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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.

N^o 323. *Tuesday, March 11.*

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

Virg.

THE 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

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ YOU having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week’s
 “ papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and
 “ herewith fend it you enclosed. You must know, Mr. SPECTATOR,
 “ that I am a maiden Lady of a good fortune, who have had several
 “ matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present
 “ warm applications made to me by a very pretty fellow. As I am at
 “ my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time
 “ in it after the manner you will find in the following Journal, which I
 “ began to write upon the very day after your *Spectator* upon that subject.

TUESDAY Night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my Journal.

WEDNESDAY. *From eight till ten.* Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read the *Spectator*.

From eleven to one. At my toilette, try’d a new head. Gave orders for *Veny* to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the *Change*. Cheapned a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. *Mem.* Mr. *Froth* passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed, paid a visit to old Lady *Blithe* and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At ballet. *Mem.* Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY. *From eleven at night to eight in the morning.* Dreamed that I punted to Mr. *Froth*.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in *Aurenzebe* a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow Lady *Faddle’s* *Cupid* for *Veny*. Read the play-bills. Received a letter from Mr. *Froth*. *Mem.* Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. *Fontange*, the tire-woman, her account of my Lady *Blithe’s* wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent *Frank* to know how my Lady *Hectick* rested after her monkey’s leaping out at window. Looked pale. *Fontange* tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. *Froth's* opinion of *Milton*. His account of the *Mobocks*. His fancy for a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady *Faddle* promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve a clock at night. Went to bed.

FRIDAY. *Eight in the morning.* A bed. Read over all Mr. *Froth's* letters. *Cupid* and *Veny*.

Ten a clock. Stay'd within all day, not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbands. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut my self up in my chamber, practis'd Lady *Betty Modely's* skuttle.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet-leaf in it. Eyes aked and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of *Aurenzebe*.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs *Spitely* at home. Conversation: Mrs. *Brillant's* necklace false stones. Old Lady *Loveday* going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss *Prue* gone into the country. *Tom Townley* has red hair. Mem. Mrs. *Spitely* whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. *Froth*, I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. *Froth* lay at my feet, and called me *Indamora*.

SATURDAY. Rose at eight a clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chappel. A great deal of good company. Mem. The third air in the new opera. Lady *Blithe* dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Mrs. *Kitty* called upon me to go to the Opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to *Veny*.

Six a clock. Went to the Opera. I did not see Mr. *Froth* till the beginning of the second act. Mr. *Froth* talked to a gentleman in a black

wig. Bowed to a Lady in the front box. Mr. *Froth* and his friend clapped *Nicolini* in the third Act. Mr. *Froth* cried out *Ancora*. Mr. *Froth* led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought *Nicolini* said he was Mr. *Froth*.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. *Eight a clock.* Walked by Miss *Kitty*. *Aurenzebe* lay upon the chair by me. *Kitty* repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobbs to the dumb man, according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a *G. Mem.* The Conjuror was within a letter of Mr. *Froth's* name, &c.

“ Upon looking back into this my Journal, I find that I am at a loss to
 “ know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of
 “ considering how I did it, before I perused your Speculation upon that
 “ subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can tho-
 “ roughly approve of, except the working upon the violet-leaf, which I
 “ am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. *Froth*
 “ and *Veny*, I did not think they took up so much of my time and
 “ thoughts, as I find they do upon my Journal. The latter of them I will
 “ turn off if you insist upon it; and if Mr. *Froth* does not bring matters
 “ to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a
 “ dream.

Your Humble Servant, Clarinda.

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm *Clarinda* in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir *Philip Sidney's* sister, a Lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of *Clarinda*. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon the quotation.

On the Countess Dowager of *Pembroke*.

Underneath this marble hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
 Death, e'er thou hast kill'd another,
 Fair and learn'd, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Tuesday,