprize, has the face and person of a Toast: as we
 " are wondering how she came to be set at so low a price, we hear that
 " she would have been valued at ten thousand pound, but that the pub-
 " lick had made those abatements for her being a Scold. I would after-
 " wards find some beautiful, modest, and discreet woman, that should
 " be the top of the market; and perhaps discover half a dozen romps
 " tied up together in the same sack, at one hundred pound a head. The
 " Prude and the Coquette should be valued at the same price, though
 " the first should go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldst
 " like such a vision, had I time to finish it; because, to talk in thy own
 " way, there is a moral in it. Whatever thou mayest think of it, pr'ythee
 " do not make any of thy queer apologies for this Letter, as thou didst
 " for my last. The women love a gay lively fellow, and are never angry
 " at the railleries of one who is their known admirer. I am always bitter
 " upon them, but well with them.

Thine, HONEYCOMB.

N^o 512. Friday, October 17.

Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo. Hor.

THERE is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance
 as Advice. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering
 an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or
 ideots. We consider the instruction as an implicit censure, and the zeal
 which

which any one shews for our good on such an occasion as a piece of presumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the person who pretends to advise, does, in that particular, exercise a superiority over us, and can have no other reason for it, but that, in comparing us with himself, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our understanding. For these reasons, there is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and indeed all the writers, both ancient and modern, have distinguished themselves among one another, according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made use of, to render this bitter potion palatable? some convey their instructions to us in the best chosen words, others in the most harmonious numbers, some in points of wit, and others in short proverbs.

But among all the different ways of giving counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is *Fable*, in whatsoever shape it appears. If we consider this way of instructing or giving advice, it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to those exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect, in the first place, that upon reading of a Fable we are made to believe we advise our selves. We peruse the Author for the sake of the story, and consider the precepts rather as our own conclusions, than his instructions. The moral insinuates it self imperceptibly, we are taught by surprize, and become wiser and better unawares. In short, by this method a man is so far over-reached as to think he is directing himself, whilst he is following the dictates of another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most displeasing circumstance in advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we shall find that the mind is never so much pleased, as when she exerts her self in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. This natural pride and ambition of the Soul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable: for in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half of the performance; every thing appears to him like a discovery of his own; he is busied all the while in applying characters and circumstances, and is in this respect both a reader and a composer. It is no wonder therefore that on such occasions, when the mind is thus pleased with it self, and amused with its own discoveries, it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occasion of it. For this reason the *Abfalou* and *Achitophel* was one of the most popular Poems that ever appeared in *Englisb*. The Poetry is indeed very fine, but had it been much

finer, it would not have so much pleased, without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into antient histories, we find the wise men of old very often chose to give counsel to their Kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty instance of this nature in a *Turkish* tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan *Mahmoud*, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the *Persian* Empire. The Visier to this great Sultan (whether an Humourist or an Enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the Visier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the Emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of Owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of an heap of rubbish. *I would fain know*, says the Sultan, *what those two Owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it.* The Visier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two Owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, *Sir*, says he, *I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.* The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing that the Owls had said. *You must know then*, said the Visier, *that one of these Owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied, Instead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined villages.*

The story says, the Sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

To fill up my paper, I shall add a most ridiculous piece of natural Magick, which was taught by no less a Philosopher than *Democritus*, namely, that if the blood of certain birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a serpent of such a wonderful virtue, that
whoever

whoever did eat it should be skilled in the language of birds, and understand every thing they said to one another. Whether the Dervise above-mentioned might not have eaten such a serpent, I shall leave to the determinations of the learned.

N^o 513. *Saturday, October 18.*

----- *Afflata est numine quando*
Jam propiore Dei-----

Virg.

THE following letter comes to me from that excellent man in holy Orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that society who assist me in my Speculations. It is a *Thought in sickness*, and of a very serious nature, for which reason I give it a place in the paper of this day.

SIR,

“**T**HE indisposition which has long hung upon me, is at last grown
“ to such a head, that it must quickly make an end of me, or of
“ it self. You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad state of health,
“ there are none of your works which I read with greater pleasure than
“ your *Saturday's* papers. I should be very glad if I could furnish you
“ with any hints for that day's entertainment. Were I able to dress up
“ several thoughts of a serious nature, which have made great impressions
“ on my mind during a long fit of sickness, they might not be an improp-
“ per entertainment for that occasion.

“ Among all the reflections which usually rise in the mind of a sick
“ man, who has time and inclination to consider his approaching end,
“ there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and
“ unbodied before him who made him. When a man considers, that as
“ soon as the vital union is dissolved, he shall see that supreme Being,
“ whom he now contemplates at a distance, and only in his works; or,
“ to speak more philosophically, when by some faculty in the Soul

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he

“ he shall apprehend the Divine Being, and be more sensible of his presence, than we are now of the presence of any object which the eye beholds, a man must be lost in carelessness and stupidity, who is not alarmed at such a thought. Dr. *Sherlock*, in his excellent treatise upon Death, has represented, in very strong and lively colours, the state of the Soul in its first separation from the body, with regard to that invisible world which every where surrounds us, though we are not able to discover it through this grosser world of matter, which is accommodated to our senses in this life. His words are as follow.

“ *That Death, which is our leaving this world, is nothing else but our putting off these bodies, teaches us, that it is only our union to these bodies, which intercepts the sight of the other world: the other world is not at such a distance from us, as we may imagine; the throne of God indeed is at a great remove from this earth, above the third Heavens, where he displays his glory to those blessed Spirits which encompass his throne; but as soon as we step out of these bodies, we step into the other world, which is not so properly another world, (for there is the same heaven and earth still) as a new state of life. To live in these bodies is to live in this world; to live out of them is to remove into the next: for while our Souls are confined to these bodies, and can look only through these material casements, nothing but what is material can affect us; nay, nothing but what is so gross, that it can reflect light, and convey the shapes and colours of things with it to the eye: so that though within this visible world, there be a more glorious scene of things than what appears to us, we perceive nothing at all of it; for this veil of flesh parts the visible and invisible world: but when we put off these bodies, there are new and surprizing wonders present themselves to our view; when these material spectacles are taken off, the Soul with its own naked eyes sees what was invisible before: and then we are in the other world, when we can see it, and converse with it: thus St. Paul tells us, That when we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord; but when we are absent from the body, we are present with the Lord, 2 Cor. 5. 6, 8. And methinks this is enough to cure us of our fondness for these bodies, unless we think it more desirable to be confined to a prison, and to look through a grate all our lives, which gives us but a very narrow prospect, and that none of the best neither, than to be set at liberty to view all the glories of the world. What would we give now for the least glimpse of that invisible world,*

“ which

“ which the first step we take out of these bodies will present us with?
 “ There are such things as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath
 “ it entered into the heart of man to conceive: Death opens our eyes,
 “ enlarges our prospect, presents us with a new and more glorious world,
 “ which we can never see while we are shut up in flesh; which should
 “ make us as willing to part with this veil, as to take the film off of our
 “ eyes which hinders our sight.

“ As a thinking man cannot but be very much affected with the idea
 “ of his appearing in the presence of that Being whom none can see and
 “ live, he must be much more affected when he considers that this Being
 “ whom he appears before, will examine all the actions of his past life,
 “ and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think
 “ there is no scheme of religion, besides that of christianity, which can
 “ possibly support the most virtuous person under this thought. Let a
 “ man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues rise to the highest pitch
 “ of perfection attainable in this life, there will be still in him so many
 “ secret sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance, pas-
 “ sion and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and in
 “ short, so many defects in his best actions, that without the advantages
 “ of such an expiation and atonement as christianity has revealed to us,
 “ it is impossible that he should be cleared before his sovereign Judge,
 “ or that he should be able to stand in his sight. Our Holy religion sug-
 “ gests to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and
 “ our imperfect obedience accepted.

“ It is this series of thought that I have endeavoured to express in
 “ the following Hymn, which I have composed during this my sick-
 “ ness.

I.

*WHEN rising from the bed of Death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker, face to face,
 O how shall I appear!*

II.

*If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought;*

III. *When*

III.

*When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my Soul,
O how shall I appear!*

IV.

*But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.*

V.

*Then see the sorrows of my heart,
E'er yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.*

VI.

*For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
To make her pardon sure.*

“ There is a noble Hymn in *French*, which Monsieur *Bayle* has celebrated for a *very fine one*, and which the famous Author of the *Art of Speaking* calls an *admirable one*, that turns upon a thought of the same nature. If I could have done it justice in *English*, I would have sent it you translated; it was written by Monsieur *Des Barreaux*, who had been one of the greatest Wits and Libertines in *France*, but in his last years was as remarkable a penitent.

*Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité;
Toujours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice:
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta Justice.
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété,
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice:
Ton interest s'oppose à ma félicité,
Et ta clemence meme attend que je perisse.*

Contente

Contente ton desir, puis qu'il t' est glorieux ;
 Offense toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux ;
 Tonne, frappe, il est temps, rens moi guerre pour guerre :
 J' adore en perissant la raison qui t' aigrit,
 Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
 Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de JESUS CHRIST.

“ If these thoughts may be serviceable to you, I desire you would place
 “ them in a proper light ; and am ever, with great sincerity,

S I R, Yours, &c.

N^o 517. Thursday, October 23.

Heu pietas ! heu prisca fides ! ----- Virg.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my Readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspence, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY *is dead*. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks sickness. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a Letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-fessions, as he was very warmly promoting an Address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig Justice of Peace, who was always Sir ROGER's enemy and antagonist. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain SENTRY which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a Letter from the Butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the Knight's house. As my friend the Butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my Reader a copy of his Letter, without any alteration or diminution.

Honoured

Honoured Sir,

“ **K** Nowing that you was my old Master’s good friend, I could not
 “ forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which
 “ has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved
 “ him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught
 “ his death the last county-sessions, where he would go to see justice
 “ done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had
 “ been wronged by a neighbouring Gentleman; for you know, my good
 “ master was always the poor man’s friend. Upon his coming home, the
 “ first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach,
 “ not being able to touch a firloin, which was served up according to
 “ custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From
 “ that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good
 “ heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hopes of his recove-
 “ ry, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow Lady whom
 “ he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only pro-
 “ ved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed to this Lady, as
 “ a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver brace-
 “ lets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady his mo-
 “ ther: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a
 “ hunting upon, to his Chaplain, because he thought he would be kind
 “ to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed
 “ to the Chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It
 “ being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning,
 “ to every man in the parish, a great frize-coat, and to every woman a
 “ black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of
 “ his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were
 “ not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown
 “ grey-headed in our dear master’s service, he has left us pensions and
 “ legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part
 “ of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which
 “ is not yet come my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish,
 “ that he has left money to build a steeple to the Church; for he was
 “ heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, *Coverly*
 “ Church should have a steeple to it. The Chaplain tells every body
 “ that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears.
 “ He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of
 “ the COVERLIES, on the left hand of his father Sir *Arthur*. The
 “ Coffin

“ Coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the Pall held up by six of
 “ the *Quorum*: the whole parish followed the corps with heavy hearts, and
 “ in their mourning suits, the men in frize, and the women in riding-
 “ hoods. Captain SENTRY, my master’s nephew, has taken possession
 “ of the hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw
 “ him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished
 “ him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to
 “ make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts
 “ of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate.
 “ The Captain truly seems a courteous man, though says but little. He
 “ makes much of those whom my master loved, and shews great kind-
 “ ness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond
 “ of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the
 “ dumb creature made on the day of my master’s death. He has never
 “ joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melanco-
 “ liest day for the poor people that ever happened in *Worcestershire*.
 “ This being all from,

Honoured Sir, Your most sorrowful servant,

Edward Biscuit.

