

No. 562.] Friday, July 2, 1714.

—Præsens, absens ut sies.
Ter. Eun. Act i. Sc. 2.
Be present as if absent.

'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 tenour of his discourse be what it will upon this subject, it generally proceeds from vanity. An ostentatious man will rather relate a blunder or an absurdity he has committed, than be debarred of 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 Catiline in the calends of December. How shocking soever this great man's talking of himself might have been to his contemporaries, I must confess I am never better pleased than when he is on this subject. Such openings of the heart give a man a thorough insight into his personal character, and illustrate several passages in the history of his life; besides that, there is some little pleasure in discovering the 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 for their humility than any other in France, banished the way of speaking in the first person out of all their works, as rising from vain-glory and self-conceit. To show their particular aversion to it, they branded this form of writing with the name of an egotism; a figure not to be found among the ancient rhetoricians.

The most violent egotism which I have met with in the course of my reading, is that of Cardinal Wolsey, *ego et rex meus*, 'I and my king;' as perhaps the most eminent egotist that ever appeared in the world was Montaigne, 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 men, immediately publishes to the world how it stands with himself in that particular. Had he kept his own counsel, he might have passed for a much better man, though perhaps he would not have been so diverting an author. The title of an Essay promises perhaps a discourse upon Virgil or Julius Cæsar; but,

when you look into it, you are sure to meet with more upon Monsieur Montaigne than of 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 fadaise de Montaigne, qui a écrit 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 public,' says Scaliger, 'whether he is a lover of white wines or of red wines?'

I cannot here forbear mentioning a tribe of egotists, for whom I have always had a mortal aversion—I mean the authors of memoirs, who are never mentioned in any works but their own, and who raise all their productions out of this single figure of speech.

Most of our modern prefaces savour very strongly of the egotism. Every insignificant author fancies it of importance to the world to know that he writ his book in the country, that he did it to pass away some of his idle hours, that it was published at the importunity of friends, or that his natural temper, studies, or conversations, directed him to the choice of his subject:

—Id populus curat scilicet.

Such informations cannot but be highly improving to the reader.

In works of humour especially, when a man writes under a fictitious personage, the talking of one's self may give some diversion to the public; 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 egotist 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 jests, 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 a new conceit, and had appropriated to his own use, had appeared in print before he or his ingenious friends were ever heard of. This had so good an effect upon him, that he is content at present to pass for a man of plain sense in his ordinary conversation, and is never facetious but when he knows his company.

No. 563.] Monday, July 5, 1714.

—Magni nominis umbra. *Lucan. Lib. i. 135.*
The shadow of a mighty name.

I SHALL entertain my reader with two very curious letters. The first of them comes from a chimerical person, who, I believe, never writ to any body before.

‘SIR,—I am descended from the ancient family of the Blanks, a name well known among all men of business. It is always read in those little white spaces of writing which want to be filled up, and which for that reason are called blank spaces, as of right appertaining to our family: for I consider myself as the lord of a manor, who lays his claim to all wastes or spots of ground that are unappropriated. I am a near kinsman to a John-a-Styles and John-a-Nokes; and they, I am told, came in with the conquer. I am mentioned oftener in both houses of parliament than any other person in Great Britain. My name is written, or, more properly speaking, not written, thus: []. I am one that can turn my hand to every thing, and appear under any shape whatsoever. I can make myself man, woman, or child. I am sometimes metamorphosed into a year of our Lord, a day of the month, or an hour of the day. I very often represent a sum of money, and am generally the first subsidy that is granted to the crown. I have now and then supplied the place of several thousands of land-soldiers, and have as frequently been employed in the sea-service.

‘Now, sir, my complaint is this, that I am only made use of to serve a turn, being always discarded as soon as a proper person is found out to fill up my place.

‘If you have ever been in the playhouse before the curtain rises, you see the most of the front boxes filled with men of my family, who forthwith turn out and resign their stations upon the appearance of those for whom they are retained.

‘But the most illustrious branch of the

Blanks are those who are planted in high posts, till such time as persons of greater consequence can be found out to supply them. One of these Blanks is equally qualified for all offices; he can serve in time of need for a soldier, a politician, a lawyer, or what you please. I have known in my time many a brother Blank, that has been born under a lucky planet, heap up great riches, and swell into a man of figure and importance, before the grandees of his party could agree among themselves which of them should step into his place. Nay, I have known a Blank continue so long in one of these vacant posts, (for such it is to be reckoned all the time a Blank is in,) that he has grown too formidable and dangerous to be removed.

‘But to return to myself. Since I am so very commodious a person, and so very necessary in all well-regulated governments, I desire you will take my case into consideration, that I may be no longer made a tool of, and only employed to stop a gap. Such usage, without a pun, makes me look very blank. For all which reasons I humbly recommend myself to your protection, and am your most obedient servant,

‘BLANK.

‘P. S. I herewith send you a paper drawn up by a country-attorney, employed by two gentlemen, whose names he was not acquainted with, and who did not think fit to let him into the secret which they are transacting, I heard him call it a “blank instrument,” and read it after the following manner. You may see by this single instance of what use I am to the busy world.

“I, T. Blank, esquire, of Blank town, in the county of Blank, do own myself indebted in the sum of Blank, to Goodman Blank, for the service he did me in procuring for me the goods following: Blank; and I do hereby promise the said Blank to pay unto him the said sum of Blank, on the Blank day of the month of Blank next ensuing, under the penalty and forfeiture of Blank.”

I shall take time to consider the case of this my imaginary correspondent, and in the mean while shall present my reader with a letter which seems to come from a person that is made up of flesh and blood.

‘GOOD MR. SPECTATOR,—I am married to a very honest gentleman that is exceeding good-natured, and at the same time very choleric. There is no standing before him when he is in a passion; but as soon as it is over he is the best humoured creature in the world. When he is angry he breaks all my china ware that chances to lie in his way, and the next morning sends me in twice as much as he broke the day before. I may positively say, that he has broke me a child’s fortune since we were first married together.

