

markable for its smallness; it lay still at the bottom of the phial, and I could hardly perceive that it beat at all. The *fomes* was quite black, and had almost diffused itself over the whole heart. "This," says my interpreter, "is the heart of Dick Gloomy, who never thirsted after any thing but money. Notwithstanding all his endeavours, he is still poor. This has flung him into a most deplorable state of melancholy and despair. He is a composition of envy and idleness; hates mankind, but gives them their revenge by being more uneasy to himself than to any one else."

"The phial I looked upon next contained a large fair heart, which beat very strongly. The *fomes* or spot in it was exceedingly small; but I could not help observing that, which way soever I turned the phial, it always appeared uppermost, and in the strongest point of light. "The heart you are examining," says my companion, "belongs to Will Worthy. He has, indeed, a most noble soul, and is possessed of a thousand good qualities. The speck which you discover is vanity."

"Here," says the angel, "is the heart of Freelove, your intimate friend." Freelove and I," said I, "are at present very cold to one another, and I do not care for looking on the heart of a man which I fear is overcast with rancour." My teacher commanded me to look upon it; I did so, and, to my unspeakable surprise, found that a small swelling spot, which I at first took to be ill-will towards me, was only passion; and that upon my nearer inspection it wholly disappeared; upon which the phantom told me Freelove was one of the best-natured men alive.

"This," says my teacher, "is a female heart of your acquaintance." I found the *fomes* in it of the largest size, and of a hundred different colours, which were still varying every moment. Upon my asking to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the heart of Coquetilla.

"I set it down, and drew out another, in which I took the *fomes* at first sight to be very small, but was amazed to find that, as I looked steadfastly upon it, it grew still larger. It was the heart of Melissa, a noted prude, who lives the next door to me.

"I show you this," said the phantom, "because it is indeed a rarity, and you have the happiness to know the person to whom it belongs." He then put into my hand a large chrystal glass, that enclosed a heart, in which, though I examined it with the utmost nicety, I could not perceive any blemish. I made no scruple to affirm that it must be the heart of Seraphina; and was glad, but not surprised, to find that it was so. "She is indeed," continued my guide, "the ornament, as well as the envy, of her sex." At these last words he pointed to the hearts of several of her female acquaintance which lay in different phials, and had very large spots in them, all of a

deep blue. "You are not to wonder," says he, "that you see no spot in a heart whose innocence has been proof against all the corruptions of a depraved age. If it has any blemish, it is too small to be discovered by human eyes.

"I laid it down, and took up the hearts of other females, in all of which the *fomes* ran in several veins, which were twisted together, and made a very perplexed figure. I asked the meaning of it, and was told it represented deceit.

"I should have been glad to have examined the hearts of several of my acquaintance, whom I knew to be particularly addicted to drinking, gaming, intriguing, &c. but my interpreter told me, I must let that alone until another opportunity, and flung down the cover of the chest with so much violence as immediately awoke me."

No. 588.] Wednesday, September 1, 1714.

Dicitis, omnis in imbecillitate est et gratia, et caritas.
Cicero.

You pretend that all kindness and benevolence is founded in weakness.

MAN may be considered in two views, as a reasonable and as a social being; capable of becoming himself either happy or miserable, and of contributing to the happiness or misery of his fellow-creatures. Suitably to this double capacity, the Contriver of human nature hath wisely furnished it with two principles of action, self-love and benevolence; designed one of them to render man wakeful to his own personal interest, the other to dispose him for giving his utmost assistance to all engaged in the same pursuit. This is such an account of our frame, so agreeable to reason, so much for the honour of our Maker, and the credit of our species, that it may appear somewhat unaccountable what should induce men to represent human nature as they do, under characters of disadvantage; or having drawn it with a little sordid aspect, what pleasure they can possibly take in such a picture. Do they reflect that it is their own; and if we would believe themselves, is not more odious than the original? One of the first that talked in this lofty strain of our nature was Epicurus. Beneficence, would his followers say, is all founded in weakness; and, whatever he pretended, the kindness that passeth between men and men is by every man directed to himself. This, it must be confessed, is of a piece with the rest of that hopeful philosophy, which having patched man up out of the four elements, attributes his being to chance, and derives all his actions from an unintelligible declination of atoms. And for these glorious discoveries, the poet is beyond measure transported in the praises of his hero, as if he must needs be something more than man,

only for an endeavour to prove that man is in nothing superior to beasts. In this school was Mr. Hobbes instructed to speak after the same manner, if he did not rather draw his knowledge from an observation of his own temper; for he somewhere unluckily lays down this as a rule, 'that from the similitudes of thoughts and passions of one man to the thoughts and passions of another, whosoever looks into himself, and considers what he doth when he thinks, hopes, fears, &c. and upon what grounds, he shall hereby read and know what are the thoughts and passions of all other men upon the like occasions.' Now we will allow Mr. Hobbes to know best how he was inclined; but, in earnest, I should be heartily out of conceit with myself, if I thought myself of this unamiable temper, as he affirms, and should have as little kindness for myself as for any body in the world. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent propensions were the original growth of the heart of man, and, however checked and overtopped by counter inclinations, that have since sprung up within us, have still some force in the worst of tempers, and a considerable influence on the best. And, methinks, it is a fair step towards the proof of this, that the most beneficent of all beings is he who hath an absolute fulness of perfection in himself; who gave existence to the universe, and so cannot be supposed to want that which he communicated, without diminishing from the plenitude of his own power and happiness. The philosophers before mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to invalidate this argument; for, placing the gods in a state of the most elevated blessedness, they describe them as selfish as we poor miserable mortals can be, and shut them out from all concern for mankind, upon the score of their having no need of us. But if He that sitteth in the heavens wants not us, we stand in continual need of him; and surely, next to the survey of the immense treasures of his own mind, the most exalted pleasures he receives is from beholding millions of creatures, lately drawn out of the gulf of non-existence, rejoicing in the various degrees of being and happiness imparted to them. And as this is the true, the glorious character of the Deity, so in forming a reasonable creature he would not, if possible, suffer his image to pass out of his hands unadorned with a resemblance of himself in this most lovely part of his nature. For what complacency could a mind, whose love is as unbounded as his knowledge, have in a work so unlike himself; a creature that should be capable of knowing and conversing with a vast circle of objects, and love none but himself? What proportion would there be between the head and the heart of such a creature, its affections and its understanding? Or could a society of such creatures, with no

other bottom but self-love on which to maintain a commerce, ever flourish? Reason, it is certain, would oblige every man to pursue the general happiness as the means to procure and establish his own; and yet, if besides this consideration, there were not a natural instinct prompting men to desire the welfare and satisfaction of others, self-love, in defiance of the admonitions of reason, would quickly run all things into a state of war and confusion. As nearly interested as the soul is in the fate of the body, our provident Creator saw it necessary, by the constant returns of hunger and thirst, those importunate appetites, to put it in mind of its charge: knowing that if we should eat and drink no oftener than cold abstracted speculation should put us upon these exercises, and then leave it to reason to prescribe the quantity, we should soon refine ourselves out of this bodily life. And, indeed, it is obvious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily unless carried to it by inclinations which anticipate our reason, and, like a bias, draw the mind strongly towards it. In order, therefore, to establish a perpetual intercourse of benefits amongst mankind, their Maker would not fail to give them this generous prepossession of benevolence, if, as I have said, it were possible. And from whence can we go about to argue its impossibility? Is it inconsistent with self-love? Are their motions contrary? No more than the diurnal rotation of the earth is opposed to its annual, or, its motion round its own centre, which might be improved as an illustration of self-love, to that which whirls it about the common centre of the world, answering to universal benevolence. Is the force of self-love abated, or its interest prejudiced, by benevolence? So far from it, that benevolence, though a distinct principle, is extremely serviceable to self-love, and then doth most service when it is least designed.

