

N^o 33. Saturday, April 7.

*Fervidus tecum Puer, & solutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque Nymphæ,
Et parùm comis sine te Juventas,
Mercuriusque.*

Hor. ad Venerem.

A Friend of mine has two Daughters, whom I will call *Lætitia* and *Daphne*; The Former is one of the greatest Beauties of the Age in which she lives, the Latter no way remarkable for any Charms in her Person. Upon this one Circumstance of their Outward Form, the Good and Ill of their Life seems to turn. *Lætitia* has not, from her very Childhood, heard any thing else but Commendations of her Features and Complexion, by which means she is no other than Nature made her, a very beautiful Out-side. The Consciousness of her Charms has rendered her insupportably Vain and Insolent, towards all who have to do with her. *Daphne*, who was almost Twenty before one civil Thing had ever been said to her, found her self obliged to acquire some Accomplishments to make up for the want of those Attractions which she saw in her Sister. Poor *Daphne* was seldom submitted to in a Debate wherein she was concerned; her Discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good Sense of it, and she was always under a Necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while *Lætitia* was listened to with Partiality, and Approbation sat in the Countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These Causes have produced suitable Effects, and *Lætitia* is as insipid a Companion, as *Daphne* is an agreeable one. *Lætitia*, confident of Favour, has studied no Arts to please; *Daphne*, despairing of any Inclination towards her Person, has depended only on her Merit. *Lætitia* has always something in her Air that is fullen, grave, and dis-

F 5 console.

console. *Daphne* has a Countenance that appears cheerful, open, and unconcerned. A Young Gentleman saw *Lætitia* this Winter at a Play, and became her Captive. His Fortune was such, that he wanted very little Introduction to speak his Sentiments to her Father. The Lover was admitted with the utmost Freedom into the Family, where a constrained Behaviour, severe Looks and distant Civilities, were the highest Favours he could obtain of *Lætitia*; while *Daphne* used him with the Good-humour, Familiarity, and Innocence of a Sister: Infomuch that he would often say to her, *Dear Daphne, wert thou but as Handsom as Lætitia?* — She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing Mirth, which is natural to a Woman without Design. He still sigh'd in vain for *Lætitia*, but found certain Relief in the agreeable Conversation of *Daphne*. At length, heartily tired with the haughty Impertinence of *Lætitia*, and charmed with repeated Instances of Good-humour he had observed in *Daphne*, he one Day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with — *Faith, Daphne*, continued he, *I am in Love with thee, and despise thy Sister sincerely.* The manner of his declaring himself gave his Mistress Occasion for a very hearty Laughter. — *Nay*, says he, *I knew you would laugh at me, but I'll ask your Father.* He did so; the Father received his Intelligence with no less Joy than Surprise, and was very glad he had now no Care left but for his *Beauty*, which he thought he could carry to Market at his Leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this Conquest of my Friend *Daphne's*. All her Acquaintance congratulate her upon her Chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating Murderer her Sister. As it is an Argument of a light Mind, to think the worse of our selves for the Imperfections of our Persons, it is equally below us to value our selves upon the Advantages of them. The Female World seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this Particular; for which Reason, I shall recommend the following Extract out of a Friend's Letter to the Profess'd Beauties, who are a People almost as unsufferable as the Profess'd Wits.

MON-

‘ M^{ON}SIEUR St. Evremont has concluded one
 ‘ of his Essays with affirming ; that the last Sighs
 ‘ of a handfom Woman are not so much for the Loss of
 ‘ her Life as of her Beauty. Perhaps this Raillery is pur-
 ‘ sued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious Re-
 ‘ mark, that Woman’s strongest Passion is for her own
 ‘ Beauty, and that she values it as her favourite Distinc-
 ‘ tion. From hence it is that all Arts, which pretend
 ‘ to improve or preserve it, meet with so general a Re-
 ‘ ception among the Sex. To say nothing of many false
 ‘ Helps, and Contraband Wares of Beauty, which are
 ‘ daily vended in this great Mart, there is not a Maiden
 ‘ Gentlewoman, of a good Family in any County of
 ‘ *South-Britain*, who has not heard of the Virtues of
 ‘ *May-dew*, or is unfurnished with some Receipt or other
 ‘ in Favour of her Complexion ; and I have known a Phy-
 ‘ sician of Learning and Sense, after eight Years Study
 ‘ in the University, and a Course of Travels into most
 ‘ Countries in *Europe*, owe the first raising of his Fortunes
 ‘ to a Cosmetick Wash.

