



Nº 41. Tuesday, April 17.

— *Tu non inventa reperta es.*

Ovid.

COMPASSION for the Gentleman who writes the following Letter, should not prevail upon me to fall upon the Fair Sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently fairer than they ought to be. Such Impostures are not to be tolerated in Civil Society; and I think his Misfortune ought to be made publick, as a Warning for other Men always to Examine into what they Admire.

S I R,

SUPPOSING you to be a Person of general Knowledge, I make my Application to you on a very particular Occasion. I have a great mind to be rid of my Wife, and hope, when you consider my Case, you will be of Opinion I have very just Pretensions to a Divorce. I am a mere Man of the Town, and have very little Improvement, but what I have got from Plays. I remember in *The Silent Woman*, the Learned Dr. Cutberd, or Dr. Otter (I forget which) makes one of the Causes of Separation to be *Error Personæ*, when a Man marries a Woman, and finds her not to be the same Woman whom he intended to marry, but another. If that be Law, it is, I presume, exactly my Case. For you are to know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that there are Women who do not let their Husbands see their Faces 'till they are married.

NOT to keep you in suspense, I mean plainly, that Part of the Sex who paint. They are some of them so exquisitely skilful this Way, that give them but a tolerable Pair of Eyes to set up with, and they will make Bosom, Lips, Cheeks, and Eyebrows, by their own Industry. As for my Dear, never Man was so enamoured as I was of her fair Forehead, Neck, and Arms, as well as the bright Jett of her Hair; but to my great Astonishment,

‘ I find they were all the Effects of Art: Her Skin is so
 ‘ tarnished with this Practice, that when she first wakes
 ‘ in a Morning, she scarce seems young enough to be the
 ‘ Mother of her whom I carried to Bed the Night before.
 ‘ I shall take the Liberty to part with her by the first Op-
 ‘ portunity, unless her Father will make her Portion suitable
 ‘ to her real, not her assumed, Countenance. This I
 ‘ thought fit to let him and her know by your Means.

I am, S I R,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant.

I cannot tell what the Law, or the Parents of the Lady will do for this Injured Gentleman, but must allow he has very much Justice on his Side. I have indeed very long observed this Evil, and distinguished those of our Women who wear their own, from those in borrowed Complexions, by the *Piæts* and the *British*. There does not need any great Discernment to judge which are which. The *British* have a lively animated Aspect; The *Piæts*, tho’ never so Beautiful, have dead uninformed Countenances. The Muscles of a real Face sometimes swell with soft Passion, sudden Surprise, and are flushed with agreeable Confusions according as the Objects before them, or the Ideas presented to them, affect their Imagination. But the *Piæts* behold all things with the same Air, whether they are Joyful or Sad; the same fixed Insensibility appears upon all Occasions. A *Piæt*, tho’ she takes all that Pains to invite the Approach of Lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain Distance; a Sigh in a Languishing Lover, if fetched too near her, would dissolve a Feature; and a Kiss snatched by a Forward one, might transfer the Complexion of the Mistress to the Admirer. It is hard to speak of these false Fair Ones, without saying something uncomplaisant, but I would only recommend to them to consider how they like coming into a Room new Painted; they may assure themselves, the near Approach of a Lady who uses this Practice is much more offensive.

WILL. HONEYCOMB told us, one Day, an Adventure he once had with a *Piæt*. This Lady had Wit as well as Beauty, at Will; and made it her Business to gain Hearts, for no other Reason, but to rally the Torments
 of

of her Lovers. She would make great Advances to in-
 snare Men, but without any manner of Scruple break off
 when there was no Provocation. Her Ill-Nature and Va-
 nity made my Friend very easily Proof against the Charms
 of her Wit and Conversation; but her beauteous Form
 instead of being blemished by her Falshood and Incon-
 stancy, every Day increased upon him, and she had new
 Attractions every time he saw her. When she observed
 WILL. irrevocably her Slave, she began to use him as such,
 and after many Steps towards such a Cruelty, she at last
 utterly banished him. The unhappy Lover strove in vain,
 by servile Epistles, to revoke his Doom; till at length he
 was forced to the last Refuge, a round Sum of Money to
 her Maid. This corrupt Attendant placed him early in the
 Morning behind the Hangings in her Mistress's Dressing-
 Room. He stood very conveniently to observe, without
 being seen. The *Piſt* begins the Face she designed to wear
 that Day, and I have heard him protest she had worked
 a full half Hour before he knew her to be the same Wo-
 man. As soon as he saw the Dawn of that Complexion,
 for which he had so long languished, he thought fit to break
 from his Concealment, repeating that of *Cowley*:

*Th' adorning Thee with so much Art,
 Is but a barb'rous Skill;
 'Tis like the Pois'ning of a Dart,
 Too apt before to kill.*

THE *Piſt* stood before him in the utmost Confusion,
 with the prettiest Smirk imaginable on the finished side of
 her Face, pale as Ashes on the other. HONEYCOMB seiz-
 ed all her Gally-Pots and Washes, and carried off his Hand-
 kerchief full of Brushes, Scraps of *Spaniſh* Wool, and Phi-
 als of Unguents. The Lady went into the Country, the
 Lover was cured.

IT is certain no Faith ought to be kept with Cheats,
 and an Oath made to a *Piſt* is of it self void. I would
 therefore exhort all the *Britiſh* Ladies to single them out,
 nor do I know any but *Lindamira* who should be exempt
 from Discovery; for her own Complexion is so delicate,
 that she ought to be allowed the covering it with Paint,
 as a Punishment for choosing to be the worst Piece of Art
 extant,

extant, instead of the Masterpiece of Nature. As for my part, who have no Expectations from Women, and consider them only as they are Part of the Species, I do not half so much fear offending a Beauty as a Woman of Sense; I shall therefore produce several Faces which have been in Publick this many Years, and never appeared; it will be a very pretty Entertainment in the Play-house, (when I have abolished this Custom) to see so many Ladies, when they first lay it down, *incog.* in their own Faces.

IN the mean time, as a Pattern for improving their Charms, let the Sex study the agreeable *Statira*. Her Features are enlivened with the Cheerfulness of her Mind, and Good-humour gives an Alacrity to her Eyes. She is Graceful without affecting an Air, and Unconcerned without appearing Careless. Her having no manner of Art in her Mind, makes her want none in her Person.

HOW like is this Lady, and how unlike is a *Pia*, to that Description Dr. *Donne* gives of his Mistress?

— Her pure and eloquent Blood
Spoke in her Cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one would almost say her Body thought.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A young Gentlewoman of about Nineteen Years of Age (bred in the Family of a Person of Quality lately deceased) who Paints the finest Flesh-colour, wants a Place, and is to be heard of at the House of Minbeer Grotesque, a Dutch Painter in Barbican.

N. B. She is also well-skilled in the Drapery-part, and puts on Hoods and mixes Ribbons so as to suit the Colours of the Face with great Art and Success. R



Wednesday,