

*Passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice and the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain Proportion of Good, he should be dispatched into Heaven by a Passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue and the Gods.* L



N<sup>o</sup> 184. Monday, October 1.

— *Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.* Hor.

WHEN a Man has discovered a new Vein of Humour, it often carries him much farther than he expected from it. My Correspondents take the Hint I give them, and pursue it into Speculations which I never thought of at my first starting it. This has been the Fate of my Paper on the Match of Grinning, which has already produced a second Paper on parallel Subjects, and brought me the following Letter by the last Post. I shall not premise any thing to it farther, than that it is built on Matter of Fact, and is as follows.

S I R,

YOU have already obliged the World with a Discourse upon Grinning, and have since proceeded to Whistling, from whence you at length came to Yawning; from this, I think, you may make a very natural Transition to Sleeping. I therefore recommend to you for the Subject of a Paper the following Advertisement, which about two Months ago was given into every Body's Hands, and may be seen with some Additions in the *Daily Courant* of August the Ninth.

NICHOLAS HART, *who slept last Year in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, intends to sleep this Year at the Cock and Bottle in Little-Britain.*

HAVING since inquired into the Matter of Fact, I find that the above-mentioned *Nicholas Hart* is every Year seized with a periodical Fit of Sleeping, which begins

' begins upon the Fifth of *August*, and ends on the Eleventh of the same Month: That

- ' On the first of that Month he grew dull;
- ' On the Second, appeared drowsy;
- ' On the Third, fell a yawning;
- ' On the Fourth, began to nod;
- ' On the Fifth, dropped asleep;
- ' On the Sixth, was heard to snore;
- ' On the Seventh, turned himself in his Bed;
- ' On the Eighth, recovered his former Posture;
- ' On the Ninth, fell a stretching;
- ' On the Tenth about Midnight, awaked;
- ' On the Eleventh in the Morning, call'd for a little Small-Beer.

' THIS Account I have extracted out of the Journal of this sleeping Worthy, as it has been faithfully kept by a Gentleman of *Lincoln's-Inn*, who has undertaken to be his Histriographer. I have sent it to you, not only as it represents the Actions of *Nicholas Hart*, but as it seems a very natural Picture of the Life of many an honest *English* Gentleman, whose whole History very often consists of Yawning, Nodding, Stretching, Turning, Sleeping, Drinking, and the like extraordinary Particulars. I do not question, Sir, that, if you pleased you could put out an Advertisement not unlike the above-mentioned of several Men of Figure; that Mr. *John* such a one, Gentleman, or *Thomas* such a one, Esquire, who slept in the Country last Summer, intends to sleep in Town this Winter. The worst of it is, that the drowsy Part of our Species is chiefly made up of very honest Gentlemen, who live quietly among their Neighbours, without ever disturbing the publick Peace: They are Drones without Stings. I could heartily wish, that several turbulent, restless, ambitious Spirits, would for a-while change Places with these good Men, and enter themselves into *Nicholas Hart's* Fraternity. Could one but lay asleep a few busy Heads which I could name, from the first of *November* next to the first of *May* ensuing, I question not but it would very much redound to the Quiet of particular Persons, as well as to the Benefit of the Publick.

BUT

‘ BUT to return to *Nicholas Hart*: I believe, Sir, you will think it a very extraordinary Circumstance for a Man to gain his Livelihood by Sleeping, and that Rest should procure a Man Sustenance as well as Industry; yet so it is that *Nicholas* got last Year enough to support himself for a Twelvemonth. I am likewise informed that he has this Year had a very comfortable Nap. The Poets value themselves very much for sleeping on *Parnassus*, but I never heard they got a Groat by it: On the contrary our Friend *Nicholas* gets more by sleeping than he could by working, and may be more properly said, than ever *Homer* was, to have had Golden Dreams. *Juvenal* indeed mentions a drowsy Husband who raised an Estate by Snoring, but then he is represented to have slept what the common People call a Dog’s Sleep; or if his Sleep was real, his Wife was awake, and about her Business. Your Pen, which loves to moralize upon all Subjects, may raise something, methinks, on this Circumstance also, and point out to us those Sets of Men, who instead of growing rich by an honest Industry, recommend themselves to the Favours of the Great, by making themselves agreeable Companions in the Participations of Luxury and Pleasure.

‘ I must further acquaint you, Sir, that one of the most eminent Pens in *Grubstreet*, is now employed in Writing the Dream of this miraculous Sleeper, which I hear will be of a more than ordinary Length, as it must contain all the Particulars that are supposed to have passed in his Imagination during so long a Sleep. He is said to have gone already through three Days and three Nights of it, and to have comprised in them the most remarkable Passages of the four first Empires of the World. If he can keep free from Party-strokes, his Work may be of Use; but this I much doubt, having been informed by one of his Friends and Confidants, that he has spoken some things of *Nimrod* with too great Freedom.

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I am ever, Sir, &amp;c.



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