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The Lady's Drawing Room. Being a Faithful Picture of the Great World. In Which the Various Humours of Both Sexes are Display'd. Drawn from the Life: and Interspers'd with Entertaining and Affecting Novels. The Second Edition.

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The SECOND EDITION.  
Revised and Corrected by the Author.

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M,DCCXLVIII.

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T H E  
P R E F A C E.

**I** Have ever been an Enemy to making Speeches to the Publick, and consider'd Prefaces to Books in the same Light with the Harangues of Mountebanks, equally calculated to ensnare People into a high Opinion of what they are to receive from their Hands : But I am told it is absolutely necessary I should now say something, or that my Title should have been more explicit ; because by promising a Picture of the Great World, it will be expected I should give a Characteristick of Kings and Princes, they being undoubtedly the Heads of the

A 2

Great

ii      The      P R E F A C E.

Great World, *and if omitted, it might be alledged, the Picture would be imperfect, as wanting the most material Part. In Compliance therefore with this Opinion, and to avoid the Imputation of endeavouring to impose upon my Readers, I beg Leave to acquaint them that I meddle not with those Rulers of the Earth; for tho' I deny not but a King is the Head of that Body which is called the Great World, yet as I remember to have somewhere seen a Woman painted without a Head, and underwritten a good Woman; so I conceive that the Great World may be properly enough delineated, and make a very agreeable Figure without a King at the Head.*

*And now, kind Reader, since I have, candidly inform'd you what you are not to expect, I think it will not be amiss to let you know what you really may expect, without being disappointed; be assured therefore, that*  
the



## The P R E F A C E.    iii

*the Piece before you will serve as a kind of Mirror, and reflect a strong Likeness of all who look into it; and what perhaps will be more pleasing to most of you, it will also shew the Foibles or Blind-sides of those of their Acquaintance who are at the greatest Distance; but tho' the Ground-work is Satyr, it is not without some Touches of Panegyrick, ---- a great deal of Love, ---- some few Sprinklings of Morality, and a small, very small Dash of Philosophy, all blended together, I will not say with an equal Proportion of Wit, but with as much as Nature has bestow'd upon me.*

*But to be serious, as my sole Aim in this little Work was to expose such Errors in Conduct or Humour, as deprive those Persons guilty of them, of the Admiration their other good Qualities would attract, I shall think myself happy if I succeed so far as to influence one single Person to an Amend-*

iv    The P R E F A C E.

*Amendment, and if I fail, have yet  
this Comfort, that it is less my Fault  
than their Misfortune, who have Eyes,  
and will not see, have Ears and  
will not hear.*

Farewell

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THE

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T H E

# Lady's Drawing Room.

D A Y the F I R S T.

**T**H E R E is no Place whatever, in which the Ladies have so much the Opportunity of shewing themselves to Advantage, as in their own *Drawing Rooms*. — Beauty, indeed, will force its Way to Admiration, in the Park, the Opera, or Play-house ; but then the handsome *Idiot* and the *Woman of Wit* are on the same Foot : It is thro' the *Ear* alone the Soul can judge of *real Merit*, and the Man who permits his *Eye* to be the Disposer of his *Heart*, will often have Cause to be ashamed of his Want of Penetration. But when a Lady embellishes her Charms with an agreeable Manner of Conversation and good Humour, the Conquest she makes will not only be lasting, but the Lover, tho' he should even happen to be rejected, will glory in his Chains.

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It

## 2     *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

It is not, however, every Lady that has the Happiness to think this Way.—Beauty is apt to depend too much on itself, and she who is possess'd of any great Share of it, or imagines she is so, too often thinks it beneath her Care to display those more truly valuable Talents she has receiv'd from Nature; and hence it is, not from Want of Ability, but Want of Consideration, that we are ordinarily entertain'd with Subjects so little worthy of Attention, in the Circles of the Fair. A new Mode in Dress,—the Improvements made in it by some, and the Disadvantage it is to others to follow it too closely, shall perhaps take up a whole Evening in one *Drawing Room*; while in another, Cards engross the Assembly: In the latter, scarce a Word is to be heard, but in the Faces of those that play there are frequently such Passions delineated as are little to their Advantage; — in a third, you find more Speakers than Hearers.—Some new broach'd Scandal is on foot, and all are eager to give the first Information. Here the Curious have a full Opportunity of gratifying their favourite Passion, with a Detail of the Intrigues of the whole Town. The love-sick Maid, the wanton Wife, or amorous Widow cannot be guilty of the least false Step, which falls not under the Observance of those Criticks in Fame.—The seemingly uxorious Husband, who in all Company extols the Merit of his Wife, and talks of nothing but their mutual Fondness, cannot keep his Amour with her Chambermaid undiscover'd by the prying Eyes of this Cabal.—The new wedded Bride, cover'd with Blushes, and  
who

## *The Lady's Drawing Room.* 3

who seems to tremble at the Approach of Night, cannot prevent, with all her Care, these inquisitive Fleerers from examining her past Conduct.——Nor the Beau, with a splendid Equipage, and no Estate, pass here without the most strict Scrutiny into the Means by which his Grandeur is supported.——Is the false Hair, fine Cosmetick, or any other Assistant to Beauty laid on with so much Art, that the rival Belle cannot distinguish it from natural?——In fine, is there any Irregularity in Conduct, ——any Indecorum in Behaviour or Dress;——any Defect in Beauty which is not here fully expatiated upon? Scandal and Ridicule seem here to reign with uncontested Sway, and but rarely suffer the Intrusion of any other Topick of Conversation.

Thus, in most *Drawing Rooms*, do the Ladies either conceal their Wit, or prostitute it to Subjects utterly unworthy of it.

Not so at the incomparable *Ethelinda's*——*Ethelinda*, endued by Heaven and Nature with Beauty to command all Hearts, and who of all her Sex stands least in Need of Language to make known the Perfections of her Mind!——her Eyes alone are sufficient Testimonies of that everlasting Spring of Wit which feeds their radiant Fires;——the sweet Composure which sits on every fine turn'd Feature, speaks the angelick Harmony that reigns within her Breast, and that Majesty which is inseparable from her whole Person, declares the Dignity of her Sentiments, without the Aid of Words; yet does not this great and amiable Lady disdain to improve her Charms by an elegant



#### 4     *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

Conversation with those she permits to see her ; for tho' once the Pride and Darling of a Court she was born to ornament, she now avoids all Courts, and from the giddy Pomp, so dazzling to little Minds, and Noise and Hurry of a tumultuous titled Throng, retires to indulge true Happiness among a selected Few in her own *Drawing Room*.

All idle Ceremonies,——all Cards,——all Scandal are banish'd hence.——Wit and good Humour are the only Things in Fashion here : The fine Sense of *Ethelinda* is too well known for any one, not utterly lost in his own Vanity, to utter before her those Impertinencies which pass well enough, nay, and are sometimes applauded in other *Drawing Rooms*, and the Sweetness of her Disposition too conspicuous for any one to hold an Argument in her Company to the Prejudice of an absent Person. —— None can be possess'd of a Virtue which her harmonious Tongue does not magnify ; or a Fault which she does not shadow over by enhancing the Value of some good Quality in the Person guilty of it.——She excuses the *Whims* of the *Virtuoso*, on Account of his *Philosophy*.——The *Vanity* of the *Poet*, for the Sake of his *good Verses*.——The *Austerity* of the *Prude*, in Respect to the *Virtue* she assumes ; and even the *Affectation* of the *Coquet*, for the *Diversion* she affords the *Company*. Rarely indeed do any of these find Place in her Circle ; but when by Chance they do in a manner force themselves into it, they are treated by her, while present, with a Sweetness and Affability which hinders them from seeing how  
displeasing

displeasing their Foibles are to her, and after they are gone, she either not mentions them at all. or with the Lenity I have said.

I had the Honour some Time ago to be introduced, by a particular Friend, into this Theatre of Politeness, and was received by the charming *Ethelinda* with that enchanting Condescension she always behaves with to her Inferiors, in order to remove that Constraint her high Birth might otherwise lay them under, and deprive them of that Freedom of Speech which is the Life of Conversation.

We went too early to find much Company there; except the Sopha on which the admirable *Ethelinda* was seated, there were but three Places taken up. The one by *Philetas*, a Gentleman than whom there is scarce to be found a Person more accomplish'd, that has a greater Capacity, or a Taste more refin'd. He was then just arriv'd at those Years which look back with Shame on the Inadvertencies of a green Youth, and far from those which threaten a Decay of Vigour or Understanding: He can be grave without Austerity, a plain Speaker without Bluntness; and gay, without derogating from that Dignity of Sentiment and Behaviour so necessary to give Weight to Words, and to command Respect.—The second was fill'd by *Dorinthus*, a Man of Quality, but infinitely more distinguish'd for the Excellency of his Morals, and fine Breeding, than for his Rank.—The Third of this amiable Company was *Bellimonte*, by some call'd the *Lovely*, by others the *Witty*: 'Tis certain, indeed, she so well deserves both these

## 6     *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

Appellations, that 'tis difficult to determine in which of them she most outshines the Generality of her Sex. That Friend to whose Interest I was indebted for my Admission is call'd *Aristo*, and the Deference I found here paid him, convinced me that he was no less deserving than I had always believed him to be. As soon as the first Compliments were over, and we had seated ourselves : *Aristo*, said *Ethelinda* to him with a Smile, we were entering into a Discourse of the Passions :——Pray, favour us with your Opinion, which of them it is that renders a Person most obnoxious to Society ; and consequently, which it is a generous Mind ought chiefly to guard itself against ?

As I know not, Madam, answer'd he, on what Occasion this Argument was first started, it will be very difficult for me to draw any Conclusion.——Much may be said both for and against all the Passions, if we consider the good and bad Consequences each of them sometimes produce ; but for my Part, I am so far from being an Enemy to those Emotions of the Soul, which are call'd the Passions, that I think, without them, we should be dull, spiritless Creatures, and incapable of every social Virtue.

*Aristo* is in the right, rejoin'd *Philetas*, it is to the Instigations of the Passions that we owe all the great and generous Actions that have been done in the World. Even Virtue would be cold, and we should act but faintly in her Cause, were we not animated by somewhat more than barely the Performance of a Duty. The Stoicks, who boast of subduing  
all



all the Motions incident to Humanity, are but a sour, ill-natur'd Set of Mortals, neither happy in themselves, nor capable of making others so :—They content themselves with doing no Mischief in the World, without ever attempting any Action which might be of Service either to Mankind in general, or the Commonwealth in particular, of which they are unworthy Members.

It must be a bad Cause indeed, said *Bellimante*, laughing, that so much Wit cannot defend ; but all you can alledge will never convince me, that even that Inactivity you mention is not to be preferr'd to those Disorders, and Irregularities, which are excited by the Passions.

Doubtless, Madam, reply'd *Dorinthus*, as it is better not to be at all than to be Wicked, so it is better to have no Passions, than such as in their Effect, are pernicious to Society ; but this I do not look upon to be the Fault of the Passions themselves, but of the Extravagance or Corruption of the Heart that harbours them.—Every *Virtue*, when carried beyond a certain Limit, becomes a *Vice*.—Those strong Propensities, those Desires which are born with us, are certainly implanted in our Minds, in order to invigorate the Prosecution of praise-worthy Aims ; so that it is not the Passions, but the Bent we give them, which occasions all the Mischief complain'd of.—What is *Ambition*, but a noble Thirst of Glory, and a Wish to attain the Reward due to the great Action it inspires us to attempt ?—Without this, what General would expose his

## 8      *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

Blood? What Statesman waste his Labours for his Country's Service? But when the Point in View is gain'd, and the still restless Mind wants something more, and flies to unwarrantable Means to satisfy its Cravings; then does Ambition become dangerous, and often involves not only the Person thus actuated, but whole Kingdoms in Confusion. The same may be said of all the Passions. — Even *Envy*, the worst and basest Emotion of the Mind, has its Rise from *Emulation*, than which there cannot be a greater Incentive to laudable Actions: So that, in fine, all Passions regulated by Virtue, become so many Ornaments to it, as those under the Direction of a vicious Inclination, are so many Engines of Ruin, Confusion, and Destruction.

What *Dorinthus* has said on this Head, reply'd *Ethelinda*, carries a Self-conviction with it, and one cannot, without being wholly ignorant of what passes in one's own Mind, deny the Truth of it. But, since all the Passions, tho' ever so laudable in themselves, are liable to bring us into Inconveniencies, by being too much indulg'd; I must return to my former Question, which of them it most behoves us to keep within its due Bounds?

Tho' the least qualified of this Company, said *Aristo*, to give the Illustrious *Ethelinda* the Satisfaction she desires, yet as the Question was first put to me, I will take upon me to answer, that in this Case, no definitive Rule can be admitted; Circumstances and Constitution make a wide Difference. For Example, the Man *cold* and *phlegmatick* by Nature, would find

find little Advantage in mortifying those *transient* and *faint Inclinations*, which now and then seize him, on the Sight of a *beautiful Woman*.——Nor would the World be a whit the happier, should the Wretch, born to *command* only his *Dog*, endeavour to moderate some Desires he may possibly feel within himself to *lord it* over his Fellow Subjects.——To the *Princes*, and the *great Ones* of the Earth, and in fine, to all who have the *Power* to *oppress*, it belongs to quell those Seeds of *Tyranny*, which else might render those beneath them miserable.——To the *warm* and *sanguine Complexion*, it belongs to curb those violent Emotions which are called *Love*.——In the same Manner you may reason on all the *Passions*.——Every one knows best to what his Nature is most prone, and how far he has the Means of *prejudicing others*, by *pleasing himself*; and it is that *favourite Inclination*, to whatsoever Object it tends, that we are most to guard against; for even *Devotion* may become a *Crime*, when the Excess degenerates into *Superstition* or *Enthusiasm*.

You have answer'd in the Manner I expected, return'd *Ethelinda*, and I am glad to find a Person of *Aristo's* allow'd good Understanding, of the same Way of thinking with myself. But, continued she, tho' I agree with you in the main Point, methinks you ascribe rather too much to Constitution, and thereby diminish the Merit of *good Actions*, as well as soften that Aversion we ought always to conceive for *ill ones*.

Pardon me, Madam, resumed he, hastily; I only said that Constitution may incline us

strongly, but not compel us to any Thing.—  
We have Reason given us to discover the weak Part in our Minds, and to call in the Assistance of Virtue to fortify it. So that the Errors our Inadvertency plunges us into, find no Shadow of Excuse from my Argument.

This is clearing yourself but by Halves of the Injustice *Ethelinda* has charg'd you with, said *Bellimante*; for if Errors find no Excuse from Constitution, the Good arising from it loses also its Merit,—and to have regular and innocent Inclinations is rather a Blessing than a Virtue.—Indeed, *Aristo*, human Nature is little obliged to you, for pretending to assert it must have a corrupt and vicious Propensity, in order to deserve the Name of virtuous.

O Madam, cried *Philetas*, you refine too much on the Argument; I dare undertake to answer for *Aristo*, that he never meant true Virtue could alone be prov'd by subduing a Propensity to vile Actions.—There is no Necessity a Man should be born with the Inclinations of *Socrates*, to merit the Praises given to that Philosopher for his Virtue. Perfection is not the Portion of Flesh and Blood; and as we all have some things in us to correct, whoever is capable of doing that, wants nothing of consummate Virtue.—Of this, Madam, continued he, bowing to *Bellimante*, I need go no further than yourself for a Proof.—I am certain you never look in your Glass without beholding Charms which might, in a manner, authorise your Contempt of every thing you can see out of it; yet with what  
Sweetness

Sweetness, what Affability do you treat all the World!—And shall any one presume to say this is not Virtue in you!—A Self-denial, which, it must be own'd, equals all that can be said of the Temperance of *Scipio*, or that other great Conqueror, who, tho' perishing for Thirst, refus'd the proffer'd Cup, because it contained not sufficient for his whole Army to participate.

*Bellimante* blush'd excessively, and *Ethelinda* laugh'd at the Turn *Philetas* had given to this Dispute. *Aristo*, who began to think he had gone too far, and was possibly a little perplex'd how to bring himself handsomely off, thank'd him for this seasonable Relief; and the Conversation had doubtless continued longer on this Head, if a titled Coxcomb had not that Moment roll'd into the Room, and, with an Innundation of Impertinence, interrupted the Current of good Sense.—He had been that Morning at the Rehearsal of a new Play, and we were teiz'd near three-quarters of an Hour with his ridiculous Remarks on the Scenery, the Plot, and Diction. The Poet, it seems, had not consulted him in the Affair, and he was resolv'd to damn it, at least in the Opinion of those to whom his Quality gave a Sanction to his Judgment. Had any one been inclined to take the Part of either the Work or Author, it had been impossible, without being possess'd of an equal Share both of Assurance and Volubility, to introduce one single Word of Contradiction; and 'tis probable his unweary'd Tongue wou'd have run on, for a considerable Time, in the same Manner



## 12 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

ner it had begun, if we had not been reliev'd by the Entrance of a Gentleman whom *Ethelinda* not having seen for a great While, receiv'd with extraordinary Marks of Satisfaction ; on which his Lordship, who possibly came more out of respect to her Quality than Merit, took his Leave.

The Person to whom we were indebted for this Ease, was of an advanced Age, but had all the Sprightliness of Youth, without its Levity ; of a most graceful Appearance, and as I afterwards heard, was not only possess'd of one of the greatest Estates in the Kingdom, but also of a Disposition to make the best Use of it. This it was which gain'd him so much the Esteem of the excellent *Ethelinda*, that there was few, if any of her Acquaintance, for whom she had a greater Value.

After chiding him, in the most obliging Manner, for his long Absence, she told him there was no other Way to expiate his Offence, than by a faithful Confession of the Motives which had render'd him guilty of it.

How infinitely agreeable are all the Tasks impos'd by the amiable *Ethelinda*, cry'd he ! What I have to say will not only be a Pleasure to myself in the Repetition, but also, for its Singularity, afford some Entertainment to those who hear me.

The History of *RODOMOND*,  
AND THE  
BEAUTIFUL *INDIAN*.

**Y**OU may remember, Madam, said this worthy Person, addressing himself to *Ethelinda*, that I have sometimes made Mention of a Friend who was very dear to me. He was the Companion of my Youth, and when both arriv'd at Maturity, were as seldom apart as our different Avocations would permit. He was once Master of a competent Estate; but vexatious Law-suits, with some other Misfortunes in the Family, deprived him of it; and some Years before his Death, his only Dependence was a Post he held about the King's Person. Those Agonies, which Nature feels at an approaching Dissolution, were greatly heighten'd by the Reflection, that he must leave three Sons, the eldest of whom had not then seen seven Years, entirely unprovided for: I was so unhappy as to be out of the Kingdom when he died, and at my Return found these poor Orphans destitute indeed.——Relations they had, and some in whose Power it was to have protected them; but Friendship does not always follow Blood, and had not my Assistance seasonably interpos'd between them and Misery, I know not to what Extremes their helpless Infancy might have been reduced.—— In fine, I took them under my Care; dispos'd  
them

## 14 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

them in a proper Manner, and did for them what I should have expected their Father would have done to Children of mine, if in the same Situation. As they grew up, I made it my Business to observe their different Inclinations, and what Profession each of them wou'd best become, and be most likely to succeed in.—The eldest discover'd a martial Genius ; so I procur'd him a Pair of Colours, and he is since promoted to be a Captain. His next Brother, being of a grave and sedentary Nature, I sent to the University, where he soon made a great Progress in the Study of Physick.—The Third had Talents more adapted to Business than either of the others, and I found took an extreme Delight in reading and talking of mercantile Affairs ; I used my Interest with some of the Directors of the *East-India* Company, and got him sent over to one of their Factories.—The Recommendations he carried with him, and the genteel Manner in which I took Care he should appear, engaged a very obliging Reception from the Governor, and all the Gentlemen on the Coast, which I was glad to hear his own Behaviour afterwards improv'd into a more than ordinary Regard. As he went extremely young, he became what they call a junior Merchant before he was One and Twenty ; and from the Time that he began to trade for himself, was successful beyond Expectation.—Every Ship that arriv'd from those Parts brought me Intelligence of some new Accession of good Fortune ; and it is certain that in less than six Years, he found himself  
Master



Master of Twenty Thousand Pounds : It was however his Interest to stay some Time longer in a Place he found so advantageous to him, and I expected nothing less than to see him, when last Week I receiv'd a Letter from him dated at *Deal*. ——— As it was extreamly short, I believe my Memory will serve me to repeat it.——I think it contain'd these Lines.

*S I R,*

*The most extraordinary Accident in the World returns me to my Native Country some Years sooner than I design'd. ——— I am but this Moment arriv'd, and find the Stage just setting out for London, so must defer an Explanation of my Affairs 'till I have the Honour and Happiness of throwing myself at your Feet, to beg the Continuance of that Goodness to which I owe all that I am, and which I shall never cease to acknowledge by all Acts of Gratitude, Duty and Veneration, 'till I cease to be,*

RODOMOND.

The Surprise this Letter gave me on first Reading, and the Impatience that succeeded it, were more strong than is usual in a Man of my Years ; but I must own, that though I took an equal Care of all the Children of my deceas'd Friend, yet this *Rodmond* more particularly shared my Tenderness.——He had discover'd in his Infant Years such a Sweetness of Disposition, as had always interested my Affections in his Behalf, and I know not if I were happy enough to have such a Son,  
whether

## 16 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

whether it were possible for me to love him more.

At length he came, and receiv'd the Embraces I gave him with a Politeness which one might rather have expected from a young Man bred up in a Court, than in a Factory of Merchants; but indeed we, who happen to be born to Estates, and have nothing to do but to improve our Minds, are apt to be a little too tenacious of that Advantage, and imagine that *Commerce* and *Good Manners* are Things incompatible; whereas nothing can be more unjust.—Most Merchants are the younger Sons of good Families,———often have Relations in the highest Rank, with whom they converse, and I see no Reason why, being employ'd in a Business, which is in itself the Strength and Glory of this Kingdom, should make them derogate from that genteel Turn of Behaviour inculcated in their Childhood.—We have many present Instances that a Merchant may be a fine Gentleman, and of those who act in a Manner which it were to be wish'd some in a superior Sphere would endeavour to imitate. Those Gentlemen, indeed, who, like *Rodomond*, are sent Young into our Colonies abroad, cannot be said to have many Opportunities of improving themselves in the politer Studies; therefore that he is so well qualified for Conversation, is the more to be applauded in him, as he owes it merely to Nature, and that happy Propensity which directed him to make Choice of those, for the Companions of his leisure Hours, with whom he could be in no danger of losing what he had learn'd in *England*.

I have already confess'd, continued he, that this young Merchant is very dear to me, therefore you'll pardon the Overflowings of my Heart in this Digression ; but I ought to consider before whom I speak, and that it is with other Matters than an old Man's Fondness I should entertain this Company.

Here I could perceive several Mouths were open to assure him that what he said stood in need of no Apology ; but he went on and they would not interrupt him.

After the first Demonstrations, pursued he, of Respect and Gratitude on his Part, and Tenderness on mine, were a little over, I began to question him on the Motives of his Return ; not that I blamed him for it, as I told him, because I thought he had already acquir'd a Fortune sufficient to content any Man that was not avaritious ; but as his last Letter from the *Indies* had declar'd a Resolution of continuing there some Time, I had an Impatience to know what had wrought so great a Change in his Sentiments. On which he gave me the Account I expected from him, in these or the like Words.

On my first Arrival at *Bombay*, I was too young to be made a Companion for those of riper Years ; and in my Nature rather too serious to partake the Diversions of those who were nearer my own Age ; so pass'd most of those Hours I could spare from the Service of the Company, in learning the *Malayan* Language, in which I became so great a Proficient in a short Time, that I could converse with the Natives with as much Ease as if I  
had

had been born among them. I cannot say I foresaw any great Advantages would accrue to me by this Study ; but it afforded me, at that Time, a good deal of Pleasure to inform myself concerning the Religion, the Laws, the Customs, and the Humours of the People I was among, in a more particular Manner than I could else have been.

It prov'd, however, of much more Consequence than I expected ; for our Interpreter dying, the Company suffer'd greatly by being oblig'd to trust to the *Indians*. This I perceiv'd, and as the Governor, and indeed all the Gentlemen of the Factory had been extreamly obliging to me, I was prevail'd upon, by my own Inclinations as well as their Entreaties, to take upon me that Office, which I no sooner did, than I detected several Impositions, obliged those who had been guilty of them to make Allowances in the next Bargain ; and, I may venture to say, sav'd the Company above an Hundred Thousand Pounds in two Years Time.

This, Sir, endear'd me very much to the Factory ; but it render'd me so hateful to the Natives, who before lov'd me, that they resolv'd, at any Rate, to get rid of a Person who depriv'd them of making those Advantages they would otherwise have done.

It was my Custom every Morning to ride out before the Heat of the Day came on, and, as I suspected no Treachery, went frequently alone, and sometimes would make an Excursion several Miles into the Country.

This Dependance had like to have prov'd fatal to me. In one of those Airings, as I was  
passing

passing by the Side of a thick Wood, in which that Country very much abounds, the Bridle of my Horse hanging carelessly over the Pommel of the Saddle, and my Mind entirely taken up with a Book I had in my Hand, I heard the Sound of several Voices, and on a sudden found myself encompass'd by five Men, arm'd with Cutlasses, who, without speaking a Word to me, seiz'd me, dragg'd me off my Horse, bound me Hand and Foot, and ty'd me on one of their own Horses, while one of them mounted mine, and rode away with him. As I was entirely unarm'd, it was in vain to attempt any Resistance: All I could do was to ask the Meaning of this strange Usage; what was their Design, and how I had offended their Master, for I knew two of them to be Servants to a *Banyan* with whom I had a particular Acquaintance, and who had always express'd a more than ordinary Friendship for me. But there is no trusting to the Professions of those People; they frequently seem most kind when they have most the Intention of destroying, and no liking of a Person is sufficient to prevent them from seeking his Ruin, when their own Interest comes in Place.

They made no Answer to any of my Questions, nor seem'd the least affected with the Remonstrances I made of the Injustice, and Cruelty they were guilty of, in treating an innocent Man in this Manner; and when I found they made their Way with me into the Wood, I expected nothing but immediate Death, and that this was the Place where my Tragedy must be acted; but I soon found they had  
other



## 20 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

other Orders, and contenting themselves with passing through one Corner of it, carry'd me directly to the House of the *Banyan*, where they threw me into a Hole, which had but just Light enough to shew me the Horribleness of it ; and there left me bound in the same Manner I have describ'd.

