

satisfied his Book could do no more Mischief after his Death, than it had done whilst he was living. To which he added, for his farther Satisfaction, that he did not believe any besides his particular Friends and Acquaintance had ever been at the pains of reading it, or that any Body after his Death would ever enquire after it. The dying Man had still so much the Frailty of an Author in him, as to be cut to the Heart with these Consolations; and without answering the good Man, asked his Friends about him (with a Peevishness that is natural to a sick Person) where they had picked up such a Blockhead? And whether they thought him a proper Person to attend one in his Condition? The Curate finding that the Author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and sincere Penitent, but as a Penitent of Importance, after a short Admonition withdrew; not questioning but he should be again sent for if the Sickness grew desperate. The Author however recovered, and has since written two or three other Tracts with the same Spirit, and very luckily for his poor Soul with the same Success.

C



N^o 167. *Tuesday, September 11.*

— Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
 Qui se credebat miros audire tragædos,
 In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro;
 Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
 More; bonus sanè vicinus, amabilis hospes,
 Comis in uxorem; posset qui ignoscere servis,
 Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ:
 Posset qui rupem & puteum vitare patentem.
 Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque resectus,
 Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
 Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,
 Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
 Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus Error. Hor.

THE unhappy Force of an Imagination, unguided by the Check of Reason and Judgment, was the Subject of a former Speculation. My Reader may remember that he has seen in one of my Papers a Complaint

of an unfortunate Gentleman, who was unable to contain himself, (when any ordinary Matter was laid before him) from adding a few Circumstances to enliven plain Narrative. That Correspondent was a Person of too warm a Complexion to be satisfied with things merely as they stood in Nature, and therefore formed Incidents which should have happened to have pleased him in the Story. The same ungoverned Fancy which pushed that Correspondent on, in spite of himself, to relate publick and notorious Falshoods, makes the Author of the following Letter do the same in Private; one is a prating, the other a silent Liar.

THERE is little pursued in the Errors of either of these Worthies, but mere present Amusement: But the Folly of him who lets his Fancy place him in distant Scenes untroubled and uninterrupted, is very much preferable to that of him who is ever forcing a Belief, and defending his Untruths with new Inventions. But I shall hasten to let this Liar in Soliloquy, who calls himself a CASTLE-BUILDER, describe himself with the same Unreservedness as formerly appeared in my Correspondent above-mentioned. If a Man were to be serious on this Subject, he might give very grave Admonitions to those who are following any thing in this Life, on which they think to place their Hearts, and tell them that they are really CASTLE-BUILDERS. Fame, Glory, Wealth, Honour, have in the Prospect pleasing Illusions; but they who come to possess any of them will find they are Ingredients towards Happiness, to be regarded only in the second Place; and that when they are valued in the first Degree they are as disappointing as any of the Phantoms in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Sept. 6, 1711.

I am a Fellow of a very odd Frame of Mind, as you will find by the Sequel; and think my self Fool enough to deserve a Place in your Paper. I am unhappily far gone in Building, and am one of that Species of Men who are properly denominated Castle-builders, who scorn to be beholden to the Earth for a Foundation, or dig in the Bowels of it for Materials; but erect their Structures in the most unstable of Elements, the Air, Fancy alone laying the Line, marking the Extent, and shaping

' shaping the Model. It would be difficult to enumerate
 ' what august Palaces and stately Porticos have grown
 ' under my forming Imagination, or what verdant Mea-
 ' dows and shady Groves have started into Being by the
 ' powerful Feat of a warm Fancy. A Castle-builder is even
 ' just what he pleases, and as such I have grasped imagi-
 ' nary Scepters, and delivered uncontrollable Edicts,
 ' from a Throne to which conquered Nations yielded
 ' Obeisance. I have made I know not how many In-
 ' roads into *France*, and ravaged the very Heart of that
 ' Kingdom; I have dined in the *Louvre*, and drank Cham-
 ' paign at *Verfailles*; and I would have you take notice, I
 ' am not only able to vanquish a People already cowed
 ' and accustomed to Flight, but I could, *Almanzor* like,
 ' drive the *British* General from the Field, were I less a
 ' Protestant, or had ever been affronted by the Confede-
 ' rates. There is no Art or Profession, whose most cele-
 ' brated Masters I have not eclipsed. Wherever I have af-
 ' forded my salutary Presence Fevers have ceased to burn,
 ' and Agues to shake the human Fabrick. When an elo-
 ' quent Fit has been upon me, an apt Gesture and proper
 ' Cadence has animated each Sentence, and gazing Crowds
 ' have found their Passions work'd up into Rage, or sooth-
 ' ed into a Calm. I am short, and not very well made;
 ' yet upon Sight of a fine Woman, I have stretched into
 ' proper Stature, and killed with a good Air and Mien.
 ' These are the gay Phantoms that dance before my wak-
 ' ing Eyes and compose my Day-Dreams. I should be
 ' the most contented happy Man alive, were the chimeri-
 ' cal Happiness which springs from the Paintings of Fancy
 ' less fleeting and transitory. But alas! it is with Grief of
 ' Mind I tell you, the least Breath of Wind has often demo-
 ' lished my magnificent Edifices, swept away my Groves,
 ' and left no more Trace of them than if they had never
 ' been. My Exchequer has sunk and vanished by a Rap on
 ' my Door, the Salutation of a Friend has cost me a whole
 ' Continent, and in the same Moment I have been pulled
 ' by the Sleeve, my Crown has fallen from my Head.
 ' The ill Consequence of these Reveries is inconceivably
 ' great, seeing the Loss of imaginary Possessions makes
 ' Impressions of real Woe. Besides, bad Oeconomy is vi-
 ' sible and apparent in Builders of invisible Mansions. My