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

This Letter, notwithstanding the poor Butler’s manner of writing it,
 gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it
 there was not a dry eye in the Club. Sir ANDREW opening the book,
 found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particu-
 lar the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir RO-
 GER’S own hand. Sir ANDREW found that they related to two or
 three points, which he had disputed with Sir ROGER the last time he
 appeared at the Club. Sir ANDREW, who would have been merry at
 such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man’s hand-
 writing burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain
 SENTRY informs me, that the Knight has left rings and mourning for
 every one in the Club.

VOL. IV. *Saturday,*
 Coffin

N^o 519. Saturday, October 25.

*Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus.* Virg.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that system of bodies into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprizing in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe: the world of life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observations and enquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled: every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble it self, innumerable cells and cavities that are crouded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes and rivers teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures: we find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts, and every part of matter affording proper necessaries and conveniencies for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The Author of the *Plurality of Worlds* draws a very good argument from this consideration, for the *peopling* of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useles, those great bodies

lies which are at such a distance from us should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with Beings adapted to their respective situations.

Existence is a blessing to those Beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any further than as it is subservient to Beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and there is no more of the one, than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

Infinite goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive Being. As this is a Speculation, which I have often pursued with great pleasure to my self, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of Beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell-fish, which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense besides that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these there is such a different degree of perfection in the sense, which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If after this we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner, imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life: nor is his goodness less seen

in the diversity, than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence; he has, therefore, *specified* in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of Being. The whole chasm in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another, are almost insensible. The intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the Goodness or Wisdom of the divine Being, more manifested in this his proceeding?

There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of Being rises by such a regular progress, so high as man, we may by a parity of reason suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those Beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees and perfection, between the supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. This consequence of so great a variety of Beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. *Locke*, in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert it self in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created Being, and the power which produced him.

That there should be more Species of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; that in all the visible corporeal world, we see no chasms, or no gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove, differ very little one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy regions: and there are some birds, that are inhabitants of the water; whose blood is cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish-days. There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both: amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together; Seals live at land and at sea, and Porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a Hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of Mermaids and Seamen. There are some brutes, that seem to have as much knowledge and
reason,

reason, as some that are called Men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them: and so on till we come to the lowest and the most inorganical parts of matter, we shall find every where that the several Species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And when we consider the infinite Power and Wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the Architect, that the Species of creatures should also, by gentle degrees, ascend upward from us toward his infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downwards: which if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more Species of creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite Being of God, than we are from the lowest state of Being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct Species, we have no clear distinct Ideas.

In this System of Being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as Man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of Beings which has been often termed the *Nexus utriusque Mundi*. So that he, who in one respect being associated with Angels and Arch-Angels, may look upon a Being of infinite perfection as his Father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may in another respect say to Corruption, *thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister.*



Thursday,

N^o 523. Thursday, October 30.

----- *Nunc augur Apollo,
Nunc Lyciæ sortes, nunc et Jove missus ab ipso
Interpres divûm fert horrida jussa per auras.
Scilicet is superis labor -----*

Virg.

I Am always highly delighted with the discovery of any rising genius among my countrymen. For this reason I have read over, with great pleasure, the late Miscellany published by Mr. *Pope*, in which there are many excellent compositions of that ingenious Gentleman. I have had a pleasure of the same kind, in perusing a Poem that is just published *on the Prospect of Peace*, and which, I hope, will meet with such a reward from its patrons, as so noble a performance deserves. I was particularly well-pleased to find that the Author had not amused himself with fables out of the Pagan Theology, and that when he hints at any thing of this nature, he alludes to it only as to a fable.

Many of our modern Authors, whose learning very often extends no farther than *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, do not know how to celebrate a great man, without mixing a parcel of school-boy tales with the recital of his actions. If you read a poem on a fine woman, among the authors of this class, you shall see that it turns more upon *Venus* or *Helen*, than on the party concerned. I have known a copy of verses on a great hero highly commended; but upon asking to hear some of the beautiful passages, the admirer of it has repeated to me a speech of *Apollo*, or description of *Polypheme*. At other times when I have searched for the actions of a great man who gave a subject to the writer, I have been entertained with the exploits of a River-god, or have been forced to attend a Fury in her mischievous progress, from one end of the poem to the other. When we are at school, it is necessary for us to be acquainted with the system of Pagan Theology, and may be allowed to enliven a theme, or point an epigram with a heathen god; but when we would
write

write a manly Panegyrick, that should carry in it all the colours of truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourse to our *Jupiters* and *Junos*.

No thought is beautiful which is not just, and no thought can be just which is not founded in Truth, or at least in that which passes for such.

In mock-heroick Poems, the use of the heathen mythology is not only excusable but graceful, because it is the design of such compositions to divert, by adapting the fabulous machines of the ancients to low subjects, and at the same time by ridiculing such kinds of machinery in modern writers. If any are of opinion, that there is a necessity of admitting these classical legends into our serious compositions, in order to give them a more poetical turn; I would recommend to their consideration the Pastorals of Mr. *Philips*. One would have thought it impossible for this kind of poetry to have subsisted without Fauns and Satyrs, wood-nymphs and water-nymphs, with all the tribe of rural deities. But we see he has given a new life, and a more natural beauty to this way of writing, by substituting in the place of these antiquated fables, the superstitious Mythology which prevails among the shepherds of our own country.

Virgil and *Homer* might compliment their heroes, by interweaving the actions of deities with their achievements; but for a christian Author to write in the pagan Creed, to make Prince *Eugene* a favourite of *Mars*, or to carry on a correspondence between *Bellona* and the Marshal *de Villars*, would be downright puerility, and unpardonable in a Poet that is past sixteen. It is want of sufficient elevation in a genius to describe realities, and place them in a shining light, that makes him have recourse to such trifling antiquated fables; as a man may write a fine description of *Bacchus* or *Apollo*, that does not know how to draw the character of any of his contemporaries.

In order therefore to put a stop to this absurd practice, I shall publish the following Edict, by virtue of that spectatorial authority with which I stand invested.

“ **W** Hereas the time of a general peace is, in all appearance, drawing near, being informed that there are several ingenious persons who intend to shew their talents on so happy an occasion, and being willing, as much as in me lies, to prevent that effusion of nonsense, which we have good cause to apprehend; I do hereby strictly require every person, who shall write on this subject, to remember that
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" he is a christian, and not to sacrifice his catechism to his poetry. In
 " order to it, I do expect of him in the first place, to make his own poem,
 " without depending upon *Phœbus* for any part of it; or calling out for
 " aid upon any one of the Muses by name. I do likewise positively for-
 " bid the sending of *Mercury* with any particular message or dispatch re-
 " lating to the peace, and shall by no means suffer *Minerva* to take upon
 " her the shape of any Plenipotentiary concerned in this great work. I
 " do further declare, that I shall not allow the Destinies to have had a
 " hand in the deaths of the several thousands who have been slain in the
 " late war, being of opinion that all such deaths may be very well account-
 " ed for by the christian system of powder and ball. I do therefore strict-
 " ly forbid the Fates to cut the thread of man's life upon any pretence
 " whatsoever, unless it be for the sake of the rhyme. And whereas I
 " have good reason to fear, that *Neptune* will have a great deal of busi-
 " ness on his hands, in several poems which we may now suppose are up-
 " on the anvil, I do also prohibit his appearance, unless it be done in me-
 " taphor, simile, or any very short allusion, and that even here he be not
 " permitted to enter, but with great caution and circumspection. I de-
 " sire that the same rule may be extended to his whole fraternity of hea-
 " then Gods, it being my design to condemn every poem to the flames
 " in which *Jupiter* thunders, or exercises any other act of authority which
 " does not belong to him: in short, I expect that no pagan agent shall be
 " introduced, or any fact related which a man cannot give credit to with
 " a good conscience. Provided always, that nothing herein contained
 " shall extend, or be construed to extend, to several of the female Poets
 " in this nation, who shall be still left in full possession of their Gods
 " and Goddesses, in the same manner as if this paper had never been
 " written.'



Thursday,

Vol. IV.

 N^o 529. Thursday, November 6.

Singula queque locum teneant sortita decenter. Hor.

UPON the hearing of several late disputes concerning rank and precedence, I could not forbear amusing my self with some observations, which I have made upon the learned world, as to this great particular. By the learned world I here mean at large, all those who are any way concerned in works of Literature, whether in the writing, printing, or repeating part. To begin with the writers; I have observed that the Author of a *Folio*, in all companies and conversations, sets himself above the Author of a *Quarto*; the Author of a *Quarto* above the Author of an *Octavo*; and so on, by a gradual descent and subordination, to an Author in *Twenty Fours*. This distinction is so well observed, that in an assembly of the Learned, I have seen a *Folio* writer place himself in an elbow-chair, when the Author of a *Duo-decimo* has, out of a just deference to his superior quality, seated himself upon a squab. In a word, Authors are usually ranged in company after the same manner as their works are upon a shelf.

The most minute pocket-author, hath beneath him the writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only stitched. As for a Pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the Authors of single sheets, and of that fraternity who publish their labours on certain days, or on every day of the week. I do not find that the precedency among the individuals, in this latter class of writers, is yet settled.

For my own part, I have had so strict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the learned world, that I never presumed to take place of a Pamphleteer till my daily papers were gathered into those two first volumes, which have already appeared. After which I naturally jumped over the heads not only of all Pamphleteers, but of every *Octavo* writer in *Great Britain*, that had written but one book. I am also informed by my bookseller, that six *Octavo*'s have at all times been looked upon as an equivalent to a *Folio*, which I take notice of the rather, because I would

not have the learned world surprized, if after the publication of half a dozen volumes I take my place accordingly. When my scattered forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular bodies, I flatter my self that I shall make no despicable figure at the head of them.

Whether these rules, which have been received time out of mind in the commonwealth of letters, were not originally established with an eye to our paper manufacture, I shall leave to the discussion of others, and shall only remark further in this place, that all printers and bookfellers take the wall of one another, according to the abovementioned merits of the Authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that point of precedency which is settled among the three learned professions, by the wisdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every Doctor in each of these professions, who are all of them, though not so high as Knights, yet a degree above Squires; this last order of men being the illiterate body of the nation, are consequently thrown together into a class below the three learned professions. I mention this for the sake of several rural Squires, whose reading does not rise so high as to *the present state of England*, and who are often apt to usurp that precedency which by the laws of their country is not due to them. Their want of learning, which has planted them in this station, may in some measure extenuate their misdemeanour; and our professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, considering that they are in a state of ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their right hand from their left.

There is another tribe of persons who are retainers to the learned world, and who regulate themselves upon all occasions by several laws peculiar to their body. I mean the players or actors of both sexes. Among these it is a standing and uncontroverted principle, that a Tragedian always takes place of a Comedian; and it is very well known the merry drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment give way to the dignity of the buskin. It is a Stage maxim, *Once a King and always a King*. For this reason it would be thought very absurd in Mr. Bullock, notwithstanding the height and gracefulness of his person, to sit at the right hand of a Hero, though he were but five foot high. The same distinction is observed among the Ladies of the Theatre. Queens and Heroines preserve their rank in private conversation, while those who are waiting-women and maids of honour upon the Stage, keep their distance also behind the Scenes.