‘ THIS has given me Occasion to consider how so-
 ‘ universal a Disposition in Womankind, which springs
 ‘ from a laudable Motive, the Desire of Pleasing, and
 ‘ proceeds upon an Opinion, not altogether groundless,
 ‘ that Nature may be helped by Art, may be turned to
 ‘ their Advantage. And, methinks, it would be an ac-
 ‘ ceptable Service to take them out of the Hands of
 ‘ Quacks and Pretenders, and to prevent their imposing
 ‘ upon themselves, by discovering to them the true Se-
 ‘ cret and Art of improving Beauty.

‘ IN order to this, before I touch upon it directly,
 ‘ it will be necessary to lay down a few Preliminary
 ‘ Maxims, *viz.*

‘ THAT no Woman can be Handsom by the Force
 ‘ of Features alone, any more than she can be Witty
 ‘ only by the Help of Speech.

‘ THAT Pride destroys all Symmetry and Grace,
 ‘ and Affectation is a more terrible Enemy to fine Faces
 ‘ than the Small-Pox.

‘ THAT no Woman is capable of being Beautiful,
 ‘ who is not incapable of being False.

‘ AND, That what would be Odious in a Friend, is
 ‘ Deformity in a Mistress. FROM

‘ FROM these few Principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true Art of assisting Beauty consists in Embellishing the whole Person by the proper Ornaments of virtuous and commendable Qualities. By this Help alone it is, that those who are the Favourite Work of Nature, or, as Mr. *Dryden* expresses it, the Porcelain Clay of human Kind, become animated, and are in a Capacity of exerting their Charms: And those who seem to have been neglected by her, like Models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what She has left imperfect.

‘ IT is, methinks, a low and degrading Idea of that Sex, which was created to refine the Joys, and soften the Cares of Humanity, by the most agreeable Participation, to consider them merely as Objects of Sight. This is abridging them of their natural Extent of Power, to put them upon a Level with their Pictures at *Kneller*’s. How much nobler is the Contemplation of Beauty heightened by Virtue, and commanding our Esteem and Love, while it draws our Observation? How faint and spiritless are the Charms of a Coquette, when compar’d with the real Loveliness of *Sophronia*’s Innocence, Piety, Good-humour, and Truth; Virtues which add a new Softness to her Sex, and even beautify her Beauty! That Agreeableness which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest Virgin, is now preserved in the tender Mother, the prudent Friend, and the faithful Wife. Colours artfully spread upon Canvas may entertain the Eye, but not affect the Heart; and she who takes no Care to add to the natural Graces of her Person any excelling Qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a Picture, but not to triumph as a Beauty.

‘ WHEN *Adam* is introduced by *Milton*, describing *Eve* in Paradise, and relating to the Angel the Impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first Creation, he does not represent her like a *Grecian Venus*, by her Shape or Features, but by the Lustre of her Mind which shone in them, and gave them their Power of charming.

*Grace was in all her Steps, Heav’n in her Eye,
In all her Gestures Dignity and Love!*

WITHOUT

‘ WITHOUT this irradiating Power the proudest
 ‘ Fair One ought to know whatever her Glafs may tell
 ‘ her to the contrary, that her most perfect Features are
 ‘ Uninformed and Dead.

‘ I cannot better close this Moral, than by a short
 ‘ Epitaph written by *Ben. Johnson*, with a Spirit which
 ‘ nothing could inspire but such an Object as I have
 ‘ been describing;

*Underneath this Stone doth lie
 As much Virtue as cou'd die;
 Which when alive did Vigour give
 To as much Beauty as cou'd live.*

I am, S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

R

R. B.



N^o 34. Monday, April 9.

————— *parcit*
Cognatis maculis similis fera —————

Juv.

THE Club of which I am a Member, is very luckily composed of such Persons as are engaged in different Ways of Life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous Classes of Mankind: By this Means I am furnished with the greatest Variety of Hints and Materials, and know every thing that passes in the different Quarters and Divisions, not only of this great City, but of the whole Kingdom. My Readers too have the Satisfaction to find that there is no Rank or Degree among them who have not their Representative in this Club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective Interests, that nothing may be written or published to the Prejudice or Infringement of their just Rights and Privileges.

I last Night sat very late in Company with this select Body of Friends, who entertained me with several Remarks