



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

No 69. Saturday, May 19.

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

N° 69. Saturday, May 19.

*Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:
 Arborei foetus alibi, atque injussa virescunt
 Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
 India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi?
 At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus
 Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
 Continuo has leges æternaque foedera certis
 Imposuit natura locis-----*

Virg.

THERE is no place in the Town which I so much love to frequent as the *Royal Exchange*. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an *Englishman*, to see so rich an assembly of country-men and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of *Emporium* for the whole Earth. I must confess I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their Representatives. Factors in the trading world are what Ambassadors are in the politick world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of *Japan* and an Alderman of *London*, or to see a subject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a league with one of the *Czar* of *Muscovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages: sometimes I am justified among a body of *Armenians*: sometimes I am lost in a crowd of *Jews*; and sometimes make one in a groupe of *Dutchmen*. I am a *Dane*, *Swede*, or *Frenchman* at different times; or rather fancy my self like

like the old Philosopher, who upon being asked what country-man he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busie multitude of people, I am known to no body there but my friend Sir ANDREW, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of *Egypt*, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to *Grand Cairo*; but as I am not versed in the modern *Coptick*, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many publick solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stoln down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the publick stock; or in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffick among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependance upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every *Degree* produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the products of *Barbadoes*: the infusion of a *China* plant sweetned with the pith of an *Indian* cane. The *Philippick* Islands give a flavour to our *European* bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the Earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid Zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of *Peru*, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of *Indostan*.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of Earth falls to our share! Natural Historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pignutts,

nutts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of it self and without the assistances of art, can make no further advances towards a plumb than to a floe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our *English* gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffick more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every Climate; our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines; our rooms are filled with Pyramids of *China*, and adorned with the workmanship of *Japan*: our morning's-draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the Earth: we repair our bodies by the drugs of *America*, and repose our selves under *Indian* canopies. My friend Sir ANDREW calls the vineyards of *France* our gardens: the spice-Islands our hot-beds: the *Persians* our silk-weavers, and the *Chinese* our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life, but traffick gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of *Britain*, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the Tropicks.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, and wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our *English* merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wooll for rubies. The *Mahometans* are cloathed in our *British* manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the *Change*, I have often fancied one of our old Kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprized to hear all the languages of *Europe* spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been
the

the Vassals of some powerful Baron, negotiating like Princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the *British* territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire: It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed Estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other Estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

N^o 70.

Monday, May 21.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.

Hor.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the Songs and Fables that are come from Father to Son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratifie the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with admirers amongst Readers of all qualities and conditions. *Moliere*, as we are told by *Monsieur Boileau*, used to read all his Comedies to an old woman who was his House-keeper, as she sat with him at her work by the chimney-corner; and could foretel the success of his Play in the Theatre, from the reception it met at his fire-side: for he tells us the Audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothick manner in writing, than this; the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful Authors and writers of Epigram. *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Milton*, so far as the Language of their Poems is understood, will please a Reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an Epigram of *Martial*, or a Poem of *Cowley*: So, on the contrary, an ordinary Song

or