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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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“ stacho-lamb, the several other nice dishes, with the *Dissert*, the lo-
 “ zenges, and all the variety of *Persian* wines, were served up succes-
 “ sively, one after another; and *Schacabac* was feasted in reality, with
 “ those very things which he had before been entertained with in ima-
 “ gination.

N^o 163. *Thursday, September 16.*

----- *miserum est alienâ vivere quadrâ.* Juv.

WHEN I am disposed to give my self a day's rest, I order the
 Lion to be opened, and search into the magazine of intelligence
 for such Letters as are to my purpose. The first I looked into
 comes to me from one who is Chaplain to a great family. He treats him-
 self, in the beginning of it, after such a manner, as I am persuaded no
 man of sense would treat him. Even the Lawyer and the Physician, to
 a man of quality, expect to be used like Gentlemen, and much more
 may any one of so superior a profession. I am by no means for encour-
 aging that dispute, whether the Chaplain or the Master of the house
 be the better man, and the more to be respected. The two learned Au-
 thors, Doctor *Hicks*, and Mr. *Collier*, to whom I might add several others,
 are to be excused if they have carried the point a little too high in fa-
 vour of the Chaplain, since in so corrupt an age as that we live in, the
 popular opinion runs so far into the other extreme. The only contro-
 versie, between the Patron and the Chaplain, ought to be which should
 promote the good designs and interests of each other most; and for my
 own part, I think it is the happiest circumstance, in a great estate or title,
 that it qualifies a man for chusing, out of such a learned and valuable body
 of men as that of the *English* Clergy, a friend, a spiritual guide, and a
 companion. The Letter I have received from one of this Order, is as
 follows.

M m 2

Mr.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

“ I Hope you will not only indulge me in the liberty of two or three
“ questions, but also in the solution of them.

“ I have had the honour, many years, of being Chaplain to a noble
“ family, and of being accounted the highest servant in the house, either
“ out of respect to my cloth, or because I lie in the uppermost garret.

“ Whilst my old Lord lived, his table was always adorned with useful
“ learning and innocent mirth, as well as covered with plenty. I was
“ not looked upon as a piece of furniture fit only to sanctifie and garnish
“ a feast, but treated as a Gentleman, and generally desired to fill up the
“ conversation an hour after I had done my duty. But now my young
“ Lord is come to the estate, I find I am looked upon as a *censor morum*,
“ an obstacle to mirth and talk, and suffered to retire constantly, with
“ *prosperity to the Church* in my mouth. I declare solemnly, Sir, that I
“ have heard nothing, from all the fine Gentlemen who visit us, more
“ remarkable, for half a year, than that one young Lord was seven times
“ drunk at *Genoa*, and another had an affair with a famous courtesan at
“ *Venice*. I have lately taken the liberty to stay three or four rounds
“ beyond the Church, to see what topicks of discourse they went upon,
“ but, to my great surprize, have hardly heard a word all the time besides
“ the Toasts. Then they all stare full in my face, and shew all the acti-
“ ons of uneasiness till I am gone. Immediately upon my departure, to
“ use the words in an old Comedy, *I find by the noise they make, that*
“ *they had a mind to be private*. I am at a loss to imagine what con-
“ versation they have among one another, which I may not be present at,
“ since I love innocent mirth as much as any of them, and am shocked
“ with no freedoms whatsoever, which are consistent with Christianity.
“ I have, with much ado, maintained my post hitherto at the dissent, and
“ every day eat tart in the face of my patron, but how long I shall be in-
“ vested with this privilege I do not know. For the servants, who do
“ not see me supported as I was in my old Lord's time, begin to brush
“ very familiarly by me, and thrust aside my chair, when they set the
“ sweet-meats on the table. I have been born and educated a Gentle-
“ man, and desire you will make the publick sensible, that the christian
“ Priesthood was never thought in any age or country to debase the man
“ who is a member of it. Among the great services which your useful
“ papers daily do to religion, this perhaps will not be the least, and will
“ lay a very great obligation on your unknown servant, G. W.