I shall only add, that by a parity of reason, all writers of Tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated, served, or saluted before Comic writers: those who deal in Tragi-Comedy usually taking their seats between the Authors of either side. There has been a long dispute for precedency between the Tragic and Heroic Poets. *Aristotle* would have the latter yield the *Pas* to the former, but *Mr. Dryden* and many others would never submit to this decision. Burlesque writers pay the same deference to the Heroic, as Comic writers to their serious brothers in the Drama. By this short table of laws, order is kept up, and distinction preserved in the whole republic of letters.

N^o 530.

Friday, November 7.

*Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga abenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.*

Hor.

IT is very usual for those who have been severe upon marriage, in some part or other of their lives to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their raillery return upon their own heads. I scarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not, sooner or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a blessing to another man, falls upon such an one as a judgment. *Mr. Congreve's Old Batchelor* is set forth to us with much wit and humour, as an example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railing at the sex in general, very often make an honourable amends, by chusing one of the most worthless persons of it, for a companion and yoke-fellow. *Hymen* takes his revenge in kind, on those who turn his mysteries into ridicule.

My friend *Will. Honeycomb*, who was so unmercifully witty upon the women, in a couple of Letters, which I lately communicated to the public, has given the Ladies ample satisfaction by marrying a farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our Club by the last post. The *Templer* is very positive that he has married a dairy-maid: but *Will*, in his Letter to me on this occasion, sets the best face upon the matter that

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he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the Letter I found that *Will* was fallen off from his former gayety, having changed *Dear Spec.* which was his usual salute at the beginning of the Letter, into *my worthy friend*, and subscribed himself in the latter end of it at full length *William Honeycomb*. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain *Will Honeycomb*, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for about thirty years together, and boasted of favours from Ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His Letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober character of the husband is dashed with the man of the town, and enlivened with those little cant-phrases which have made my friend *Will* often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

My Worthy Friend,

“ I Question not but you, and the rest of my acquaintance, wonder
 “ that I who have lived in the smoke and gallantries of the town
 “ for thirty years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a country
 “ life. Had not my dog of a steward run away as he did, without mak-
 “ ing up his accounts, I had still been immerfed in sin and sea-coal. But
 “ since my late forced visit to my estate, I am so pleased with it, that I
 “ am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my
 “ acres, and can scarce forbear filling my Letter with breezes, shades,
 “ flowers, meadows, and purling streams. The simplicity of manners,
 “ which I have heard you so often speak of, and which appears here in
 “ perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an instance of it, I must ac-
 “ quaint you, and by your means the whole Club, that I have lately mar-
 “ ried one of my tenants daughters. She is born of honest parents, and
 “ though she has no portion, she has a great deal of virtue. The natural
 “ sweetness and innocence of her behaviour, the freshness of her com-
 “ plexion, the unaffected turn of her shape and person, shot me through
 “ and through every time I saw her, and did more execution upon me
 “ in grogram, than the greatest beauty in town or court had ever done
 “ in brocade. In short, she is such an one as promises me a good heir
 “ to my estate; and if by her means I cannot leave to my children what
 “ are falsely called the gifts of birth, high titles and alliances, I hope to
 “ convey to them the more real and valuable gifts of birth, strong bo-
 “ dies, and healthy constitutions. As for your fine women, I need not
 “ tell

" tell thee that I know them. I have had my share in their graces, but
 " no more of that. It shall be my business hereafter to live the life of an
 " honest man, and to act as becomes the master of a family. I question
 " not but I shall draw upon me the raillery of the town, and be treated
 " to the tune of *the marriage-bater matched*; but I am prepared for it.
 " I have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I
 " saw such a tribe of fashionable young fluttering coxcombs shot up, that
 " I did not think my post of an *Homme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I
 " felt a certain stiffness in my limbs, which entirely destroyed that jaun-
 " tyness of air I was once master of. Besides, for I may now confess my
 " age to thee, I have been eight and forty above these twelve years.
 " Since my retirement into the country will make a vacancy in the Club,
 " I could wish you would fill up my place with my friend *Tom Dapper-*
 " *wit*. He has an infinite deal of fire, and knows the town. For my
 " own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live hereafter
 " suitable to a man in my station, as a prudent head of a family, a good
 " husband, a careful father (when it shall so happen,) and as

Your most sincere friend and humble servant,

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.

N^o 531. *Saturday, November 8.*

Qui mare et terras variisque mundum

Temperat horis:

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,

Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.

Hor.

SIMONIDES being asked by *Dionysius* the tyrant what God was,
 desired a day's time to consider of it before he made his reply.
 When the day was expired, he desired two days; and afterwards,
 instead of returning his answer, demanded still double the time to con-
 sider of it. This great Poet and Philosopher, the more he contemplated the

the nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his depth; and that he lost himself in the thought, instead of finding an end of it.

If we consider the idea which wise men, by the light of reason, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this: that he has in him all the perfection of a spiritual nature; and since we have no notion of any kind of spiritual perfection but what we discover in our own souls, we join infinitude to each kind of these perfections, and what is a faculty in a human soul becomes an attribute in God. *We* exist in place and time, the divine Being fills the immensity of space with his presence, and inhabits Eternity. *We* are possessed of a little power and a little knowledge, the Divine Being is Almighty and Omniscient. In short, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different kinds of perfections in one Being, we form our idea of the great Sovereign of nature.

Though every one who thinks, must have made this observation, I shall produce Mr. *Locke's* authority to the same purpose, out of his *Essay on Human Understanding*. "If we examine the *Idea* we have of the incomprehensible supreme Being, we shall find, that we come by it the same way; and that the complex *Ideas* we have both of God and separate spirits, are made up of the simple *Ideas* we receive from *Reflection*: v. g. having from what we experiment in our selves, got the *Ideas* of existence and duration, of knowledge and power, of pleasure and happiness, and of several other qualities and powers, which it is better to have, than to be without; when we would frame an *Idea* the most suitable we can to the supreme Being, we enlarge every one of these with our *Idea* of infinity; and so putting them together, make our complex *Idea of God*."

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of spiritual perfection, besides those which are lodged in a human soul; but it is impossible that we should have ideas of any kinds of perfection, except those of which we have some small rays and short imperfect strokes in our selves. It would be therefore a very high presumption to determine whether the supreme Being has not many more attributes than those which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of spiritual perfection which is not marked out in a human soul, it belongs in its fulness to the Divine Nature.

Several eminent Philosophers have imagined that the soul, in her separate state, may have new faculties springing up in her, which she is not capable

capable of exerting during her present union with the body; and whether these faculties may not correspond with other attributes in the divine nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of nature, has in him all possible perfection, as well in *kind* as in *degree*; to speak according to our methods of conceiving. I shall only add under this head, that when we have raised our notion of this infinite Being as high as it is possible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what he really is. *There is no end of his greatness*: the most exalted creature he has made, is only capable of adoring it, none but himself can comprehend it.

The advice of the Son of *Sirach* is very just and sublime in this light. *By his word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore in sum, he is all. How shall we be able to magnify him? for he is great above all his works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can; for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? and who can magnify him as he is? there are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his works.*

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the light of reason and philosophy. If we would see him in all the wonders of his mercy, we must have recourse to revelation, which represents him to us, not only as infinitely Great and Glorious, but as infinitely Good and Just in his dispensations towards man. But as this is a Theory which falls under every one's consideration, though indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual worship and veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our minds with the thoughts of him, and annihilate our selves before him, in the contemplation of our own worthlessness, and of his transcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds such a constant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant prayer, and reasonable humiliation of the soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little seeds of pride, vanity and self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up in the minds of such whose thoughts

turn

turn more on those comparative advantages which they enjoy over some of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite distance which is placed between them and the supreme model of all perfection. It would likewise quicken our desires and endeavours of uniting our selves to him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the supreme Being would, in a particular manner, banish from among us that prevailing impiety of using his name on the most trivial occasions.

I find the following passage in an excellent Sermon, preached at the funeral of a Gentleman who was an honour to his country, and a more diligent as well as successful enquirer into the works of Nature, than any other our nation has ever produced. "He had the profoundest veneration for the great God of heaven and earth that I have ever observed in any person. The very name of God was never mentioned by him without a pause and a visible stop in his discourse; in which, one that knew him particularly above twenty years, has told me, that he was so exact, that he does not remember to have observed him once to fail in it.

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the *Jews* to a name so great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of so tremendous a name in the ordinary expressions of their anger, mirth, and most impertinent passions? of those who admit it into the most familiar questions and assertions, ludicrous phrases and works of humour? not to mention those who violate it by solemn perjuries? it would be an affront to reason to endeavour to set forth the horror and prophaneness of such a practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the light of nature, not to say religion, is not utterly extinguished.



Thursday,

N^o 535. Thursday, November 13.*Spem longam refecet*-----

Hor.

MY four hundred and seventy first speculation turned upon the subject of Hope in general. I design this paper as a speculation upon that vain and foolish Hope, which is misemployed on temporal objects, and produces many sorrows and calamities in human life.

It is a precept several times inculcated by *Horace*, that we should not entertain a hope of any thing in life which lies at a great distance from us. The shortness and uncertainty of our time here, makes such a kind of hope unreasonable and absurd. The grave lies unseen between us and the object which we reach after: where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unluckily, that one Hope no sooner dies in us, but another rises up in its stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess our selves of such and such particular enjoyments; but either by reason of their emptiness, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no sooner gained one point but we extend our hopes to another. We still find new inviting scenes and landskips lying behind those which at a distance terminated our view.

The natural consequences of such reflections are these; that we should take care not to let our hopes run out into too great a length; that we should sufficiently weigh the objects of our Hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what we propose in their fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our life extend it self so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by death in our progress towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

VOL. IV.

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Many of the miseries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of consideration, in one or all of these particulars. They are the rocks on which the sanguine tribe of lovers daily split, and on which the bankrupt, the politician, the alchymist and projector are cast away in every age. Men of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to contemn that good which lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life; presses forward to imaginary points of bliss; and grasps at impossibilities; and consequently very often ensnares men into beggary, ruin and dishonour.

What I have here said, may serve as a moral to an *Arabian* fable, which I find translated into *French* by Monsieur Galland. The fable has in it such a wild, but natural simplicity, that I question not but my Reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several amusements of Hope which have sometimes passed in his mind, as a near relation to the *Persian* glass-man.

Alnaschar, says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of a hundred Drachmas in *Persian* money. *Alnaschar*, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen-ware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was over-heard by one of his neighbours as he talked to himself in the following manner: *This Basket*, says he, *cost me at the wholesale Merchant's a hundred Drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred Drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand Drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am Master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of glass-man, and turn Jeweller. I shall then deal in Diamonds, Pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, eunuchs and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy my self, and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue*

continue

tinue my traffick, till I have got together a hundred thousand Drachmas. When I have thus made my self master of a hundred thousand Drachmas, I shall naturally set my self on the foot of a Prince, and will demand the Grand Vizier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that Minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage-night. As soon as I have married the Grand Vizier's daughter, I'll buy her ten black Eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit with a great train and equipage. And when I am placed at his right-hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honour his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him, and afterwards, to his great surprize, will present him with another purse of the same value, with some short speech; as, Sir, you see I am a man of my word: I always give more than I promise.

When I have brought the Princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed in her a due respect for me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the first night. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my Sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling her self at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favour: then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the Sofa.

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.



N^o 536. Friday, November 14.

O verè Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges! ----- Virg.

