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In Four Volumes

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“ of you formerly fought Duels, of which I have reason to think you
 “ have repented, as being now settled in the peaceable state of Bench-
 “ ers. My advice to you is, only that in your Pleadings you are short
 “ and expressive: To which end you are to banish out of your Discourses
 “ all synonymous Terms, and unnecessary Multiplications of Verbs and
 “ Nouns. I do moreover forbid you the use of the words *also* and *like-
 “ wise*; and must further declare, That if I catch any one among you,
 “ upon any pretence whatsoever, using the particle *or*, I shall incessantly
 “ order him to be stripped of his Gown, and thrown over the Bar.

This is a true Copy,

Charles Lillie.

N. B. The sequel of the Proceedings of this day will be published
 on *Tuesday* next.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

N^o 254. *Thursday, November 23. 1710.*

Splendide mendax.-----

Hor.

From my own Apartment, November 22.

THERE are no Books which I more delight in than in Travels,
 especially those that describe remote Countries, and give the
 writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any
 danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the Authors of
 this kind, our renowned Country-man Sir *John Mandeville* has distin-
 guished himself by the Copiousness of his Invention, and Greatness of his
 Genius. The second to Sir *John* I take to have been *Ferdinand Men-
 dez Pinto*, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination.
 One reads the Voyages of these two Great Wits with as much astonish-
 ment as the Travels of *Ulysses* in *Homer*, or of the *Red-Cross Knight* in
Spenser. All is Enchanted Ground, and Fairy Land.

Bbb 2

I

I have got into my hands by great chance several Manuscripts of these two eminent Authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the publick; and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think, the ingenious Authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: A caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the publick a present of these curious pieces at such times as I shall find my self unprovided with other subjects.

The present Paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir *John's* Journal, in which that learned and worthy Knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short Speeches which he made in the Territories of *Nova Zembla*. I need not inform my Reader, that the Author of *Hudibras* alludes to this strange Quality in that cold Climate, when, speaking of abstracted Notions cloathed in a visible Shape, he adds that apt Simile,

Like words congeal'd in Northern Air.

Not to keep my Reader any longer in suspense, the relation put into modern Language is as follows:

We were separated by a storm in the Latitude of 73, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a *Dutch* and a *French* vessel, got safe into a creek of *Nova Zembla*. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and store our selves with provisions. The Crew of each vessel made themselves a Cabin of Turf and Wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the Inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air, than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a Seaman, that could hail a ship at a league distance, beckoning with

with his hands, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

—*Nec vox, nec verba, sequuntur.*

We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our Cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so frequently in the *English* Tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our Cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard every thing that had been *spoken* during the whole three weeks that we had been *silent*, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprize, I heard some body say, *Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's Crew to go to bed.* This I knew to be the Pilot's voice, and upon recollecting my self, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My Reader will easily imagine how the whole Crew was amazed, to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprize we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the Boatwain, who was a very cholerick fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the Strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies when I got him on ship-board.

I must not omit the names of several beauties in *Wapping*, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as, *Dear Kate! Pretty Mrs. Peggy!* When shall I see my *Sue* again? this betrayed several amours which had been concealed till that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to *England*.

When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a
visit

visit to the *Dutch* Cabin, which lay about a mile further up into the country. My Crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done:

— *Et timide verba intermissa retentat.*

At about half a mile's distance from our Cabin, we heard the groanings of a Bear, which at first startled us; but upon enquiry we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in Salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a Fox.

We at length arrived at the little *Dutch* Settlement, and upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of Brandy, and several other unfavoury sounds that were altogether inarticulate. My Valet, who was an *Irishman*, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his Sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word till about half an hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that Language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the *French* Cabin, who, to make amends for their three weeks Silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than ever I heard in an Assembly even of that Nation. Their Language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an Error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the Sound, it was necessary for it to be wapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath; but I found my mistake, when I heard the sound of a Kit playing minuit over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me, that it would play there above a week longer if the thaw continued; for, says he, finding our selves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had this Musical Instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our Chagrin, *et tuer le temps.*

Here Sir *Joba* gives very good Philosophical Reasons, why the Kit could be heard during the frost; but as they are something Prolix, I

pass

pass over them in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable Author seems, by his Quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient Poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of Historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

N^o 255. *Saturday, November 25. 1710.*

-----*Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
Labentem pietas nec Apollinis insula texit.* Virg.

From my own Apartment, November 24.

To the Censor of Great Britain.

SIR,

I AM at present under very great difficulties, which it is not in the power of any one, besides your self, to redress. Whether or no you shall think it a proper case to come before your Court of Honour, I cannot tell; but thus it is: I am Chaplain to an honourable family, very regular at the hours of devotion, and I hope of an unblameable life; but for not offering to rise at second course, I found my Patron and his Lady very sullen and out of humour, though at first I did not know the reason of it. At length, when I happened to help my self to a Jelly, the Lady of the house, otherwise a devout Woman, told me, That it did not become a man of my Cloth to delight in such frivolous food: But as I still continued to sit out the last Course, I was yesterday informed by the Butler, that his Lordship had no further occasion for my Service. All which is humbly submitted to your consideration, by,

SIR, Your most Humble Servant, &c.

The case of this Gentleman deserves pity, especially if he loves Sweetmeats, to which, if I may guess by his Letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time, I have often wondered at the Indecency of discarding the holiest