‘As soon as he begins to fret, down goes

every thing that is within reach of his cane. I once prevailed upon him never to carry a stick in his hand, but this saved me nothing; for upon seeing me do something that did not please him, he kicked down a great jar that cost him above ten pounds but the week before. I then laid the fragments together in a heap, and gave him his cane again, desiring him that, if he chanced to be in anger, he would spend his passion upon the china that was broke to his hand; but the very next day, upon my giving a wrong message to one of the servants, he flew into such a rage, that he swept down a dozen tea-dishes, which to my misfortune stood very convenient for a side blow.

'I then removed all my china into a room which he never frequents; but I got nothing by this neither, for my looking-glasses immediately went to rack.

'In short, sir, whenever he is in a passion he is angry at every thing that is brittle; and if on such occasions he hath nothing to vent his rage upon, I do not know whether my bones would be in safety. Let me beg of you, sir, to let me know whether there be any cure for this unaccountable distemper; or if not, that you will be pleased to publish this letter: for my husband having a great veneration for your writings, will by that means know you do not approve of his conduct. I am, &c.'

No. 564.] *Wednesday, July 7, 1714.*

—Adsit

Regula, peccatis quæ penas irroget æquas,
Ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello.

Hor. Sat. iii. Lib. 1. 117.

Let rules be fixed that may our rage contain,
And punish faults with a proportion'd pain;
And do not flay him who deserves alone
A whipping for the fault that he hath done.

Creech.

It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions, and laying aside his prejudices. I endeavour at least to look upon men and their actions only as an impartial Spectator, without any regard to them as they happen to advance or cross my own private interest. But while I am thus employed myself, I cannot help observing how those about me suffer themselves to be blinded by prejudice and inclination, how readily they pronounce on every man's character, which they can give in two words, and make him either good for nothing, or qualified for every thing. On the contrary, those who search thoroughly into human nature will find it much more difficult to determine the value of their fellow-creatures, and that men's characters are not thus to be given in general words. There is indeed no such thing as a person entirely good or bad; virtue and vice are blended and mixed together, in a great or less proportion, in every one; and if you would search for some particular good quality in its most eminent degree of perfection, you will often find it in a mind

where it is darkened and eclipsed by a hundred other irregular passions.

Men have either no character at all, says a celebrated author, or it is that of being inconsistent with themselves. They find it easier to join extremities, than to be uniform and of a piece. This is finely illustrated in Xenophon's life of Cyrus the Great. That author tells us, that Cyrus having taken a most beautiful lady, named Panthea, the wife of Abradatas, committed her to the custody of Araspas, a young Persian nobleman, who had a little before maintained in discourse that a mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful passion. The young gentleman had not long been in possession of his fair captive, when a complaint was made to Cyrus, that he not only solicited the lady Panthea to receive him in the room of her absent husband, but that, finding his entreaties had no effect, he was preparing to make use of force. Cyrus, who loved the young man, immediately sent for him, and in a gentle manner representing to him his fault, and putting him in mind of his former assertion, the unhappy youth, confounded with a quick sense of his guilt and shame, burst out into a flood of tears, and spoke as follows:

'Oh Cyrus, I am convinced that I have two souls. Love has taught me this piece of philosophy. If I had but one soul, it could not at the same time pant after virtue and vice, wish and abhor the same thing. It is certain therefore we have two souls: when the good soul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous actions; but, when the bad soul predominates, I am forced to do evil. All I can say at present is, that I find my good soul, encouraged by your presence, has got the better of my bad.'

I know not whether my readers will allow of this piece of philosophy; but if they will not, they must confess we meet with as different passions in one and the same soul as can be supposed in two. We can hardly read the life of a great man who lived in former ages, or converse with any who is eminent among our contemporaries, that is not an instance of what I am saying.

But as I have hitherto only argued against the partiality and injustice of giving our judgment upon men in gross, who are such a composition of virtues and vices, of good and evil, I might carry this reflection still farther, and make it extend to most of their actions. If on the one hand we fairly weighed every circumstance, we should frequently find them obliged to do that action we at first sight condemn, in order to avoid another we should have been much more displeased with. If on the other hand we nicely examined such actions as appear most dazzling to the eye, we should find most of them either deficient and lame in several parts, produced by a bad ambition, or directed to an ill end. The very same action may sometimes be so oddly circum-

stanced, that it is difficult to determine whether it ought to be rewarded or punished. Those who compiled the laws of England were so sensible of this, that they have laid it down as one of their first maxims, 'It is better suffering a mischief than an inconvenience;' which is as much as to say, in other words, that since no law can take in or provide for all cases, it is better private men should have some injustice done them than that a public grievance should not be redressed. This is usually pleaded in defence of all those hardships which fall on particular persons on particular occasions, which could not be foreseen when a law was made. To remedy this however as much as possible, the court of chancery was erected, which frequently mitigates and breaks the teeth of the common law, in cases of men's properties, while in criminal cases there is a power of pardoning still lodged in the crown.

Notwithstanding this, it is perhaps impossible in a large government to distribute rewards and punishments strictly proportioned to the merits of every action. The Spartan commonwealth was indeed wonderfully exact in this particular; and I do not remember in all my reading to have met with so nice an example of justice as that recorded by Plutarch, with which I shall close my paper of this day.

