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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

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Monday next is set apart for the Tryal of several Female Causes.

N. B. The Case of the Hassock will come on between the hours of nine and ten.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

N^o 257. Thursday, November 30. 1710.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas

Corpora: Dii, coeptis (nam vos mutastis et illas)

Aspirate meis.-----

Ovid. Met.

From my own Apartment, November 29.

EVERY Nation is distinguished by productions that are peculiar to it. *Great Britain* is particularly fruitful in Religions, that shoot up and flourish in this climate more than in any other. We are so famous abroad for our great variety of Sects and Opinions, that an ingenious friend of mine, who is lately returned from his Travels, assures me, there is a Show at this time *carried up and down in Germany*, which represents all the Religions in *Great Britain* in Wax-work. Notwithstanding that the pliancy of the matter in which the images are wrought makes it capable of being moulded into all shapes and figures, my friend tells me, that he did not think it possible for it to be twisted and tortured into so many skewed faces and wry features as appeared in several of the figures that composed the Show. I was indeed so pleased with the design of the *German Artist*, that I begged my friend to give me an account of it in all its particulars, which he did after the following manner:

I have often, says he, been present at a show of Elephants, Camels, Dromedaries, and other strange creatures, but I never saw so great an Assembly of Spectators as were met together at the opening of this great piece of Wax-work. We were all placed in a large hall, according to the price that we had paid for our seats: The Curtain that hung before the

the show was made by a Master of Tapestry, who had woven it in the figure of a monstrous *Hydra* that had several heads, which brandished out their tongues, and seemed to hiss at each other. Some of these heads were large and entire; and where any of them had been lopped away, there sprouted up several in the room of them; insomuch that for one head cut off, a man might see ten, twenty, or an hundred of a smaller size, creeping through the wound. In short, the whole Picture was nothing but confusion and bloodshed. On a sudden, says my friend, I was startled with a flourish of many Musical Instruments that I had never heard before, which was followed by a short tune (if it might be so called) wholly made up of Jars and Discords. Among the rest, there was an Organ, a Bagpipe, a Groaning-board, a Stentorophonick Trumpet, with several wind-instruments of a most disagreeable sound, which I do not so much as know the names of. After a short flourish, the Curtain was drawn up, and we were presented with the most extraordinary Assembly of figures that ever entered into a Man's Imagination. The design of the Workman was so well expressed in the dumb show before us, that it was not hard for an *Englishman* to comprehend the meaning of it.

The principal figures were placed in a row, consisting of seven persons. The middle figure, which immediately attracted the eyes of the whole company, and was much bigger than the rest, was formed like a Matron, dressed in the habit of an elderly Woman of Quality in Queen *Elizabeth's* days. The most remarkable parts of her dress, was the Beaver with the steeple Crown, the Scarf that was darker than Sable, and the Lawn Apron that was whiter than Ermin. Her Gown was of the richest black Velvet, and just upon her heart studded with large Diamonds of an inestimable value, disposed in the form of a Cross. She bore an inexpressible chearfulness and dignity in her Aspect; and though she seemed in years, appeared with so much spirit and vivacity, as gave her at the same time an air of old age and immortality. I found my heart touched with so much Love and Reverence at the sight of her, that the Tears ran down my face as I looked upon her; and still the more I looked upon her, the more my heart was melted with the sentiments of filial tenderness and duty. I discovered every moment something so charming in this figure, that I could scarce take my eyes off it. On its right hand there sate the figure of a woman so covered with ornaments, that her face, her body, and her hands, were almost entirely hid under them. The little you could see of her face was painted; and
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what I thought very odd, had something in it like artificial wrinkles; but I was the less surpris'd at it, when I saw upon her forehead an old-fashioned Tower of grey Hairs. Her Head-dress rose very high by three several stories or degrees; her garments had a thousand colours in them, and were embroidered with Crosses in Gold, Silver and Silk: She had nothing on, so much as a Glove or a Slipper, which was not marked with this figure; nay, so superstitiously fond did she appear of it, that she sat cross-legged. I was quickly sick of this tawdry composition of Ribands, Silks and Jewels, and therefore cast my eye on a Dame which was just the reverse of it. I need not tell my Reader, that the Lady before described was *Popery*, or that she I am now going to describe is *Presbytery*. She sat on the left hand of the venerable Matron, and so much resembled her in the features of her countenance, that she seem'd her Sister; but at the same time that one observ'd a likeness in her beauty, one could not but take notice, that there was something in it sickly and splenetick. Her face had enough to discover the relation, but it was drawn up into a peevish figure, sow'd with discontent, and overcast with melancholy. She seem'd offended at the Matron for the shape of her Hat, as too much resembling the triple Coronet of the person who sat by her. One might see likewise, that she dissent'd from the white Apron and the Cross; for which reasons she had made her self a plain homely dowdy, and turned her face towards the Sectaries that sat on the left hand, as being afraid of looking upon the Matron, lest she should see the Harlot by her.