But to descend from reason to matter of fact; the pity which arises on sight of persons in distress, and the satisfaction of mind which is the consequence of having removed them into a happier state, are instead of a thousand arguments to prove such a thing as a disinterested benevolence. Did pity proceed from a reflection we make upon our liahleness to the same ill accidents we see befall others, it were nothing to the present purpose; but this is assigning an artificial cause of a natural passion, and can by no means be admitted as a tolerable account of it, because children and persons most thoughtless about their own condition, and incapable of entering into the prospects of futurity, feel the most violent touches of compassion. And then, as to that charming delight which immediately follows the giving joy to another, or relieving his sorrow, and is, when the objects are numerous, and the kindness of importance, really inexpressi-

ble, what can this be owing to but consciousness of a man's having done something praise-worthy, and expressive of a great soul? Whereas, if in all this he only sacrificed to vanity and self-love, as there would be nothing brave in actions that make the most shining appearance, so nature would not have rewarded them with this divine pleasure; nor could the commendations, which a person receives for benefits done upon selfish views, be at all more satisfactory than when he is applauded for what he doth without design; because, in both cases, the ends of self-love are equally answered. The conscience of approving ones self a benefactor to mankind is the noblest recompence for being so; doubtless it is, and the most interested cannot propose any thing so much to their own advantage; notwithstanding which, the inclination is nevertheless unselfish. The pleasure which attends the gratification of our hunger and thirst, is not the cause of these appetites; they are previous to any such prospect; and so likewise is the desire of doing good; with this difference, that, being seated in the intellectual part, this last, though antecedent to reason, may yet be improved and regulated by it; and, I will add, is no otherwise a virtue than as it is so. Thus have I contended for the dignity of that nature I have the honour to partake of; and, after all the evidence produced, I think I have a right to conclude, against the motto of this paper, that there is such a thing as generosity in the world. Though, if I were under a mistake in this, I should say as Cicero, in relation to the immortality of the soul, I willingly err, and should believe it very much for the interest of mankind to lie under the same delusion. For the contrary notion naturally tends to dispirit the mind, and sinks it into a meanness fatal to the god-like zeal of doing good: as, on the other hand, it teaches people to be ungrateful, by possessing them with a persuasion concerning their benefactors, that they have no regard to them in the benefits they bestow. Now he that banishes gratitude from among men, by so doing stops up the stream of beneficence: for though in conferring kindnesses, a truly generous man doth not aim at a return, yet he looks to the qualities of the person obliged; and as nothing renders a person more unworthy of a benefit than his being without all resentment of it, he will not be extremely forward to oblige such a man.

No. 589.] *Friday, September 3, 1714.*

Persequitur scelus ille suum; labefactaque tandem
 Ictibus innumeris, adductaque funibus arbor
 Corruit—— *Ovid, Met. Lib. 8. 774.*

The impious axe he plies, loud strokes resound:
 Till dragg'd with ropes, and fell'd with many a wound,
 The loosen'd tree comes rushing to the ground.

'SIR,—I am so great an admirer of
 trees, that the spot of ground I have

chosen to build a small seat upon in the country is almost in the midst of a large wood. I was obliged, much against my will, to cut down several trees, that I might have any such thing as a walk in my gardens; but then I have taken care to leave the space, between every walk, as much a wood as I found it. The moment you turn either to the right or left, you are in a forest, where nature presents you with a much more beautiful scene than could have been raised by art.

'Instead of tulips or carnations, I can show you oaks in my garden of four hundred years standing, and a knot of elms that might shelter a troop of horse from the rain.

'It is not without the utmost indignation that I observe several prodigal young heirs in the neighbourhood felling down the most glorious monuments of their ancestors' industry, and ruining, in a day, the product of ages.

'I am mightily pleased with your discourse upon planting, which put me upon looking into my books, to give you some account of the veneration the ancients had for trees. There is an old tradition, that Abraham planted a cypress, a pine, and a cedar; and that these three incorporated into one tree, which was cut down for the building of the temple of Solomon.

'Isidorus, who lived in the reign of Constantius, assures us, that he saw, even in his time, that famous oak in the plains of Mamre, under which Abraham is reported to have dwelt; and adds, that the people looked upon it with a great veneration, and preserved it as a sacred tree.

'The heathens still went farther, and regarded it as the highest piece of sacrilege to injure certain trees which they took to be protected by some deity. The story of Erisichthon, the grove at Dodona, and that at Delphi, are all instances of this kind.

'If we consider the machine in Virgil, so much blamed by several critics, in this light, we shall hardly think it too violent.

'Æneas, when he built his fleet in order to sail for Italy, was obliged to cut down the grove on mount Ida, which however he durst not do until he had obtained leave from Cybele, to whom it was dedicated. The goddess could not but think herself obliged to protect these ships, which were made of consecrated timber, after a very extraordinary manner, and therefore desired Jupiter that they might not be obnoxious to the power of waves or winds. Jupiter would not grant this, but promised her that as many as came safe to Italy should be transformed into goddesses of the sea; which the poet tells us was accordingly executed.

"And now at length the numbered hours were come,
 Prefix'd by Fate's irrevocable doom,
 When the great mother of the gods was free
 To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.

First, from the quarter of the morn there sprung
 A light that sing'd the heavens, and shot along :
 Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
 Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian quires :
 And last a voice with more than mortal sounds,
 Both hosts in arms oppos'd with equal horror wounds.
 ' O Trojan race, your needless aid forbear ;
 And know my ships are my peculiar care.
 With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,
 Than hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,
 Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,
 Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,
 Exalted each a nymph : forsake the sand,
 And swim the seas, at Cybele's command.'
 No sooner had the goddess ceas'd to speak,
 When, lo, th' obedient ships their hawsers break,
 And, strange to tell, like dolphins, in the main,
 They plunge their prows, and dive and spring again :
 As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
 As roled before tall vessels on the deep."

Dryden's Virg.

' The common opinion concerning the nymphs, whom the ancients called Hamadryads, is more to the honour of trees than any thing yet mentioned. It was thought the fate of these nymphs had so near a dependence on some trees, more especially oaks, that they lived and died together. For this reason they were extremely grateful to such persons who preserved those trees with which their being subsisted. Apollonius tells us a very remarkable story to this purpose, with which I shall conclude my letter.

