

18世紀イギリスにおける小説批評(Ⅱ)

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1 用語について(承前)

ここに集録したテキストは、「18世紀イギリスにおける小説批評(Ⅰ)」(『人文』第XXIII集 京都大学教養部(昭和52年)所収)の続きである。時代的には、ここでも、1740年以前に絞り、(Ⅰ)で漏れたものを拾い補うことを目指している。ただここでは、小説の批評用語を広く解釈したことを断っておかねばならない。つまり、本来の批評ないしは理論からだけではなく、作品のなかで用いられているもの、作品のなかでおこなわれた批評、作品に登場する小説の読者という形でおこなわれる批評、言及をも取り入れたことである。このパロディによる批評は、理論的・抽象的な批評よりも、読者という作中人物を通じて、小説の特性がより具体的に状況的に示されるので(戯画化・ステロ化はまぬがれないにしても)、本来の批評用語とその意味を理解するのに大いに助けてくれるからである。

Romance—Fiction と Allegory—Parable

Well, yet I am not fully *satisfied*,
 That this your Book will stand, when soundly try'd.
Why, what's the matter? It is dark, what tho?
 But it is feigned, *what of that I tro?*

*Some men by feigning words as dark as mine,
Make truth to spangle, and its rays to shine.*

But they want solidness: *Speak man thy mind:*
They drown'd the weak; Metaphors make us blind.

*Solidity, indeed becomes the Pen
Of him that writeth things Divine to men:
But must I needs want solidness, because
By Metaphors I speak; was not Gods Laws,
His Gospel-laws in olden time held forth
By Types, Shadows and Metaphors? Yet loth
Will any sober man be to find fault
With them, lest he be found for to assault
The highest Wisdom. No, he rather stoops,
And seeks to find out what by pins and loops,
By Calves, and Sheep; by Heifers, and by Rams;
By Birds and Herbs, and by the blood of Lambs;
God speaketh to him: And happy is he
That finds the light, and grace that in them be.*

*Be not too forward therefore to conclude,
That I want solidness; that I am rude:
All things solid in shew, not solid be;
All things in parables despise not we,
Lest things most hurtful lightly we receive;
All things that good are, of our souls bereave.*

*My dark and cloudy words they do but hold
The Truth, as Cabinets inclose the Gold.*

*The Prophets used much by Metaphors
To set forth Truth; Yea, who so considers
Christ, his Apostles too, shall plainly see,
That Truths to this day in such Mantles be.*

*Am I afraid to say that holy Writ,
Which for its Stile, and Phrase, puts down all Wit,
Is every where so full of all these things,
(Dark Figures, Allegories,) yet there springs
From that same Book that lustre, and those rayes
Of light, that turns our darkest nights to days.*

.....

*Let me add one word more, O Man of God!
Art thou offended? dost thou wish I had
Put forth my matter in another dress,
Or that I had in things been more express?
Three things let me propound, then I submit
To those that are my betters, (as is fit.)*

*1. I find not that I am denied the use
Of this my method, so I no abuse
Put on the Words, Things, Readers, or be rude
In handling Figure, or Similitude,
In application; but, all that I may,
Seek the advance of Truth, this or that way:*

.....

*2. I find that men (as high as Trees) will write
Dialogue-wise; yet no Man doth them slight*

*For writing so: Indeed if they abuse
 Truth, cursed be they, and the craft they use
 To that intent; but yet let Truth be free
 To make her Salleys upon Thee, and Me,
 Which way it pleases God.*

.....

3. *I find that holy Writ in many places,
 Hath semblance with this method, where the cases
 Doth call for one thing to set forth another:
 Use it I may then, and yet nothing smother
 Truths golden Beams; Nay, by this method may
 Make it cast forth its rayes as light as day.*

John Bunyan, 'The Author's *Apology* for his Book,' prefixed
 to *The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to That which is
 to Come*, 1678.

