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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

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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^o 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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