



UNIVERSITÄTS-  
BIBLIOTHEK  
PADERBORN

## Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

**The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.**

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

No 75. Saturday, October 1. 1709.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53633](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53633)

night together, generally fills every paper with an Order of battle; when we show our martial skill in each line, and according to the space we have to fill, we range our men in Squadrons and Battalions, or draw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever observing, that no muster is to be made, but when the wind is in a cross point, which often happens at the end of a Campaign, when half the men are deserted or killed. The *Courant* is sometimes ten deep, his ranks close: The *Post-Boy* is generally in files, for greater exactness; and the *Post-Man* comes down upon you rather after the *Turkish* way, Sword in hand, Pell-mell, without form or discipline; but sure to bring men enough into the field; and wherever they are raised, never to lose a battel for want of numbers.

---

N<sup>o</sup> 75. Saturday, October 1. 1709.

---

*From my own Apartment, September 30.*

I Am called off from publick dissertations by a domestick affair of great importance, which is no less than the disposal of my Sister *Jenny* for life. The Girl is a Girl of great merit, and pleasing conversation; but I being born of my Father's First Wife, and she of his Third, she converses with me rather like a Daughter than a Sister. I have indeed told her, That if she kept her honour, and behaved her self in such a manner as became the *Bickerstaffs*, I would get her an agreeable man for her Husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a passage in *Pliny's Epistles*. That polite Author had been employed to find out a Comfort for his friend's Daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon.

*Aciliano plurimum vigoris et industriæ quanquam in maxima verecundia: Est illi facies liberalis, multo sanguine, multo rubore, suffusa: Est ingenua totius corporis pulchritudo, et quidam senatorius decor, quæ ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda; debet enim hoc castitati puellarum quasi premium dari.*

“ *Aciliannus* is a man of extraordinary vigour and industry, accompanied with the greatest modesty. He has very much of the  
“ Gen-

“ Gentleman, with a lively colour, and flush of health in his aspect. His whole person is finely turned, and speaks him a man of Quality: which are qualifications that, I think, ought by no means to be overlooked, and should be bestowed on a Daughter as the reward of her Chastity.

A woman that will give her self liberties, need not put her parents to so much trouble; for if she does not possess these ornaments in a Husband, she can supply her self elsewhere. But this is not the case of my Sister *Jenny*, who, I may say without vanity, is an unspotted a Spinster as any in *Great Britain*. I shall take this occasion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

We have in the Genealogy of our house, the Descriptions and Pictures of our Ancestors from the time of King *Arthur*; in whose days there was one of my own name, a Knight of his Round Table, and known by the name of Sir *Isaac Bickerstaff*. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a *Portuguese Jew*. But he was more prudent than men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends his design of lengthening and whitening his posterity. His eldest Son *Ralph* (for that was his name) was for this reason married to a Lady who had little else to recommend her, but that she was very tall and fair. The issue of this match, with the help of his shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age; though the complexion of the family was obscure till the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, till the reign of *William the Conqueror*, the females of our house were famous for their Needle-work and fine Skins. In the male line there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of *Richard* the third, the eldest Son of *Philip*, then chief of the family, being born with an Humpback and very high Nose. This was the more astonishing, because none of his forefathers ever had such a blemish; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the Butler, who was noted for round Shoulders, and a *Roman Nose*: what made the Nose the less excusable, was the remarkable Smallness of his Eyes.

These several defects were mended by succeeding matches; the Eyes were opened in the next generation, and the Hump fell in a Century and half; but the greatest difficulty was how to reduce the Nose; which I do not find was accomplished till about the middle of *Henry* the seventh's reign, or rather the beginning of that of *Henry* the eighth.