They [the Ignorant and Simple] love the Fiction, and enquire no farther. Now Fictions being nothing but Narrations, True in Appearance, and False in Reality; the Minds of the Simple, who discern only the Disguise, are pleased and highly satisfied with this Shew of Truth. But those who penetrate farther, and see into the Solid, are easily disgusted with the Falsity: So that the First love Falshood, because 'tis concealed under an Appearance of Truth; the Latter are distasted with the Image of Truth, because of the Real Forgery which is couched under it; unless it be varnished with Ingenuity, Subtilty, and Instruction, and recommends it self by the Excellency of Inven-

tion and Art. St. *Augustin* makes this Observation somewhere; ‘That these Falsities which carry a Signification, and suggest an Hidden Meaning, are not Lies, but the Figures of Truth; which the most Wise and Holy Persons, and even our *Saviour* himself, have used upon Honourable and Pious Occasions.’

Pierre Daniel Huet, *The History of Romances, An Enquiry into their Original*; ... tr. by Stephen Lewis, 1715 (W. p. 50.)

Bro. Nay, I don’t care; come, let’s read a book then: have you never a play here? Come, I’ll read a play to you.

Sist. Ay, what will you have?

Bro. Anything.

(*She runs to her closet for a play-book, and finds her plays, novels, song-books, and others of that kind taken all away.*)

Sist. Oh, thieves! thieves! I am robbed!

Bro. Robbed! what do you mean, sister?

(*He runs to her.*)

Sist. All my books are gone! they are all gone, all stole! I ha’n’t a book left!

(*Here you may suppose her taking God’s name in vain, very much, and in a great passion.*)

Bro. What, all your books?

Sist. Every one that are good for anything. Here’s nothing but a Bible, and an old foolish book about religion, I don’t know what.

(*Her brother looks.*)

Bro. I think, as you say, they are all gone! No, hold, here’s a

prayer-book, and here's the Practice of Piety; and here's the Whole Duty of Man.

Sist. Pr'ythee what signifies them to me? But all my fine books are gone; I had a good collection of plays, all the French novels, all the modern poets, Boileau, Dacier, and a great many more.

Bro. What's the meaning of all this?

Sist. I'll lay a hundred pounds this is my mother.

Bro. I believe so too; I wish my mother be not mad: this is horrid! what can my mother mean?

Daniel Defoe, *The Family Instructor*. 1715 (*The Novels and Miscellaneous Works*, Vol. XV, pp. 74f.)

As the design of everyting is said to be first in the intention, and last in the execution, so I come now to acknowledge to my reader that the present work is not merely the product of the two first volumes, but the two first volumes may rather be called the product of this. The fable is always made for the moral, not the moral for the fable.

I have heard that the envious and ill-disposed part of the world have raised some objections against the two first volumes, on pretence, for want of a better reason, that (as they say) the story is feigned, that the names are borrowed, and that it is all a romance; that there never were any such man or place, or circumstances in any man's life; that it is all formed and embellished by invention to impose upon the world.

I, Robinson Crusoe, being at this time in perfect and sound mind and memory, thanks be to God therefor, do hereby declare their objection is an invention scandalous in design, and false in fact; and

do affirm that the story, though allegorical, is also historical; and that it is the beautiful representation of a life of unexampled misfortunes, and of a variety not to be met with in the world, sincerely adapted to and intended for the common good of mankind, and designed at first, as it is now farther applied, to the most serious uses possible.

Robinson Crusoe's Preface prefixed to *Serious Reflections during the Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* by Daniel Defoe, 1720 (*Romances and Narratives by Daniel Defoe*, III, ix.)

Had the common way of writing a man's private history been taken, and I had given you the conduct or life of a man you knew, and whose misfortunes and infirmities perhaps you had sometimes unjustly triumphed over, all I could have said would have yielded no diversion, and perhaps scarce have obtained a reading, or at best no attention; the teacher, like a greater, having no honour in his own country. Facts that are formed to touch the mind must be done a great way off, and by somebody never heard of. Even the miracles of the blessed Saviour of the world suffered scorn and contempt, when it was reflected that they were done by the carpenter's son; one whose family and original they had a mean opinion of, and whose brothers and sisters were ordinary people like themselves.

There even yet remains a question whether the instruction of these things will take place, when you are supposing the scene, which is placed so far off, had its original so near home.

ibid., xiii.

There are a great many sorts of those people who make it their

business to go about telling stories; it would be endless to enumerate them. Some tell formal stories forged in their own brain without any retrospect either on persons or things, I mean, as to any particular person or passage known or in being, and only with the ordinary introduction of "There was a man," or "There was a woman," and the like.