AS I was the other day standing in my bookseller's shop, a pretty young thing, about eighteen years of age, stept out of her coach, and brushing by me, beckened the man of the shop to the further end of his counter, where she whispered something to him with an attentive look, and at the same time presented him with a letter: after which, pressing the end of her fan upon his hand, she delivered the remaining part of her message, and withdrew. I observed, in the midst of her discourse, that she flushed, and cast an eye upon me over her shoulder, having been informed by my bookseller, that I was the man of the short face whom she had so often read of. Upon her passing by me, the pretty blooming creature smiled in my face, and dropped me a curtesy. She scarce gave me time to return her salute, before she quitted the shop with an easy skuttle, and stepped again into her coach, giving the footman directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her departure, my bookseller gave me a letter, subscribed, *To the ingenious Spectator*, which the young Lady had desired him to deliver into my own hands, and to tell me, that the speedy publication of it would not only oblige her self, but a whole tea-table of my friends. I opened it therefore, with a resolution to publish it, whatever it should contain, and am sure, if any of my male Readers will be so severely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleased with it as my self, had they seen the face of the pretty scribe.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

London, Nov. 1712.

“**Y**OU are always ready to receive any useful hint or proposal, and
 “ such, I believe, you will think one that may put you in a way
 “ to employ the most idle part of the kingdom; I mean that part of man-
 “ kind who are known by the name of the womens-men or beaus, &c.
 “ *Mr. SPECTATOR*, you are sensible these pretty Gentlemen are not
 “ made

“ made for any manly employments, and for want of business are often
 “ as much in the vapours as the Ladies. Now what I propose is this,
 “ since knotting is again in fashion, which has been found a very pretty
 “ amusement, that you would recommend it to these Gentlemen as some-
 “ thing that may make them useful to the Ladies they admire. And
 “ since it is not inconsistent with any game, or other diversion, for it
 “ may be done in the Play-house, in their coaches, at the tea-table, and,
 “ in short, in all places where they come for the sake of the Ladies (ex-
 “ cept at Church, be pleased to forbid it there, to prevent mistakes) it
 “ will be easily complied with. It is beside an employment that allows,
 “ as we see by the fair sex, of many graces, which will make the Beaus
 “ more readily come into it; it shews a white hand and a diamond ring
 “ to great advantage; it leaves the eyes at full liberty to be employed as
 “ before, as also the thoughts, and the tongue. In short, it seems in
 “ every respect so proper, that it is needless to urge it further, by speak-
 “ ing of the satisfaction these male-knotters will find, when they see their
 “ work mixed up in a fringe, and worn by the fair Lady for whom and
 “ with whom it was done. Truly, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, I cannot but be
 “ pleased I have hit upon something that these Gentlemen are capable
 “ of; for it is sad so considerable a part of the kingdom (I mean for
 “ numbers) should be of no manner of use. I shall not trouble you far-
 “ ther at this time, but only to say, that I am always your reader, and
 “ generally your admirer, *C. B.*

P. S. “ The sooner these fine Gentlemen are set to work, the better;
 “ there being at this time several fine fringes that stay only for more hands.

I shall, in the next place, present my Reader with the description of
 a set of men who are common enough in the world, though I do not re-
 member that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the
 following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ Since you have lately, to so good purpose, enlarged upon conjugal
 “ love, it is to be hoped you will discourage every practice that
 “ rather proceeds from a regard to interest, than to happiness. Now
 “ you cannot but observe, that most of our fine young Ladies readily
 “ fall in with the direction of the graver sort, to retain in their service,
 “ by some small encouragement, as great a number as they can of su-
 “ pernumerary and insignificant fellows, which they use like whiffers,
 “ and

“ and commonly call *Shoeing-horns*. These are never designed to know
“ the length of the foot, but only, when a good offer comes, to whet
“ and spur him up to the point. Nay, it is the opinion of that grave
“ Lady, Madam *Matchwell*, that it is absolutely convenient for every
“ prudent family to have several of these implements about the house,
“ to clap on as occasion serves, and that every spark ought to produce
“ a certificate of his being a Shoeing-horn, before he be admitted as a
“ Shoe. A certain Lady, whom I could name, if it was necessary, has
“ at present more Shoeing-horns of all sizes, countries, and colours, in
“ her service, than ever she had new shoes in her life. I have known a
“ woman make use of a Shoeing-horn for several years, and finding him
“ unsuccessful in that function, convert him at length into a Shoe. I am
“ mistaken if your friend, *Mr. WILLIAM HONEYCOMB*, was not a
“ cast Shoeing-horn before his late marriage. As for my self, I must
“ frankly declare to you, that I have been an arrant Shoeing-horn for above
“ these twenty years. I served my first mistress in that capacity above
“ five of the number, before she was shod. I confess, though she had
“ many who made their applications to her, I always thought my self
“ the best shoe in her shop, and it was not till a month before her mar-
“ riage that I discovered what I was. This had like to have broke my
“ heart, and raised such suspicions in me, that I told the next I made
“ love to, upon receiving some unkind usage from her, that I began to
“ look upon my self as no more than her Shoeing-horn. Upon which,
“ my dear, who was a Coquette in her nature, told me I was hypocon-
“ driacal, and that I might as well look upon my self to be an egg or a
“ pipkin. But in a very short time after she gave me to know that I was
“ not mistaken in my self. It would be tedious to recount to you the
“ life of an unfortunate Shoeing-horn, or I might entertain you with a
“ very long and melancholy relation of my sufferings. Upon the whole,
“ I think, Sir, it would very well become a man in your post, to deter-
“ mine in what cases a woman may be allowed, with honour, to make
“ use of a Shoeing-horn, as also to declare whether a maid on this side
“ five and twenty, or a widow who has not been three years in that state,
“ may be granted such a privilege, with other difficulties which will na-
“ turally occur to you upon that subject.

I am, SIR, with the most profound veneration, Yours, &c.

Monday,

N^o 538. *Monday, November 17.*

----- *Ultra*
Finem tendere opus.

Hor.

SURPRIZE is so much the life of stories, that every one aims at it, who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth delivery, an elegant choice of words, and a sweet arrangement, are all beautifying *Graces*; but not the particulars in this point of conversation which either long command the attention, or strike with the violence of a sudden passion, or occasion the burst of laughter which accompanies humour. I have sometimes fancied that the mind is in this case like a traveller who sees a fine seat in haste; he acknowledges the delightfulness of a walk set with regularity, but would be uneasy if he were obliged to pace it over, when the first view had let him into all its beauties from one end to the other.

However, a knowledge of the success which stories will have when they are attended with a turn of surprize, as it has happily made the characters of some, so has it also been the ruin of the characters of others. There is a set of men who outrage truth, instead of affecting us with a manner in telling it; who over-leap the line of probability, that they may be seen to move out of the common road; and endeavour only to make their hearers stare, by imposing upon them with a kind of nonsense against the philosophy of nature, or such a heap of wonders told upon their own knowledge, as it is not likely one man should ever have met with.

I have been led to this observation by a company into which I fell accidentally. The subject of *Antipathies* was a proper field wherein such false surprizers might expatiate, and there were those present who appeared very fond to shew it in its full extent of traditional history. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our consideration the miraculous powers which the effluvia of cheese have over bodies whose pores are disposed to receive them in a noxious manner: others gave an account
of

of such who could indeed bear the sight of cheefe, but not the taste; for which they brought a reason from the milk of their nurses. Others again discourf'd, without endeavouring at reasons, concerning an unconquerable averfion which fome ftomachs have againft a joint of meat when it is whole, and the eager inclination they have for it, when, by its being cut up, the fhape which had affected them is altered. From hence they paffed to Eels, then to Parfnips, and fo from one averfion to another, till we had worked up our felves to fuch a pitch of complaifance, that when the dinner was to come in, we enquired the name of every difh, and hoped it would be no offence to any in the company, before it was admitted. When we had fat down, this civility amongst us turned the difcourfe from eatables to other forts of averfions; and the eternal cat, which plagues every converfation of this nature, began then to engrofs the fubject. One had sweated at the fight of it; another had fmelled it out as it lay concealed in a very diftant cupboard; and he who crowned the whole fet of thefe ftories, reckoned up the number of times in which it had occafioned him to fwoon away. At laft, fays he, that you may all be fatisfied of my invincible averfion to a cat, I fhall give an unanfwerable inftance: as I was going through a ftreet of *London*, where I never had been till then, I felt a general damp and a faintnefs all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, till I chanced to caft my eyes upwards, and found that I was paffing under a fign-poft on which the picture of a cat was hung.

The extravagance of this turn in the way of surprize, gave a ftop to the talk we had been carrying on: fome were filent becaufe they doubted, and others becaufe they were conquered in their own way; fo that the Gentleman had opportunity to prefs the belief of it upon us, and let us fee that he was rather expofing himfelf than ridiculing others.

I muft freely own that I did not all this while difbelieve every thing that was faid; but yet I thought fome in the company had been endeavouring who fhould pitch the bar fartheft; that it had for fome time been a meafuring caft, and at laft my friend of the cat and fign-poft had thrown beyond them all.

I then confidered the manner in which this ftory had been received, and the poffibility that it might have paffed for a jeft upon others, if he had not laboured againft himfelf. From hence, thought I, there are two ways which the well-bred world generally take to correct fuch a practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

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The first of these is a general silence, which I would not advise any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the effect of prudence in avoiding a quarrel, when they see another drive so fast, that there is no stopping him without being run against; and but very seldom the effect of weakness in believing suddenly. The generality of mankind are not so grossly ignorant, as some over-bearing spirits would persuade themselves; and if the authority of a character or a caution against danger make us suppress our opinion, yet neither of these are of force enough to suppress our thoughts of them. If a man who has endeavoured to amuse his company with improbabilities could but look into their minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly esteems of their sense when he thinks to impose upon them, and that he is less esteemed by them for his attempt in doing so. His endeavour to glory at their expence becomes a ground of quarrel, and the scorn and indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate punishment: And indeed (if we should even go no further) silence, or a negligent indifference has a deeper way of wounding than opposition; because opposition proceeds from an anger that has a sort of generous sentiment for the adversary mingling along with it, while it shews that there is some esteem in your mind for him; in short, that you think him worth while to contest with: but silence, or a negligent indifference, proceeds from anger, mixed with a scorn that shews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other method which the world has taken for correcting this practice of false surprize, is to over-shoot such talkers in their own bow, or to raise the story with further degrees of impossibility, and set up for a voucher to them in such a manner as must let them see they stand detected. Thus I have heard a discourse was once managed upon the effects of fear. One of the company had given an account how it had turned his friend's hair grey in a night, while the terrors of a shipwreck encompassed him. Another taking the hint from hence, began, upon his own knowledge, to enlarge his instances of the like nature to such a number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them; and as he still grounded these upon different causes, for the sake of variety, it might seem at last, from his share of the conversation, almost impossible that any one who can feel the passion of fear should all his life escape so common an effect of it. By this time some of the company grew negligent, or desirous to contradict him: but one rebuked the rest with an appearance of severity, and with the known old story in his head, assured them they

need not scruple to believe that the fear of any thing can make a man's hair grey, since he knew one whose perriwig had suffered so by it: thus he stopped the talk, and made them easy. Thus is the same method taken to bring us to shame, which we fondly take to increase our character. It is indeed a kind of mimickry, by which another puts on our air of conversation to show us to our selves: he seems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a resemblance you bear to him, or that you may know he will not lie under the imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are struck dumb immediately with a conscientious shame for what you have been saying: then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the sentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In short, you are against your self; the laugh of the company runs against you; the censuring world is obliged to you for that triumph which you have allowed them at your own expence; and truth, which you have injured, has a near way of being revenged on you, when by the bare repetition of your story you become a frequent diversion for the publick.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ THE other day, walking in *Pancras* Church-yard, I thought of
 “ your paper wherein you mention Epitaphs, and am of opinion
 “ this has a thought in it worth being communicated to your Readers.

