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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

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N^o 44. *Monday, May 21.*

*Multaque præterea variarum monstra ferarum
Centauri in foribus stabulant, scyllæque bifformes,
Et centum-geminus Briareus, ac bellua Lerna
Horrendum stridens, flammisque armata Chimæra,
Gorgones, Harpyiæque, et forma tricorporis umbra.
Corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum
Æneas, strictamque aciem venientibus offert.
Et, ni docta comes tenues sine corpore vitas
Admoneat volitare cava sub imagine formæ,
Irruat, et frustra ferro diverberet umbras.*

Virg.

AS I was last *Friday* taking a walk in the Park, I saw a country Gentleman at the side of *Rosamond's* pond, pulling a handful of oats out of his pocket, and with a great deal of pleasure, gathering the Ducks about him. Upon my coming up to him, who should it be but my friend the Fox-hunter, whom I gave some account of in my twenty second paper! I immediately joined him, and partook of his diversion, till he had not an oat left in his pocket. We then made the tour of the park together, when after having entertained me with the description of a Decoy-pond that lay near his seat in the country, and of a Meeting-house that was going to be re-built in a neighbouring market-town, he gave me an account of some very odd adventures which he had met with that morning; and which I shall lay together in a short and faithful history, as well as my memory will give me leave.

My friend, who has a natural aversion to *London*, would never have come up, had not he been subpoenaed to it, as he told me, in order to give his testimony for one of the rebels, whom he knew to be a very fair sports-man. Having travelled all night, to avoid the inconveniencies of dust and heat, he arrived with his guide, a little after break of day, at

Charing-

Charing-cross; where, to his great surprize, he saw a running footman carried in a chair, followed by a water-man in the same kind of vehicle. He was wondering at the extravagance of their Masters, that furnished them with such dresses and accommodations, when on a sudden he beheld a chimney-sweeper, conveyed after the same manner, with three footmen running before him. During his progress through the *Strand*, he met with several other figures no less wonderful and surprizing. Seeing a great many in rich morning-gowns, he was amazed to find that persons of Quality were up so early: and was no less astonish'd to see many Lawyers in their bar-gowns, when he knew by his Almanack the Term was ended. As he was extremely puzzled and confounded in himself what all this should mean, a Hackney-coach chancing to pass by him, four *Batts* popped out their heads all at once, which very much frighted both him and his horse. My friend, who always takes care to cure his horse of such starting fits, spurred him up to the very side of the coach, to the no small diversion of the *Batts*; who, seeing him with his long whip, horse-hair perriwig, Jockey belt, and coat without sleeves, fancied him to be one of the Masqueraders on horseback, and received him with a loud peal of laughter. His mind being full of idle stories, which are spread up and down the nation by the disaffected, he immediately concluded that all the persons he saw in these strange habits were foreigners, and conceived a great indignation against them, for pretending to laugh at an *English* Country-gentleman. But he soon recovered out of his error, by hearing the voices of several of them, and particularly of a shepherdes quarrelling with her coachman, and threatening to break his bones in very intelligible *English*, though with a masculine tone. His astonishment still increased upon him, to see a continued procession of Harlequins, Scaramouches, Punchinello's, and a thousand other merry dresses, by which people of Quality distinguish their wit from that of the vulgar.

Being now advanced as far as *Somerset-house*, and observing it to be the great hive whence this swarm of Chimeras issued forth from time to time, my friend took his station among a cluster of mob, who were making themselves merry with their betters. The first that came out was a very venerable matron, with a nose and chin, that were within a very little of touching one another. My friend, at the first view fancying her to be an old woman of Quality, out of his good breeding put off his hat to her, when the person pulling off her Masque, to his great surprize appeared a smock-faced young fellow. His attention was soon taken off from this object, and turned to another that had very hollow eyes and a wrinkled

wrinkled face, which flourished in all the bloom of fifteen. The whiteness of the lily was blended in it with the blush of the rose. He mistook it for a very whimsical kind of masque; but upon a nearer view he found that she held her vizard in her hand, and that what he saw was only her natural countenance, touched up with the usual improvements of an aged Coquette.

The next who shewed her self was a female Quaker, so very pretty, that he could not forbear licking his lips, and saying to the mob about him, *It is ten thousand pities she is not a church-woman.* The Quaker was followed by half a dozen Nuns, who filed off one after another up *Catharine-street*, to their respective convents in *Drury-lane*.

The 'Squire observing the preciseness of their dress, began now to imagine after all, that this was a nest of sectaries; for he had often heard that the town was full of them. He was confirmed in this opinion upon seeing a Conjuror, whom he guessed to be the Holder-forth. However, to satisfy himself he asked a Porter, who stood next him, what religion these people were of? The Porter replied, *They are of no religion; it is a Masquerade.* Upon that, says my friend, I began to smoke that they were a parcel of mummers; and being himself one of the Quorum in his own County, could not but wonder that none of the *Middlesex* Justices took care to lay some of them by the heels. He was the more provoked in the spirit of Magistracy, upon discovering two very unseemly objects: the first was a Judge, who rapped out a great oath at his footman; and the other a big-bellied woman, who upon taking a leap into the coach, miscarried of a cushion. What still gave him greater offence was a drunken Bishop, who reeled from one side of the Court to the other, and was very sweet upon an *Indian* Queen. But his Worship, in the midst of his austerity, was mollified at the sight of a very lovely milk-maid, whom he began to regard with an eye of mercy, and conceived a particular affection for her, until he found, to his great amazement, that the standers-by suspected her to be a Dutchess.

I must not conclude this narrative without mentioning one disaster which happened to my friend on this occasion. Having for his better convenience dismounted, and mixed among the crowd, he found, upon his arrival at the Inn, that he had lost his purse and his almanack. And though it is no wonder such a trick should be played him by some of the curious spectators, he cannot beat it out of his head, but that it was a Cardinal who picked his pocket, and that this Cardinal was a Presbyterian in disguise.

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Friday,