Others again, out of the same forge of invention, hammer out the very person, man or woman, and begin, "I knew the man," or, "I knew the woman," and these ordinarily vouch their story with more assurance than others, and vouch also that they knew the persons who were concerned in it.

The selling or writing a parable, or an allusive allegoric history, is quite a different case, and is always distinguished from this other jesting with truth, that it is designed and effectually turned for instructive and upright ends, and has its moral justly applied. Such are the historical parables in the Holy Scripture, such "The Pilgrim's Progress," and such, in a word, the adventures of your fugitive friend, "Robinson Crusoe."

Others make no scruple to relate real stories with innumerable omissions and additions; I mean, stories which have a real existence in fact, but which, by the barbarous way of relating, become as romantic and false as if they had no real original. These tales, like the old "Galley of Venice," which had been so often new vamped, doubled, and redoubled, that there was not one piece of the first timber in her, have been told wrong so often, and so many ways, till there would not be one circumstance of the real story left in the relating.

I would be glad to shame men of common-sense out of this horrid piece of buffoonery; and one thing I would warn them of, namely, that their learning to lie so currently in story will insensibly bring them to a bold entrenching upon truth in the rest of their conversation. The Scripture command is, "Let every man speak truth unto his neighbour." If we must tell stories, tell them as stories, and nothing wilfully to illustrate or set it forth in the relation. If you doubt the truth of it say so, and then every one will be at liberty to believe their share of it.

Besides, there is a spreading evil in telling a false story as true, namely, that you put it into the mouths of others, and it continues a brooding forgery to the end of time. It is a chimney-corner romance, and has in it this distinguishing article, that whereas parables and the inventions of men, published historically, are once for all related, and, the moral being drawn, the history remains allusive only as it was intended (as in several cases* may be instanced within our time† and without), here the case alters; fraud goes unto the world's end, for story never dies; every relater vouches it for truth, though he knows nothing of the matter.

* The "Pilgrim's Progress." (*Defoe.*)

† The "Family Instructor" and others. (*Defoe.*)

ibid., pp. 102f.

The World is so taken up of late with Novels and Romances, that it will be hard for a private History to be taken for Genuine, where the

Names and other Circumstances of the Person are concealed, and on this Account we must be content to leave the Reader to pass his own Opinion upon the ensuing Sheets, and take it just as he pleases.

The Author is here suppos'd to be writing her own History, and in the very beginning of her Account, she gives the Reasons why she thinks fit to conceal her true Name, after which there is no Occasion to say any more about that.

Daniel Defoe, Preface to *Moll Flanders*, 1722.

The Dispute began about the Reading or not Reading Romances, or fictitious Stories: They were both, as well Brother as Sister, against the reading them as a Diversion, there being no possible Pleasure in reading a Story which we know to be false, but related as if it were a Truth: But the Sister would have it to be, that it was not fit they should be read at all; nay, that it was a Sin; and that, as the making and writing them was criminal in itself, being, as she explained it, what the Scripture meant by *making a Lye*; so no pretended Use that might be made of it, could justify the Action: And that, if the writing or publishing a Romance, was a Lye; so, of Consequence, the reading it, that is to say, the reading it as a Diversion, or with Delight, must be the same.

The Brother argued, That, as the End and Use of every Fable was in the Moral; so a Fiction, or what they call'd a Romance, told only with Design to deceive the Reader, bring him to believe, that the Fact related was true, and so to please and delight him with a Falshood instead of a History, must be what she had call'd it, criminal and

wicked, and *making a Lye*; being done with a Design to deceive, and was made still more so, by how much it was more or less design'd to deceive prejudicially, and to the Hurt of the Person, as particularly when it was calculated to recommend Vice, discourage Virtue, debauch the Ears and Minds of Youth, raise loose and vain Conceptions of Things in the Thoughts, and the like.

But on the contrary, when the Moral of the Tale is duly annex'd, and the End directed right, wherein it evidently accords; the enforcing sound Truths, making just and solid Impressions on the Mind; recommending great and good Actions, raising Sentiments of Virtue in the Soul, and filling the Mind with Just Resentments against wicked Actions of all Kinds: He insisted then, and in such Cases, Fables, feigned Histories, invented Tales, and even such as we call *Romances*, have always been allow'd as the most pungent Way of writing or speaking; the most apt to make Impressions upon the Mind, and open the Door to the just Inferences and Improvement which was to be made of them....