*Here innocence and beauty lies, whose breath
 Was snatch'd by early, not untimely death.
 Hence did she go, just as she did begin
 Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
 Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
 Is the next blessing to a life well spent.*

I am, SIR, your servant.



Friday,

N^o 542. *Friday, November 21.**Et sibi præferri se gaudet-----*

Ovid.

WHEN I have been present in assemblies where my paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleased to hear those who would detract from the Author of it observe, that the Letters which are sent to the *Spectator* are as good, if not better than any of his works. Upon this occasion many Letters of mirth are usually mentioned, which some think the *Spectator* writ to himself, and which others commend because they fancy he received them from his correspondents: such are those from the *Valetudinarian*; the inspector of the sign-posts; the master of the Fan-exercise; with that of the hooped petticoat; that of *Nicholas Hart* the annual sleeper; that of *Sir John Exvill*; that upon the *London* cries; with multitudes of the same nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I must acquaint them, they have very often praised me when they did not design it, and that they have approved my writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard several of these unhappy Gentlemen proving, by undeniable arguments, that I was not able to pen a Letter which I had written the day before. Nay, I have heard some of them throwing out ambiguous expressions, and giving the company reason to suspect that they themselves did me the honour to send me such and such a particular epistle, which happened to be talked of with the esteem or approbation of those who were present. These rigid Critics are so afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be positive whether the Lion, the wild Boar, and the Flower-pots in the Play-house, did not actually write those Letters which came to me in their names. I must therefore inform these Gentlemen, that I often chuse this way of casting my thoughts into a Letter, for the following reasons: First, out of the policy of those who try their jest upon another, before they own it themselves. Secondly, because I would extort a little praise from such who will never applaud any thing whose

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Author

Author is known and certain. Thirdly, because it gave me an opportunity of introducing a great variety of characters into my work, which could not have been done, had I always written in the person of the *Spectator*. Fourthly, because the dignity spectatorial would have suffered, had I published as from my self those several ludicrous compositions which I have ascribed to fictitious names and characters. And lastly, because they often serve to bring in, more naturally, such additional reflections as have been placed at the end of them.

There are others who have likewise done me a very particular honour, though undesignedly. These are such who will needs have it, that I have translated or borrowed many of my thoughts out of books which are written in other languages. I have heard of a person, who is more famous for his library than his learning, that has asserted this more than once in his private conversation. Were it true, I am sure he could not speak it from his own knowledge; but had he read the books which he has collected, he would find this accusation to be wholly groundless. Those who are truly learned will acquit me in this point, in which I have been so far from offending, that I have been scrupulous perhaps to a fault in quoting the Authors of several passages which I might have made my own. But as this assertion is in reality an encomium on what I have published, I ought rather to glory in it, than endeavour to confute it.

Some are so very willing to alienate from me that small reputation which might accrue to me from any of my Speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to those imaginary Manuscripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I must confess, whose objections have given me a greater concern, as they seem to reflect, under this head, rather on my morality than on my invention. These are they who say an Author is guilty of falshood, when he talks to the publick of Manuscripts which he never saw, or describes scenes of action or discourse in which he was never engaged. But these Gentlemen would do well to consider, there is not a fable or parable which ever was made use of, that is not liable to this exception; since nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently, which was not once matter of fact. Besides, I think the most ordinary Reader may be able to discover, by my way of writing, what I deliver in these occurrences as truth, and what as fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in answering the several objections which have been made against these my works, I must take notice that there are some who affirm a paper of this nature should always turn upon diverting

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ing subjects, and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate tendency to the advancement of religion or learning. I shall leave these Gentlemen to dispute it out among themselves, since I see one half of my conduct patronized by each side. Were I serious on an improper subject, or trifling in a serious one, I should deservedly draw upon me the censure of my Readers; or were I conscious of any thing in my writings that is not innocent at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance vice and ignorance, and support the interest of true wisdom and virtue, I should be more severe upon my self than the publick is disposed to be. In the mean while I desire my Reader to consider every particular paper or discourse as a distinct tract by it self, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I shall end this paper with the following letter, which was really sent me, as some others have been which I have published, and for which I must own my self indebted to their respective writers.

S I R,

“ I Was this morning in a company of your well-wishers, when we read
 “ over, with great satisfaction, *Tully's* observations on action adapted
 “ to the *British* theatre: though, by the way, we were very sorry to find
 “ that you have disposed of another member of your club. Poor *Sir Ro-*
 “ *ger* is dead, and the worthy Clergyman dying. Captain *Sentry* has
 “ taken possession of a fair estate; *Will. Honeycomb* has married a far-
 “ mer's daughter, and the *Templer* withdraws himself into the business
 “ of his own profession. What will all this end in? We are afraid it por-
 “ tends no good to the publick. Unless you very speedily fix a day for
 “ the election of new members, we are under apprehensions of losing the
 “ *British Spectator*. I hear of a party of Ladies who intend to address
 “ you on this subject, and question not, if you do not give us the slip
 “ very suddenly, that you will receive addresses from all parts of the king-
 “ dom to continue so useful a work. Pray deliver us out of this perple-
 “ xity, and among the multitude of your readers you will particularly
 “ oblige

Your most sincere friend and servant, Philo-Spec.

Saturday,

N^o 543. Saturday, November 22.

----- *Facies non omnibus una,*
Nec diversa tamen-----

Ov.

THOSE who were skilful in Anatomy among the ancients, concluded from the outward and inward make of a human body, that it was the work of a Being transcendently wise and powerful. As the world grew more enlightned in this art, their discoveries gave them fresh opportunities of admiring the conduct of providence in the formation of a human body. *Galen* was converted by his dissections, and could not but own a supreme Being upon a survey of this his handy-work. There are, indeed, many parts, of which the old anatomists did not know the certain use; but as they saw that most of those which they examined were adapted with admirable art to their several functions, they did not question but those, whose uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same wisdom for respective ends and purposes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great discoveries have been made by our modern Anatomists, we see new wonders in the human frame, and discern several important uses for those parts, which uses the antients knew nothing of. In short, the body of man is such a subject as stands the utmost test of examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest wisdom, upon the most superficial survey of it, it still mends upon the search, and produces our surprize and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of a human body, may be applied to the body of every animal which has been the subject of anatomical observations.

The body of an animal is an object adequate to our senses. It is a particular system of providence, that lies in a narrow compass. The eye is able to command it, and by successive enquiries can search into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole universe, be thus submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our enquiries, too unwieldy for the management

of

of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a frame as that of a human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency, the same necessity and usefulness, the same beauty and harmony in all and every of its parts, as what we discover in the body of every single animal.

The more extended our reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense objects, the greater still are those discoveries which it makes of wisdom and providence in the work of the Creation. A Sir *Isaac Newton*, who stands up as the miracle of the present age, can look through a whole planetary system; consider it in its weight, number, and measure; and draw from it as many demonstrations of infinite power and wisdom, as a more confined understanding is able to deduce from the system of a human body.

But to return to our speculations on Anatomy. I shall here consider the fabrick and texture of the bodies of animals in one particular view; which, in my opinion, shews the hand of a thinking and all-wise Being in their formation, with the evidence of a thousand demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontestable principle, that chance never acts in a perpetual uniformity and consistence with it self. If one should always fling the same number with ten thousand dice, or see every throw just five times less, or five times more in number than the throw which immediately preceded it; who would not imagine there is some invisible power which directs the cast? this is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature. Every kind of animal is diversified by different magnitudes, each of which gives rise to a different species. Let a man trace the dog or lion-kind, and he will observe how many of the works of Nature are published, if I may use the expression, in a variety of editions. If we look into the Reptile world, or into those different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the same repetitions among several species, that differ very little from one another, but in size and bulk. You find the same creature that is drawn at large, copied out in several proportions, and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce instances of this regular conduct in providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural history of animals. The magnificent harmony of the universe is such, that we may observe innumerable *divisions* running upon the same *ground*. I might also extend this speculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter disposed into many *similar* systems, as well in our survey of stars and planets, as of stones, vegetables, and other sublunary parts of the creation.

creation. In a word, Providence has shewn the richness of its goodness and wisdom, not only in the production of many original species, but in the multiplicity of Descendants which it has made on every original species in particular.

But to pursue this thought still farther: every living creature, considered in it self, has many very complicated parts, that are exact copies of some other parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same manner. One *Eye* would have been sufficient for the subsistence and preservation of an animal; but, in order to better his condition, we see another placed with a mathematical exactness in the same most advantageous situation, and in every particular of the same size and texture. Is it possible for chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the same number, the wonder would be nothing in comparison with this. But when we see this similitude and resemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we see one half of the body entirely correspond with the other in all those minute strokes, without which a man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single part repeated a hundred times in the same body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless fibres, and these parts differing still in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular situation requires; sure a man must have a strange cast of understanding, who does not discover the finger of God in so wonderful a work. These duplicates in those parts of the body, without which a man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain demonstration of an all-wise contriver; as those more numerous copyings, which are found among the vessels of the same body, are evident demonstrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives additional strength, if we apply it to every animal and insect within our knowledge, as well as to those numberless living creatures that are objects too minute for a human eye: and if we consider how the several species in the whole world of life resemble one another in very many particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective states of existence; it is much more probable that an hundred million of dice should be casually thrown a hundred million of times in the same number, than that the body of any single animal should be produced by the fortuitous concurrence of matter. And that the like chance should arise in innumerable instances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common sense. We may carry this consideration yet further, if we reflect on the two sexes in every living species, with their resemblances to each other, and those particular distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up of this great world of life. There

There are many more demonstrations of a supreme Being, and of his transcendent wisdom, power and goodness in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the sixth book of the poem, entitled *Creation*, where the Anatomy of the human body is described with great perspicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this Speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others.

N^o 547. *Thursday, November 27.*

*Si vulnus tibi monstratâ radice vel herbâ
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ
Proficiente nihil curarier-----*

Hor.

IT is very difficult to praise a man without putting him out of countenance. My following correspondent has found out this uncommon art, and, together with his friends, has celebrated some of my Speculations after such a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my readers think I am to blame in publishing my own commendations, they will allow I should have deserved their censure as much, had I suppressed the humour in which they are conveyed to me.

S I R,

“ I Am often in a private assembly of wits of both sexes, where we generally descant upon your Speculations, or upon the subjects on which you have treated. We were last *Tuesday* talking of those two volumes which you have lately published. Some were commending one of your papers, and some another; and there was scarce a single person in the company that had not a favourite Speculation. Upon this a man of wit and learning told us, he thought it would not be amiss if we paid the *Spectator* the same compliment that is often made in our publick prints to Sir *William Read*, Dr. *Grant*, Mr. *Moor* the Apothecary, and other eminent physicians, where it is usual for the patients to

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G

“ publish

“ publish the cures which have been made upon them, and the several
 “ distempers under which they laboured. The proposal took, and the
 “ Lady where we visited having the two last volumes in large paper in-
 “ terleaved for her own private use, ordered them to be brought down,
 “ and laid in the window, whither every one in the company retired,
 “ and writ down a particular Advertisement in the stile and phrase of
 “ the like ingenious compositions which we frequently meet with at the
 “ end of our News-papers. When we had finished our work, we read
 “ them with a great deal of mirth at the fire-side, and agreed, *Nemine*
 “ *contradicente*, to get them transcribed, and sent to the *Spectator*. The
 “ Gentleman who made the proposal entered the following Advertise-
 “ ment before the Title-page, after which the rest succeeded in order.