The city of Sparta being unexpectedly attacked by a powerful army of Thebans, was in very great danger of falling into the hands of their enemies. The citizens suddenly gathered themselves into a body, fought with a resolution equal to the necessity of their affairs, yet no one so remarkably distinguished himself on this occasion, to the amazement of both armies, as Isidas the son of Phœbidas, who was at that time in the bloom of his youth, and very remarkable for the comeliness of his person. He was coming out of the bath when the alarm was given, so that he had not time to put on his clothes, much less his armour; however transported with a desire to serve his country in so great an exigency, snatching up a spear in one hand and a sword in the other, he flung himself into the thickest ranks of his enemies. Nothing could withstand his fury: in what part soever he fought he put the enemies to flight without receiving a single wound.—Whether, says Plutarch, he was the particular care of some god, who rewarded his valour that day with an extraordinary protection, or that his enemies, struck with the unusualness of his dress, and beauty of his shape, supposed him something more than man, I shall not determine.

The gallantry of this action was judged so great by the Spartans, that the ephori, or chief magistrates, decreed he should be presented with a garland; but, as soon as they had done so, fined him a thousand drachmas for going out to the battle unarmed.

No. 565.] *Friday, July 9, 1714.*

Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum.
Virg. Georg. iv. 221.

For God the whole created mass inspires:
Thro' heaven and earth, and ocean's depths he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.—*Dryden.*

I WAS yesterday, about sun-set, walking in the open fields, until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven; in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether 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 complete 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, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself 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 ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at pre-

sent more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return therefore to my first thought: I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself 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 ourselves 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 ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another; according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, 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, until 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 inconceivable 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 itself. 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 turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself 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

out regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

No. 566.] *Monday, July 12, 1714.*

Militiæ species amor est.—Ovid Ars Am. ii. 233.
Love is a kind of warfare.

As my correspondents begin to grow pretty numerous, I think myself obliged to take some notice of them, and shall therefore make this paper a miscellany of letters. I have, since my re-assuming the office of Spectator, received abundance of epistles from gentlemen of the blade, who I find have been so used to action that they know not how to lie still. They seem generally to be of opinion that the fair at home ought to reward them for their services abroad, and that until the cause of their country calls them again into the field, they have a sort of right to quarter themselves upon the ladies. In order to favour their approaches, I am desired by some to enlarge upon the accomplishments of their professions, and by others to give them my advice in carrying on their attacks. But let us hear what the gentlemen say for themselves.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,—Though it may look somewhat perverse amidst the arts of peace to talk too much of war, it is but gratitude to pay the last office to its manes, since even peace itself, is, in some measure, obliged to it for its being.

‘You have, in your former papers, always recommended the accomplished to the favour of the fair; and I hope you will allow me to represent some part of a military life not altogether unnecessary to the forming a gentleman. I need not tell you that in France, whose fashions we have been formerly so fond of, almost every one derives his pretences to merit from the sword; and that a man has scarce the face to make his court to a lady, without some credentials from the service to recommend him. As the profession is very ancient, we have reason to think some of the greatest men among the old Romans derived many of their virtues from it, the commanders being frequently in other respects some of the most shining characters of the age.

‘The army not only gives a man opportunities of exercising those two great virtues, patience and courage, but often produces them in minds where they had scarce any footing before. I must add, that

it is one of the best schools in the world to receive a general notion of mankind in, and a certain freedom of behaviour, which is not so easily acquired in any other place. At the same time I must own, that some military airs are pretty extraordinary, and that a man who goes into the army a coxcomb, will come out of it a sort of public nuisance: but a man of sense, or one who before had not been sufficiently used to a mixed conversation, generally takes the true turn. The court has in all ages been allowed to be the standard of good-breeding; and I believe there is not a juster observation in Monsieur Rochefoucault, than that “a man who has been bred up wholly to business, can never get the air of a courtier at court, but will immediately catch it in the camp.” The reason of this most certainly is, that the very essence of good-breeding and politeness consists in several niceties, which are so minute that they escape his observation, and he falls short of the original he would copy after; but when he sees the same things charged and aggravated to a fault, he no sooner endeavours to come up to the pattern which is set before him, than, though he stops somewhat short of that, he naturally rests where in reality he ought. I was, two or three days ago, mightily pleased with the observation of a humorous gentleman upon one of his friends, who was in other respects every way an accomplished person, that “he wanted nothing but a dash of the coxcomb in him;” by which he understood a little of that alertness and unconcern in the common actions of life, which is usually so visible among gentlemen of the army, and which a campaign or two would infallibly have given him.

‘You will easily guess, sir, by this my panegyric upon a military education, that I am myself a soldier, and indeed I am so. I remember, within three years after I had been in the army, I was ordered into the country a recruiting. I had very particular success in this part of the service, and was over and above assured, at my going away, that I might have taken a young lady, who was the most considerable fortune in the country, along with me. I preferred the pursuit of fame at that time to all other considerations, and though I was not absolutely bent on a wooden leg, resolved at least to get a scar or two for the good of Europe. I have at present as much as I desire of this sort of honour, and if you could recommend me effectually, should be well enough contented to pass the remainder of my days in the arms of some dear kind creature, and upon a pretty estate in the country. This, as I take it, would be following the example of Lucius Cincinnatus, the old Roman dictator, who, at the end of a war left the camp to follow the plough. I am, sir, with all imaginable respect, your most obedient, humble servant,

‘WILL WARLEY.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,—I am a half-pay officer, and am at present with a friend in the country. Here is a rich widow in the neighbourhood, who has made fools of all the fox-hunters within fifty miles of her. She declares she intends to marry, but has not yet been asked by the man she could like. She usually admits her humble admirers to an audience or two; but, after she has once given them denial, will never see them more. I am assured by a female relation that I shall have fair play at her; but as my whole success depends on my first approaches, I desire your advice, whether I had best storm, or proceed by way of sap. I am, sir, yours, &c.

