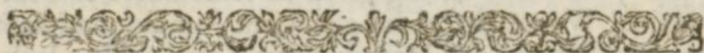


‘ Father WHICH art in Heaven, should be, Our Father
 ‘ WHO art in Heaven; and even a CONVOCATION, af-
 ‘ ter long Debates, refused to consent to an Alteration of
 ‘ it. In our general Confession we say,—Spare thou them,
 ‘ O God, WHICH confess their Faults, which ought to
 ‘ be, WHO confess their Faults. What Hopes then have
 ‘ we of having Justice done us, when the Makers of our
 ‘ very Prayers and Laws, and the most learned in all Fa-
 ‘ culties, seem’d to be in a Confederacy against us, and our
 ‘ Enemies themselves must be our Judges.

‘ THE Spanish Proverb says, *Il sabio muda conscio, il
 ‘ neciono*; i. e. *A wise Man changes his Mind, a Fool never
 ‘ will*. So that we think You, Sir, a very proper Person
 ‘ to address to, since we know you to be capable of being
 ‘ convinced, and changing your Judgment. You are well
 ‘ able to settle this Affair, and to you we submit our
 ‘ Cause. We desire you to assign the Butts and Bounds of
 ‘ each of us; and that for the future we may both enjoy
 ‘ our own. We would desire to be heard by our Council,
 ‘ but that we fear in their very Pleadings they would betray
 ‘ our Cause: Besides, we have been oppress’d so many
 ‘ Years, that we can appear no other way, but *in forma pau-
 ‘ peris*. All which considered, we hope you will be pleas’d
 ‘ to do that which to Right and Justice shall appertain.

R

And your Petitioners, &c.N^o 79. Thursday, May 31.*Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.*

Hor.

I Have received very many Letters of late from my
 Female Correspondents, most of whom are very angry
 with me for Abridging their Pleasures, and looking
 severely upon Things, in themselves indifferent. But I
 think they are extremely Unjust to me in this Imputati-
 on: All that I contend for is, that those Excellencies,
 which are to be regarded but in the second Place, should
 not precede more weighty Considerations. The Heart of
 Man deceives him in spite of the Lectures of half a Life
 spent in Discourses on the Subjection of Passion; and I
 do not know why one may not think the Heart of Wo-

man

man as Unfaithful to it self. If we grant an Equality in the Faculties of both Sexes, the Minds of Women are less cultivated with Precepts, and consequently may, without Disrespect to them, be accounted more liable to Illusion in Cases wherein natural Inclination is out of the Interests of Virtue. I shall take up my present Time in Commenting upon a Billet or two which came from Ladies, and from thence leave the Reader to judge whether I am in the right or not, in thinking it is possible Fine Women may be mistaken.

THE following Address seems to have no other Design in it, but to tell me the Writer will do what she pleases for all me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Am Young and very much inclin'd to follow the Paths of Innocence; but at the same time, as I have a plentiful Fortune, and am of Quality, I am unwilling to resign the Pleasures of Distinction, some little Satisfaction in being Admired in general, and much greater in being beloved by a Gentleman, whom I design to make my Husband. But I have a mind to put off entering into Matrimony till another Winter is over my Head, which (whatever, musty Sir, you may think of the Matter) I design to pass away in hearing Musick, going to Plays, Visiting, and all other Satisfactions which Fortune and Youth, protected by Innocence and Virtue, can procure for,

S I R, Your most humble Servant,

M. T.

MY Lover does not know I like him, therefore having no Engagements upon me, I think to stay and know whether I may not like any one else better.

I have heard WILL. HONEYCOMB say, *A Woman seldom writes her Mind but in her Postscript*. I think this Gentlewoman has sufficiently discovered hers in this. I'll lay what Wager she pleases against her present Favourite, and can tell her that she will like Ten more before she is fixed, and then will take the worst Man she ever liked in her Life. There is no end of Affection taken in at the Eyes only; and you may as well satisfy those Eyes with seeing, as control any Passion received by them only.

only. It is from Loving by Sight that Coxcombs so frequently succeed with Women, and very often a young Lady is bestow'd by her Parents to a Man who weds her (as Innocence it self,) tho' she has, in her own Heart, given her Approbation of a different Man in every Assembly she was in the whole Year before. What is wanting among Women, as well as among Men, is the Love of laudable Things, and not to rest only in the Forbearance of such as are Reproachful.

H O W far remov'd from a Woman of this light Imagination is *Eudofia*! *Eudofia* has all the Arts of Life and good Breeding with so much Ease, that the Virtue of her Conduct looks more like an Instinct than Choice. It is as little difficult to her to think justly of Persons and Things, as it is to a Woman of different Accomplishments, to move ill or look awkward. That which was, at first, the Effect of Instruction, is grown into an Habit; and it would be as hard for *Eudofia* to indulge a wrong Suggestion of Thought, as it would be for *Flavia*, the fine Dancer, to come into a Room with an unbecoming Air.

