

lated says, That the Souls of some Women are made of Sea-Water. This, it seems, has encouraged my Sauce-Box to be witty upon me. When I am angry, he cries Pr'ythee my Dear *be calm*; when I chide one of my Servants, Pr'ythee Child *do not bluster*. He had the Impudence about an Hour ago to tell me, That he was a Seafaring Man, and must expect to divide his Life between *Storm* and *Sunshine*. When I bestir my self with any Spirit in my Family, it is *high Sea* in his House; and when I sit still without doing any thing, his Affairs forsooth are *Wind-bound*. When I ask him whether it rains, he makes Answer, It is no Matter, so that it be *fair Weather* within Doors. In short, Sir, I cannot speak my Mind freely to him, but I either *swell* or *rage*, or do something that is not fit for a civil Woman to hear. Pray, Mr. SPECTATOR, since you are so sharp upon other Women, let us know what Materials your Wife is made of, if you have one. I suppose you would make us a Parcel of poor-spirited tame insipid Creatures; but, Sir, I would have you to know, we have as good Passions in us as your self, and that a Woman was never designed to be a Milk-Sop.

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MARTHA TEMPEST.

N^o 212. Friday, November 2.

————— *Eripe turpi*
Colla jugo, liber, liber dic, sum age ——— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Never look upon my dear Wife, but I think of the Happiness of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY enjoys, in having such a Friend as you to expose in proper Colours the Cruelty and Perverseness of his Mistresses. I have very often wished you visited in our Family, and were acquainted with my Spouse; she would afford you for some Months at least Matter enough for one *Spectator* a Week. Since we are not so

happy

happy as to be of your Acquaintance, give me Leave to represent to you our present Circumstances as well as I can in Writing. You are to know then that I am not of a very different Constitution from *Nathaniel Henroost*, whom you have lately recorded in your Speculations; and have a Wife who makes a more tyrannical Use of the Knowledge of my easy Temper than that Lady ever pretended to. We had not been a Month married, when she found in me a certain Pain to give Offence, and an Indolence that made me bear little Inconveniences rather than dispute about them. From this Observation it soon came to that pass, that if I offered to go abroad, she would get between me and the Door, kiss me, and say she could not part with me; and then down again I sat. In a Day or two after this first pleasant Step towards confining me, she declared to me, that I was all the World to her, and she thought she ought to be all the World to me. If, said she, my Dear loves me as much as I love him, he will never be tired of my Company. This Declaration was followed by my being denied to all my Acquaintance; and it very soon came to that pass, that to give an Answer at the Door before my Face, the Servants would ask her whether I was within or not; and she would answer No with great Fondness, and tell me I was a good Dear. I will not enumerate more little Circumstances to give you a livelier Sense of my Condition; but tell you in general, that from such Steps as these at first, I now live the Life of a Prisoner of State; my Letters are opened, and I have not the Use of Pen, Ink and Paper, but in her Presence. I never go abroad, except she sometimes takes me with her in her Coach to take the Air, if it may be called so, when we drive, as we generally do, with the Glasses up. I have overheard my Servants lament my Condition, but they dare not bring me Messages without her Knowledge, because they doubt my Resolution to stand by 'em. In the midst of this insipid Way of Life, an old Acquaintance of mine, *Tom Meggot*, who is a Favourite with her, and allowed to visit me in her Company because he sings prettily, has roused me to rebel, and conveyed his Intelligence to me in the following

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' Manner.

‘ Manner. My Wife is a great Pretender to Musick, and very ignorant of it; but far gone in the *Italian* Taste, *Tom* goes to *Armstrong*, the famous fine Writer of Musick, and desires him to put this Sentence of *Tully* in the Scale of an *Italian* Air, and write it out for my Spouse from him. *An ille mihi liber cui mulier imperat? Cui leges imponit, præscribit, jubet, vetat, quod videtur? Qui nihil imperanti negare, nihil recusare audet? Poscit? dandum est. Vocat? veniendum. Ejicit? abeundum. Minitatur? extimiscendum. Does he live like a Gentleman who is commanded by a Woman? He to whom she gives Law, grants and denies what she pleases? who can neither deny her any thing she asks, or refuse to do any thing she commands?*

‘ TO be short, my Wife was extremely pleased with it; said the *Italian* was the only Language for Musick; and admired how wonderfully tender the Sentiment was, and how pretty the Accent is of that Language, with the rest that is said by Rote on that Occasion. Mr. *Meggot* is sent for to sing this Air, which he performs with mighty Applause; and my Wife is in Ecstasy on the Occasion, and glad to find, by my being so much pleased, that I was at last come into the Notion of the *Italian*; for, said she, it grows upon one when one once comes to know a little of the Language; and pray, Mr. *Meggot*, sing again those Notes, *Nihil Imperanti negare, nihil recusare*. You may believe I was not a little delighted with my Friend *Tom*’s Expedient to alarm me, and in Obedience to his Summons I give all this Story thus at large; and I am resolved, when this appears in the *Spectator*, to declare for my self. The manner of the Insurrection I contrive by your Means, which shall be no other than that *Tom Meggot*, who is at our Tea-table every Morning, shall read it to us; and if my Dear can take the Hint, and say not one Word, but let this be the Beginning of a new Life without farther Explanation; it is very well; for as soon as the *Spectator* is read out, I shall, without more ado, call for the Coach, name the Hour when I shall be at home, if I come at all, if I do not, they may go to Dinner. If my Spouse only swells and says nothing, *Tom* and I

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