‘P. S. I had forgot to tell you, that I have already carried one of her outworks, that is, secured her maid.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,—I have assisted in several sieges in the Low Countries, and being still willing to employ my talents as a soldier and engineer, lay down this morning at seven o’clock before the door of an obstinate female, who had for some time refused me admittance. I made a lodgement in an outer parlour about twelve: the enemy retired to her bed-chamber, yet I still pursued, and about two o’clock this afternoon she thought fit to capitulate. Her demands are indeed somewhat high, in relation to the settlement of her fortune. But, being in possession of the house, I intend to insist upon *carte blanche*, and am in hopes, by keeping off all other pretenders for the space of twenty-four hours, to starve her into a compliance. I beg your speedy advice, and am, sir, yours,

‘PETER PUSH.

‘From my camp in Red-lion square, Saturday, four in the afternoon.’

No. 567.] Wednesday, July 14, 1714.

—Inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.

Virg. Æn. vi. 493.

—The weak voice deceives their gasping throats.

Dryden.

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 pursues it with great satisfaction. An *M* and an *h*, a *T* and an *r*,* with a short line between them, has sold many insipid pamphlets. Nay, I have known a whole edition go off by virtue of two or three well-written *Œc—s*.

A sprinkling of the words “faction,

Frenchman, papist, plunderer,” and the like significant terms, in an italic character, have also a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaser, not to mention “scribbler, liar, rogue, rascal, knave, and villain,” without which it is impossible to carry on a modern controversy.

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 the deference which is due to them from every private person. It gives a secret satisfaction to a pursuer of these mysterious works, that he is able to decypher 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 and last letter to it.

Some of our authors indeed, when they would be more satirical 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 B—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 satire, and, if he be acquainted with the present posture of affairs, will easily discover the meaning of it.

‘If there are four persons in the nation who endeavour to bring all things into confusion, and ruin their native country, I think every honest Englishman ought to be upon his guard. That there are such, every one will agree with me who hears me name***, with his first friend and favourite***, not to mention*** nor***. These people may cry ch-rch, ch-rch as long as they please; but, to make use of a 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 prelate, (and we have Monsieur Z—n’s word for it) our posterity would be in a sweet p-ckle. Must the British nation suffer, forsooth, because my lady Q-p-t-s has been disoblged? Or is it reasonable that our English fleet, which used to be the terror of the ocean, should lie wind-bound for the sake of a —? I love to speak out, and declare my mind clearly, when I am talking for the good of my country. I will not make my court to an ill man, 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-rd-ss, &c. &c.’

The remaining part of this political treatise

* Marlborough. Treasurer.

† Tom Brown.

tise, which is written after the manner of the most celebrated authors, in Great Britain, I may communicate to the public 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 syncopists, and thoroughly content my English reader, I intend shortly to publish a Spectator that shall not have a single vowel in it.

No. 568.] Friday, July 16, 1714.

—Dum recitas, incipit esse tuns.

Mart. Epig. xxxix. 1.

Reciting makes it thine.

I WAS yesterday in a coffee-house not far from the Royal Exchange, where I observed three persons in close conference over a pipe of tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little wax candle that stood before them: and, after having thrown in two or three whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the company. I need not tell my reader that lighting a man's pipe at the same candle is looked upon among brother smokers as an overture to conversation and friendship. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being entrenched under a cloud of our own raising, I took up the last Spectator, and casting my eye over it, 'The Spectator,' says I, 'is very witty to-day: upon which a lusty lethargic old gentleman, who sat at the upper end of the table, having gradually blown out of his mouth a great deal of smoke which he had been collecting for some time before, 'Ay,' says he, 'more witty than wise, I am afraid.' His neighbour, who sat at his right hand, immediately coloured, and, being an angry politician, laid down his pipe with so much wrath that he broke it in the middle, and by that means furnished me with a tobacco stopper. I took it up very sedately, and, looking him full in the face, made use of it from time to time all the while he was speaking: 'This fellow,' says he, '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 it at length, if he means honestly?' 'I have read over the whole sentence,' says I; 'but I look upon the parenthesis in the belly of it to be the most dangerous part, and as full of insinuations as it can hold.' 'But who,' says I, 'is my lady Q-p-t-s?' 'Ay, answer that if you can, sir,' says the furious statesman to the poor whig that 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 of my lady Q-p-t-s's name: 'but, however,' says I, 'he has made a little amends for it in his next sentence, where he leaves a blank space without so much as a consonant to direct us. I mean,' says I, 'after those words, "the fleet that used to be the terror of the ocean, should be wind-bound for the sake of a —;" after which ensues a chasm, that in my opinion looks modest enough.' 'Sir,' says my antagonist, 'you may easily know his meaning by his gaping; I suppose he designs his chasm, as you call it, for a hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly serve his turn. Who can endure to see the great officers of state, the B---y's and T---t's treated after so scurrilous a manner?' 'I can't for my life,' says I, 'imagine who they are the Spectator means.' 'No!' says he: 'Your humble servant, sir!' Upon which he flung himself back in his chair after a contemptuous manner, and smiled upon the old lethargic 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 myself 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 satire 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 pragmatical 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 somebody 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 tithes, was under some suspicion of being the author, until the good man sat his people right, by showing them that the satirical passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was written against all the sinners in England.

No. 569.] *Monday, July 19, 1714.*

*Regis dicuntur multis urgere culas
Et torquere mero, quem perspersisse laborent,
An sit amicitia dignus.*

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 434.

Wise were the kings, who never chose a friend
Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.

Roscommon.

No vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of this number. Anacharsis, being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, demanded the prize very humorously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company: 'for,' says he, 'when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first is entitled to the reward;' on the contrary, in this thirsty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company. I was the other day with honest Will Funnel, the West Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life, which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogsheads of October, four tons 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 Funnel, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

Our modern philosophers observe, that there is a general decay of moisture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own substance many fluid bodies that never return again to their former nature: but with submission, they ought to throw into their account those innumerable rational beings which fetch their nourishment chiefly out of liquids: especially when we consider that men, compared with their fellow creatures, drink much more than comes to their share.

But, however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. Bonosus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged 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 show itself; 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 show 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 the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with after the third bottle, is not the same man who at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to Publius Syrus, '*Qui ebrium ludificat, lædit absentem*:' 'He who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent.'

