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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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No 123. Saturday, January 21. 1709.

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what the line was that gave this divine Heathen so much offence. If my memory fails me not, it was in the part of *Hippolitus*, who when he is pressed by an oath, which he had taken to keep silence, returned for answer, That he had taken the Oath with his Tongue, but not with his Heart. Had a person of a vicious character made such a Speech, it might have been allowed as a proper representation of the Baseness of his thoughts: But such an expression out of the mouth of the virtuous *Hippolitus*, was giving a sanction to falshood, and establishing perjury by a maxim.

Having got over all interruptions, I have set apart to morrow for the closing of my Vision.

N^o 123. Saturday, January 21. 1709.

*Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore.*

Hor.

From my own Apartment, January 20.

A Continuation of the Vision.

WITH much labour and difficulty I passed through the first part of my Vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the prospect of the three great Roads. I here joined my self to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the Standard of Ambition. The great Road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the *Temple of Virtue*. It was planted on each side with Lawrels, which were intermixed with marble Trophies, carved Pillars, and Statues of Lawgivers, Heroes, Statesmen, Philosophers, and Poets. The persons who travelled up this great Path, were such whose thoughts were bent upon doing eminent services to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each side of this great Road were several Paths, that were also laid out in straight lines, and ran parallel with it. These were most of them Covered walks, and received into them men of Retired virtue, who proposed to themselves the same end.

end of their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscurity. The Edifices at the extremity of the Walk were so contrived, that we could not see the *Temple of Honour* by reason of the *Temple of Virtue* which stood before it. At the gates of this Temple we were met by the Goddess of it, who conducted us into that of *Honour*, which was joined to the other Edifice by a beautiful triumphal Arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the Deity of the inner structure had received us, she presented us in a body to a Figure that was placed over the high Altar, and was the Emblem of *Eternity*. She sat on a Globe in the midst of a golden Zodiac, holding the figure of a Sun in one hand, and a Moon in the other. Her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us as we stood amidst the Sphere of Light which this Image cast on every side of it.

Having seen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of building that stood within view of the *Temple of Honour*, and was raised in imitation of it, upon the very same model; but at my approach to it, I found, that the stones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole Fabrick stood upon so weak a foundation, that it shook with every wind that blew. This was called the *Temple of Vanity*. The Goddess of it sat in the midst of a great many Tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than she would have done in open day-light. Her whole art, was to show her self more beautiful and majestick than she really was. For which reason, she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon her breast: But what I more particularly observed, was, the breadth of her Petticoat, which was made altogether in the fashion of a modern Fardingal. This place was filled with Hypocrites, Pedants, Free-thinkers, and prating Politicians; with a rabble of those who have only Titles to make them Great Men. Female votaries crowded the Temple, choaked up the Avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon the sea-shore. I made it my business in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the Walks which led to this Temple; for I met in it several who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company: But upon examination I found, that there were several paths which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked Turns and Windings, that those who travelled through them often turned their backs upon the *Temple of Virtue*, then crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little space, till the crooked

crooked path which they were engaged in again led them into the wood. The several Alleys of these wanderers had their particular ornaments: One of them I could not but take notice of in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to Politicks, which had at every turn the figure of a person, whom by the Inscription I found to be *Machiavel*, pointing out the way with an extended finger like a *Mercury*.

I was now returned in the same manner as before, with a design to observe carefully every thing that passed in the Region of *Avarice*, and the occurrences in that Assembly, which was made up of persons of my own Age. This Body of travellers had not gone far in the third great Road, before it led them insensibly into a deep valley, in which they journied several days with great toil and uneasiness, and without the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of Golden Sand: They often drank of this stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that though it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of precious Ore; for where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see in several parts of them veins of Gold, and rocks that looked like pure Silver. We were told, that the Deity of the place had forbid any of his Votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the Treasures they contained to any use, under pain of starving. At the end of the valley stood *The Temple of Avarice*, made after the manner of a Fortification, and surrounded with a thousand triple-headed Dogs, that were placed there to keep off Beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old woman who had called her self by the forged name of *Competency* offered her self for our guide. She carried under her garment a Golden Bough, which she no sooner held up in her hand, but the Dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred Iron doors, before we entered the Temple. At the upper end of it sat the God of *Avarice*, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance, enclosed with heaps of Ingots and Pyramids of money, but half naked and shivering with cold. On his right hand was a Fiend called *Rapine*, and on his left a particular favourite to whom he had given the Title of *Par-simony*. The first was his Collector, and the other his Cashier.

There were several long tables placed on each side of the Temple, with respective Officers attending behind them. Some of these I enquired into. At the first table was kept the Office of *Corruption*. Seeing

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a Solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand, with a Multiplication Table and an Almanack before him, which as I afterwards heard, was all the Learning he was master of. The Solieitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper or parchment, signed and sealed in form. The name of this dextrous and successful Solicitor was *Bribery*. At the next table was the Office of *Extortion*. Behind it sat a person in a bob-wig, counting over a great sum of money. He gave out little purses to several, who after a short tour, brought him in return, sacks full of the same kind of Coin. I saw at the same time a person called *Fraud*, who sat behind a Counter with false Scales, light Weights, and scanty Measures; by the skilful application of which Instruments, she had got together an immense heap of wealth. It would be endless to name the several Officers, or describe the Votaries that attended in this Temple. There were many Old men panting and breathless, reposing their heads on Bags of money; nay many of them actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions (which rendered their purses useles to them) only made them grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them, and with the other hand throwing away what they had seized, to Harlots, Flatterers, and Panders, that stood behind them.

On a sudden the whole Assembly fell a trembling, and upon enquiry, I found, that the great room we were in was haunted with a Spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction.

In the midst of their terror and amazement the Apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be *Poverty*. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this Phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the God of this loathsome Temple. The miserable Votaries of this place, were, I found, of another mind. Every one fancied himself threatned by the Apparition as she stalked about the room; and began to lock their Coffers, and tie their Bags, with the utmost fear and trembling.

I must confess, I look upon the Passion which I saw in this unhappy people to be of the same nature with those unaccountable Antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of Phrensy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the sight of so useful

ful and innocent a thing as water. The whole Assembly was surpris'd, when, instead of paying my devotions to the Deity whom they all ador'd, they saw me address my self to the Phantom.

“ Oh *Poverty!* (said I) my first Petition to thee is, That thou wouldst
 “ never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that
 “ thou wouldst not bear a Form more terrible than that in which thou
 “ appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats and menaces betray
 “ me to any thing that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears
 “ to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has de-
 “ served well of me. Let me not, for any fear of thee, desert my Friend,
 “ my Principles, or my Honour. If *Wealth* is to visit me, and to come
 “ with her usual attendants, *Vanity* and *Avarice*, do thou, Oh *Poverty!*
 “ hasten to my rescue; but bring along with thee the two Sisters, in
 “ whose company thou art always chearful, *Liberty* and *Innocence*.

The conclusion of this Vision must be deferred to another opportunity.

N^o 131. *Thursday, February 9. 1709.*

--- *Scelus est jugulare falernum,
 Et dare Campano toxica seva mero.*

Mart.

Sheer-Lane, February 8.

THere is in this City a certain fraternity of Chymical Operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind. These subterraneous Philosophers are daily employed in the Transmigration of Liquors, and, by the power of Magical Drugs and Incantations, raising under the streets of *London* the choicest products of the hills and valleys of *France*. They can squeeze *Bourdeaux* out of a *Sloe*, and draw *Champagne* from an *Apple*. *Virgil*, in that remarkable Prophecy,