The Brother went a great Way farther in that Part of his Discourse, but lest they should seem too large in his Allowance of *Romances* in General; he forget [*sic*] not, however, to make a kind of Proviso at the End of his Discourse, against approving of such Fables and *Romances* as are usually the Product of the present Age, having no such moral or justifiable End attending them; and to recommend to his Sister the bringing her Taste of Things to such a Perfection, that she might be apt to judge of Truth, and receive due Impressions of Wisdom and Knowledge, tho' not dress'd up with far-fetch'd Allusions, Allegories, and invented Stories to enforce them; and to this Purpose, he gave

her the just Characters of several fabulous Writings, which were much in Vogue in the Town, and also of their Writers.

Daniel Defoe, *A New Family Instructor*, 1727 (cited by A. D. McKillop, *The Early Masters of English Fiction*, pp. 5f.)

Romance—‘A perfect *Quixot* in Petticoats’

Pounce. Well, then since we may be free, you must understand, the young Lady by being kept from the World, has made a World of her own—She has spent all her solitude in Reading *Romances*, her Head is full of Shepherds, Knights, Flowery Meads, Groves and Streams, so that if you talk like a Man of this World to her, you do nothing.

Captain Clerimont. Oh, let me alone—I have been a great Traveller in Fairy-land my self, I know *Oroondates*, *Cassandra*, *Astræa*, and *Clelia*, are my intimate Acquaintance.

*Go my Heart's Envoys, tender sighs make hast,
And with your Breath swell the soft Zephyr's Blast;
Then near that Fair One, if you chance to fly,
Tell her in Whispers, 'tis for her I die.*

Pounce. That would do, That would do—Her very Language.

Richard Steele, *The Tender Husband*, 1705 I. i.

Aunt. Pray, Neice, forbear this Idle Trash, and talk like other People. Your Cousin *Humphry* will be True and Hearty in what he says, and that's a great deal better than the Talk and Complement of *Romances*.

Niece. Good Madam, don't Wound my Ears with such Expressions;

do you think I can ever Love a Man that's True and Hearty! What a Peasant-like Amour do these coarse Words import? True and Hearty! Pray, Aunt, endeavour a little at the embellishment of your Stile.

Aunt. Alack a day, Cousin *Biddy*, these Idle Romances have quite turn'd your Head.

Niece. How often must I desire you, Madam, to lay aside that familiar Name, Cousin *Biddy*? I never hear it without Blushing—Did you ever meet with an Heroine in those Idle Romances as you call 'em, that was term'd *Biddy*?

Aunt. Ah! Cousin, Cousin,—These are meer Vapours, indeed—Nothing but Vapours—

Niece. No, the Heroine has always something soft and engaging in Her Name—Something that gives us a notion of the sweetness of her Beauty and Behaviour. A Name that glides through half a dozen Tender Syllables, as *Elismonda*, *Clidamira*, *Deidamia*, that runs upon Vowels off the Tongue, not hissing through one's Teeth, or breaking them with Consonants—'Tis strange Rudeness those Familiar Names they give us, when there is *Aurelia*, *Sacharissa*, *Gloriana*, for People of Condition; and *Celia*, *Chloris*, *Corinna*, *Mapsa*, for their Maids, and those of Lower Rank.

Aunt. Looky', *Biddy*, this is not to be supported—I know not where you learn'd this Nicety; but I can tell you, forsooth, as much as you despise it, your Mother was a *Bridget* afore you, and an excellent House-Wife.

Niece. Good Madam, don't upbraid me with my Mother *Bridget*,

and an Excellent House-Wife.

Aunt. Yes, I say, she was, and spent Her Time in better Learning than you ever did—Not in Reading of Fights and Battles, of Dwarfs and Giants: but in Writing out Receipts for Broaths, Possets, Caudles and Surfeit-Waters, as became a good Country Gentlewoman.

Niece. My Mother, and a *Bridget*!