Thus does drunkenness act in a direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But besides these ill effects, which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind, even in its sober moments, as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

I shall now proceed to show the ill effects which this vice has on the bodies and fortunes of men; but these I shall reserve for the subject of some future paper.

No. 570.] Wednesday, July 21, 1714.

—*Nugæque canoræ.*—*Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 322.*

Chiming trifles.—*Roscommon.*

THERE is scarcely a man living who is not actuated by ambition. When this principle meets with an honest mind and great abilities, it does infinite service to the world; on the contrary, when a man only thinks of distinguishing himself, without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous creature. I shall here confine myself to that petty kind of ambition, by which some men grow eminent for odd accomplishments and trivial performances. How many are there whose whole reputation depends upon a pun or a quibble? You may often see an artist in the streets gain a circle of admirers by carrying a long pole upon his chin or forehead in a perpendicular posture. Ambition has taught some to write with their feet, and others to walk upon their hands. Some tumble into fame, others grow immortal by throwing themselves through a hoop.

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

Hor. Sat. i. Lib. 1. 13.

With thousands more of this ambitious race
Would tire e'en Fabius to relate each case.

Horneck.

I am led into this train of thought by an adventure I lately met with.

I was the other day at a tavern, where

the master of the house* accommodated us himself with every thing we wanted, I accidentally fell into discourse with him; and talking of a certain great man, who shall be nameless, he told me that he had sometimes the honour to treat him with a whistle; adding (by way of parenthesis) 'for you must know, gentlemen, that I whistle the best of any man in Europe.' This naturally put me upon desiring him to give us a sample of his art; upon which he called for a case knife, and, applying the edge of it to his mouth, converted it into a musical instrument, and entertained me with an Italian solo. Upon laying down the knife, he took up a pair of clean tobacco pipes; and, after having slid the small end of them over the table in a most melodious trill, he fetched a tune out of them, whistling to them at the same time in concert. In short, the tobacco pipes became musical pipes in the hands of our virtuoso, who confessed to me ingenuously, he had broken such quantities of them, that he had almost broke himself before he had brought this piece of music to any tolerable perfection. I then told him I would bring a company of friends to dine with him next week, as an encouragement to his ingenuity; upon which he thanked me, saying, that he would provide himself with a new frying-pan against that day. I replied, that it was no matter; roast and boiled would serve our turn. He smiled at my simplicity, and told me that it was his design to give us a tune upon it. As I was surprised at such a promise, he sent for an old frying-pan, and grating it upon the board, whistled to it in such a melodious manner, that you could scarcely distinguish it from a bass-viol. He then took his seat with us at the table, and hearing my friend that was with me hum over a tune to himself, he told him if he would sing out, he would accompany his voice with a tobacco pipe. As my friend has an agreeable bass, he chose rather to sing to the frying-pan, and indeed between them they made up a most extraordinary concert. Finding our landlord so great a proficient in kitchen music, I asked him if he was master of the tongs and key. He told me that he had laid it down some years since, as a little unfashionable; but that, if I pleased, he would give me a lesson upon the gridiron.

* This eccentric man kept a public house, the sign of the Queen's arms, near the end of the Little Piazza in Covent-garden. His death is thus noticed in the London Mag. for April, 1738.

"*Death.*—Near Fishmonger's Hall, the celebrated Mr. John Dentry, better known by the appellation of Signior Denterius, which by way of humour, he assumed and put upon his sign. He kept a public house, not only at the time of his death, but when the Spectators were writing; and from the odd talents he was possessed of, and his whimsical ways of entertaining his customers, furnished a subject for one of those excellent papers. Among many other surprising endowments the Signior had that of whistling, by the help of a knife, to so great a perfection, that he became as famous for that, as most of the Italian Signiors have been for singing, who excel likewise in that way, by the help of a knife."

He then informed me, that he had added two bars to the gridiron, in order to give it a greater compass to sound; and I perceived was as well pleased with the invention as Sappho could have been upon adding two strings to the lute. To be short, I found that his whole kitchen was furnished with musical instruments; and could not but look upon this artist as a kind of burlesque musician.

He afterwards, of his own accord, fell into the imitation of several singing birds. My friend and I toasted our mistresses to the nightingale, when all of a sudden we were surprised with the music of the thrush. He next proceeded to the skylark, mounting up by a proper scale of notes, and afterwards falling to the ground with a very easy and regular descent. He then contracted his whistle to the voice of several birds of the smallest size. As he is a man of a larger bulk and higher stature than ordinary, you would fancy him a giant when you looked upon him, and a tom-tit when you shut your eyes. I must not omit acquainting my reader that this accomplished person was formerly the master of a toy-shop near Temple bar; and that the famous Charles Mathers was bred up under him. I am told that the misfortunes which he has met with in the world are chiefly owing to his great application to his music; and therefore cannot but recommend him to my readers as one who deserves their favour, and may afford them great diversion over a bottle of wine, which he sells at the Queen's arms, near the end of the little piazza in Covent-garden.

No. 571.] *Friday, July 23, 1714.*

—Cælum quid querimus ultra?—*Luc.*

What seek we beyond heaven?

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.

'SIR,—In your paper of Friday the ninth instant, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the same time to show, 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 the omniscience and omnipresence are co-existent 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 proceeds from divine wrath and indignation!

'Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and loving kindness!

'First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue 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 his 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 itself, 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 ourselves, 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 condi-

tion 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 the former behold him only in his wrath, and shrink within the flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incensed.

‘But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, who in this life lies under the displeasure of him, that at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an outcast 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 myself?” 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 or 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 produces 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 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 itself to him in fulness 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 words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.”’

No. 572.] Monday, July 26, 1714.

—Quod medicorum est
Promittunt medici—

Hor. Ep. i. Lib. 2. 115.

