

be, in reality, the Fine Gentleman of the Play: For it seems he is an Atheist, if we may depend upon his Character as given by the Orange-Woman, who is her self far from being the lowest in the Play. She says of a Fine Man who is *Dorimant's* Companion, *There is not such another Heathen in the Town, except the Shoemaker.* His Pretension to be the Hero of the Drama appears still more in his own Description of his way of Living with his Lady. *There is, says he, never a Man in Town lives more like a Gentleman with his Wife than I do; I never mind her Motions; she never inquires into mine. We speak to one another civilly, hate one another heartily; and because it is Vulgar to Lie and Soak together, we have each of us our several Settle-Bed.* That of Soaking together is as good as if *Dorimant* had spoken it himself; and, I think, since he puts humane Nature in as ugly a Form as the Circumstance will bear, and is a stanch Unbeliever, he is very much Wronged in having no part of the good Fortune bestowed in the last Act.

TO speak plainly of this whole Work, I think nothing but being lost to a Sense of Innocence and Virtue can make any one see this Comedy, without observing more frequent Occasion to move Sorrow and Indignation, than Mirth and Laughter. At the same time I allow it to be Nature, but it is Nature in its utmost Corruption and Degeneracy. R



Nº 66. Wednesday, May 16.

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos  
Matura Virgo, & fingitur artubus  
Jam nunc, & incestos amores  
De Tenero meditatatur Ungui.*

Hor.

THE two following Letters are upon a Subject of very great Importance, tho' expressed without any Air of Gravity.

To

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

I Take the Freedom of asking your Advice in Behalf of a young Country Kinswoman of mine who is lately come to Town, and under my Care for her Education. She is very pretty, but you can't imagine how unformed a Creature it is. She comes to my Hands just as Nature left her, half finished, and without any acquired Improvements. When I look on her I often think of the *Belle Sauvage* mentioned in one of your Papers. Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, help me to make her comprehend the visible Graces of Speech, and the dumb Eloquence of Motion; for she is at present a perfect Stranger to both. She knows no Way to express herself but by her Tongue, and that always to signify her Meaning. Her Eyes serve her yet only to see with, and she is utterly a Foreigner to the Language of Looks and Glances. In this I fancy you could help her better than any Body. I have bestowed two Months in teaching her to Sigh when she is not concerned, and to Smile when she is not pleased; and am ashamed to own she makes little or no Improvement. Then she is no more able now to walk, than she was to go at a Year old. By Walking you will easily know I mean that regular but easy Motion, which gives our Persons so irresistible a Grace as if we moved to Musick, and is a kind of disengaged Figure, or, if I may so speak, recitative Dancing. But the want of this I cannot blame in her, for I find she has no Ear, and means nothing by Walking but to change her Place. I could pardon too her Blushing, if she knew how to carry her self in it, and if it did not manifestly injure her Complexion.

THEY tell me you are a Person who have seen the World, and are a Judge of fine Breeding; which makes me ambitious of some Instructions from you for her Improvement: Which when you have favoured me with, I shall further advise with you about the Disposal of this fair Forester in Marriage; for I will make it no Secret to you, that her Person and Education are to be her Fortune.

I am, SIR, Your very humble Servant,

CELIMENE.

SIR,



S I R,

BEING employed by *Celimene* to make up and send to you her Letter, I make bold to recommend the Case therein mentioned to your Consideration, because she and I happen to differ a little in our Notions. I, who am a rough Man, am afraid the young Girl is in a fair Way to be spoiled: Therefore pray, Mr. SPECTATOR, let us have your Opinion of this fine thing called *Fine Breeding*; for I am afraid it differs too much from that plain thing called *Good Breeding*.

*Your most humble Servant.*

THE general Mistake among us in the Educating our Children, is, That in our Daughters we take care of their Persons and neglect their Minds; in our Sons we are so intent upon adorning their Minds, that we wholly neglect their Bodies. It is from this that you shall see a young Lady celebrated and admired in all the Assemblies about Town, when her elder Brother is afraid to come into a Room. From this ill Management it arises, That we frequently observe a Man's Life is half spent before he is taken notice of; and a Woman in the Prime of her Years is out of Fashion and neglected. The Boy I shall consider upon some other Occasion, and at present stick to the Girl: And I am the more inclined to this, because I have several Letters which complain to me that my Female Readers have not understood me for some Days last past, and take themselves to be unconcerned in the present Turn of my Writings. When a Girl is safely brought from her Nurse, before she is capable of forming one simple Notion of any thing in Life, she is delivered to the Hands of her Dancing-Master; and with a Collar round her Neck, the pretty wild Thing is taught a fantastical Gravity of Behaviour, and forced to a particular Way of holding her Head, heaving her Breast, and moving with her whole Body; and all this under Pain of never having an Husband, if she steps, looks, or moves awry. This gives the young Lady wonderful Workings of Imagination, what is to pass between her and this Husband, that she is every Moment told of, and for whom she seems to be educated. Thus her Fancy is engaged to turn all her Endeavours to the Ornament of her Person, as what must determine her

Good

Good and Ill in this Life ; and she naturally thinks, if she is tall enough, she is wise enough for any thing for which her Education makes her think she is designed. To make her an agreeable Person is the main Purpose of her Parents ; to that is all their Costs, to that all their Care directed ; and from this general Folly of Parents we owe our present numerous Race of Coquettes. These Reflexions puzzle me, when I think of giving my Advice on the Subject of managing the wild Thing mentioned in the Letter of my Correspondent. But sure there is a middle Way to be followed ; the Management of a young Lady's Person is not to be overlooked, but the Erudition of her Mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will see the Mind follow the Appetites of the Body, or the Body express the Virtues of the Mind.

CLEOMIRA dances with all the Elegance of Motion imaginable ; but her Eyes are so chastised with the Simplicity and Innocence of her Thoughts, that she raises in her Beholders Admiration and Good-will, but no loose Hope or wild Imagination. The true Art in this Case is, To make the Mind and Body improve together ; and if possible, to make Gesture follow Thought, and not let Thought be employed upon Gesture. R



N<sup>o</sup> 67. Thursday, May 17.

*Saltare elegantius quàm necesse est probæ.*

Sal.

LUCIAN, in one of his Dialogues, introduces a Philosopher chiding his Friend for his being a Lover of Dancing, and a Frequenter of Balls. The other undertakes the Defence of his Favourite Diversion, which, he says, was at first invented by the Goddess *Rhea*, and preserved the Life of *Jupiter* himself, from the Cruelty of his Father *Saturn*. He proceeds to shew, that it had been Approved by the greatest Men in all Ages ; that *Homer* calls *Merion* a *Fine Dancer* ; and says, That the graceful Mien and great Agility which he had acquired by that Exercise, distinguished him above the rest in the Armies, both of *Greeks* and *Trojans*. H E