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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

No 101. Thursday, December 1. 1709.

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and placed themselves in the Front, at which the other shook their heads at them, but did not think fit to dispute the post with them. I could not but make several observations upon this last Column of people; but I have certain private reasons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the publick. In order to fill up all the posts of Honour, Dignity, and Profit, there was a Draught made out of each Column, of men who were Masters of all Three qualifications in some degree, and were preferred to stations of the First rank. The second draught was made out of such as were possessed of any Two of the qualifications, who were disposed of in stations of a Second dignity. Those who were left, and were endowed only with One of them, had their suitable posts. When this was over, there remained many places of trust and profit unfilled, for which there were fresh draughts made out of the surrounding multitude, who had any appearance of these Excellencies, or were recommended by those who possessed them in reality.

All were surpris'd to see so many new faces in the most eminent Dignities; and for my own part, I was very well pleas'd to see that all my friends either kept their present posts, or were advanced to higher.

Having fill'd my paper with those particulars of Mankind, I must reserve for another occasion the sequel of it, which relates to the Fair Sex.

N^o 101. *Thursday, December 1. 1709.*

-----*Postquam fregit subsellia versu
Esurit intactam Paridi nisi vendit Agaven.* Juv.

From my own Apartment, November 30.

THE progress of my intended account of what happened when Justice visited mortals, is at present interrupted by the observation and sense of an Injustice against which there is no remedy, even in a kingdom more happy in the care taken of the Liberty and Property of the Subject, than any other nation upon earth. This Iniquity is committed by a most impregnable set of mortals, men who are Rogues within

within the law ; and in the very commission of what they are guilty of, professedly own, that they forbear no injury but from the terror of being punished for it. These Miscreants are a set of wretches we Authors call *Pirates*, who print any Book, Poem, or Sermon, as soon as it appears in the world, in a smaller Volume, and sell it (as all other thieves do stolen goods) at a cheaper rate. I was in my rage calling them Rascals, Plunderers, Robbers, Highway-men—But they acknowledge all that, and are pleased with those, as well as any other Titles; nay, will print them themselves to turn the penny.

I am extremely at a loss how to act against such open enemies, who have not shame enough to be touched with our reproaches, and are as well defended against what we can say, as what we can do. Railing therefore we must turn into complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when I consider that all the labours of my long life may be disappointed by the first man that pleases to rob me. I had flattered my self, that my stock of learning was worth 150*l. per Annum*, which would very handsomely maintain me and my little family, who are so happy or so wise as to want only necessaries. Before men had come up to this bare-faced impudence, it was an estate to have a competency of understanding.

An ingenious Drole, who is since dead, (and indeed it is well for him he is so, for he must have starved had he lived to this day) used to give me an account of his good husbandry in the management of his learning. He was a general dealer, and had his Amusements as well Comical as Serious. The merry Rogue said, when he wanted a dinner, he writ a paragraph of *Table-Talk*, and his Bookseller upon sight paid the reckoning. He was a very good judge of what would please the people, and could aptly hit both the genius of his readers, and the season of the year in his writings. His brain, which was his estate, had as regular and different produce as other men's land. From the beginning of *November* till the opening of the Campaign, he writ Pamphlets and *Letters to Members of Parliament*, or *Friends in the country*: But sometimes he would relieve his ordinary readers with a Murder, and lived comfortably a week or two upon *strange and lamentable Accidents*. A little before the armies took the field, his way was to open your attention with a Prodigy; and a Monster well writ, was two guinea's the lowest price. This prepared his readers for *his great and bloody news from Flanders* in *June* and *July*. Poor *Tom!* He is gone—But I observed, he always looked well after a battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting year. Had this honest careless fellow lived till now, Famine had stared him in the

face, and interrupted his merriment; as it must be a solid affliction to all those whose Pen is their Portion.

As for my part, I do not speak wholly for my own sake in this point; for Palmistry and Astrology will bring me in greater gains than these my Papers; so that I am only in the condition of a Lawyer, who leaves the Bar for Chamber-practice. However, I may be allowed to speak in the Cause of Learning it self, and lament, that a liberal Education is the only one which a polite Nation makes unprofitable. All mechanick Artizans are allowed to reap the fruit of their invention and ingenuity without invasion; but he that has separated himself from the rest of mankind, and studied the wonders of the creation, the government of his passions, and the revolutions of the world, and has an ambition to communicate the effect of half his life spent in such noble enquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is exposed to robbery and want, with this melancholy and just reflection, That he is the only man who is not protected by his country, at the same time that he best deserves it.

According to the ordinary rules of computation, the greater the Adventure is, the greater ought to be the profit of those who succeed in it; and by this measure, none have pretence of turning their labours to greater advantage than persons brought up to Letters. A learned Education, passing through great Schools and Universities, is very expensive, and consumes a moderate fortune, before it is gone through in its proper forms. The purchase of an handsome Commission or Employment, which would give a man a good figure in another kind of life, is to be made at a much cheaper rate. Now, if we consider this expensive Voyage which is undertaken in the search of Knowledge, and how few there are who take in any considerable Merchandise, how less frequent it is to be able to turn what men have gained into profit: how hard is it, that the very small number who are distinguished with abilities to know how to vend their wares, and have the good fortune to bring them into Port, should suffer being plundered by Privateers under the very cannon that should protect them! The most eminent and useful Author of the age we live in, after having laid out a Princely Revenue in works of Charity and Beneficence, as became the Greatness of his Mind, and the Sanctity of his Character, would have left the person in the world who was the dearest to him in a narrow condition, had not the sale of his immortal Writings brought her in a very considerable Dowry; though it was impossible for it to be equal to their Value. Every one will know, that I here mean the works of the late Archbishop of *Canterbury*, the copy of which was sold for 2500*l*.

I do not speak with relation to any Party; but it has happened, and may often so happen, that men of great Learning and Virtue cannot qualify themselves for being employed in Business, or receiving Preferments. In this case, you cut them off from all Support, if you take from them the benefit that may arise from their Writings. For my own part, I have brought my self to consider things in so unprejudiced a manner, that I esteem more a man who can live by the products of his Understanding, than one who does it by the favour of Great Men.

The zeal of an Author has transported me thus far, though I think my self as much concerned in the capacity of a Reader. If this practice goes on, we must never expect to see again a beautiful Edition of a book in *Great Britain*.

We have already seen the Memoirs of Sir *William Temple* published in the same character and volume with the History of *Tom Thumb*, and the works of our greatest Poets shrunk into Penny books and garlands. For my own part, I expect to see my *Lucubrations* printed on browner paper than they are at present; and, if the humour continues, must be forced to retrench my expensive way of living, and not smoke above two Pipes a day.

Sir Richard Steele joined in this Paper.

N^o 102. *Saturday, December 3. 1709.*

From my own Apartment, *December 3.*

A Continuation of the Vision.

THE Male World were dismissed by the *Goddeſs of Juſtice*, and diſappeared, when on a ſudden the whole Plain was covered with Women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unſpeakable pleaſure; and as the celeftial Light of the Mirror ſhone upon their faces, ſeveral of them ſeemed rather perſons that deſcended in the train of the Goddeſs, than ſuch who were brought before her to their Tryal. The clack of Tongues, and confuſion of Voices, in this new Aſſembly, was ſo very great, that the Goddeſs was forced to command Silence ſeveral times, and with ſome ſeverity, before ſhe could make them attentive