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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

No 106. Monday, July 13.

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There are at *Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome*, and many other large towns, great hospitals built like our colleges. In the walls of these hospitals are placed machines, in the shape of large lanthorns, with a little door in the side of them turned towards the street, and a bell hanging by them. The child is deposited in this lanthorn, which is immediately turned about into the inside of the hospital. The person who conveys the child rings the bell and leaves it there, upon which the proper Officer comes and receives it without making further enquiries. The parent or her friend, who lays the child there, generally leaves a note with it, declaring whether it be yet christened, the name it should be called by, the particular marks upon it, and the like.

It often happens that the parent leaves a note for the maintenance and education of the child, or takes it out after it has been some years in the hospital. Nay, it has been known that the father has afterwards owned the young foundling for his son, or left his estate to him. This is certain, that many are by this means preserved, and do signal services to their country, who without such a provision might have perished as abortives, or have come to an untimely end, and perhaps have brought upon their guilty parents the like destruction.

This I think is a subject that deserves our most serious consideration, for which reason I hope I shall not be thought impertinent in laying it before my Readers.

N^o 106. *Monday, July 13.*

Quod latet arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ.

Perf.

AS I was making up my *Monday's* provision for the public, I received the following Letter, which being a better entertainment than any I can furnish out my self, I shall set before the Reader, and desire him to fall on without further ceremony.

S I R,

S I R,

“ YOUR two kinsmen and predeceffors of immortal memory, were
 “ very famous for their dreams and vifions, and contrary to all
 “ other Authors never pleased their Readers more than when they were
 “ nodding. Now it is obferved, that the *Second-fight* generally runs in
 “ the blood; and, Sir, we are in hopes that you your felf, like the reft
 “ of your family, may at length prove a dreamer of dreams, and a feer
 “ of vifions. In the mean while I beg leave to make you a prefent of a
 “ dream, which may ferve to lull your Readers till fuch time as you
 “ your felf fhall think fit to gratifie the public with any of your nocturnal
 “ difcoveries.

“ You muft underftand, Sir, I had yefterday been reading and rumi-
 “ nating upon that paffage where *Momus* is faid to have found fault with
 “ the make of a man, becaufe he had not a window in his breaft. The
 “ moral of this ftory is very obvious, and means no more than that the
 “ heart of man is fo full of wiles and artifices, treachery and deceit, that
 “ there is no gueffing at what he is from his fpeeches and outward ap-
 “ pearances. I was immediately reflecting how happy each of the fexes
 “ would be, if there was a window in the breaft of every one that makes
 “ or receives love. What proteftations and perjuries would be faved on
 “ the one fide, what hypocrifie and diffimulation on the other? I am my
 “ felf very far gone in this paffion for *Aurelia*, a woman of an unfearch-
 “ able heart. I would give the world to know the fecrets of it, and
 “ particularly whether I am really in her good graces, or if not, who is
 “ the happy perfon.

“ I fell afleep in this agreeable reverie, when on a fudden methought
 “ *Aurelia* lay by my fide. I was placed by her in the pofture of *Milton's*
 “ *Adam*, and *with looks of cordial love hung over her enamour'd*. As I
 “ caft my eye upon her bofom, it appeared to be all of cryftal, and fo
 “ wonderfully transparent, that I faw every thought in her heart. The
 “ firft images I difcovered in it were fans, filks, ribbands, laces, and many
 “ other gewgaws, which lay fo thick together, that the whole heart was
 “ nothing elie but a toy-shop. Thefe all faded away and vanifhed, when
 “ immediately I difcerned a long train of coaches and fix, equipages and
 “ liveries that ran through the heart one after another in very great hur-
 “ ry for above half an hour together. After this, looking very attentively,
 “ I obferved the whole fpace to be filled with a hand of cards, in which
 “ I could fee diftinctly three mattadors. There then followed a quick
 “ fucceffion of different fcenes. A Play-houfe, a Church, a Court, a

" Poppet-show, rose up one after another, till at last they all of them
 " gave place to a pair of new shoes, which kept footing in the heart for
 " a whole hour. These were driven off at last by a lap-dog, who was
 " succeeded by a *Guiney* pig, a squirrel and a monkey. I my self, to my
 " no small joy, brought up the rear of these worthy favourites. I was
 " ravished at being so happily posted and in full possession of the heart:
 " but as I saw the little figure of my self simpering, and mightily pleased
 " with its situation, on a sudden the heart methought gave a sigh, in
 " which, as I found afterwards, my little representative vanished; for up-
 " on applying my eye I found my place taken up by an ill-bred, awkward
 " puppy, with a money-bag under each arm. This Gentleman, however,
 " did not keep his station long before he yielded it up to a wight as dis-
 " agreeable as himself, with a white stick in his hand. These three last
 " figures represented to me in a lively manner the conflicts in *Aurelia's*
 " heart between Love, Avarice and Ambition. For we jostled one ano-
 " ther out by turns, and disputed the point for a great while. But at
 " last, to my unspeakable satisfaction, I saw my self entirely settled in it.
 " I was so transported with my success, that I could not forbear hugging
 " my dear piece of crystal, when to my unspeakable mortification I a-
 " waked, and found my mistress metamorphosed into a pillow.

" This is not the first time I have been thus disappointed.

" O venerable NESTOR, if you have any skill in dreams, let me know
 " whether I have the same place in the real heart, that I had in the vi-
 " sionary one: to tell you truly, I am perplexed to death between hope
 " and fear. I was very sanguine till eleven a-clock this morning, when
 " I over-heard an unlucky old woman telling her neighbour that dreams
 " always went by contraries. I did not indeed before much like the
 " crystal heart, remembering that confounded simile in *Valentinian*, of
 " a maid *as cold as crystal never to be thaw'd*. Besides, I verily believe
 " if I had slept a little longer, that awkward whelp with his money bags
 " would certainly have made his second entrance. If you can tell the
 " fair one's mind, it will be no small proof of your art, for I dare say it
 " is more than the her self can do. Every sentence she speaks is a riddle,
 " all that I can be certain of is, that I am her and

Your humble Servant,

Peter Puzzle.

Tuesday,