Aunt. Yes, Neice, I say again, your Mother, my Sister, was a *Bridget*; the Daughter of her Mother *Margery*, of Her Mother *Sisly*, of Her Mother *Alice*.

Niece. Have you no Mercy? Oh, the Barbarous Genealogy!

Aunt. Of Her Mother *Winifred*, of Her Mother *Joan*.

Niece. Since you will run on, then I must needs tell you I am not satisfy'd in the point of my Nativity. Many an Infant has been placed in a Cottage with Obscure Parents, till by chance some Ancient Servant of the Family has known it by its Marks.

Aunt. Ay, you had best be search'd—That's like your calling the Winds the Fanning Gales, before I don't know how much Company, and the Tree that was blown by it, had, forsooth, a Spirit imprison'd in the Trunk of it.

Niece. Ignorance!

Aunt. Then a Cloud this Morning had a flying Dragon in it.

Niece. What Eyes had you, that you could see nothing? For my part I look upon it to be a Prodigy, and expect something extraordinary will happen to me before night—But you have a gross relish of things. What noble Descriptions in Romances had been lost, if the Writers had been Persons of your Goust?

Aunt. I wish the Authors had been Hang'd, and their Books burnt, before you had seen 'em.

Niece. Simplicity!

Aunt. A parcel of improbable Lyes.

Niece. Indeed, Madam, your Raillery is Course—

Aunt. Fit only to corrupt young Girls, and fill their Heads with a thousand foolish Dreams of I don't know what.

Niece. Nay, now, Madam, you grow extravagant.

Aunt. What I say to you is not to Vex, but advise you for your Good.

Niece. What to burn *Philocles*, *Artaxerxes*, *Oroondates*, and the rest of the Heroick Lovers, and take my Country-Booby, Cousin *Humphry*, for an Husband!

Aunt. Oh Dear, Oh Dear, *Biddy*! Pray, good Dear, learn to Act and Speak like the rest of the World, Come, come, you shall Marry your Cousin, and live Comfortably.

Niece. Live Comfortably! What kind of Life is that? A great Heiress live Comfortably! Pray, Aunt, learn to raise your Idea's—What is, I wonder, to live Comfortably?

Aunt. To live Comfortably, is to live with Prudence and Frugality, as we do in *Lombard-Street*.

Niece. As we do—That's a fine Life, indeed, with one Servant of each Sex—

ibid., II. ii.

Captain Clerimont. We enjoy here, Madam, all the pretty Landskips of the Country, without the pains of going thither.

Niece. Art and Nature are in a Rivalry, or rather a Confederacy, to adorn this Beauteous Park with all the agreeable Variety of Water, Shade, Walks and Air. What can be more Charming than these Flowery Lawns?

Captain Clerimont. Or, these Gloomy Shades—

Niece. Or, these Embroider'd Vallies—

Captain Clerimont. Or, that Transparent Stream?

Niece. Or, these Bowing Branches on the Banks of it, that seem to admire their own Beauty in the Chrystial mirrour?

Captain Clerimont. I am surpris'd, Madam, at the delicacy of your Phrase—Can such Expressions come from *Lombard Street*?

Niece. Alas! Sir, What can be expected from an Innocent Virgin, that has been immur'd almost one and Twenty Years from the Conversation of Mankind, under the Care of an *Urganda* of an *Aunt*?

Captain Clerimont. Bless me, Madam, how have you been abus'd! Many a Lady before your Age has had an hundred Lances broken in her Service, and as many Dragons cut to pieces in Honour of her.

Niece. (*Aside.*) Oh, the Charming Man!

Captain Clerimont. Do you believe *Pamela* was One and Twenty before she knew *Musidorus*?

Niece. (*Aside.*) I could hear him ever—

Captain Clerimont. A Lady of your Wit and Beauty might have given occasion for a whole Romance in Folio before that Age.

Niece. Oh, the Powers! Who can he be? Oh, youth unknown, But let me, in the first place, know whom I talk to, for, Sir, I am wholly unacquainted both with your Person, and your History—You seem,

indeed, by your Department, and the Distinguishing mark of your Bravery which you bear, to have been in a Conflict—May I not know what cruel Beauty oblig'd you to such Adventures, till she pitied you?

Captain Clerimont. (Aside.) Oh, the pretty Coxcomb! [*To Niece.*] Oh, *Bleinheim, Blenheim!* Oh, *Cordelia, Cordelia!*

Niece. You mention the place of Battle—I would fain hear an exact Description of it—. . . But your own part in that Action?

Captain Clerimont. Only that slight hurt, for the Astrologer said at my Nativity—Nor Fire, nor Sword, nor Pike, nor Musquet, shall destroy this Child, let him but avoid fair Eyes—But, Madam, mayn't I crave the Name of her that has captivated my Heart.

Niece. I cant guess whom you mean by that description; but if you ask my Name—I must confess you put me upon Revealing what I always keep as the greatest Secret I have—For would you believe it—They have call'd me—I don't know how to own it, but they have called me—*Bridget.*

Captain Clerimont. Bridget?

Niece. Bridget.

Captain Clerimont. Bridget?

Niece. Spare my Confusion, I beseech you, Sir, and if you have occasion to mention me, let it be by *Parthenissa*, for that's the Name I have assum'd ever since I came to years of Discretion.

Captain Clerimont. The insupportable Tyranny of Parents, to fix Names on helpless Infants, which they must blush at all their Lives after! I don't think there's a Sirname in the World to match it.

Niece. No! What do you think of *Tipkin*?

Captain Clerimont. Tipkin! Why, I think if I was a young Lady that had it, I'd part with it immediately.

Niece. Pray, how would you get rid of it?

Captain Clerimont. I'd change it for another—I could recommend to you three very pretty Sillables—What do you think of *Clerimont*?

Niece. Clerimont! Clerimont! Very well—But what right have I to it?

Captain Clerimont. If you'll give me leave, I'll put you in Possession of it. By a very few Words I can make it over to you, and your Children after you.

Niece. Oh, fie! Whither are you running! You know a Lover should Sigh in private, and Languish whole Years before he Reveals his Passion; he should retire into some Solitary Grove, and make the Woods and Wild Beasts his Confidants—You should have told it to the Eccho half a Year before you had discover'd it, even to my Hand-maid. And yet besides—To talk to me of Children—Did you ever hear of an *Heroine* with a Big-belly?

Captain Clerimont. What can a Lover do, Madam, now the Race of Giants is extinct? Had I liv'd in those days, there had not been a Mortal six foot high, but should have own'd *Parthenissa* for the Paragon of Beauty, or measur'd his length on the Ground—*Parthenissa* should have been heard by the Brooks and Desarts at Midnight—The Eccho's Burden, and the Rivers Murmur.

Niece. That had been a Golden Age, indeed! But see my Aunt has left her Grave Companion, and is coming towards Us—I Command you to leave me.

Captain Clerimont. Thus *Oroondates* when *Statira* dismiss'd him her Presence, threw himself at her Feet, and implor'd Permission but to Live. (*Offering to Kneel.*)

Niece. And thus *Statira* raised him from the Earth, permitting him to Live and Love.

ibid., II. ii.

Captain Clerimont. A perfect *Quixot* in Petticoats! I tell thee, *Pounce*, she governs herself wholly by Romance—It has got into her very Blood—She starts by Rule, and Blushes by Example—Could I but have produc'd one instance of a Ladies complying at first sight, I should have gain'd her Promise on the Spot—How am I bound to Curse the cold Constitutions of the *Philocleas* and *Statiras*! I am undone for want of Presidents.

ibid., II. iii.

Niece. Oh *Clerimont*! *Clerimont*! To be struck at first sight! I'm asham'd of my Weakness; I find in my self all the Symptoms of a raging Amour; I love Solitude, I grow pale, I sigh frequently, I call upon the Name of *Clerimont* when I don't think of it—His Person is ever in my Eyes, and his Voice in my Ears—Methinks I long to lose my self in some pensive Grove, or to hang over the Head of some warbling Fountain, with a Lute in my hand, softning the Murmurs of the Water.

ibid., III. ii.

Niece. Was not this Adventurous Painter call'd *Clerimont*?

Captain Clerimont. It was *Clerimont* the Servant of *Parthenissa*; but let me beseech that Beauteous Maid to resolve, and make the Incident I feign'd to her a real one—Consider, Madam, you are environ'd by Cruel and Treacherous Guards, which would force you to a disagreeable Marriage, your case is exactly the same with the Princess of the *Leontines* in *Clelia*.

Niece. How can we commit such a Solecism against all Rules! What in the first Leaf of our History to have the Marriage? You know it cannot be.

Captain Clerimont. The pleasantest part of the History will be after Marriage.

Niece. No! I never yet read of a Knight that entred Tilt or Tournament after Wedlock—'tis not to be expected—when the Husband begins, the Heroe ends; all that noble impulse to Glory, all the Generous Passion for Adventures is consum'd in the Nuptial Torch; I don't know how it is, but *Mars* and *Hymen* never hit it.

Captain Clerimont. Fortune points out to us this only occasion of our Happiness: Love's of Coelestial Origine, and needs no long Acquaintance to be manifest. Lovers like Angels speak by intuition—Their Souls are in their Eyes—

Niece. (*Aside.*) Then I fear he sees mine. [*To Captain Clerimont.*] But I can't think of abridging our Amours, and cutting off all farther decoration of Disguise, Serenade, and Adventure.

Captain Clerimont. Nor would I willingly lose the Merit of long Services, Midnight Sighs, and Plaintive Solitudes—Were there not a

necessity.

Niece. Then to be seiz'd by Stealth!

Captain Clerimont. Why Madam, you are a great Fortune, and should not be Married the common way. Indeed, Madam, you ought to be Stol'n, nay, in strictness, I don't know but you ought to be Ravish'd.

Niece. But then our History will be so short.

Captain Clerimont. I grant it, but you don't consider there's a device in another's leading you instead of this Person that's to have you; and Madam, tho' our Amours can't furnish out a Romance, they'l make a very pretty Novel—Why smiles my Fair?

Niece. I am almost of opinion, that had *Oroondates* been as pressing as *Clerimont*, *Cassandra* had been but a Pocket-Book: But it looks so ordinary, to go out at a Door to be Married—Indeed, I ought to be taken out of a Window, and run away with.

ibid., IV. ii.

Romance—‘ a Lady’s Library ’

Some Months ago, my Friend Sir Roger being in the Country enclosed a Letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I shall here call by the Name of *Leonora*, and as it contained Matters of Consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own Hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyship pretty early in the Morning, and was desired by her Woman to walk into her Lady's Library, till such time as she was in a Readiness to receive me. The very sound of a *Lady's Library* gave

me a great Curiosity to see it; and, as it was some time before the Lady came to me, I had an Opportunity of turning over a great many of her Books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful Order....

Upon my looking into the Books, I found there were some few which the Lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the Authors of them. Among several that I examin'd, I very well remember these that follow.

Ogleby's Virgil.

Dryden's Juvenal.

Cassandra.

Cleopatra.

Astræa.

Sir Isaac Newton's Works.

The Grand Cyrus: With a Pin stuck in one of the middle Leaves.

Pembroke's Arcadia.

Lock of Human Understanding. With a Paper of Patches in it.

A Spelling Book.

A Dictionary for the Explanation of hard Words.

Sherlock upon Death.

The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

Sir William Temple's Essays.

Father Malbranche's Search after Truth, translated into English.

A Book of Novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Culpepper's Midwifery.

The Ladies Calling.

Tales in Verse by Mr. *Durfey*: Bound in Red Leather, gilt on the Back, and doubled down in several places.

All the Classick Authors in Wood.

A Set of *Elzivers* by the same Hand.

Clelia. Which opened of it self in the Place that describes two Lovers in a Bower.

Baker's Chronicle.

Advice to a Daughter.

The New *Atalantis*, with a Key to it.

Mr. *Steel's* Christian Heroe.

A Prayer Book: With a Bottle of *Hungary* Water by the side of it.

Dr. *Sacheverell's* Speech.

Fielding's Tryal.

Seneca's Morals.

Taylor's holy living and dying.

La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a Catalogue in my Pocket-Book of these, and several other Authors, when *Leonora* entred, and upon my presenting her with the Letter from the Knight, told me, with an unspeakable Grace, that she hoped Sir ROGER was in good Health: I answered *Yes*, for I hate long Speeches, and after a Bow or two retired.

Joseph Addison, *The Spectator*, No. 37, Thursday, April 12, 1711.

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