Physicians only boast the healing art.

I AM the more pleased with these my papers, since I find they have encouraged several men of learning and wit to become my correspondents: I yesterday received the following essay against quacks, which I shall here communicate to my readers for the good of the public, begging the writer’s pardon for those additions and retrenchments which I have made in it.

‘The desire of life is so natural and strong a passion, that I have long since ceased to wonder at the great encourage-

ment which the practice of physic finds among us. Well-constituted governments have always made the profession of a physician both honourable and advantageous. Homer's Machaon and Virgil's Iapis were men of renown, heroes in war, and made at least as much havoc among their enemies as among their friends. Those who have little or no faith in the abilities of a quack, will apply themselves to him, either because he is willing to sell health at a reasonable profit, or because the patient, like a drowning man, catches at every twig, and hopes for relief from the most ignorant, when the most able physicians give him none. Though imprudence and many words are as necessary to these itinerary Galens, as a laced hat to a merry Andrew, yet they would turn very little to the advantage of the owner, if there were not some inward disposition in the sick man to favour the pretensions of the mountebank. Love of life in the one, and of money in the other, creates a good correspondence between them.

There is scarce a city in Great Britain but has one of this tribe, who takes it into his protection, and on the market-day harangues the good people of the place with aphorisms and receipts. You may depend upon it he comes not there for his own private interest, but out of a particular affection to the town. I remember one of these public-spirited artists at Hammersmith, who told his audience, that he had been born and bred there; and that, having a special regard for the place of his nativity, he was determined to make a present of five shillings to as many as would accept of it. The whole crowd stood agape, and ready to take the doctor at his word; when putting his hand into a long bag, as every one was expecting his crown-piece, he drew out a handful of little packets, each of which he informed the spectators was constantly sold at five shillings and sixpence, but that he would bate the odd five shillings to every inhabitant of that place: the whole assembly immediately closed with this generous offer, and took off all his physic, after the doctor had made them vouch for one another, that there were no foreigners among them, but that they were all Hammersmith men.

There is another branch of pretenders to this art, who, without either horse or pickle-herring, lie snug in a garret, and send down notice to the world of their extraordinary parts and abilities by printed bills and advertisements. These seem to have derived their custom from an eastern nation which Herodotus speaks of, among whom it was a law, that, whenever any cure was performed, both the method of the cure, and an account of the distemper, should be fixed in some public place; but, as customs will corrupt, these our moderns provide themselves of persons to attest the cure before they publish or make an experiment of the

prescription. I have heard of a porter, who serves as a knight of the post under one of these operators, and, though he was never sick in his life, has been cured of all the diseases in the Dispensary. These are the men whose sagacity has invented elixirs of all sorts, pills, and lozenges, and take it as an affront if you come to them before you are given over by every body else. Their medicines are infallible, and never fail of success—that is, of enriching the doctor, and setting the patient effectually at rest.

I lately dropt into a coffee-house at Westminster, where I found the room hung round with ornaments of this nature. There were elixirs, tinctures, the Anodyne Fetus, English pills, electuaries, and, in short, more remedies than I believe there are diseases. At the sight of so many inventions, I could not but imagine myself in a kind of arsenal or magazine where store of arms was repositied against any sudden invasion. Should you be attacked by the enemy sideways, here was an infallible piece of defensive armour to cure the pleurisy: should a distemper beat up your head-quarters, here you might purchase an impenetrable helmet: or, in the language of the artist, a cephalic tincture; if your main body be assaulted, here are various kinds of armour in case of various onsets. I began to congratulate the present age upon the happiness men might reasonably hope for in life, when death was thus in a manner defeated, and when pain itself would be of so short a duration, that it would but just serve to enhance the value of pleasure. While I was in these thoughts, I unluckily called to mind a story of an ingenious gentleman of the last age, who, lying violently afflicted with the gout, a person came and offered his services to cure him by a method which he assured him was infallible; the servant who received the message carried it up to his master, who, inquiring whether the person came on foot or in a chariot, and being informed that he was on foot: "Go," says he, "send the knave about his business: was his method as infallible as he pretends, he would long before now have been in his coach and six." In like manner I conclude that, had all these advertisers arrived to that skill they pretend to, they would have had no need for so many years successively to publish to the world the place of their abode, and the virtues of their medicines. One of these gentlemen indeed pretends to an effectual cure for leanness: what effects it may have upon those who have tried it I cannot tell; but I am credibly informed, that the call for it has been so great, that it has effectually cured the doctor himself of that distemper. Could each of them produce so good an instance of the success of his medicines, they might soon persuade the world into an opinion of them.

I observe that most of the bills agree in one expression, viz. that "with God's bless-

ing" they perform such and such cures: this expression is certainly very proper and emphatical, for that is all they have for it. And if ever a cure is performed on a patient where they are concerned, they can claim no greater share in it than Virgil's Iapis in the curing of Æneas; he tried his skill, was very assiduous about the wound, and indeed was the only visible means that relieved the hero; but the poet assures us it was the particular assistance of a deity that speeded the operation. An English reader may see the whole story in Mr. Dryden's translation:

Propp'd on his lance the pensive hero stood,
And heard, and saw, unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The fam'd physician tucks his robes around,
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that soliciting the dart,
And exercises all his heavenly art.
All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign use,
He presses out, and pours their noble juice;
These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd:
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
But now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity hastens her relief.
A branch of healing dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought;
Rough in the stem, which woolly leaves surround;
The leaves with flowers, the flow'rs with purple crown'd;
Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews
Th' extracted liquor with Ambrosian dews,
And od'rous penance: unseen she stands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her heavenly hands;
And pours it in a bowl already crown'd
With juice of medicinal herbs, prepar'd to bathe the wound.
The leech, unknowing of superior art,
Which aids the cure, with this foment the part;
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
Staunch'd in the blood and in the bottom stands
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd.
Iapis first perceiv'd the closing wound;
And first the footsteps of a god he found:
'Arms, arms!' he cries, 'the sword and shield prepare,
And send the willing chief, renew'd, to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine.'