I would be difficult, Sir, continued he, to make you sensible of what I felt in this Situation ; none but those who have inevitable Death stare them in the Face, can be able to conceive it. I must confess I wanted both Fortitude and Patience.—— I thought it hard to die at my Years, and in the Fulness of Strength and Vigour, and yet harder to fall a Sacrifice to the Cruelty of these Barbarians.—— I accus'd myself of Cowardice and Stupidity, that I had not, by opposing the Wretches who laid hold of me, provok'd them to end me at once, rather than have suffer'd them to bring me where my Fate was to be no less certain, and perhaps more dreadful than it could have been by their Weapons. Amidst these sad Reflections, not one flattering Idea rose.—— There was, indeed, not the least Room to hope I could make my Escape, bound as I was, and under the Roof of one who I might well judge had not taken this Pains to have me in his Power to leave me any Possibility of getting out of it ; and I was giving way to a Despair, which would have been highly criminal in one who ought to have remember'd nothing is impossible to Divine Providence, when all at once I saw the Shadow of something at the Entrance of my Cavern, and heard a Voice.

Voice cry, *Rodmond*. I look'd up, and perceiv'd, from the horrible Depth in which I was plung'd, that it was a Woman that spoke to me. — *Rodmond*, continued she, my Heart is pierced with Shame and Sorrow, at the Cruelty of my Father. — He is determin'd to kill you ; — it is, he thinks, a Service he owes his Country, and the Moment he returns from the Town, where one of the Servants is now gone to acquaint him with your being taken, is design'd to be the last of your Life.

Here she ceas'd to speak, and I could easily perceive, by the Sound of her Voice, that it was her Tears put a Stop to her Words. I had often seen this young Maid, and thought her extremely amiable, but had no Acquaintance with her ; and the Pity she seem'd to feel for my Distress, added to the advantageous Idea I had before of her. I was about saying something that might express my Gratitude, when she, having recover'd herself a little, resumed her Discourse in these Terms :

I flatter myself, said she, it is in my Power to save you ; but no Time is to be lost in the Attempt. — You must therefore bind yourself by a solemn Vow, to perform three Things I shall injoin ; which, if you consent to do, be assur'd I will either preserve, or perish with you.

I then told her, That I should ever look upon her as my Guardian Angel ; that I would bind myself eternally to her Service, and refuse no Command she should lay upon me, provided Obedience was not inconsistent with my Duty to Heaven, or what I ow'd to my own Honour.

Did

## 22 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

Did I think you capable of infringing either, answer'd this charming Maid, I would not run the Hazard I now do to save you. But to ease you of all Apprehensions on that Score, know the Articles which I require your strict Performance of are these: First, If I am so fortunate to deliver you from my Father's Power, you shall never be publickly seen again in *Bombay*, but quit the Place with all possible Expedition; and as I cannot hope to be forgiven what I do for you, make me the Partner of your Flight.—— Secondly, That during the Voyage, and on your Arrival in your Country, or wherever you shall think fit to go, you will never make any Attempts on my Virtue, either by Persuasions or Force, but suffer me to live in the Way I shall chuse.—— And Lastly, That you will make no Discovery of my Father's Treachery, in order to draw on him the Revenge of your Countrymen, but keep what has pass'd an inviolable Secret.

With these Words she gave over speaking, expecting me to reply, which I did in this Manner: The two First of your Demands are too agreeable to my own Inclinations and Principles not to be readily agreed to; but the Last is more difficult: I shall, however, not hesitate to forgive, and bury in Silence all the Faults of the Father, in Consideration of the Daughter's Merits, and the Obligations she lays me under; and here invoke that Power, we *Europeans* worship, to bless me as I observe, with the utmost Exactness and Fidelity, what is now requir'd of me.



I am satisfied said she, and now behold the Contrivance I have form'd for you ; with this she struck a Flint upon a Steel, and setting a Bundle of Straw she had brought with her for that Purpose, on Fire, threw it down to me ; be not alarm'd, said she, but let it burn the Cords that tye your Hands,—a little Scorching will be the worst that can befall you ; for when the Fire has done its Work, I have Water here to pour down, and prevent it from going farther than is necessary.

I cannot say, but the Method appear'd somewhat extraordinary, and the Blaze in that narrow Cavern very terrifying ; but my Condition was desperate, and I roll'd myself, as well as I could towards that Part where the Fire was, and continued 'till not only the Cords, but my Cloaths were on Fire. As soon as my Hands and Feet were at Liberty, I tore off my Coat, and being then able to stand upright, stamp'd upon the Blaze 'till I entirely extinguish'd it without the Help of the Fair *Indian's* Bucket, which she however empty'd to prevent any Danger from its rekindling before I was got out, which still seem'd to me an insuperable Difficulty, considering the Height I was to clamber ; but my Protectress had provided also an Expedient for this ; she had brought with her a Rope of great Strength, and Thickness, in which having made several Nooses for me to put my Feet in, she fastened one End to the Trunk of a Tree, with so many Knots, that it was impossible for it to slip, and let the other down, telling me I must make Use of it instead of a Ladder. I did so, tho'

## 24 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

tho' with incredible Pain, for my Hands being very much scorch'd, not only the Skin, but the Flesh in some Places came off, by grasping the thick and rough Cord.—My Feet were in the same Condition, my Shoes and Stockings having been burnt off.—At length, however, I reach'd the Top; but certainly a more lamentable Object could not be seen.

*Zoa*, for so the *Banyan's* Daughter is call'd, clapp'd her Hands together, in Token of Astonishment and Pity; but as this was not a Place for either of us to express the Passions with which we were actuated, she made a Sign to me to follow her, which I did as fast as the Soreness of my Feet would permit, into the Wood, where having chose the most thick and unfrequented Part of it, she bad me lye down under the Cover of some Shrubs, which grew high, and not to move from that Place 'till her Return.

I will not trouble you, Sir, pursued my young Merchant, with the Particulars of my Contemplations during my waiting for *Zoa*; I shall only say, that in the Midst of that Hurry of Spirits I was in, from the Time of my first Seisure, to my strange Deliverance from that dreadful Pit, whence I had expected to rise no more, I did not forget to bless the Divine Power, which had so miraculously preserv'd me, nor to invoke the Continuance of his Goodness.

It was about two Hours, as near as I can guess, that I continued in the Posture *Zoa* had left me, without hearing the Sound of any human Feet approaching that Way.—At

left

last a certain Rustling in the Thicket inform'd me some living Creature was not far off; as I had some Apprehensions concerning the mischievous Animals that haunt those Woods, I ventur'd to lift my Head above my leafy Cover, in order to discover what it was, and be upon my Guard against any Attack of the Nature I imagin'd; but my Consternation very much encreas'd, when I saw a *Negro* Slave with a Bundle under his Arm, come directly where I was; I crouched down again with all the Haste I could, when the Person who had given me this Palpitation eas'd me of it, by calling me by my Name, in a Voice which I soon knew was that of my fair Deliverer. *Rodmond*, said she, do you think it possible even for my own Father to know me in this Disguise? I then had Courage to rise, and indeed cou'd scarce be convinc'd, that under the Form of a crooked and deform'd *Negro*, I saw the beautiful *Zoa*. The Astonishment she saw me in, forc'd a Smile from her, in spite of the Anxiety she must of Consequence be in, at what she had undertaken; but finding she was sufficiently conceal'd, she open'd her Bundle, which contain'd the Habit of a Slave; this she made me put on, and afterwards rub my Face with a certain black Ointment, which made me seem as much a *Negro* as if I had been born in *Guinea*.

When she had thus provided against all Discovery, in case we had been seen by any that knew us, she told me that when she left the House, her Father was not come home, but

## 26 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

was expected every Moment ;——That no body as yet had been near the Pit, and my Escape was not dreamt of.——Therefore, said she, you must now consider what Friend you can best depend upon to conceal us, till some Ship goes off ; for it will be wholly improper to go to your own House, as you are under an Obligation to keep all this a Secret.

I did not long hesitate on whom I shou'd rely ; there was a Gentleman, who above all the rest had given me signal Marks of his Esteem, and who I knew was entirely free from all that Levity of Nature which occasions a Curiosity of diving into Affairs improper to be reveal'd. The Pain I was in, by that desperate Way I was oblig'd to take in order to get rid of my Bonds, would not suffer me to walk, without supporting myself with a Bough of a Tree, which I with some Difficulty tore off, and lean'd upon : Yet I know not, in the Condition I was, whether I should have been able to have reach'd the Factory, if Providence had not sent an unexpected Relief ; as we were walking, or rather creeping, for my kind Companion was obliged to keep my Pace, I saw my own Horse grazing at Liberty, with the Saddle and every thing just as when I had been forc'd from his Back.——I presently mounted him, and Zoa got behind me, till we arriv'd very near my Friend's House, when, by her Advice, we quitted him, and went on foot to the Door : By our good Fortune he happen'd to be at home, but under the Appearance I was, I found some Difficulty of being admitted : The Servants told me he was busy,  
and

and insisted on my telling them from whom I came, or they would not disturb him ; and I was oblig'd to name my own Name, and say I was sent by myself, on an Affair of very great Importance, before they would go in to him ; at last I was introduc'd, but *Zoa* was left in an outer Room. As soon as I found myself alone with him, I discover'd who I was, told him that a very extraordinary Occasion, which I beg'd he wou'd dispense with my revealing, at least for some Time, render'd it absolutely necessary I shou'd quit *Bombay* with the first Ship, and that I chose not to appear any more while I continu'd there ; so desir'd he would now give a Proof of that Friendship he had always profess'd, by permitting me, and a Companion I had with me, to remain privately in his House till we had an Opportunity of departing.

He was very much amaz'd, as indeed he had Reason to be, both at my Transformation and Request, but assur'd me, that I might depend on every thing in his Power to serve me ; but added, if I had had the Misfortune of doing any thing for which the Law might take hold of me, that his House would be an improper Place to take Shelter in, as it would probably be first search'd, on Account of the known Intimacy between us.

This giving me to understand he imagin'd I had either kill'd a Man, or committed some very gross Misdemeanor ; I thought it proper to let him know, that neither myself, nor the Person for whom I equally begg'd his Protection, had been guilty of any thing offensive ;



## 28 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

and that it was for the Crimes of others, not our own, that we were oblig'd to leave *Bombay*. I added, that I was at present under a most solemn Engagement not to reveal the Secret; but he would soon be convinced, when I should be miss'd in the Factory, by what would be said concerning me, that whatever Search might be made for me, wou'd be occasion'd more by Friendship than Revenge.

He then beg'd my Pardon for his Mistake, which he justly said might well happen, on seeing me in that Disguise, and order'd the other seeming *Negro* shou'd be call'd in.

You will easily believe, Sir, my sudden absconding caus'd a great Surprise in the Colony; but no one being able, after the most diligent Enquiry, to hear any thing of me, and my Horse being afterwards found, it was suppos'd I had been torn to Pieces by some wild Beast, and I had the Satisfaction to find I was enough lov'd to have my imaginary Death very much lamented.

My Friend all this Time labour'd under an Astonishment at the Motives of my Behaviour, which with all the Pains he took was impossible to be conceal'd; the generous *Zoa* perceiv'd it, and also the Constraint it was to me to hide any thing from a Friend who so well deserv'd my Confidence; and seeing me one Day more than ordinarily thoughtful,——*Rodmond*, said she, I should be sorry the Life I have preserved should be attended with any Disquiet on my Score.——I consent your Friend shall be made acquainted with our whole Adventure, provided you engage his  
Promise

Promise not to divulge it to any other Person, or seek any Revenge on my Father.

I cannot express how much this Goodness charm'd me, nor the Satisfaction I took in unbosoming myself entirely to my Friend, who heard the Story with the utmost Surprise: As much Horror as he conceiv'd at the Proceeding of the treacherous and mercyleless *Banyan*, the Virtues of his Daughter indemnified him in his Opinion, and he repeated the Vow to her, he before had made to me, never to mention the Affair. She then told him that her Father had no personal Ill-will to me; but on the Score of my taking upon me to be an Interpreter, he thought it was doing a Service to his Nation to get rid of me.—That the Thing had been long concerted between him and some others, and Wait laid for me, and that the Pit I was thrown into was intended to be my Grave, after they had shot me. She added also, that having over-heard this Design, and detesting the Baseness of it, she had it in her Thoughts to give me some Warning of it by a Letter, but having no Person in whom she cou'd confide, on the one Part, and the Apprehensions of my discovering it on the other, and thereby drawing the Resentment of all the *English* on her Father, had deterr'd her; but that on hearing I was taken, the Horror of my Fate so struck her, that she immediately resolv'd to forsake Father, Fortune, Friends, and Country, and hazard every Thing, rather than not prevent it, if there was a Possibility.

### 30 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

My Friend understood not a Word of the *Malayan* Language, and she spoke no *English*, so I was oblig'd to interpret the little Narrative she made, and the many Praises he gave in Return, which were so great, that when I repeated them to her, her Modesty would not suffer me to go on, and I was oblig'd to stifle many of them: It is certain he spoke out of the Abundance of his Heart.——He often told me afterwards, that he had never read or heard of any Thing that affected him so much, and in his Opinion she had shewn more of the real *Heroine*, than any who had adorn'd Antiquity.

As all the Enquiry made after me by the Governor, and the Gentlemen of the Factory, could inform them nothing, it was believed by every body that I was dead; and accordingly, my Effects deposited under the Care of twelve of the Principals, as is the Custom on the Decease of any one, in order to be remitted to my Relations in *England*.——That Friend at whose House I was, was one of them, and as I inform'd him of all the Particulars of my Fortune, he was able to gather in much more than would ever have been produc'd, had I been dead in Reality.

*Zoa* all this Time would not be prevail'd upon to quit her Disguise, nor suffer me to do so, tho' we were both lodg'd in Chambers of which the Master of the House kept the Keys, and permitted no body to enter but himself, so fearful was she lest by any Accident either of us should be seen, and the Mystery unravel'd, to the Prejudice of her Father.——Care was taken, however, to provide her Habits, and every



every thing necessary for a Person of her Sex and Condition, against we went on board, which was in about six Weeks after the Accident.

My Friend agreed with the Captain for the Passage of two Persons, whose Names were to be conceal'd ; but told him he would be answerable that, tho' we chose to go in private, no Crime could be laid to our Charge, which should occasion his being call'd to an Account for receiving us on Board.

The Day we were to embark, I drest myself as I had been accusom'd to do, and *Zoa* also wash'd the black Ointment from her Hands and Face, and put on an *English* Habit, which, tho' altogether new to her, she appear'd perfectly easy and genteel in. My Friend, who had never before seen her as a Woman, was dazzled and transported when he first came into the Room.—He confess he had never beheld any Thing so lovely, and was restrain'd from yielding his whole Soul to a Passion more tender than Admiration, only by the Imagination he always had, that there was some *Love* join'd with the *Pity* which had engag'd her to go such Lengths for my Sake. Indeed, Sir, continued *Rodomond*, with a Sigh, her Person is not less amiable than her Mind.—Her Mother, it seems, was an *European* ; and she retains only so much of her Father's Colour as to render her what may be call'd a brown Woman.—Her Eyes are sparkling, and full of Fire.—All her Features regular ; and there is an enchanting Sweetness about her Mouth, which no Description can

come up to ; but as I flatter myself you will permit me to bring her to wait on you, I shall leave the Decision of what she is to your Judgment.

Here, said this generous Person, I could not forbear interrupting my young Merchant, by saying to him ; perhaps, *Rodomond*, I may not see with your Eyes. These few Words, pronounc'd in a more serious Tone than ordinary, and accompanied with a Look that I believe had somewhat in it of austere, put him into such a Confusion, that I was oblig'd to tell him I expected the Conclusion of the Narrative he had begun, before he cou'd recover himself enough to pursue his Discourse.

As soon, said he, as the Approach of Night favour'd our Departure with the Secrecy we wish'd, I wrap'd myself up in my Cloak, and *Zoa* pluck'd a Hood over her Face, and thus, accompany'd by our worthy Host, went down to the Port, where the Ship was lying at Anchor. He wou'd needs see us on Board, and continued with us in the Cabin 'till we were ready to sail, then recommended us to the Care of the Captain, and went on Shoar. To comply with the Timidity of *Zoa*, who still trembled for her Father, I kept close in the Cabin, 'till after we had weigh'd Anchor, and were out at Sea ; but her Apprehensions being then over, I shew'd myself to the Captain, with whom I was well acquainted. Never was Surprise greater than he was in, to find me living, after the whole Colony had bewail'd my Death, and that I quitted *Bombay* in so odd a Manner. — He ask'd me many Questions, which

which I evaded answering directly, and presenting *Zoa* to him, gave him Liberty to think it was for some Reasons relating to that beautiful Partner of my Voyage, that I took it either so suddenly or so privately.

This, Sir, continued *Rodomond*, is all I have to acquaint you with, except that the Friend I mention'd, has order'd it so, that all my Effects will follow me the next Ship.

I then told him that I found something so singular in his Escape from the *Banyan*, that it might almost be look'd upon as miraculous, and I thought all Gratitude was owing to the fair Maid that had contriv'd it; but, said I, willing to fathom his Inclinations, I have observ'd that thro' the Course of your Story you have spoke of her with a Warmth, which makes me fear, that however punctual you have been in one Part of the Promise she exacted from you, you have not been able to fulfil the other, and she perhaps might not so strenuously insist on your keeping it, as she at first affected to do.——Come, *Rodomond*, pursued I, perceiving he was in an extream Perplexity, confess the Truth of this Affair.——I now, indeed, am past those Pains and Pleasures which are call'd Love, but yet I am not so old as to have forgot the Desires and Impatiencies of Youth.——I know how difficult it is to preserve Moderation, when Beauty, Love, and Opportunity invites, and in so long a Voyage.

Ah Sir! I conjure you, interrupted he, throwing himself at my Feet, entertain no Thought in Prejudice of the Virtue of the ad-

### 34 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

mirable Zoa——I will lay open all my Soul to you.——'Tis true, I love her.——My Inclination goes Hand in Hand with the Gratitude I owe her, as the Preserver of my Life; and both together, make up the most perfect Passion that ever was in the World.——I confess too that I have declar'd it to her, and that I have been happy enough to make an Impression on her Heart.——That she has consented to be mine by such Ways as are approv'd by Heaven, and warranted by the Laws of Man; but, Sir, I conceal'd nothing of my Affairs from her, I told her I had a Patron, a Benefactor, a more than a Father, to whom I ow'd my All, and without whom I could do nothing.—She approved the dutious Respect;—prais'd my just Gratitude, and protested that in case I ever swerv'd from it, the Regard she now had for me would be lessen'd.——This, Sir, added he, is the true State of the Affair between us.——Dear as she is to me, she never shall be mine without your Permission; but, if you think proper to refuse it, grant, I beseech you, that I may bestow on her one Half of what my Industry has acquir'd, either as a Dowry for some happier Man, or to live single, independent on the World. This is the least she ought to expect from me; after having quitted every Thing for me, and you, I am certain, are too good, too just to oppose it.

The Earnestness with which he spoke these Words, convinced me at once of his Honour, and the Ferveicy of his Passion. at least I fancied so, and was very much affected by it; to  
maintain

maintain however, the Gravity of my Character, and, at the same Time, to be more assur'd he was not deceiv'd by his Inclinations for the *Indian Maid*, into a better Opinion of her than she deserv'd, I reply'd to him in these Terms :

*Rodmond*, said I, after raising him from the Posture he was in, I do not pretend by what I have done for you, to assume any Power over you ; but my Years, and the Experience I have of the World, ought to give my Advice a Claim to your Attention.——I acknowledge the Obligations you have to *Zoa*.——Whatever View she might have in setting you free, the Advantage has yet been wholly yours ;——therefore it would be monstrous in you not to make easy the Life of a Person to whom you are indebted for your own ; but as to Marriage, I would have you consider from what Race she sprung, and that she is of a People famous for Treachery.

Here he was about to interrupt me, but I prevented him by crying, hold, *Rodmond*, I accuse her not ;——she may be no less amiable in her Mind, than your fond Passion paints her Person.——I will see her, and after that give you my Sentiments.

He then told me, that during the Voyage he had taught her *English*, which she now spoke tolerably well, and that he wish'd no more than that I would admit her to my Presence ; he said he had left her at the Inn where the Coach set up, 'till he could provide a Lodging for her, and would bring her immediately. To this I readily consented, and withal bad him think of seeking no other Home at present, either



## 36 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

either for her or himself, than my House.—  
He seem'd transported at this, and took his Leave ; but in less than half an Hour return'd, and presented to me the Object of his Affections.

On the first Sight I found indeed his Passion had not given a flattering Description of her.— Besides the Beauty of her Features, there is something irresistibly engaging in the Air of her whole Person ; and I must own that out of this Company, I never beheld any Thing more lovely and attractive. I receiv'd her with all the Civilities she could expect, and made her the Offer of an Apartment in my House, with which she seem'd extremely pleas'd, and told me in broken, tho' very agreeable *English*, that she believ'd I was the universal Father of the Distress'd.

But I have already too much prolong'd my Narrative, so I will put an End to it by assuring you, that a few Days serv'd to convince me she was well worthy of *Rodmond*.— She seem'd desirous of being initiated into the Christian Faith. the Articles of which *Rodmond* had fully instructed her in, on which I prepar'd for the Ceremony, and was myself her Godfather. After her Baptism I gave a ready Consent to the Nuptials of two Persons who seem'd design'd by Nature for each other ; they still remain with me, and it will not be with my Consent if they ever leave me.

This, Madam, continued he, to *Ethelinda*, has been the Cause of my being a Kind of Truant in my Devoirs, and if it is insufficient  
to

to obtain my Pardon, I am ready to submit to any Penance you shall enjoin.

No, answer'd that charming Lady, it must be own'd you have made ample Reparation ; but it is your Way by giving a seeming Offence, to confer a real Obligation ; not but I must tell you that you are a little revengeful too ; you foresaw the amiable Picture you gave me of *Zoa*, wou'd lay me under the Necessity of becoming your Petitioner to see the Original ; but that's a Humiliation I am very well content to bear, provided you gratify my Impatience.

The Person to whom these Words were address'd, was about to make some Reply, when *Bellimante* prevented him, by saying, *Zoa* has doubtless her Perfections, but *Rodmond* is my Favourite : In my Opinion she run too great a Risk, and with a Man of less Virtue, her Pity might have prov'd fatal to her.

O Madam, cry'd *Philetas*, a truly generous Mind thinks every Thing like itself.----Besides, the Character of *Rodmond* might not be unknown to her ; and if he even shou'd have chanced to have fail'd in that Part of it, which indeed most Men are frail in, if we may judge of her Ingenuity by the Means she contriv'd for his Escape, we may reasonably believe she would have found some Means for the Preservation of her Honour.

For my Part, rejoin'd *Ethelinda*, I find them both so worthy, that I know not which most shares my Esteem and Admiration ; and when I express'd a Desire to see *Zoa*, I did not mean to exclude her Husband. Examples of Gratitude

## 38 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

tude and Constancy in Love, are so very rare in this Age, that where they are met with, they cannot be treated with too much Respect.

I am of your Opinion, Madam, said *Bellimante*; but those are Virtues which Time alone can prove, and it was for this Reason I trembled for *Zoa*, when I found she had rashly trusted herself in the Power of a Man whose Principles she was unacquainted with.

I should have done the same, cry'd *Dorinthus*, if *Acasto* had not inform'd us *Redmond* was a Man of Sense; and one who is truly so, cannot be guilty either of Levity or Ungenerosity, at least a late celebrated Poet has given it us as a Maxim.

*Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom you trust;  
Would you but think how seldom Fools are just;  
So many of your Sex would not in vain,  
Of faithless Men, and broken Vows complain.  
Of all the various Wretches Love has made,  
How few have been by Men of Sense betray'd?  
Convinc'd by Reason, they your Power confess, }  
Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless, }  
And conscious of your ill worth, can never love you less. }*

The Poets, resum'd *Bellimante*, will say any thing to heighten a Character, but I think Mr. *Rowe* a little forgot himself in this, for I don't find *Lethario*, tho' a Villain, either says or does any thing throughout the whole Play, that can make him be look'd upon as a Fool; and I shan't take his Word against that of another Author, whose Wit and Understanding was never call'd in Question, yet who, by his own  
Confession,

Confession, was the most inconstant Creature in the World.-----'Tis *Cowley* I mean.----Hear his Chronicle of Mistresses.

I.

*Margarita first possess'd,  
If I remember well, my Breast,  
Margarita first of all ;  
But when a-while the wanton Maid,  
With my restless Heart had play'd,  
Martha took the flying Ball.*

II.

*Martha soon did it resign  
To the beautiful Katherine ;  
Katherine gave Place ;  
Tho' loath and angry she to part,  
With the Possession of my Heart,  
To Eliza's conquering Face.*

III.

*Eliza 'till this Hour might reign,  
Had she not evil Councils ta'en ;  
Fundamental Larus she broke,  
And still new Favourites she chose,  
'Till up in Arms my Passion rose,  
And cast away her Yoke.*

IV.

*Mary, then, and gentle Anne,  
Both to reign at once began,  
Alternately they sway'd ;  
And sometimes Mary was the Fair,  
And sometimes Anne the Crown did wear,  
And sometimes both I obey'd.*

## V.

*Another Mary then arose,  
And did rigorous Laws impose,  
A mighty Tyrant she !  
Long, alas ! should I have been  
Under that Iron scepter'd Queen,  
Had not Rebecca set me free.*

## VI.

*When fair Rebecca set me free,  
'Twas then a golden Time with me ;  
But soon those Pleasures fled :  
For the gracious Princess dy'd  
In her Youth and Beauty's Pride,  
And Judith reigned in her stead.*

## VII.

*One Month, three Days, and half an Hour,  
Judith held the Sovereign Power ;  
Wondrous beautiful her Face,  
But so weak and small her Wit,  
That she to govern was unfit,  
And so Sufannah took her Place.*

## VIII.

*But when Isabella came,  
Arm'd with a restless Flame,  
And the Artillery of her Eye,  
While she proudly march'd about,  
Greater Conquests to find out,  
She beat out Susan by the bye.*

## IX.

*But in her Place I then obey'd  
Black eyed Bess, her Vice-Roy Maid ;*



*The Lady's Drawing Room.* 41

*To whom ensued a Vacancy :  
Thousand worse Passions then possess,  
The Interrégnum of my Breast.  
Bless me from such an Anarchy !*

X.

