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In Four Volumes

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chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing my self. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below her self; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any man under a Baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy Citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt to the richest man upon the Change in a coach and six. She pretended, that our family was nearly related by the mother's side to half a dozen Peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a secret among our selves. A little before her death she was reciting to me the history of my fore-fathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir *Gilbert Ironside*, who had a horse shot under him at *Edghill* fight, I gave an unfortunate *Pish*, and asked, *What was all this to me?* upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister *Margaret*, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the *Ironsides*, with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a Spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the *Ironsides*—— After which follows the Genealogy drawn up by her own hand.

 N^o 138.

Wednesday, August 19.

Incenditque animum famæ venientis amore.

 Virg.

THERE is nothing which I study so much in the course of these my daily dissertations as variety. By this means every one of my Readers is sure some time or other to find a subject that pleases him, and almost every paper has some particular sett of men for its advocates. Instead of seeing the number of my papers every day encreasing, they would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did not I take care to keep up the appetite of my guests, and quicken it from time to time by something

something new and unexpected. In short, I endeavour to treat my Reader in the same manner as *Eve* does the Angel in that beautiful description of *Milton*.

*So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to chuse for delicacy best.
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change.
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother yields,
In India east or west, or middle shore,
In Pontus or the Punick coast, or where
Alcinous reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rined, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand——*

Fifth Book.

If by this method I can furnish out a *splendida farrago*, according to the compliment lately paid me in a fine Poem published among the exercises of the last *Oxford* act, I have gained the end which I propose to myself.

In my yesterday's paper, I show'd how the actions of our ancestors and forefathers should excite us to every thing that is great and virtuous; I shall here observe, that a regard to our posterity, and those who are to descend from us, ought to have the same kind of influence on a generous mind. A noble soul would rather die than commit an action that shou'd make his children blush when he is in his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to those who shall live a hundred years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleasing thought to a man of eminence, than to consider that his posterity, who lie many removes from him, shall make their boast of his virtues, and be honoured for his sake.

VIRGIL represents this consideration as an incentive of glory to *Aeneas*, when after having shown him the race of Heroes who were to descend from him, *Anchises* adds with a noble warmth,

Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?

*And doubt we yet thro' dangers to pursue
The paths of honour?——*

Mr. Dryden.

Since

Since I have mentioned this passage in *Virgil*, where *Æneas* was entertained with the view of his great descendants, I cannot forbear observing a particular beauty, which I do not know that any one has taken notice of. The list which he has there drawn up was in general to do honour to the *Roman* name, but more particularly to compliment *Augustus*. For this reason *Anchises*, who shows *Æneas* most of the rest of his descendants in the same order that they were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the sake of *Augustus*, whom he singles out immediately after having mentioned *Romulus*, as the most illustrious person who was to rise in that empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to describe his posterity raised to the utmost pitch of glory, and therefore passes over all the rest to come at this great man, whom by this means he implicitly represents as making the most conspicuous figure among them. By this artifice the Poet did not only give his Emperor the greatest praise he cou'd bestow upon him; but hinder'd his Reader from drawing a parallel, which wou'd have been disadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place, that is, after *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, who each of them eclipsed the other in military glory.

Tho' there have been finer things spoken of *Augustus* than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to out-rival one another on that subject, he never received a compliment, which, in my opinion, can be compared, for sublimity of thought, to that which the Poet here makes him. The *English* Reader may see a faint shadow of it in Mr. *Dryden's* translation, for the original is inimitable.

Hic vir hic est, &c.

But next behold the youth of form divine,
 Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;
 Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
 Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
 Born to restore a better age of gold.
 Africk, and India, shall his pow'r obey,
 He shall extend his propagated sway,
 Beyond the solar year, without the starry way.
 Where Atlas turns the rowling heavens around:
 And his broad shoulders with their light are crown'd.
 At his foreseen approach, already quake
 The Caspian kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.

Their

Their seers behold the tempest from afar;
 And threating oracles denounce the war.
 Nile hears him knocking at his sevenfold gates;
 And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephews fates.
 Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
 Not tho' the brazen-footed hind he slew;
 Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
 And dip'd his arrows in Lernæan gore.
 Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
 By tygers drawn triumphant in his car.
 From Nifus top descending on the plains;
 With curling vines around his purple reins.
 And doubt we yet thro' dangers to pursue
 The paths of honour? —————

I could show out of other Poets the same kind of vision as this in *Virgil*, wherein the chief persons of the Poem have been entertained with the sight of those who were to descend from them; but instead of that, I shall conclude with a Rabbinical story which has in it the oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amusing.

ADAM, say the Rabbins, a little after his creation, was presented with a view of all those souls who were to be united to human bodies, and take their turn after him upon the earth. Among others, the vision set before him the soul of *David*. Our great Ancestor was transported at the sight of so beautiful an apparition; but to his unspeakable grief was informed, that it was not to be conversant among men the space of one year.

*Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent.*

Adam, to procure a longer life for so fine a piece of human nature, begged that threescore and ten years (which he heard would be the age of man in *David's* time) might be taken out of his own life, and added to that of *David*. Accordingly, say the Rabbins, *Adam* falls short of a thousand years, which was to have been the compleat term of his life, by just so many years as make up the life of *David*. *Adam* having lived 930 years, and *David* 70.

This story was invented to show the high opinion which the Rabbins entertained of this man after God's own heart, whom the Prophet, who
 was

was his own contemporary, could not mention without rapture, where he records the last poetical composition of *David*, of *David the son of Jesse*, of *the man who was raised up on high*, of *the anointed of the God of Jacob*, of *the sweet psalmist of Israel*.

N^o 139. *Thursday, August 20.*

-----*prisca fides facta, sed fama perennis.* Virg.

Most venerable NESTOR,

“ I Find that every body is very much delighted with the voice of
 “ your Lion. His roarings against the Tucker have been most
 “ melodious and emphatical. It is to be hoped, that the Ladies
 “ will take warning by them, and not provoke him to greater outrages;
 “ for I observe, that your Lion, as you your self have told us, is made
 “ up of mouth and paws. For my own part, I have long considered
 “ with my self how I might express my gratitude to this noble animal that
 “ has so much the good of our country at his heart. After many
 “ thoughts on this subject, I have at length resolved to do honour to him,
 “ by compiling a history of his species, and extracting out of all Authors
 “ whatever may redound to his reputation. In the prosecution of this
 “ design I shall have no manner of regard to what *Æsop* has said upon
 “ the subject, whom I look upon to have been a republican by the unwor-
 “ thy treatment which he often gives to this King of beasts, and whom,
 “ if I had time, I could convict of falshood and forgery in almost every
 “ matter of fact which he has related of this generous animal. Your
 “ romance writers are likewise a set of men whose authority I shall build
 “ upon very little in this case. They all of them are born with a parti-
 “ cular antipathy to Lions, and give them no more quarter than they do
 “ Giants, where-ever they chance to meet them. There is not one of
 “ the seven champions, but when he has nothing else to do, encounters
 “ with a Lion, and you may be sure always gets the better of him. In
 “ short, a Knight-errant lives in a perpetual state of enmity with this no-
 “ ble creature, and hates him more than all things upon the earth, except

“ 2