' A certain man, called Rhæcus, observing an old oak ready to fall, and being moved with a sort of compassion towards the tree, ordered his servants to pour in fresh earth at the roots of it, and set it upright. The Hamadryad, or nymph, who must necessarily have perished with the tree, appeared to him the next day, and, after having returned him her thanks, told him she was ready to grant whatever he should ask. As she was extremely beautiful, Rhæcus desired he might be entertained as her lover. The Hamadryad, not much displeas'd with the request, promised to give him a meeting, but commanded him for some days to abstain from the embraces of all other women, adding that she would send a bee to him, to let him know when he was to be happy. Rhæcus was, it seems, too much addicted to gaming, and happened to be in a run of ill-luck when the faithful bee came buzzing about him; so that, instead of minding his kind invitation, he had like to have killed him for his pains. The Hamadryad was so provoked at her own disappointment, and the ill usage of her messenger, that she deprived Rhæcus of the use of his limbs. However, says the story, he was not so much a cripple, but he made a shift to cut down the tree, and consequently to fell his mistress.'

No. 590.] *Monday, September 6, 1714.*

Assiduo labuntur tempora motu
 Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,
 Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,
 Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
 Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariturque sequuntur;

Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum est
 Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta no-
 vantur. *Ovid, Met. Lib. xv. 179.*

E'en times are in perpetual flux, and run,
 Like rivers from their fountains, rolling on
 For time, no more than streams, is at a stay,
 The flying hour is ever on her way ;
 And as the fountains still supply their store,
 The wave behind impels the wave before ;
 Thus in successive course the minutes run,
 And urge their predecessor minutes on.
 Still moving, ever new: for former things
 Are laid aside, like abdicated kings :
 And every moment alters what is done.
 And innovates some act, till then unknown.

Dryden.

The following discourse comes from the same hand with the essays upon infinitude.

' We consider infinite space as an expansion without a circumference; we consider eternity, or infinite duration, as a line that has neither a beginning nor an end. In our speculations of infinite space, we consider that particular place in which we exist as a kind of centre to the whole expansion. In our speculations of eternity, we consider the time which is present to us as the middle, which divides the whole line into two equal parts. For this reason, many witty authors compare the present time to an isthmus, or narrow neck of land, that rises in the midst of an ocean, immeasurably diffused on either side of it.

' Philosophy, and indeed common sense, naturally throws eternity under two divisions, which we may call in English that eternity which is past, and that eternity which is to come. The learned terms of *Eternitas a parte ante*, and *Eternitas a parte post*, may be more amusing to the reader, but can have no other idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by those words, an eternity that is past, and an eternity that is to come. Each of these eternities is bounded at the one extreme, or, in other words, the former has an end, and the latter a beginning.

' Let us first of all consider that eternity which is past, reserving that which is to come for the subject of another paper. The nature of this eternity is utterly inconceivable by the mind of man: our reason demonstrates to us that it has been, but at the same time can frame no idea of it, but what is big with absurdity and contradiction. We can have no other conception of any duration which is past, than that all of it was once present: and whatever was once present is at some certain distance from us, and whatever is at any certain distance from us, be the distance never so remote, cannot be eternity. The very notion of any duration being past implies that it was once present, for the idea of being once present is actually included in the idea of its being past. This therefore is a depth not to be sounded by human understanding. We are sure that there has been an eternity, and yet contradict ourselves when we measure this eternity by any notion which we can frame of it.

‘If we go to the bottom of this matter, we shall find that the difficulties we meet with in our conceptions of eternity proceed from this single reason, that we can have no other idea of any kind of duration, than that by which we ourselves, and all other created beings, do exist; which is, a successive duration made up of past, present, and to come. There is nothing which exists after this manner, all the parts of whose existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain number of years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our being to that eternity which is to come, in adding millions of years to millions of years, and we can never come up to any fountain-head of duration, to any beginning in eternity: but at the same time we are sure, that whatever was once present does lie within the reach of numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that purpose. We may as well say, that any thing may be actually present in any part of infinite space, which does not lie at a certain distance from us, as that any part of infinite duration was once actually present, and does not also lie at some determined distance from us. The distance in both cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our faculties, but our reason tells us that it cannot be so in itself. Here therefore is that difficulty which human understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from eternity, and are at the same time unable to conceive, that any thing which exists, according to our notion of existence, can have existed from eternity.

‘It is hard for a reader, who has not rolled this thought in his own mind, to follow in such an abstracted speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative argument of the being and eternity of God: and, though there are many other demonstrations which lead us to this great truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any proofs in this matter, which the light of reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by men famous for their penetration and force of understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the pains to examine it.

‘Having thus considered that eternity which is past, according to the best idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several articles on this subject, which are dictated to us by the light of reason, and which may be looked upon as the creed of a philosopher in this great point.

‘First, it is certain that no being could have made itself; for, if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a contradiction.

‘Secondly, That therefore some being must have existed from all eternity.

‘Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created beings, or according to any notions which we have of existence, could not have existed from eternity.

‘Fourthly, That this Eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of nature, “the Ancient of Days,” who, being at an infinite distance in his perfections from all finite and created beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no idea.

‘I know that several of the schoolmen, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the manner of God’s existence, by telling us that he comprehends infinite duration in every moment: that eternity is with him a *punctum stans*, a fixed point; or, which is as good sense, an infinite instant; that nothing, with reference to his existence, is either past or to come: to which the ingenious Mr. Cowley alludes in his description of heaven:

“Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal *now* does always last.”

‘For my own part, I look upon these propositions as words that have no ideas annexed to them; and think men had better own their ignorance than advance doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which, indeed, are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our disquisitions when we meditate on Him, who is surrounded with so much glory and perfection, who is the source of being, the fountain of all that existence which we and his whole creation derive from him. Let us therefore, with the utmost humility, acknowledge, that, as some being must necessarily have existed from eternity, so this being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a being to have existed from eternity after our manner or notions of existence. Revelation confirms these natural dictates of reason in the accounts which it gives us of the divine existence, where it tells us, that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; that he is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending; that a thousand years are with him as one day, and one day as a thousand years: by which, and the like expressions, we are taught that his existence, with relation to time or duration, is infinitely different from the existence of any of his creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate conceptions of it.

‘In the first revelation which he makes of his own being, he entitles himself, “I Am that I Am;” and when Moses desires to know what name he shall give him in his embassy to Pharaoh, he bids him say that “I Am hath sent you.” Our great Creator, by this revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real existence, and distinguishes himself from his creatures as the only being which

truly and really exists. The ancient Platonic notion, which was drawn from speculations of eternity wonderfully agrees with this revelation which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in reality exists, whose existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a fitting and successive existence is rather a shadow of existence, and something which is like it, than existence itself. He only properly exists whose existence is entirely present; that is, in other words, who exists in the most perfect manner, and in such a manner as we have no idea of.

‘I shall conclude this speculation with one useful inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate ourselves and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable goodness and wisdom which contrived this existence for finite natures? What must be the overflowings of that good-will, which prompted our Creator to adapt existence to beings in whom it is not necessary? especially when we consider that he himself was before in the complete possession of existence and of happiness, and in the full enjoyment of eternity. What man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable, and a happy creature; in short, in being taken in as a sharer of existence, and a kind of partner in eternity, without being swallowed up in wonder, in praise, in adoration! It is indeed a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the secrecy of devotion, and in the silence of his soul, than to be expressed by words. The Supreme Being has not given us powers or faculties sufficient to extol and magnify such unutterable goodness.

