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

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

No 67. Thursday, May 28. 1713.

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 N<sup>o</sup> 67. *Thursday, May 28. 1713.*


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-----*ne fortè pudori*  
*Sit tibi musa lyrae solers, et cantor Apollo.* Hor.

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**I**T has been remarked, by curious observers, that Poets are generally long-lived, and run beyond the usual age of man, if not cut off by some accident or excess, as *Anacreon*, in the midst of a very merry old age, was choaked with a grape-stone. The same redundancy of spirits, that produces the poetical flame, keeps up the vital warmth, and administers uncommon fuel to life. I question not but several instances will occur to my Reader's memory, from *Homer* down to *Mr. Dryden*. I shall only take notice of two who have excelled in Lyrics, the one an ancient and the other a modern. The first gained an immortal reputation by celebrating several Jockeys in the *Olympic* games; the last has signalized himself on the same occasion by the Ode that begins with—*To horse, brave boys, to New-market, to horse.* My Reader will, by this time, know that the two Poets I have mentioned, are *Pindar* and *Mr. d'Urfey*. The former of these is long since laid in his urn, after having, many years together, endeared himself to all *Greece* by his tuneful compositions. Our countryman is still living, and in a blooming old age, that still promises many musical productions; for, if I am not mistaken, our *British* Swan will sing to the last. The best judges, who have perused his last song on the *Moderate Man*, do not discover any decay in his parts, but think it deserves a place among the works with which he obliged the world in his more early years.

I am led into this subject by a visit which I lately received from my good old friend and contemporary. As we both flourished together in *King Charles* the Second's reign, we diverted our selves with the remembrance of several particulars that passed in the world before the greatest part of my Readers were born, and could not but smile to think how insensibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old Gentlemen. *Tom* observed to me, that after having written more Odes than *Horace*, and

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about four times as many Comedies as *Terence*, he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a set of men, who, of late years, had furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a song. In order to extricate my old friend, I immediately sent for the three directors of the Play-house, and desired them that they would in their turn do a good office for a man, who, in *Shake-spear's* phrase, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleasantry and popular conceits. They very generously listened to my proposal, and agreed to act the *Plotting-Sisters*, (a very taking Play of my old friend's composing) on the the 15th of the next month, for the benefit of the Author.

My kindness to the agreeable Mr. *d'Urfey* will be imperfect, if after having engaged the players in his favour, I do not get the town to come into it. I must therefore heartily recommend to all the young Ladies, my disciples, the case of my old friend, who has often made their grandmothers merry, and whose Sonnets have perhaps lulled a sleep many a present Toast, when she lay in her cradle.

I have already prevailed upon my Lady *Lizard* to be at the house in one of the front boxes, and design, if I am in town, to lead her in my self at the head of her daughters. The Gentleman I am speaking of has laid obligations on so many of his countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a just return to the good service of a veteran Poet.

I my self remember King *Charles* the Second leaning on *Tom d'Urfey's* shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him. It is certain that Monarch was not a little supported by *Joy to great Cæsar*, which gave the Whigs such a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked Popery with the same success, having exposed *Bellarmino* and *Porto-Carrero* more than once in short satyrical compositions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made use of *Italian* tunes and sonnata's for promoting the Protestant interest, and turned a considerable part of the Pope's music against himself. In short, he has obliged the Court with political Sonnets, the country with Dialogues and Pastorals, the City with Descriptions of a Lord-Mayor's feast, not to mention his little Ode upon *Stool-ball*, with many others of the like nature.

Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be sufficient to fill the Play-house. *Pretty Peg of Windsor*, *Gilian of Croydon*, *with Dolly and Molly*, and *Tommy and Johny*, with many others to be met with in the musical miscellanies, entitled *Pills to purge Melancholy*, would make a good benefit night.

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As my friend, after the manner of the old Lyricks, accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the most polite companies and conversations from the beginning of King *Charles* the Second's reign to our present times. Many an honest Gentleman has got a reputation in his country, by pretending to have been in company with *Tom d'Urfey*.

I might here mention several other merits in my friend; as his enriching our language with a multitude of rhimes, and bringing words together that, without his good offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, so long as it had been a tongue. But I must not omit that my old friend angles for a trout the best of any man in *England*. *May* flies come in late this season, or I my self should, before now, have had a trout of his hooking.

After what I have said, and much more that I might say, on this subject, I question not but the world will think that my old friend ought not to pass the remainder of his life in a cage like a singing bird, but enjoy all that pindaric liberty which is suitable to a man of his genius. He has made the world merry, and I hope they will make him easie so long as he stays among us. This I will take upon me to say, they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more chearful, honest and good-natured man.

N<sup>o</sup> 71.

Tuesday, June 2.

*Quale portentum neque militaris  
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,  
Nec Jubaæ tellus generat, leonum  
Arida nutrix.*

Hor.

**I** Question not but my country customers will be surprized to hear me complain that this town is, of late years, very much infested with Lions; and will, perhaps, look upon it as a strange piece of news, when I assure them that there are many of these beasts of prey who walk

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