But while our Ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the Eyes and Nose, the Face of the *Bickerstaffs* fell down insensibly into Chin; which  
was

was not taken notice of (their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble features) till it became almost too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and successive care in our alliances, have cured this also, and reduced our faces into that tolerable Oval which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe, that our race suffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of her Heiresses with an eminent Courtier, who gave us Spindle-shanks, and Cramps in our bones, insomuch that we did not recover our health and legs till Sir *Walter Bickerstaff* married *Maud* the Milk-maid, of whom the then *Garter King at Arms* (a facetious person) said pleasantly enough, That she had spoiled our Blood, but mended our Constitutions.

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our Persons and Features, I cannot but observe, that there are daily instances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's Minds and Humours. One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skilful Gardiners blot a colour out of a Tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a Shrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raise a Jackpudding from a Prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy. It is for want of care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into an house and see such different complexions and humours in the same race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pikestaff, from what mixture it is, that this daughter silently lowers, the other steals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a Splenatick, and a fifth a Coquette.

In this disposal of my Sister, I have chosen, with an eye to her being a Wit, and provided, that the Bridegroom be a man of a sound and excellent judgment, who will seldom mind what she says when she begins to harangue: For *Jenny's* only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, fluttish; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into observation, what we think most excellent in our selves, or most capable of improvement. Thus my Sister, instead of consulting her Glafs and her Toilet for an hour and an half after her private devotion, sits with her nose full of snuff, and a man's nightcap on her head, reading Plays and Romances. Her Wit she thinks her distinction; therefore knows nothing of the skill of dress, or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh, to see me often with my spectacles on lacing her stays;

for she is so very a Wit, that she understands no Ordinary thing in the world.

For this reason I have disposed of her to a man of business, who will soon let her see, that to be well dressed, in good humour, and chearful in the command of her family, are the Arts and Sciences of Female life. I could have bestowed her upon a fine Gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a Coach and six: But I found it absolutely necessary to cross the strain; for had they met, they had eternally been Rivals in discourse, and in continual contention for the superiority of understanding, and brought forth Criticks, Pedants, or pretty good Poets.

As it is, I expect an Off-spring fit for the habitation of city, town or country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

To convince men of the necessity of taking this method, let any one, even below the skill of an Astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes *Cheapside-conduit*, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is very apparent when I see a Citizen pass by, whether his head is upon Woollen, Silks, Iron, Sugar, Indigo, or Stocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time a person of a vast estate, who is the immediate descendant of a fine Gentleman, but the great-grandson of a Broker, in whom his Ancestor is now revived. He is a very honest Gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily sorry for it; but he cheats by constitution, and over-reaches by instinct.

The happiness of the man who marries my Sister will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little byass of fancy, or particularity of manners, which grew in her self, and can be amended by her. From such an untainted couple, we can hope to have our family rise to its ancient splendor of Face, Air, Countenance, Manner and Shape, without discovering the product of ten nations in one house. *Obadiah Greenbat* says, he never comes into any company in *England*, but he distinguishes the different nations of which we are composed: There is scarce such a living creature as a true *Britain*. We sit down indeed all friends, acquaintance, and neighbours; but after two bottles, you see a *Dane* start up and swear, The kingdom is his own. A *Saxon* drinks up the whole quart, and swears, He will dispute that with him. A *Norman* tells them both,

both,

both, He will assert his liberty: And a *Welshman* cries, They are all foreigners and intruders of yesterday, and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours children, and cousin-germans. For which reason I say, Study your race, or the soil of your family will dwindle into Cits or 'Squires, or run up into Wits or Madmen.

*Sir Richard Steel assisted in this paper.*

N<sup>o</sup> 81. Saturday, October 15. 1709.

*Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,  
 Quique pii Vates et Phœbo digna locuti,  
 Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,  
 Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.*

Virg.

*From my own Apartment, October 14.*

**T**HERE are two kinds of Immortality; that which the Soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary existence by which men live in their fame and reputation. The best and greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or the other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reason that I excluded from my tables of fame all the great founders and votaries of religion; and it is for this reason also that I am more than ordinarily anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak; for since Fame was the only end of all their enterprizes and studies, a man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the

C c 2

follow-