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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

No 42. Saturday, July 16. 1709.

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but upon enquiry, I found he had really been working at his own trade, and representing on the stage what he acted every day in his shop. The profits of the Theatre maintain an Hospital: For as here they do not think the profession of an Actor the only trade that a man ought to exercise, so they will not allow any body to grow rich on a profession that in their opinion so little conduces to the good of the Common-wealth. If I am not mistaken, your Play-houses in England have done the same thing; for, unless I am misinformed, the Hospital at Dulledge was erected and endowed by Mr. Allen a Player: And it is also said, a famous Sbe-Tragedian has settled her estate, after her death, for the maintenance of decayed Wits, who are to be taken in as soon as they grow Dull, at whatever time of their life that shall happen.

N^o 42. Saturday, July 16. 1709.

-----*Celebrare Domestica Facta.*

-----THIS is to give notice, That a magnificent Palace, with great variety of Gardens, Statues, and Water-works, may be bought cheap in *Drury-Lane*; where there are likewise several Castles to be disposed of, very delightfully situated; as also Groves, Woods, Forests, Fountains, and Country Seats, with very pleasant Prospects on all sides of them; being the Moveables of *Christopher Rich*, Esq; who is breaking up house-keeping, and has many curious pieces of furniture to dispose of, which may be seen between the hours of six and ten in the evening.

The I N V E N T O R Y.

Spirits of right *Nants* Brandy, for lambent Flames and Apparitions.
 Three bottles and a half of Lightning.
 One shower of Snow in the whitest *French* paper.
 Two showers of a browner sort.
 A Sea, consisting of a dozen large waves, the Tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.
 A dozen and a half of Clouds, trimmed with black, and well conditioned.
 A Rainbow a little faded.
 A set of Clouds after the *French* mode, streaked with Lightning, and furbelowed.

A.

A New-Moon, something decayed.

A pint of the finest *Spanish* Wash, being all that is left of two hog-heads sent over last winter.

A Coach very finely gilt, and little used, with a pair of Dragons, to be sold cheap.

A Setting-Sun, a penyworth.

An Imperial Mantle, made for *Cyrus the Great*, and worn by *Julius Caesar*, *Bajazet*, King *Harry* the eighth, and Signior *Valentini*.

A Basket-hilt Sword, very convenient to carry milk in.

Roxana's Night-gown.

Othello's Handkerchief.

The Imperial Robes of *Xerxes*, never worn but Once.

A Wild-Boar, killed by Mrs. *Tofts* and *Dioclesian*.

A Serpent to sting *Cleopatra*.

A Mustard-bowl to make Thunder with.

Another of a bigger sort, by Mr. *D——is's* directions, little used.

Six Elbow-Chairs, very expert in country-dances, with six Flower-Pots for their partners.

The Whiskers of a *Turkish* Bassa.

The Complexion of a Murderer in a band-box; consisting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a eole-black peruke.

A suit of clothes for a Ghost, *viz.* a bloody shirt, a doublet curiously pinked, and a coat with three great eyelet-holes upon the breast.

A bale of red *Spanish* Wool.

Modern Plots, commonly known by the name of Trap-Doors, Ladders of Ropes, Vifard-Masques, and Tables with broad Carpets over them.

Three Oak Cudgels, with one of Crab-Tree; all bought for the use of Mr. *Pinkethman*.

Materials for Dancing; as Masques, Castanets, and a Ladder of ten rounds.

Aurengzebe's Scymeter, made by *Will. Brown* in *Piccadilly*.

A Plume of Feathers, never used but by *Oedipus* and the Earl of *Essex*.

There are also Swords, Halberts, Sheep-hooks, Cardinals Hats, Turbants, Drums, Gally-pots, a Gibbet, a Cradle, a Rack, a Cart-wheel, an Altar, a Helmet, a Back-piece, a Breast-plate, a Bell, a Tub, and a Jointed Baby.

These are the hard shifts we Intelligencers are forced to; therefore our Readers ought to excuse us, if a westerly wind blowing for a fortnight

night together, generally fills every paper with an Order of battle; when we show our martial skill in each line, and according to the space we have to fill, we range our men in Squadrons and Battalions, or draw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever observing, that no muster is to be made, but when the wind is in a cross point, which often happens at the end of a Campaign, when half the men are deserted or killed. The *Courant* is sometimes ten deep, his ranks close: The *Post-Boy* is generally in files, for greater exactness; and the *Post-Man* comes down upon you rather after the *Turkish* way, Sword in hand, Pell-mell, without form or discipline; but sure to bring men enough into the field; and wherever they are raised, never to lose a battel for want of numbers.

N^o 75. Saturday, October 1. 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 30.

I Am called off from publick dissertations by a domestick affair of great importance, which is no less than the disposal of my Sister *Jenny* for life. The Girl is a Girl of great merit, and pleasing conversation; but I being born of my Father's First Wife, and she of his Third, she converses with me rather like a Daughter than a Sister. I have indeed told her, That if she kept her honour, and behaved her self in such a manner as became the *Bickerstaffs*, I would get her an agreeable man for her Husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a passage in *Pliny's Epistles*. That polite Author had been employed to find out a Comfort for his friend's Daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon.

Aciliano plurimum vigoris et industriæ quanquam in maxima verecundia: Est illi facies liberalis, multo sanguine, multo rubore, suffusa: Est ingenua totius corporis pulchritudo, et quidam senatorius decor, quæ ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda; debet enim hoc castitati puellarum quasi premium dari.

“ *Aciliannus* is a man of extraordinary vigour and industry, accompanied with the greatest modesty. He has very much of the
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