

to a great Elegancy, but seldom meet with any to which the Hand of a *Phidias* or *Praxiteles* could not give several nice Touches and Finishings.

DISCOURSES of Morality, and Reflexions upon human Nature, are the best Means we can make use of to improve our Minds, and gain a true Knowledge of our selves, and consequently to recover our Souls out of the Vice, Ignorance, and Prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profess'd my self in this Paper a Promoter of these great Ends; and I flatter my self that I do from Day to Day contribute something to the polishing of Mens Minds: at least my Design is laudable, whatever the Execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many Letters which I receive from unknown Hands, in Approbation of my Endeavours; and must take this Opportunity of returning my Thanks to those who write them, and excusing my self for not inserting several of them in my Papers, which I am sensible would be a very great Ornament to them. Should I publish the Praises which are so well penned, they would do Honour to the Persons who write them, but my publishing of them would I fear be a sufficient Instance to the World that I did not deserve them. C



N<sup>o</sup> 216. *Wednesday, November 7.*

*Siquidem herclè possis, nil prius, neque fortius;  
Verùm si incipies, neque perficies naviter,  
Atque, ubi pati non poteris, cùm nemo expetet,  
Insectâ pace, ultrò ad eam venies, indicans  
Te amare, & ferre non posse: Actum est, ilicet,  
Peristi: eludet, ubi te victum senserit.* Ter.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

S I R,

THIS is to inform you, that Mr. *Freeman* had no sooner taken Coach, but his Lady was taken with a terrible Fit of the Vapours, which 'tis feared will make her miscarry, if not endanger her Life; therefore,

fore, dear Sir, if you know of any Receipt that is good against this fashionable reigning Distemper, be pleased to communicate it for the Good of the Publick, and you will oblige

Yours,

A. NOEWILL.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE Uproar was so great as soon as I had read the *Spectator* concerning Mrs. *Freeman*, that after many Revolutions in her Temper, of raging, swooning, railing, fainting, pitying her self, and reviling her Husband, upon an accidental coming in of a neighbouring Lady (who says she has writ to you also) she had nothing left for it but to fall in a Fit. I had the Honour to read the Paper to her, and have a pretty good Command of my Countenance and Temper on such Occasions; and soon found my historical Name to be *Tom Meggot* in your Writings, but concealed my self till I saw how it affected Mrs. *Freeman*. She looked frequently at her Husband, as often at me; and she did not tremble as she filled Tea, till she came to the Circumstance of *Armstrong's* writing out a Piece of *Tully* for an Opera Tune: Then she burst out, She was exposed, she was deceived, she was wronged and abused. The Tea-Cup was thrown in the Fire; and without taking Vengeance on her Spouse, she said of me, That I was a pretending Coxcomb, a Medler that knew not what it was to interpose in so nice an Affair as between a Man and his Wife. To which Mr. *Freeman*, Madam, were I less fond of you than I am, I should not have taken this Way of writing to the SPECTATOR, to inform a Woman whom God and Nature has placed under my Direction, with what I request of her; but since you are so indiscreet as not to take the Hint which I gave you in that Paper, I must tell you, Madam, in so many Words, that you have for a long and tedious Space of Time acted a Part unsuitable to the Sense you ought to have of the Subordination in which you are placed. And I must acquaint you once for all, that the Fellow without, ha *Tom!* (here the Footman entered and answered Madam) Sirrah don't you know  
my