B U T the Misapprehensions People themselves have of their own State of Mind, is laid down with much discerning in the following Letter, which is but an Extract of a kind Epistle from my Charming Mistress *Hecatissa*, who is above the Vanity of external Beauty, and is the better Judge of the Perfections of the Mind.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Write this to acquaint you, that very many Ladies, as well as my self, spend many Hours more than we used at the Glass, for want of the Female Library of which you promised us a Catalogue. I hope, Sir, in the Choice of Authors for us, you will have a particular Regard to Books of Devotion. What they are, and how many, must be your chief Care; for upon the Propriety of such Writings depends a great deal. I have known those among us who think, if they every Morning and Evening spend an Hour in their Closet, and read over so many Prayers in six or seven Books of Devotion, all equally nonsensical, with a sort of Warmth, (that might as well be raised by a Glass of Wine, or a Drachm of Citron) they may all the rest of their time

‘ go on in whatever their particular Passion leads them to.
 ‘ The Beauteous *Philautia*, who is (in your Language) an
 ‘ *Idol*, is one of these Votaries; she has a very pretty fur-
 ‘ nish’d Closet, to which she retires at her appointed
 ‘ Hours: This is her Dressing-Room, as well as Chapel;
 ‘ she has constantly before her a large Looking-glass, and
 ‘ upon the Table, according to a very Witty Author,

Together lie her Prayer-Book and Paint,

At once t’improve the Sinner and the Saint.

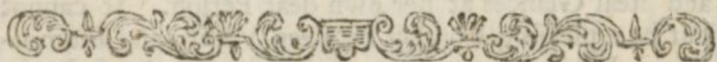
‘ I T must be a good Scene, if one could be present at
 ‘ it, to see this *Idol* by turns lift up her Eyes to Heaven,
 ‘ and steal Glances at her own dear Person. It cannot
 ‘ but be a pleasing Conflict between Vanity and Humili-
 ‘ ation. When you are upon this Subject, choose Books
 ‘ which elevate the Mind above the World, and give a
 ‘ pleasing Indifference to little things in it. For want of
 ‘ such Instructions, I am apt to believe so many People
 ‘ take it in their Heads to be sullen, cross and angry, un-
 ‘ der Pretence of being abstracted from the Affairs of this
 ‘ Life, when at the same time they betray their Fondness
 ‘ for them by doing their Duty as a Task, and pouting
 ‘ and reading good Books for a Week together. Much
 ‘ of this I take to proceed from the Indiscretion of the
 ‘ Books themselves, whose very Titles of Weekly Prepa-
 ‘ rations, and such limited Godliness, lead People of or-
 ‘ dinary Capacities into great Errors, and raise in them a
 ‘ Mechanical Religion, intirely distinct from Morality.
 ‘ I know a Lady so given up to this sort of Devotion,
 ‘ that tho’ she employs six or eight Hours of the Twenty-
 ‘ four at Cards, she never misses one constant Hour of
 ‘ Prayer, for which time another holds her Cards, to
 ‘ which she returns with no little Anxiousness till two
 ‘ or three in the Morning. All these Acts are but empty
 ‘ Shows, and, as it were, Compliments made to Vir-
 ‘ tue; the Mind is all the while untouch’d with any true
 ‘ Pleasure in the Pursuit of it. From hence I presume it
 ‘ arises that so many People call themselves Virtuous,
 ‘ from no other Pretence to it but an Absence of Ill.
 ‘ There is *Dulcianara* is the most insolent of all Creatures
 ‘ to her Friends and Domesticks, upon no other Pretence
 ‘ in Nature but that (as her silly Phrase is) no one can say
 ‘ Black is her Eye. She has no Secrets, forsooth, which
 ‘ should

‘ should make her afraid to speak her Mind, and there-
 ‘ fore she is impertinently Blunt to all her Acquaintance,
 ‘ and unseasonably Imperious to all her Family. Dear
 ‘ Sir, be pleased to put such Books in our Hands, as may
 ‘ make our Virtue more inward, and convince some of
 ‘ us that in a Mind truly virtuous the Scorn of Vice is
 ‘ always accompanied with the Pity of it. This and
 ‘ other things are impatiently expected from you by our
 ‘ whole Sex; among the rest by,

S I R, Your most Humble Servant,

R

B. D.



N^o 80.

Friday, June 1.

Caelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt. Hor.

IN the Year 1688, and on the same Day of that Year, were born in *Cheapside, London*, two Females of exquisite Feature and Shape; the one we shall call *Brunetta*, the other *Phillis*. A close Intimacy between their Parents made each of them the first Acquaintance the other knew in the World: They played, dressed Babies, acted Visittings, learned to Dance and make Curtesies, together. They were inseparable Companions in all the little Entertainments their tender Years were capable of: Which innocent Happiness continued till the Beginning of their fifteenth Year, when it happened that Mrs. *Phillis* had an Head-dress on which became her so very well, that instead of being beheld any more with Pleasure for their Amity to each other, the Eyes of the Neighbourhood were turned to remark them with Comparison of their Beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the Ease of Mind and pleasing Indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their Words and Actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every Excellence in their Speech and Behaviour was looked upon as an Act of Emulation to surpass the other. These Beginnings of Disinclination soon improved into a Formality of Behaviour, a general Coldness, and by natural Steps into an irreconcilable Hatred.

THESE