

N^o 144. *Wednesday, August 15.*

—*Nōris quām elegans formarum Spectator ſiem. Ter.*

BEAUTY has been the Delight and Torment of the World ever ſince it began. The Philoſophers have felt its Influence ſo ſenſibly, that almoſt every one of them has left us ſome ſaying or other, which intimated that he too well knew the Power of it. One has told us, that a graceful Perſon is a more powerful Recommendation than the beſt Letter that can be writ in your Favour. Another deſires the Poſſeſſor of it to conſider it as a mere Gift of Nature, and not any Perfection of his own. A Third calls it a ſhort-liv'd Tyranny; a Fourth, a ſilent Fraud, becauſe it impoſes upon us without the Help of Language; but I think *Carneades* ſpoke as much like a Philoſopher as any of them, tho' more like a Lover, when he called it Royalty without Force. It is not indeed to be denied, that there is ſomething irrefiſtible in a beauteous Form; the moſt Severe will not pretend, that they do not feel an immediate Prepoſſeſſion in Favour of the Handſom. No one denies them the Privilege of being firſt heard, and being regarded before others in Matters of ordinary Conſideration. At the ſame time the Handſom ſhould conſider that it is a Poſſeſſion, as it were, foreign to them. No one can give it himſelf, or preſerve it when they have it. Yet ſo it is, that People can bear any Quality in the World better than Beauty. It is the Conſolation of all who are naturally too much affected with the Force of it, that a little Attention, if a Man can attend with Judgment, will cure them. Handſom People uſually are ſo fantaſtically pleas'd with themſelves, that if they do not kill at firſt Sight, as the Phraſe is, a ſecond Interview difarms them of all their Power. But I ſhall make this Paper rather a Warning-piece to give notice where the Danger

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is, than to propose Instructions how to avoid it when you have fallen in the way of it. Handsom Men shall be the Subjects of another Chapter, the Women shall take up the present Discourse.

AMARYLLIS, who has been in Town but one Winter, is extremely improved with the Arts of Good-breeding, without leaving Nature. She has not lost the Native Simplicity of her Aspect, to substitute that Patience of being stared at, which is the usual Triumph and Distinction of a Town Lady. In publick Assemblies you meet her careless Eye diverting it self with the Objects around her, insensible that she her self is one of the brightest in the Place.

DULCISSA is quite of another Make, she is almost a Beauty by Nature, but more than one by Art. If it were possible for her to let her Fan or any Limb about her rest, she would do some Part of the Execution she meditates; but tho' she designs her self a Prey, she will not stay to be taken. No Painter can give you Words for the different Aspects of *Dulcissa* in half a Moment, wherever she appears: So little does she accomplish what she takes so much Pains for, to be gay and careles.

MERAB is attended with all the Charms of Woman and Accomplishments of Man. It is not to be doubted but she has a great deal of Wit, if she were not such a Beauty; and she would have more Beauty had she not so much Wit. Affectation prevents her Excellencies from walking together. If she has a mind to speak such a Thing, it must be done with such an Air of her Body; and if she has an Inclination to look very careles, there is such a smart Thing to be said at the same Time, that the Design of being admired destroys it self. Thus the unhappy *Merab*, tho' a Wit and Beauty, is allowed to be neither, because she will always be both.

ALBACINDA has the Skill as well as Power of Pleasing. Her Form is majestick, but her Aspect humble. All good Men should beware of the Destroyer. She will speak to you like your Sister till she has you sure; but is the most vexatious of Tyrants when you are so. Her Familiarity of Behaviour, her indifferent Questions, and general Conversation, make the silly Part of her Votaries full of Hopes, while the wise fly from her Power.

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She well knows she is too Beautiful and too Witty to be indifferent to any who converse with her, and therefore knows she does not lessen herself by Familiarity, but gains Occasions of Admiration, by seeming Ignorance of her Perfections.

EUDOSIA adds to the Height of her Stature a Nobility of Spirit which still distinguishes her above the rest of her Sex. Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in *Eudofia* it is commanding: Love towards *Eudofia* is a Sentiment like the Love of Glory. The Lovers of other Women are softened into Fondness, the Admirers of *Eudofia* exalted into Ambition.

EUCRATIA presents herself to the Imagination with a more kindly Pleasure, and as she is Woman, her Praise is wholly Feminine. If we were to form an Image of Dignity in a Man, we should give him Wisdom and Valour, as being essential to the Character of Manhood. In like manner, if you describe a right Woman in a laudable Sense, she should have gentle Softness, tender Fear, and all those Parts of Life, which distinguish her from the other Sex; with some Subordination to it, but such an Inferiority that makes her still more lovely. *Eucratia* is that Creature, she is all over Woman, Kindness is all her Art, and Beauty all her Arms. Her Look, her Voice, her Gesture, and whole Behaviour is truly Feminine. A Goodness mixed with Fear, gives a Tincture to all her Behaviour. It would be savage to offend her, and Cruelty to use Art to gain her. Others are beautiful, but *Eucratia* thou art Beauty!

OMNAMENTE is made for Deceit, she has an Aspect as innocent as the famed *Lucrece*, but a Mind as Wild as the more famed *Cleopatra*. Her Face speaks a Vestal, but her Heart a *Messalina*. Who that beheld *Omnamante's* negligent unobserving Air, would believe that she hid under that regardless manner the witty Prostitute, the rapacious Wench, the Prodigal Courtezan? She can, when she pleases, adorn those Eyes with Tears like an Infant that is chid! She can cast down that pretty Face in Confusion, while you rage with Jealousy, and storm at her Perfidiousness; she can wipe her Eyes, tremble and look frightened, till you think your self a Brute for your
Rage,