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N^o 260. *Thursday, December 7. 1710.*

Nos cuiunque datum est habere nasum.

Mart.

From my own Apartment, December 6.

WE have a very learned and elaborate Dissertation upon Thumbs in *Montaigne's Essays*, and another upon Ears in the *Tale of a Tub*. I am here going to write one upon Noses, having chosen for my Text the following verses out of *Hudibras*:

*So learned Talicotius from
The brawny part of Porter's bum
Cut supplemental Noses, which
Lasted as long as parent breech:
But when the date of nock was out,
Off drop'd the Sympathetick snout.*

Notwithstanding that there is nothing obscene in natural knowledge, and that I intend to give as little offence as may be to readers of a well-bred imagination, I must, for my own quiet, desire the Criticks (who in all times have been famous for Good Noses) to refrain from the lecture of this curious Tract. These Gentlemen were formerly marked out and distinguished by the little Rhinocercical Nose, which was always looked upon as an instrument of derision, and which they were used to cock, tofs, or draw up in a contemptuous manner, upon reading the works of their ingenious Contemporaries. It is not therefore for this generation of men that I write the present transaction.

*—Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum—*

But for the sake of some of my Philosophical Friends in the Royal Society, who peruse discourses of this nature with a becoming gravity, and a desire of improving by them.

Many

Many are the opinions of Learned men concerning the rise of that fatal distemper which has always taken a particular pleasure in venting its spight upon the Nose. I have seen a little Burlesque Poem in *Italian* that gives a very pleasant account of this matter. The fable of it runs thus: *Mars*, the God of War, having served during the siege of *Naples* in the shape of a *French* Colonel, received a visit one night from *Venus*, the Goddess of Love, who had been always his professed Mistress and Admirer. The Poem says, she came to him in the disguise of a Suttling Wench, with a Bottle of Brandy under her arm. Let that be as it will, he managed matters so well, that she went away big-bellied, and was at length brought to bed of a little *Cupid*. This boy, whether it were by reason of any bad food that his Father had eaten during the siege, or of any particular malignity in the Stars that reigned at his Nativity, came into the World with a very sickly look, and crazy constitution. As soon as he was able to handle his Bow, he made discoveries of a most perverse disposition. He dipped all his Arrows in poison, that rotted every thing they touched; and what was more particular, aimed all his shafts at the Nose, quite contrary to the practice of his elder Brothers, who had made a humane Heart their Butt in all countries and ages. To break him of this roguish trick, his parents put him to school to *Mercury*, who did all he could to hinder him from demolishing the Noses of mankind; but in spite of education, the boy continued very unlucky; and though his malice was a little softened by good instructions, he would very frequently let fly an invenomed Arrow, and wound his votaries oftner in the Nose than in the Heart. Thus far the fable.

I need not tell my Learned reader, that *Correggio* has drawn a *Cupid* taking his lesson from *Mercury*, conformable to this Poem; nor that the Poem it self was designed as a Burlesque upon *Fracastorius*.

It was a little after this fatal siege of *Naples* that *Talicotius* begun to practise in a town of *Germany*. He was the first Clap-doctor that I meet with in History, and a greater man in his age than our celebrated *Dr. Wall*. He saw his Species extremely mutilated and disfigured by this new distemper that was crept into it; and therefore, in pursuance of a very seasonable invention, set up a manufacture of Noses, having first got a Patent that none should presume to make Noses besides himself. His first Patient was a Great man of *Portugal*, who had done good services to his country, but in the midst of them unfortunately lost his Nose. *Talicotius* grafted a new one on the remaining part of the Grifse or Cartilaginous substance, which would sneeze, smell, take snuff, pronounce the letters

ters *M* or *N*, and in short, do all the functions of a genuine and natural Nose. There was however one misfortune in this experiment. The *Portuguese's* complexion was a little upon the subfusc, with very black eyes and dark eyebrows, and the Nose being taken from a Porter that had a white *German* skin, and cut out of those parts that are not exposed to the Sun, it was very visible that the features of his face were not fellows. In a word, the *Conde* resembled one of those maimed antique Statues that has often a modern Nose of fresh Marble glewed to a face of such a yellow ivory complexion as nothing can give but age. To remedy this particular for the future, the Doctor got together a great collection of Porters, men of all complexions, black, brown, fair, dark, fallow, pale, and ruddy; so that it was impossible for a Patient of the most out-of-the-way colour not to find a Nose to match it.