*Gentle Henrietta then,  
And a third Mary next began ;  
Then Jane, and Joan, and Audria,  
And then a pretty Thomazine,  
And then another Katherine,  
And then a long Etcætera.*

XI.

*But should I now to you relate  
The Strength and Riches of their State ;  
The Powder, Patches, and the Pins,  
The Ribands, Jewels, and the Rings,  
The Lace and Paint, and warlike Things,  
That make up all their Magazines.*

XII.

*If I should tell the politick Arts,  
To take and keep Mens Hearts ;  
The Letters, Embassies, and Spies,  
The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,  
The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,  
Numberless, nameless Mysteries !*

XIII.

*With all the little Lime-twigs laid,  
By Matchiavel, the waiting Maid ;  
I more voluminous should grow,  
(Chiefly if I, like them, should tell  
All Change of Weathers that befall,  
Than Hollinshed or Stow.*

XIV.

## XIV.

*But I will briefer with them be,  
 Since few of them were long with me.  
 A higher and a nobler Strain,  
 My present Empress doth claim;  
 Eleonora, first o' th' Name,  
 Whom I wish long may reign.*

Now, continued this charming Lady, I will leave it to the Judgment of the Company, if it is not possible for a Man of Wit to be ungrateful, perfidious, and in fine, to have all the Qualities that make the Name of Love so justly terrible to our Sex.

Nothing, cry'd *Dorinthus*, hastily, could make the Author Reparation for the wrong Construction you put upon his Verses, but the enchanting manner in which you have repeated them, since they were evidently intended rather to shew the Errors and ill Conduct of some Ladies he happen'd to be acquainted with, than the Inconstancy of his own Nature.

As to his Intentions, reply'd she, I will not dispute them with you. ----- A Man given to change will always find an Excuse for it, by laying the Blame on the Person he forsake, which, in my Judgment, is so far from alleviating, that it greatly aggravates the Crime, by adding Injustice to Levity. The more Wit he has, the more capable he is of doing this, and therefore the more dangerous; and such, I think, *Cowley* must have been.

Take care, lovely *Bellimante*, said *Arista*, how you pass too severe a Censure on a Man

who, in his Time, was the Darling of the Fair, and who in all his Works, discovers a certain Sweetness of Disposition, which could never suffer him to be ungrateful or unkind. But as he is now almost forgot in the World, I must not lose Sight of the Argument, and beg Leave to give my Vote for the Part *Dorinthus* has taken in it, and to add, that if a Man of Sense is guilty of Inconstancy, he will be at least ashamed of it.—He will endeavour to conceal, if he cannot vanquish his Error; whereas a Fool takes Pride in publishing the Conquests he has made, and perhaps values them for no other Reason.

Indeed, my dear *Bellimante*, said *Ethelinda*, I must give it against you; whenever our Sex are weak enough to throw off the Guard of our own Honour, and trust to that of another, we certainly have less to fear from the Man of solid Sense, than the vain airy Coxcomb: The Woman deceiv'd by the one may be unhappy, but will never be expos'd; but the unthinking She, who falls a Prey to the other, is undone for ever, in her Reputation as well as Peace of Mind.—But, I think, continued she, enough has been said on this Subject; indeed I think too much, since it has made us neglectful of the Share *Acasto* had in the Adventure he has related, without whose Generosity and Benevolence the Virtues of *Rodomond* might probably never have had the Opportunity of shewing themselves.

True, Madam, reply'd *Philetas*, many a Genius, who might shine forth to the Glory of this Country, is bury'd in Obscurity, for want of  
of

#### 44 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

of Encouragement to call it forth ; and I know no greater or more laudable Instance of publick Spirit, than that of supplying, as much as is in our Power, the Deficiencies of Fortune to *indigent Merit*. Charity, Compassion, and Generosity, indeed, are noble Virtues, though indiscriminately, and without Distinction, exercis'd on all who may seem proper Objects. but when our *Pity* is guided by *Discernment*, and the Favours we confer are proportion'd according to the *Worth* of the *Receiver*, we do Honour to ourselves, and Service to the Commonwealth. How memorable, how worthy Imitation is that penetrating Judgment, to which we are indebted for a *Prior* ! The noble Duke saw into the Value of that Diamond through all its native Roughness, vouchsafed to lift it from the Earth, where, but for him, it might have lain for ever unregarded, gave Orders for its polishing, and made it fit to adorn the Cabinet of the best of Queens.

Neither ought it ever to be forgot, said *Derinthus*, that when a Genius not inferior to that of him you have nam'd, was under the Persecution of unjust Rage and Party Malice, he found Protection from an illustrious Person, who generously espous'd the Cause of Wit and Virtue against even the Menaces of Power.

*Ethelinda* had probably made some Answer to these Words, as she was very much concern'd in them, had she not been prevented by the coming in of four Ladies, who all at once increas'd the Assembly. These were all Persons of Quality, but more distinguish'd by the Peculiarity of their Characters. *Alclanthe*, the  
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first that enter'd, had been marry'd extremely young, to a Man of Sixty, and who, besides the Disproportion of his Age with her's, had no one good Quality to recommend him to her Affections ; but as she obey'd the Dictates of her Duty to her Father, in sacrificing herself in this Manner, she was no less punctual in observing that of a Wife, and all the Time he liv'd behaved to him as if Love had dispos'd her to him. Her Conduct was no less exemplary after his Decease ; and though left a very young and rich Widow, refus'd all Offers of a second Marriage, was look'd upon as a Pattern the most worthy Imitation ; she was generous, humane, affable, and charitable ; had a becoming Gravity in her Dress and Deportment, nor could Envy, or the most penetrating Malice, find any thing to condemn ; 'till at an Age when others begin to throw off whatever Vanities their Youth might have been guilty of, she on a sudden assum'd all those Airs which are least excusable, even in the Youngest and most Beautiful, became a Coquet at Sixty, and forgot all those Virtues, and even that Decorum for which she had been so much fam'd ; went every Day to St. James's, gave into all the Modes and Manners of that Place ; her Dress was fancied with the Gaiety of Fifteen ; her whole Study was employ'd to repair the Damages of Time, by all the Aids of Art. — Her Conversation was all on Operas, Plays, and Balls. — The Height of her Ambition was to be thought in Favour with the Princesses ; her Religion consisted in paying constantly her



## 46 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

her Devoirs to them, and the Heaven she languish'd for was a *Birth-Day*.

The next that enter'd was *Lamara*, a Lady to whom Nature had given Wit and Beauty enough to have commanded Veneration, but not an intolerable, and indeed ridiculous, Arrogance of Behaviour taken away all the Charm both of the one and the other. Tho' of mean Extraction, small Fortune, and yet small Stock of Reputation ; she was married to a Man of a vast Estate, and who was thought to have good Sense, 'till the strange Power she had over him made him descend to Submissions in order to obtain a Title, which instead of heightening the Respect he before had in the World, has render'd him contemptible, even in the Eyes of those who reap the most Advantage by his Perversion. This neither of them can be insensible of ; but whatever uneasy Moments he may suffer from Reflection, she seems equally regardless of his ill Humour, as of the Censure of the World, and exulting in her new Dignity, which she imagines a Sanction for saying and doing whatever she pleases, never did Pride, Vanity, ill Manners and ill Nature discover themselves in so extravagant a Manner, as in her Words and Actions.

After her came *Flavia*, young and handsome, but too conscious of it, and aiming to render every Beauty more conspicuous, she quite disguis'd and put out of Order all the handy Work of Nature. — The lovely Mouth was stretch'd beyond its Compass, &c.  
that

shew the white even Teeth. — The finest Pair of Eyes in the World were roll'd so many different Ways, that the agreeable Languishment of them degenerated into a Squint. — One Moment the Head hung, lulling down upon the Breast, so that the Neck made a kind of Arch behind ; the next held so stiff and upright, that with the Force she did herself, the very Sinews of her Throat seem'd strain'd. — Sometimes one Shoulder was exalted almost to the Ears, — sometimes the other ; in fine, every Feature, every Limb, was screw'd into more Postures in the Space of a Minute, than a whole Hour would be sufficient to describe. So I shall say no more of this extraordinary Lady, who is so ingenious in finding out Ways to excite Laughter in the room of Admiration ; and proceed to *Colonia*, who was the last of this fair Troop, and no less to be pitied for her want of Judgment in what is truly agreeable to the Taste of Mankind.

This Lady, as I have been inform'd by those that know her well, passes four Hours at her Toilet every Day, in consulting what Look will best become her, and having fix'd on that she thinks most engaging, never dares to smile, to speak above a Whisper, to move her Head either to one Side or the other, or even to turn her Eyes, for fear of disconcerting that particular Form in which she has set her Features ; so that when she walks, or turns, or looks, let the Occasion be ever so different, she is still the same, and seems more a Piece of Clock-work, than real Flesh and Blood.

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## 48 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

It may easily be suppos'd that these Ladies were not extremely welcome to *Ethelinda*. She, notwithstanding, receiv'd them with the Civility their Rank demanded, and offer'd little in Opposition to what they said ; so that each had a full Opportunity of verifying the Characters I had heard of them. The Conversation now took a different Turn from that it had before this Accession to our Assembly ; and having nothing in it capable of affording either Instruction or Entertainment in the Repetition, I shall take leave of my Reader 'till next visiting Day, when *Ethelinda* was so good to honour me with an Invitation.

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T H E

Lady's Drawing Room.

D A Y the S E C O N D.

**T**H E Impatience I had to re-enjoy that Satisfaction I had so lately tasted at the excellent *Ethelinda's*, made me call on *Aristo* to go with me soon after Dinner; but some Friends being with him, unluckily for my Delires, detain'd us 'till near Seven o'Clock, and when we came the Room was full of Company. Besides all those whom I had seen before, there were *Emilia* and *Miranda*, two Ladies of very great Merit; *Lucillus*, an accomplish'd young Nobleman, and some others of both Sexes. I am glad you are come said *Ethelinda* to us; *Bellimante* has brought something in her Pocket to entertain us with, and would not let us have a Sight of it 'till you two should participate. Every Thing that is obliging may be expected from the lovely *Bellimante*, reply'd *Aristo*. I also made that Lady some Compliments on the Occasion, which she return'd with a Smile,

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## 50 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

and, when we were seated, I don't know, said she, whether you will imagine you have any Cause to thank me, when you find the Motive that induced me to this seeming Complaisance, since what I have to present you with is no Way to the Advantage of your Sex, and is intended as a Warning to my own.—All who have a true Honour for your Sex, will certainly approve of every Thing which may render them more worthy of our Adoration, said *Aristo*, and those, who regard you not as they ought, cannot be too much mortified.

Well then, resumed she, in confidence of being forgiven by the one Part, and reveng'd on the other, I will read you the Account of an Adventure, which happen'd while my Brother was in *Italy*, and was put down in Writing by a very ingenious Gentleman of his Acquaintance.

With these Words she took a Manuscript out of her Pocket, and, finding all the Company dispos'd to hear it, entertain'd them with the following History.

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### THE FAIR UNFORTUNATE,

#### A True SECRET History.

ONE of the greatest Generals of the Empire had, by a Lady of no mean Rank, but whom, for some Reasons, he was never married to, a Daughter of such exquisite Beauty, that it was almost impossible to behold her without



without Admiration, even in her infant Charms; but as her Years encreas'd, so did also her attractive Power, and it seem'd as if Nature had taken Pains to make her double Reparation for the Misfortune of her Birth, in rendering her above Contempt, by the matchless Graces of her Person.——The General her Father, on a sudden Turn in the Affairs of State, was so much reduced in his Fortune, that he had scarce sufficient to support himself, much less to provide for this young Beauty, in the Manner his Fondness of her made him wish. This giving him a very great Concern, one Day, in the Fulness of his Heart, he communicated it to the Duke *de Guerre*, with whom he had for a long Time the most intimate Friendship. The Duke, who was himself a Father, could not forbear acknowledging the Justice of his Grief, and truly pitied both him and the young Lady. Reflecting after on the Affair, it came into his Mind to recommend her to the Service of the Queen of *Prussia*: Never was any Woman famed for more Perfections than this excellent Princess, and he knew, if *Saphira* (for so this Fair Unfortunate was call'd) was once receiv'd into her Protection, it must be wholly her own Fault, if her Condition was not rather to be envy'd than deplored. As he doubted not his Interest in that Court, he soon made the General acquainted with what he had in his Head, and the other receiv'd his Offer with Transports of Gratitude: He was well acquainted with the Virtues of the Queen, and doubted not but that his *Saphira* would not only

## 52 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

be happy under her Care, but also receive such Advantages from her Example, as might render her worthy of the Felicity she enjoyed by her Favour.

The Duke soon let him see he had not flatter'd him with empty Promises, and, having some little Business of his own at the Court of *Eerlin*, he made that a Pretence for going thither; and *Saphira*, being equipp'd in a Manner befitting the Honour she was going to receive, took Leave of her Father, who parted from her with the utmost Satisfaction, as not doubting but he should hear News of her agreeable to his Expectations.

The Duke was not at all deceived in the Hope he had conceiv'd of being able to introduce her.—The Knowledge to whom she owed her Birth, the being presented by the Hand of a Person so deserving Regard, and her own Beauty and Accomplishments engaged the Queen to treat her in a Manner that excited the Envy of all the Maids of Honour; some of whom, being of the best Families in the Kingdom, thought it a Disdain to be rank'd with one who, tho' highly born, was yet illegitimate, and, notwithstanding her Charms, was a Foreigner. But the Ill-nature, and little Malice of those who were her Equals in Condition, did her no Prejudice with her Royal Mistress; she gave her many Marks of a distinguish'd Favour, and, as the others had only their Months of Waiting, the young *Saphira* was kept always under her Eye, and regarded by her with a Tenderness that made her sensible it was rather to the Love this good Princess

Princess had for her, than any Decorum of State, she so little suffer'd her from her Presence.

*Saphira* now pass'd her Days in a sweet and undisturb'd Tranquility, which for a long Series of Time she might have enjoy'd in the Court of *Berlin*, if LOVE, that delicious Poison of the Mind, had not put a fatal Period to it.

Her Youth, her Beauty, and the Queen's Favour, gain'd her a great Number of Adorers ; but none pretended to be more ardently so than *Adolpho*, a Gentleman of small Fortune, but possess'd of so many personal Charms, that, had his Virtues but half answer'd his exterior Accomplishments, she would never have had Cause to lament the Tenderness she too soon felt for him. But, alas ! there was not the least Agreement between his Mind and Form. — All his Softness, all his Sincerity, were meer Words : his Heart disavowed the Professions of his Tongue, was changeable, arrogant, unaffected with any gentle, generous Ideas, and when disappointed or controul'd in any of its Aims, most cruel and malicious.

Poor *Saphira*, not yet fifteen Years of Age, and altogether ignorant of the World, and the Arts practis'd by Mankind upon her Sex, was charm'd with his Person, and gave an easy Credit to the Vows he made her of the most perfect Passion that ever was : It never enter'd into her Head that a Man, who look'd and talk'd as he did, could ever bring himself to act with Neglect or Cruelty towards a Person he seem'd to love with so much Fondness. The Confidence she had in him made her as little careful in concealing her own Passion,

## 54 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

as she was in searching into the Validity of his. — She confess'd, without Reserve, the Tenderness she had for him, indulg'd him in all the Liberties that Modesty would allow; and at last, (as what will not a violent Passion, and the incessant Importunities of the darling Object, transport one to in an unguarded Hour?) permitted him to transgress all the Bounds his Wishes had to fear. — He obtain'd of the believing Maid all she had to bestow: Triumph'd in those Joys, which ought only to have been the Reward of the most honourable Affection, and which would have made a real Lover bless'd. — But *Adolpho*, a Rover by Nature, having gain'd the Victory, despis'd it. — Her Innocence, her Beauty, her Tenderness, serv'd only to make him place the greater Value on himself, for the Influence he had over her. His Vanity, join'd with that little Regard, Love, when it is vehement, especially in a young Heart, leaves for Reputation, soon made the Affair between them the Talk of the Town; and, as she was greatly envy'd at Court, there wanted not Tongues to represent her late Conduct, in the worst Colours they could put upon it, to the Queen, who, though she did not immediately give Credit to all that was told her concerning this too faulty Fair, could not help condemning her Mismanagement, in doing any Thing that might give her Enemies an Opportunity of censuring her. On enquiring into the Affair, she was very much concern'd to find it was past doubt, that she had encourag'd the Addresses of *Adolpho*, who, setting aside the known Disso-



Dissoluteness of his Character, was not in Circumstances to make a Woman, who had no Fortune herself, happy in a marry'd State ; and, not suspecting she had listen'd to him on any other Score, was resolv'd, by her Authority, to break the Neck of any such Design.

Her Majesty therefore order'd *Saphira* should attend her in her Closet, and, having prepar'd her by some gracious Expressions for what she had to say, represented to her, tho' in the mildest Terms that could be, how blamable she had been in listening to any Declarations of Love, without having first acquainted her ; and then proceeded to inform her with how much Severity her Behaviour on this Occasion had been treated. The guilty Fair, conscious of the Justice of this Reproof, hung down her Head, by her Blushes and her Silence testifying some Part of the Confusion she was in : I say some Part, for the Remorse, the Shame, which at that Instant seiz'd on her secret Soul, were at first little visible to her Royal Mistress, 'till, growing too violent for Suppression, they operated so fiercely on the vital Spirits, that every Faculty lost at once its Use, and she fell down in a Swoon.

The Queen, half angry with herself for having been the Cause of this Disorder, and half afraid that more than she had said, or indeed imagin'd 'till this Moment, had but too just a Foundation, grew extremely troubled ; but that not hindering her from doing what was necessary for the Recovery of this unhappy Prey of Passion, she rung her Bell for Help. Attendants presently coming in, that wretched



## 56 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

Lady, not easily recover'd, was carried to her own Apartment, where it was not without very great Application she shewed any Signs of Life ; and, when she did, appear'd so wild and perplex'd, that, tho' none of those about her were able to guess the true Cause, it was very plain to them, that it had been from some very terrible Agitation of the Mind, that this Disorder of the Body had proceeded.

The good Queen continued for a long Time in deep Contemplation ; she not only lov'd *Saphira* for her personal Accomplishments, but also look'd upon her as an Orphan, entirely committed to her Charge, having neither Parent, Relation, nor Friend near her, to whom she could apply for Advice in any Affair, nor fly to for Protection, in case of being injur'd. She thought it therefore her Duty, as her Guardian, her Queen, and her Mistress, to take all the Care she could of her ; and what she now had seen, corroborating what she had been told, convincing her, that something more than Complaisance had passed between her and *Adolpho*, she was determin'd to know the whole Truth, and preserve, if possible, that friendless Innocent from Ruin. She therefore sent for *Adolpho* privately to come to her, who 'tis probable was little pleas'd with the Summons, having heard of *Saphira's* Indisposition, and guessing the Truth of what had occasion'd it ; but the Command was too absolute not to be obey'd.—He waited on her in her Closet, as she had order'd, where, having dismissed her Attendants, she began to question him concern-  
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ing the afflicted *Saphira*; but he, who had before consider'd how to behave, in Case he should be examin'd, made such evasive Replies as could by no Means assure her of any Thing, till, exerting her Authority, and putting on an Air full of Austerity, she told him she would not be trifled with, that the Welfare of *Saphira* was very precious to her, and that she would find a Way to resent the Reserve with which he behav'd on this Occasion.

*Adolpho* then, perceiving there was a Necessity for him to seem sincere, protested to her Majesty, That he had no Intention to conceal any Thing; but that his Surprize, on being call'd to Account for a Thing of this Nature, had render'd him unable to give such Answers as might be expected from him; but he now took the Liberty of assuring her Majesty, that he never had the least Notion of addressing *Saphira* beyond the Civility of an ordinary acquaintance.——That, though she was handsome, not being that Kind of Beauty which could make any Impression on him, he had not so much as look'd upon her with the Eyes of Inclination, and that in Reality his Affections were engag'd elsewhere. With this he threw himself at the Queen's Feet, endeavouring to engage her Belief of what he said, by the most solemn Oaths he could invent.

She, who was all Truth herself, could not allow herself to think it possible a Man could dare to perjure himself in such a Manner; yet his renouncing all Pretensions to *Saphira* but ill agreed with the Circumstances she had been told, and which the Condition *Saphira* was in

## 58 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

but too much confirm'd, and she was very much divided in her Sentiments on this Occasion. ——— However, having nothing further to say to him, she dismissed him from her Presence, with this Menace ; Take care, *Adolpho*, said she, that you have not dissembled with a Princess who wants neither the Will nor Power to punish the Offence.

He was now in no small Trouble in what Manner he should proceed. On reflecting on the Affair he easily foresaw, that, if the Truth were once reveal'd, he either should be compell'd to marry *Saphira*, or submit to some Punishment for the Injury he had done her. The first of these was irksome to his Imagination, he could not bear the Thought of becoming the Husband of a Woman he had before enjoy'd ; besides, he knew she had no other Fortune than her Dependance on the Queen's Favour ; but the chief Reason that had lost this unhappy Lady all the Influence she once had over him, was the Charms of a Rival, who, tho' in every Thing her Inferior, he now lov'd as much as a Man of his Temper can be said to love, and in this alone he told no Falshood to the Queen.. Tho' he could not be call'd a Man of Wit, he had a good Share of Invention, and was a great Master of the Art of Disimulation.——The first of these furnish'd him with a Stratagem to secure him from any further Attacks of the Nature he had lately met with, and the other to carry it on to the total Ruin of the credulous *Saphira*.

He had no sooner projected the Design than he went to her Apartment, and counterfeiting the extreamest Concern for the Disorder he  
heard

heard she had been in, entreated her to let him know the Cause, which, with her accustom'd Frankness, she immediately related to him, keeping not the least Tittle from him that had pass'd in the Queen's Closet.—I fear'd, said he, the Truth.—Her Majesty is determin'd, I perceive, to prevent any further Progress of our Loves ;—our only Way therefore to secure ourselves to each other, for the future, is to be more cautious than we hitherto have been, and to feign an intire Indifference.—How, interrupted *Saphira* ! Yes, my Angel, resum'd he, that is the only Expedient to preserve our mutual Affection from being made the Sacrifice of her cruel Resolution. It is natural to suppose *Saphira* could not hear so surprising a Piece of News, without an Impatience to know the Meaning of it, and hastily asking him, What Motive could induce the Queen to throw any Bars in their Way to Happiness, was answer'd by him, That there could be none but an extreme Partiality in favour of *Lamira*. That Lady, said he, I know not by what Instigation, has taken it into her Head to like me : Has by some Friends made Interest with her Majesty, and but a Moment since the Match was propos'd to me, and even Threats made use of in Case of my Refusal.

This *Lamira*, whom he mention'd, was a Woman of Family, had been Maid of Honour, but, for some Indiscretions in her Conduct, was discarded ; and it seem'd probable enough to *Saphira* that the Queen, out of Regard to her Parents, should be willing to get her a Husband, in order to heal those Wounds  
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in her Reputation, which her Levity had given it.—She thought it highly cruel, however, that her Royal Mistress should make Choice of *Adolpho* for this Purpose, who, by what she had said to her, she knew was very well acquainted with his having made his Addressee to her, and could not forbear launching into some Expressions very injurious to the Justice of that excellent Princess. *Adolpho*, overjoy'd to find her so readily fall into the Snare he had prepar'd for her, went on in this Manner: 'Tis in vain for us to exclaim against the Severity of our Fate, said he, or the Cruelty of a Person we have no Power to contend with.—Neither of us have any Dependance but on the Court, and, were we to marry, or to converse together in any Fashion that would shew we had such Intentions, nothing is more certain, than that we should be abandon'd to all the Miseries of Poverty and Want.——A little Dissimulation is now all that can defend us.—We must see each other but seldom, and that by Stealth; and I must pretend a Complaisance my Heart is far from feeling for *Lamira*.—I may easily find Excuses for delaying what the Queen seems so earnest for having accomplish'd, but to deny absolutely her Commands would, as I said before, entail certain Ruin on us both.

The tender *Saphira* was ready to expire at these Words; but finding, as she thought, mighty Reason in what he said, after having a little vented the Overflowings of her Soul in a Flood of Tears: What Part then must I be oblig'd to act, cry'd she, in this distracting  
Scene



Scene!—You must, answer'd he hastily, utterly deny that any tender Commerce has ever pass'd between us.—I have already perform'd the cruel Task.—My unwilling Tongue has renounced the Dictates of my Heart, and protested against *Saphira's* Charms.—She must also seem to despise *Aiolpho*, or the Indignation of this powerful Enemy of our Loves will find some Means to separate us for ever.—Has the Queen then nam'd *Lamira* to you, said *Saphira*, and laid an Injunction on you to address that Lady.—Not in plain Terms, reply'd he, it has yet gone no further than a Command to visit you no more, with an Intimation that something better was intended for me; but I learn'd the fatal Secret from a Friend who was well acquainted with it, and, happening to be with me when the Queen's Messenger came to call me to her Presence, advis'd me how to behave in so critical a Situation. He clos'd this Speech with repeated Vows of the most everlasting Constancy; but, tho' the poor *Saphira* believ'd all he said, his dissembled Tendernefs could not keep her from falling into Agonies, which would have mov'd any Heart but that of the false, the insensible *Aiolpho*.—In the Midst of Sighs, Tears, Faintings, and all the Tokens of the most violent Grief, she however promis'd him to do as he thought it their common Interest, and that, if question'd by the Queen a second Time, she would utterly deny he had ever made any Declaration of Love to her.—But, said the artful Villain, when he had brought her thus far, there is still a Danger, which, if

## 62 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

we do not guard against, all the Asseverations that both of us can make will fail of gaining Credit, and only serve to expose us the more to the Rage of her offended Majesty, which will know no Bounds on discovering we have attempted to deceive her Penetration. Guessing, perhaps, continued he with a Sigh, by my faltering Accents, and the Reluctance which I fear was too visible in my Eyes, when I endeavour'd to seem indifferent to the Charms of my adorable *Saphira*, that all I said was Diffimulation, the Queen told me, That there was a Way to know if I spoke Truth; on this it presently struck into my Head, that, under some Pretence or other, which she may easily find, she may search your Cabinet for Letters, which if she does, and you have preserv'd any of those undeniable Proofs both of my unceasing Passion, and your kind Return, I tremble to think what might be the Portion of us both!—To what a Depth of Misery the Power she has over us might reduce us!