‘It is however some comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall be never able to do, and that a work which cannot be finished, will however be the work of an eternity.’

No. 591.] *Wednesday, September 8, 1714.*

—Tenerorum lusor amorum.

Ovid, Trist. 3. El. iii. Lib. 3. 73.

Love, the soft subject of his sportive muse.

I HAVE just received a letter from a gentleman, who tells me he has observed with no small concern, that my papers have of late been very barren in relation to love; a subject which, when agreeably handled, can scarcely fail of being well received by both sexes.

If my invention therefore should be almost exhausted on this head, he offers to serve under me in the quality of a love-casuisit; for which place he conceives himself to be thoroughly qualified, having made this passion his principal study, and observed it in all its different shapes and

appearances, from the fifteenth to the forty-fifth year of his age.

He assures me, with an air of confidence, which I hope proceeds from his real abilities, that he does not doubt of giving judgment on the satisfaction of the parties concerned on the most nice, and intricate cases which can happen in an amour; as,

How great the contraction of the fingers must be before it amounts to a squeeze by the hand.

What can be properly termed an absolute denial from a maid, and what from a widow.

What advances a lover may presume to make, after having received a pat upon his shoulder from his mistress's fan.

Whether a lady, at the first interview, may allow an humble servant to kiss her hand.

How far it may be permitted to caress the maid in order to succeed with the mistress.

What constructions a man may put upon a smile, and in what cases a frown goes for nothing.

On what occasions a sheepish look may do service, &c.

As a farther proof of his skill, he also sent me several maxims in love, which he assures me are the result of a long and profound reflection, some of which I think myself obliged to communicate to the public, not remembering to have seen them before in any author.

‘There are more calamities in the world arising from love than from hatred.

‘Love is the daughter of idleness, but the mother of disquietude.

‘Men of grave natures, says Sir Francis Bacon, are the most constant; for the same reason men should be more constant than women.

‘The gay part of mankind is most amorous, the serious most loving.

‘A coquette often loses her reputation while she preserves her virtue.

‘A prude often preserves her reputation when she has lost her virtue.

‘Love refines a man's behaviour, but makes a woman's ridiculous.

‘Love is generally accompanied with good-will in the young, interest in the middle-aged, and a passion too gross to name in the old.

‘The endeavours to revive a decaying passion generally extinguish the remains of it.

‘A woman who from being a slattern becomes over-neat, or from being over-neat becomes a slattern, is most certainly in love.’

I shall make use of this gentleman's skill as I see occasion; and since I am got upon the subject of love, shall conclude this paper with a copy of verses which were lately sent me by an unknown hand, as I look upon them to be above the ordinary run of sonnetteers.

The author tells me they were written in one of his despairing fits; and I find entertains some hope that his mistress may pity such a passion as he has described, before she knows that she herself is Corinna.

'Conceal, fond man, conceal thy mighty smart,
Nor tell Corinna she has fir'd thy heart.
In vain would'st thou complain, in vain pretend
To ask a pity which she must not lend.
She's too much thy superior to comply,
And too, too fair to let thy passion die.
Languish in secret, and with dumb surprise
Drink the resistless glances of her eyes.
At awful distance entertain thy grief,
Be still in pain, but never ask relief.
Ne'er tempt her scorn of thy consuming state,
Be any way undone, but fly her hate.
Thou must submit to see thy charmer bless
Some happier youth that shall admire her less;
Who in that lovely form, that heavenly mind,
Shall miss ten thousand beauties thou could'st find.
Who with low fancy shall approach her charms,
While, half enjoy'd, she sinks into his arms.
She knows not, must not know, thy nobler fire,
Whom she, and whom the muses do inspire;
Her image only shall thy breast employ,
And fill thy captive soul with shades of joy;
Direct thy dreams by night, thy thoughts by day;
And never, never from thy bosom stray.*

No. 592.] *Friday, September 10, 1714.*

—Studium sine divite vena.

Hor. Ars Poet. 409.

Art without a vein.—*Roscommon.*

I LOOK upon the playhouse as a world within itself. They have lately furnished the middle region of it with a new set of meteors in order to give the sublime to many modern tragedies. I was there last winter at the first rehearsal of the new thunder, † which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of. They have a Salmonus behind the scenes who plays it off with great success. Their lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore, their clouds are also better furbelowed, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent storm locked up in a great chest, that is designed for the Tempest. They are also provided with above a dozen showers of snow, which, as I am informed, are the plays of many unsuccessful poets artificially cut and shredded for that use. Mr. Ryner's Edgar is to fall in snow at the next acting of King Lear, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the distress of that unfortunate prince; and to serve by way of decoration to a piece which that great critic has written against.

* These verses were written by Gilbert, the second brother of Eustace Budget, esq.

† This is an allusion to Mr. Dennis's new and improved method of making thunder. Dennis had contrived this thunder for the advantage of his tragedy of Appius and Virginia; the players highly approved of it, and it is the same that is used at the present day. Notwithstanding the effect of this thunder, however, the play was coldly received, and laid aside. Some nights after, Dennis being in the pit at the representation of Macbeth, and hearing the thunder made use of, arose from his seat in a violent passion, exclaiming with an oath, that that was his thunder. * See (said he) how these rascals use me: they will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder.'

I do not indeed wonder that the actors should be such professed enemies to those among our nation who are commonly known by the name of critics, since it is a rule among these gentlemen to fall upon a play, not because it is ill written, but because it takes. Several of them lay it down as a maxim, that whatever dramatic performance has a long run, must of necessity be good for nothing; as though the first precept in poetry were 'not to please.' Whether this rule holds good or not, I shall leave to the determination of those who are better judges than myself: if it does, I am sure it tends very much to the honour of those gentlemen who have established it; few of their pieces have been disgraced by a run of three days, and most of them being so exquisitely written, that the town would never give them more than one night's hearing.

I have a great esteem for a true critic, such as Aristotle and Longinus among the Greeks; Horace and Quintilian among the Romans; Boileau and Dacier among the French. But it is our misfortune that some, who set up for professed critics among us, are so stupid that they do not know how to put ten words together with elegance or common propriety; and withal so illiterate, that they have no taste of the learned languages, and therefore criticise upon old authors only at second-hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any notions they have of the authors themselves. The words unity, action, sentiment, and diction, pronounced with an air of authority, give them a figure among unlearned readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, because they are unintelligible. The ancient critics are full of the praises of their contemporaries; they discover beauties which escaped the observation of the vulgar, and very often find out reasons palliating and excusing such little slips and oversights as were committed in the writings of eminent authors. On the contrary, most of the smatterers in criticism, who appear among us, make it their business to vilify and depreciate every new production that gains applause, to decry imaginary blemishes, and to prove, by far-fetched arguments, that what pass for beauties in any celebrated piece are faults and errors. In short, the writings of these critics, compared with those of the ancients, are like the works of the sophists compared with those of the old philosophers.

Envy and cavil are the natural fruits of laziness and ignorance: which was probably the reason that in the heathen mythology Momus is said to be the son of Nox and Somnus, of darkness and sleep. Idle men, who have not been at the pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant men are very subject to decry those beauties in a celebrated work which they

have not eyes to discover. Many of our sons of Momus, who dignify themselves by the name of critics, are the genuine descendants of these two illustrious ancestors. They are often led into those numerous absurdities, in which they daily instruct the people, by not considering that, first, there is sometimes a greater judgment shown in deviating from the rules of art than in adhering to them; and, secondly, that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius, who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little genius, who not only knows but scrupulously observes them.

First, We may often take notice of men who are perfectly acquainted with all the rules of good writing, and, notwithstanding, choose to depart from them on extraordinary occasions. I could give instances out of all the tragic writers of antiquity who have shown their judgment in this particular; and purposely receded from an established rule of the drama, when it has made way for a much higher beauty than the observation of such a rule would have been. Those who have surveyed the noblest pieces of architecture and statuary, both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent deviations from art in the works of the greatest masters, which have produced a much nobler effect than a more accurate and exact way of proceeding could have done. This often arises from what the Italians call the *gusto grande* in these arts, which is what we call the sublime in writing.

In the next place, our critics do not seem sensible that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius, who is ignorant of the rules of art, than in those of a little genius who knows and observes them. It is of these men of genius that Terence speaks, in opposition to the little artificial cavillers of his time:

Quorum emulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.

Whose negligence he would rather imitate than these men's obscure diligence.

A critic may have the same consolation in the ill success of his play as Dr. South tells us a physician has at the death of a patient, that he was killed *secundum artem*. Our inimitable Shakspeare is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of these rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays, where there is not a single rule of the stage observed, than any production of a modern critic, where there is not one of them violated! Shakspeare was indeed born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in Pyrrhus's ring, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art.

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No. 593.] Monday, September 13, 1714.

Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
Est iter in sylvis— Virg. *Æn.* vi. 270.

Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light.
Dryden.

My dreaming correspondent, Mr. Shadow, has sent me a second letter, with several curious observations on dreams in general, and the method to render sleep improving: an extract of his letter will not, I presume, be disagreeable to my readers.

‘Since we have so little time to spare, that none of it may be lost, I see no reason why we should neglect to examine those imaginary scenes we are presented with in sleep, only because they have less reality in them than our waking meditations. A traveller would bring his judgment in question, who would despise the directions of his map for want of real roads in it, because here stands a dot instead of a town, or a cypher instead of a city; and it must be a long day's journey to travel through two or three inches. Fancy in dreams gives us much such another landscape of life as that does of countries: and, though its appearance may seem strangely jumbled together, we may often observe such traces and footsteps of noble thoughts, as, if carefully pursued, might lead us into a proper path of action. There is so much rapture and ecstasy in our fancied bliss, and something so dismal and shocking in our fancied misery, that, though the inactivity of the body has given occasion for calling sleep the image of death, the briskness of the fancy affords us a strong intimation of something within us that can never die.

‘I have wondered that Alexander the Great, who came into the world sufficiently dreamed of by his parents, and had himself a tolerable knack of dreaming, should often say, that sleep was one thing which made him sensible he was mortal. I, who have not such fields of action in the daytime to divert my attention from this matter, plainly perceive that in those operations of the mind, while the body is at rest, there is a certain vastness of conception very suitable to the capacity, and demonstrative of the force of that divine part in our composition which will last for ever. Neither do I much doubt but, had we a true account of the wonders the hero last-mentioned performed in his sleep, his conquering this little globe would hardly be worth mentioning. I may affirm, without vanity, that, when I compare several actions in Quintus Curtius with some others in my own noctuary, I appear the greater hero of the two.’

I shall close this subject with observing, that while we are awake we are at liberty to fix our thoughts on what we please, but in sleep we have not the command of them.

The ideas which strike the fancy arise in us without our choice, either from the occurrences of the day past, the temper we lie down in, or it may be the direction of some superior being.

It is certain the imagination may be so differently affected in sleep, that our actions of the day might be either rewarded or punished with a little age of happiness or misery. Saint Austin was of opinion that, if in Paradise there was the same vicissitude of sleeping and waking, as in the present world, the dreams of its inhabitants would be very happy.

And so far at present are our dreams in our power, that they are generally conformable to our waking thoughts, so that it is not impossible to convey ourselves to a concert of music, the conversation of distant friends, or any other entertainment which has been before lodged in the mind.

My readers, by applying these hints, will find the necessity of making a good day of it, if they heartily wish themselves a good night.

I have often considered Marcia's prayer, and Lucia's account of Cato, in this light.

Marc. O ye mortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams: remember all his virtues,
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy god-like father;
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep has fallen upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams. As I drew near his couch
He smil'd, and cry'd, Caesar, thou canst not hurt me.

Mr. Shadow acquaints me in a postscript, that he has no manner of title to the vision which succeeded his first letter; but adds, that, as the gentleman who wrote it dreams very sensibly, he shall be glad to meet him some night or other under the great elm-tree, by which Virgil has given us a fine metaphorical image of sleep, in order to turn over a few of the leaves together, and oblige the public with an account of the dreams that lie under them.

No. 594.] *Wednesday, September 15, 1714.*

Absentem qui rodit amicum;
Qui non defendit alio culpante; solutus
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest: commissa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane, caveto.
Hor. Sat. iv. Lib. 1. 81.

He that shall rail against his absent friends,
Or hears them scandaliz'd, and not defends;
Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
And only to be thought a witty man;
Tells tales, and brings his friends in disesteem;
That man's a knave;—be sure beware of him.

Creech.

WERE all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceeds from those calumnies and reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

There is scarce a man living, who is

not, in some degree, guilty of this offence; though at the same time, however, we treat one another, it must be confessed, that we all consent in speaking ill of the persons who are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its rise either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves esteemed, an ostentation of wit, a vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world, or from a desire of gratifying any of these dispositions of mind in those persons with whom we converse.

The publisher of scandal is more or less odious to mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But, whatever may be the occasion of spreading these false reports, he ought to consider that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the person at whom they are aimed. The injury is the same, though the principle from which it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with too much indulgence, when he passes a judgment on his own thoughts or actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is so universally practised, and at the same time so universally blamed, I shall lay down three rules, by which I would have a man examine and search into his own heart before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil disposition of mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, Let him consider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured side.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

These are the several steps by which this vice proceeds and grows up into slander and defamation.

In the first place, a man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, shows sufficiently that he has a true relish of scandal, and consequently the seeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A man should endeavour, therefore, to wear out of his mind this criminal curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such stories as tend to the disreputation of others.

In the second place, a man should consult his own heart, whether he be not apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured side.

Such a credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a man's conscious-

ness of his own secret corruptions. It is a pretty saying of Thales, 'Falsehood is just as far distant from truth as the ears are from the eyes.*' By which he would intimate, that a wise man should not easily give credit to the report of actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules to be observed by the members of the celebrated Abbey de la Trappe, as they are published in a little French book. †

The fathers are there ordered never to give an ear to any accounts of base or criminal actions; to turn off all such discourse if possible; but, in case they hear any thing of this nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention in him who is guilty of it. This is, perhaps, carrying charity to an extravagance; but it is certainly much more laudable than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent and even good actions proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the third place, a man should examine his heart, whether he does not find in it a secret inclination to propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

When the disease of the mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this degree of malignity, it discovers itself in its worst symptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the guilt in this last particular, which every one cannot but disapprove, who is not void of humanity, or even common discretion. I shall only add, that, whatever pleasure any man may take in spreading whispers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater satisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the secret die within his own breast.