On the right hand of *Popery* sat *Judaism*, represented by an Old man embroidered with Phylacteries, and distinguished by many typical figures, which I had not skill enough to unriddle. He was placed among the rubbish of a Temple; but instead of weeping over it, (which I should have expected from him) he was counting out a Bag of Money upon the ruins of it.

On his right hand was *Deism*, or *Natural Religion*. This was a figure of an half-naked awkward country Wench, who with proper ornaments and education would have made an agreeable and beautiful Appearance; but for want of those Advantages, was such a spectacle as a Man would blush to look upon.

I have now, continued my friend, given you an account of those who were placed on the right hand of the Matron, and who, according to the order in which they sat, were *Deism*, *Judaism*, and *Popery*. On the left hand, as I told you, appear'd *Presbytery*. The next to her was

a figure which somewhat puzzled me: It was that of a man looking, with horror in his eyes, upon a Silver Basin filled with water. Observing something in his countenance that looked like Lunacy, I fancied at first that he was to express that kind of distraction which the Physicians call the *Hydro-Phobia*; but considering what the intention of the show was, I immediately recollected my self, and concluded it to be *Anabaptism*.

The next figure was a Man that sat under a most profound composition of Mind: He wore an Hat whose Brims were exactly parallel with the Horizon: His Garment had neither Sleeve nor Skirt, nor so much as a superfluous Button. What he called his Cravat, was a little piece of white Linen quilled with great exactness, and hanging below his Chin about two inches. Seeing a Book in his hand, I asked our Artift what it was, who told me it was the *Quakers* Religion; upon which I desired a sight of it. Upon perusal, I found it to be nothing but a new-fashioned Grammar, or an art of abridging ordinary discourse. The Nouns were reduced to a very small number, as the *Light, Friend, Babylon*. The principal of his Pronouns was *Thou*; and as for *You, Ye, and Yours*, I found they were not looked upon as Parts of Speech in this Grammar. All the Verbs wanted the Second person plural; the Participles ending all in *ing* or *ed*, which were marked with a particular Accent. There were no Adverbs besides *Yea* and *Nay*. The same thrift was observed in the Prepositions. The Conjunctions were only *Hem!* and *Ha!* and the Interjections brought under the three heads of Sighing, Sobbing, and Groaning. There was at the end of the Grammar a little Nomenclature, called, *The Christian Man's Vocabulary*, which gave new Appellations, or (if you will) Christian Names to almost every thing in life. I replaced the Book in the hand of the figure, not without admiring the simplicity of its Garb, Speech, and Behaviour.

Just opposite to this row of Religions, there was a Statue dressed in a Fool's Coat, with a Cap of Bells upon his head, laughing and pointing at the figures that stood before him. This Ideot is supposed to say in his heart what *David's Fool* did some thousands of years ago, and was therefore designed as a proper Representative of those among us who are called Atheists and Infidels by others, and Free-Thinkers by themselves.

There were many other groupes of figures which I did not know the meaning of; but seeing a collection of both Sexes turning their backs upon the Company, and laying their heads very close together, I enquired

after their Religion, and found that they called themselves the *Philadelphians*, or the Family of Love.

In the opposite corner there sat another little congregation of strange figures, opening their mouths as wide as they could gape, and distinguished by the title of the *Sweet singers of Israel*.

I must not omit, that in this Assembly of Wax there were several pieces that moved by clockwork, and gave great satisfaction to the Spectators. Behind the Matron there stood one of these figures, and behind *Popery* another, which, as the Artist told us, were each of them the Genius of the person they attended. That behind *Popery* represented *Persecution*, and the other *Moderation*. The first of these moved by secret Springs towards a great heap of dead bodies that lay piled upon one another at a considerable distance behind the principal figures. There were written on the foreheads of these dead men several hard words, as *Præ-Adamites*, *Sabbatarians*, *Camaronians*, *Muggletonians*, *Brownists*, *Independants*, *Masonites*, *Camisars*, and the like. At the approach of *Persecution*, it was so contrived, that as she held up her bloody Flag, the whole Assembly of dead men, like those in the *Rehearsal*, started up and drew their Swords. This was followed by great clashings and noise, when, in the midst of the tumult, the figure of *Moderation* moved gently towards this new army, which, upon her holding up a paper in her hand, inscribed, *Liberty of Conscience*, immediately fell into a heap of Carcasses, remaining in the same quiet posture that they lay at first.



Tuesday,

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