Afflict not yourself, my dear *Adolpho*, interrupted the believing Fair, for what may be remedied with so much Ease.——I will this Instant remove your Fears by returning all I have of yours; or, precious as those Tokens of your Affection are, burn them before your Face.——They will be no more safe in my Possession than your's, rejoin'd he, Let us then destroy them.——Let no Evidences of our mutual Tenderneſs remain, but those indelible ones written in our Hearts, and which I hope no Time, no Chance, no Malice shall ever have the Power to erase.

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The Answer she made to these Words was no other than complying with the Purport of them.—She went that Instant to her Closet, and, bringing out all the Letters she had receiv'd from him in their Time of Courtship, gave them one by one into his Hand, which, as fast as he took them, were immediately committed to the Flames. He staid not long with her after having obtain'd the End for which he came, excusing his sudden Departure by saying, If it were known they had a private Conference, it might render all their Measures ineffectual.

The unexperienced *Saphira* had an implicit Faith in every Thing that came from him, and yielded a ready Obedience to all he seem'd to think was right, not in the least suspecting how instrumental she now was to her own Undoing; and depended on the Promise he had made her at parting, never to rest 'till he had found some Means of being united to her for ever.

'Tis difficult to say whether the Villainy or the Cunning of this Stratagem exceedèd; but, certain it is, we find few Examples to parallel it in either. It was *Lamira* whom he indeed now lov'd, and whom he had now a Pretence of visiting without exciting any Jealousy in *Saphira*, which might drive her to Extremes; and besides, when hereafter she should come to discover the Imposition, he imagin'd after having deny'd all to the Queen, she would not dare to reveal a Truth which must at the same Time discover she had attempted to deceive her. He now pursued the Object of his new Flame,

## 64 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

Flame, without standing in need of any of the Precautions he had before been oblig'd to make use of, and the Queen, hearing of the frequent Visits he made her, began to believe what he had said to her on that Occasion. The Melancholy which however appear'd in the Eyes of *Saphira*, and which all her Endeavours could not wholly conceal, sometimes gave her some Starts of Doubt; and one Day, when no other Person was in waiting, that generous Princess began again to question her concerning *Adolpho*, and told her, That tho' he might now have other Views, she could not help imagining he had once pretended Love to her. She press'd that unhappy Creature with so kind an Earnestness to disguise nothing from her, that, had she been told by any other than her dear *Adolpho*, nay, had the Testimony of Angels, join'd to the united Voice of the whole World, endeavour'd to persuade her it was owing to any other Motive than Care and Affection for her, that her Majesty appear'd so zealous an Enquirer, she would have rejected the Information as false; but, as *Adolpho* had said it was otherwise, she was assur'd it was so, and the more Softness and Good-nature the Queen made use of in her Efforts, the more she fancy'd it was Design and Artifice in favour of *Lamia*, and with the more Confidence she deny'd ever having been address'd by *Adolpho* in the Manner her Majesty had been inform'd. With so total an Exactness did she obey the Injunction that perfidious Man had laid her under, that her Royal Mistress, who expected no Disgust from one so young and artless, was at last won.



to believe as she would have her, and gave over any further Thoughts on the Affair.

Thus did this unthinking Lady join in the Deceit against herself, and assist in the Destruction of her own Hopes ; yet imagining she was most politick, when she was most fool'd and cheated. — But, alas ! she had but a little, a very little Time allow'd by Fate for the Continuance of this happy Ignorance. —

Too soon the cruel Curtain was drawn away, and all the black and horrid Scene of Villainy appear'd to View. — A few Days after the burning of the Letters, happening to be alone in a little Summer-house in the Palace Garden, indulging Contemplation on her belov'd *Adolpho*, and flattering her fond Heart with the Idea, that a Day would come when they might openly avow their Loves, she fancy'd that she heard the Accents of his Voice at a very little Distance from her, and, putting her Ear as near as she could to the Place whence the Sound seem'd to proceed, she soon distinguish'd, that it was he indeed that spoke, and to her great Confusion heard these Words : Why, said he, with the most undoing Softness in his Tone, why should you so often give me Hopes of Happiness, yet still delay me the Possession? — Never can we find a Moment more favourable than the present. — What hinders me now from seizing the Blessing I so long have languish'd for, and you have promis'd to bestow ? — The Person to whom these Words were address'd, answer'd them in too low a Voice for the distracted *Saphira* to be able to guess either at the Speaker, or the Purport of what she said ; but



but presently after she heard the false *Adolph* rejoin : By Heaven I never did, nor never can love any but yourself——I own I have had my Amusements with your Sex, but never knew a serious Passion 'till I saw those Eyes——Were it in my Power to marry you would, but that you know is impossible.—The Queen continually persecutes me on her favourite *Saphira's* Score, and it is with the utmost Difficulty I have got rid of that foolish Girl.——Therefore, continued he, let us not waste the precious Time.——He was going on, but our unfortunate List'ner had already heard too much to be able any longer to restrain the struggling Emotions of her Soul and could not help crying out.——O Villain Monster ! most perfidious of thy Sex ! —The sudden Storm of Passion, which had occasion'd this Exclamation, made her also utter with so much Vehemence, that *Adolph* and his new Charmer heard her with more Exactness than she had done the Expressions which led her into the Secret of his Baseness. Neither the treacherous Lover nor surpriz'd Rival was willing to give her an ocular Demonstration of their being together in that Place, and therefore hastened down another Pair of Steps which led them into a Terras that had Communication with that Part of the Garden through which *Saphira* had pass'd.——The Noise they made in going down discovered which Way they took to avoid her Purts and Reproaches, and from a Window, which overlook'd the Terras, she follow'd them with her Eyes, and, by the Dress and Air, tho' it

saw not her Face, found, to her great Astonishment, that this Rival was *Lamira*.——  
*Lamira*, whom he pretended the Queen was about forcing him to marry, yet to whom he was excusing himself for not being able to marry.——This shew'd her at once the Whole of his Deceit.——But where is the Pen that can describe that vast Variety of mingled Passions which all at once raged in her tender Breast?——Where is the Soul that can conceive her sufferings?——Horror and Rage for the first Moments were the most prevailing Agitations! but Grief, Despair, Disdain and Shame soon took their Turns, and rack'd her with a strange Vicissitude of Torment.——She reflected on the past, and trembled for the future Consequences of her fond Belief.——She might be call'd a little World of Woe, where all the different Kinds of Wretchedness, which plague the Slaves of Passion, were summ'd up, and vy'd with horrid Force which should inflict most Torture on the divided Soul.——She had not presently the Relief of Tears, and, her wild Grievs deny'd that Went, burst out in Cries and Exclamations so loud, so violent, that the Queen, attended by several of the Court, happening to be that Instant coming into the Garden, heard her while at a considerable Distance. Some of her Attendants, running to examine into the Cause, brought Word, that *Saphira* was certainly seiz'd with a sudden Fit of Frenzy, on which that good Princess, forgetting her Dignity, went in, follow'd by the whole Court, and found indeed the miserable Creature in a Condition such as might

might well countenance the Information that had been given her.—She had thrown herself on the Floor, had tore her Hair and Garments, and, on the Queen's Entrance, was beating her lovely Breast with such Force as if she meant to revenge herself upon that Heart which had receiv'd the Image of her base Undoer. Soon as she saw by whom she was surrounded, she started from the Posture she was in, threw herself at the Queen's Feet, and cry'd out—O Madam! Madam! revenge my Cause upon the perjur'd, false *Adolpho*! and then revenge on me the Injury I have done your sacred Majesty, in abusing the Favours you vouchsafed me, and imposing on your Royal Ear! — Commend my Death! I neither can, nor wish to live, but let me first behold the Monster perish who has wrong'd me!

Surpriz'd as the Queen was, she easily saw into the whole Truth by these few Words, and would have prevented the undone *Saphira* from exposing herself any further, before so many Witnesses; but that distracted Creature, incapable of all Reflection, would not suffer herself to be raised, but continued to cling about the Feet of her Royal Mistress, and, in the Agony of her Soul, repeated again and again the Perfidiousness of *Adolpho*, nor ceas'd, 'till her Spirits, too weak to sustain the vast Surcharge of mingled Transports, all at once forsook her, and she fainted away.

In this Condition was she carried to her Apartment.—The Queen was greatly troubled, and said to some that were near her, This  
poor

poor Girl has been strangely wrong'd, but I will see that she has Justice.

The inconstant *Adolpho*, in the mean time, little imagin'd what had happen'd, and, believing *Saphira* of too gentle a Nature to be capable of saying any thing to his Prejudice, was thinking in what Manner he should again deceive her, and render even her own Ears suspected by her. Not that he took this Pains out of any Motive of Compassion, in order to make her easy: but because he fear'd, if she found herself forsaken by him, it might throw her into a Melancholy, the Cause of which might be guess'd at by the Queen, and so his Hope of Promotion at Court be disappointed. He was ruminating on this Occasion, when some of his Friends, who had been present at the Confession of *Saphira*, came to advise him to retire 'till the first Gust of the Queen's Indignation should blow over, and they might, without Danger of incurring her Displeasure, intercede in his Behalf.—This was News which did indeed alarm him, and the more as he could never have expected it from the Modesty and accustom'd Softness of *Saphira's* Disposition.—He fancy'd his Case, however, not so bad, as those who counsell'd him to fly were of Opinion, and could not consent to leave the Court, his whole Dependance being on a small Post he had there, and some Friends by whose Interest he had hoped to be promoted; and did not despair but he should, some Way or other, evade the Punishment due to his last base Action, as he had already done many others of as black a Dye. It was in vain they insisted, that

70 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

that they saw, by the Queen's Countenance, she was determin'd to revenge the Affront offer'd to her, in the Person of her favourite Servant; he answer'd, That the worst that could befall him, for a Fault of that Nature, was Banishment from Court; therefore he thought it would be Madness to inflict a Punishment on himself, which there was a Possibility of avoiding from others.

He was arguing in this Manner when the Guards seiz'd him, and carry'd him before some of the Nobility appointed to examine him. At first he seem'd very much confus'd; but, his natural Impudence soon getting the better of his conscious Guilt, he made the most solemn Imprecations, That he had never made any Pretensions of Love to *Saphira*. — That he had never either lik'd or lov'd her; and added, that she had often given him Hints, that she should receive a Declaration of that Kind from him with Pleasure, and that, not affecting to understand her, but on all Occasions avoiding her as much as possible, he imagin'd she had contriv'd this Plot to ruin his Character with any other Lady, and draw on him at the same Time the Royal Displeasure.

This gain'd but little Credit with those that heard it. — They thought it impossible a Lady, rather reserv'd than the contrary, should bring herself to offer Love; or that a Man, known to be of so amorous a Disposition as *Adolpho*, should refuse her, if she did; and some of them cry'd out to him to speak no more of that Affair, for what he alledg'd was so little of a Piece with the Behaviour of either of them,  
that,



that, if he had no better Arguments to bring in the Vindication of his Innocence, it were as well for him to confess himself guilty. I know not, my Lords, said he, how far the Beauty of *Saphira* may have prejudiced you in her Favour, else methinks there is nothing more plain than that this wild Accusation is only the Effect of Malice or Frenzy.—— Had I ever made any Professions of the Passion she pretends, would there have been no Evidences of it but herself? Would no Messages by Servants, no Letters have pass'd between us.——I am ready to confess all she charges me with, if one single Line can be produced against me.——I appeal also to her Majesty, who, examining me herself on the Affair in Question, I made no scruple of avowing my Passion for another, and declaring I had never felt any thing for *Saphira*, beyond that Respect which the Sex demands. To whom then, said one of the Lords, are your Vows address'd? I acknowledge the Question at another Time would be unfair, and what you justly might refuse to answer; but as the only Means to prove the Accusations of *Saphira* groundless, is to prove that, at the Time she pretends you were deceiving her, you made Courtship to another, you would do well to convince us of it.

*Adolpho* look'd on this Motion as highly favourable, and, not doubting but *Lamira* would be satisfied to have the Passion he profess'd for her declared in the Presence of so many illustrious Witnesses, immediately named her as the Lady of his Affections.

A Shout

## 72 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

A Shout of Laughter and Astonishment run through all the young Part of the Assembly at these Words; and even the Gravest among them thought it improbable he should think it so great a Hardship to be compell'd to marry *Saphira*, yet avow a Desire of that Kind in Favour of *Lamira*, a Woman as far inferior to her in Beauty and Accomplishments, as, 'till this fatal Accident, she was in Reputation.— They were in some Dispute among themselves in what Manner they should decide this Affair, when the King, who had sat with the Queen at this Time as a Spectator, presently cry'd out, I will myself be Judge. And you must pardon me, Madam, said he to the Queen, if I give Sentence contrary to what you may have made *Saphira* hope. He then order'd *Lamira* should be call'd, and as soon as she appear'd, he demanded of her, If *Adolpho* had ever made any Professions of Love to her? To which she answering in the Affirmative, Are you willing to marry him? rejoin'd the King. An Interrogatory of this Sort fill'd her with too much Astonishment to be able to reply; it having been on Terms very contrary to those of Marriage *Adolpho* had solicited her; and, not being able to dive into the Meaning of a Demand she so little expected, could not presently resolve in what Manner it would be best for her to behave. The King, who was one of the most penetrating Princes of his Time, had a pretty near Conjecture of the Truth, and bid her be bold and speak her Inclinations, for, said he, on the Word of a King, if you think fit to be his Wife, it shall not be in his Power to refuse making you so.—Surpriz'd as she was,

was, she had some private Reasons to think the Offer too advantageous to be rejected, and reply'd, That, if his Majesty commanded it, she was ready to obey.

But with what Words is there a Possibility of representing the Confusion, the Perplexity, the secret Rage which seiz'd the Soul of *Adolpho*? The Motives that had render'd the Thoughts of marrying *Saphira* irksome to him, were, because she was not in Possession of a Fortune to gratify his Ambition, and because he had enjoy'd her; and now to be compell'd to be the Husband of one who had as little Share of the former, and much less of Honour and Reputation, was a severer Penalty than he could have imagin'd would have been inflicted on him, for the Crime he had been guilty of, even tho' it had been prov'd upon him.——The Passion he had for this Lady was, in the Thought that she must be his Wife, utterly extinguish'd, and he began to look upon her with Loathing and Detestation. —— He was at his very Wits End; knew not which Way to evade a Sentence so terrible to be submitted to; and, when he attempted to urge any thing to procure a Delay of the Ceremony, as that, his present Circumstances not agreeing with his Intentions, he shou'd but make miserable the Person whom he wish'd to render happy, and such like Arguments, they were deliver'd with so stammering an Accent, and accompany'd with such a Disorder in his Countenance, as confirm'd the King he had determin'd rightly in the Cause, and that there cou'd not be a more fit Punishment assign'd for his Perfidiousness and Ingratitude.

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## 74 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

itude. Therefore, putting an End to any further Speeches, he commanded one of his own Chaplains to attend, and oblig'd him to marry her that Moment.

When the Ceremony was perform'd, This is but one Part of that Justice your Behavior demands, said the King; the Affront you have put upon the Queen, in first seducing, and then so cruelly betraying a Maid under his Protection, together with your attempting to impose on herself, by a forg'd Tale of your Passion for *Lamira*, deserves no less than Death, and Death you shou'd have, were not, in your Circumstances, Life a severer Sentence. — Go, continued he, go; and wish that Woman, who is now your Wife, leave *Prussia* for ever. — Shou'd you presume after this Day to set your Feet again on this forbidden Ground, your Welcome shall be Tortures. It was in vain that the new wedded Bride petition'd not to share her Husband's Fate, the King would hear nothing in Favour of either of them, and the Decree he had given being prodigiously applauded by the whole Assembly, the Sentenced were order'd into Confinement, 'till a Ship was provided for sending them away.

*Saphira*, who knew nothing of their Majesties Intentions, was, by some busy Person inform'd of the Marriage of *Adolpho*, but no more. — Wholly bereft of Reason at this Intelligence, and misinterpreting the King's View in enforcing this Marriage, she flew to the Presence-Chamber, where, arriving just as the Guards were carrying them away, she press'd thro' the Croud of Nobility, crying out.



Is this the Favour I expected ! Is this the Justice I hop'd from this august Assembly ! — O how does *Lamira* merit more than *Sapphira* ? — If in the false *Adolpho's* Eyes she seems more worthy, does she so too in her Actions, that you dispose of my Right, and, to make her happy, doom me to everlasting Ruin ? Her Words, and the Distraction which appear'd in her Countenance, with the wild Confusion of her unregarded Dress, fill'd every Beholder with the utmost Compassion. Both the King and Queen were about to give her the Consolation of clearing up this Mistake, when, turning hastily towards the Door where *Adolpho* was going out, she saw *Lamira* with him. — The sudden Sight of that hated Face, and the Knowledge that she was now in Possession of that Title, which she thought she only had a Right to, and had paid so dear a Price for, heightned the Distraction she before was in, to so violent a Degree, that, snatching a Halberd from one of the nearest Guards, she ran to her with such Speed that it is to be wonder'd at, that, in so great a Surprise, any of them were quick enough to prevent her from sending her Rival out of the World. Disappointed in her Revenge as in her Love, never was Madness more outrageous : In her present Condition, Advice or Consolation was in vain ; and, tho' the Queen extremely pity'd her, she was oblig'd to have her forc'd out of the Presence, and carry'd to her own Apartment, where she remain'd a long Time incapable of Reason.

*Adolpho* and his Bride had not been many Hours in Prison, before the latter was taken



## 76 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

very ill ; a Physician being permitted her, he soon found her Condition such as stood in need of Help from one of her own Sex.——In fine, it was a Midwife was wanted, who being brought, she was soon after deliver'd, tho' with great Danger of her Life, of an Abortion, occasion'd, as 'twas thought, by the Fright *Saphira* had put her in.——This confirming the Character which had long been given her, and heightning the Punishment of the perfidious *Adolpho*, gave a great deal of Diversion to the whole Court. As soon as she was in a Condition of Travelling, they were both sent away, pursuant to the King's Sentence. Poor *Saphira* recover'd not her Reason for a long Time, and, when she did, intreated to be sent to a Monastery, where she linger'd out a few Years of Life in a wasting Sorrow, which threaten'd her with a Dissolution long before it came, Fate not permitting her to leave the World, 'till she had seen her Injuries in full reveng'd. *Adolpho*, hating his Wife to the utmost Degree of Detestation, never rested 'till he had contriv'd the Means to get rid of her, which he at last accomplish'd by a Cup of Poison.——The horrid Fact was immediately discover'd, and he suffer'd for it a shameful Death at *Genoa*, where he had liv'd a mean and obscure Life for about two Years. The News soon arriv'd at *Prussia*, and was by the Queen sent to *Saphira*, who, blessing the Justice of Providence, expir'd soon after, as tho' she had no Business in the World.

Thus is Heaven sometimes pleas'd to give a Proof of its Abhorrence of such Crimes as Falshood and Ingratitude in the Affairs of Love.

Love, which, because the Law has provided no corporal Punishment for, are look'd on by the World only as Matters of Sport and Ridicule; but let not the guilty Heart triumph in Security, a Time may come,

*When the deceiving cruel Man shall find,  
That Vows, once made, of whatsoever Kind,  
Are registred in Heaven, and cannot cease to bind.* }

I thank you, my Dear, said *Ethelinda*, perceiving she had done, in the Name of the Company, since I dare answer there are none here who have not thought themselves well entertain'd.—But, notwithstanding the Pains you have taken, to oblige us, and that there are some lively Strokes of Passion in the Story, I cannot help saying, that I think, if the Gentleman had chose for the Subject of his Pen Characters more worthy of it, the Embellishments, he has bestow'd on these, would have had double Force. *Sappho* yields too easily to excite that Compassion for her Misfortunes, which would otherwise have been due to them.—I would have all Women, if they must be represented as guilty of an Excess of Passion, have a better Excuse for it, than merely the agreeable Person of a Man.—If there are no Measures to be taken, which might secure one of his Affection, there are certainly to discover if he has Wit, Honour, and Good-nature; and she that can love, where these encourage not, can have no other Prospect but Misery and Contempt.

## 78 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

But you forget, Madam, answer'd *Philetas*, that, if the Ladies always made use of their Penetration, and chose for their Favourites only such as were worthy of them, there would be no such Thing as Woes in Love.

*Philetas* is right indeed, added *Dorinthus*, Pity would be a Passion which the equally loving, equally deserving Pair would have no Need of.—Mournful *Melpomena* would cease to be invoc'd ;—*Complaints* no more would be the Muses Theme,—*Panegyrick* would be the sole Business of the *Poets* Quill,—*Satire* grow out of Fashion, and all the Histories for *Novels* lost.

I cannot own the Justice of this Opinion, resum'd the incomparable *Ethelinda* ; there are doubtless many Misfortunes to be found in Love, even where both Parties are perfectly sincere, which may afford a Subject for an Author's Genius ; and, if I were of Counsel with the Writers of such Books, I should advise them to chuse only such ; for, methinks, to read of Villainy so gross, so monstrous as that we have just now heard of in the Character of *Adolpho*, or Credulity so easy as in that of *Saphira*, gives too great a Shock to the Soul, and destroys the Pleasure we might else receive from the Entertainment.

But yet 'tis necessary sometimes, said a young Lady, who had not spoke before, to be reminded, that there have been Men so base : Our Sex are in themselves so weak, especially when we suffer what little Share we have of Reason to be blinded by a partial Tenderneſs, that we stand in Need of all the Helps we can procure,

to defend us from becoming the Victims of our too easy Faith.

I am very much of your Mind, Madam, reply'd the generous *Acasto*, that these kind of Examples, tho' they may not be so pleasing in the Recital, are yet of very great Use to persuade the Ladies to make use of that Discernment *Ethelinda* just now recommended. I would have Beauty the Reward of Merit, not fall the Prey of Villainy and Deceit ; and if a Woman, when she reads of such a Fate as *Saphira's*, will but give herself leave to reflect, how very possible it is that the Man she is most inclin'd to favour, may in Time prove an *Adolpho*. it will certainly make her inspect into his Behaviour with a Care and Watchfulness, which cannot fail discovering the *true* Affection from the *counterfeit*.

These Kind of Writings therefore, said *Lucillius*, are not so trifling as many People think them ; nor are they intended, as some imagine, for *Amusement* only, but *Instruction* also ; most of them containing Morals, which, if well observ'd, would be of no small Service to those that read them. — 'Tis most certain, that if the Passions and the Frailties incident to human Nature, are well represented, it cannot fail to rouse the Conscience of the guilty Reader to a just Remorse for his own Conduct ; he will blush to see this Picture of himself, and will at least make it his Endeavour to reform ; those who, perhaps, would be impatient of Reproof, when given them by a Parent, a Guardian, or a Friend, will listen calmly to it, when instill'd this

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## 80 *The Lady's Drawing Room,*

Way.—Tho' the Follies we find expos'd are our own, we hear them condemn'd and laugh'd at, without Anger, in the Character of another ; and reap all the Benefit of the Admonition, without the Shock of receiving it. But, methinks, pursued this accomplish'd Nobleman, there is little Occasion of Defence for writing Novels, the very Names, which appear in the Title Pages of some Volumes of them, are a sufficient Recommendation of their Value ; and we cannot believe so many learned Men, who in all Ages have presented the World with Tracts of that Nature, would have expended so much Time only for the Pleasure of relating a Tale. No, certainly, they had other, and more laudable Views in what they did.—They had studied Mankind, and knew that Morals, merely as Morals, would seem too dry and insipid, and have little Effect on the Minds of those they endeavour'd to reform ; and found it necessary to cloath Instruction with the Garb of Pleasure, as one of our old Poets says,

*A Verse may catch him who a Sermon flies,  
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.*

True, said *Aristo*, when Precepts are convey'd this Way, they steal themselves into the Soul, and work the wish'd Effect, almost insensibly, on the Person who imbibes them.—We become virtuous e're we are aware, and, by admiring the great Examples, which in the Narrative appear so amiable, are led to a Desire of becoming the same ourselves.

And



And yet, cry'd *Miranda*, there are People stupid enough to read such Books, only for the Sake of the Tale, without once attending to the Moral contain'd in it: They hurry with Eagerness to the Catastrophe, and pass over those Reflections, which all well wrote Novels abound with, and are indeed their chief Beauty, as well as Utility.

You judge with too much Severity on such Readers, my dear *Miranda*, said the charming *Ethelinda*, I rather think what you accuse them of proceeds more from a too great Vivacity than Stupidity of Nature; and, tho' their Impatience for the Event of some great and well prepared Adventure, may render them at first too heedless of the judicious Remarks made on the Means that lead to it, they will probably afford the Book a second Reading; and, their Curiosity being gratify'd, the Mind will then have more Room to take in, and digest what before it could not so well have relish'd. I remember that some Years ago, happening to be in my Father's Library, I took up a Manuscript which made me guilty of the Fault you mention. It was entitled, *A brief History of the Reign of Edmund, surnamed Ironside, one of the King's of England of the Saxon Race.* The Part I happen'd to open was that, where the famous Duel, between that Monarch and *Cnutte the Dane*, was agreed to be fought in the Isle of *Alney* in *Gloucestershire*, in the Sight of both their Armies: So remarkable an Incident, and on which I perceiv'd the Fate of two Kingdoms depended, made me immediately turn over the Pages 'till I came to that

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## 82 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

which, I found by the Margin, gave an Account of the Decision, without ever regarding that which I afterwards perceiv'd was the most valuable Part in it. It was, continued she, the Speech that excellent Prince made to his Nobles, who came about him, and one and all endeavour'd to dissuade him from so rashly hazarding his Royal Person: The little Regard he seem'd to have of himself, in Competition with the Interest of his People, would have been, if attended to, an admirable Lesson for his Successors, and sav'd this poor, pillag'd, oppress'd Kingdom from all the Miseries it has since sustain'd. The Arguments he makes use of, to confute all that could be said in Opposition to his Design, discover he had Sentiments truly worthy of his Dignity, and that it was no false Bravery, or Ostentation, had inspir'd the Resolution he had taken, but that paternal Love of his Subjects, that true Concern for their Welfare, which whoever it be that sits upon a Throne and feels not, cannot properly be call'd a *King*, but a *Tyrant*.

