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

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

No 152. Friday, September 4.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53597](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53597)

“ use of it. Not to keep you in suspense, it is what we call in this coun-  
 “ try a hooped-petticoat. I shall only beg of you to let me know, whe-  
 “ ther you find any garment of this nature among all the reliques of your  
 “ female saints, and, in particular, whether it was ever worn by any of  
 “ your twenty thousand virgin martyrs.

*Yours, usque ad aras,*

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I must not dismiss this Letter without declaring my self a good Pro-  
 testant, as I hint in the subscribing part of it. This I think necessary to  
 take notice of, lest I should be accused, by an Author of *unexampled*  
 stupidity, for corresponding with the head of the *Romish* Church.

N<sup>o</sup> 152. *Friday, September 4.*

*Quin potius pacem eternam pactosque hymeneos*  
*Exercemus-----* Virg.

**T**HERE is no rule in *Longinus* which I more admire, than that  
 wherein he advises an Author who would attain to the Sublime,  
 and writes for eternity, to consider, when he is engaged in his  
 composition, what *Homer* or *Plato*, or any other of those Heroes in the  
 learned world, would have said or thought upon the same occasion. I  
 have often practised this rule, with regard to the best Authors among the  
 ancients, as well as among the moderns. With what success, I must leave  
 to the judgment of others. I may at least venture to say with Mr. *Dry-*  
*den*, where he professes to have imitated *Shakespear's* stile, that in imi-  
 tating such great Authors I have always excelled my self.

I have also by this means revived several antiquated ways of writing,  
 which, though very instructive and entertaining, had been laid aside, and  
 forgotten for some ages. I shall in this place only mention those allego-  
 ries wherein virtues, vices and human passions are introduced as real  
 actors. Though this kind of composition was practised by the finest Au-  
 thors among the ancients, our countryman *Spencer* is the last writer of  
 note who has applied himself to it with success. That

That an allegory may be both delightful and instructive ; in the first place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and, if possible, to be filled with surprising turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be useful morals and reflections couched under it, which still receive a greater value from their being new and uncommon ; as also from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and shadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole *Canto* in the spirit of *Spencer*, and in order to it contrived a fable of imaginary persons and characters. I raised it on that common dispute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two sexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accomplish this work, I shall present my Reader with the naked fable, reserving the embellishments of verse and poetry to another opportunity.

The two sexes contending for superiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The males were drawn up on the one side of a very spacious plain, the females on the other ; between them was left a very large interval for their auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle space lay encamped several bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themselves, that they might then act as they saw occasion.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by *Fortitude* ; that of the female by *Beauty*. *Fortitude* begun the onset on *Beauty*, but found to his cost, that she had such a particular witchcraft in her looks, as withered all his strength. She played upon him so many smiles and glances, that she quite weakened and disarmed him.

In short, he was ready to call for quarter, had not *Wisdom* come to his aid : this was the commander of the male right wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely opposed by *Cunning*, who commanded the left wing of the female auxiliaries. *Cunning* was the chief engineer of the fair army ; but upon this occasion was posted, as I have here said, to receive the attacks of *Wisdom*. It was very entertaining to see the workings of these two antagonists ; the conduct of the one, and the stratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal match. Those who beheld it gave the victory sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, though most declared the advantage was on the side of the female commander.

In the mean time the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battel began to turn to the male side. This wing was commanded by an old experienced Officer called *Patience*, and on the female side by a General known by the name of *Scorn*. The latter, that fought after the manner of the *Parthians*, had the better of it all the beginning of the day; but being quite tired out with the long pursuits, and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulsed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, begun to think of yielding. When on a sudden a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantick stature. He acted like a Drawcanfir, sparing neither friend nor foe. His name was *Lust*. On the female side he was opposed by a select body of forces, commanded by a young Officer that had the face of a Cherubim, and the name of *Modesty*. This beautiful young Hero was supported by one of a more masculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by *Men Honour*, and by the *Gods Pride*. This last made an obstinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length resigned at discretion.

The dreadful monster, after having overturned whole squadrons in the female Army, fell in among the males, where he made a more terrible havock than on the other side. He was here opposed by *Reason*, who drew up all his forces against him, and held the fight in suspense for some time, but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both sides, the two armies agreed to join against this common foe. And in order to it drew out a small chosen band, whom they placed by consent under the conduct of *Virtue*, who in a little time drove this foul ugly monster out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a second neutral leader, whose name was *Love*, marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thousand winged boys that threw their darts and arrows promiscuously among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy. They were pleasing to those that felt them; and had so strange an effect that they wrought a spirit of mutual friendship, reconciliation, and good will in both sexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and stretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animosities and embrace one another.

The last General of neutrals, that appeared in the field, was *Hymen*, who marched immediately after *Love*, and seconding the good inclinations which he had inspired, joined the hands of both armies. *Love* generally accompanied him, and recommended the sexes pair by pair to his good offices.

But

But as it is usual enough for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader, *Ambition* and *Avarice* had taken on them the garb and habit of *Love*, by which means they often imposed on *Hymen*, by putting into his hands several couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the delusion of these two impostors.

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N<sup>o</sup> 153. Saturday, September 5.

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*Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum.* Virg.

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**T**HERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers it self under more disguises, than *Pride*. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though, at the same time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of my self, proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ, *Pride was not made for man*. There is not indeed any single view of human nature under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the school-men call self-annihilation. *Pride was not made for man*, as he is,

1. A sinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miserable Being.

There is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition, that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity.

These three very reasons why he should not be proud, are notwithstanding the reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions