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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

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before her were nothing else but her equipage, and that since he had placed his heart upon wisdom; health, wealth, victory and honour should always wait on her as her handmaids.

N^o 112. Monday, July 20.

----- *udam*
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.

Hor.

THE Philosophers of King *Charles's* reign were busie in finding out the art of flying. The famous Bishop *Wilkins* was so confident of success in it, that he says he does not question but in the next age it will be as usual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going a journey, as it is now to call for his boots. The humour so prevailed among the Vertuoso's of this reign, that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts how to meet with accommodations by the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the story of the great Lady, who at the same time was building castles in the air for their reception. I always leave such trite quotations to my Reader's private recollection. For which reason also I shall forbear extracting out of Authors several instances of particular persons who have arrived at some perfection in this art, and exhibited specimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Instead of this I shall present my Reader with the following letter from an artist, who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of *Dædalus*.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

“ **K** Nowing that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think fit to
 “ acquaint you, that I have made a considerable progress in the
 “ art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morn-
 “ ing, and when my wings are on, can go above an hundred yards at a
 “ hop, step and jump. I can fly already as well as a Turkey cock, and
 “ improve every day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the
 “ world

“ world a proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next publick
 “ Thanksgiving-day it is my design to sit astride the Dragon upon *Bow*
 “ steeple, from whence after the first discharge of the *Tower* guns I in-
 “ tend to mount into the air, fly over *Fleet-street*, and pitch upon the
 “ *May-pole* in the *Strand*. From thence, by a gradual descent, I shall
 “ make the best of my way for *St. James’s park*, and light upon the
 “ ground near *Rosamond’s pond*. This I doubt not will convince the
 “ world, that I am no pretender; but before I set out, I shall desire to
 “ have a patent for making of wings, and that none shall presume to fly,
 “ under pain of death, with wings of any other man’s making. I intend
 “ to work for the Court my self, and will have journey-men under me
 “ to furnish the rest of the nation. I likewise desire, that I may have the
 “ sole teaching of persons of Quality, in which I shall spare neither time
 “ nor pains till I have made them as expert as my self. I will fly with
 “ the women upon my back for the first fortnight. I shall appear at the
 “ next Masquerade dressed up in my feathers and plumage like an *Indian*
 “ Prince, that the Quality may see how pretty they will look in their
 “ travelling habits. You know, Sir, there is an unaccountable prejudice
 “ to projectors of all kinds, for which reason when I talk of practising to
 “ fly, silly people think me an owl for my pains; but, Sir, you know
 “ better things. I need not enumerate to you the benefits which will
 “ accrue to the publick from this invention, as how the roads of *Eng-*
 “ *land* will be saved when we travel through these new *High-ways*, and
 “ how all family-accounts will be lessened in the article of coaches and
 “ horses. I need not mention posts and packet-boats, with many other
 “ conveniencies of life, which will be supplied this way. In short, Sir,
 “ when mankind are in possession of this art, they will be able to do
 “ more business in threescore and ten years than they could do in a thou-
 “ sand by the methods now in use. I therefore recommend my self and
 “ art to your patronage, and am

Your most humble Servant.

I have fully considered the project of these our modern *Dadalists*,
 and am resolved so far to discourage it, as to prevent any person from
 flying in my time. It would fill the world with innumerable immora-
 lities, and give such occasions for intrigues as people cannot meet with
 who have nothing but legs to carry them. You should have a couple of
 lovers make a midnight assignation upon the top of the monument, and
 see the Cupola of *St. Paul’s* covered with both sexes like the outside of

a pidgeon-houfe. Nothing would be more frequent than to fee a Beau flying in at a garret window, or a Gallant giving chace to his Miftrefs, like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a shady wood without fpringing a covey of Toaft. The poor husband could not dream what was doing over his head: if he were jealous indeed he might clip his wife's wings, but what would this avail when there were flocks of whore-mafters perpetually hovering over his houfe? what concern would the father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing? every heirefs muft have an old woman flying at her heels. In fhort, the whole air would be full of this kind of *Gibier*, as the *French* call it. I do allow, with my correspondent, that there would be much more bufinefs done than there is at prefent. However fhould he apply for fuch a patent as he fpeaks of, I queftion not but there would be more petitions out of the city againft it, than ever yet appeared againft any other monopoly whatfoever. Every tradesman that cannot keep his wife a coach could keep her a pair of wings, and there is no doubt but ſhe would be every morning and evening taking the air with them.

I have here only confidered the ill confequences of this invention in the influences it would have on love affairs: I have many more objections to make on other accounts; but thefe I fhall defer publishing till I fee my friend aſtride the Dragon.

N^o 113. *Tuesday, July 21.*

----- *Amphora cæpit*
Inſtitui, currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?

Hor.

I Laſt night received a letter from an honeſt citizen who it ſeems is in his honey-moon. It is written by a plain man on a plain ſubject, but has an air of good ſenſe and natural honeſty in it, which may perhaps pleaſe the publick as much as my ſelf. I ſhall not therefore ſcruple the giving it a place in my paper, which is deſigned for common uſe, and for the benefit of the poor as well as rich.

Good