No. 595.] Friday, September 17, 1714.

— Non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 12.

— Nature, and the common laws of sense,
Forbid to reconcile antipathies;
Or make a snake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.
Roscommon.

If ordinary authors would condescend to write as they think, they would at least be allowed the praise of being intelligible. But they really take pains to be ridiculous; and, by the studied ornaments of style, perfectly disguise the little sense they aim at. There is a grievance of this sort in the commonwealth of letters, which I have for some time resolved to redress, and accordingly I have set this day apart for justice. What

* Stobaei Serm. 61.

† Felibien, Description de l'Abbaye de la Trappe, Paris, 1671; reprinted in 1692. It is a letter of M. Felibien to the dutchess of Lancourt.

I mean is the mixture of inconsistent metaphors, which is a fault but too often found in learned writers, but in all the unlearned without exception.

In order to set this matter in a clear light to every reader, I shall in the first place observe, that a metaphor is a simile in one word, which serves to convey the thoughts of the mind under resemblances and images which affect the senses. There is not any thing in the world, which may not be compared to several things if considered in several distinct lights; or, in other words, the same thing may be expressed by different metaphors. But the mischief is, that an unskilful author shall run these metaphors so absurdly into one another, that there shall be no simile, no agreeable picture, no apt resemblance, but confusion, obscurity, and noise. Thus I have known a hero compared to a thunderbolt, a lion, and the sea; all and each of them proper metaphors for impetuosity, courage, or force. But by bad management it hath so happened, that the thunderbolt hath overflowed its banks, the lion hath been darted through the skies, and the billows have rolled out of the Libyan desert.

The absurdity, in this instance, is obvious. And yet every time that clashing metaphors are put together, this fault is committed more or less. It hath already been said, that metaphors are images of things which affect the senses. An image, therefore, taken from what acts upon the sight, cannot, without violence, be applied to the hearing; and so of the rest. It is no less an impropriety to make any being in nature or art to do things in its metaphorical state, which it could not do in its original. I shall illustrate what I have said by an instance which I have read more than once in controversial writers. 'The heavy lashes,' saith a celebrated author, 'that have dropped from your pen, &c.' I suppose this gentleman, having frequently heard of 'gall dropping from a pen, and being lashed in a satire,' he was resolved to have them both at any rate, and so uttered this complete piece of nonsense. It will most effectually discover the absurdity of these monstrous unions, if we will suppose these metaphors or images actually painted. Imagine then a hand holding a pen, and several lashes of whipcord falling from it, and you have the true representation of this sort of eloquence. I believe, by this very rule, a reader may be able to judge of the union of all metaphors whatsoever, and determine which are homogeneous, and which heterogeneous; or, to speak more plainly, which are consistent and which inconsistent.

There is yet one evil more which I must take notice of, and that is the running of metaphors into tedious allegories; which, though an error on the better hand, causes confusion as much as the other. This becomes abominable, when the lustre of one

word leads a writer out of his road, and makes him wander from his subject for a page together. I remember a young fellow of this turn, who, having said by chance that his mistress had a world of charms, thereupon took occasion to consider her as one possessed of frigid and torrid zones, and pursued her from one pole to the other.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter written in that enormous style, which I hope my reader hath by this time set his heart against. The epistle hath heretofore received great applause; but after what hath been said, let any man commend it if he dare.

'SIR,—After the many heavy lashes that have fallen from your pen, you may justly expect in return all the load that my ink can lay upon your shoulders. You have quartered all the foul language upon me that could be raked out of the air of Billingsgate, without knowing who I am, or whether I deserved to be cupped and sacrificed at this rate. I tell you, once for all, turn your eyes where you please, you shall never smell me out. Do you think that the panicks, which you sow about the parish, will ever build a monument to your glory? No, sir, you may fight these battles as long as you will, but when you come to balance the account you will find that you have been fishing in troubled waters, and that an *ignis fatuus* hath bewildered you, and that indeed you have built upon a sandy foundation, and brought your hogs to a fair market. I am, sir, yours, &c.'

No. 596.] Monday, September 20, 1714.

Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis.

Ovid, Ep. xv. 79.

Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move.—Pope.

THE case of my correspondent, who sends me the following letter, has somewhat in it so very whimsical, that I know not how to entertain my readers better than by laying it before them.

'Middle-Temple, Sept. 18.

'SIR,—I am fully convinced that there is not upon earth a more impertinent creature than an importunate lover. We are daily complaining of the severity of our fate to people who are wholly unconcerned in it: and hourly improving a passion, which we would persuade the world is the torment of our lives. Notwithstanding this reflection, sir, I cannot forbear acquainting you with my own case. You must know, then, sir, that even from my childhood, the most prevailing inclination I could perceive in myself was a strong desire to be in favour with the fair-sex. I am at present in the one-and-twentieth year of my age; and should have made choice of a she-bedfellow many years since, had not my father, who has a pretty good estate of his own getting, and passes in the world for a prudent man,

been pleased to lay it down as a maxim, that nothing spoils a young fellow's fortune so much as marrying early; and that no man ought to think of wedlock until six-and-twenty. Knowing his sentiments upon this head, I thought it in vain to apply myself to women of condition, who expect settlements; so that all my amours have hitherto been with ladies who had no fortunes: but I know not how to give you so good an idea of me, as by laying before you the history of my life.

'I can very well remember, that at my school-mistress's, whenever we broke up, I was always for joining myself with the miss who lay-in, and was constantly one of the first to make a party in the play of Husband and Wife. This passion for being well with the females still increased as I advanced in years. At the dancing-school I contracted so many quarrels by struggling with my fellow-scholars for the partner I liked best, that upon a ball-night, before our mothers made their appearance, I was usually up to the nose in blood. My father, like a discreet man, soon removed me from this stage of softness to a school of discipline, where I learnt Latin and Greek. I underwent several severities in this place, until it was thought convenient to send me to the university: though to confess the truth, I should not have arrived so early at that seat of learning, but from the discovery of an intrigue between me and my master's housekeeper; upon whom I had employed my rhetoric so effectually, that, though she was a very elderly lady, I had almost brought her to consent to marry me. Upon my arrival at Oxford, I found logic so dry, that, instead of giving attention to the dead, I soon fell to addressing the living. My first amour was with a pretty girl whom I shall call Parthenope: her mother sold ale by the town-wall.

'Being often caught there by the proctor, I was forced at last, that my mistress's reputation might receive no blemish, to confess my addresses were honourable. Upon this I was immediately sent home; but Parthenope soon after marrying a shoe-maker, I was again suffered to return. My next affair was with my tailor's daughter, who deserted me for the sake of a young barber. Upon my complaining to one of my particular friends of this misfortune, the cruel wag made a mere jest of my calamity, and asked me, with a smile, where the needle should turn but to the pole?*' After this I was deeply in love with a milliner, and at last with my bed-maker; upon which I was sent away, or, in the university phrase, rusticated for ever.

