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

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

N° 205. Thursday, October 25.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53621](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53621)

“tinual uneasiness in my mind, fearing I shall in time want bread; my  
 “father, if I may so call him, giving me but very faint assurances of do-  
 “ing any thing for me.

“I have hitherto lived somewhat like a gentleman, and it would be  
 “very hard for me to labour for my living. I am in continual anxiety  
 “for my future fortune, and under a great unhappiness in losing the sweet  
 “conversation and friendly advice of my parents; so that I cannot look  
 “upon my self otherwise than as a monster strangely sprung up in nature,  
 “which every one is ashamed to own.

“I am thought to be a man of some natural parts, and by the conti-  
 “nual reading what you have offered the world, become an admirer  
 “thereof, which has drawn me to make this confession; at the same  
 “time hoping, if any thing herein shall touch you with a sense of pity,  
 “you would then allow me the favour of your opinion thereupon; as  
 “also what part I, being unlawfully born, may claim of the man’s affecti-  
 “on who begot me, and how far in your opinion I am to be thought  
 “his son, or he acknowledged as my father. Your sentiments and ad-  
 “vice herein will be a great consolation and satisfaction to,

S I R, Your Admirer and

Humble Servant, W. B.

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N<sup>o</sup> 205. Thursday, October 25.

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*Decipimur specie recti-----*

Hor.

**W**HEN I meet with any vicious character that is not generally  
 known, in order to prevent its doing mischief, I draw it at  
 length, and set it up as a scare-crow; by which means I do not  
 only make an example of the person to whom it belongs, but give warn-  
 ing to all her Majesty’s subjects, that they may not suffer by it. Thus,  
 to change the allusion, I have marked out several of the shoals and quick-  
 sands of life, and am continually employed in discovering those which are  
 still concealed, in order to keep the ignorant and unwary from running  
 upon

upon them. It is with this intention that I publish the following letter, which brings to light some secrets of this nature.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ THERE are none of your Speculations which I read over with  
“ greater delight, than those which are designed for the improve-  
“ ment of our sex. You have endeavoured to correct our unreasonable  
“ fears and superstitions, in your seventh and twelfth papers; our fancy  
“ for equipage, in your fifteenth; our love of puppet shows, in your  
“ thirty first; our notions of beauty, in your thirty third; our inclinati-  
“ on for romances, in your thirty seventh; our passion for *French* foppe-  
“ ries, in your forty fifth; our manhood and party-zeal, in your fifty  
“ seventh; our abuse of dancing, in your sixty sixth and sixty seventh;  
“ our levity, in your hundred and twenty eighth; our love of coxcombs,  
“ in your hundred and fifty fourth, and hundred and fifty seventh; our  
“ tyranny over the henpeckt, in your hundred and seventy sixth. You  
“ have described the *Pitt* in your forty first; the Idol, in your seventy  
“ third; the Demurrer, in your eighty ninth; the Salamander, in your  
“ hundred and ninety eighth. You have likewise taken to pieces our  
“ dress, and represented to us the extravagances we are often guilty of  
“ in that particular. You have fallen upon our patches, in your fiftieth  
“ and eighty first; our commodes, in your ninety eighth; our fans in  
“ your hundred and second; our riding habits, in your hundred and  
“ fourth; our hoop-petticoats, in your hundred and twenty seventh;  
“ besides a great many little blemishes, which you have touched upon  
“ in your several other papers, and in those many letters that are scatte-  
“ red up and down your works. At the same time we must own, that  
“ the compliments you pay our sex are innumerable, and that those ve-  
“ ry faults which you represent in us, are neither black in themselves,  
“ nor, as you own, universal among us. But, Sir, it is plain that these  
“ your discourses are calculated for none but the fashionable part of wo-  
“ mankind, and for the use of those who are rather indiscreet than vici-  
“ ous. But, Sir, there is a sort of prostitutes in the lower part of our  
“ sex, who are a scandal to us, and very well deserve to fall under your  
“ censure. I know it would debase your paper too much to enter into  
“ the behaviour of these female libertines; but as your remarks on some  
“ part of it would be a doing of justice to several women of virtue and  
“ honour, whose reputations suffer by it, I hope you will not think it  
“ improper to give the publick some accounts of this nature. You must  
Vol. III. Z “ know,

“ know, Sir, I am provoked to write you this letter by the behaviour  
 “ of an infamous woman, who having passed her youth in a most shame-  
 “ less state of prostitution, is now one of those who gain their Livelihood  
 “ by seducing others, that are younger than themselves, and by establish-  
 “ ing a criminal commerce between the two sexes. Among several of  
 “ her artifices to get money, she frequently perswades a vain young fel-  
 “ low, that such a woman of quality, or such a celebrated toast, enter-  
 “ tains a secret passion for him, and wants nothing but an opportunity  
 “ of revealing it: nay, she has gone so far as to write letters in the  
 “ name of a woman of figure, to borrow money of one of these foolish  
 “ *Roderigo's*, which she has afterwards appropriated to her own use. In  
 “ the mean time, the person who has lent the money, has thought a La-  
 “ dy under obligations to him, who scarce knew his name; and wondered  
 “ at her ingratitude when he has been with her, that she has not owned  
 “ the favour, though at the same time he was too much a man of honour  
 “ to put her in mind of it.

