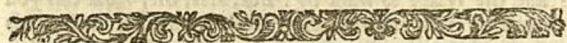


dred Guineas. A Guinea a Leap and Trial, and a Shilling the Man.

T

Enos Thomas.



N^o 158. *Friday, August 31.*

———— *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.* Martial.

OUT of a firm Regard to Impartiality I print these Letters, let them make for me or not.

Mr. SPECTATOR.

I Have observed through the whole Course of your Rhapsodies, (as you once very well called them) you are very industrious to overthrow all that many your Superiors who have gone before you have made their Rule of writing. I am now between fifty and sixty, and had the Honour to be well with the first Men of Taste and Gallantry in the joyous Reign of *Charles the Second*: We then had, I humbly presume, as good Understandings among us as any now can pretend to. As for your self, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, you seem with the utmost Arrogance to undermine the very Fundamentals upon which we conducted our selves. It is monstrous to set up for a Man of Wit, and yet deny that Honour in a Woman is any thing else but Peevishness, that Inclination is the best Rule of Life, or Virtue and Vice any thing else but Health and Disease. We had no more to do but to put a Lady in Good-humour, and all we could wish followed of Course. Then again, your *Tulby*, and your Discourses of another Life, are the very Bane of Mirth and Good-humour. Pr'ythee don't value thy self on thy Reason at that exorbitant Rate, and the Dignity of human Nature; take my Word for it, a Setting-dog has as good Reason as any Man in *England*. Had you (as by your Diurnals one would think you do) set up for being in vogue in Town, you should have fallen in

in with the Bent of Passion and Appetite; your Songs had then been in every pretty Mouth in *England*, and your little Distichs had been the Maxims of the Fair and the Witty to walk by: But, alas, Sir, what can you hope for from entertaining People with what must needs make them like themselves worse than they did before they read you? Had you made it your Business to describe *Corinna* charming, though inconstant, to find something in human Nature it self to make *Zoilus* excuse himself for being fond of her; and to make every Man in good Commerce with his own Reflexions, you had done something worthy our Applause; but indeed, Sir, we shall not commend you for disapproving us. I have a great deal more to say to you, but I shall sum it up all in this one Remark, In short, Sir, you do not write like a Gentleman.

I am, S I R, Your most humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE other Day we were several of us at a Tea-Table, and according to Custom and your own Advice had the *Spectator* read among us: It was that Paper wherein you are pleased to treat with great Freedom that Character which you call a Woman's Man. We gave up all the Kinds you have mentioned, except those who, you say, are our constant Visitants. I was upon the Occasion commissioned by the Company to write to you and tell you, That we shall not part with the Men we have at present, 'till the Men of Sense think fit to relieve them, and give us their Company in their Stead. You cannot imagine but that we love to hear Reason and good Sense better than the Ribaldry we are at present entertained with, but we must have Company, and among us very inconsiderable is better than none at all. We are made for the Cements of Society, and came into the World to create Relations among Mankind; and Solitude is an unnatural Being to us. If the Men of good Understanding would forget a little of their Severity, they would find their Account in it; and their Wisdom would have a Pleasure in it, to which they are now Strangers.

‘ Strangers. It is natural among us when Men have a
 ‘ true Relish of our Company and our Value, to say
 ‘ every thing with a better Grace; and there is without
 ‘ designing it something ornamental in what Men utter
 ‘ before Women, which is lost or neglected in Conver-
 ‘ sations of Men only. Give me leave to tell you, Sir,
 ‘ it would do you no great Harm if you your self came
 ‘ a little more into our Company; it would certainly cure
 ‘ you of a certain positive and determining manner in
 ‘ which you talk sometimes. In hopes of your Amend-
 ‘ ment,

I am, S I R, Your gentle Reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ YOUR professed Regard to the Fair Sex, may per-
 ‘ haps make them value your Admonitions when
 ‘ they will not those of other Men. I desire you, Sir, to
 ‘ repeat some Lectures upon Subjects which you have
 ‘ now and then in a cursory manner only just touched. I
 ‘ would have a *Spectator* wholly writ upon Good-breed-
 ‘ ing: and after you have asserted that Time and Place
 ‘ are to be very much considered in all our Actions, it
 ‘ will be proper to dwell upon Behaviour at Church.
 ‘ On *Sunday* last a grave and reverend Man preached at
 ‘ our Church: There was something particular in his
 ‘ Accent, but without any manner of Affectation. This
 ‘ Particularity a Set of Gigglers thought the most ne-
 ‘ cessary Thing to be taken notice of in his whole
 ‘ Discourse, and made it an Occasion of Mirth dur-
 ‘ ing the whole Time of Sermon: You should see
 ‘ one of them ready to burst behind a Fan, another
 ‘ pointing to a Companion in another Seat, and a fourth
 ‘ with an arch Composure, as if she would if possible
 ‘ stifle her Laughter. There were many Gentlemen who
 ‘ looked at them stedfastly, but this they took for ogling
 ‘ and admiring them: There was one of the merry ones
 ‘ in particular, that found out but just then that she had
 ‘ but five Fingers, for she fell a reckoning the pretty
 ‘ Pieces of Ivory over and over again, to find herself
 ‘ Employment and not laugh out. Would it not be expe-
 ‘ dient, Mr. SPECTATOR, that the Church-Warden
 ‘ should