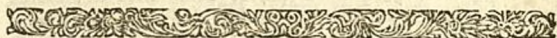


be done: which is of the same Force with that Form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of Deaths, *Nevertheless not my Will, but thine be done*. This comprehensive Petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be offered up from the Creature to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our Good, and that he knows better than our selves what is so.

L



N^o 208. Monday, October 29.

— *Veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.*

Ovid.

I Have several Letters from People of good Sense, who lament the Depravity or Poverty of Taste the Town is fallen into with relation to Plays and publick Spectacles. A Lady in particular observes, that there is such a Levity in the Minds of her own Sex, that they seldom attend any thing but Impertinences. It is indeed prodigious to observe how little Notice is taken of the most exalted Parts of the best Tragedies in *Shakepear*; nay, it is not only visible that Sensuality has devoured all Greatness of Soul, but the Under-Passion (as I may so call it) of a noble Spirit, Pity, seems to be a Stranger to the Generality of an Audience. The Minds of Men are indeed very differently disposed; and the Reliefs from Care and Attention are of one Sort in a great Spirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The Man of a great Heart and a serious Complexion, is more pleased with Instances of Generosity and Pity, than the light and ludicrous Spirit can possibly be with the highest Strains of Mirth and Laughter: It is therefore a melancholy Prospect when we see a numerous Assembly lost to all serious Entertainments, and such Incidents as should move one Sort of Concern, excite in them a quite contrary one. In the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, the other Night, when the Lady who is conscious of the Crime of murdering the King,

King, seems utterly astonished at the News, and makes an Exclamation at it ; instead of the Indignation which is natural to the Occasion, that Expression is received with a loud Laugh : They were as merry when a Criminal was stabbed. It is certainly an Occasion of rejoicing when the Wicked are seized in their Designs ; but I think, it is not such a Triumph as is exerted by Laughter.

YOU may generally observe, that the Appetites are sooner moved than the Passions : A sly Expression which alludes to Baudry, puts a whole Row into a pleasing Smirk ; when a good Sentence that describes an inward Sentiment of the Soul, is received with the greatest Coldness and Indifference. A Correspondent of mine, upon this Subject, has divided the Female Part of the Audience, and accounts for their Prepossessions against this reasonable Delight in the following manner. The Prude, says he, as she acts always in Contradiction, so she is gravely fullen at a Comedy, and extravagantly gay at a Tragedy. The Coquette is so much taken up with throwing her Eyes around the Audience, and considering the Effect of them, that she cannot be expected to observe the Actors but as they are her Rivals, and take off the Observation of the Men from herself. Besides these Species of Women, there are the *Examples*, or the first of the Mode : These are to be supposed too well acquainted with what the Actor was going to say to be moved at it. After these one might mention a certain flippant Set of Females who are Mimicks, and are wonderfully diverted with the Conduct of all the People around them, and are Spectators only of the Audience. But what is of all the most to be lamented, is the Loss of a Party whom it would be worth preserving in their right Senses upon all Occasions, and these are those whom we may indifferently call the Innocent or the Unaffected. You may sometimes see one of these sensibly touched with a well-wrought Incident ; but then she is immediately so impertinently observed by the Men, and frowned at by some insensible Superior of her own Sex, that she is ashamed, and loses the Enjoyment of the most laudable Concern, Pity. Thus the whole Audience is afraid of letting fall a Tear, and shun as a Weakness the best and worthiest Part of our Sense.

S I R,

S I R,

‘ **A**S you are one that doth not only pretend to reform,
 ‘ but effects it amongst People of any Sense ; makes
 ‘ me (who am one of the greatest of your Admirers)
 ‘ give you this Trouble to desire you will settle the Me-
 ‘ thod of us Females knowing when one another is in
 ‘ Town : For they have now got a Trick of never send-
 ‘ ing to their Acquaintance when they first come ; and if
 ‘ one does not visit them within the Week which they
 ‘ stay at home, it is a mortal Quarrel. Now, Dear
 ‘ Mr. SPEC, either command them to put it in the Ad-
 ‘ vertisement of your Paper, which is generally read by
 ‘ our Sex, or else order them to breathe their saucy Foot-
 ‘ men (who are good for nothing else) by sending them to
 ‘ tell all their Acquaintance. If you think to print this,
 ‘ pray put it into a better Stile as to the spelling Part.
 ‘ The Town is now filling every Day, and it cannot be
 ‘ deferred, because People take Advantage of one another
 ‘ by this Means and break off Acquaintance, and are
 ‘ rude : Therefore pray put this in your Paper as soon as
 ‘ you can possibly, to prevent any future Miscarriages of
 ‘ this Nature. I am, as I ever shall be,

Dear SPEC,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

Mary Meanwell.

‘ P R A Y settle what is to be a proper Notification of
 ‘ a Person’s being in Town, and how that differs
 ‘ according to People’s Quality.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

October the 20th.

‘ **I** Have been out of Town, so did not meet with your
 ‘ Paper dated *September* the 28th, wherein you, to my
 ‘ Heart’s Desire, expose that cursed Vice of insuaring poor
 ‘ young Girls, and drawing them from their Friends. I
 ‘ assure you without Flattery it has saved a Prentice of
 ‘ mine from Ruin ; and in Token of Gratitude as well
 ‘ as for the Benefit of my Family, I have put it in a Frame
 ‘ and

and Glafs, and hung it behind my Counter. I fhall take care to make my young ones read it every Morning, to fortify them againft fuch pernicious Rascals. I know not whether what you writ was Matter of Fact, or your own Invention; but this I will take my Oath on, the firft Part is fo exactly like what happened to my Prentice, that had I read your Paper then, I fhould have taken your Method to have secured a Villain. Go on and prosper.

Your moft obliged humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

WITHOUT Rallery I defire you to infert this Word for Word in your next, as you value a Lover's Prayers. You fee it is an Hue and Cry after a stray Heart (with the Marks and Blemifhes under-written) which whoever fhall bring to you, fhall receive Satisfaction. Let me beg of you not to fail, as you remember the Paffion you had for her to whom you lately ended a Paper.

*Noble, Generous, Great and Good,
But newer to be understood;
Fickle as the Wind, ftill changing,
After every Female ranging,
Panting, trembling, fighing, dying,
But addiſted much to Lying:
When the Siren Songs repeats,
Equal Meafures ftill it beats;
Who e'er ſhall wear it, it will ſmart her,
And who e'er takes, it takes a Tartar.*

T



Tuesday,