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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

No 114. Wednesday, July 22.

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N^o 114.

Wednesday, July 22.

*Alveos accipite, ceris opus infundite.
Fuci recusant, apibus conditio placet.*

Phæd.

I Think my self obliged to acquaint the publick, that the Lion's head, of which I advertised them about a fortnight ago, is now erected at *Button's* coffee-house in *Russel-street, Covent Garden*, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of such intelligence as shall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship, and was designed by a great hand in imitation of the antique *Egyptian* lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the Coffee-house, holding its paws under the chin upon a box, which contains every thing that he swallows. He is indeed a proper emblem of *Knowledge* and *Action*, being all head and paws.

I need not acquaint my Readers, that my lion, like a moth or book-worm, feeds upon nothing but paper, and shall only beg of them to diet him with wholesome and substantial food. I must therefore desire that they will not gorge him either with nonsense or obscenity; and must likewise insist, that his mouth be not defiled with scandal, for I would not make use of him to revile the human species, and satyrise those who are his betters. I shall not suffer him to worry any man's reputation, nor indeed fall on any person whatsoever, such only excepted as disgrace the name of this generous animal, and under the title of lions contrive the ruin of their fellow-subjects. I must desire likewise, that intriguers will not make a pimp of my lion, and by his means convey their thoughts to one another. Those who are read in the history of the Popes observe that the *Leo's* have been the best, and the *Innocents* the worst of that Species, and I hope that I shall not be thought to derogate from my lion's

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on's character, by representing him as such a peaceable good-natured well-defigning beast.

I intend to publish once every week the *Roarings of the Lion*, and hope to make him roar so loud as to be heard over all the *British* nation.

If my correspondents will do their parts in prompting him, and supplying him with suitable provision, I question not but the lion's head will be reckoned the best head in *England*.

There is a notion generally received in the world, that a lion is a dangerous creature to all women who are not virgins, which may have given occasion to a foolish report, that my lion's jaws are so contrived, as to snap the hands of any of the female sex, who are not thus qualified to approach it with safety. I shall not spend much time in exposing the falsity of this report, which I believe will not weigh any thing with women of sense: I shall only say, that there is not one of the Sex in all the neighbourhood of *Covent Garden*, who may not put her hand in the mouth with the same security as if she were a Vestal. However that the Ladies may not be deterred from corresponding with me by this method, I must acquaint them, that the Coffee-man has a little daughter of about four years old who has been virtuously educated, and will lend her hand, upon this occasion, to any Lady that shall desire it of her.

In the mean time I must further acquaint my fair Readers, that I have thoughts of making a further provision for them at my ingenious Friend Mr. *Motteux's*, or at *Corticelli's*, or some other place frequented by the wits and beauties of the sex. As I have here a lion's head for the men, I shall there erect an unicorn's head for the Ladies, and will so contrive it that they may put in their intelligence at the top of the horn, which shall convey it into a little receptacle at the bottom prepared for that purpose. Out of these two magazines I shall supply the Town from time to time with what may tend to their edification, and at the same time carry on an epistolary correspondence between the two heads, not a little beneficial both to the publick and to my self. As both these monsters will be very insatiable, and devour great quantities of paper, there will no small use redound from them to that manufacture in particular.

The following letter having been left with the keeper of the lion, with a request from the writer that it may be the first morsel which is put into his mouth, I shall communicate it to the publick as it came to my hand, without examining whether it be proper nourishment, as I intend to do for the future.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

Mr. GUARDIAN,

“ YOUR predecessor, the *Spectator*, endeavoured, but in vain, to improve the charms of the fair sex, by exposing their dress whenever it launched into extremities. Among the rest the great petticoat came under his consideration, but in contradiction to whatever he has said they still resolutely persist in this fashion. The form of their bottom is not, I confess, altogether the same; for whereas before it was of an orbicular make, they now look as if they were press’d, so that they seem to deny access to any part but the middle. Many are the Inconveniencies that accrue to her Majesty’s loving subjects from the said petticoats, as hurting men’s shins, sweeping down the ware of industrious females in the street, &c. I saw a young Lady fall down, the other day, and believe me Sir, she very much resembled an overturned bell without a clapper. Many other disasters I could tell you of that befall themselves as well as others, by means of this unweildy garment. I wish, Mr. GUARDIAN, you would join with me in showing your dislike of such a monstrous fashion, and I hope when the Ladies see it is the opinion of two of the wisest men in *England*, they will be convinced of their folly.

I am, SIR, your daily Reader and Admirer,

Tom. Plain.

N^o 115. *Thursday, July 23.*

Ingenium par materie-----

Juv.

WHEN I read rules of criticism I immediately enquire after the works of the Author who has written them, and by that means discover what it is he likes in a composition; for there is no question but every man aims at least at what he thinks beautiful in others. If I find by his own manner of writing that he is heavy and tasteless, I throw aside his criticisms with a secret indignation, to see a man without genius or politeness dictating to the world on subjects which I find are above his reach.

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