“ *Remedium efficax et universum*; or, An effectual remedy adapted to
 “ all capacities; shewing how any person may cure himself of ill-nature,
 “ pride, party-spleen, or any other distemper incident to the human system,
 “ with an easy way to know when the infection is upon him. This Pa-
 “ nacea is as innocent as bread, agreeable to the taste, and requires no
 “ confinement. It has not its equal in the universe, as abundance of the
 “ Nobility and Gentry throughout the kingdom have experienced.
 “ N. B. “ No family ought to be without it.

*Over the two Spectators on Jealousy, being the two first in the
 third volume.*

“ I *William Crazy*, aged threescore and seven, having been for several
 “ years afflicted with uneasy doubts, fears and vapours, occasioned by the
 “ youth and beauty of *Mary* my wife, aged twenty five, do hereby for
 “ the benefit of the publick give notice, that I have found great relief from
 “ the two following doses, having taken them two mornings together
 “ with a dish of Chocolate. Witness my hand, &c.

For the benefit of the poor.

“ In charity to such as are troubled with the disease of Levee-hunting,
 “ and are forced to seek their bread every morning at the chamber-doors
 “ of great men, I *A. B.* do testify, that for many years past I laboured
 “ under this fashionable distemper, but was cured of it by a remedy which
 “ I bought of Mrs. *Baldwin*, contained in a half-sheet of paper, marked
 “ N^o 193. where any one may be provided with the same remedy at the
 “ price of a single penny.

“ An

“ An infallible cure for *Hypocondriack Melancholy*. N^o 173. 184. 191.
 “ 203. 209. 221. 233. 235. 239. 245. 247. 251.

Probatum est.

Charles Easy.

“ I *Christopher Query* having been troubled with a certain distemper in
 “ my tongue, which shewed it self in impertinent and superfluous inter-
 “ rogatories, have not asked one unnecessary question since my perusal
 “ of the prescription marked N^o 228.

“ The *Britannick Beautifier*, being an Essay on Modesty, N^o 231.
 “ which gives such a delightful blushing colour to the cheeks of those
 “ that are white or pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural
 “ fine complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest friend :
 “ is nothing of paint, or in the least hurtful. It renders the face delight-
 “ fully handsome ; is not subject to be rubbed off, and cannot be parallel-
 “ led by either wash, powder, cosmetic, &c. It is certainly the best
 “ beautifier in the world.

Martha Gloworm.

“ I *Samuel Self*, of the parish of St. James's, having a constitution
 “ which naturally abounds with acids, made use of a paper of directions
 “ marked N^o 177. recommending a healthful exercise called *Good-nature*,
 “ and have found it a most excellent sweetner of the blood.

“ Whereas I, *Elizabeth Rainbow*, was troubled with that distemper in
 “ my head, which about a year ago was pretty epidemical among the
 “ Ladies, and discovered it self in the colour of their hoods, having
 “ made use of the doctor's cephalic tincture, which he exhibited to the
 “ publick in one of his last year's papers, I recovered in a very few days.

“ I *George Gloom* have for a long time been troubled with the
 “ spleen, and being advised by my friends to put my self into a course
 “ of *Steele*, did for that end make use of remedies conveyed to me se-
 “ veral mornings in short Letters, from the hands of the invisible Do-
 “ ctor. They were marked at the bottom *Nathaniel Henroost, Alice*
 “ *Threadneedle, Rebecca Nettle-top, Tom Loveless, Mary Meanwell,*
 “ *Thomas Smoaky, Anthony Freeman, Tom Meggot, Rustick Sprightly, &c.*
 “ which have had so good an effect upon me, that I now find my self
 “ chearful, lightsome and easy ; and therefore do recommend them to all
 “ such as labour under the same distemper.

Not having room to insert all the advertisements which were sent me, I have only picked out some few from the third Volume, reserving the fourth for another opportunity.

N^o 549. Saturday, November 29.

*Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen-----*

Juv.

I Believe most people begin the world with a resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of solitude or retirement, when they have made themselves easy in it. Our unhappiness is, that we find out some excuse or other for deferring such our good resolutions till our intended retreat is cut off by Death. But among all kinds of people there are none who are so hard to part with the world, as those who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are so warped with their constant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their souls another bent, and convert them towards those objects, which, though they are proper for every stage of life, are so more especially for the last. *Horace* describes an old usurer as so charmed with the pleasures of a country life, that in order to make a purchase he called in all his money; but what was the event of it? why in a very few days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this series of thought by a discourse which I had last week with my worthy friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a man of so much natural eloquence, good sense, and probity of mind, that I always hear him with a particular pleasure. As we were sitting together, being the sole remaining members of our Club, Sir ANDREW gave me an account of the many busy scenes of life in which he had been engaged, and at the same time reckoned up to me abundance of those lucky hits, which at another time he would have called pieces of good fortune; but in the temper of mind he was then, he termed them mercies, favours of providence, and blessings upon an honest industry. Now, says he, you must know, my good friend, I am so used to consider my self as creditor and debtor,

debtor, that I often state my accounts after the same manner, with regard to heaven and my own soul. In this case, when I look upon the debtor-side, I find such innumerable articles, that I want arithmetick to cast them up; but when I look upon the creditor-side, I find little more than blank paper. Now though I am very well satisfied that it is not in my power to ballance accounts with my Maker, I am resolved however to turn all my future endeavours that way. You must not therefore be surprized, my friend, if you hear that I am betaking my self to a more thoughtful kind of life, and if I meet you no more in this place.

I could not but approve so good a resolution, notwithstanding the loss I shall suffer by it. Sir ANDREW has since explained himself to me more at large in the following Letter, which is just come to my hands.

Good Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ NOTwithstanding my friends at the Club have always rallied me,
 “ when I have talked of retiring from business, and repeated to
 “ me one of my own sayings, *That a Merchant has never enough till he*
 “ *has got a little more*; I can now inform you, that there is one in the
 “ world who thinks he has enough, and is determined to pass the re-
 “ mainder of his life in the enjoyment of what he has. You know me
 “ so well, that I need not tell you, I mean, by the enjoyment of my pos-
 “ sessions, the making of them useful to the public. As the greatest part
 “ of my estate has been hitherto of an unsteady and volatile nature, either
 “ tost upon seas or fluctuating in funds; it is now fixed and settled in
 “ substantial acres and tenements. I have removed it from the uncer-
 “ tainty of stocks, winds and waves, and disposed of it in a considerable
 “ purchase. This will give me great opportunity of being charitable in
 “ my way, that is, in setting my poor neighbours to work, and giving
 “ them a comfortable subsistence out of their own industry. My gar-
 “ dens, my fish-ponds, my arable and pasture grounds shall be my several
 “ hospitals, or rather work-houses, in which I propose to maintain a
 “ great many indigent persons, who are now starving in my neighbour-
 “ hood. I have got a fine spread of improveable lands, and in my own
 “ thoughts am already plowing up some of them, fencing others; plant-
 “ ing woods, and draining marshes. In fine, as I have my share in the sur-
 “ face of this island, I am resolved to make it as beautiful a spot as any
 “ in her Majesty's dominions; at least there is not an inch of it which
 “ shall not be cultivated to the best advantage, and do its utmost for its
 “ owner. As in my mercantile employment, I so disposed of my affairs,
 “ that

“ that from whatever corner of the compass the wind blew, it was bring-
 “ ing home one or other of my ships; I hope, as a husbandman, to con-
 “ trive it so, that not a shower of rain, or a glimpse of sunshine, shall
 “ fall upon my estate without bettering some part of it, and contributing
 “ to the products of the season. You know it has been hitherto my
 “ opinion of life, that it is thrown away when it is not some way useful
 “ to others. But when I am riding out by my self, in the fresh air on
 “ the open heath that lies by my house, I find several other thoughts
 “ growing up in me. I am now of opinion, that a man of my age may
 “ find business enough on himself, by setting his mind in order, prepar-
 “ ing it for another world, and reconciling it to the thoughts of death.
 “ I must therefore acquaint you, that besides those usual methods of
 “ charity, of which I have before spoken, I am at this very instant find-
 “ ing out a convenient place where I may build an alms-house, which I
 “ intend to endow very handsomly, for a dozen superannuated husband-
 “ men. It will be a great pleasure to me to say my prayers twice a day
 “ with men of my own years, who all of them, as well as my self, may
 “ have their thoughts taken up how they shall die, rather than how they
 “ shall live. I remember an excellent saying that I learned at school, *Fi-
 “ nis coronat opus*. You know best whether it be in *Virgil* or in *Horace*,
 “ it is my business to apply it. If your affairs will permit you to take
 “ the country air with me sometimes, you shall find an apartment fitted
 “ up for you, and shall be every day entertained with beef or mutton
 “ of my own feeding; fish out of my own ponds; and fruit out of my
 “ own gardens. You shall have free egress and regress about my house,
 “ without having any questions asked you, and in a word such a hearty
 “ welcome as you may expect from

Your most sincere friend and humble servant,

ANDREW FREEPORT.

The Club, of which I am a member, being entirely dispersed, I shall consult my Reader next week, upon a project relating to the institution of a new one.



Monday,

 N^o 550. Monday, December 1.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor Hiatus? Hor.

SINCE the late dissolution of the Club whereof I have often declared my self a member, there are very many persons who by letters, petitions, and recommendations, put up for the next election. At the same time I must complain, that several indirect and underhand practices have been made use of upon this occasion. A certain country Gentleman begun to *tap* upon the first information he received of Sir ROGER'S death; when he sent me up word, that if I would get him chosen in the place of the deceased, he would present me with a barrel of the best *October* I had ever drank in my life. The Ladies are in great pain to know whom I intend to elect in the room of WILL. HONEYCOMB. Some of them indeed are of opinion that Mr. HONEYCOMB did not take sufficient care of their interests in the Club, and are therefore desirous of having in it hereafter a representative of their own sex. A citizen who subscribes himself *T. Z.* tells me that he has one and twenty shares in the *African* company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in case he may succeed Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, which he thinks would raise the credit of that fund. I have several Letters, dated from *Jenny Man's*, by Gentlemen who are candidates for Captain SENTRY'S place, and as many from a Coffee-house in *Paul's* Church-yard of such who would fill up the vacancy occasioned by the death of my worthy friend the Clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular respect.

Having maturely weighed these several particulars, with the many remonstrances that have been made to me on this subject, and considering how invidious an office I shall take upon me if I make the whole election depend upon my single voice, and being unwilling to expose my self to those clamours, which, on such an occasion, will not fail to be raised against me for partiality, injustice, corruption, and other qualities which my nature abhors, I have formed to my self the project of a Club as follows.

 I

I have thoughts of issuing out writs to all and every of the Clubs that are established in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, requiring them to chuse out of their respective bodies a person of the greatest merit, and to return his name to me before *Lady-day*, at which time I intend to sit upon business.

By this means I may have reason to hope, that the Club over which I shall preside will be the very flower and quintessence of all other Clubs. I have communicated this my project to none but a particular friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his happiness in that kind of wit which is commonly known by the name of a Pun. The only objection he makes to it is, that I shall raise up enemies to my self if I act with so regal an air; and that my detractors, instead of giving me the usual title of SPECTATOR, will be apt to call me the *King of Clubs*.

