

swerable to the Mode at *London*. By this means, Sir,
we shall know a little whereabouts we are.

I F you could bring this Matter to bear, you would
very much oblige great Numbers of your Country
Friends, and among the rest,

Your very humble Servant,
Jack Modish.

X



N^o 176. *Friday, September 21.*

Parvula, pumilio, χαλκτων μία, tota merum sal. Luc.

THERE are in the following Letter Matters which
I, a Batchelor, cannot be supposed to be acquainted
with; therefore shall not pretend to explain upon
it till farther Consideration, but leave the Author of the
Epistle to express his Condition his own Way.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Do not deny but you appear in many of your Papers
to understand Human Life pretty well; but there
are very many Things which you cannot possibly have a
true Notion of, in a single Life; these are such as re-
spect the married State; otherwise I cannot account for
your having overlooked a very good Sort of People,
which are commonly called in Scorn the *Hen-peckt*. You
are to understand that I am one of those innocent Mor-
tals who suffer Derision under that Word, for being
governed by the best of Wives. It would be worth
your Consideration to enter into the Nature of Affection:
it self, and tell us, according to your Philosophy, why
it is that our Dears should do what they will with us,
shall be froward, ill-natured, assuming, sometimes
whine, at others rail, then swoon away, then come to
Life, have the Use of Speech to the greatest Fluency
imaginable, and then sink away again, and all because
they fear we do not love them enough; that is, the
poor Things love us so heartily, that they cannot think

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‘ it possible we should be able to love them in so great a Degree, which makes them take on so. I say, Sir, a true good-natured Man, whom Rakes and Libertines call *Hen-peckt*, shall fall into all these different Moods with his dear Life, and at the same Time see they are wholly put on; and yet not be hard-hearted enough to tell the dear good Creature that she is an Hypocrite.

‘ This sort of good Men is very frequent in the populous and wealthy City of *London*, and is the true *Hen-peckt* Man; the kind Creature cannot break through his Kindness: so far as to come to an Explanation with the tender Soul, and therefore goes on to comfort her when nothing ails her, to appease her when she is not angry, and to give her his Cash when he knows she does not want it; rather than be uneasy for a whole Month, which is computed by hard-hearted Men the Space of Time which a froward Woman takes to come to herself, if you have Courage to stand out.

‘ THERE are indeed several other Species of the *Hen-peckt*, and in my Opinion they are certainly the best Subjects the Queen has; and for that Reason I take it to be your Duty to keep us above Contempt.

‘ I do not know whether I make my self understood in the Representation of an *Hen-peckt* Life, but I shall take Leave to give you an Account of my self and my own Spouse. You are to know that I am reckoned no Fool, have on several Occasions been tried whether I will take ill Usage, and yet the Event has been to my Advantage; and yet there is not such a Slave in *Turkey* as I am to my Dear. She has a good Share of Wit, and is what you call a very pretty agreeable Woman. I perfectly doat on her, and my Affection to her gives me all the Anxieties imaginable but that of Jealousy. My being thus confident of her, I take as much as I can judge of my Heart, to be the Reason, that whatever she does, tho’ it be never so much against my Inclination, there is still left something in her Manner that is amiable. She will sometimes look at me with an assumed Grandeur, and pretend to resent that I have not had Respect enough for her Opinion in such an Instance in Company. I cannot but smile at the pretty Anger she is in, and then she pretends she is used like

' a Child. In a word, our great Debate is, which
 ' has the Superiority in Point of Understanding. She
 ' is eternally forming an Argument of Debate; to
 ' which I very indolently answer, Thou art mighty
 ' pretty. To this she answers, all the World but you
 ' think I have as much Sense as your self. I repeat to
 ' her, Indeed you are pretty. Upon this there is no
 ' Patience; she will throw down any thing about her,
 ' stamp and pull off her Head-Clothes. Fy, my Dear,
 ' say I; how can a Woman of your Sense fall into
 ' such an intemperate Rage? This is an Argument
 ' which never fails. Indeed, my Dear, says she, you make
 ' me mad sometimes, so you do, with the silly Way
 ' you have of treating me like a pretty Idiot. Well,
 ' what have I got by putting her into good Humour?
 ' Nothing, but that I must convince her of my good
 ' Opinion by my Practice; and then I am to give her
 ' Possession of my little Ready-Money, and for a Day
 ' and a half following, dislike all she dislikes, and extol
 ' every thing she approves. I am so exquisitely fond of
 ' this Darling, that I seldom see any of my Friends, am
 ' uneasy in all Companies till I see her again; and when
 ' I come home, she is in the Dumps, because she says she
 ' is sure I came so soon only because I think her hand-
 ' som. I dare not upon this Occasion laugh; but tho'
 ' I am one of the warmest Churchmen in the Kingdom, I
 ' am forced to rail at the Times, because she is a violent
 ' Whig. Upon this we talk Politicks so long, that she
 ' is convinc'd I kiss her for her Wisdom. It is a common
 ' Practice with me to ask her some Question concerning
 ' the Constitution, which she answers me in general out
 ' of *Harrington's Oceana*: Then I commend her strange
 ' Memory, and her Arm is immediately lock'd in mine.
 ' While I keep her in this Temper she plays before me,
 ' sometimes dancing in the midst of the Room, some-
 ' times striking an Air at her Spinnet, varying her Po-
 ' stance and her Charms in such a manner that I am in
 ' continual Pleasure: She will play the Fool if I allow
 ' her to be wise, but if she suspects I like her for her
 ' Trifling, she immediately grows grave.

' THESE are the Toils in which I am taken, and I
 ' carry off my Servitude, as well as most Men; but my
 ' Applica-

Application to you is in behalf of the *Hen-peckt* in general, and I desire a Dissertation from you in Defence of us. You have, as I am informed, very good Authorities in our Favour, and hope you will not omit the mention of the Renowned *Socrates* and his Philosophick Resignation to his Wife *Xantippe*. This would be a very good Office to the World in general, for the *Hen-peckt* are powerful in their Quality and Numbers, not only in Cities but in Courts; in the latter they are ever the most obsequious, in the former the most wealthy of all Men. When you have considered Wedlock thoroughly, you ought to enter into the Suburbs of Matrimony, and give us an Account of the Thraldom of kind Keepers, and irresolute Lovers; the Keepers who cannot quit their Fair Ones tho' they see their approaching Ruin; the Lovers who dare not marry, tho' they know they never shall be happy without the Mistresses whom they cannot purchase on other Terms.

WHAT will be a great Embellishment to your Discourse, will be, that you may find Instances of the Haughty, the Proud, the Frolick, the Stubborn, who are each of them in secret downright Slaves to their Wives or Mistresses. I must beg of you in the last Place to dwell upon this, That the Wise and Valiant in all Ages have been *Hen-peckt*: and that the sturdy Tempered who are not Slaves to Affection, owe that Exemption to their being enthralled by Ambition, Avarice, or some meaner Passion. I have ten thousand thousand Things more to say, but my Wife sees me Writing, and will, according to Custom, be consulted, if I do not seal this immediately.

Yours,

Nathaniel Henrook

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