“ When this abandoned baggage meets with a man who has vanity  
 “ enough to give credit to relations of this nature, she turns him to a  
 “ very good account, by repeating praises that were never uttered, and  
 “ delivering messages that were never sent. As the house of this shame-  
 “ less creature is frequented by several foreigners, I have heard of another  
 “ artifice, out of which she often raises money. The foreigner sighs  
 “ after some *British* beauty, whom he only knows by fame: upon which  
 “ she promises, if he can be secret, to procure him a meeting. The  
 “ stranger, ravished at his good fortune, gives her a present, and in a  
 “ little time is introduced to some imaginary title; for you must know  
 “ that this cunning purveyor has her representatives, upon this occasion,  
 “ of some of the finest Ladies in the kingdom. By this means, as I am  
 “ informed, it is usual enough to meet with a *German* Count in foreign  
 “ countries, that shall make his boasts of favours he has received from  
 “ women of the highest ranks, and the most unblemished characters.  
 “ Now, Sir, what safety is there for a woman's reputation, when a Lady  
 “ may be thus prostituted as it were by proxy, and be reputed an unchaste  
 “ woman; as the Hero in the ninth book of *Dryden's Virgil* is looked  
 “ upon as a coward, because the phantom which appeared in his likeness  
 “ ran away from *Turnus*? You may depend upon what I relate to you  
 “ to be matter of fact, and the practice of more than one of these female  
 “ panders. If you print this letter, I may give you some further accounts  
 “ of this vicious race of women.

Your humble Servant, Belvidera.

I shall add two other letters on different subjects to fill up my paper.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ I Am a country clergy-man, and hope you will lend me your assist-  
“ ance, in ridiculing some little indecencies which cannot so pro-  
“ perly be exposed from the pulpit.

“ A widow Lady, who straggled this summer from *London* into my  
“ parish for the benefit of the air, as she says, appears every *Sunday* at  
“ Church with many fashionable extravagancies, to the great astonishment  
“ of my congregation.

“ But what gives us the most offence is her theatrical manner of sing-  
“ ing the psalms. She introduces above fifty *Italian* airs into the hun-  
“ dredth psalm, and whilst we begin *All People* in the old solemn tune  
“ of our fore-fathers, she in a quite different key runs divisions on the  
“ vowels, and adorns them with the graces of *Nicolini*; if she meets  
“ with eke or aye, which are frequent in the metre of *Hopkins* and  
“ *Sternbold*, we are certain to hear her quavering them half a minute  
“ after us to some sprightly airs of the opera.

“ I am very far from being an enemy to church music; but fear this  
“ abuse of it may make my parish ridiculous, who already look on the  
“ singing psalms as an entertainment, and not part of their devotion:  
“ Besides, I am apprehensive that the infection may spread, for Squire  
“ *Squeekum*, who by his voice seems (if I may use the expression) to be  
“ cut out for an *Italian* singer, was last *Sunday* practising the same airs.

“ I know the Lady's principles, and that she will plead the toleration,  
“ which (as she fancies) allows her non-conformity in this particular;  
“ but I beg you to acquaint her, that singing the psalms in a different  
“ tune from the rest of the congregation, is a sort of schism not tolerated  
“ by that act.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant, R. S.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ I N your paper upon Temperance, you prescribe to us a rule for drink-  
“ ing, out of Sir *William Temple*, in the following words; *the*  
“ *first glass for my self, the second for my friends, the third for good hu-*  
“ *mour, and the fourth for mine enemies.* Now, Sir, you must know  
“ that I have read this your *Spectator* in a club whereof I am a member;  
“ when our President told us there was certainly an error in the print,

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and

“ and that the word *Glass* should be *Bottle*; and therefore has ordered  
 “ me to inform you of this mistake, and to desire you to publish the  
 “ following *errata*: In the paper of *Saturday, October 13, Col. 3, Line*  
 “ 11, for *Glass* read *Bottle*.

*Yours, Robin Good-fellow.*

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N° 207. *Saturday, October 27.*

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*Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt à Gadibus usque  
 Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt  
 Vera bona, atque illis multùm diversa, remotâ  
 Erroris nebulâ-----*

*Juv.*

**I**N my last *Saturday's* paper I laid down some thoughts upon Devotion in general, and shall here shew what were the notions of the most refined heathens on this subject, as they are represented in *Plato's* dialogue upon prayer, entitled, *Alcibiades the Second*, which doubtless gave occasion to *Juvenal's* tenth Satyr, and to the second Satyr of *Perfius*; as the last of these Authors has almost transcribed the preceding dialogue, entitled, *Alcibiades the First*, in his fourth Satyr.

The Speakers in this dialogue upon prayer, are *Socrates* and *Alcibiades*; and the substance of it (when drawn together out of the intricacies and digressions) as follows.

*Socrates* meeting his Pupil *Alcibiades*, as he was going to his devotions, and observing his eyes to be fixed upon the earth with great seriousness and attention, tells him, that he had reason to be thoughtful on that occasion, since it was possible for a man to bring down evils upon himself by his own prayers, and that those things which the gods send him in answer to his petitions might turn to his destruction: this, says he, may not only happen when a man prays for what he knows is mischievous in its own nature, as *Oedipus* implored the gods to sow dissension between his sons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his good, and against what he believes would be to his detriment. This the Philosopher