

‘ THE Despair which is here shewn, without a Word or Action on the Part of the dying Person, is beyond what could be painted by the most forcible Expressions whatever.

‘ I shall not pursue this Thought farther, but only add, That as Annihilation is not to be had with a Wish, so it is the most abject Thing in the World to wish it. What are Honour, Fame, Wealth or Power, when compared with the generous Expectation of a Being without End, and a Happiness adequate to that Being?

‘ I shall trouble you no farther; but with a certain Gravity, which these Thoughts have given me, I reflect upon some Things People say of you, (as they will of all Men who distinguish themselves) which I hope are not true; and wish you as good a Man as you are an Author.

I am, S I R,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

Z

T. D.



N^o 211. *Thursday, November 1.*

Fictis meminerit nos jocari Fabulis.

Phæd.

HAVING lately translated the Fragment of an old Poet which describes Woman-kind under several Characters, and supposes them to have drawn their different Manners and Dispositions from those Animals and Elements out of which he tells us they were compounded; I had some Thoughts of giving the Sex their Revenge, by laying together in another Paper the many vicious Characters which prevail in the Male World, and shewing the different Ingredients that go to the making up of such different Humours and Constitutions. Horace has a Thought which is something akin to this, when, in order to excuse himself to his Mistress, for an

Inveictive

Invective which he had written against her and to account for that unreasonable Fury with which the Heart of Man is often transported, he tells us that when *Prometheus* made his Man of Clay, in the kneading up of the Heart, he seasoned it with some furious Particles of the Lion. But upon turning this Plan to and fro in my Thoughts, I observed so many unaccountable Humours in Man, that I did not know out of what Animals to fetch them. Male Souls are diversify'd with so many Characters, that the World has not Variety of Materials sufficient to furnish out their different Tempers and Inclinations. The Creation with all its Animals and Elements, would not be large enough to supply their several Extravagancies.

INSTEAD therefore of pursuing the Thought of *Simonides*, I shall observe that as he has expos'd the vicious Part of Women from the Doctrine of *Præ-existence*, some of the ancient Philosophers have, in a Manner, satirized the vicious Part of the human Species in general, from a Notion of the Soul's *Post-existence*, if I may so call it; and that as *Simonides* describes Brutes entering into the Composition of Women, others have represented human Souls as entering into Brutes. This is commonly termed the Doctrine of *Transmigration*, which supposes that human Souls, upon their leaving the Body, become the Souls of such Kinds of Brutes as they most resemble in their Manners; or to give an Account of it, as Mr. *Dryden* has described it in his Translation of *Pythagoras* his Speech in the fifteenth Book of *Ovid*, where that Philosopher dissuades his Hearers from eating Flesh:

*Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbody'd Spirit flies:
By Time, or Force, or Sickness dispossest'd,
And lodges where it lights, in Bird or Beast,
Or hunts without till ready Limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their Kind:
From Tenement to Tenement is toss'd:
The Soul is still the same, the Figure only lost.*

Then

*Then let not Piety be put to Flight,
To please the Taste of Glutton-Appetite;
But suffer inmate Souls secure to dwell,
Lest from their Seats your Parents you expel;
With rabid Hunger feed upon your Kind,
Or from a Beast dislodge a Brother's Mind.*

PLATO in the Vision of Erus the Armenian, which I may possibly make the Subject of a future Speculation, records some beautiful Transmigrations; as that the Soul of Orpheus, who was musical, melancholy, and a Woman-hater, entered into a Swan; the Soul of Ajax, which was all Wrath and Pierceness into a Lion; the Soul of Agamemnon, that was rapacious and imperial, into an Eagle; and the Soul of Thersites, who was a Mimick and a Buffoon, into a Monkey.

Mr. Congreve, in a Prologue to one of his Comedies, has touched upon this Doctrine with great Humour.

*Thus Aristotle's Soul of old that was,
May now be damn'd to animate an Ass;
Or in this very House for ought we know,
Is doing painful Penance in some Beau.*

I shall fill up this Paper with some Letters which my last Tuesday's Speculation has produced. My following Correspondents will shew, what I there observed, that the Speculation of that Day affects only the lower Part of the Sex.

From my House in the Strand, October 30, 1711.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

UPON reading your Tuesday's Paper, I find by several Symptoms in my Constitution that I am a Bee. My Shop, or, if you please to call it so, my Cell, is in that great Hive of Females which goes by the Name of the *New-Exchange*; where I am daily employed in gathering together a little Stock of Gain from the finest Flowers about the Town, I mean the Ladies and the Beaus. I have a numerous Swarm of Children, to whom I give the best Education I am able: But, Sir, it is my Misfortune to be married to a Drone, who

lives

‘ lives upon what I get, without bringing any thing into
 ‘ the common Stock. Now, Sir, as on the one hand I
 ‘ take care not to behave my self towards him like a
 ‘ Wasp, so likewise I would not have him look upon me as
 ‘ an Humble-Bee; for which Reason I do all I can to
 ‘ put him upon laying up Provisions for a bad Day, and
 ‘ frequently represent to him the fatal Effects his Sloth
 ‘ and Negligence may bring upon us in our old Age.
 ‘ I must beg that you will join with me in your good Ad-
 ‘ vice upon this Occasion, and you will for ever oblige

Your humble Servant,

MELISSA.

S I R,

Picadilly, October 31, 1711.

‘ I Am joined in Wedlock for my Sins to one of those
 ‘ Fillies who are described in the old Poet with that
 ‘ hard Name you gave us the other Day. She has a
 ‘ flowing Mane, and a Skin as soft as Silk: But, Sir, she
 ‘ passes half her Life at her Glass, and almost ruins me in
 ‘ Ribbons. For my own part, I am a plain handicraft
 ‘ Man, and in Danger of breaking by her Laziness and
 ‘ Expensiveness. Pray, Master, tell me in your next Pa-
 ‘ per, whether I may not expect of her so much Drudgery
 ‘ as to take care of her Family, and curry her Hide in
 ‘ case of Refusal.

Your loving Friend.

Barnaby Brittle.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Cheapside, October 30.

‘ I Am mightily pleased with the Humour of the Cat,
 ‘ be so kind as to enlarge upon that Subject.

Yours till Death,

Josiah Henpeck.

P. S. ‘ You must know I am married to a *Grimalkin*.

S I R,

Wapping, October 31, 1711.

‘ **E**VER since your *Spectator* of *Tuesday* last come into
 ‘ our Family, my Husband is pleased to call me his
 ‘ *Oceana*, because the foolish old Poet that you have trans-
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