The Piece you mention, Madam, said *Philotes*, must doubtless be very curious, and I wonder my Lord is not so good as to permit it to be publish'd: It ought, methinks, to be printed in all Languages for the Use of Princes in general, to whom such Admonitions cannot be too much, or too often enforc'd.

I have often entreated it of my Father, reply'd she, but never could prevail, nor even to give it into my Hands for that Purpose: His Lordship perhaps may foresee some Consequence from it he thinks proper to avoid, and

I have for a long Time deferr'd speaking to him of it.

There is a Partiality in most Historians, said *Aristo*, which is very unpardonable; and by that Means Posterity is led into Errors, frequently injurious to the Memory of the Deceased. Actions, of which perhaps to this Day we reap the Benefit, have been but slightly touch'd on, while others of the most minute Nature, and which perhaps had Self-interest for their Motive, are magnify'd into Prodigies; the Monarch, you have been speaking of, certainly deserv'd to be said much more of than our Annals produce, and the only Reason that can be assign'd, for their Silence on this Head, is, that his unfortunate Death, and the *Danes* becoming Masters of the Kingdom, the Writers of those Times chose rather to pay their Compliments to the *present*, than to do Justice to the *past*.

Besides, added *Dorinthus*, it might have been dangerous. *Edward*, afterwards King of *England*, and *Alfred* his Brother being then in Exile, any Thing wrote in favour of the *Saxon* Line might have been construed into an Attempt of restoring them, and consequently punish'd as Treason by the Prince, who at that Time was in Possession of the Throne.

Well, said *Bellimante*, dark as the Accounts we have are of the truly Royal *Edmund*, there are yet sufficient. in my Opinion, for the Subject of a Dramatick Entertainment; and I am surpriz'd none of our Poets have ever made Choice of a Piece of History so interesting.

It

## 84 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

It might be thought too much so, Madam, answer'd *Lucilius*, by the Poets of the last Age; when the Death of the Royal Martyr was yet recent in every one's Memory, to exhibit the Murder of a good King, such as was *Edmund*, would have given Strength to an Idea, which of itself was too shocking to Nature, and therefore could not have been proper while any of his Descendants were on the Throne; and the Times have since given so little Encouragement to Works of that Kind, that few, who have real Capacities, have thought it worth their while to undertake them. Those who have attempted it, have for the most Part found their Labour lost, either rejected through want of Judgment by those who have the Direction of the Theatres, or stifled by the Hand of Power; loose, ribald Farces, without Plot, without Contrivance, without any other Meaning than such as Modesty must blush to comprehend, are now the sole acceptable Entertainments, and all Pieces that are not of this Stamp thrown aside, as either too spiritless to please, or too just not to be offensive. This, continued he, I take to be the Reason that not only the Story you would recommend, but some others also I could mention have not been call'd from the too great Obscurity they lie in.

But, said *Emilia*, as these publick Representations have great Influence over the Morals of the Age, I think the Nobility ought to join in testifying their Disapprobation of such a scandalous Perversion of the Institution.

Alas

Alas ! beautiful *Emilia*, reply'd *Acasto*, you speak like one unacquainted with the present World : Those among us, who have no Favour at St. *James's*, cannot expect to have any Weight with the Managers of Playhouses, much less sufficient to bring about a Reformation rather to be wish'd than hop'd in an Age of such almost universal Depravity ; and as for the Courtiers, who alone have the Power of doing it, they have too much at Heart the aggrandizing themselves and Families, to think of any Thing foreign to that End.

Nor is it to be expected, added *Ethelinda*, with a Smile, that those very Persons, who forg'd the Manacles to fetter Wit, should contribute any Thing to the taking them off : It is not that this Age is more barren than the former ones have been, of great Geniuses, capable of any Undertaking ; but, as *Lucilius* justly said, they are prevented from exerting themselves by the irresistible and weighty Hand of Power.

Then resum'd *Emilia*, briskly, since our very Diversions are circumscrib'd, and we are not allow'd such Entertainments as are fit for us to see, we ought at least not to countenance by our Presence such as are not so.

Right, Madam, reply'd *Philetas*, and I flatter myself there are a great many besides this Company, who are of the same Way of thinking : Curiosity led me the other Night to step into the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, when one of these late wretched Performances was exhibited ; and I had the Pleasure to observe that, excepting the Royal Family, who indeed were all there,  
and



## 86 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

and some few whose Posts oblig'd their Attendance, the Audience was compos'd of such as one might expect to find only at a Bear-garden.

This agreeable Nobleman was about to add somewhat more, when the illustrious Consort of *Ethelinda* enter'd; the Compliments, every one rose up to pay him, put a Stop to the Conversation; for he had no sooner return'd them in a Manner perfectly obliging and peculiar to himself, than, addressing his charming Spouse, I was very near adding to the Number of your Company, said he, but that I knew not how you would relish my intruding a Stranger without Leave. There is little Occasion for asking Leave where you have an absolute Command, answer'd she, and it would be some Difficulty to persuade me, you had no other Motive for changing your Mind. O, but the Person I should have introduced, Madam, resumed he, is of so very extraordinary a Character, that, without being prepar'd for his Reception, I know not but, with all the Wit and Presence of Mind you are Mistress of, you might have been at a Loss in what Manner to behave. In fine, he is a Gentleman, who, by an elaborate Study of forty Years, has discover'd the most abstruse and hidden Secrets of the *Game of Whist*, which he proves to be the *true Philosopher's Stone*, has erected into a *Science*, and vouchsafes to teach at the easy Rate of *five Guineas* an Hour. Now, Madam, pursued he, confess, that, if he had come to ask you to subscribe to a Treatise he has publish'd on this Score, if you would not have been a little perplex'd, between

your

your Complaisance and good Sense, what Answer to have given him.

I should indeed, my Lord, cry'd *Ethelinda*, and am infinitely oblig'd to you for sparing me: I love to treat People, who address me on those Accounts, with all the Respect and Compassion that either their Merit or Necessities demand; but I cannot answer how far the Shock of a Proposal of this Nature might have made me swerve from my usual Manner of Behaviour.

I guess'd the Effect it would have had on you, rejoin'd *Alario*, and therefore told him in your Name, that I was assur'd you had no no greater Inclination than myself, to become a Pupil to this Science, so desir'd he would excuse us both.

While *Alario* was speaking, those of the Company, who had not hear'd of the *Professor*, seem'd astonish'd, and could not tell how to think it possible there could be such a Thing in Nature, as a Man who studied a Game at Cards for forty Years together, and pretended to convert into a *Liberal Art*, what was intended meerly for Diversion at a certain Time of the Year; but those, who had heard the solemn Trifler harangue on the great Utility of his *Science*, and were acquainted with his Problems, laugh'd heartily. Among the Number of these last was *Philetas*: This has been a very unlucky Day to the *Professor*, said he; I had the Favour of a Visit from him in the Morning, and made him a Present, which I imagine he look'd upon as no good Omen.

## 88 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

The Act of Parliament against Gaming, I'll warrant, cry'd *Lucilius*!—No, reply'd the other, what I look upon to be a Pill, he will find harder of Digestion.—It was a Dramatic Satire, entitled, *The Humours of Whist*, which, *a-propos*, lay on my Table, as I had just been reading. On his putting his Treatise into my Hand, with all the Formality of a *Seneca*; I thank you, Mr. *Professor*, said I, assuming as serious an Air as the Occasion would permit; but, as I have no Ambition to become a Proficient in the Science you recommend, have no Occasion to burthen my Head with any Thing concerning it; therefore entreat you will put your Treatise in your Pocket again, and with it, as a Proof of the Sense I have of the Obligation you would confer upon me, this little Pamphlet, which, I assure you, in my Opinion, and in that of all my Friends, is very well worth your while to peruse.

With these Words, continu'd *Philetas*, I return'd his Book, and the Pamphlet I mention'd happening to be open, I gave it him in the Manner it lay, with my Finger pointing to these four Lines in the Prologue:

*Who will believe that Man could e'er exist,  
That spent near half an Age in studying 'Whist'  
Grew grey with Calculation!—Labour hard'  
As if Life's Business center'd in a Card.*

O Heavens! cry'd *Bellimante*, what Confusion must the poor Man be in, both at the Irony of your Behaviour, and the just Satire of these Lines.

I believe, Madam, resum'd *Philetas*, his Mind might not be altogether compos'd at that Time ; but he endeavour'd to support the Character of a Philosopher as much as he was able, and only coldly told me, he had seen the Book before, and, after forcing himself to take a complaisant Leave, went out of the Room with a good deal less Assurance, I could perceive, than he had enter'd it.

How charm'd am I, said *Miranda*, with the Mortification you gave him ; I fancy, after what he has receiv'd from you and *Alario*, he will a little better consult the Characters of the Persons he addresses, and not offer his *Treatise*, where there is so little Probability of its being receiv'd.

*Philetas*, added *Dorinthus*, could not have taken a more assur'd Method of humbling his Vanity, than by opposing *the Humours of Whist*, to his *Treatise on Whist*, which so well exposes the Absurdities, false Calculations, Blunders, and indeed the Folly and Stupidity, as well as the ill Tendency of the Design, that he will never be able to get over the Raillery it has occasion'd him, even by those who inadvertently thought fit to encourage it at first.

Well, cry'd *Emilia*, I am glad my private Opinion has the Authority of so good a Judge as *Dorinthus* ; for I will own myself a Lover of Play so far as an Amusement ; and of all Games *Whist* has ever been my Favourite, but, by studying the *Professor's* Book, in order to play better than I did, I am become so puzzled and bewilder'd, that I can scarce play at all.

It has had the same Effect on a great many others as well as your Ladyship, said *Lucilius*, smiling ; but to be *intelligible* was not the Author's Design : Had he wrote to be understood, there had been no Need of his attending to give an Explanation, and consequently could have claim'd no Fees.

I can easily forgive the Absurdity of the Rules he lays down as the Perfection of Play, said *Aristo*, were they yet more gross ; for to one Person that studies them, in order to prevent being imposed upon, I am pretty sure there are an hundred, who do it with a View of imposing on others, and I would have all such caught in their own Snare. The more complete therefore the Treatise was, the more pernicious it would be ; but as there is no Danger from that Quarter, the Encouragers of it merit, in my Opinion, the severest Ridicule. Those I mean who promote his Subscription, give him a Guinea for about Sixpenny-worth of Ware, and five for every Hour he passes in explaining his preposterous System. — This is really such a Proof of the Depravity of the Taste and Understanding of the present Age, as must render us the Contempt of all succeeding ones.

Every Attempt therefore, to expose this too reigning Folly, rejoin'd *Lucilius*, and shew we are not all sunk in the same Degree of Stupidity, cannot be too much applauded ; for this Reason I have recommended the Satire, *Philetus* just now mention'd, to all my Acquaintance, and the Author has so agreeably introduced some known Stories in it, as well as mark'd  
some



some particular Characters, that I doubt not but the publick Spirit he has testified will have a good Effect on the Morals of those that read it.

It would be a Pleasure to every thinking Man to find it so, said *Dorinthus*; but the Disposition of the Times does not seem to flatter so sanguine an Expectation: People appear to me no less pleas'd with giving an Opportunity of being imposed upon, than by finding one of imposing upon others; and, to shew how far this gaming System prevails, where one should least expect it, I happen'd to go into a Cabinet-maker's Shop some Days ago, where the Glance of a fine Skreen immediately took my Eye; on drawing near to examine it, I found it was the Laws of the *Game of Whist*, most curiously printed in Gold Letters upon purple Sattin: I was very much surpriz'd, and asked the Master of the Shop for whose Use this *Memento* was design'd. On which he told me, for one of the Princesses, to whom he was going to send it immediately. Indeed I thought the Man deceived me, and, as it is common with those Sort of People to mention some great Name, in order to bring into Fashion what will be of Advantage to themselves, look'd on his telling me this as a Lure, to engage me to bespeak one of the same; but I was presently convinced I had wrong'd him, when one of her Royal Highness's Footmen came in to ask, If it were ready to be sent Home?

Heavens!

Heavens ! interrupted *Ethelinda*, with a Warmth uncommon to her, can it be possible ? I should rather think *Magna Charta*, or the *Act of Settlement*, with all its *Clauses*, had been a more proper Piece of Furniture at *St. James's*. But, continued that excellent Lady, after a Moment's Pause, and calling back some Part of that Fire, with which her Eyes and Cheeks were animated when she began to speak, People in high Life are not to be answerable for everything done in their Name. Perhaps this ridiculous Screen, though carried to the *Palace Royal*, might not really be commanded to be brought there by either of the *Princesses*.

Whether the Company were all of *Ethelinda's* Opinion, I cannot pretend to say, but none of them urged any thing in Contradiction to it.—There was indeed a profound Silence for about half a Minute, when *Alario*, to vary the Conversation, asked *Philetus* some Questions concerning a Horse he was breeding up for the Race at *New-market* ; which the other having answered in a Manner which shewed he took a great deal Delight in that Diversion, Well, cried *Emilia*, interrupting something he was about to add on that Head, I see you have all your favourite Ways of killing Time.—Here have been abundance of severe Things said against an Amusement, in which perhaps our Sex have but too great a Share, but not a Word against one from which we are excluded.-----Now I will be judged by any Person not prejudiced in favour of either, If this is not partial to the last Degree ? and if there is not

as many Frauds, Deceptions, and foul Play practis'd among the *Jockeys* at a *Horse-Race*, as there can be by the most *noted Sharper* at a *Gaming-Table*.

As partial as you may think me, Madam, reply'd *Philetas*, I readily acknowledge the Truth of what you say, and also that many Gentlemen have suffer'd by the little Artifices of those Fellows you mention ; but I cannot, with the same Facility, be brought to allow, that this is any Argument against Horse-Racing itself : If it were, I am certain the amiable *Emilia* has too much Penetration not to see, it would equally hold good against the several Institutions of Law and Physick ; nay, even the more sacred ones of Government and Religion, in all which there are *Jockeys* too, who not only endeavour to circumvent each other, but have their various Stratagems to deceive, impose upon, and plunder those who put too great a Trust in them.

Besides, said *Alario*, to train up so useful and noble a Part of the Creation, as Horses unquestionably are, has, in all polish'd Nations and Ages of the World, been always look'd upon as a most laudable Care.—The Races of Antiquity make a very great Figure in History, and, it is observable, were most encourag'd in those Places, where Arts, Sciences, and the Spirit of Liberty most prevail'd : I could wish we imitated them in *these last*, as much as we attempt to do in the *former*.——Not but there were Avarice and Corruption to be found among them : A golden Ball, thrown  
in

## 94 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

in the Way of the swiftest Charioteer, has sometimes prevail'd above the Glory of winning the Race ; yet was not the Institution itself Estimation for such a Perversion of it. Many Arguments may doubtless be alledged in favour of Horse-Racing ; but the best that can be said of Gaming is, that, when People of real Honour and good Sense play, it is an innocent Amusement, and sure there are a thousand others no less agreeable, and which are in no Danger of becoming Matters either of Contention or Avarice.

I have the Honour to be entirely of your Mind, reply'd *Bellimante*, when what we call a Diversion grows serious, it loses both its Name and Intent, and becomes a Business.—Cards therefore, especially the Game of *Whist*, takes up the Head too much.—*Horse-Race* are certainly very sprightly and agreeable ; but I must own my favourite Recreation is Dancing ; both Sexes have a Part in it, and it gives a lively Turn to the Mind as well as the Body.

Among this agreeable Society, there was not one that did not testify their Approbation of *Bellimante's* Choice : *Ethelinda* told her in particular, that her Opinion in that, as in every Thing else, was conformable to Reason : And *Acasto* said, That, as old as he was, he could yet lead up a Lady in a Country-dance. We will try you then, cry'd *Alario*, for, with *Ethelinda's* Leave, I purpose to give a Ball To-morrow Night, and expect you will all favour me with your Company. We all  
accepted

accepted the Invitation with Pleasure ; and, it growing late, took our Leave with the Compliments usual on such Occasions, but which had in them a greater Share of *Sincerity* than *Form*.

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THE Ball and Collation given us by *Alario*, were truly magnificent, and worthy of his Dignity and the Generosity of his Nature. The Ladies, in Honour of their illustrious Host, blazed in all the Pomp of Gold and Jewels ; but *Ethelinda*, brightest among the Bright, shone with superior Lustre, and all the glittering Ornaments about her seem'd rather the Poils than Embellishments of her native Charms : Among the Men, *Philctes* and *Lucillius* were conspicuous by the Gallantry of their Air and Dress : *Dorinthus* and *Aristo*, if less gay, were equally agreeable ; nor was *Acasto*, tho' more plain and conformable to his Years, without something in his Manner extremely attractive. In fine, there never was an Assembly that appear'd more grand ; and, what render'd it yet more charming, a general Contentment, and the Height of Satisfaction seem'd to sit on every Face. It was near Morning when we broke up, and the lovely *Bellimante* had the Pleasure to perceive none of us were tired with the Diversion which she had declared was her favourite one. *Ethelinda* a little chid *Acasto*, for not bringing *Rodmond* and *Zoa* to partake  
of



of it ; but he excused himself by saying, That, as the beautiful *Indian* was yet a Stranger to the Customs of the *Europeans*, a Consciousness of her want of Behaviour might have been a Shock to her Modesty in this publick Entertainment ; but said, they should both receive the Honour she condescended to permit them the next visiting Day. That admirable Lady took what he alledged as a sufficient Reason ; but charged him not to give her any Occasion to reproach him a second Time.

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T H E

## Lady's Drawing Room.

D A Y the T H I R D.

THE Desire of seeing *Zoa* and her worthy Husband brought us all more early than usual to *Ethelinda's*. *Acasto*, who doubtless guess'd at our Impatience, would not suffer it to be long unsatisfy'd, and we were but just enter'd into some Discourse concerning that Adventure, when he appear'd with those two engaging Persons. *Rodomond* was tall, well proportion'd, and had more the Appearance of a Man bred up at Court, than in a Factory of Merchants, which shews that true Dignity, both of Mind and Deportment, is more natural than acquir'd. *Zoa* had every Thing, except Completion, that could form a perfect Beauty, and even that was less swarthy than I have seen in some that are born in *Europe*, and not esteem'd unlovely. Her Air had in it all the easy, genteel Turn of the *French* Ladies, with the Sweetness and Modesty of the *English*, (I mean those of them which retain the true *English* Manner, without the Mixture

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of

of some late Fashions.) She receiv'd the Compliments that *Ethelinda*, and, after her, all the Company made her, with great Humility, but nothing of that abject Meanness, which People of narrow Minds testify, when they find themselves caress'd in an extraordinary Manner by their Superiors, and which, in reality, seems rather to call in Question, than do Honour to the Judgment of those who treat them with Respect. *Ethelinda* and *Bellimante* made her sit between them, and did the most obliging Things to her; and *Almon*, who had been inform'd of all the Particulars of her Story by his illustrious Consort, told *Rodmond*, that he lost by being of the Church of *England*, for, had he been of that of *Rome*, they would have done no less than canoniz'd him for making so amiable a Convert. With as little Reason, my Lord, reply'd the young Merchant, smiling, as for several who fill the Calendar, at least if the Accounts we have of some of their Saints may be depended on. But I assure your Grace the Merit of my dear *Zoa's* Conversion is all her own; and she had an extreme Desire of being instructed in the Mysteries of the *Christian* Faith long before I had the Pleasure of her Acquaintance.

Had it been otherwise, said *Agathe*, you might have been in Danger of growing too vain, and the beautiful *Zoa* had run more Hazards than one, by trusting herself to your Honour. In speaking these last Words he look'd full on *Bellimante*, who, remembering what she had said on this Head, blush'd excessively. Indeed,

and

said the charming *Indian*, I should not have acted in the Manner I did for any but a *Christian*; but I am not ashamed to avow before all this noble Company, that I also would not have done it for any other *Christian* than *Rodmond*. These few Words were deliver'd with so much Grace and Sweetness, that, in spite of the little Hesitation, which want of a perfect Knowledge of the Language she spoke in occasion'd, had all the Force of Eloquence. *Rodmond* express'd the Sense he had of this publick Demonstration of the Affection his amiable Wife had for him, by the most respectful Bow, accompany'd by a Look full of Tenderness; nor was there any one present who did not testify their Approbation of the pretty Distinction she made. After which *Ethelinda* told her she suppos'd, that she had convers'd very much with the *English*, and perhaps had seen their Way of Worship, which had determin'd her to embrace the true Faith as soon as Opportunity wou'd permit. To which the lovely *Indian* reply'd, That she always had a great Veneration for the *English*, and had frequently visited some of them; but that she was not indebted for the Desire of becoming a *Christian* by any Arguments or Persuasions of theirs; those of the Factory being very cautious how they mention'd any such Thing to the Natives, fearing to create Animosities; but, added she, the happy Propensity was partly born with me, and partly instill'd by some Papers left me by my dear Mother, who was a *Christian* and an *European*.

The whole Company seem'd a little surpris'd at these Words: They could no otherwise account

## 100 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

for a *Christian* and an *European* being married to an *Indian Banyan*, than that she must have been one of those unhappy Persons, who, to avoid some publick Shame in their own Country, seek a Refuge in the Colonies abroad. A profound Silence reign'd for about the Space of a Minute, 'till *Acasto*, perhaps guessing the Occasion, interrupted it by saying, There is something no less particular in the History of that Lady who brought *Zoa* into the World, than in that of *Zoa* herself; it is all written with her own Hand in the *Malayan* Language, for the Use of her Daughter, who, willing it should be made publick, has desir'd her Husband to put it into *English*. The various Accidents, and at last the severe Necessity which compell'd her to become the Wife of a Man of a Complexion, Religion and Manners so different from those of her own Country, will, I doubt not, excite the Compassion of all here, and in that Confidence I oblig'd *Rodomond* to bring it with him.

*Ethelinda*, who knew too well the Politeness of *Acasto*, to imagine he would propose any Subject of Entertainment unworthy the Attention of those who were to partake of it, entreated *Rodomond* to gratify the Curiosity his Patron had excited; on which he immediately took the Manuscript out of his Pocket, and having made a short Apology for what Errors he might have been guilty of in the Translation, having, as he said, only taken Care to keep up to the exact Sense of the Original, without any Endeavour to give it the Ornaments of Language, began to read as follows.



THE TRUE HISTORY

OF

HENRIETTA de *BELLGRAVE*.

A Woman born only for Calamities:

A distress'd VIRGIN, unhappy WIFE,  
and most afflicted MOTHER.

*Wrote by herself for the Use of her Daughter.*

ALL that enables me to support a Life, which, from my very Infancy, has presented me with nothing but Misfortunes, is the Desire of seeing you arrive at an Age capable of being made sensible of what you truly are: I cannot die, and leave you with no other Knowledge of yourself, than that you are the Daughter of an *Indian Banyan*, and a *Heathen*. O then, if it pleases Heaven, that these Papers fall into your Hands, be careful of them. I conjure you by all that Duty, that Love, and that Respect, which even the Worship you are train'd up in enjoins from Children to their Parents, read them not lightly over, but examine every Article, weigh every Precept; engrave them in your Mind, that, if by any Accident you lose the Original, your Memory may supply

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you

you with a faithful Copy. — I command you also, to keep whatever you find here an inviolable Secret, unless Providence, whose Ways are all mysterious, should happily conduct you to some Place, where it may be to your Advantage to reveal it.

Know then, my dear *Zoa*, that, by my Side, you are descended from two very antient and honourable Families, in a Kingdom famous over the whole World, not only for its Extent, the Pleasantness of its Situation, and the Magnificence of its Buildings; but also, for the Laws, Customs and Manners of its Inhabitants: I need not tell you it is *France* I mean, since you have often heard me say, the Place I was born in is call'd so.

My Father was the Eldest Son of the Count *de Bellgrave*: My Mother a Daughter of the Baron *de Soissons*. If you should ever happen to meet with any one from that Country, you will hear such Characters of the Virtue and Grandeur of your Ancestors, as, tho' I would not wish should make you proud, ought nevertheless to inspire in you a just Scorn of doing any Thing unworthy of the Race you sprung from.

It is the Policy of People of Condition, in my Country, and in most Parts of *Europe*, when they have more Daughters than they can conveniently portion out, rather than consent to their Marriage with Persons of an inferior Rank, to shut one, or more of them, into certain Houses call'd *Monasteries*, where they are secluded from the World for ever, and compell'd, often against their Inclination,

to devote themselves wholly to Heaven, and the Duties of Religion. The Baron, having a numerous Offspring, intended to sacrifice my Mother in this Manner to the Grandeur of his Family ; but the Passion my Father had for her prevented it: After having in vain implor'd the Count's Consent they were privately married. The Affair was kept a Secret for some Time, nor had been divulg'd so soon, had not the Baron's Resolution, of thrusting my Mother into a Monastery, oblig'd them to confess it to him ; and she, soon after, becoming pregnant, the Honour of his Family render'd it necessary the Truth shou'd be made publick. Nothing cou'd surpass the Count's Indignation, when he was first made acquainted with it ; he wou'd never after suffer my Father to come into his Presence, nor allow any Thing towards his Support, or that of the Wife he had made Choice of ; and, tho' a great Number of the Nobility interested themselves in this Cause, and represented to him, That there was nothing in a Daughter of the Baron *de Soissons*, except want of Fortune, that could be look'd upon as unworthy a Son of the Count *de Bellgrave* ; and that my Mother's Virtue, Beauty, and other Qualifications, well atton'd for that Deficiency, He continued as inexorable as ever ; nor did my Birth, for I was the first, and, indeed, the sole Fruits of this unhappy Marriage, in the least soften his obdurate Heart, and, for thirteen Years, neither my Father, Mother, nor self, had any other Support, than what we receiv'd from the Indulgence of the good

Baron, which, giving a Mortal Uneasiness to his other Children, render'd our Lives very uncomfortable.

While we were in this melancholy Situation, News arriv'd of the Death of the Governor of *Iranadad*, a Settlement the *French* have in the *East Indies* : The Prince of *Corda* requested the King, That my Father might succeed him. It was a Post, indeed, far beneath the Heir of *Bellgrave* to accept of ; but it was a noble Provision for a Son in Disgrace with his Father, and who had no Subsistence, but from the Father of his Wife. As such my Father receiv'd the Grant of it, and kiss'd his Majesty's Hand, with the sincerest Gratitude, as well as testify'd his Acknowledgments to the Prince, by whose Intercession it had been conferr'd upon him.