'Upon my coming home, I settled to my studies so heartily, and contracted so great a reservedness by being kept from the company I most affected, that my father

* A pole was the common sign of a barber's shop. It is now seldom seen in the metropolis.

thought he might venture me at the Temple.

'Within a week after my arrival I began to shine again, and became enamoured with a mighty pretty creature, who had every thing but money to recommend her. Having frequent opportunities of uttering all the soft things which a heart formed for love could inspire me with, I soon gained her consent to treat of marriage; but, unfortunately for us all, in the absence of my charmer I usually talked the same language to her eldest sister, who is also very pretty. Now I assure you, Mr. Spectator, this did not proceed from any real affection I had conceived for her: but, being a perfect stranger to the conversation of men, and strongly addicted to associate with the women, I knew no other language but that of love. I should, however, be very much obliged to you, if you could free me from the perplexity I am at present in. I have sent word to my old gentleman in the country, that I am desperately in love with the younger sister; and her father, who knew no better, poor man, acquainted him by the same post, that I had for some time made my addresses to the elder. Upon this old Testy sends me up word, that he has heard so much of my exploits, that he intends immediately to order me to the South-sea. Sir, I have occasionally talked so much of dying, that I begin to think there is not much in it; and if the old 'squire persists in his design, I do hereby give him notice that I am providing myself with proper instruments for the destruction of despairing lovers: let him therefore look to it, and consider that by his obstinacy he may himself lose the son of his strength, the world a hopeful lawyer, my mistress a passionate lover, and you, Mr. Spectator, your constant admirer,

'JEREMIAH LOVEMORE.'

No. 597.] *Wednesday, September 22, 1714.*

—Mens sine pondere ludit.—Petr.

The mind unnumber'd plays.

SINCE I received my friend Shadow's letter, several of my correspondents have been pleased to send me an account how they have been employed in sleep, and what notable adventures they have been engaged in during that moonshine in the brain. I shall lay before my readers an abridgment of some few of their extravagances, in hopes that they will in time accustom themselves to dream a little more to the purpose.

One, who styles himself Gladio, complains heavily that his fair one charges him with inconstancy, and does not use him with half the kindness which the sincerity of his passion may demand; the said Gladio having, by valour and stratagem, put to death tyrants, enchanters, monsters, knights, &c. without number, and exposed himself

to all manner of dangers for her sake and safety. He desires in his postscript to know whether, from a constant success in them, he may not promise himself to succeed in her esteem at last.

Another, who is very prolix in his narrative, writes me word, that having sent a venture beyond sea, he took occasion one night to fancy himself gone along with it, and grown on a sudden the richest man in all the Indies. Having been there about a year or two, a gust of wind that forced open his casement, blew him over to his native country again, where, awaking at six o'clock, and the change of the air not agreeing with him, he turned to his left side in order to a second voyage; but before he could get on ship-board was unfortunately apprehended for stealing a horse, tried and condemned for the fact, and in a fair way of being executed, if somebody stepping hastily into his chamber had not brought him a reprieve. This fellow too wants Mr. Shadow's advice; who, I dare say, would bid him be content to rise after his first nap, and learn to be satisfied as soon as nature is.

The next is a public-spirited gentleman, who tells me, that on the second of September, at night, the whole city was on fire, and would certainly have been reduced to ashes again by this time, if he had not flown over it with the New River on his back, and happily extinguished the flames before they had prevailed too far. He would be informed whether he has not a right to petition the lord mayor and aldermen for a reward.

A letter, dated September the ninth, acquaints me, that the writer, being resolved to try his fortune, had fasted all that day; and, that he might be sure of dreaming upon something at night, procured a handsome slice of bride-cake, which he placed very conveniently under his pillow. In the morning his memory happened to fail him, and he could recollect nothing but an odd fancy that he had eaten his cake; which being found upon search reduced to a few crumbs, he is resolved to remember more of his dreams another time, believing from this that there may possibly be somewhat of truth in them.

I have received numerous complaints from several delicious dreamers, desiring me to invent some method of silencing those noisy slaves, whose occupations lead them to take their early rounds about the city in a morning, doing a deal of mischief, and working strange confusion in the affairs of its inhabitants. Several monarchs have done me the honour to acquaint me how often they have been shook from their respective thrones by the rattling of a coach, or the rumbling of a wheelbarrow. And many private gentlemen, I find, have been bawled out of vast estates by fellows not worth three pence. A fair lady was just on the point of being married to a young,

handsome, rich, ingenious nobleman, when an impertinent tinker passing by forbid the bans; and a hopeful youth who had been newly advanced to great honour and preferment, was forced by a neighbouring cobbler to resign all for an old song. It has been represented to me, that those inconsiderable rascals do nothing but go about dissolving of marriages, and spoiling of fortunes, impoverishing rich, and ruining great people, interrupting beauties in the midst of their conquests, and generals in the course of their victories. A boisterous peripatetic hardly goes through a street without waking half a dozen kings and princes, to open their shops or clean shoes, frequently transforming sceptres into paring-shovels, and proclamations into bills. I have by me a letter from a young statesman, who in five or six hours came to be emperor of Europe, after which he made war upon the Great Turk, routed him horse and foot, and was crowned lord of the universe in Constantinople: the conclusion of all his successes is, that on the 12th instant, about seven in the morning, his Imperial Majesty was deposed by a chimney-sweeper.

On the other hand, I have epistolary testimonies of gratitude from many miserable people, who owe to this clamorous tribe frequent deliverances from great misfortunes. A small-coal-man, by waking one of these distressed gentlemen, saved him from ten years' imprisonment. An honest watchman, bidding aloud good-morrow to another, freed him from the malice of many potent enemies, and brought all their designs against him to nothing. A certain valetudinarian confesses he has often been cured of a sore-throat by the hoarseness of a carman, and relieved from a fit of the gout by the sound of old shoes. A noisy puppy, that plagued a sober gentleman all night long with his impertinence, was silenced by a cinder-wench with a word speaking.

Instead, therefore, of suppressing this order of mortals, I would propose it to my readers to make the best advantage of their morning salutations. A famous Macedonian prince, for fear of forgetting himself in the midst of his good fortune, had a youth to wait on him every morning, and bid him remember that he was a man. A citizen, who is waked by one of these criers, may regard him as a kind of remembrancer, come to admonish him that it is time to return to the circumstances he has overlooked all the night time, to leave off fancying himself what he is not, and prepare to act suitably to the condition he is really placed in.

People may dream on as long as they please, but I shall take no notice of any imaginary adventures that do not happen while the sun is on this side the horizon. For which reason I stifle Fritilla's dream at church last Sunday, who, while the rest

of the audience were enjoying the benefit of an excellent discourse, was losing her money and jewels to a gentleman at play, until after a strange run of ill-luck she was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty children for her last stake. When she had thrown them away, her companion went off, discovering himself by his usual tokens, a cloven foot and a strong smell of brimstone, which last proved a bottle of spirits, which a good old lady applied to her nose, to put her in a condition of hearing the preacher's third head concerning time.

