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

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

No 530. Friday, November 7.

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I shall only add, that by a parity of reason, all writers of Tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated, served, or saluted before Comic writers: those who deal in Tragi-Comedy usually taking their seats between the Authors of either side. There has been a long dispute for precedency between the Tragic and Heroic Poets. *Aristotle* would have the latter yield the *Pas* to the former, but *Mr. Dryden* and many others would never submit to this decision. Burlesque writers pay the same deference to the Heroic, as Comic writers to their serious brothers in the Drama. By this short table of laws, order is kept up, and distinction preserved in the whole republic of letters.

N<sup>o</sup> 530.

Friday, November 7.

*Sic visum Veneri ; cui placet impares  
Formas atque animos sub juga abenea  
Sævo mittere cum joco.*

Hor.

IT is very usual for those who have been severe upon marriage, in some part or other of their lives to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their raillery return upon their own heads. I scarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not, sooner or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a blessing to another man, falls upon such an one as a judgment. *Mr. Congreve's Old Batchelor* is set forth to us with much wit and humour, as an example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railing at the sex in general, very often make an honourable amends, by chusing one of the most worthless persons of it, for a companion and yoke-fellow. *Hymen* takes his revenge in kind, on those who turn his mysteries into ridicule.

My friend *Will. Honeycomb*, who was so unmercifully witty upon the women, in a couple of Letters, which I lately communicated to the public, has given the Ladies ample satisfaction by marrying a farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our Club by the last post. The *Templer* is very positive that he has married a dairy-maid: but *Will*, in his Letter to me on this occasion, sets the best face upon the matter that

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he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the Letter I found that *Will* was fallen off from his former gayety, having changed *Dear Spec.* which was his usual salute at the beginning of the Letter, into *my worthy friend*, and subscribed himself in the latter end of it at full length *William Honeycomb*. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain *Will Honeycomb*, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for about thirty years together, and boasted of favours from Ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His Letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober character of the husband is dashed with the man of the town, and enlivened with those little cant-phrases which have made my friend *Will* often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

*My Worthy Friend,*

“ I Question not but you, and the rest of my acquaintance, wonder  
 “ that I who have lived in the smoke and gallantries of the town  
 “ for thirty years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a country  
 “ life. Had not my dog of a steward run away as he did, without mak-  
 “ ing up his accounts, I had still been immerfed in sin and sea-coal. But  
 “ since my late forced visit to my estate, I am so pleased with it, that I  
 “ am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my  
 “ acres, and can scarce forbear filling my Letter with breezes, shades,  
 “ flowers, meadows, and purling streams. The simplicity of manners,  
 “ which I have heard you so often speak of, and which appears here in  
 “ perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an instance of it, I must ac-  
 “ quaint you, and by your means the whole Club, that I have lately mar-  
 “ ried one of my tenants daughters. She is born of honest parents, and  
 “ though she has no portion, she has a great deal of virtue. The natural  
 “ sweetness and innocence of her behaviour, the freshness of her com-  
 “ plexion, the unaffected turn of her shape and person, shot me through  
 “ and through every time I saw her, and did more execution upon me  
 “ in grogram, than the greatest beauty in town or court had ever done  
 “ in brocade. In short, she is such an one as promises me a good heir  
 “ to my estate; and if by her means I cannot leave to my children what  
 “ are falsely called the gifts of birth, high titles and alliances, I hope to  
 “ convey to them the more real and valuable gifts of birth, strong bo-  
 “ dies, and healthy constitutions. As for your fine women, I need not  
 “ tell



" tell thee that I know them. I have had my share in their graces, but  
 " no more of that. It shall be my business hereafter to live the life of an  
 " honest man, and to act as becomes the master of a family. I question  
 " not but I shall draw upon me the raillery of the town, and be treated  
 " to the tune of *the marriage-bater matched*; but I am prepared for it.  
 " I have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I  
 " saw such a tribe of fashionable young fluttering coxcombs shot up, that  
 " I did not think my post of an *Homme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I  
 " felt a certain stiffness in my limbs, which entirely destroyed that jaun-  
 " tyness of air I was once master of. Besides, for I may now confess my  
 " age to thee, I have been eight and forty above these twelve years.  
 " Since my retirement into the country will make a vacancy in the Club,  
 " I could wish you would fill up my place with my friend *Tom Dapper-*  
 " *wit*. He has an infinite deal of fire, and knows the town. For my  
 " own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live hereafter  
 " suitable to a man in my station, as a prudent head of a family, a good  
 " husband, a careful father (when it shall so happen,) and as

*Your most sincere friend and humble servant,*

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.

N<sup>o</sup> 531. *Saturday, November 8.*

*Qui mare et terras variisque mundum*

*Temperat horis:*

*Unde nil majus generatur ipso,*

*Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.*

Hor.

**S**IMONIDES being asked by *Dionysius* the tyrant what God was,  
 desired a day's time to consider of it before he made his reply.  
 When the day was expired, he desired two days; and afterwards,  
 instead of returning his answer, demanded still double the time to con-  
 sider of it. This great Poet and Philosopher, the more he contemplated the