Virg. Æn. Lib. xii. 391, &c.

No. 573.] *Wednesday, July 28, 1714.*

—Castigata remordent. *Juv. Sat. ii. 35.*
Chastised, the accusation they retort.

My paper on the club of widows, has brought me in several letters; and, amongst the rest, a long one from Mrs. President, as follows:

'SMART SIR,—You are pleased to be very merry, as you imagine, with us widows: and you seem to ground your satire on our receiving consolation so soon after the death of our dears, and the number we are pleased to admit for our companions; but you never reflect what husbands we have buried, and how short a sorrow the loss of them was capable of occasioning. For my own part, Mrs. President as you call me, my first

husband I was married to at fourteen, by my uncle and guardian, (as I afterwards discovered,) by way of sale, for the third part of my fortune. This fellow looked upon me as a mere child he might breed up after his own fancy: if he kissed my chamber-maid before my face, I was supposed so ignorant, how could I think there was any hurt in it? When he came home roaring drunk at five in the morning, it was the custom of all men that live in the world. I was not to see a penny of money, for, poor thing, how could I manage it? He took a handsome cousin of his into the house (as he said,) to be my house-keeper, and to govern my servants; for how should I know how to rule a family? While she had what money she pleased, which was but reasonable for the trouble she was at for my good, I was not to be so censorious as to dislike familiarity and kindness between near relations. I was too great a coward to contend, but not so ignorant a child to be thus imposed upon. I resented his contempt as I ought to do, and as most poor passive blinded wives do, until it pleased heaven to take away my tyrant, who left me free possession of my own land, and a large jointure. My youth and money brought me many lovers, and several endeavoured to establish an interest in my heart while my husband was in his last sickness; the honourable Edward Waitfort was one of the first who addressed to me, advised to it by a cousin of his that was my intimate friend, and knew to a penny what I was worth. Mr. Waitfort is a very agreeable man, and every body would like him as well as he does himself, if they did not plainly see that his esteem and love is all taken up, and by such an object as it is impossible to get the better of; I mean himself. He made no doubt of marrying me within four or five months, and began to proceed with such an assured easy air, that piqued my pride not to banish him; quite contrary, out of pure malice, I heard his first declaration with so much innocent surprise, and blushed so prettily, I perceived it touched his very heart, and he thought me the best-natured silly poor thing on earth. When a man has such a notion of a woman, he loves her better than he thinks he does. I was overjoyed to be thus revenged on him for designing on my fortune; and finding it was in my power to make his heart ache, I resolved to complete my conquest, and entertained several other pretenders. The first impression of my undesigning innocence was so strong in his head, he attributed all my followers to the inevitable force of my charms; and, from several blushes and side glances, concluded himself the favourite; and when I used him like a dog for my diversion, he thought it was all prudence and fear; and pitied the violence I did my own inclinations to comply with my friends, when I married Sir Nicholas Fribble, of sixty years of age. You know, sir, the case of Mrs. Medlar.

I hope you would not have had me cry out my eyes for such a husband. I shed tears enough for my widowhood a week after my marriage; and when he was put in his grave, reckoning he had been two years dead, and myself a widow of that standing, I married three weeks afterwards John Sturdy, Esq. his next heir. I had indeed some thoughts of taking Mr. Waitfort, but I found he could stay; and besides, he thought it indecent to ask me to marry again until my year was out; so, privately resolving him for my fourth, I took Mr. Sturdy for the present. Would you believe it, sir, Mr. Sturdy was just five-and-twenty, about six foot high, and the stoutest fox-hunter in the country, and I believe I wished ten thousand times for my old Fribble again; he was following his dogs all the day, and all the night keeping them up at table with him and his companions: however, I think myself obliged to them for leading him a chase in which he broke his neck. Mr. Waitfort began his addresses anew; and I verily believe I had married him now, but there was a young officer in the guards that had debauched two or three of my acquaintance, and I could not forbear being a little vain of his courtship. Mr. Waitfort heard of it, and read me such a lecture upon the conduct of women, I married the officer that very day, out of pure spite to him. Half an hour after I was married I received a penitential letter from the honourable Mr. Edward Waitfort, in which he begged pardon for his passion, as proceeding from the violence of his love. I triumphed when I read it, and could not help, out of the pride of my heart, showing it to my new spouse; and we were very merry together upon it. Alas! my mirth lasted a short time; my young husband was very much in debt when I married him, and his first action afterwards was to set up a gilt chariot and six, in fine trappings before and behind. I had married so hastily, I had not the prudence to reserve my estate in my own hands; my ready money was lost in two nights at the Groom-porter's; and my diamond necklace, which was stole I did not know how, I met in the street upon Jenny Wheedle's neck. My plate vanished piece by piece: and I had been reduced to down-right pewter, if my officer had not been deliciously killed in a duel, by a fellow that had cheated him of five hundred pounds, and afterwards, at his own request, satisfied him and me too, by running him through the body. Mr. Waitfort was still in love, and told me so again; and, to prevent all fears of ill usage, he desired me to reserve every thing in my own hands: but now my acquaintance began to wish me joy of his constancy, my charms were declining, and I could not resist the delight I took in showing the young flirts about town it was yet in my power to give pain to a man of sense; this, and some private hopes he would hang

