

our Constitution, one must add to the above-mentioned Felicities, a certain necessary Inexistence, and Disrelish of all the rest without the Prince's Favour. He should, methinks, have Riches, Power, Honour, Command, Glory; but Riches, Power, Honour, Command and Glory should have no Charms, but as accompanied with the Affection of his Prince. He should, methinks, be Popular because a Favourite, and a Favourite because Popular. Were it not to make the Character too imaginary, I would give him Sovereignty over some Foreign Territory, and make him esteem that an empty Addition without the kind Regards of his own Prince. One may merely have an *Idea* of a Man thus composed and circumstantiated, and if he were so made for Power without an Incapacity of giving Jealousy, he would be also Glorious without Possibility of receiving Disgrace. This Humility and this Importance must make his Glory immortal.

THESE Thoughts are apt to draw me beyond the usual Length of this Paper, but if I could suppose such Rapfodies cou'd out-live the common Fate of ordinary things, I would say these Sketches and Faint Images of Glory were drawn in August 1711, when *John Duke of Marlborough* made that memorable March wherein he took the *French Lines* without Bloodshed. T



N<sup>o</sup> 140. Friday, August 10.

— *Animum curis nunc huc nunc dividit illuc.* Virg.

WHEN I acquaint my Reader, that I have many other Letters not yet acknowledged, I believe he will own, what I have a mind he should believe, that I have no small Charge upon me, but am a Person of some Consequence in this World. I shall therefore employ the present Hour only in reading Petitions, in the Order as follows.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Have lost so much Time already, that I desire, upon the Receipt hereof, you would sit down immediately, and give me your Answer. And I would know of you whether a Pretender of mine really loves me. As well as I can I will describe his Manners. When he sees me he is always talking of Constancy, but vouchsafes to visit me but once a Fortnight, and then is always in haste to be gone. When I am sick, I hear, he says he is mightily concerned, but neither comes nor sends, because, as he tells his Acquaintance with a Sigh, he does not care to let me know all the Power I have over him, and how impossible it is for him to live without me. When he leaves the Town he writes once in six Weeks, desires to hear from me, complains of the Torment of Absence, speaks of Flames, Tortures, Languishings and Ecstasies. He has the Cant of an impatient Lover, but keeps the Pace of a Lukewarm one. You know I must not go faster than he does, and to move at this rate is as tedious as counting a great Clock. But you are to know he is rich, and my Mother says, As he is slow he is sure; He will love me long, if he love me little: But I appeal to you whether he loves at all.

*Your Neglected Humble Servant,*

Lydia Novell,

*All these Fellows who have Money are extremely saucy and cold; Pray, Sir, tell them of it.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Have been delighted with nothing more through the whole course of your Writings than the Substantial Account you lately gave of Wit, and I could wish you would take some other Opportunity to express further the corrupt Taste the Age is run into; which I am chiefly apt to attribute to the Prevalency of a few popular Authors, whose Merit in some Respects has given a Sanction to their Faults in others.

Thus

' Thus the Imitators of *Milton* seem to place all the  
 ' Excellency of that sort of Writing either in the un-  
 ' couth or antique Words, or something else which was  
 ' highly vicious, tho' pardonable, in that great Man.  
 ' The Admirers of what we call Point, or Turn, look  
 ' upon it as the particular Happiness to which *Cowley*,  
 ' *Ovid*, and others, owe their Reputation, and there-  
 ' fore imitate them only in such Instances; what is Just,  
 ' Proper and Natural does not seem to be the Question  
 ' with them, but by what means a quaint Antithesis may  
 ' be brought about, how one Word may be made to  
 ' look two Ways, and what will be the Consequence of  
 ' a forced Allusion. Now tho' such Authors appear  
 ' to me to resemble those who make themselves fine,  
 ' instead of being well dressed, or graceful; yet the  
 ' Mischief is, that these Beauties in them, which I call  
 ' Blemishes, are thought to proceed from Luxuriance  
 ' of Fancy, and Overflowing of good Sense: In one  
 ' Word, they have the Character of being too Witty;  
 ' but if you would acquaint the World they are not  
 ' Witty at all, you would, among many others, oblige,

S I R,

Your most Benevolent Reader, R. D.

S I R,

' I AM a young Woman, and reckoned Pretty, there-  
 ' fore you'll pardon me that I trouble you to decide  
 ' a Wager between me and a Cousin of mine, who is al-  
 ' ways contradicting one because he understands *Latin*.  
 ' Pray, Sir, is *Dimple* spelt with a single or a double *p*?

I am, S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

Betty Saunter.

' PRAY, Sir, direct thus, To the kind Querist, and  
 ' leave it at Mr. Lillie's, for I don't care to be known in  
 ' the thing at all. I am, Sir, again Your Humble Servant.

Mr.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I Must needs tell you there are several of your Papers I do not much like. You are often so Nice there is no enduring you, and so Learned there is no understanding you. What have you to do with our Petticoats?

*Your humble Servant,*  
Parthenope.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

LAST Night as I was walking in the Park, I met a couple of Friends; Pr'ythee *Jack*, says one of them, let us go drink a Glafs of Wine, for I am fit for nothing else. This put me upon reflecting on the many Miscarriages which happen in Conversations over Wine, when Men go to the Bottle to remove such Humours as it only stirs up and awakens. This I could not attribute more to any thing than to the Humour of putting Company upon others which Men do not like themselves. Pray, Sir, declare in your Papers, that he who is a troublesome Companion to himself, will not be an agreeable one to others. Let People reason themselves into Good-humour, before they impose themselves upon their Friends. Pray, Sir, be as Eloquent as you can upon this Subject, and do human Life so much Good, as to argue powerfully, that it is not every one that can swallow who is fit to drink a Glafs of Wine.

*Your most Humble Servant.*

*SIR,*

This Morning cast my Eye upon your Paper concerning the Expence of Time. You are very obliging to the Women, especially those who are not young and past Gallantry, by touching so gently upon Gaming: Therefore I hope you do not think it wrong to employ a little leisure Time in that Diversion; but I should be glad to hear you say something upon the Behaviour of some of the Female Gamesters.

I have observed Ladies, who in all other respects are gentle, good-humoured, and the very Pinks of Good-breeding; who as soon as the Ombre Table is called for, and set down to their Business, are immediately Transmigrated into the veriest Wasps in Nature.

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K

YOU

‘ YOU must know I keep my Temper, and win their  
 ‘ Money ; but am out of Countenance to take it, it makes  
 ‘ them so very uneasy. Be pleas’d, dear Sir, to instruct  
 ‘ them to lose with a better Grace, and you will oblige

Yours,

Rachel Basto.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ YOUR Kindness to *Eleonora*, in one of your Papers,  
 ‘ has given me Encouragement to do my self the  
 ‘ Honour of writing to you. The great Regard you have  
 ‘ so often express’d for the Instruction and Improvement  
 ‘ of our Sex, will, I hope, in your own Opinion, suffici-  
 ‘ ently excuse me from making any Apology for the  
 ‘ Impertinence of this Letter. The great Desire I have  
 ‘ to embellish my Mind with some of those Graces which  
 ‘ you say are so becoming, and which you assert Reading  
 ‘ helps us to, has made me uneasy ’till I am put in a  
 ‘ Capacity of attaining them : This, Sir, I shall never  
 ‘ think my self in, ’till you shall be pleas’d to recom-  
 ‘ mend some Author or Authors to my Perusal.

‘ I thought indeed, when I first cast my Eye on *Eleono-  
 ‘ ra’s* Letter, that I should have had no occasion for re-  
 ‘ questing it of you ; but to my very great Concern, I  
 ‘ found, on the Perusal of that *Spectator*, I was entirely  
 ‘ disappointed, and am as much at a loss how to make use  
 ‘ of my Time for that end as ever. Pray, Sir, oblige me  
 ‘ at least with one Scene, as you were pleas’d to enter-  
 ‘ tain *Eleonora* with your Prologue. I write to you not  
 ‘ only my own Sentiments, but also those of several  
 ‘ others of my Acquaintance, who are as little pleas’d  
 ‘ with the ordinary manner of spending one’s time as my  
 ‘ self : And if a fervent Desire after Knowledge, and a  
 ‘ great Sense of our present Ignorance, may be thought  
 ‘ a good Preface and Earnest of Improvement, you may  
 ‘ look upon your Time you shall bestow in answering this  
 ‘ Request not thrown away to no purpose. And I can’t  
 ‘ but add, that unless you have a particular and more than  
 ‘ ordinary Regard for *Eleonora*, I have a better Title to  
 ‘ your Favour than she ; since I do not content my self  
 ‘ with a Tea-Table Reading of your Papers, but it is my  
 ‘ Entertainment very often when alone in my Closet.  
 ‘ To shew you I am capable of Improvement, and hate  
 ‘ Flattery,