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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph London, 1721

No 229. Tuesday, September 26. 1710.

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" and Mother both in one. These are all the circumstances that I could bearn of Doctor Toung's Life, which might have given occasion to many obscene sictions: But as I know those would never have gained a place in your paper, I have not troubled you with any impertinence of that nature; having stuck to the truth very scrupulously, as I always do when I subscribe my felf,

SIR, Your, &c.

I shall add, as a Postscript to this Letter, that I am informed, the famous Saltero, who sells Cossee in his Museum at Chelsea, has by him a curiosity which helped the Doctor to carry on his Imposture, and will give great satisfaction to the curious Inquirer.

N° 229. Tuesday, September 26. 1710.

Quasitam meritis sume superbiam.

Hor.

From my own Apartment, September 25.

HE whole Creation preys upon it felf: Every living Creature is inhabited. A Flea has a thousand invisible Infects that teaze him as he jumps from place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon him. A very ordinary Microscope shows us, that a Louse is it felf a very lousie creature. A Whale, besides those Seas and Oceans in the several vessels of his body, which are filled with innumerable shoals of little Animals, carries about it a whole world of inhabitants; infomuch that, if we believe the calculations some have made, there are more living Creatures which are too small for the naked eye to behold about the Leviathan, than there are of visible Creatures upon the face of the whole Earth. Thus every nobler Creature is at it were the basis and support of multitudes that are his inferiors.

This confideration very much comforts me, when I think on those numberless Vermin that feed upon this paper, and find their fusienance out of it; I mean, the small Wits and Scribblers that every day turn a

Penny by nibbling at my Lucubrations. This has been so advantageous to this little species of writers, that, if they do me justice, I may expect to have my Statue erected in *Grub-street*, as being a common Benefactor

to that quarter.

They fay, when a Fox is very much troubled with Fleas, he goes into the next pool with a little lock of wool in his mouth, and keeps his body under water till the Vermin get into it, after which he quits the wool, and diving, leaves his tormentors to shift for themselves, and get their livelihood where they can. I would have these Gentlemen take care that I do not serve them after the same manner; for though I have hitherto kept my temper pretty well, it is not impossible but I may fome time or other disappear; and what will then become of them? Should I lay down my paper, what a famine would there be among the Hawkers, Printers, Bookfellers and Authors? it would be like Dr. B--s's dropping his Cloak, with the whole congregation hanging upon the Skirts of it. To enumerate some of these my doughty Antagonists, I was threatened to be answered weekly Tit for Tat: I was undermined by the Whisperer, haunted by Tom Brown's Ghost, scolded at by a Female Tatler, and slandered by another of the same character, under the title of Atalantis. I have been annotated, retattled, examined, and condoled: But it being my flanding maxim, Never to speak ill of the dead; I shall let these Authors rest in peace, and take great pleasure in thinking that I have fometimes been the means of their getting a belly-full. When I fee my felf thus furrounded by fuch formidable enemies, I often think of the Knight of the Red Cross in Sponcer's Den of Error, who after he has cut off the Dragon's head, and left it wallowing in a flood of Ink, fees a thousand monstrous Reptiles making their attempts upon him, one with many heads, another with none, and all of them without eyes.

The same so sore annoyed has the Knight,
That well nigh choaked with the deadly stink,
His forces fail, he can no longer fight;
Whose courage when the Fiend perceived to shrink,
She poured forth out of her hellish Sink
Her fruitful cursed spawn of Serpents small,
Deformed Monsters, foul, and black as Ink;
Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

notice I mean, the finall with and beribbles that every day thru a

As gentle Shepherd in sweet even-tide,
When ruddy Phoebus gins to welk in West,
High on an hill, his Flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best;
A cloud of combrous Gnats do him molest,
All striving to insix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

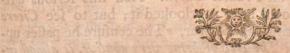
If ever I should want such a fry of little Authors to attend me, I shall think my paper in a very decaying condition. They are like Ivy about an Oak, which adorns the tree at the same time that it eats into it; or like a great man's Equipage, that do honour to the person on whom they feed. For my part, when I see my felf thus attacked, I do not consider my Antagonists as malicious, but hungry, and therefore am resolved never to take any notice of them.

As for those who detract from my labours without being prompted to it by an empty stomach, in return to their censures I shall take pains to excel, and never fail to perswade my self, that their enmity is nothing but

their envy or ignorance.

Give me leave to conclude, like an Old man and a Moralist, with a

The Owls, Bats, and feveral other birds of night, were one day got together in a thick shade, where they abused their Neighbours in a very so-ciable manner. This Satyr at last fell upon the Sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent, and inquisitive. Upon which the Sun, who overheard them, spoke to them after this manner: Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that you know could in an instant scorch you up, and burn every Mother's Son of you: But the only answer I shall give you, or the revenge I shall take of you, is, to shine on.



Thursday,