

Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine Integrity. If I did despise the Cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant when they contended with me. What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb, make him? and did not one fashion us in the womb? If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the Widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel my self alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof: If I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering: If his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep: If I have lift up my hand against the fatherless when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lift up my self when evil found him: (Neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a Curse to his soul.) The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain. If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their Life; Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley. L



N^o 178. *Monday, September 24.*

Comis in uxorem —

Hor.

I Cannot defer taking notice of this Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am but too good a Judge of your Paper of the 15th Instant, which is a Master-piece; I mean that of Jealousy: But I think it unworthy of you to speak of that Torture in the Breast of a Man, and not to mention also the Pangs of it in the Heart of a Woman.

‘ You

' You have very judiciously, and with the greatest Pen-
 'etration imaginable, considered it as Woman is the
 ' Creature of whom the Diffidence is raised: but not a
 ' Word of a Man, who is so unmerciful as to move Jeal-
 'ousy in his Wife, and not care whether she is so or
 ' not. It is possible you may not believe there are such
 ' Tyrants in the World; but alas, I can tell you of a
 ' Man who is ever out of Humour in his Wife's Com-
 'pany, and the pleasantest Man in the World every
 ' where else; the greatest Sloven at home when he ap-
 'pears to none but his Family, and most exactly well-
 'dressed in all other Places. Alas, Sir, is it of Course,
 ' that to deliver one's self wholly into a Man's Power
 ' without Possibility of Appeal to any other Jurisdiction
 ' but his own Reflexions, is so little an Obligation
 ' to a Gentleman, that he can be offended and fall into a
 ' Rage, because my Heart swells Tears into my Eyes
 ' when I see him in a cloudy Mood? I pretend to no
 ' Succour, and hope for no Relief but from himself;
 ' and yet he that has Sense and Justice in every thing
 ' else, never reflects, that to come home only to sleep
 ' off an Intemperance, and spend all the time he is
 ' there as if it were a Punishment, cannot but give the
 ' Anguish of a jealous Mind. He always leaves his Home
 ' as if he were going to Court, and returns as if he were
 ' entering a Goal. I could add to this, that from his
 ' Company and his usual Discourse, he does not scruple
 ' being thought an abandoned Man, as to his Morals.
 ' Your own Imagination will say enough to you con-
 'cerning the Condition of me his Wife; and I wish
 ' you would be so good as to represent to him, for he is
 ' not ill-natured and reads you much, that the Moment
 ' I hear the Door shut after him, I throw my self upon
 ' my Bed, and drown the Child he is so fond of with
 ' my Tears, and often frighten it with my Cries; that
 ' I curse my Being; that I run to my Glass all over
 ' bathed in Sorrows, and help the Utterance of my in-
 'ward Anguish by beholding the Gush of my own Cala-
 'mities as my Tears fall from my Eyes. This looks
 ' like an imagined Picture to tell you, but indeed this is
 ' one of my Pastimes. Hitherto I have only told you the
 ' general Temper of my Mind, but how shall I give you
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‘ an Account of the Distraction of it? Could you but
‘ conceive how cruel I am one Moment in my Resent-
‘ ment, and at the ensuing Minute, when I place him
‘ in the Condition my Anger would bring him to, how
‘ compassionate; it would give you some Notion how
‘ miserable I am, and how little I deserve it. When I
‘ remonstrate with the greatest Gentleness that is possible
‘ against unhandfom Appearances, and that married Per-
‘ sons are under particular Rules; when he is in the best
‘ Humour to receive this, I am answered only, That I
‘ expose my own Reputation and Sense if I appear jea-
‘ lous. I wish, good Sir, you would take this into seri-
‘ ous Consideration, and admonish Husbands and Wives
‘ what Terms they ought to keep towards each other.
‘ Your Thoughts on this important Subject will have
‘ the greatest Reward, that which descends on such as
‘ feel the Sorrows of the Afflicted. Give me leave to
‘ subscribe my self,

Your unfortunate

Humble Servant,

CELINDA.

I had it in my Thoughts, before I received the Letter of this Lady, to consider this dreadful Passion in the Mind of a Woman; and the Smart she seems to feel does not abate the Inclination I had to recommend to Husbands a more regular Behaviour, than to give the most exquisite of Torments to those who love them, nay, whose Torment would be abated if they did not love them.

IT is wonderful to observe how little is made of this inexpressible Injury, and how easily Men get into an Habit of being least agreeable where they are most obliged to be so. But this Subject deserves a distinct Speculation, and I shall observe for a Day or two the Behaviour of two or three happy Pair I am acquainted with, before I pretend to make a System of Conjugal Morality. I design in the first place to go a few Miles out of Town, and there I know where to meet one who practises all the Parts of a fine Gentleman in the Duty of an Husband. When he was a Batchelor, much Business made him particularly negligent in his Habit; but now there is no
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