



UNIVERSITÄTS-  
BIBLIOTHEK  
PADERBORN

## Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

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

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

No 113. Tuesday, July 21.

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

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 tradefman 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<sup>o</sup> 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*

Good Mr. IRONSIDE,

Cheapside, July 18.

“ I Have lately married a very pretty body, who being something young-  
 “ er and richer than my self, I was advised to go a wooing to her  
 “ in a finer suit of cloaths than I ever wore in my life; for I love to dress  
 “ plain, and suitable to a man of my rank. However, I gained her heart  
 “ by it. Upon the wedding-day I put my self, according to custom, in  
 “ another suit fire-new, with silver buttons to it. I am so out of coun-  
 “ tenance among my neighbours upon being so fine, that I heartily wish  
 “ my cloaths well worn out. I fancy every body observes me as I walk  
 “ the street, and long to be in my old plain geer again. Besides, forsooth  
 “ they have put me in a silk night-gown and a gaudy fool’s cap, and make  
 “ me now and then stand in the window with it. I am ashamed to be  
 “ dandled thus, and cannot look in the glass without blushing to see my  
 “ self turned into such a pretty little Master. They tell me I must appear  
 “ in my wedding-suit for the first month at least; after which I am resolved  
 “ to come again to my every day’s cloaths, for at present every day is  
 “ *Sunday* with me. Now in my mind, Mr. IRONSIDE, this is the wrong-  
 “ est way of proceeding in the world. When a man’s person is new  
 “ and unaccustomed to a young body, he does not want any thing else  
 “ to set him off. The novelty of the lover has more charms than a wed-  
 “ ding-suit. I should think therefore, that a man should keep his finery  
 “ for the latter seasons of marriage, and not begin to dress till the Ho-  
 “ ney-moon is over. I have observed at a Lord-mayor’s feast, that the  
 “ sweetmeats do not make their appearance until people are cloyed with  
 “ beef and mutton, and begin to lose their stomachs. But instead of  
 “ this we serve up delicacies to our guests, when their appetites are keen,  
 “ and coarse diet when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate my silver-  
 “ buttoned coat and silk night-gown, I am afraid of leaving them off,  
 “ not knowing whether my wife won’t repent of her marriage when she  
 “ sees what a plain man she has to her husband. Pray, Mr. IRONSIDE,  
 “ write something to prepare her for it, and let me know whether you  
 “ think she can ever love me in a hair button.

I am, &amp;c.

P. S. “ I forgot to tell you of my white gloves, which they say too.  
 “ I must wear all the first month.

My

My correspondent's observations are very just, and may be useful in low life; but to turn them to the advantage of people in higher stations, I shall raise the moral, and observe something parallel to the wooing and wedding suit, in the behaviour of persons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occasion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not very much attended too. What I mean is this. Every man in the time of courtship, and in the first entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my Correspondent's holiday suit, which is to last no longer than till he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclinations and understanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves, nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks in contradiction to her. He is controuled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young Lady falls in love with this supple creature, and expects of him the same behaviour for life. In a little time she finds that he has a will of his own, that he pretends to dislike what she approves, and that instead of treating her like a Goddess, he uses her like a woman. What still makes the misfortune worse, we find the most abject flatterers degenerate into the greatest tyrants. This naturally fills the spouse with fullness and discontent, spleen and vapour, which, with a little discreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend *Tom. Truelove* in this particular. *Tom.* made love to a woman of sense, and always treated her as such during the whole time of courtship. His natural temper and good-breeding hindered him from doing any thing disagreeable, as his sincerity and frankness of behaviour made him converse with her, before marriage, in the same manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. *Tom.* would often tell her, Madam, you see what a sort of man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse. I remember *Tom* was once hinting his dislike of some little trifle his mistress had said or done. Upon which she asked him, how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? No, Madam, says *Tom*, I mention this now because you are at your own disposal, were you at mine I should be too generous to do it. In short, *Tom* succeeded, and has ever since been better than his word. The Lady has been disappointed on the right side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the husband than she discovered in the Lover.

Wednesday