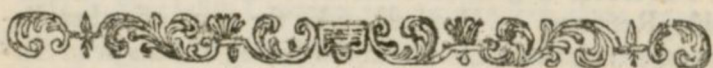


IT is the great Advantage of a trading Nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in Stations of Life, which may give them an Opportunity of making their Fortunes. A well-regulated Commerce is not, like Law, Physick, or Divinity, to be over-stocked with Hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by Multitudes, and gives Employment to all its Professors. Fleets of Merchant-Men are so many Squadrons of floating Shops, that vend our Wares and Manufactures in all the Markets of the World, and find out Chapmen under both the Tropicks.

C



N^o 22. Monday, March 26.

Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi. Hor.

THE Word SPECTATOR being most usually understood as one of the Audience at publick Representations in our Theatres, I seldom fail of many Letters relating to Plays and Operas. But indeed there are such monstrous things done in both, that if one had not been an Eye-witness of them, one could not believe that such Matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns Human Life, or is a Picture of Nature that is regarded by the greater Part of the Company. The Understanding is dismissed from our Entertainments. Our Mirth is the Laughter of Fools, and our Admiration the Wonder of Idiots; else such improbable, monstrous, and incoherent Dreams could not go off as they do, not only without the utmost Scorn and Contempt, but even with the loudest Applause and Approbation. But the Letters of my Correspondents will represent this Affair in a more lively Manner than any Discourse of my own; I shall therefore give them to my Reader with only this Preparation, that they all come from Players, and that the business of Playing is now so managed, that you are not to be surpris'd when I say one or two of them are rational, others sensitive and vegetative Actors,

and

and others wholly inanimate. I shall not place these as I have named them, but as they have Precedence in the Opinion of their Audience.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR having been so humble as to take notice of the Epistles of other Animals, emboldens me, who am the wild Boar that was killed by Mrs. Tofts, to represent to you, That I think I was hardly used in not having the Part of the Lion in *Hydaspes* given to me. It would have been but a natural Step for me to have personated that noble Creature, after having behaved my self to Satisfaction in the Part above-mentioned: But that of a Lion, is too great a Character for one that never trod the Stage before but upon two Legs. As for the little Resistance which I made, I hope it may be excused, when it is considered that the Dart was thrown at me by so fair an Hand. I must confess I had but just put on my Brutality; and *Camilla's* Charms were such, that beholding her erect Mien, hearing her charming Voice, and astonished with her graceful Motion, I could not keep up to my assumed Fierceness, but died like a Man.

I am, S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

Thomas Prone.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THIS is to let you understand, that the Play-house is a Representation of the World in nothing so much as in this Particular, that no one rises in it according to his Merit. I have acted several Parts of Household-stuff with great Applause for many Years: I am one of the Men in the Hangings in the *Emperor of the Moon*; I have twice performed the third Chair in an *English* Opera; and have rehearsed the Pump in the *Fortune-Hunters*. I am now grown old, and hope you will recommend me so effectually, as that I may say something before I go off the Stage: In which you will do a great Act of Charity to

Your most humble Servant,

William Screne.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

UNDERSTANDING that Mr. *Screne* has writ to you, and desired to be raised from dumb and still Parts; I desire, if you give him Motion or Speech, that you would advance me in my Way, and let me keep on in what I humbly presume I am a Master, to wit, in representing humane and still Life together. I have several times acted one of the finest Flower-pots in the same Opera wherein Mr. *Screne* is a Chair; therefore upon his Promotion, request that I may succeed him in the Hangings, with my Hand in the Orange-Trees.

Your humble Servant,

Ralph Simple.

S I R,

Drury-Lane, March 24, 1710-11.

I Saw your Friend the Templer this Evening in the Pit, and thought he looked very little pleased with the Representation of the mad Scene of the *Pilgrim*. I wish, Sir, you would do us the Favour to animadvert frequently upon the false Taste the Town is in, with Relation to Plays as well as Operas. It certainly requires a Degree of Understanding to play justly; but such is our Condition, that we are to suspend our Reason to perform our Parts. As to Scenes of Madness, you know, Sir, there are noble Instances of this kind in *Shakespear*; but then it is the Disturbance of a noble Mind, from generous and humane Resentments: It is like that Grief which we have for the Decease of our Friends: It is no Diminution, but a Recommendation of humane Nature, that in such Incidents Passion gets the better of Reason; and all we can think to comfort our selves, is impotent against half what we feel. I will not mention that we had an Idiot in the Scene, and all the Sense it is represented to have, is that of Lust. As for my self who have long taken pains in personating the Passions, I have to-night acted only an Appetite. The Part I play'd is Thirst, but it is represented as written rather by a Dray-man than a Poet. I come in with a Tub about me, that Tub hung with

Quart-

‘ Quart-pots, with a full Gallon at my Mouth. I am
 ‘ ashamed to tell you that I pleased very much, and this
 ‘ was introduced as a Madness; but sure it was not hu-
 ‘ mane Madness, for a Mule or an Ass may have been as
 ‘ dry as ever I was in my Life.

I am, S I R,

Your most obedient and humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, From the Savoy in the Strand.

‘ IF you can read it with dry Eyes, I give you this
 ‘ Trouble to acquaint you, that I am the unfortu-
 ‘ nate King *Latinus*, and believe I am the first Prince that
 ‘ dated from this Palace since *John of Gaunt*. Such is
 ‘ the Uncertainty of all humane Greatness, that I who
 ‘ lately never moved without a Guard, am now pressed as
 ‘ a common Soldier, and am to sail with the first fair
 ‘ Wind against my Brother *Lewis of France*. It is a very
 ‘ hard thing to put off a Character which one has appear-
 ‘ ed in with Applause: This I experienced since the Loss
 ‘ of my Diadem; for upon quarrelling with another Re-
 ‘ cruit, I spoke my Indignation out of my Part in *reci-*
 ‘ *tativo*;

————— *Most audacious Slave,*
Dar’st thou an angry Monarch’s Fury brave?

‘ The Words were no sooner out of my Mouth, when
 ‘ a Serjeant knock’d me down, and asked me if I had a
 ‘ Mind to mutiny, in talking things no body understood.
 ‘ You see, Sir, my unhappy Circumstances; and if by
 ‘ Your Mediation you can procure a Subsidy for a Prince
 ‘ (who never failed to make all that beheld him merry
 ‘ at his Appearance) you will merit the Thanks of

Your Friend,

The King of Latium.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

For the Good of the Publick.

WITHIN two Doors of the Masquerade lives an
eminent Italian Chirurgeon, arrived from the Carnival
at Venice, of great Experience in private Cures. Accom-
modations

modations are provided, and Persons admitted in their Masquing Habits.

HE has cured since his coming thither, in less than a Fortnight, Four Scaramouches, a Mountebank Doctor, Two Turkish Bassa's, Three Nuns, and a Morris-Dancer.

Venienti occurrere Morbo.

N. B. *ANY Person may agree by the Great, and be kept in Repair by the Year. The Doctor draws Teeth without pulling off your Mask.*

R



N^o 23. Tuesday, March 27.

*Sævit atrox Volsens, nec teli conspicit usquam
Auctorem, nec quò se ardens immittere possit.* Virg.

THERE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous Spirit, than the giving of secret Stabs to a Man's Reputation. Lampoons and Satyrs, that are written with Wit and Spirit, are like poisoned Darts, which not only inflict a Wound, but make it incurable. For this Reason I am very much troubled when I see the Talents of Humour and Ridicule in the Possession of an ill-natured Man. There cannot be a greater Gratification to a barbarous and inhumane Wit, than to stir up Sorrow in the Heart of a private Person, to raise Uneasiness among near Relations, and to expose whole Families to Derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the Accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a Man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous Creatures that can enter into a Civil Society. His Satyr will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, Merit, and every thing that is Praise-worthy, will be made the Subject of Ridicule and Buffoonry. It is impossible to enumerate the Evils which arise from these Arrows that fly in the dark, and I know no other

Excuse