But to proceed on my intended project: it is very well known that I at first set forth in this work with the character of a silent man; and I think I have so well preserved my taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three sentences in the space of almost two years. As a monosyllable is my delight, I have made very few excursions, in the conversations which I have related, beyond a Yes or a No. By this means my Readers have lost many good things which I have had in my heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

Now in order to diversify my character, and to shew the world how well I can talk if I have a mind, I have thoughts of being very loquacious in the Club which I have now under consideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this affair, I design, upon the first meeting of the said Club, to have *my mouth opened* in form; intending to regulate my self in this particular by a certain ritual which I have by me, that contains all the ceremonies which are practised at the opening the mouth of a Cardinal. I have likewise examined the forms which were used of old by *Pythagoras*, when any of his scholars, after an apprenticeship of silence, was made free of his speech. In the mean time, as I have of late found my name in foreign Gazettes upon less occasions, I question not but in their next articles from *Great-Britain*, they will inform the world that *the SPECTATOR'S mouth is to be opened on the twenty-fifth of March next*. I may perhaps publish a very useful paper at that time of the proceedings in that solemnity, and of the persons who shall assist at it. But of this more hereafter.

End of the first 7 Vols.

Friday,

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 N^o 556. *Friday, June 18. 1714.*

*Qualis ubi in lucem coluber, mala gramina pastus,
 Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
 Nunc positus novus exuviis, nitidusque juventa,
 Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
 Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trifulcis.*

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 through a fifty years silence, I would not venture into the world under the character of a man who pretends to talk like other people, until 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 surprizing 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 ache 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 happened 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.

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When

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 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 *Child'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

Those who have been present at publick 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 my self 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 all 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.

N^o 557. Monday, June 30.

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, though 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

This subject is exquisitely treated in the most elegant Sermon of the great *British* preacher. 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 the Second's* reign by the Ambassador of *Bantam*, 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 do 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 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

“ which I desired him to carry one of my portmanteaus 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 household-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 surprized 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 wouldest 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 them. When I go to see the King’s Scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, though perhaps I saw him go into his house almost the very moment before. Thou wouldest 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 an 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, though 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 double-tongued race of men, and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in thy royal city of *Bantam*.

Wednes

N^o 558. Wednesday, June 23.

Qui fit, Mæcnas, 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 laeta.

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. Atqui 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 possessed 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 lie under, are more easy to us than those

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 griefs 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 cloathed 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 looks. 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, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade 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 surprized 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

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 his collection of human miseries. There were likewise diltempers of all sorts, though 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 human 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 burdens, the *Phantom* which had been so busie on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasie 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.



N^o 559. Friday, June 25.

*Quid causæ est, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratus buccas inslet : 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 wondered 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, *FANCT* 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 public. 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 begged 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

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-backed 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 through 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 fight, 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 chearful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon *Jupiter*: 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.



Wednesday,

N^o 561. Wednesday, June 30.

----- *Paulatim abolere Sichaum*

Incipit, et vivo tentat praevertere amore

Jampridem resides animos desuetaque corda. Virg.

S I R,

“ I Am a tall, broad-shouldered, impudent, black fellow, and, as I
 “ thought, every way qualified for a rich widow: but, after ha-
 “ ving 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 di-
 “ stinguished 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 cer-
 “ tain 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 re-
 “ port to the Club after a week’s cohabitation, she is still allowed to fit as
 “ a widow, and accordingly takes her place at the board. “ IV. The

“ 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 *Catharine 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 twins 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 outlive 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 childbed. 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 victories to hers, and give her the merit of a fourth widowhood; and she takes her place accordingly.

“ 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 diverted her sorrows by receiving the addresses of a Gentleman in the neighbourhood, who made love to her in the second month of her widowhood. This Gentleman was discarded in a fortnight for the sake of a young *Templer*, who had the possession of her for six weeks after, till he was beaten out by a broken Officer, who likewise 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*, Haberdasher, 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

“ 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 twelve-month. 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, resolved to give the pictures of their deceased husbands to the Club-room, but two of them bringing in their dead at full length, they covered 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 cellar of cordials and strong waters. When they grow maudlin, they are very apt to commemorate their former partners with a tear. But ask them which of their husbands they condole, they are not able to tell you, and discover 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 filter of the Club, they lay their heads together how to make him sure. By this means they are acquainted with all the Widow-hunters about town, who often afford them great diversion. 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 former husbands, and it is very diverting to hear them relate their arts and stratagems, with which they amused the jealous, pacified the cholerick, or wheedled the good-natured man, until at last, to use the Club phrase, *They sent him out of the house with his heels foremost.*

“ The politics, 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

“ 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 familiari-
 “ ties. Not to be treated by him like a raw girl, but as a woman that
 “ knows the world. Not to lessen any thing of her former figure. To
 “ celebrate the generosity, or any other virtue, 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 disinheret the undutiful children of any former wife.
 “ Never to be thoroughly convinced of his affection, until 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.

N^o 562. Friday, July 2.

-----Præsens, absens ut sies.

Ter.

IT is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself, says Cowley; it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the Reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him. Let the tenor 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*.

cember. 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 infirmity 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*, banished 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 *Woolsey*, *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 infirmities 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 *Montaigne* than either of them. The younger *Scaliger*, who seems to have been no great friend to this Author, after having acquainted the world that his father sold herrings, adds these words; *La grande sadoise de Montaigne, qui a escrit qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc—que diable a-t-on à faire de sçavoir ce qu'il aime? For my part, says Montaigne, 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 favour 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: though 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, though 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* Jest, with several little pieces of pleasantry of the same nature. Upon the reading of them, he was under no small confusion 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.

Friday.

N^o 565. Friday, July 9.

----- *Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, coelumque profundum.* Virg.

I Was yesterday about sun-set walking in the open fields, 'till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused my self 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 blueness 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

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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 is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return therefore to my first thought, I could not but look upon my self 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

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

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.

N° 567. *Wednesday, July 14.*

----- *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

with great satisfaction. An *M* and an *b*, a *T* and an *r*, 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 *Sc—'s*.

A sprinkling of the words *Faction*, *Frenchman*, *Papist*, *Plunderer*, and the like significant terms, in an Italick character, hath also a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaser; not to mention *Scribler*, *Liar*, *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 virtue 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 the 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 ſatyricall 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 ſatyre, 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 ho-
 “ neſt *Engliſh-m-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-reh*, *Ch-rch*, as long as they pleaſe, but, to make uſe of a
 “ homely proverb, The proof of the *p-dd-ng* is in the eating. This I
 “ am ſure of, that if a *certain Prince* ſhould concur with a *certain Pre-*
 “ *late*, (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, be-
 “ cauſe my *Lady Q-p-t-s* has been diſobliged? or is it reaſonable that
 “ our

“ 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, though 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-fs, &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 the modern race of *Syncofists*, and thoroughly content my *English* Readers, I intend shortly to publish a SPECTATOR, that shall not have a single vowel in it.

N^o 568. Friday, July 16.

-----*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-smoakers as an overture to conversation and friendship. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being intrenched under a cloud of our own raising, I
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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 smoak, 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, *cannot for his life keep out of politics*. *Do you see how he abuses four great men here?* I fixed 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 them*. *Then pray do but mind the two or three next lines! Ch-rch and p-dd-ng 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 he not write 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 sat 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 in 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 terror of the ocean, should lie 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 cannot for my life, says I, imagine who 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 pragmatial 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, until 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*.

Monday,

N^o 569. Monday, July 19.

*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 humourously, 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 hogheads 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.

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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. *Bonofus*, 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 will 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 idiot, and the choleric 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 turn than 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 ledit 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

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.

N^o 571. *Friday, July 23.*

----- *Coelum 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, 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.

S I R,

IN your paper of *Friday* the 9th instant, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the God-head, 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,

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 infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures, but though 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 their flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incensed.

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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 pathetic is that expostulation of *Job*, when, for the trial 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 burden 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 satisfactions, 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, rectify its will, purify 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! Though 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

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.* 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.*



Friday,

N^o 574.

Friday, July 30.

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris**Rectè beatum : rectiùs occupat**Nomen beati, qui deorum**Muneribus sapienter uti**Duramque callet pauperiem pati.*

Hor.

I Was once engaged in discourse with a *Rosicrucian* about *the great secret*. As this kind of men (I mean those of them who are not professed cheats) are over-run with Enthusiasm and Philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious Adept descanting on his pretended discovery. 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 perfection it was 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 smoke 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 influence 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 ambition, and every tendency to cor-

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ruption,

ruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual 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 *Aristippus* 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 outvy 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

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 it was 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 calamity, 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 show 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

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for

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 human 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.

N^o 575. Monday, August 2.

----- *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 though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though 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

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 set 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 set 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 persuaded 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 our selves 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?

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It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though 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 over-set 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 itself 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.



Wednesday,

 N^o 576. *Wednesday, August 4.*

*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 inconveniencies, 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 heroic 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? Sin-

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

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 *Fontenelle's* dialogue 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'oeuvre; that is, in other words, something which is singular in its kind, and does not fall in with the madness of a multitude.*

N^o 579. *Wednesday, August II.*

----- *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 for 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, though 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 *Ætna* 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 fawn 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 spite of *Venus*, who, upon her return home, al-
 “ ways 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 frighted
 “ away most of the votaries. The women of *Sicily* made a solemn de-
 “ putation to the Priest, by which they acquainted him, that they would
 “ not come up to the temple with their annual offerings unless he muz-
 “ zled his mastiffs; and at last compromised 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 a 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 sollicitated her husband to send him
 “ away,

“ 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 growl 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 *Lilybeum*,
 “ returned 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.

N^o 580. Friday, August 13.

-----*Si verbo audacia detur,*
Non metuum magni dixisse palatia coeli. Ov. Met.

S I R,
 “ I Considered in my two last Letters 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 hea-
 “ thens, as I might show at large, were it not already done by other
 “ hands. But though the Deity be thus essentially present through all
 “ the immensity of space, there is one part of it in which he discovers
 N 2 “ himself

“ 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 Majestatic
 “ 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 all 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 sing-
 “ ing 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, though
 “ at the same time, like several other revealed truths, dashed and adulter-
 “ rated with a mixture of fables and human inventions. But to pass o-
 “ ver 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 Cherubins, and into which
 “ none but the High-Priest himself 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 mankind.

“ 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 *Hiram* with wisdom? How great must
 “ be

“ be the Majesty of that place, where the whole art of creation has been
“ employed, and where God has chosen to show himself in the most
“ magnificent manner? What must be the Architecture of infinite power
“ under the direction of infinite wisdom? A spirit cannot but be transf-
“ ported, after an ineffable manner, with the sight of those objects, which
“ were made to affect him by that Being who knows the inward frame
“ of a soul, and how to please and ravish it in all its most secret powers
“ and faculties. 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 it self, 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 ap-
“ pears in perfect Majesty, we cannot possibly conceive. Though it is
“ not infinite, it may be indefinite; and though not immeasurable in it
“ 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 mortal 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 full-
“ ness 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 ima-
“ gine. It is not impossible but at the consummation of all things, these
“ outward apartments of nature, which are now suited to those Beings
“ who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that glorious place of
“ which I am here speaking; and by that means made a proper habita-
“ tion for Beings who are exempt from mortality, and cleared of their
“ imperfections: for so the Scripture seems to intimate, when it speaks
“ of new heavens and of a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

“ 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

“ 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 entertainments of it. And if the soul of man can be
 “ so wonderfully affected with those strains of music, which human art is
 “ capable of producing, 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 employed, du-
 “ ring this our vital union, without proper instruments in the body.
 “ Why therefore should we exclude the satisfaction of these faculties,
 “ which we find by experience are inlets of great pleasure to the soul,
 “ from among those entertainments which are to make up our happiness
 “ hereafter? why should we suppose that our hearing and seeing will not
 “ be gratified 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 speak-
 “ ing of himself) *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 unspeakable words, which*
 “ *it is not possible for 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 impossible to express it in such words as might con-
 “ vey 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 everlast-
 “ ing doors shall be opened 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
 “ subject, from those several hints which we find of it in the holy Scrip-
 “ tures; 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

“ the Almighty, 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 Sabbath 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 infinitude, as he dwells among his works, 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.

