



UNIVERSITÄTS-  
BIBLIOTHEK  
PADERBORN

## Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

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

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

No 155. Thursday, April 6. 1710.

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

---

N<sup>o</sup> 155. *Thursday, April 6. 1710.*

---

----- *Aliena negotia curat*  
*Excussus propriis.* -----

Hor.

---

*From my own Apartment, April 5.*

**T**HERE lived some years since within my neighbourhood a very grave person, an *Upholsterer*, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my enquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest *Newsmonger* in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the *Post-man*; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any *Dutch Mails* come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in *Poland* than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for *King Augustus's* welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a *Westerly* wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruine of his shop; for about the time that his favourite Prince left the *Crown of Poland*, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in *St. James's Park*, I heard some body at a distance hemming after me: And who should it be but my old neighbour the *Upholsterer*? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: For notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great Coat and a Muff, with a long Campaign-whig out of curl; to which he had added  
the

the ornament of a pair of black Garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, Whether the last Letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from *Bender*? I told him, None that I heard of; and asked him, Whether he had yet married his eldest Daughter? He told me, No. But pray, says he, tell me sincerely, What are your thoughts of the King of *Sweden*? (for though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great Monarch.) I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the first Heroes of the Age. But pray, says he, do you think there is any thing in the story of his wound? and finding me surprized at the question, Nay, says he, I only propose it to you. I answered, that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. But why in the Heel, says he, more than in any other part of the body? Because, says I, the bullet chanced to light there.

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the *North*; and after having spent some time on them, he told me, he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the *Supplement* with the *English-post*, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. The *Daily-courant*, says he, has these words, *We have advices from very good hands, that a certain Prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.* This is very mysterious; but the *Post-boy* leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us, *That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain Prince, which Time will bring to light.* Now the *Post-man*, says he, who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words; *The late conduct of a certain Prince affords great matter of speculation.* This certain Prince, says the Upholsterer, whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be——upon which, though there was no body near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the *Mall*, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the Bench. These I found were all of them Politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief Politician of the bench was a great asserter of Paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from *Muscovy*, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in

the Black sea, which might in time do hurt to the Naval Forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of *Europe*, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our Woollen Manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in these parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince *Menzikoff*, and the Dutches of *Mirandola*. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave our selves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born *Englishmen*, whether in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the *West-Indies*, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at Sea; and added, that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the *Leeward* Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the Geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of *Europe*, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of *Norway* and *Greenland*, provided the Northern Crowns hold together, and the Czar of *Muscovy* stand neuter.

He further told us for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of land about the Pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the *Roman* Catholick dominions in *Europe*.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the Upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present Negotiations of peace, in which he deposed Princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of *Europe*, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not been gone thirty yards, before the Upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the Bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him Half-a-Crown. In compassion to so needy a Statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleas'd, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of *Constantinople*; which he very readily accepted, but

but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of *Europe* now stand.

This Paper I design for the particular Benefit of those worthy Citizens who live more in a Coffee-house than in their Shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the Affairs of the Allies, that they forget their Customers.

N<sup>o</sup> 156. Saturday, April 8. 1710.

-----*Sequiturque Patrem non passibus equis.*

Virg.

*From my own Apartment, April 7.*

**W**E have already described out of *Homer* the voyage of *Ulysses* to the Infernal Shades, with the several adventures that attended it.

If we look into the beautiful Romance published not many years since by the Archbishop of *Cambray*, we may see the Son of *Ulysses* bound on the same expedition, and after the same manner making his discoveries among the Regions of the Dead. The story of *Telemachus* is formed altogether in the Spirit of *Homer*, and will give an unlearned Reader a notion of that great Poet's manner of writing, more than any Translation of him can possibly do. As it was written for the instruction of a young Prince, who may one day sit upon the Throne of *France*, the Author took care to suit the several parts of his story, and particularly the description we are now entering upon, to the character and quality of his Pupil. For which reason, he insists very much on the Misery of Bad, and the Happiness of Good Kings, in the account he hath given of punishments and rewards in the other world.

We may however observe, notwithstanding the endeavours of this great and learned Author, to copy after the Style and Sentiments of *Homer*, that there is a certain tincture of Christianity running through the whole relation. The Prelate in several places mixes himself with the Poet; so that his Future State puts me in mind of *Michael Angelo's* last

R r 2

Judg-