' my Voice ; look upon me when I speak to you : I say  
 ' Madam, this Fellow here is to know of me my self  
 ' whether I am at Leisure to see Company or not. I am  
 ' from this Hour, Master of this House ; and my Business  
 ' in it, and every where else, is to behave my self in such  
 ' a Manner, as it shall be hereafter an Honour to you to  
 ' bear my Name ; and your Pride, that you are the De-  
 ' light, the Darling and Ornament of a Man of Honour,  
 ' useful and esteemed by his Friends ; and I no longer  
 ' one that has buried some Merit in the World, in Com-  
 ' pliance to a froward Humour which has grown upon  
 ' an agreeable Woman by his Indulgence. Mr. *Freeman*  
 ' ended this with a Tenderness in his Aspect and a down-  
 ' cast Eye, which shewed he was extremely moved at  
 ' the Anguish he saw her in ; for she sat swelling with  
 ' Passion, and her Eyes firmly fixed on the Fire ; when  
 ' I, fearing he would lose all again, took upon me to  
 ' provoke her out of that amiable Sorrow she was in, to  
 ' fall upon me ; upon which I said very seasonably for  
 ' my Friend, That indeed Mr. *Freeman* was become the  
 ' common Talk of the Town ; and that nothing was so  
 ' much a Jest, as when it was said in Company Mr. *Free-*  
 ' *man* has promised to come to such a Place. Upon which  
 ' the good Lady turned her Softness into downright Rage,  
 ' and threw the scalding Tea-Kettle upon your humble  
 ' Servant ; flew into the Middle of the Room, and cried  
 ' out she was the unfortunatest of all Women : Others  
 ' kept Family Dissatisfactions for Hours of Privacy and  
 ' Retirement : No Apology was to be made to her, no  
 ' Expedient to be found, no previous Manner of break-  
 ' ing what was amiss in her ; but all the World was to  
 ' be acquainted with her Errors, without the least Ad-  
 ' monition. Mr. *Freeman* was going to make a soft'ning  
 ' Speech, but I interposed. Look you, Madam, I have  
 ' nothing to say to this Matter, but you ought to  
 ' consider you are now past a Chicken ; this Humour,  
 ' which was well enough in a Girl, is insufferable in one  
 ' of your motherly Character. With that she lost all Pa-  
 ' tience, and flew directly at her Husband's Periwig. I  
 ' got her in my Arms, and defended my Friend : He mak-  
 ' ing Signs at the same time that it was too much ; I  
 ' beckoning, nodding, and frowning over her Shoulder,  
 ' that

‘ that he was lost if he did not persist. In this Manner he  
 ‘ flew round and round the Room in a Moment, ’till the  
 ‘ Lady I spoke of above and Servants entered; upon  
 ‘ which she fell on a Couch as breathless. I still kept up  
 ‘ my Friend; but he, with a very silly Air, bid them  
 ‘ bring the Coach to the Door, and we went off, I  
 ‘ forced to bid the Coachman drive on. We were no  
 ‘ sooner come to my Lodgings, but all his Wife’s Re-  
 ‘ lations came to inquire after him; and Mrs. *Freeman’s*  
 ‘ Mother writ a Note, wherein she thought never to  
 ‘ have seen this Day, and so forth.

‘ IN a word, Sir, I am afraid we are upon a thing we  
 ‘ have no Talents for; and I can observe already, my  
 ‘ Friend looks upon me rather as a Man that knows a  
 ‘ Weakness of him that he is ashamed of, than one who  
 ‘ has rescued him from Slavery. *Mr. SPECTATOR*, I  
 ‘ am but a young Fellow, and, if *Mr. Freeman* submits, I  
 ‘ shall be looked upon as an Incendiary, and never get a  
 ‘ Wife as long as I breathe. He has indeed sent word  
 ‘ home he shall lie at *Hamstead* to-night; but I believe  
 ‘ Fear of the first Onset after this Rupture has too great  
 ‘ a Place in this Resolution. *Mrs. Freeman* has a very  
 ‘ pretty Sister; suppose I delivered him up, and articed  
 ‘ with the Mother for her for bringing him home. If  
 ‘ he has not Courage to stand it, (you are a great Ca-  
 ‘ suist) is it such an ill thing to bring my self off, as well  
 ‘ as I can? What makes me doubt my Man, is, that I  
 ‘ find he thinks it reasonable to expostulate at least with  
 ‘ her; and Captain *SENTRY* will tell you, if you let  
 ‘ your Orders be disputed, you are no longer a Com-  
 ‘ mander. I wish you could advise me how to get clear  
 ‘ of this Business handfomly.

T  
 Yours, Tom Meggot.



*Thursday,*