

‘ these trivial Accomplishments; as the complete Gentle-
 ‘ man, in some of our modern Comedies, makes his first
 ‘ Advances to his Mistress under the disguise of a Painter,
 ‘ or a Dancing-Master.

‘ THE Difference is, that in a Lad of Genius these
 ‘ are only so many Accomplishments, which in another
 ‘ are Essentials; the one diverts himself with them, the
 ‘ other works at them. In short, I look upon a great Ge-
 ‘ nius, with these little Additions, in the same Light as I
 ‘ regard the Grand Seignior, who is obliged, by an express
 ‘ Command in the Alcoran, to learn and practise some
 ‘ Handicraft Trade. Tho’ I need not to have gone for my
 ‘ Instance farther than *Germany*, where several Emperors
 ‘ have voluntarily done the same thing. *Leopold* the last
 ‘ worked in Wood; and I have heard there are several
 ‘ handicraft Works of his making to be seen at *Vienna*
 ‘ so neatly turn’d, that the best Joiner in *Europe* might
 ‘ safely own them without any Disgrace to his Profession.

‘ I would not be thought, by any thing I have said,
 ‘ to be against improving a Boy’s Genius to the utmost
 ‘ pitch it can be carry’d. What I would endeavour to
 ‘ shew in this Essay, is, that there may be Methods taken
 ‘ to make Learning advantageous even to the meanest
 ‘ Capacities.

I am, S I R,

X

Yours, &c.



N^o 354. *Wednesday, April 16.*

— *Cum magnis virtutibus affers*
Grande supercilium. —

Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **Y**OU have in some of your Discourses describ’d most
 ‘ sorts of Women in their distinct and proper Clas-
 ‘ ses, as the *Ape*, the *Coquet*, and many others; but
 ‘ I think you have never yet said any thing of a *Devotee*.
 ‘ A *Devotee* is one of those who disparage Religion by their
 ‘ indis-

indiscreet and unseasonable Introduction of the Mention of Virtue on all occasions: She professes she is what no body ought to doubt she is; and betrays the Labour she is put to, to be what she ought to be with Chearfulness and Alacrity. She lives in the World, and denies her self none of the Diversions of it, with a constant Declaration how insipid all things in it are to her. She is never herself but at Church; there she displays her Virtue, and is so fervent in her Devotions, that I have frequently seen her pray herself out of breath. While other young Ladies in the House are dancing, or playing at Questions and Commands, she reads aloud in her Closet. She says all Love is ridiculous except it be Celestial; but she speaks of the Passion of one Mortal to another, with too much Bitterness, for one that had no Jealousy mixed with her Contempt of it. If at any time she sees a Man warm in his Addresses to his Mistress, she will lift up her Eyes to Heaven and cry, What Nonsense is that Fool talking? Will the Bell never ring for Prayers? We have an eminent Lady of this Stamp in our Country, who pretends to Amusements very much above the rest of her Sex. She never carries a white Shock-dog with Bells under her Arm, nor a Squirrel or Dormouse in her Pocket, but always an abridg'd Piece of Morality to steal out when she is sure of being observed. When she went to the famous Ass-Race (which I must confess was but an odd Diversion to be encouraged by People of Rank and Figure) it was not, like other Ladies, to hear those poor Animals bray, nor to see Fellows run naked, or to hear Country Squires in bob Wigs and white Girdles make love at the side of a Coach, and cry, Madam, this is dainty Weather. Thus she described the Diversion; for she went only to pray heartily that no body might be hurt in the Crowd, and to see if the poor Fellow's Face, which was distorted with Grinning, might any way be brought to it self again. She never chats over her Tea, but covers her Face, and is supposed in an Ejaculation before she tastes a Sup. This ostentatious Behaviour is such an Offence to true Sanctity, that it disparages it, and makes Virtue not only unamiable, but also ridiculous. The Sacred Writings are full of Reflexions which abhor this kind of Conduct; and a

Devotee

‘ *Devotee* is so far from promoting Goodness, that she deters others by her Example. Folly and Vanity in one of these Ladies, is like Vice in a Clergyman; it does not only debase him, but makes the inconsiderate Part of the World think the worse of Religion.

I am, SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

Hotspur.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **X**ENOPHON, in his short Account of the *Spartan* Commonwealth, speaking of the Behaviour of their young Men in the Streets, says, There was so much Modesty in their Looks, that you might as soon have turned the Eyes of a Marble Statue upon you, as theirs; and that in all their Behaviour they were more modest than a Bride when put to Bed upon her Wedding-Night: This Virtue, which is always subjoin’d to Magnanimity, had such an Influence upon their Courage, that in Battle an Enemy could not look them in the Face, and they durst not but die for their Country.

‘ WHENEVER I walk into the Streets of *London* and *Westminster*, the Countenances of all the young Fellows that pass by me, make me wish my self in *Sparta*: I meet with such blustering Airs, big Looks, and bold Fronts, that to a superficial Observer would bespeak a Courage above those *Grecians*. I am arriv’d to that Perfection in Speculation, that I understand the Language of the Eyes, which would be a great Misfortune to me, had I not corrected the Testiness of old Age by Philosophy. There is scarce a Man in a red Coat who does not tell me, with a full Stare, he’s a bold Man: I see several swear inwardly at me, without any Offence of mine, but the Oddness of my Person: I meet Contempt in every Street, express’d in different Manners, by the scornful Look, the elevated Eye-brow, and the swelling Nostrils of the Proud and Prosperous. The Prentice speaks his Disrespect by an extended Finger, and the Porter by stealing out his Tongue. If a Country Gentleman appears a little curious in observing the Edifices, Signs, Clocks, Coaches, and Dials, it is not to be imagined