Venerable

Venerable NESTOR,

“ I Was very much pleased with your paper of the 7th instant, in which
 “ you recommend the study of useful knowledge to women of qua-
 “ lity or fortune. I have since that met with a very elegant poem, writ-
 “ ten by the famous Sir *Thomas More*; it is inscribed to a friend of his,
 “ who was then seeking out a wife; he advises him on that occasion to
 “ overlook wealth and beauty, and if he desires a happy life, to join him-
 “ self with a woman of virtue and knowledge. His words on this last
 “ head are as follow.

*Proculque stulta sit
 Parvis libellulis
 Semper loquacitas,
 Proculque rusticum
 Semper silentium.
 Sit illa vel modò
 Instructa literis,
 Vel talis ut modò
 Sit apta literis.
 Felix, quibus bene
 Priscis ab omnibus
 Possit libellulis
 Vitam beantia.
 Haurire dogmata.
 Armata cum quibus,
 Nec illa prosperis
 Superba turgeat,
 Nec illa turbidis
 Misella lugeat
 Prostrata casibus.
 Fucunda sic erit
 Semper, nec unquam erit
 Gravis, molestare
 Vitæ comes tuæ,
 Quæ docta parvulos
 Docebit et tuos
 Cum lacte literas
 Olim nepotulos.
 Jam te juvaverit*

*Viros relinquere,
 Doctæque conjugis
 Sinu quiescere,
 Dum grata te fovet,
 Manuque mobili
 Dum pleetra personat
 Et voce (quâ nec est
 Progne sororculæ
 Suae suavior)
 Amœna cantilat
 Apollo quæ velit
 Audire carmina.
 Jam te juvaverit
 Sermone blandulo,
 Docto tamen dies
 Noctesque ducere,
 Notare verbula
 Mellita maximis
 Non absque gratiis
 Ab ore melleo
 Semper fluentia,
 Quibus coerceat
 Si quando te levet
 Inane gaudium:
 Quibus levaverit
 Si quando deprimat
 Te maror anxius.
 Certabit in quibus
 Summa eloquentia*

Jam

*Jam cum omnium gravi
 Rerum scientia.
 Talem olim ego putem
 Et vatis Orphei
 Fuisse conjugem,
 Nec unquam ab inferis
 Curasset improbo
 Labore feminam
 Referre rusticam.
 Talemque credimus
 Nasonis inclitam,
 Qua vel patrem queat
 Equare carmine*

*Fuisse filiam.
 Talemque suspicor
 (Qua nulla charior
 Unquam fuit patri
 Quo nemo doctior)
 Fuisse Tulliam:
 Talisque quæ tulit
 Gracchos duos, fuit,
 Quæ quos tulit, bonis
 Instruxit artibus:
 Nec profuit minus
 Magistra quàm parens.*

The sense of this elegant description is as follows,

“ May you meet with a wife who is not always stupidly silent, nor al-
 “ ways prating nonsense! May she be *Learned*, if possible, or at least
 “ capable of being made so! A woman thus accomplished will be always
 “ drawing sentences and maxims of virtue out of the best Authors of an-
 “ tiquity. She will be *Herself* in all changes of fortune, neither blown
 “ up in prosperity, nor broken with adversity. You will find in her an
 “ even cheerful good-humoured friend, and an agreeable companion for
 “ life. She will infuse knowledge into your children with their milk, and
 “ from their infancy train them up to wisdom. Whatever company you
 “ are engaged in, you will long to be at home, and retire with delight
 “ from the society of *Men*, into the bosom of one who is so dear, so
 “ knowing and so amiable. If she touches her lute, or sings to it any of
 “ her own compositions, her voice will sooth you in your solitudes, and
 “ sound more sweetly in your ear than that of the nightingale. You will
 “ waste with pleasure whole days and nights in her conversation, and be
 “ ever finding out new beauties in her discourse. She will keep your
 “ mind in perpetual serenity, restrain its mirth from being dissolute, and
 “ prevent its melancholy from being painful.

“ Such was doubtless the wife of *Orpheus*; for who would have under-
 “ gone what he did to have recovered a foolish bride? Such was the daugh-
 “ ter of *Ovid*, who was his rival in poetry. Such was *Tullia* as she is cele-
 “ brated by the most learned and the most fond of fathers. And such was
 “ the mother of the two *Gracchi*, who is no less famous for having been
 “ their instructor than their parent.

Satur-