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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

No 116. Friday, July 24.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53597](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53597)

The hall prepared for their reception was filled with an audience of the greatest eminence for quality and politeness. The Poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem written in the stile and spirit of those immortal Authors whom they represented. The subjects of these several poems, with the judgment passed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper.

N^o 116. *Friday, July 24.*

----- *Ridiculum acri*

Fortius et melius-----

Hor.

THERE are many little enormities in the world, which our preachers would be very glad to see removed; but at the same time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the Pulpit. Should they recommend the *Tucker* in a pathetick discourse, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a parish, where the top-woman of it used always to appear with a patch upon some part of her forehead: the good man of the place preached at it with great zeal for almost a twelvemonth; but instead of fetching out the spot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parson *Patch* for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor *Top-knot* for reasons of the same nature. I remember the Clergy, during the time of *Cromwell's* usurpation, were very much taken up in reforming the female world, and showing the vanity of those outward ornaments in which the sex so much delights. I have heard a whole sermon against a white-wash, and have known a coloured ribbon made the mark of the unconverted. The Clergy of the present age are not transported with these indiscreet fervours, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is severe upon subjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than seriousness. For this reason I look upon my self to be of great use to these good men; while they are employed in extirpating mortal sins, and crimes of a higher nature, I should be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial transgressions. While the
 Doctor

Doctor is curing distempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the *Merry-Andrew* has his separate packet for the meagrimms and the tooth-ach.

Thus much I thought fit to premise before I resume the subject which I have already handled, I mean the naked bosoms of our *British Ladies*. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I still beg that they will be covered. I shall here present them with a Letter on that particular, as it was yesterday conveyed to me through the Lion's mouth. It comes from a Quaker, and is as follows:

NESTOR IRONSIDE,

“OUR friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginnest to have
“ a glimmering of the light in thee: we shall pray for thee, that
“ thou mayest be more and more enlightened. Thou givest good ad-
“ vice to the women of this world to cloath themselves like unto our
“ friends, and not to expose their fleshly temptations, for it is against
“ the record. Thy Lion is a good Lion; he roareth loud, and is heard
“ a great way, even unto the sink of *Babylon*; for the Scarlet Whore is
“ governed by the voice of thy Lion. Look on his order.

Rome, July 8, 1713. “ *A placard is published here, forbidding wo-
“ men of whatsoever quality, to go with naked breasts; and the Priests
“ are ordered not to admit the transgressors of this law to confession, nor
“ to communion; neither are they to enter the Cathedrals under severe
“ penalties.*

“ These lines are faithfully copied from the nightly paper, with this
“ title written over it, *The Evening Post*, from *Saturday, July the 18th,*
“ to *Tuesday, July the 21st.*

“ Seeing thy Lion is obeyed at this distance, we hope the foolish wo-
“ men in thy own country will listen to thy admonitions. Otherwise
“ thou art desired to make him still roar till all the beasts of the forest
“ shall tremble. I must again repeat unto thee, friend *Nestor*, the whole
“ brotherhood have great hopes of thee, and expect to see thee so in-
“ spired with the light, as thou mayest speedily become a great preacher
“ of the word. I wish it heartily.

Thine,

in every thing that is praise-worthy,

Tom. Tremble.

Tom's Coffee-house in Birchin
lane the 23d day of the
month called July.

It

It happens very oddly that the Pope and I should have the same thought much about the same time. My enemies will be apt to say that we hold a correspondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I shall not be ashamed to join with his Holiness in those particulars which are indifferent between us, especially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the same age, and consider this fashion in the same view. I hope that it will not be able to resist his Bull and my Lion. I am only afraid that our Ladies will take occasion from hence to show their zeal for the protestant religion, and pretend to expose their naked bosoms only in opposition to Popery.

N° 117. Saturday, July 25.

Cura pii Diis sunt-----

Ov.

LOOKING over the late edition of Monsieur *Boileau's* works, I was very much pleased with the article which he has added to his notes on the translation of *Longinus*. He there tells us, that the Sublime in writing rises either from the nobleness of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase, and that the perfect sublime arises from all these three in conjunction together. He produces an instance of this perfect sublime in four verses from the *Atthaliab* of Monsieur *Racine*. When *Abner*, one of the chief Officers of the Court, represents to *Joad* the High-Priest, that the Queen was incensed against him, the High-Priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer.

*Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait aussi des mechans arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté Sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.*

He who ruleth the raging of the sea, knows also how to check the designs of the ungodly. I submit my self with reverence to his holy will. O Abner,