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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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N° 46. Monday, April 23.

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum. Ovid.

WHEN I want materials for this paper, it is my custom to go abroad in quest of game; and when I meet any proper subject, I take the first opportunity of setting down an hint of it upon paper. At the same time I look into the letters of my correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford matter of speculation, I likewise enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole sheet-full of hints, that would look like a Rhapsody of nonsense to any body but my self: There is nothing in them but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are my Speculations in the first principles, that (like the world in its chaos) are void of all light, distinction, and order.

About a week since there happened to me a very odd accident, by reason of one of these my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at *Lloyd's* Coffee-house, where the Auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a cluster of people who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one end of the Coffee-house: it had raised so much laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The Boy of the Coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, asking every body if they had dropped a written paper; but no body challenging it, he was ordered by those merry Gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the auction-pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it, they might. The Boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and with a very audible voice read as follows.

MINUTES.

MINUTES.

Sir ROGER DE COVERLY'S country feat—Yes, for I hate long speeches—Query, if a good Christian may be a Conjuror—*Childermass-day*, Saltfeller, House-dog, Screech-owl, Cricket—Mr. Thomas Inkle of London, in the good ship called the *Achilles*. *Varico*—*Ægre scit que medendo*—Ghosts—The Lady's Library—Lion by trade a Taylor—Dromedary called *Bucephalus*—Equipage the Lady's *summum bonum*—Charles Lillie to be taken notice of—Short face a relief to envy—Redundancies in the three professions—King *Latinus* a recruit—Jew devouring an ham of Bacon—*Westminster-Abby*—*Grand Cairo*—Procrastination—*April* fools—Blue Boars, Red Lions, Hogs in armour—Enter a King and two Fiddlers *solus*—Admission into the Ugly Club—Beauty, how improveable—Families of true and false Humour—The Parrot's school-mistress—Face half *Piè* half *British*—No man to be an Heroe of a Tragedy under six foot—Club of Sighers—Letters from Flower-pots, Elbow-chairs, Tapestry-figures, Lion, Thunder—The Bell rings to the Puppet-show—Old Woman with a Beard married to a smock-faced Boy—My next coat to be turned up with blue—Fable of Tongs and Gridiron—Flower Dyers—The Soldier's Prayer—Thank ye for nothing, says the Gallypot—*Pactolus* in stockings, with golden clocks to them—Bamboos, Gudgeles, Drum-sticks—Slip of my Land-lady's eldest daughter—The black Mare with a star in her forehead—The Barber's pole—WILL. HONEYCOMB'S coat-pocket—*Cæsar's* behaviour and my own in parallel circumstances—Poem in Patch-work—*Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles*—The Female Conventicler—The Ogle-master.

The reading of this paper made the whole Coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a Madman, and others by some body that had been taking notes out of the Spectator. One who had the appearance of a very substantial citizen, told us, with several politick winks and nods, that he wished there was no more in the paper than what was expressed in it: that for his part, he looked upon the Dromedary, the Gridiron, and the Barber's pole, to signify something more than what is usually meant by those words; and that he thought the Coffee-man could not do better, than to carry the paper to one of the Secretaries of State. He further added, that he did not like the name of the out-landish man with the golden clock in his stockings. A young Oxford Scholar, who

who chanced to be with his Uncle at the Coffee-house, discovered to us who this *Pactolus* was; and by that means turned the whole scheme of this worthy Citizen into ridicule. While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the Boy, as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but after having cast a cursory glance over it, and shook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of match, and lilt my pipe with it. My profound silence, together with the steadiness of my countenance, and the gravity of my behaviour during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped all suspicion of being the Author, I was very well satisfied, and applying my self to my Pipe and the *Postman*, took no further notice of any thing that passed about me.

My reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched, were such provisions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I shall only give him the letters which relate to the two last hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many an husband who suffers very much in his private affairs by the indiscreet zeal of such a partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous inscription quoted by the Bishop of *Salisbury* in his *Travels*; *Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia.*

S I R,

“ I Am one of those unhappy men that are plagued with a Gospel-
 “ gossip, so common among Dissenters (especially Friends.) Le-
 “ ctures in the morning, Church-meetings at noon, and Preparation-
 “ sermons at night, take up so much of her time, 'tis very rare she knows
 “ what we have for dinner, unless when the Preacher is to be at it.
 “ With him come a Tribe, all Brothers and Sisters it seems; while o-
 “ thers, really such, are deemed no relations. If at any time I have her
 “ company alone, she is a meer sermon popgun, repeating and discharg-
 “ ing texts, proofs, and applications so perpetually, that however weary
 “ I may go to bed, the noise in my head will not let me sleep till to-
 “ wards morning. The misery of my case, and great numbers of such
 “ sufferers, plead your pity and speedy relief; otherwise must expect, in a
 “ little

“ little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into want, unless the
 “ happiness of being sooner talked to death prevent it.

I am, &c. R. G.

The second Letter, relating to the Ogling Master, runs thus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ I Am an *Irish* Gentleman, that have travelled many years for my Im-
 “ provement; during which time I have accomplished my self in
 “ the whole art of Ogling, as it is at present practised in all the polite
 “ nations of *Europe*. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the advice of
 “ my friends, to set up for an Ogling-master. I teach the Church Ogle
 “ in the morning, and the Play-house Ogle by candle-light. I have also
 “ brought over with me a new flying Ogle fit for the Ring; which I teach
 “ in the dusk of the evening, or in any hour of the day by darkning one
 “ of my windows. I have a manuscript by me called *The compleat Og-*
 “ *ler*, which I shall be ready to shew you upon any occasion. In the
 “ mean time, I beg you will publish the substance of this Letter in an
 “ Advertisement, and you will very much oblige,

Yours, &c.

N^o 47. *Tuesday, April 24.*

Ride si sapiis -----

Mart.

MR. *Hobbs*, in his discourse of human Nature, which, in my hum-
 ble opinion, is much the best of all his works, after some very
 curious observations upon Laughter, concludes thus: “ The pas-
 sion of Laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some
 “ sudden conception of some eminency in our selves by comparison with
 “ the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at
 “ the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remem-
 “ brance, except they bring with them any present dishonour.”

Ac-