



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

No 131. Thursday, February 9. 1709.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53633](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53633)

ful and innocent a thing as water. The whole Assembly was surpris'd, when, instead of paying my devotions to the Deity whom they all ador'd, they saw me address my self to the Phantom.

“ Oh *Poverty!* (said I) my first Petition to thee is, That thou wouldst
 “ never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that
 “ thou wouldst not bear a Form more terrible than that in which thou
 “ appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats and menaces betray
 “ me to any thing that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears
 “ to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has de-
 “ served well of me. Let me not, for any fear of thee, desert my Friend,
 “ my Principles, or my Honour. If *Wealth* is to visit me, and to come
 “ with her usual attendants, *Vanity* and *Avarice*, do thou, Oh *Poverty!*
 “ hasten to my rescue; but bring along with thee the two Sisters, in
 “ whose company thou art always chearful, *Liberty* and *Innocence*.

The conclusion of this Vision must be deferred to another opportunity.

N^o 131. *Thursday, February 9. 1709.*

--- *Scelus est jugulare falernum,
 Et dare Campano toxica seva mero.*

Mart.

Sheer-Lane, February 8.

THere is in this City a certain fraternity of Chymical Operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind. These subterraneous Philosophers are daily employed in the Transmigration of Liquors, and, by the power of Magical Drugs and Incantations, raising under the streets of *London* the choicest products of the hills and valleys of *France*. They can squeeze *Bourdeaux* out of a *Sloe*, and draw *Champagne* from an *Apple*. *Virgil*, in that remarkable Prophecy,

Incultisque rubens pendebit Sentibus Uva.

“ The ripening Grape shall hang on every Thorn.

seems to have hinted at this Art, which can turn a Plantation of *Northern* Hedges into a Vineyard. These Adepts are known among one another by the name of Wine-brewers, and I am afraid do great injury, not only to Her Majesty's Customs, but to the Bodies of many of her good Subjects.

Having received fundry complaints against these invisible workmen, I ordered the proper Officer of my Court to ferret them out of their respective Caves, and bring them before me, which was yesterday executed accordingly.

The person who appeared against them was a Merchant, who had by him a great magazine of wines that he had laid in before the war: but these Gentlemen (as he said) had so vitiated the nation's palate, that no man could believe his to be *French*, because it did not taste like what they sold for such. As a man never pleads better than where his own personal interest is concerned, he exhibited to the Court with great eloquence, That this new Corporation of Druggists had inflamed the Bills of Mortality, and puzzled the College of Physicians with diseases, for which they neither knew a name or cure. He accused some of giving all their customers Cholicks and Megrims; and mentioned one who had boasted, he had a tun of Claret by him, that in a fortnight's time should give the Gout to a dozen of the healthfullest men in the city, provided that their Constitutions were prepared for it by wealth and idleness. He then enlarged, with a great show of reason, upon the prejudice which these mixtures and compositions had done to the Brains of the *English* nation; as is too visible (said he) from many late Pamphlets, Speeches and Sermons, as well as from the ordinary conversations of the youth of this age. He then quoted an ingenious person, who would undertake to know by a man's writings, the wine he most delighted in; and on that occasion named a certain Satyrist, whom he had discovered to be the Author of a Lampon, by a manifest taste of the Sloe, which showed it self in it by much Roughness, and little Spirit.

In the last place, he ascribed to the unnatural Tumults and Fermentations, which these mixtures raise in our blood, the divisions, heats and animosities, that reign among us; and in particular, asserted most of the modern Enthusiasms and Agitations to be nothing else but the effects of adulterated *Port*.

The Council for the Brewers had a face so extremely inflamed and illuminated with carbuncles, that I did not wonder to see him an advocate for these sophistications. His rhetorick was likewise such as I should have expected from the common draught, which I found he often drank to a great excess. Indeed, I was so surpris'd at his figure and parts, that I ordered him to give me a taste of his usual liquor; which I had no sooner drank, but I found a pimple rising in my forehead; and felt such a sensible decay in my understanding, that I would not proceed in the trial till the fume of it was entirely dissipated.

This notable Advocate had little to say in the defence of his Clients, but that they were under a necessity of making Claret if they would keep open their doors, it being the nature of mankind to love every thing that is Prohibited. He further pretended to reason, That it might be as profitable to the nation to make *French* wine as *French* hats; and concluded with the great advantage that this had already brought to part of the kingdom. Upon which he informed the Court, That the lands in *Hertfordshire* were rais'd two years purchase since the beginning of the war.