himself, and what a glory would it be for me, and how I should be envied, made me accept of being third wife to my lord Friday. I proposed from my rank and his estate, to live in all the joys of pride; but how was I mistaken! he was neither extravagant, nor ill-natured, nor debauched. I suffered however more with him than with all my others. He was splenetic. I was forced to sit whole days hearkening to his imaginary ails; it was impossible to tell what would please him, what he liked when the sun shined made him sick when it rained: he had no distemper, but lived in constant fear of them all. My good genius dictated to me to bring him acquainted with Dr. Gruel; from that day he was always contented, because he had names for all his complaints; the good doctor furnished him with reasons for all his pains; and prescriptions for every fancy that troubled him; in hot weather he lived upon juleps, and let blood to prevent fevers; when it grew cloudy, he generally apprehended a consumption. To shorten the history of this wretched part of my life, he ruined a good constitution by endeavouring to mend it; and took several medicines, which ended in taking the grand remedy, which cured both him and me of all our uneasiness. After his death, I did not expect to hear any more of Mr. Waitfort. I knew he had renounced me to all his friends, and been very witty upon my choice, which he affected to talk of with great indifference. I gave over thinking of him, being told that he was engaged with a pretty woman and a great fortune; it vexed me a little, but not enough to make me neglect the advice of my cousin Wishwell, that came to see me the day my lord went into the country with Russel; she told me experimentally, nothing put an unfaithful lover and a dear husband so soon out one's head as a new one, and at the same time proposed to me a kinsman of her's. "You understand enough of the world," said she, "to know money is the most valuable consideration; he is very rich, and I am sure cannot live long; he has a cough that must carry him off soon." I knew afterwards she had given the self-same character of me to him; but, however, I was so much persuaded by her, I hastened on the match for fear he should die before the time came; he had the same fears, and was so pressing, I married him in a fortnight, resolving to keep it private a fortnight longer. During this fortnight Mr. Waitfort came to make me a visit: he told me he had waited on me sooner, but had that respect for me, he would not interrupt me in the first day of my affliction for my dead lord; that, as soon as he heard I was at liberty to make another choice, he had broke off a match very advantageous for his fortune, just upon the point of conclusion, and was forty times more in love with me than ever. I never received more

pleasure in my life than from this declaration; but I composed my face to a grave air, and said the news of his engagement had touched me to the heart, that in a rash jealous fit I had married a man I could never have thought on, if I had not lost all hopes of him. Good-natured Mr. Waitfort had liked to have dropped down dead at hearing this, but went from me with such an air as plainly showed me he had laid all the blame upon himself, and hated those friends that had advised him to the fatal application; he seemed as much touched by my misfortune as his own, for he had not the least doubt I was still passionately in love with him. The truth of the story is, my new husband gave me reason to repent I had not staid for him; he had married me for my money, and I soon found he loved money to distraction; there was nothing he would not do to get it; nothing he would not suffer to preserve it; the smallest expense kept him awake whole nights; and when he paid a bill, it was with as many sighs, and after as many delays, as a man that endures the loss of a limb. I heard nothing but reproofs for extravagancy whatever I did. I saw very well that he would have starved me, but for losing my jointures; and he suffered agonies between the grief of seeing me have so good a stomach, and the fear that, if he had made me fast, it might prejudice my health. I did not doubt he would have broke my heart, if I did not break his, which was allowable by the law of self-defence. The way was very easy. I resolved to spend as much money as I could; and, before he was aware of the stroke, appeared before him in a two thousand pound diamond necklace: he said nothing, but went quietly to his chamber, and, as it is thought, composed himself with a dose of opium. I behaved myself so well upon the occasion, that to this day I believe he died of an apoplexy. Mr. Waitfort was resolved not to be too late this time, and I heard from him in two days. I am almost out of my weeds at this present writing, and very doubtful whether I will marry him or no. I do not think of a seventh for the ridiculous reason you mention, but out of pure morality that I think so much constancy should be rewarded, though I may not do it after all perhaps. I do not believe all the unreasonable malice of mankind can give a pretence why I should have been constant to the memory of any of the deceased, or have spent much time in grieving for an insolent, insignificant, negligent, extravagant, splenetic, or covetous husband: my first insulted me, my second was nothing to me, my third disgusted me, the fourth would have ruined me, the fifth tormented me, and the sixth would have starved me. If the other ladies you name would thus give in their husbands' pictures at length, you would see they have had as little reason as myself to lose their hours in weeping and wailing.

No. 574.] Friday, July 30, 1714.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati.

Hor. Od. ix. Lib. 4. 45.

Believe not those that lands possess,
And shining heaps of useless ore,
The only lords of happiness:
But rather those that know
For what kind fates bestow,
And have the art to use the store;
That have the generous skill to bear
The hated weight of poverty.—*Creech.*

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 overrun with enthusiasm and philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious adept desecrating 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 is capable of. 'It gives a lustre,' says he, 'to the sun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens smoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory.' He farther 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 in 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 alchemist 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 man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy 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 corruption, 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 con-
doled 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 con-
sider 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 diffi-
culties. All the real pleasures and con-
veniences 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. Per-
sons of a higher rank live in a kind of splen-
did poverty, and are perpetually wanting,
because, instead of acquiescing in the solid
pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie
one another in shadows and appearances.
Men of sense have at all times beheld, with
a great deal of mirth, this silly game that
is playing over their heads, and, by con-
tracting their desires, enjoy all that secret
satisfaction which others are always in
quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chase
after imaginary pleasures cannot be suffi-
ciently 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, 'Con-
tent 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 en-
joyments, and will not be at the trouble of
contracting their desires, an excellent say-
ing of Bion the philosopher; namely, that
'no man has so much care as he who en-
deavours 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 considera-
tion took in all those who are sufficiently
provided with the means to make them-
selves easy; 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 misfortunes 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 philoso-
pher, 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 cala-
mity, 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 Ham-
mond, 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 ob-
serving that there never was 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 them-
selves are subject; while 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 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 pre-
scribes to every miserable man the means
of bettering his condition; nay, it shows him
that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought
to do will naturally end in the removal of
them: it makes him easy 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 happi-
ness arises from the subduing of his desires,
it will arise in the next from the gratifica-
tion of them.