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**The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.**

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

N° 377. Tuesday, May 13.

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“ As you have somewhere declared, that extraordinary and uncommon characters of mankind are the game which you delight in, and  
 “ as I look upon you to be the greatest sportsman, or, if you please,  
 “ the *Nimrod* among this species of writers, I thought this discovery  
 “ would not be unacceptable to you.

*I am, SIR, &c.*

N<sup>o</sup> 377. *Tuesday, May 13.*

*Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis  
 Cautum est in horas-----*

*Hor.*

**L**OVE was the mother of Poetry, and still produces, among the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand imaginary distresses and poetical complaints. It makes a footman talk like *Oroondates*, and converts a brutal rustick into a gentle swain. The most ordinary Plebeian or Mechanic in love, bleeds and pines away with a certain elegance and tenderness of sentiments which this passion naturally inspires.

These inward languishings of a mind infected with this softness, have given birth to a phrase which is made use of by all the melting tribe, from the highest to the lowest, I mean that of *dying for Love*.

Romances, which owe their very Being to this passion, are full of these metaphorical deaths. Heroes and Heroines, Knights, Squires, and Damfels, are all of them in a dying condition. There is the same kind of mortality in our modern Tragedies, where every one gasps, faints, bleeds and dies. Many of the Poets, to describe the execution which is done by this passion, represent the fair sex as *Basilisks* that destroy with their eyes; but I think Mr. *Cowley* has with greater justness of thought compared a beautiful woman to a *Porcupine*, that sends an arrow from every part.

I have often thought, that there is no way so effectual for the cure of this general infirmity, as a man's reflecting upon the motives that produce it. When the passion proceeds from the sense of any virtue or perfection

in the persons beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a man considers that all his heavy complaints of wounds and deaths rise from some little affectations of coquetry, which are improved into charms by his own fond imagination, the very laying before himself the cause of his distemper, may be sufficient to effect the cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several bundles of Letters which I have received from dying people, and composed out of them the following bill of mortality, which I shall lay before my Reader without any further preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several places where there is most danger, and those fatal arts which are made use of to destroy the heedless and unwary.

*Lysander*, slain at a Puppet-show on the third of *September*.

*Thyrsis*, shot from a casement in *Pickadilly*.

*T. S.* wounded by *Zelinda's* scarlet stocking, as she was stepping out of a coach.

*Will. Simple*, smitten at the Opera by the glance of an eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

*Tho. Vainlove* lost his life at a Ball.

*Tim. Tattle*, killed by the tap of a fan on his left shoulder by *Coquetilla*, as he was talking carelessly with her in a bow-window.

Sir *Simon Softly*, murdered at the Play-house in *Drury-lane* by a frown.

*Philander*, mortally wounded by *Cleora*, as she was adjusting her Tucker.

*Ralph Gapely*, Esq; hit by a random shot at the Ring.

*F. R.* caught his death upon the water, *April* the 31<sup>st</sup>.

*W. W.* killed by an unknown hand, that was playing with the glove off upon the side of the front-box in *Drury-lane*.

Sir *Christopher Crazy*, Bar. hurt by the brush of a whalebone petticoat.

*Sylvius*, shot through the sticks of a fan at *St. James's* church.

*Damon*, struck through the heart by a diamond necklace.

*Thomas Trusty*, *Francis Goosequill*, *William Meanwell*, *Edward Callow*, Esqs; standing in a row, fell all four at the same time, by an ogle of the *Widow Trapland*.

*Tom Rattle*, chancing to tread upon a Lady's tail as he came out of the Play-house, she turned full upon him, and laid him dead upon the spot.

*Dick Tastewell*, slain by a blush from the Queen's box in the third act of the *Trip to the Jubilee*.

Samuel

*Samuel Felt*, Haberdasher, wounded in his walk to *Islington* by Mrs. *Susannah Crossstitch*, as she was clambering over a stile.

*R, F. T, W. S, I. M, P. &c.* put to death in the last birth-day massacre.

*Roger Blinko*, cut off in the twenty first year of his age by a white-wash.

*Musidorus*, slain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in *Belinda's* left cheek.

*Ned Courtly* presenting *Flavia* with her glove (which she had dropped on purpose) she received it, and took away his life with a curtsey.

*John Gosselin* having received a slight hurt from a pair of blue eyes, as he was making his escape was dispatched by a smile.

*Strephon*, killed by *Clarinda* as she looked down into the pit.

*Charles Careless*, shot flying by a girl of fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her head upon him out of a coach.

*Josiah Wither*, aged threescore and three, sent to his long home by *Elizabeth Fitt-well*, spinster.

*Jack Freelove*, murdered by *Melissa* in her hair.

*William Wiseaker*, Gent. drowned in a flood of tears by *Moll Common*.

*John Pleadwell*, Esq; of the *Middle Temple*, barrister at law, assassinated in his chambers the sixth instant by *Kitty Sly*, who pretended to come to him for his advice.

N<sup>o</sup> 381. *Saturday, May 17.*

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis*

*Servare mentem, non secus ac bonis*

*Ab insolenti temperatam*

*Letitiâ, moriture Deli.*

Hor.

I Have always prefer'd Chearfulness to Mirth. The latter, I consider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, Chearfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised