

you, even all this is a Lye, and there is not one such Person of Quality, Lover, Soldier, or Merchant as I have now described in the whole World, that I know of. But I will catch my self once in my Life, and in spite of Nature speak one Truth, to wit that I am

T

Your humble Servant, &c.



N^o 137. Tuesday, August 7.

At hæc etiam servis semper libera fuerunt, timerent, gauderent, dolerent suo potius quam alterius arbitrio.
Tull. Epist.

IT is no small Concern to me, that I find so many Complaints from that Part of Mankind whose Portion it is to live in Servitude, that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their Condition will admit of. There are, as these unhappy Correspondents inform me, Masters who are offended at a cheerful Countenance, and think a Servant is broke loose from them, if he does not preserve the utmost Awe in their Presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied, his Master asks him what makes him so pert this Morning; if a little sour, Hark ye, Sirrah, are not you paid your Wages? The poor Creatures live in the most extreme Misery together: The Master knows not how to preserve Respect, nor the Servant how to give it. It seems this Person is of so fullen a Nature, that he knows but little Satisfaction in the midst of a plentiful Fortune, and secretly frets to see any Appearance of Content, in one that lives upon the hundredth Part of his Income, who is unhappy in the Possession of the Whole. Uneasy Persons, who cannot possess their own Minds, vent their Spleen upon all who depend upon them; which, I think, is expressed in a lively manner in the following Letters.

S I R,

S I R,

August 2, 1711.

I Have read your *Spectator* of the third of the last Month, and wish I had the Happiness of being preferred to serve so good a Master as Sir ROGER. The Character of my Master is the very Reverse of that good and gentle Knight's. All his Directions are given, and his Mind revealed by way of Contraries: As when any thing is to be remembred, with a peculiar Cast of Face he cries, *Be sure to forget now*. If I am to make haste back, *Don't come these two Hours; be sure to call by the Way upon some of your Companions*. Then another excellent Way of his is, if he sets me any thing to do, which he knows must necessarily take up half a Day, he calls ten Times in a Quarter of an Hour to know whether I have done yet. This is his Manner; and the same Perverseness runs through all his Actions, according as the Circumstances vary. Besides all this, he is so suspicious, that he submits himself to the Drudgery of a Spy. He is as unhappy himself as he makes his Servants: He is constantly watching us, and we differ no more in Pleasure and Liberty than as a Goaler and a Prisoner. He lays Traps for Faults, and no sooner makes a Discovery, but falls into such Language, as I am more ashamed of for coming from him, than for being directed to me. This, Sir, is a short Sketch of a Master I have served upwards of nine Years; and tho' I have never wronged him, I confess my Despair of pleasing him has very much abated my Endeavour to do it. If you will give me Leave to steal a Sentence out of my Master's *Clarendon*, I shall tell you my Case in a Word, *Being used worse than I deserved, I cared less to deserve well than I had done*.

I am, S I R, Your Humble Servant,

RALPH VALET.

Dear Mr. SPECTER,

I Am the next Thing to a Lady's Woman, and am under both my Lady and her Woman. I am so used by them both, that I should be very glad to see them in the SPECTER. My Lady her self is of no
6 Mind

Mind in the World, and for that Reason her Woman is
 of twenty Minds in a Moment. My Lady is one that
 never knows what to do with her self; she pulls on
 and puts off every Thing she wears twenty Times
 before she resolves upon it for that Day. I stand at one
 End of the Room, and reach Things to her Woman.
 When my Lady asks for a Thing, I hear and have half
 brought it, when the Woman meets me in the middle
 of the Room to receive it, and at that Instant she says
 No she will not have it. Then I go back, and her
 Woman comes up to her, and by this Time she will
 have that, and two or three things more in an In-
 stant: The Woman and I run to each other; I am
 loaded and delivering the Things to her, when my
 Lady says she wants none of all these Things, and
 we are the dullest Creatures in the World, and she the
 unhappiest Woman living, for she shan't be dress'd
 in any Time. Thus we stand not knowing what to do,
 when our good Lady with all the Patience in the
 World tells us as plain as she can speak, that she will
 have Temper because we have no manner of Under-
 standing; and begins again to dress, and see if we
 can find out of our selves what we are to do. When
 she is Dressed she goes to Dinner, and after she has
 disliked every thing there, she calls for her Coach, then
 commands it in again, and then she will not go out
 at all, and then will go too, and orders the Chariot.
 Now, good Mr. SPECTER, I desire you would in
 the Behalf of all who serve froward Ladies, give out
 in your Paper, that nothing can be done without al-
 lowing Time for it, and that one cannot be back
 again with what one was sent for, if one is called back
 before one can go a Step for that they want. And if
 you please let them know that all Mistresses are as like
 as all Servants.

I am your loving Friend,

PATIENCE GIDDY.

THESE are great Calamities; but I met the other
 Day in the five Fields towards *Chelfea*, a pleasanter Ty-
 rant than either of the above represented. A fat Fellow
 was

was puffing on in his open Wastecoaſt; a Boy of fourteen in a Livery, carrying after him his Cloke, upper Coat, Hat, Wig, and Sword. The poor Lad was ready to ſink with the Weight, and could not keep up with his Maſter, who turned back every half Furlong, and wondered what made the lazy young Dog lag behind.

THERE is ſomething very unaccountable, that People cannot put themſelves in the Condition of the Perſons below them, when they conſider the Commands they give. But there is nothing more common, than to ſee a Fellow (who, if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any Man living) lament that he is troubled with the moſt worthleſs Dogs in Nature.

IT would, perhaps, be running too far out of common Life, to urge, that he who is not Maſter of himſelf and his own Paſſions, cannot be a proper Maſter of another. *Æquanimity* in a Man's own Words and Actions, will eaſily diſſuade it ſelf through his whole Family. *Pamphilio* has the happieſt Houſhold of any Man I know, and that proceeds from the human Regard he has to them in their private Perſons, as well as in Reſpect that they are his Servants. If there be any Occaſion, wherein they may in themſelves be ſuppoſed to be unfit to attend their Maſter's Concerns, by reaſon of an Attention to their own, he is ſo good as to place himſelf in their Condition. I thought it very becoming in him, when at Dinner the other Day he made an Apology for want of more Attendants. He ſaid, *One of my Footmen is gone to the Wedding of his Siſter, and the other I don't expect to wait, becauſe his Father died but two Days ago.*



Wednesday,