If a man has no mind to pass abruptly from his imagined to his real circumstances, he may employ himself a while in that new kind of observation which my oneirocritical correspondent has directed him to make of himself. Pursuing the imagination through all its extravagances, whether in sleeping or waking, is no improper method of correcting and bringing it to act in subordination to reason, so as to be delighted only with such objects as will affect it with pleasure when it is never so cool and sedate.

No. 598.] *Friday, September 24, 1714.*

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat anum
Protuleratque pedem: sebat contrarius alter?

Juv. Sat. x. 28.

Will ye not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursu'd by several ways?
One pity'd, one condemn'd, the woful times,
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes.

Dryden.

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

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

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

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

What is more usual than to hear men of serious tempers, and austere morals, enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the species, while they look with a kind of horror upon such

pomps and diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much?

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

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

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

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

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

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

I never took in my youth. Among others is that of an afternoon's nap, which I fell into in the fifty-fifth year of my age, and have continued for the three last years past. By this means I enjoy a double morning, and rise twice a day fresh to my speculations. It happens very luckily for me, that some of my dreams have proved instructive to my countrymen, so that I may be said to sleep, as well as to wake, for the good of the public. I was yesterday meditating on the account with which I have already entertained my readers concerning the cave of Trophonius. I was no sooner fallen into my usual slumber, but I dreamed that this cave was put into my possession, and that I gave public notice of its virtue, inviting every one to it who had a mind to be a serious man for the remaining part of his life. Great multitudes immediately resorted to me. The first who made the experiment was a Merry-andrew, who was put into my hand by a neighbouring justice of peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of life. Poor Pickle-herring had not taken above one turn in it, when he came out of the cave, like a hermit from his cell, with a penitential look and a most rueful countenance. I then put in a young laughing fop, and, watching for his return, asked him, with a smile, how he liked the place? He replied, 'Pr'ythee, friend, be not impertinent;' and stalked by me as grave as a judge. A citizen then desired me to give free ingress and egress to his wife who was dressed in the gayest coloured ribands I had ever seen. She went in with a flirt of her fan and a smirking countenance, but came out with the severity of a vestal; and throwing from her several female gewgaws, told me, with a sigh, that she resolved to go into deep mourning, and to wear black all the rest of her life. As I had many coquettes recommended to me by their parents, their husbands, and their lovers, I let them in all at once, desiring them to divert themselves together, as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into day-light, you would have fancied my cave to have been a nunnery, and that you had seen a solemn procession of religious marching out, one behind another, in the most profound silence and the most exemplary decency. As I was very much delighted with so edifying a sight, there came towards me a great company of males and females, laughing, singing, and dancing, in such a manner, that I could hear them a great while before I saw them. Upon my asking their leader what brought them thither? they told me all at once that they were French Protestants lately arrived in Great Britain, and that finding themselves of too gay a humour for my country, they applied themselves to me in order to compose them for British conversation. I told them that, to oblige them, I would soon spoil their mirth; upon which I admitted a

No. 599.] Monday, September 27, 1714.

Ubique
Lactus, ubique pavor.—*Virg. Æn. ii. 369.*
All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears.
Dryden.

It has been my custom, as I grow old, to allow myself some little indulgences, which

whole shoal of them, who after having taken a survey of the place, came out in very good order, and with looks entirely English. I afterwards put in a Dutchman, who had a great fancy to see the kelder, as he called it; but I could not observe that I had made any alteration in him.

A comedian, who had gained great reputation in parts of humour, told me that he had a mighty mind to act Alexander the Great, and fancied that he should succeed very well in it if he could strike two or three laughing features out of his face. He tried the experiment, but contracted so very solid a look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no part hereafter but a Timon of Athens, or a Mute in The Funeral.

I then clapped up an empty fantastic citizen, in order to qualify him for an alderman. He was succeeded by a young rake of the Middle Temple, who was brought to me by his grandmother; but, to her great sorrow and surprise, he came out a quaker. Seeing myself surrounded with a body of freethinkers and scoffers at religion, who were making themselves merry at the sober looks and thoughtful brows of those who had been in the cave, I thrust them all in, one after another, and locked the door upon them. Upon my opening it, they all looked as if they had been frightened out of their wits, and were marching away with ropes in their hands to a wood that was within sight of the place. I found they were not able to bear themselves in their first serious thoughts; but, knowing these would quickly bring them to a better frame of mind, I gave them into the custody of their friends until that happy change was wrought in them.

The last that was brought to me was a young woman, who at the first sight of my short face fell into an immoderate fit of laughter, and was forced to hold her sides all the while her mother was speaking to me. Upon this, I interrupted the old lady, and taking her daughter by the hand, 'Madam,' said I, 'be pleased to retire into my closet while your mother tells me your case.' I then put her into the mouth of the cave; when the mother, after having begged pardon for the girl's rudeness, told me that she had often treated her father and the gravest of her relations in the same manner; that she would sit giggling and laughing with her companions from one end of a tragedy to the other; nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the middle of a sermon, and set the whole congregation a staring at her. The mother was going on, when the young lady came out of the cave to us with a composed countenance and a low courtesy. She was a girl of such exuberant mirth that her visit to Trophonius only reduced her to a more than ordinary decency of behaviour, and made a very pretty prude of her. After having performed innumerable cures, I looked about me with great satisfaction, and saw all my

patients walking by themselves in a very pensive and musing posture, so that the whole space seemed covered with philosophers. I was at length resolved to go into the cave myself, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful effects upon the company; but as I was stooping at the entrance, the door being somewhat low, I gave such a nod in my chair that I awaked. After having recovered myself from my first startle, I was very well pleased at the accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little stay in the place might have spoiled my Spectators.

No. 600.] *Wednesday, September 29, 1714.*

Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

Virg. Æn. vi. 641.

Stars of their own, and their own suns they know.

Dryden.

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

* Addison's father, dean Launcelot Addison, who published an account of West Barbary, &c. He died in 1703, aged 71.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Locke.

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

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

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

There cannot be a stronger argument that God has designed us for a state of future happiness, and for that heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the soul for it, and made

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

No. 601.] *Friday, October 1, 1714.*

Ὁ ἀνθρώπος ευφρόνως πεποιθός.

Antonin. Lib. ix.

Man is naturally a beneficent creature.

THE following essay comes from a hand which has entertained my readers once before.

‘Notwithstanding a narrow contracted temper be that which obtains most in the world, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine characteristic of mankind; because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing good, and receive more of their happiness at second hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate sensation. Now, though these heroic souls are but few, and to appearance so far advanced above the grovelling multitude as if they were of another order of beings, yet in reality their nature is the same; moved by the same springs, and endowed with all the same essential qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the same fluid body in winter and in summer; when it stands stiffened in ice as when it flows along in gentle streams, gladdening a thousand fields in its progress. It is a property of the heart of man to be diffusive: its kind wishes spread abroad over the face of the creation; and if there be those, as we may observe too many of them, who are all wrapped up in their own dear selves, without any visible concern for their species, let us suppose that their good nature is frozen, and by the prevailing force of some contrary quality, restrained in its operation. I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal checks upon this generous propension of the human soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what method, this most useful principle may be unfettered, and restored to its native freedom of exercise.

‘The first and leading cause is an unhappy complexion of body. The heathens, ignorant of the true source of moral evil, generally charged it on the obliquity of matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of change in any of its