It was the Opinion of every Body, that this News wou'd bring the Count *de Bellgrave* to Reason, and that he would rather forgive, and make a handsome Settlement on his Son, than suffer him to go to a Place, whence he could not expect he would ever return, during his Life ; but he was deaf to all the Calls of Nature, and paternal Affection, nor would even permit my Father to take Leave of him before his Departure.

The *Baron* wou'd fain have persuaded my Father and Mother, to have left me with him, but a fatal Fondness, to which I owe all my Miseries, would suffer neither of them to be prevail'd upon. — Yet, ought I not to condemn it ; they knew the Jealousy my Uncles and Aunts had of me, and fear'd the Effect



of it, if I were left defenceless, and exposed to their Malice, which, they doubted not, but would encrease, in Proportion to the Baron's Affection towards me. Nothing, however, could have equal'd, or even come within Comparifon, of the Mifchiefs entail'd upon me by this *Indian Voyage*: Mifchiefs fo numerous, and of that dreadful Kind, that, if related by any other than a Mother, you would fcarce believe could happen to one Woman.

Every Thing being prepar'd for our Departure, for the Magnificence of which all the Kindred of both Sides, except the cruel Count, contributed, we embark'd on board a large and well ftored Veffel. — Favourable Winds, and finooth Seas, gave us the Proſpect of a happy Voyage; and never was a greater Alteration than what I perceived in the Faces of my dear Parents: 'The Pleaſure of ſeeing themſelves independent, tho' in a Rank inferior to the Dignity of their Birth, diffus'd ſuch an Air of Gaiety thro' all their Features, as was aſtoniſhing to me, being too young to penetrate into the Cauſe, and made me diſcover Charms in them, I had never ſeen before. — My Mother, 'tis certain, was extremely lovely, and my Father wanted none of theſe manly Graces which command Reſpect. I was thought to partake of what was moſt agreeable in both; but, alas! few Traces of what they were now remain in me! — Waſted with continual Pinings in Youth, I ſuffer all the Decays that Age cou'd have produc'd; nor have you ever ſeen in me any Thing of that Beauty, which ſeem'd as



if just bestow'd upon me only for my Ruin, and, when that was complicated, was snatch'd away, no more, than my Peace of Mind, to be recover'd, leaving me nothing but the sad Remembrance of Ideas, it was my cruel Fortune never to enjoy the Reality of.

If ever I knew true Satisfaction, it was on Board ; while at the Baron's, the Melancholy, in which I saw those dear Persons plung'd, who gave me Being ; the distant Looks of some of my Relations, and the Reflections, sometimes thrown on me by others, the Fear I was in of incurring their Displeasure, and rendering them yet more harsh, gave me as much Disquiet, as it was possible for one of my Age to feel ; but now, to find a great Number of Servants ready to obey my Call, to see the obsequious Behaviour of the whole Ship's Crew, and even of the Officers themselves, towards my Father and Mother, was such a pleasing Alteration in our Fortunes, as quite elated my young Heart, and I became in a manner transported with it. — Contentment too short, alas ! too transient, for so many Years of racking Woe ! — While we thought our malevolent Stars had left off persecuting us, they were collecting all their Venom, to pour it down at once with greater Force upon us.

One Morning, as I lay in my Cabin, within that of their Excellencies, for by that Title they now call'd my Father and Mother, I was wak'd with an unusual Noise, and presently after heard the firing of Guns ; I was starting up, in order to enquire into the Meaning

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ing of this Alarm, when a Maid, that waited on me, came in and told me, a Pirate had attack'd us, and that it was proper I should rise, in Case of Accidents. The Terror that appear'd in her Countenance, and her trembling as she spoke, convinc'd me, that we were in great Danger. With her Assistance I soon got on my Cloaths, and ran to my Mother, whom I found earnest at her Devotions by her Bed-side. — Some others coming into the Cabin, at the same Time I did, interrupted them, and she cry'd out, Where, — O! where is the Governor? Safe, Madam, as yet, answer'd one of them, but we cannot prevail on him to come down, and the Balls fly thick as Hail about the Deck. She was then running up, to endeavour to persuade him to a greater Regard for his Life, but was stopt by a sudden, loud, and confus'd Noise, which to us sounded as if the Top of the Ship, with all the Masts, were breaking down. — They have boarded us! — They have boarded us! cry'd one of the Salois, with a great Oath; Death, or Slavery: — We have no Time to lose. With this the Uproar over our Heads grew more violent, and in an Instant the Cabin was clear'd of all but my Mother, myself, and two or three Women Servants: But with what Words can I express the Consternation, the Horror this poor Lady was in! She wept, she cry'd to Heaven for Relief. — One Moment she press'd me in her Arms, and cry'd, My dear *Henrietta*, what will become of thee? — The next shriek'd out, *Bellgrave!* where is my *Bellgrave!*  
O!

—— O! why does his Courage transport him to forget he has a Wife and a Daughter, and thus madly hazard a Life on which alone ours depend? —— A thousand Times did she run to the Cabin-door, thinking to reach him with her Voice. —— Then as precipitately started back, frighten'd at some fresh Alarm; but the last, and most dreadful one, was the Sight of my dear Father, cover'd with Blood, and supported between two Men. As soon as they had laid him on the Bed, My Dear, said he, to my Mother, it was not in human Valour to preserve our Liberty; —— Heaven has refus'd its Assistance; —— the Ship is taken, and we all are Slaves; —— the Ill is past Redemption; —— do not, by your tumultuous Grief, provoke our Conquerors to use us worse. —— The Agony he saw her in occasion'd him to speak these Words, which she had no Time to reply to: The Cabin was in a Moment crowded with Men, who seem'd to be a mingled Rabble of all Nations, but all equally fierce and terrible in their Aspect. —— The Captain, who, I perceiv'd afterwards, was among them, gave some Orders in a Language which I did not understand, but the Effects declar'd they were in our Favour, for the greatest Part of those Wretches, whose Countenances added to the Horror of our Fate, withdrew, and left only himself and three or four more with us, one of whom happen'd to be a *Frenchman*, and afterwards serv'd as an Interpreter between his Officer and my Father. On being inform'd who we were, he had the Humanity

to command my Father's Wounds to be taken Care of, and to permit us to remain in the Cabin ; but all the rest, except two Women Servants belonging to us, were confin'd under Hatches. Having remov'd all that was most valuable out of our Ship into his own, he return'd into it, and left a Mate and some few Sailors to make the best Way they could with us to *Madagascar*. a large Island, which has long been the Receptacle and Azilum for these Sea-robbers.

What a sad Reverse was now in our Condition ! Instead of being adorn'd and attended with all the Pomp of Majesty, and going to receive the Homage of a whole Province, we were stript of every Thing the Bounty of our Friends had bestow'd on us, and about to be conducted into a wretched Slavery, in which there was little Prospect, but to linger out our whole Lives. My Father bore it with a manly Fortitude, but my Mother was inconsolable : The Tenderneſs and Generosity of her Nature wou'd not suffer her to reflect on the Misfortunes of a Husband, brought on him merely by his Affection for her, with any tolerable Degree of Patience ; and, casting up the long Account of Sorrows their Marriage had occasion'd him, found the Sum too large for all the Merits she cou'd find in herself to atone for. This threw her into a deep Melancholy, and a Languishment more dangerous than all my Father's Wounds, which shews, that Distempers of the Mind are with much less Difficulty reliev'd, than any Thing which can affect the Body.

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## 110 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

She often express'd her Sentiments to him, on this Head, in the most affecting Terms ; but, tho' he made use of all the soft Persuasions, the most perfect Passion cou'd inspire, to convince her, that he was so far from repenting what he had done, that, were he still to chuse, he wou'd embrace a Life of Poverty with her, rather than the most envy'd Grandeur, depriv'd of her Society ; yet cou'd he not alleviate these gloomy Thoughts, and she would sigh, and say, The more she found him worthy, the more she had Reason to regret being the Instrument of his Unhappiness.

As I was always near them, and could not avoid hearing these melancholy Entertainments, my Heart was so much touch'd with them, that I had not the Power to restrain myself from uttering something, that look'd like a Repining at Providence, for the little Care it seem'd to take of Innocence and Virtue ; but, whenever any Thing of this Nature fell from me, I was immediately check'd for it, and such Lessons of Patience, and Resignation to the Divine Will, taught me, as have been of great Service to me in those dreadful Accidents which have since befallen me.

We had not been above eight Days Prisoners to the Pirates, before Heaven, indeed, sent us a Deliverance, which once more flatter'd us with Hopes of Happiness. The Ship that took us, and which still kept Company with us, it seems, had descry'd an *English* Vessel, which, supposing it to be richly laden, the



the Captain of the Pirates resolved to attack ; but, their Powder and Shot being very much wasted in the Fight with us, they sent the Long-Boat for a Supply. This occasion'd our lying by, while the two Ships were engag'd. The *English* made a brave Defence, but must have been taken at last, if, by an unexpected Accident, it had not been reliev'd. Some of our Men, in the Confusion those were in, whom the Pirates had left on board us, found Means to get their Liberty, and soon gave it to their Fellows, and presently overpower'd their Enemies, kill'd and threw over-board all that offer'd to make Resistance, and our Captain came to us with the joyful News, that he was now once more Commander of his own Ship. We then crowded all the Sails, thinking to escape, while the Pirate was engag'd with the *English*, but unhappily the Vessel had sprung so great a Leak, that those at the Pump cry'd out, It was impossible it should endure two Hours Sail, on which my Father, the Captain, and whole Crew were of Opinion, the best Expedient we had was to join the *English* Vessel, and assist her with what Ammunition was left, which indeed was but a small Quantity, the greatest Part, as I said before, having been sent for by the Pirate. We had, however, a great Number of Hands, and the *English*, encouraged by so unhop'd for a Relief, fell briskly on. Our Men, who knew they must either conquer, or die, in the midst of a thousand Shot, got up to, and boarded the Pirate Sword in Hand, where, though many fell, the rest did great Execu-

## 112 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

Execution : The *English* then ceasing to fire, because their Friends must have suffer'd by it, equally with their Foes, veer'd about, and boarded the Pirate on the other Side ; in fine, never was a more obstinate Fight, but, in the End, Heaven gave the Victory to the justest Side, tho' not without a vast Effusion of Blood. The Pirates were almost all kill'd or wounded, and their Ship so shatter'd, that the *English*, having remov'd all the Effects into their own Vessel, left it, with the few that yet remain'd alive, to the Mercy of the Seas. Our's was also by this Time so full of Water, that we were oblig'd to quit it, with the utmost Precipitation, and get on board the *English*. The Captain spoke *French* perfectly well, was a Man of as much Politeness as Bravery, and no sooner heard, from my Father, who we were, and the Accidents that had happen'd, since our leaving *France*, than he treated us with all the Marks of Respect imaginable, return'd to us all that had been taken from us by the Pirate, and which we had now retaken, and would have oblig'd my Father, and the Captain, to have shar'd with him in the other Prizes found on board, in Consideration of the seasonable Assistance he had receiv'd from us, but they would accept of nothing, but what had been their own before, and only desired that they would put in at *Iranadad*, and permit us to land. The Captain seem'd extremely troubled at this Request, and told my Father, he was sorry he had ask'd the only Thing out of his Power to grant, the Ship not being his own, but belonging to a Com-

Company of Merchants, to whom he was, in Effect, no more than a Servant. ——— That the Effects he had on board were of a very great Value, and that he could not answer the putting in at any Place to which he had not a Commission, much less one appertaining to a Prince with whom his Nation was, at that Time, at War. But, added he, when we arrive at *Bombay*, where I am bound, I will take Care to represent the Service I have receiv'd from you in such a Manner to the Governor and Factory, that I dare give your Excellency the Assurance of a Ship to carry you, and all belonging to you, to your desired Port.

My Father was sensible the Reasons he gave were just, and we were oblig'd to content ourselves with the Prospect we had, that, after this long Voyage, we should at last arrive where we intended.

We should indeed have pass'd our Time pleasantly enough on board this Vessel, had it not been for my Mother's Indisposition, which every Day increas'd so, that her Life was despair'd of. My Father, now perfectly recover'd of his Wounds, stirr'd not a Moment from her Bedside, nor would either my Duty or Affection permit me to quit her. She linger'd, in this melancholy Decline, for about five Weeks, and, when she found the Hour of her Dissolution was approaching, took a Farewel of my Father with more Resolution than could have been expected from her : So great was her Tendernefs and Regard for him, that it even surmounted all those Terrors, which  
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## 114 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

generally attend the Separation of the Soul from the Body. She doubted not but, when she was no more, he would be easily reconcil'd to the Count, and return to all those Honour and Pleasures of Life, which his Love for her had given so long an Interruption to, and this Idea made her quit the World with rather a Shew of Satisfaction, than the contrary. — She embrac'd and gave me her Blessing with the same Serenity ; then, turning again to my Father, conjur'd him to let no Accidents or future Events make him forgetful of me. These were the last Words she spoke. — That Instant her pure and spotless Soul flew to receive its Reward, for the Virtues it had practis'd here, and left us to lament, with unavailing Tears, so great a Loss.

Tho' it is certain, never Man lov'd with a more constant and ardent Passion, than my Father, yet he had that Fortitude peculiar to great Minds, not to bewail Misfortunes which were irrecoverable ; a decent Sorrow sat upon his Brow, and hung heavy on his Heart, but his Tears were few, and soon dry'd up, nor did he refuse the Consolations given him by the *English*, as well as by those of his own People: He would not consent my Mother should be buried in the Sea, but order'd her to be embalm'd by the Surgeon of the Ship, and had her laid in a Chest, resolving, tho' dead, she should be the Companion of his Voyage to *Bombay*, and afterwards, to his Government, where he intended to inter her, in a Manner suitable to her Birth, her Virtue, and the Affection he had borne her living.

But

But alas ! how vain are the Designs of Man, when all-disposing Heaven refuses its Assent ! Not only his dear Wife, but himself also was destin'd to a watery Grave. We were so near *Bombay* as to be able to discern Land, when, about the Close of Day, a Storm arose more violent, as the Mariners told us, than had ever been known in these Seas. The Ship was extremely large, and of great Burthen, yet did the Strength and Fury of the Waves toss it to a stupendous Height, then plunge it down again, as from a Precipice. One Moment the gather'd Surges lifted us up as on a Pinnacle ; the next parted and seem'd to swallow us in the dreadful Gap.——Darkness came on, our Dangers and our Fears redoubled : —— The Hurricane grew more outrageous : —— The Masts, the Rudder, were all torn away, the Waters came pouring in, and one and all cry'd out, We are lost ! —— No Hope but in the Long-Boat, which being immediately thrown out, my Father, myself, and as many of the Sailors as could get in, took to it : —— Too many indeed, for it immediately sunk, and all perish'd that were in it, except three Persons, one of whom was my unhappy self ; and the others were one of the Mates belonging to the *English*, and a *Cook* we brought with us from *France*. Being extremely dextrous in Swimming, they not only sav'd themselves, but me. —— They saw me floating as they afterwards told me, and catch'd hold of my Garments each with one Hand, and with the other combated the Waves. —— Wonderful indeed was my Preservation ! and  
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## 116 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

some Time after, when I reflected on the Care that Providence then took of me, I flatter'd myself, I was destin'd to see Days as happy as in Reality they prov'd miserable.

I was quite senseless when we reach'd the Coast, but my two Deliverers having taken proper Methods, to make me discharge the Water I had swallow'd, I soon came to myself ; but judge, my dear *Zoa*, judge of the Horribleness of my Situation : In the first Emotions of Grief and Despair, I neither thank'd Heaven, nor those who, at the Hazard of their own Lives, had preserv'd mine, but cry'd out for my Father, and, not doubting but not only he and all we had in the World was lost, utter'd such Exclamations, as I fear offended Heaven, and perhaps drew on all my future Woes.

These two Men, for the Mate spoke *French* well enough to be understood, said every Thing they could to comfort me ; It was not impossible, they told me, for the Governor to be safe as well as we were ; and, as to our Effects, the Ship might probably bulge against a Rock, or be driven on the Coast, and, if so, when once the Storm was over, and the Waters sunk to their usual Bounds, great Part of what was in her might be recov'd by Boats, which the Factory would send out for that Purpose.

This last I knew not but might be feasible enough, but as I knew my Father had not the least Skill in Swimming, I could entertain no Shadow of a Hope of ever seeing him more. So great a Loss as such a Parent, might well  
have

have render'd me inconsolable, had I been in my own Country, amidst my Friends, and Mistress of an ample Fortune ; what must it now be to me, when left a wretched Orphan, in a Country in which I was absolutely a Stranger, even as to Language and Customs, no Means of supporting a miserable Life, without Friend to advise, or Money to relieve me ! ——— I laid myself down on the Earth, where I had been sitting since my Recovery, and wept bitterly : The Darknefs of the Night, and hollow whistling of the Winds, which still continued very high, tho' somewhat abated of their late Fury, added to the Horror of my Ideas, and I wish'd for nothing more than to die that Instant.

At length the Day appear'd, and never had a more beautiful Prospect struck my Eyes : The Elements were grown as calm as a few Hours before they had been disturb'd, the Sea roll'd smooth, the Land look'd gay and pleasant ; a Wood behind us, whose Trees were of an uncommon Height, and loaded with Fruit of various Kinds, invited us to taste ; others charm'd the Smell with their Fragrancy, a thousand Birds of different Sorts, and such as I had never seen before, were hopping from Bough to Bough, and chanting out their Thanks to bounteous Nature. I will own to you, that for some Moments the Novelty of every Thing that met my Sight allay'd some Part of my just Sorrows ; but when I turn'd towards the Sea, that cruel Sepulchre of my dear Father, my Tears again began to flow. My Companions had both of them Glasses in their

## 118 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

their Pockets ; but, though by their Help they could see a prodigious Distance, they could discern nothing of the Ship, nor any Tokens of a Wreck. We walk'd a considerable Way on the Sands by the Sea-side, in order to discover, if it were lodg'd in any Creek among the Rocks, but could not perceive any Thing of what we sought. The *English* Mate, who had been three Times in *India* before, and was well acquainted with the Nature of the Winds and Seas in those Parts, told us, he imagin'd the Vessel might be driven by the Current down towards the Neck of the Harbour ; and I might then depend a great deal of her Cargo would be preserv'd. This was some little Alleviation of my Despair : for I began already to find the Want of the Necessities of Nature in my Faintness, having not eat for near 24 Hours. The Men also seem'd as unable to withstand the Calls of Hunger as myself ; and we agreed to go into the Wood and gather Fruit, in order to sustain ourselves, till we should arrive at some Town. The Mate drew his ~~S~~word, and made the Cook do so too, in order, as he told me, to cut down the Boughs ; but in reality, that they might defend themselves and me from the wild Beasts ; but, as neither the Cook nor myself knew any Thing of this Danger, we went fearless on : Nor indeed met with any Thing but Squirrels, Monkeys, and some other little harmless Animals sporting up and down, and which fled at our Approach. We all set down and eat heartily of the Fruit, which was no less delicious to the Taste than pleasant to the Eye.

Eye. While we were taking this Refreshment, the *Mate* express'd some Trouble, that he knew not what Part of the Country we were in, or which Way led to any Town. He was not even positive that we were in *Bombay*, the Darkness of the Night and Violence of the Storm not permitting him to have any Direction when we made to Shore. We were however oblig'd to submit to our Fate, and had no other Remedy than to travel on till we could happily meet some Person that might give us Information, which we did for many a weary Mile, without being able to discover the least Trace of any human Step. The Men supported this Fatigue well enough, but I was frequently ready to fall down through Faintness; and they were oblig'd to carry me by Turns in their Arms, or I could never have been able to have gone through this painful Journey. — Night again came on, and we seem'd as far as ever from our Hope, and the *Mate* then inform'd us of the Danger we were in from wild Beasts, which, he said, it was very likely might haunt those unfrequented Places, especially by Night. Both of them then began to work at cutting down those Boughs that seem'd most wither'd, and made a Pile of them: The Cook had a Flint and Steel in his Pocket, and between them, though with an infinite deal of Labour, they set the Wood on Fire; the Light of which, it seems, keeps those Creatures at a Distance. For my Part, I was too faint and weary to give them any Assistance, and lay down. While they were thus employ'd for our common Safety, it  
was



was afterwards agreed, that I should endeavour to take what Repose I could that Night, in order to enable me for the next Day's Travel; and that each of them should watch alternately, to take care the Fire did not go out, and to rouse the other, in Case of any Accident.

The Place I had made choice of for my Bed was at the Root of a Tree, whose vast Trunk and low hung Boughs at once defended me from the Heat of the Fire, and from the Dews, which are apt to fall very thick in the Night, and, being thus laid as commodiously as the Place we were now in would admit of, not all the Disturbance of my Mind kept me from falling into a profound Sleep, in which I continued 'till towards Morning, and had doubtless done so much longer, but for a sudden and most shocking Interruption. I thought I was in the Arms of a Man, who, while he held me in a strenuous Embrace, seem'd to devour my Lips with eager Kisses.——Frighted I awoke; and what, if I had been alone, would have pass'd as a Dream, I now found was a real Fact.——I shriek'd as loud as the Surprise I was in would give me Leave, but the Villain stopp'd my Mouth with his Hand, and, thinking to impose upon my Youth and Innocence.——Do not be alarm'd, my dear *Henrietta*, said he, I will do you no Injury by Heaven.——I have lov'd you, and ador'd you from the first Minute I beheld you!——Permit me but an innocent Embrace. I ask no more. The Sound of his Voice now made me know it was *Reyneer*, for so our Cook was call'd,



call'd, and at the same Time the Indecencies he proceeded to, convinced me of the Falshood of his Professions. — I struggled, I buffeted the Wretch; but what could my weak Resistance have avail'd, had not his Hand by some Accident slipp'd from my Mouth, and gave me an Opportunity to send forth a second Shriek, so vehement, that it seem'd to rend the very Air, and after that another, before he could be quick enough to prevent me?

The *Mate*, awaking with my Cries, started up amaz'd, and, running to the Place where I was, needed no more to inform him of the Cause! — Monster! said he, when Dangers of every Kind encompass us, and that we live a Moment is owing to the Mercy of Heaven, is it a Time for Lust? *Reynier*, enrag'd at the Disappointment, and not in the least ashamed of the base Attempt, told him, He had no Right to countermand his Actions; and added some foul Name, testifying his Contempt of him, which the other not being of a Temper to endure tamely, they fought. — I was so terrify'd and confus'd at the Affront I had receiv'd, and the Thoughts of what I might receive, if the Cook should get the better, that I staid not to see the Issue of the Combat, but ran as fast as my Feet would carry me, 'till I came into a Forest; where breathless, and tired almost to Death, I sat down beneath the Cover of some Trees that grew pretty thick. — It was now but a Kind of Twilight; and I flatter'd myself that I might be hid there, if even Chance should direct my intended Ravisher that Way. 'Till I thought my-

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self secure from him, my Mind was too much engross'd to think of any other Danger, any other Misfortune ; but now a thousand Terrors assail'd my poor throbbing Heart :———Those Beasts of Prey, the honest *Englishman* had spoke of, made me imagine, that every little Rustling the Wind made among the Leaves, was some voracious Animal coming to devour me.———Indeed, the most sanguine Expectation could not have flatter'd itself with any Hope, in the Situation I then was.———I had been, indeed, preserv'd by a Miracle, but could not look for a Succession of such Wonders in my Favour, and nothing less I thought could afford me either Shelter, Food, or Raiment. Restless I quitted my Seat, I wander'd a little farther, I cast my Eyes every Way, but could discern no Hut, no Cottage, no kind Smoak from any distant Chimney, that might direct my weary Feet where I might beg a hospitable Protection.———Full of despairing Thoughts, the Impossibility there seem'd for me to prolong my Life, made me at length less fearful of Death ; and I sat down again, resolving, in that Posture to wait my Fate, in whatever Shape Heaven should think fit to order it.

The various Miseries, the Toils, the Dangers I had undergone, in a short Space of Time, crowded at once into my Mind, and my Brain too weak to bear the wild Ideas, which presented themselves to me, even the Power of Reflection was taken from me, and I sunk as it were into a Lethargy of Grief. How long my Faculties remain'd in this In-  
activity

activity I know not ; but I was rous'd from it by a new Terror, which was perhaps the only Thing would have had the Power to do it. — It was the Voice of the detestable *Reynier*, who, in the deep Revery I had been in, I neither heard, nor saw approach : You are found again, my lovely Fugitive, said he, you might have fled from your Deliverer ; but from your Lover nothing should have conceal'd you. — I would have pursu'd you to the utmost Corner of the World, and torn you even from your dead Father's Arms ; so violent is my Passion, that to gratify it I would suffer not only all that Man, but Heaven could inflict.

The Remembrance how he had used me reviving at his Sight, and the Apprehensions these Words justly gave me, fill'd me with such a Mixture of Shame, Indignation and Terror, that had I not been preserv'd for lasting Anguish, sure I had died that Instant. — I would have spoke, and was endeavouring to bring forth some Words, that might have check'd his Audacity, but the extream Violence of the different Emotions I then felt, stopp'd the Passage of my Words, and it was only by my Eyes I could express my Meaning ; I believe they were intelligible enough, however, and made him see, that if I were to be gain'd it must be by softer and more humble Methods, than those he had put in Practice. — Hate me not for my Excess of Love, resumed he, in a more respectful Tone than that in which he had at first accosted me ; if it be a Fault, or may have hurried me

to Actions displeasing to you, blame your own Charms, which, as they are transcendant, must have transcendant Effects. — If you ask, why I am so bold? I may retort the Question, and ask, Why you are so beautiful? Believe, O most adorable *Henrietta*, that whatever my Passion enforces me to commit, you, who inspire that Passion, are the Cause; with these Words he catch'd hold of both my Hands, and pull'd me towards him. — Rage at this Action now getting the better of those other Agitations, which had depriv'd me of Utterance; — Villain! cry'd I, audacious Slave! how dar'st thou even think of me in this Manner? Much less to touch me, and insult me with such odious Declarations. — I went on reproaching him in this Manner, with all the Violence I could find Words to express, but could perceive it had little Effect on him; and when he found I had rav'd and struggled myself quite out of Breath, — Come, come, my charming cruel *Henrietta*, said he, forcing me to sit down by him, consult your Reason, that will tell you, you are wholly in my Power; that this Moment I could satiate my utmost Wishes, in the Possession of your Charms, in spite of all your Coyness; but my Love for you is no less tender than it is violent. I would enjoy your Heart, would engage you to a willing Return of the Affection I have for you. — I am not insensible of the Disparity of our Birth; but Fortune has now reduced you to an Equality with me: — Are we not both in a Condition, such as would make us rejoice to earn a Piece of Bread by begging?



begging?—Why then this Pride, this unreasonable Haughtiness?—Let us rather endeavour to alleviate the Misery of our present Circumstances, by partaking of those Pleasures Nature denies not to the meanest.——We may, if you consent, baffle the Malice of our ill Stars, and be as happy as the first created Pair in Paradise.——See, said he, I have found two Arrows, I have Packthread about me, and this Forest will easily furnish me with Materials to make a Bow.——I will shoot Birds, to supply my lovely *Henrietta's* Hunger; will hew out a Kan with my Knife, and fetch her Water from the Brook; will gather her the choicest Fruits, watch by her while she sleeps, and be her guardian Angel.——Mov'd by our mutual Love and Sufferings, Heaven may at last direct us to some Place, where we may find some of our own Species, and there I will work for her Support.——O then, continued he, despise me not, but let those lovely Eyes look with Compassion on me, take me to your Bosom, and try the Joys of Love; Joys, which even in this dreadful Wild, may make us more completely bless'd than Monarchs on their Thrones.