The Doctor's house was now very much enlarged, and become a kind of College, or rather Hospital, for the fashionable Cripples of both Sexes that resorted to him from all parts of *Europe*. Over his door was fastened a large Golden Snout, not unlike that which is placed over the great Gates at *Brazen-Nose* College in *Oxford*; and as it is usual for the Learned in Foreign Universities to distinguish their houses by a *Latin* sentence, the Doctor writ underneath this great Golden Proboscis two verses out of *Ovid*:

*Militat omnis amans, habet et sua castra Cupido,
Pontice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.*

It is reported, that *Talicotius* had at one time in his house twelve *German* Counts, nineteen *French* Marquisses, and a hundred *Spanish* Cavaliers, besides one solitary *English* Esquire, of whom more hereafter. Though the Doctor had the Monopoly of Noses in his own hands, he is said not to have been unreasonable. Indeed if a man had occasion for a high *Roman* Nose, he must go to the price of it. A Carbuncle Nose likewise bore an excessive rate: But for your ordinary short turned-up Noses, of which there was the greatest consumption, they cost little or nothing; at least the Purchasers thought so, who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them, rather than to have gone without them.

The Sympathy betwixt the Nose and its Parent was very extraordinary. *Hudibras* has told us, that when the Porter died, the Nose dropped of course, in which case it was always usual to return the Nose, in order to have it interred with its first owner. The Nose was likewise affected by the pain as well as death of the original Proprietor. An eminent instance
of

of this nature happened to three *Spaniards*, whose Noses were all made out of the same piece of Brawn. They found them one day shoot and swell extremely, upon which they sent to know how the Porter did, and heard upon enquiry, that the parent of the Noses had been severely kicked the day before, and that the Porter kept his bed on account of the bruises it had received. This was highly resentful by the *Spaniards*, who found out the person that had used the Porter so unmercifully, and treated him in the same manner as if the indignity had been done to their own Noses. In this and several other cases it might be said, that the Porters led the Gentlemen by the Nose.

On the other hand, if any thing went amiss with the Nose, the Porter felt the effects of it, insomuch that it was generally articulated with the Patient, that he should not only abstain from all his old courses, but should on no pretence whatsoever smell Pepper, or eat Mustard; on which occasion, the part where the incision had been made was seized with unspeakable twinges and prickings.

The *Englishman* I before mentioned was so very irregular, and relapsed so frequently into the distemper which at first brought him to the Learned *Talicotius*, that in the space of two years he wore out five Noses, and by that means so tormented the Porters, that if he would have given 500*l.* for a Nose, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young Gentleman was born of honest Parents, and passed his first years in Fox-hunting; but accidentally quitting the woods, and coming up to *London*, he was so charmed with the Beauties of the Play-house, that he had not been in town two days before he got the misfortune which carried off this part of his face. He used to be called in *Germany*, the *Englishman* of five Noses, and, the Gentleman that had thrice as many Noses as he had Ears: Such was the raillery of those times.

I shall close this paper with an admonition to the young Men of this town, which I think the more necessary, because I see several new fresh-coloured faces, that have made their first appearance in it this Winter. I must therefore assure them, that the art of making Noses is entirely lost; and in the next place, beg them not to follow the example of our ordinary town-rakes, who live as if there was a *Talicotius* to be met with at the corner of every street. Whatever young men may think, the Nose is a very becoming part of the face, and a man makes but a very silly figure without it. But it is the nature of youth not to know the value of any thing till they have lost it. The general precept therefore I shall

leave with them is, to regard every Town-woman as a particular kind of Siren, that has a design upon their Noses; and that, amidst her flatteries and allurements, they will fancy she speaks to them in that humorous Phrase of old *Plautus*:

Ego tibi faciem denasabo mordicùs.

“ Keep your face out of my way, or I’ll bite off your Nose.

N^o 262. *Tuesday, December 12. 1710.*

*Verba togæ sequeris, juncturâ callidus acris,
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere mores,
Doctus et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.* Perf. Sat. 5.

Journal of the Court of Honour, &c.

T *Imothy Treatall*, Gent. was indicted by several Ladies of his Sister’s acquaintance for a very rude affront offered to them at an entertainment, to which he had invited them on *Tuesday* the 7th of *November* last past, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening. The Indictment set forth, that the said *Mr. Treatall*, upon the serving up of the supper, desired the Ladies to take their places according to their different age and seniority, for that it was the way always at his table to pay respect to Years. The Indictment added, that this produced an unspeakable confusion in the Company; for that the Ladies, who before had pressed together for a place at the upper end of the table, immediately crowded with the same disorder towards the end that was quite opposite; that *Mrs. Frontly* had the insolence to clap her self down at the very lowest place of the table; that the Widow *Partlett* seated her self on the right hand of *Mrs. Frontly*, alledging for her excuse, that no ceremony was to be used at a Round Table; that *Mrs. Fidget* and *Mrs. Fescue* disputed above half an hour for the same Chair, and that