When I had sent out my summons to these people, I gave at the same time orders to each of them to bring the several ingredients he made use of in distinct Phials, which they had done accordingly, and ranged them into two rows on each side of the Court. The workmen were drawn up in ranks behind them. The Merchant informed me, That in one row of Phials were the several colours they dealt in, and in the other the tastes. He then showed me on the right hand one who went by the name of *Tom. Tintoret*, who (as he told me) was the greatest master in his Colouring of any Vintner in *London*. To give me a proof of his art, he took a Glass of fair water; and by the infusion of three drops out of one of his Phials, converted it into a most beautiful pale *Burgundy*. Two more of the same kind heightened it into a perfect *Languedoc*: From thence it pass'd into a florid *Hermitage*: And after having gone through two or three other changes, by the addition of a single drop, ended in a very deep *Pontack*. This ingenious Vertuoso seeing me very much surpris'd at his art, told me, That he had not an opportunity of showing it in perfection, having only made use of water for the ground-work of his colouring: But that if I were to see an operation upon liquors of stronger bodies, the art would appear to much greater advantage. He added, That he doubted not but it would please my curiosity to see the Cyder of one Apple take only a Vermilion, when another, with a less quantity

of the same infusion, would rise into a dark Purple, according to the different texture of parts in the liquor. He informed me also, That he could hit the different shades and degrees of Red, as they appear in the Pink and the Rose, the Clove and the Carnation, as he had *Rhenish* or *Moselle*, *Perry* or *White Port*, to work in.

I was so satisfied with the ingenuity of this Vertuoso, that, after having advised him to quit so dishonest a profession, I promised him, in consideration of his great genius, to recommend him as a partner to a friend of mine, who has heaped up great riches, and is a Scarlet-Dyer.

The Artists on my other hand were ordered in the second place to make some experiments of their skill before me: Upon which the famous *Harry Sippet* stepped out, and asked me, What I would be pleased to drink? At the same time he filled out three or four White liquors in a glass, and told me, That it should be what I pleased to call for; adding very learnedly, That the liquor before him was as the naked Substance or First Matter of his compound, to which he and his friend, who stood over against him, could give what Accidents or Form they pleased. Finding him so great a Philosopher, I desired he would convey into it the qualities and essence of right *Bourdeaux*. Coming, Coming, Sir, (said he) with the air of a Drawer; and after having cast his eye on the several tastes and flavours that stood before him, he took up a little Cruet that was filled with a kind of Inky juice, and pouring some of it out into the glass of white-wine, presented it to me, and told me, This was the wine over which most of the business of the last Term had been dispatched. I must confess, I looked upon that footy drug which he held up in his Cruet as the Quintessence of *English Bourdeaux*, and therefore desired him to give me a glass of it by it self, which he did with great unwillingness. My Cat at that time sat by me upon the elbow of my Chair; and as I did not care for making the experiment upon my self, I reached it to her to sip of it, which had like to have cost her her life; for notwithstanding it flung her at first into freakish tricks, quite contrary to her usual gravity, in less than a quarter of an hour she fell into convulsions; and had it not been a Creature more Tenacious of life than any other, would certainly have died under the operation.

I was so incensed by the tortures of my innocent Domestick, and the unworthy dealings of these men, that I told them, if each of them had as many lives as the injured Creature before them, they deserved to forfeit them for the pernicious arts which they used for their profit. I

there-

therefore bid them look upon themselves as no better than a kind of Assassins and Murderers within the law. However, since they had dealt so clearly with me, and laid before me their whole practice, I dismissed them for that time; with a particular request, That they would not poison any of my friends and acquaintance, and take to some honest livelihood without loss of time.

For my own part, I have resolved hereafter to be very careful in my liquors, and have agreed with a friend of mine in the army, upon their next march, to secure me two hogshheads of the best Stomach-wine in the cellars of *Versailles*, for the good of my lucubrations, and the comfort of my old age.

N^o 133. *Tuesday, February 14. 1709.*

Dum tacent, clamant.

Tull.

Sheer-Lane, February 13.

SILENCE is sometimes more significant and sublime than the most noble and most expressive Eloquence, and is on many occasions the indication of a Great Mind. Several Authors have treated of Silence as a part of duty and discretion, but none of them have considered it in this light. *Homer* compares the noise and clamour of the *Trojans* advancing towards the enemy, to the cackling of cranes when they invade an army of pygmies. On the contrary, he makes his countrymen and favourites, the *Greeks*, move forward in a regular determined march, and in the depth of silence. I find in the accounts which are given us of some of the more *Eastern* nations, where the inhabitants are disposed by their constitutions and climates to higher strains of thought, and more elevated raptures than what we feel in the *Northern* regions of the world, that Silence is a religious exercise among them. For when their publick devotions are in the greatest fervour, and their hearts lifted up as high as words can raise them, there are certain suspensions of sound and motion for a time, in which the mind is left to it self, and supposed to swell with