All the Time he was speaking, tho' he had still hold of both my Hands, which I in vain endeavour'd to get loose, my Face was turn'd from him, so that he saw not the Tears that fell from my Eyes, while internally I invok'd Heaven to send me some Relief; but, having ended what he had to say at that Time, he threw his Head upon my Breast, and conjur'd me to make him some Reply.——What



can I say, cry'd I as fiercely as I could, but what thou knowest already, that I look on thee as a Wretch unworthy of Life ; and that I almost loath myself, for being lov'd by so contemptible and so impious a Villain ?

Then you resolve I shall have Recourse to Force, said he :—Not Force nor Fraud shall give thee any Advantage over me, answer'd I ; a just Consciouſness of what we both are leaves me in no Danger of the one, and to prevent the other I can die.

You but deceive yourself, cry'd the Wretch, with a malicious Grin, I will enjoy you first, and leave you afterwards to chuse what Death your foolish Pride likes best. O Heaven have pity on me ! shriek'd I out, ready to burst with inward Rage and Horror.—You waste your Breath in vain, said he, there now is none to interrupt my Pleasures :—He that attempted it I have sent to another World, to boast how great a Champion he has been of Virtue here.—Murderous Villain, cry'd I, which was all he gave me Leave to speak : He that Moment aim'd to perpetrate his base Intent, and sure Heaven in this dreadful Juncture gave me a double Portion of Strength.—I tore, I scratch'd the abandon'd Monster ; I sprung from his Grasp and fled.—He pursued and overtook me :—Again I was in his Power.—I made the Forest echo with my Cries.—A Lyon or a Tyger to devour him, or me, or both of us, would now have been a welcome Sight ; for I, alas ! in spite of all the Efforts I made, was near being overcome, near being made  
the

the Prey of a worse Monster, *Lust*; when all at once seven or eight Men came rushing thro' the Thicket where we were, and, seeing the Violence I was like to suffer, preserv'd my Honour, and struck the Invader of it dead at my Feet, with a Kind of Javelin, one of them had in his Hand.

I must now inform you from whom, and by what Chance I receiv'd this unexpected Deliverance.—You know, my dear *Zoa*, your Father has a fine Country-house, about three Leagues from the vast Forest of *Chiama*; it was in that Forest I had sustain'd the Hardships I have related, and these were Men belonging to the *Banyan*, who happen'd to come there, in order to hunt the wild Boar. As on those Occasions they always go arm'd with Javelins and Arrows, I suppose it might be some of their Arrows, which had miss'd their Mark, that the wicked *Reynier* found and mention'd to me. I cannot express to you the Surprise, with which these *Indians* star'd upon me: Indeed the Figure I made might naturally occasion them to do so; My Garments, though rich, drench'd in the Sea Water, and dried in the Sun and Wind, were of a thousand disagreeable Colours, torn with the Bryars thro' which I had passed, as was also my Flesh in many Places. My Hair unfilleted, and hanging in wild Disorder over my Shoulders, my Looks were, doubtless, no less confused.—All this, join'd to the Place and Manner in which they found me, must make them conclude some extraordinary Adventure had befallen me: They came round me, they survey'd

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vey'd me from Head to Foot, and talk'd very fast to one another ; but, tho' I had not the least Understanding in their Language, nor had ever heard it before, I could perceive by their Gestures, what they said was not in my Disfavour. After having had their Fill of gazing on me, two of them took me by each Hand, and led me between them thro' the Forest, helping me, whenever we came to any rough Way, with Tendernefs enough.

At length we reach'd where I beheld, what a very little Time before I had despair'd of ever seeing, a House ; and tho' I knew not what Treatment I might find there, or how I was to be dispos'd of, yet I could not help rejoicing to find myself out of that desolate Wild, and once more among human Kind. In this Fashion they conducted me into your Father's Villa, and the first Room they happen'd to bring me to, was that which I have since converted into a Bed-chamber, and where I write these Memoirs. Having made me sit down, they gave me Water and a clean Towel, which I was very glad of ; and as soon as I had done washing, set a Plate of Rice, and some boil'd Fowl before me, with a Silver Mug full of Water, and a little Arrack mingled in it. This refresh'd me, and I bless'd Heaven for the happy Change in my Condition ; but was extremely troubled, that I could neither understand my Benefactors, nor inform them any Thing of myself, which might Influence a Continuance of their Bounty. I easily perceived they were *Indians*, but could not be certain they were of *Bombay* ; because I remem-

remember'd the *English* Mate had seem'd doubtful, whether it was on that Country we were cast, or some other. I earnestly wish'd it might be so, that I might apply to the Factory, judging, by the Virtue and Goodness of that Man, that the *English* would commiserate my Misfortunes, and do me Justice, in Case any Thing belonging to my Father should have been found among the Wreck: But, though I saw a great Number of People passing in and out of the House, there were none among them that had the Appearance of an *European*.——I was left alone some Hours, after they had taken away the Remains of what they brought for my Refreshment; but at last I saw a very graceful *Indian* enter, attended by three or four of those who had found me in the Forest, and some others: He look'd on me with the same Wonder they had done, but was not so lost in it, as not to accost me with a great deal of Civility. As I knew by the Respect paid him, and the Distance with which all the rest behav'd, that he was the Master of them, and of the Dwelling, I return'd him Thanks in *French*, for the Favours I had receiv'd, but had the Mortification to find he understood not one Word of what I said, any more than the others had done. The Motions I made, however, made him guess at my Meaning; and being instantly possess'd with Sentiments for me, which at that Time I little apprehended, and was as little desirous of inspiring, he made a Sign to all present to quit the Room, and, seating himself near me, began to kiss my Hands with an Extremity of

Ardour: This Action so frightened me, that, thinking I was fallen into the Power of a second *Reynier*, I cry'd out, O God what will become of me! and at the same Time burst into a Flood of Tears: Tho' he knew not the Words I spoke, yet the Agony that appear'd in my Face, while uttering them, render'd their Meaning, as he has since told me, perfectly intelligible; and, willing to put an End to my Apprehensions, he let go my Hands, made a low Bow, in Token of entreating Pardon for what he had done, and soon after went out of the Room.

This Behaviour made me see he was Master of a great deal of Politeness, and all those Arts so engaging to our Sex, but it did not dissipate my Fears: The Danger I had lately escap'd gave me a sad Experience, that Lust, when it becomes violent, is not to be restrain'd by any Considerations, either of Honour, Pity, or Respect, and this Reflection so much alarm'd me, that I almost wish'd myself again in the Wilderness.

I was not long suffer'd to indulge these melancholy Thoughts, two *Indian* Women came in, and, making a Sign for me to follow them, conducted me to a very handsome Chamber, furnished much in the same Manner I had been accusom'd to in *France*: The Bed was compos'd of Mattrasses laid one upon another; the Curtains about it were of the finest *Chints*, as were also the Hangings of the Room.—— There were Tables, Chairs, Glasses, and, in fine, every Thing perfectly commodious; but what pleas'd me most, was a great Iron  
Bar



Bar on the Inside of the Door, which as soon as they had left me I did not fail to make fast.

Notwithstanding the vast Fatigues I had endur'd, the Anxiety of my Mind would not suffer me to fall into a Slumber till towards Morning; but when I did, it was entirely undisturb'd with any Ideas of my past Misfortunes, or Warnings of those succeeding ones I was ordain'd to suffer. I awoke not 'till very late, on hearing a knocking at my Door, accompany'd with a Female Voice, which cry'd out to me, Are you awake fair Stranger?—Tho' I knew not what she said, I suppos'd it Time to rise, and that she was come to call me up:—I therefore got out of Bed, and, having thrown my Gown about me, opened the Door, which she immediately shut again, and presented me with a very rich *Indian* Habit, which she help'd me to put on, making Signs to me, that my own was dirty, and unfit for me to wear. I was no sooner dress'd, than another came in and brought Chocolate and a Sort of Cake; and all this was serv'd me with a Respect, which would have been flattering enough to my youthful Vanity, had it not been check'd by my Apprehensions of the Motive which excited it.

After I had breakfasted, they shew'd me into the Great Hall, where their Master, (I need not say your Father) waited my coming. He rose to receive me with the utmost Civility, —smiled, and, taking up one of my long Sleeves, seem'd to testify how well he thought my Dress became me. He then led me into  
the

the Gardens, the Beauty of which, and the vast Variety, and to me new Flowers, very much charm'd me. He pluck'd some of the most curious, and placed them in my Hair, and on my Breast, but with the greatest Modesty and Respect I could desire; and, indeed, offered nothing all that Day, nor several others, which gave me the least Occasion to be alarm'd.—Yet did his Eyes, I thought, whenever he look'd earnestly upon me, (as he sometimes could not restrain himself from doing) discover a lambent Inclination to become more free: I could also perceive his Hand tremble, when on any Occasion he took hold of mine; and, tho' People of his Colour never blush, I frequently saw his Complexion change suddenly into a paler Hue, and seem'd to denote he did himself some Violence in behaving to me with this Moderation.

When he had pointed out to me every Thing that was worthy Observation, either in the Gardens, the fine Banqueting Room at the upper End, the little Grotto's, adorn'd with Shells, and the Rivulets which run winding in a kind of Labyrinth, and meet in the Middle, where they form a Kind of Canal, we return'd into the Hall, where, the Table being spread, we sat down to Dinner. His Treatment of me during the Repast, was conformable to the rest.—All good Manners mix'd with an Air of Kindness. The Cloth was scarce taken away, when a Servant came hastily into the Room, and said something to his Master, at which he seem'd extremely pleas'd: The Occasion of it was this.

Being

Being possess'd of a Passion for me, which, unhappy as it has made me, I must do him the Justice to allow, was no less sincere than violent, and troubled that he could neither communicate his Thoughts to me, nor be inform'd who I was, or by what strange Accident I came to be expos'd in the Manner his Servants had related, he had sent immediately to Town, offering a large Reward to any one who could speak the Languages of *Europe*, to come and serve as an Interpreter between us. The Person who went on this Commission was successful enough to find a Man, who spoke *Dutch*, *English*, and *French*; so that he said, whichever of these three Nations the Person happen'd to be, for whom he was to interpret, he could do Justice to their Sentiments.

This Man being presently brought into the Room, the *Banyan*, after some Discourse with him, bad him try me in all Languages he was Master of, which he did by speaking to me first in *Dutch*, then in *English*; but, finding I understood neither, at last he ask'd me in *French*, What Part of *Europe* I was born in? And on what Occasion I had come to *India*? Never were any Sounds more pleasing to my Ear than what this Fellow utter'd.——I was quite transported at having an Opportunity of relating who I was, because by that I hop'd to obtain some Means of returning into *Europe*. I hesitated not a Moment to let him know I was of that Country, in whose Language he last spoke to me, and then proceeded to give the whole Narrative of my Misfor-

Misfortunes, which, as soon as I had done, he repeated in the *Malayan* Tongue to the *Banyan*, who seem'd astonish'd at my Story, and bid his Interpreter assure me of his Readiness to serve me in every Thing in his Power. I then desir'd to know the Name of the Country I was in? and, being told it was *Bombay*, said, I intended to petition the *English* Factory for Means to carry me home: But this my Intention was no sooner mention'd to the *Banyan*, than he order'd the Man to acquaint me I was at a great Distance from the Colony; and that he, who often had Business with them, and could boast of some Interest, would undertake to solicit this Matter for me.—This Answer was not altogether so pleasing to me; I wish'd to be out of the Power of a Man whose Inclinations I dreaded, and to address the *English* in Person, who being *Christians*, tho' different in some Points from our Persuasion, I doubted not but they would take Pity on my Distress. I made therefore some Excuses to evade giving him Trouble, but they avail'd not: The *Banyan* answer'd, That, as it was his good Fortune to be the first that was serviceable to me in that Country, he was resolv'd to have the Honour of compleating the good Offices he had begun, On this it came into my Head, to endeavour to make this Man my Friend, and prevail on him to carry a Letter or Message from me to the Governor of *Bombay*, who, I had heard the *English* Mate say, was a Person of great Worth and Honour; but then I was deterr'd by the Belief, that this Fellow was a Creature of the *Banyan's*, who  
might

might betray the Confidence I repos'd in him, and I should be as far off as ever from my Hopes, and perhaps be the worse treated: I therefore thought it best to trust Heaven for the Protection of my Virtue, and this *Indian* for the Management of my Affairs; so mention'd nothing but what was proper to be repeated to him. He, indeed, pretended an Impatience, equal to my own, for the Accomplishment of what I desir'd, and went to Town the next Day on purpose, as he said, to acquaint the *English* with my Adventures, leaving the Interpreter with me, that I might by him communicate my Commands to his Servants, who he had order'd to be very obsequious to me.

His Absence ridding me for a Time of the Disquiets I was under, I diverted myself with asking the Interpreter, who I found was a *Dutchman*, many Questions, as, how long since he had been in *France*? What had occasion'd his going there; How he came to, and in what Station he was at *Bombay*? On which he told me, That, being a Mariner on board a *Dutch Merchant*, the Vessel was taken, and that it was during the Time he was a Prisoner he learn'd the Language: That afterwards, engaging in the *English Service*, he arriv'd at the Knowledge of their Tongue, and also of the *Malayan*, by coming frequently into *India*, and being much among the Natives, with whom he now was settled; was married to an *Indian Woman*, and had several Children.—I was amaz'd to think an *European* could have any Thoughts of cohabiting with a Person of so different a Com-



Complexion, and a *Pagan* ; but I soon found he was one of those who give themselves little Concern in Matters of Religion, so was glad I had not trusted him, as at first I had some Thoughts of doing. I then ask'd him the Name, and Rank of the Person under whose Protection I had fallen ? On which he gave me the most high Encomiums of him, and added, That whoever he married would be the happiest Woman in the World.

This I gave but very little Ear to, and, to amuse myself, made him teach me several Phrases in the *Malayan* Language, which I really found so easy, that, in about ten Days Time, I could be able to ask for any Thing I wanted ; and this little Study beguil'd many melancholy Hours I should otherwise have pass'd. I now began to wish for the *Banyan's* Return, thinking, by the Answer he should bring, I might be able to form some Judgment of what I was to expect ; but we neither saw nor heard any Thing of him for a whole Month. At length he came and pretended, (for, alas ! I afterwards found all he said was but to delude me) That he had tarry'd all that Time, waiting for the Governor's Recovery, who was ill of a Fever, and continued still in a Condition which would not suffer him to see any Company. He told me, he had related my History to several of the *English* Merchants, but they seem'd extremely cold and backward of doing any Thing for me, which, he suppos'd, was owing to the War between the two Nations ; and that, as to my Father's Effects, whatever were

on board that Ship were entirely lost, the being sunk with her whole Cargoe.

This Intelligence drew a Flood of Tears from my Eyes, with which he seem'd extremely mov'd, and told me, in the most tender terms, as the Interpreter inform'd me, and which I now partly understood myself, That I had not any Cause for this immoderate Grief: That a little Time, he hop'd, would bring the *English* into more Consideration of my Distress, and that while I remain'd in *Bombay*, tho' it were for ever, his House, and every Thing in it, should be at my Devotion.—I thank'd him, as his Hospitality, had it been unmix'd with any other Views, would have indeed deserved; but, whatever my Thoughts were on that Head, I conceal'd them with all the little Skill I was Mistress of, and seem'd uneasy only at the Trouble his Generosity and Good-nature occasion'd him on my Score. But this, he would hear nothing of, and endeavour'd to abate my Melancholy by all the Ways he could invent.—He made some of his People dance before me, others sung, and some play'd on Instruments. The Interpreter having told him what a Progress I had made in the Language of the Country, he seem'd in an Extasy, and cry'd out, Then I may hope every Thing in *India* is not disagreeable to the lovely *Henrietta*. As I perfectly understood these Words, I took upon me to answer without the Help of an Interpreter, That as yet I had found nothing so, and hop'd to leave it with the same Opinion I at present had.

had. He made no direct Reply, but told the *Dutchman*, That he was either an excellent Tutor, or his Pupil must have an uncommon Genius, to be able not only to understand, but to pronounce, with so much Grace and Propriety, the Accents of a Language that, a Month ago, she had never heard.

After this, whenever Dinner or Supper was serv'd in, he made me tell him, out of which Dish I would be helpt, to drink to him, and, in fine, to call for every Thing I would have in *Malayan*. The Women too, who attended me in my Chamber, were highly delighted they could make themselves understood by me, and, when they dress'd or undress'd me, entertain'd me with some Discourse or other, and this, in a very small Time, made me so perfect in the Language, that I could hold any Conversation in it.

Some Days pass'd on, in which I had every Thing done to divert my Thoughts, and nothing to assure me the Fears I had entertain'd had any real Foundation, 'till the *Banyan*, happening to be alone with me in the Garden, led me into one of those Grotto's, which, you know, in the hottest Season, are never without a certain Coolness extremely refreshing. We sat down on one of the Benches, just opposite to the Entrance, which gave us a Prospect of the Sun playing on the Tops of Trees, and gliding all around, without our feeling any Thing of its parching Influence. Is not this pleasant, *Henrietta*? said he. Might not any one find in *India* sufficient for Content, without desiring to roam elsewhere?  
Doubt-

Doubtless, answer'd I, those, who have their Settlements here, have no Reason to murmur at their Lot ; but those, whose Dependance lies in other Parts, can but half relish the Delights of this. — The Way to make you like it then, resum'd he, is to fix you here : But I fear, added he, not all the Pleasure of the Situation would atone for the Complexion of the Inhabitants. — Our tawny Colour is irksome to your Eyes. — You cannot bear to look on what is so different from yourself. — I have been always taught, answer'd I, That true Beauty is seated in the Mind, and, that we ought to be attracted only by Virtue ; and I have hitherto observ'd that Lesson, always to esteem People according to their Actions. — Have mine ever been offensive, cry'd he, hastily ? — Your's, Sir, said I, very much surpris'd ! Can the Charity, Compassion, and Hospitality, to which I am so much oblig'd, be ever too much, or too gratefully acknowledg'd ? — No, *Henrietta*, no, answer'd he with a Sigh, I have conferr'd no Obligations on you. — I could not act otherwise than I did ; from the Instant I beheld your Charms, I became no longer the Master of myself, or any Thing I before was in Possession of. — You seiz'd on all at once, and left me nothing, but the Name of Slave. — Goddess of my Soul ! pursu'd he, taking hold of my Hand, and putting it to his Mouth, I love you, — I adore you !

Never was Confusion greater than mine at that Instant ; I blush'd, I trembled, but had not Power to speak. He trembled too, tho' from  
from

from a different Cause, and, finding I was silent, had the Temerity to snatch some Kisses from my Lips and Breast.——I struggled, but, finding my Resistance ineffectual, Why, Sir, cry'd I, will you destroy all the Merit of your Favours, by using me in this unworthy Manner?——I know what 'tis to suffer Hardships, and, be assur'd, I will hazard every Thing, rather than be subjected to Insults of this Nature.——These Words had all the Effect I spoke them for: He immediately drew back, only retain'd that Hand he had taken at first, and, pressing it tenderly between both his, Why, charming *Henrietta*, will you put so cruel a Construction on the innocent Demonstrations I would give you of the Ardency of my Passion?——Heaven only knows the Tortures I have sustain'd, in forbearing to shock your Modesty with too sudden a Declaration, and sure it ought not so much to alarm you, when I protest, by all those Powers we worship, That I never had any other than such Designs upon you, as are agreeable to Virtue, and to Honour.——No, *Henrietta*, continued he; permit me to be your *Lover*, and, by the same Powers, I swear never to be your *Ravisher*.

Alas! Sir, answer'd I, what is it you require of me? or, What can I infer from this Distinction you have made?——Al! I entreat, Sir, he, is, that you will listen to my Suit, and permit me to endeavour, by Arguments, to win you to a more favourable Opinion of my Passion and Person.——If, now and then, I feast my famish'd Wishes with a Touch of this dear Hand, or even steal a Kiss from



those enchanting Lips, impute it not as the Forerunner of greater Liberties, which I again bind myself by Oath never to take, without your free Consent.

Tho' I was somewhat more assur'd than I had been, by these Assurances, yet I could not think of licensing a Flame, I was determined never to return, without an extreme Reluctance ; and I remain'd irresolute in what Terms I should reply. 'Tis certain I wish'd myself out of his Power, tho' where I might be reduced to the Want of all those Things I had now an Affluence of, rather than be condemn'd to Importunities so distant to my Inclinations ; yet how to avoid them I could see no Way, without exposing my Virtue to the same Dangers I had so lately escap'd.

You hesitate even to allow me this, said he ; but, my dearest *Henrietta*, when you reflect on the strange Ways by which you were brought to me, how, among all the numerous Partakers of your Voyage, you were alone preserv'd, what Dangers of every Kind you were expos'd to ; what Miseries you endur'd, 'till, almost miraculously, conducted to my Roof, you must believe with me some supernatural Power interpos'd, snatch'd you from Ruin, and made it your Fate you should be mine.—Yes, pursu'd he, thou softest, loveliest Creature, the Gods, whom I adore, sent thee to me, as the choicest Blessing, to reward my Piety and zealous Observance of their Laws.

Ah.

Ah, Sir, cry'd I, mistake not the Will of Heaven, who sent me to you, only as an Object to exercise your Compassion and your Bounty ; to give you the highest, noblest Pleasure, that of doing Good : Those Joys, which Love affords, seem too weak, in my Opinion, to come in Competition with the other ; but, if there are any to be found in the Gratification of that Passion, you may partake them with some Maid, whose Religion and Customs are more agreeable to your own.

No, *Henrietta*, no, answer'd he ; the united Charms of your whole Sex, in any other than yourself, would give me short-liv'd Bliss.—'Tis you, and you alone, can make me truly happy ; and, as for the Difference of Religion, I doubt not, but when you are well acquainted with our Way of Worship, you will allow our Gods more benevolent than you have found your own.

This Blasphemy struck me with a Horror which was very visible in my Countenance, and I instantly cry'd out, O ! Sir, rather kill me, than compel me to hear aught irreverent of the Maker of Heaven and Earth.

I could see a Smile, which had something in it of Contempt, upon his Countenance, at the Exclamation I made ; but he was too artful to suffer it to continue, or add any Thing which might encrease my Disquiet on this Score : On the contrary, he told me, That he would never urge me to a Change of Faith ; that I might enjoy my own Opinion undisturb'd ; and pretended, That, provided People  
acted

acted according to the Rules of Virtue and Reason, he did not think it any Matter of Moment to what Gods they pray'd. I say, but *pretended* ; for in reality there never was a greater Bigot to the Idol-worship, nor a more prophane Contemner of the divine Mysteries of *Christianity*.——Grant Heaven, my dearest Zoa, that you may one Day be happily convinced, That *they*, and *only they*, are truly *divine* !

It was near Sun-set before I was suffer'd to leave the Grotto, nor then, 'till I had promis'd to listen calmly to his amorous Addresses. All Supper I was persecuted in the same Manner, and when I counterfeited a Drouziness, and desir'd to retire, Cruel *Henrietta* ! cry'd he, I see the little Effect all my Tenderness has on you. —— You hate me ! my Presence is insupportable to you ; and much I fear it never will be in my Power to render it less so : Yet, to prove the true Respect I bear you, will not detain you here.—— Perhaps, when left alone to meditate, you will think I deserve not to be treated with so much Abhorrence. He spoke this with an Air of so much real Grief, that I could not keep myself from being affected with it.—Ah, Sir, answer'd I, with some Commotion, I am far from feeling any Abhorrence of you ; on the contrary, the Benefits I have receiv'd from you, make me regard you as my only Friend, my Patron, my Protector, and even to love you with the Affection of a Sister.—— What more can you expect from a distress'd and helpless Virgin, whose Thoughts are all engross'd with  
her

her Misfortunes, and the Loss of her dear Parents, yet recent in her Mind?

*Henrietta! Henrietta!* cry'd he, with a Voice which express'd as much Satisfaction, as that he had last spoke in was the Reverse. All thou hast lost, thou shalt find amply restor'd in me. — I will ever be to thee more than all the World. — But, added he, if it be true you love me, as a Sister should, confirm it, by permitting me such an Embrace as a Brother ought not to be refus'd.

I now repented what I had said, and shudder'd with Apprehensions of the Consequence, while he held me folded in his Arms for several Minutes, as he afterwards confess'd, debating within himself, whether he should make use of that Opportunity, which to him seem'd so favourable, to compleat his Wishes: But the real Tendernefs he had for me got the better of his wild Desires, and, thinking he had gain'd enough over me for that Time, he let me go, though with such a Distraction in his Countenance, as made me sensible of the Risque I had run.

All this Night I pass'd in Anxieties not to be express'd. — I was as sensible as I ought to be, of being in the Power of a Man who had declar'd so violent an Affection for me, and could yet see no Way to get out of it. — All my Resource was to my Prayers, in which I continued 'till the Women came into my Chamber. I was no sooner dress'd, than they told me, That the *Dutchman*, being about to depart, desir'd to take Leave of me; on which I order'd he should be admitted.

After

After expressing a great many good Wishes for me, he artfully introduc'd the little Likelihood there was, that the *English* would do any Thing for me; and told me, That he perceiv'd the *Banyan* lov'd me, and he believ'd would make me his Wife. — His Wife! interrupted I, how is it possible a *Christian* should become the Wife of a *Pagan*, the very Difference of their Ceremonies in Marriage forbidding such an Union?

