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

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

N° 317. Tuesday, March 4.

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is daily employed in throwing darts, and kindling flames. But as for widows, they are such a subtle generation of people, that they may be left to their own conduct; or if they make a false step in it, they are answerable for it to no body but themselves. The young innocent creatures who have no knowledge and experience of the world, are those whose safety I would principally consult in this speculation. The stealing of such an one should, in my opinion, be as punishable as a rape. Where there is no judgment, there is no choice; and why the inveigling a woman before she is come to years of discretion, should not be as criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten years old, I am at a loss to comprehend.

N<sup>o</sup> 317. Tuesday, March 4.

—fruges consumere nati.

Hor.

**A**UGUSTUS, a few moments before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, *Let me then, says he, go off the stage with your applause;* using the expression with which the Roman Actors made their *Exit* at the conclusion of a Dramatic piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them: whether it was worth coming into the world for, whether it be suitable to a reasonable Being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant, or buffoon, the satyrift, or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it will redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in *England* eat better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friend into ridicule, that no body out-did him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and

G g 2

Elogi-



Elogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembred a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the Commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significancy to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity, than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent *French* Author speaks somewhere to the following purpose: I have often seen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance, and endowed with reason. These two intellectual Beings are employed from morning to night, in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phrase it, in polishing marble.

My friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen, who died a few days since. This honest man being of greater consequence in his own thoughts, than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir ANDREW shewed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my Reader with a faithful copy of it; after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

MONDAY, *eight a clock.* I put on my cloaths and walked into the parlour.

*Nine a clock ditto.* Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

*Hours ten, eleven and twelve.* Smoked three pipes of *Virginia*. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the north. Mr. *Nisby's* opinion thereupon.

*One a clock in the afternoon.* Chid *Ralph* for mislaying my tobacco-box.

*Two a clock.* Sate down to dinner. *Mem.* Too many plumbs, and no fewet.

*From three to four.* Took my afternoon's nap.

*From four to six.* Walked into the fields. Wind, S. S. E.

*From*



*From six to ten.* At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.  
*Ten a clock.* Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *eight a clock.* Rose as usual.

*Nine a clock.* Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double soled shoes.

*Ten, eleven, twelve.* Took a walk to *Islington*.

*One.* Took a pot of mother *Cob's* mild.

*Between two and three.* Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.

*Three.* Nap as usual

*From four to six.* Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizier frangled.

*From six to ten.* At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the great Turk.

*Ten.* Dream of the grand Vizier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *eight a clock.* Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands but not face.

*Nine.* Paid off the Butcher's bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

*Ten, eleven.* At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black whig asked me how stocks went.

*From twelve to one.* Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

*From one to two.* Smoked a pipe and a half.

*Two.* Dined as usual. Stomach good.

*Three.* Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

*From four to six.* At the coffee-house. Advice from *Smyrna*, that the grand Vizier was first of all frangled, and afterwards beheaded.

*Six a clock in the evening.* Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion that the grand Vizier was not frangled the sixth instant.

*Ten at night.* Went to bed. Slept without waking till nine next morning.

THURSDAY, *nine a clock.* Staid within till two a clock for Sir *Timothy*. Who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

*Two in the afternoon.* Sate down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small beer fowr. Beef overcorned.

*Three.*



*Three.* Could not take my nap.

*Four and five.* Gave *Ralph* a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a message to *Sir Timothy*. *Mem.* I did not go to the club to night. Went to bed at nine a clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in Meditation upon *Sir Timothy*, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

*Twelve a clock.* Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

*Two and three.* Dined, and slept well.

*From four to six.* Went to the coffee-house. Met *Mr. Nisby* there. Smoked several pipes. *Mr. Nisby* of opinion that laced Coffee is bad for the head.

*Six a clock.* At the club as Steward. Sat late.

*Twelve a clock.* Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small-beer with the grand Vizer.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

*Twelve.* Caught in a shower.

*One in the afternoon.* Returned home, and dryed my self.

*Two.* *Mr. Nisby* dined with me. First course marrow-bones, second Ox cheek, with a bottle of *Brooks* and *Hellier*.

*Three a clock.* Overslept my self.

*Six.* Went to the club. Like to have fall'n into a gutter. Grand Vizier certainly dead. *Sc.*

I question not, but the Reader will be surprized to find the above-mentioned journalift taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements; and yet, if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time, who is not engaged in publick affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing ones self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise, or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my Readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting



ting down punctually their whole series of employments, during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

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N<sup>o</sup> 323. *Tuesday, March 11.*

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----- *Modo vir, modo femina* -----

Virg.

**T**HE Journal with which I presented my Reader on *Tuesday* last, has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the *Rake's Journal*, the *Sot's Journal*, the *Whore-master's Journal*, and among several others a very curious piece, entitled, *The Journal of a Mobeck*. By these instances I find that the intention of my last *Tuesday's* paper has been mistaken by many of my Readers. I did not design so much to expose Vice as Idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifles and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my Journal only holds up folly to the light, and shews the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls her self *Clarinda*, is such a Journalist as I require: she seems by her Letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her Journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my correspondent.

Dear