N^o 582. *Wednesday, August 18.*

-----*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.

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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 though 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 fastened 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. 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 public on certain days and at stated times. We have not the 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 te-nebrificous 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.

N^o 583. *Friday, August 20.*

*Ipse thymum pinosque ferens de montibus aliis,
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 application unnecessary, ought to find out some calling or profession for themselves, that they may not lye as a burden on the species, and be the only useles 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 *Goliath*, *I will give thee to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field.*

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Though 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 ruine. 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 itself 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
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cunning and selfish part of mankind. Most people are of the humour of an old fellow of a colledge, 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 easie 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 has 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 itself 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 our selves 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 productions flourish in their utmost beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the flood might have seen a wood of the tallest oaks in the acorn. 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.

N^o 584. Monday, August 23.

*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 *Cobu*, by whom some of the learned think is meant *Cain*. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was but a girl of three-score 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 *Cobu* had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful *Hilpa* preferred *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,

per, laughed to scorn his brother *Sbalum* 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 *Sbalum*, 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 *Harpeth* would never venture out of the valleys, 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 *Harpeth*, and what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which *Sbalum* 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 fifty children, before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the Antediluvians made love to the young widow, though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover *Sbalum*, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of *Harpeth*; 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.

Sbalum 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 *Harpeth*, 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 turned 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 lawns, 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 *Sbalum*, 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.

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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 Landskips 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 dwellings
 “ are at present as the garden of God; every part of them is filled with
 “ fruits, and flowers, and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed
 “ 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.

Wednes-

N^o 585. *Wednesday, August 25.*

*Ipsi letitia voces ad sidera jaçant
Intonsi montes: ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa 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.

“ **W**HAT 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 wouldest be with the sight of her person? The lowings of my herds, and the bleatings of my flocks, make a pleasant echo in thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. What though 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.

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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. The 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 wood-lands; 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 uneasy with himself, and was forely displeas'd at *Hilpa* for the reception which she had given to *Mishpach*, infomuch 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 though 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

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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.

N^o 590. *Monday, September 6.*

----- *Affiduo 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 sequuntur;
Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum est;
Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur.*

Ov. Met.

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

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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 extremity; 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

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at the same time we are sure, that whatever was once present does lie 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 though 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 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 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 Instant*: 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 that he makes of his own Being, he intitles 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 Platonic 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

ists 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 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.

N^o 592. *Friday, September 10.*

-----*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, which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of. They have a *Salmons* behind the scenes, who plays it off with great success. Their lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore ; their clouds are

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also better furbelowed, 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 threaded 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 Critic 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 Critics, 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 dramatic 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 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 Critic, 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 Critics 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 Critics 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 vilify and depreciate every new production that gains applause, to descry imaginary blemishes, and to prove by far-fetched arguments, that what pass for beauties

beauties in any celebrated piece are faults and errors. In short, the writings of these Critics 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 Critics, are the genuine descendants of those two illustrious Ancestors. They are often led into those numerous absurdities, in which they daily instruct the people, by not considering that, *First*, There is sometimes a greater judgment shewn in deviating from the rules of art, than in adhering to them; and, *Secondly*, 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 Tragic 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 Critics 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 emulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quàm istorum obscuram diligentiam.*

A Critic 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 *Shakespeare* is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of these rigid Critics. 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 Critic, where there is not one of them violated? *Shakespeare* 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.

N^o 598. Friday, September 24.

*Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem: flebat contrarius alter?*

Juv.

MANKIND may be divided into the merry and the serious, who, both of them, make a very good figure in the species, so long as they keep their respective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a fantastic levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable, whilst they diffuse a cheerfulness through conversation at proper seasons and on proper occasions; but, on the contrary, a great grievance to society, when they infect every discourse with insipid mirth, and turn into ridicule such subjects as are not suited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the Philosophers as the property of Reason, the excess of it has been always considered as the mark of folly.

On the other side, seriousness has its beauty whilst it is attended with cheerfulness and humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good humour of those with whom we converse.

These two sets of men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective characters, are apt to bear a natural aversion and antipathy to one another.

What

What is more usual, than to hear men of serious tempers and austere morals, enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the species; whilst they look with a kind of horror upon such pomps and diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a passage in the account which Mr. *Baxter* gives of his own life, wherein he represents it as a great blessing, that in his youth he very narrowly escaped getting a place at court.

It must indeed be confessed that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a pass to his soul for any temptation that assaults it. It favours all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the resistance of virtue. For which reason a renowned Statesman in Queen *Elizabeth's* days, after having retired from court and publick business, in order to give himself up to the duties of religion; when any of his old friends used to visit him, had still this word of advice in his mouth, *Be serious.*

An eminent *Italian* Author of this cast of mind, speaking of the great advantage of a serious and composed temper, wishes very gravely, that for the benefit of mankind he had *Trophonius's* cave in his possession; which, says he, would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the *Work-houses* and *Bridewells* in *Europe.*

We have a very particular description of this cave in *Pausanias*, who tells us, that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumstances, which disposed the person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; infomuch that no man was ever observed to laugh all his life after, who had once made his entry into this cave. It was usual in those times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloominess in his features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of *Trophonius's* cave.

On the other hand, writers of a more merry complexion have been no less severe on the opposite party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more turns of wit and humour.

After all, if a man's temper were at his own disposal, I think he would not chuse to be of either of these parties; since the most perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither chuse to be a Hermit nor a Buffoon: human nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world; nor, at the same time, as if there were no men in it.

N^o 600. Wednesday, September 29.

-----*Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.*

Virg.

I Have always taken a particular pleasure in examining the opinions which men of different religion, different ages, and different countries, have entertained concerning the immortality of the Soul, and the state of happiness which they promise themselves in another world. For whatever prejudices and errors human nature lies under; we find that either reason, or tradition from our first parents, has discovered to all people something in these great points which bears analogy to truth, and to the doctrines opened to us by divine revelation. I was lately discoursing on this subject with a learned person who has been very much conversant among the inhabitants of the more western parts of *Africk*. Upon his conversing with several in that country, he tells me that their notion of Heaven or of a future state of happiness is this, That every thing we there wish for will immediately present it self to us. We find, say they, our Souls are of such a nature that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same objects. The supreme Being therefore, in compliance with this taste of happiness which he has planted in the Soul of man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every gratification which it is in the humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in groves or bowers, among running streams or falls of water, we shall immediately find our selves in the midst of such a scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with musick and the melody of sounds, the consort rises upon our wish, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony. In short, every desire will be followed by fruition, and whatever a man's inclination directs him to, will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme power creates in conformity to our wishes, or whether he only produces such a change in our imagination, as makes us believe our selves conversant among those scenes which delight us. Our happiness will be the same, whether it proceed

ceed from external objects, or from the impressions of the Deity upon our own private fancies. This is the account which I have received from my learned friend. Notwithstanding this system of belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its manner of considering the influence of a Divine Being on a human Soul. It has also, like most other opinions of the heathen world upon these important points, it has, I say, its foundation in truth, as it supposes the Souls of good men after this life to be in a state of perfect happiness, that in this state there will be no barren hopes, nor fruitless wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular circumstance which I am most pleased with in this scheme, and which arises from a just reflexion upon human nature, is that variety of pleasures which it supposes the Souls of good men will be possessed of in another world. This I think highly probable from the dictates both of reason and revelation. The Soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding, and the will, with all the senses both outward and inward; or to speak more philosophically, the Soul can exert her self in many different ways of action. She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear, love, and discourse, and apply her self to many other the like exercises of different kinds and natures; but what is more to be considered, the Soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction from the exercise of any of these its powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects; she can be entirely happy by the satisfaction of the memory, the sight, the hearing, or any other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a distinct taste in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper relish. Doctor *Tillotson* somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists the happiness of the Blessed, because God Almighty is capable of making the Soul happy by ten thousand different ways. Besides those several avenues to pleasure which the Soul is endowed with in this life; it is not impossible, according to the opinions of many eminent Divines, but there may be new faculties in the Souls of good men made perfect, as well as new senses in their glorified bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new objects offered to all those faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take notice that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very great variety of objects. The understanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical, and other kinds of truth. The memory likewise may turn it self to an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the Soul shall

have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

We cannot question but that the happiness of a Soul will be adequate to its nature, and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to be useles and unemployed. The happiness is to be the happiness of the whole man, and we may easily conceive to our selves the happiness of the Soul, whilst any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happiness may be of a more exalted nature in proportion as the faculty employed is so; but as the whole Soul acts in the exertion of any of its particular powers, the whole Soul is happy in the pleasure which arises from any of its particular acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greatest modern Philosophers, we divide the Soul into several powers and faculties, there is no such division in the Soul it self, since it is the whole Soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the memory, understanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to express our selves in such abstracted subjects of speculation, not that there is any such division in the Soul it self.

Seeing then that the Soul has many different faculties, or in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased, or made happy by all these different faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the Soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it; that whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the Soul is in a state of happiness; and in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man; who can question but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of; and that this fulness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the Soul is capable of receiving.

We shall be the more confirmed in this doctrine, if we observe the nature of variety, with regard to the mind of man. The Soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The faculties relieve one another by turns, and receive an additional pleasure from the novelty of those objects, about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this notion, under the different views which it gives us of our future happiness. In the description of the throne of God, it represents to us all those objects which are able

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to gratifie the senses and imagination. In very many places it intimates to us all the happiness which the understanding can possibly receive in that state, where all things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know, even as we are known; the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleasure of conversing with our blessed Saviour, with an innumerable host of Angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several parts of the holy writings. There are also mentioned those Hierarchies, or governments, in which the Blessed shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great part of our happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and superiority; but on the contrary, every one will find that station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other station. These and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation, as the several ingredients of our happiness in Heaven, which all imply such a variety of joys, and such a gratification of the Soul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the Cherubims are a set of Angels who know most, and the Seraphims a set of Angels who love most. Whether this distinction be not altogether imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable that among the spirits of good men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root.

I might here apply this consideration to the spirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they shall suffer in every one of their faculties, and the respective miseries which shall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But leaving this to the reflection of my Readers, I shall conclude, with observing how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the Being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the Soul susceptible of pleasure by so many different ways. We see by what a variety of passages, joy and gladness may enter into the thoughts of man. How wonderfully a human spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper satisfactions, and taste the goodness of its Creator. We may therefore look into our selves with rapture and amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to him, who has encompassed us with such profusion of blessings, and opened in us so many capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger argument that God has designed us for a state of future happiness, and for that Heaven which he has revealed to

us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the Soul for it, and made it a Being capable of receiving so much bliss. He would never have made such faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on such objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest by the inward frame and constitution of our minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite variety of pleasures and gratifications, which are not to be met with in this life. We should therefore at all times take care that we do not disappoint this his gracious purpose and intention towards us, and make those faculties which he formed as so many qualifications for happiness and rewards, to be the instruments of pain and punishment.



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