All Marriages are alike in the Eye of Heaven, answer'd he, the Forms of them differ even in *Christian* Countries; therefore I think you are unjust to yourself, if you refuse so great a Fortune, as may be offer'd you in him, on so slight an Objection. — Were it such, reason'd I, which yet I cannot allow, be assur'd I would suffer Death, rather than to take an *Infidel* and an *Infidel* to my Arms. He would have added something to dissuade me from this Resolution; but I told him, I would hear nothing on that Head: On which he cry'd, That he wish'd I never might repent it; for, said he, you must consider, you are not Mistress of yourself while under his Roof. — I know it but too well, answer'd I, and burst into Tears. On which, he seeming very much mov'd, I once more thought I ought not to neglect this only Opportunity of trying my Fate; and, having discover'd in him a mercenary Nature, imagin'd that, if I could make it his Interest to be faithful to me, he would be so. I then laid open all my Soul to him, conceal'd not the Declaration made me by the *Banyan*; the Aversion I had to any

H P.C.



## 146 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

Proposals of that Kind, and the Terrors I was hourly in on his Account : And then ventur'd to let him know, That, if any Thing could be invented for my Escape, I would quit his House, and venture every Thing that might befall me. If therefore, continued I, you will be so good as to provide some Disguise for me, I will go away by Night, and travel to the *English* Factory ; who, I am certain, cannot be so inhumane as to refuse me a Passage in one of their Ships to some *Christian* Country, whence I may easily go to *France*. To recompence what Trouble you may take on this Occasion, be assur'd, that, as soon as I arrive at the *Factory*, I will bestow upon you this Ring ; it is a Diamond of Value, and all my Ill-fortune has left me. In speaking this I shew'd the Jewel, the Glitter of which seem'd to have all the Effect I wish'd it shou'd upon him ; and, after a very little Hesitation, he assur'd me, That within three Days I should hear from him to my Satisfaction ; but advis'd me in the mean Time, to treat the *Banyan* in a Fashion that should give him room to hope I was less averse to his Desires, lest a contrary Behaviour shou'd provoke him to have recourse to Force. I shook with Horror at the bare mention of such a Thing ; and once more conjur'd him, with Tears in my Eyes, not to be unmindful of his Promise ; which having assur'd me the Performance of, by repeated Oaths, he took his Leave : And I set about preparing myself to follow his Instructions, the best my natural Aversion to all Deceit would permit me.

In the first Place, thinking that, if I staid too long in my Chamber, the *Banyan* might suppose it was only to avoid him, I went down into the Hall, where I expected to find him, as was his Custom, waiting to receive me; but now I was there, as near as I can guess, two Hours before he came: At last he enter'd, and had a Letter in his Hand.——My dear *Henrietta*, said he, how sorry am I to be the Bearer of News which I fear will give you Pain, but you must be told it. I have just now receiv'd a Letter from one of the *English* Merchants, who assures me, in the Name of the whole *Factory*, That, as there is at present so violent an Animosity between the two Nations, nothing can be done for one of your's, especially for a Person of the Family of one who was the intended Governor of *Iranadad*, and who, had he liv'd, had doubtless a Commission to give what Annoyance he could to their Trade; so that now, continued he, you have indeed no Dependance but on me. My Heart sunk in me while he spoke, but soon recover'd itself, on the Belief that this was all an Artifice, as indeed it was, to reduce me to the Necessity of complying with his Will. Following the *Dutchman's* Advice, I therefore only said, 'Then I find there are Barbarians among *Christians*. — Aye, return'd he, with some Vehemence, such as you will never find among the *Indians*: And then went on with a long Detail of many Cruelties, Impositions, and fraudulent Dealings he pretended had been practis'd by the *European* Nations. Tho' I was far from giving Credit to

## 148 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

what he said on this Head, any more than what he had told me concerning myself; yet I contradicted nothing, and the whole Day so well supported an Affection of good Humour, as, I imagin'd, pass'd upon him for Reality. — Alas! while I thought I was deceiving him, how cruelly was I deceiv'd myself. I now seem'd to give a less reluctant Ear to the Professions he made me of his Love; suffer'd him to hold my Hand for Hours together, without offering to snatch it from him, and even to kiss me without struggling. He seem'd transported at my Condescension, and, pressing me to his Bosom, cry'd, O my *Henrietta*! shall I ever prevail on you to believe 'twill be your Happiness, as well as mine, to allow me greater Favours? This Accident making me fear I had over-acted my Part, I sprung from his Embrace:—Remember, Sir, said I, the Vow you have made, nor would my Modesty with Freedoms, I should be unworthy your Affection to permit. I am young, and a Virgin, nor can at once resign my Heart: Grant me at least a little Time. — You shall have all you desire, reply'd he, but let that Time be limited. Say but you will be mine, and when, Sir, I'll attend the blisful Hour with cold *English* Patience. — I cannot promise any Thing, Sir, I; but, if you love me truly, you will see how far my Gratitude, and the Respect I have at present for you, will work by Degrees upon my Soul. — Well, I must be content, rejoin'd he, with what you are pleas'd to grant. After this I could perceive he w.

a little thoughtful, tho' he endeavour'd to conceal it, but behav'd to me with the same Tenderness as ever. This continued for two Days, and Part of the third from the *Dutchman's* Departure, during all which Time the Pain I was in, for fear he should not keep his Word, and the Force I did myself in suffering the *Banyan's* Importunities, render'd my Life very irksome. At last I flatter'd myself with a Relief, at least from the disagreeable Task of Dissimulation. The *Dutchman* came under the Pretence of searching for some Papers, which, if he had not left behind, he said, were lost, and were of great Consequence to him; but, in reality, to slip a Letter into my Hand, which having done, unperceiv'd by any one, he went away again, and I took hold of the first Moment I was left alone, to see what he had given me contain'd. These were the Words.

*If you persist in your Resolution of leaving the Banyan's House, come into the Garden about Midnight, and by the Side of the Banqueting Room, you will find the Habit of a Slave. I thought that the properest Disguise to conceal you, but I would still advise you to give over the Thought of it, for I am afraid you will meet a cold Reception from the English: However, I fulfil my Promise, and will wait for you on the Back of the Garden, in order to conduct you where you so much wish to be.*

After reading this Billet I found myself more easy than one would believe it possible, for one in my Circumstances to be ; but the Persecution I receiv'd by the *Banyan's* Sollicitations, and the Terrors I was perpetually in of being dishonour'd by him in the End, were so strongly imprinted in my Mind, that I trembled at no Difficulty, where a Prospect of getting free appear'd.

The *Banyan* being that Evening extremely pressing for me to fix the Moment of his Happiness ; To-morrow, answer'd I, you shall know my Resolution. — Your Resolution ! cry'd he, that may be to doom me to Despair ; but tell me, may I hope it will be in my Favour ? — Yes, Sir, said I, if you continue to desire it. — That, you may be convinced, is past a Doubt, rejoind'd he ; To-morrow, you say : Swear then, by your God, you will be mine To-morrow. — There is no answering for Events, said I ; (very cunningly as I then thought) but if I live, and see you To-morrow in the same Sentiments you now profess, I will refuse you nothing. — But yet you have not sworn, resum'd he ; confirm the charming Promise with a Vow, that I may be ascertain'd of my Bliss, and pass this Night in Extacies of Imagination, which can be exceeded by nothing but the Reality of the next. — Well then to satisfy you, said I, by the All-seeing Ruler of this wide Creation, I swear to keep inviolably the Promise I have made.

This, I thought, was very safe for me to do, being sure of not seeing him on the  
To-morrow ;



Morrow ; or at least, if any unlucky, and unforeseen Accident should bring him where I was, he would have other Sentiments of me, when he found I had deceiv'd him, than those he entertain'd of me at present. ——— Unhappy Woman ! little did I think what I had done, and of what dangerous Consequence it is to sport with Matters of a sacred Nature. ——— This is a Guilt which still hangs heavy on my Soul, and doubtless what has render'd me unworthy Heaven's Protection !

The *Banyan* appear'd transported, and kiss'd my Hand several Times, but yet I thought with less Fervour than he was accusom'd to ; he also talk'd but little, and when I made a Motion to retire to my Chamber, he oppos'd it not, and only said, embracing me at the same Time, Take Heed, my lovely *Henrietta*, you perform your Vow. I only smil'd, and took my Leave, as I imagin'd, for the last Time, imputing the Alteration, I could not but observe in his Behaviour, to an Excess of Joy, instead of the Reverse, which was in reality the Case, and, with all the Artifice he was Master of, he was unable to dissemble.

I thought no more of it however, but, being got to my Chamber, suffer'd the Women to prepare me for Bed as usual ; but as soon as they were gone I put on my Cloaths again, waiting impatiently for the appointed Time, which I was oblig'd to stay somewhat beyond, imagining I heard some Noise in the House, as if all the Family were not in Bed. At

last, finding all hush'd and silent, I ventur'd down, and, having open'd the Door softly, pass'd into the Garden, trembling at every Step, lest some Accident should retard my intended Flight, And then, said I to myself, what will become of me after the Vow I have made?—I met with nothing, however, to give me any Alarm, and, on my coming to the Banquetting Room, found the Habit as the *Dutchman's* Letter had inform'd me.—I presently exchange'd my Taffety-robe for the Habit of a Slave, and got over the little Fence that parts that Side of the Garden from the Meadow, where I found my expected Guide, and put myself under his Conduct. He told me I must arm myself with Patience, for we had many a weary mile to travel, before we should come to any secure Place of Rest ; but I was so overjoy'd at my Deliverance, that I thought I could walk for ever. We rather ran indeed, in order, as he said, to gain a considerable Distance before I shou'd be miss'd, and consequently pursued. We took our Way through a Wood, the gloomy Horror of which reminding me of what I had suffer'd in *Cayama*, gave me some little Shock, but, apprehending nothing of that Danger from the present Companion of my Pilgrimage, as he was a Man far advanced in Years, I soon recover'd myself from it.

We had not pursued our Journey above half a League, when all on a sudden we heard a great Noise, and presently found ourselves encompass'd by several Men, who, all at once, cry'd out, A Woman ! A Woman ! We will  
share

share her among us. They fell upon the *Dutchman*, and, as I thought, kill'd him: Then seiz'd on me, and made use of some Expressions, which, join'd to the Surprize and Fright I was in before, took away my Senses, and I fell down in a Swoon. Whether any Attempts were made to bring me to myself, or not, or by what Means I was convey'd from that Place, I was not capable of knowing; but the first Objects that presented themselves to my returning Senses, were the two Women who had been us'd to attend me, and who now seem'd busy in applying Things for my Recovery. My Brain was yet weak: I saw not presently where I was, and, tho' I perfectly knew them, the Idea of these dreadful Men, in whose Power I had been but a Moment before, to my thinking, was so strong in my Head, that I talk'd of nothing but Rapes, and Murders, which, had they not been acquainted with the Meaning of, would have made them imagine me in a Frenzy. But this Delirium lasted but a short Space; Reason return'd, and shew'd me what a Wretch I was. I found that I was again in the Power of the *Banyan*, under his Roof, and on the same Bed as I had ever lain upon, since my being first presented to him; but the Meaning of all this I could not yet fathom, or by what Means he could so suddenly have been appris'd of my Flight. I ask'd the Women several Questions concerning this Adventure, but all the Satisfaction I could get from them was, That their Master would answer me. By this I guess'd

## 154 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

it would not be long before I saw the *Banyan*, and the Shame of having deceiv'd him, join'd to the Apprehensions I before had of him, was ready to throw me into a second Fainting. O ! cry'd I, for what unknown Transgression am I thus severely persecuted ? Why does every Attempt I make, for the Preservation of my threaten'd Virtue, involve it still in greater Dangers ? The Tears I shed, the Exclamations I utter'd, and the bitter Anguish of Mind I now endeavour'd not to conceal, might have mov'd the most stinty Heart to Compassion; but Heaven seem'd to have abandon'd me, and he, who had now the Disposal of my Fate, had fix'd my Doom.

It was Day before he enter'd, and, tho' he had all the Marks of the most heavy Displeasure on his Brow, I could perceive a fullen Satisfaction through the Gloom. I was still on the Bed, and as soon as he appear'd I pluck'd the Coverlet over my Face.—Well may you hide yourself, ungrateful and perfidious Maid, said he ; not only false to me, but to your God, who testifies his Abhorrence of your Crimes, and, had he no greater Pity, would abandon you to all you seem most to dread.——But come, continued he, throwing off the Coverlet, let me see what Form that deceitful Face now wears, and whether it yet has Charms to disarm my Indignation.—I wish not that it should, cry'd I, with as much Courage as I could mutter up, and ask no Favour, but immediate Death. Since my hard Fate has again thrown me into your Power, kill me, and ease me of the Ag-

## *The Lady's Drawing Room, 155*

nies I suffer, and yourself of the Disquiets you feel on my Account.—No, resum'd he, I have another, and more pleasing Way of satiating my Revenge ; when that is compleated, you shall be free to dispose of yourself as you think fit. —Prepare, continued he, turning to the Women who were still in the Room, this perverse Creature, in the best Manner you can, to give me an Hour's Diversion, then bring her to my Chamber. He went out with these Words, and the mortal Agonies I then was in would not permit me to call him back, or impede the dreadful Purport of them.

These Creatures then, who had no Sense of Womanhood, or Notion, but of obeying their imperious Master, began to strip off the Habit I had on, and, by Force, drest me in a rich *Indian Gown* ; I all the Time weeping, tearing my Hair, and invoking Heaven to strike me dead that Moment. In the Horrors I then was, could I have come at any Instrument of Death, I doubtless had forgot the Principles of *Christianity*, and put an End to my unhappy Days : But the Despair I testify'd making them apprehensive of the Consequences, Care was taken to prevent any such Effect, and I was conducted, or rather dragg'd, to the Place where I expected to have, what was dearer far to me than Life, sacrificed to brutal Lust and Cruelty. Whether the Sight of my Distress mov'd him with some little Pity, I know not, but his Countenance seem'd to have lost great Part of its late Fierceness, and making a Sign to those  
that



## 156 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

that brought me, to leave us alone together,—Well, *Henrietta*, said he, is it thus that you endeavour to abate my just Resentment? Is it by Tears and sullen Silence you think to win me to a Forgetfulness of what is past?—I would now have spoke, but something rose in my Throat, and stopp'd the Passage of my Words, and I could, for a considerable Time, answer only with Sobs, Groans, and all the Symptoms of an unutterable Grief.—Obdurate, foolish Girl, cry'd he, I might rather have expected you would have essay'd to awaken in me that Tenderness, which so long pleaded in your Favour. Where are now those Arts, the counterfeited Softness and Regard you could Yesterday so well put on, in order to deceive me? This Reproach shew'd me the Power of Guilt over the conscious Heart; as this was the only real Crime he had to accuse me of, it entirely destroy'd all that little Resolution I had summon'd to my Aid, and Shame enervated the Disdain and Rage I was possess'd of at the Beginning of his Discourse.—If my Words contradicted my Actions, answer'd I, casting down my Eyes, it was cruel Necessity enforced me to it. Heaven knows I wish not to dissemble with you, and I now again, with the most perfect Sincerity, avow my Heart was never insensible of your Favours, though incapable of being touch'd with your Love.—O! thou fly Evader, resum'd he, could'st thou be grateful for the Effects, yet ungrateful to the Cause from whence they sprung? What Motive, but my Love, induced me to give thee my Protection? And what

what Return, but Love, had'st thou to make me?—I know not what it is to love, said I; but have been told it is not the Effect of Choice, but Chance; a secret Sympathy, which attaches us, in spite of ourselves, to the belov'd Object.—True, answer'd he, and you have found a Proof of it in me: I have lov'd you, *Henrietta*, lov'd you against my Will; but what I did by Compulsion, you should have endeavour'd to have done by Gratitude and Reason. That you have still too great an Ascendant over me, even my present Behaviour may make you see; but I will break the Enchantment which so much debases me, and think of you no otherwise than as a Woman, and as such compel you to assist my Pleasures.

In speaking this he took hold of me with a Violence, which left me no ground to Hope I could escape.—I threw myself at his Feet, conjur'd him to have Pity on my Youth and Innocence; entreated his Forgiveness for the Deception I had put on him; or, if he would not grant it, to punish me by another Way than that he threaten'd. But he seem'd deaf to all I said; at last, If not for mine, cry'd I, for your own Sake refrain this horrid Violation: Remember you have sworn by all your Gods, never to have recourse to Force; O think on the Guilt of Perjury.

I was going on, but he interrupted me at that Word, O thou Hypocrite, said he, with what Front can'st thou name Perjury, when thou thyself art doubly guilty of it? Did'st thou not Vow, by thy own God, that if alive, and in my Power this Day, thou would'st  
refuse

## 158 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

refuse me nothing? Why then this Resistance, unless to make me guilty too?—Hold, Sir, reply'd I, the Vow you upbraid me with I own; own too I made it to deceive you, and beg you to forgive the only Offence I ever willingly committed against you: But, Sir, be also pleas'd to remember it was conditional, and could not bind, without you retain'd the same Sentiments for me as at the Time I made it: Which now, after this Detection of my Fraud, I am sure you do not, cannot.

Then you allow it binding if I did, rejoin'd he?—Most certainly answer'd I, nor durst I have departed from it, however averse by Inclination to fulfil it.—Then hear me, said he, by your own Words you are condemn'd: My Sentiments are the same of you at this Moment, as when you made that Vow. To prove it, know I was acquainted with every Method you took in order to impose upon me: The Letter given you by the *Dutchman* was wrote by my Hand: The Disguise laid for you by myself; the Persons who surpriz'd you in the Forest no other than my own Servants, in the Rear of whom I was in Person; nor quitted Sight of you 'till laid on the Bed, and Means were used for your Recovery. Thus, continued he, knowing your Fraud as well before your Flight as after, I could not have other Sentiments of you then, than those I now retain.

I now became sadly convinced I was caught in my own Snare, and had not one Argument to offer in Opposition to his Reasons; all I could do, to vent the Anguish of my Mind,

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was, to exclaim against the treacherous *Dutchman*, who had seem'd to favour my Design, seduc'd me by his pernicious Advice, and betray'd me in so cruel a Manner. The *Banyan* suffer'd me to evaporate my Rage awhile, and then taking me in his Arms, Come *Henrietta*, said he, must we both be perjur'd? You, in refusing what you have sworn to yield; and I, in using a Violence, it is neither in my Nature or my Principles to be guilty of? Or will you unreluctant resign yourself to me, and save our Souls a Crime mine shudders at, tho' determin'd to commit?

What could I now say! How avoid what Fate seem'd to have ordain'd for me? Bound by an Oath, I durst not even refuse what I would rather have died a thousand Deaths than have granted: Yet willing the cruel Sacrifice should be perform'd with the greatest Shew of Decency I could; I have nothing, Sir, to urge, answer'd I, against the Justice of your Claim: I acknowledge myself yours by Compact, and dare not oppose your seizing the Forfeit. But, Sir, you then profess'd to love me honourably, express'd a Wish to pass your whole Life with me: If what you said was sincere, the Gratification of your Desires on my unhappy Person ought to be introduc'd with a certain Ceremony. — I understand you, cry'd he, and, to prove how little I deserve the Treatment you have given me, will still make you my Wife. O *Henrietta!* *Henrietta!* pursued he, pressing my trembling, but now yielding Lips, with all thy Faults, thou still art dear to my fond Heart.

Name

Name what is past no more, said I, if you would establish in my Breast, that Tranquillity, which alone can make our future Happiness; and, in Return, I now swear with the utmost Sincerity, That, however averse my Soul has been to your Desires, I will hence-forward endeavour to regard you with an equal Degree of 'Tendernefs; never be repugnant to your Will, disobedient to your Commands, nor refractory to your Embraces; but behave in all Things as a Wife would do, who became so by her own Choice and Inclination.

It is not possible for any Words to express the Extacy he was in at this Protestation; nor could he himself testify it, but by incoherent Phrases and broken Sentences: Is it possible? cry'd he. May I believe thee? Then kiss'd, embrac'd, and held me to his Breast with a Tendernefs, which, as it had nothing in it offensive to Modesty, did really abate great Part of the Distaste his Colour had been us'd to give me.

Fain would he have had the Marriage solemnized that Day, but I prevail'd with him to delay it to the next, alledging, That my last Night's Fatigue, join'd to the Hurry of Spirits the strange Alterations in my Fortune had occasion'd, requir'd I should pass this alone. You need not apprehend, said I, any Attempt of deceiving you a second Time, I too much repent the first; and those Hours I am absent from you shall be employ'd, in studying Ways to atone for that Transgression.

This obliging Behaviour won him to grant my Request, and all the Remainder of that  
Day



Day was past in Demonstrations of the extreme Love on his Part, and Gratitude on mine. And, tho' 'tis certain I could not bring myself all at once to be perfectly contented with my Fate, yet I was much more resign'd to it, than some Days before I could have imagin'd: The Horrors of it by Degrees diminish'd, and the Tenderness, the Consideration he still had of me, in spite of all I had done to disoblige him, made me think, that, if I could not love, I ought not to hate him. How ridiculous is it, said I to myself, to confine our Liking to what is merely owing to the Difference of Climates? Had I been born in *India*, I should have been of the same Colour with this *Baryan*: And what, except a Skin, is wanting, to render his Person as agreeable as any *European* I have ever seen? While I was thus ruminating, I look'd earnestly upon him, and, my Sentiments being at that Moment very much in his Favour, they doubtless gave an unusual Softness to my Eyes. He instantly perceiv'd it, and, tho' we were then at Supper, started from his Seat, and, throwing his Head upon my Breast, cry'd, O my *Henrietta*! may I believe those Looks of yours have any Correspondence with your Heart?—Believe every Thing, said I, blushing, that may add to your Contentment on my Score. I promis'd to endeavour to love you, a few Hours hence it will be my Duty to do so; and I hope, when once that sacred Ceremony is past, I shall fulfil it. I had no sooner spoke these Words, than a sudden Thought came into my Head, which gave me some Disquiet; and the Moment

ment I had disengag'd myself from his Arms, I communicated it to him. Sir, said I, in what Manner is our Marriage to be perform'd? For if it is not according to the Rights of the *Christian* Church, I never shall be able to believe myself legally your Wife. — You would not be esteem'd so in this Country, answer'd he, if not united to me in the Forms appointed by the *Indian* Worship; nor could I at my Death, in Case it happens before yours, leave you as I would wish to do. Besides, added he, if you consider that I am a *Banyan*, and a Man bound to uphold the Religion I profess, you will allow I could not marry otherwise.

I knew very well that what he said was reasonable; yet the Thoughts of pledging my Vows in the Pagod of an Idol was so terrible a Shock to me, that I could not get over the Melancholy it occasion'd: In vain he endeavour'd to render me more chearful, I carried the most gloomy Meditations to my Chamber, and pass'd great Part of the Night in Tears.—Doubts of forfeiting my eternal Salvation struck me with Horror; but then again I consider'd, that if Heaven resolv'd to look on what I was about to do with an unforgiving Eye, it would not have oppos'd all the Measures I had taken to avoid the Crime. This Suggestion gave some Ease to my despairing Mind, and, that I might be really a Wife, which I could not be brought to believe the *Indian* Ceremony would make me, I resolv'd to repeat internally, while the other was performing, that of the *Christian* Church.

Early in the Morning the two Women who constantly attended me came in, with several others, and equipt me indeed in a very sumptuous Manner for my Nuptials, and then conducted me to the *Banyan*, who I found also very richly drest. I told him in his Ear the Expedient I had form'd to satisfy my Scruples : At which he smil'd, and answer'd, 'That he was glad I had found any Thing to make me more satisfy'd with my Lot. A numerous Train of *Banyans* and others, whom he had invited to be Witnesses of our Marriage, immediately enter'd, and we went in Procession to the Place appointed for the Ceremony.

But O my dear *Zoa*, if you carefully examine the Papers annex'd to this little History, in which I have set down the Forms prescrib'd by the *Christian* Nations, for our Marriages, for our initiating of Infants into the Church, for our Visitation of the Sick, our Preparations for Eternity, and at our Interments, I flatter myself you will find so wide a Difference between those solemn and truly pious Rites and the wild Ceremonies of the *Pagan* Worship, that you will learn to love and venerate the one, and despise and hate the other.

Here ended the Calamities of my *Virgin* State; but, alas! only to begin again in that of a *Wife* : For tho' never Woman, possess'd of an unworthy Passion, ever labour'd more than I did to cherish a lawful one for him, who was now my Husband ; yet could I not bring myself to feel any of those Ardours, which, they say, ought to accompany the Union between Man and Woman. As I thought it my Duty to be fond,

## 164 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

I return'd his Endearments in the best Manner I could, yet were they so infinitely short of those I receiv'd, that a less penetrating Eye than his might easily perceive the Difference: He complain'd of it at first in the most tender Terms, omitted nothing that might excite in me a greater Warmth of Affection; yet all in vain, my Soul remain'd insensible of those furious Emotions of Delight, with which he met me after a very little Absence, and was indeed amaz'd at them in him. 'Tis certain, had he lov'd me with less Excess, we had been more happy: Possession was so far from making any Abatement in the Wildness of his Passion, that every Day I found the Effects of its Increase. He would hang whole Hours together on my Neck; gaze on my Face with such Earnestness, as tho' each Look was to be his last; ask, if I lov'd him? yet prevent the Answer he desir'd by stifling me with Kisses. As I had then a tolerable Voice, and some Judgment in Musick, he often bad me sing; but I no sooner had begun, than some fond Act of Dotage oblig'd me to break off. In fine, tho' the Testimonies he gave me of his Passion wou'd, to a Person who lov'd to the same Degree, have been transporting, they seem'd to me Folly and Madness, and were so far from heightning my Esteem, that I was oblig'd to make Use of all my Efforts to conceal the Dissatisfaction they occasion'd me.

As he was never easy out of my Sight, I took Notice to him one Day, That his Staying so much in the Country was a Prejudice to his Affairs; and ask'd, When he thought of going

to Town ? On which he told me, He had order'd every Thing for our Departure in three or four Days : For, said he, I intend you shall go with me ; I could transact no Business, my Head would be incapable of any Thing at such a Distance from my *Henrietta*. It was necessary for me to feign myself highly contented with the journey, tho' in Reality I should much rather have chose to indulge my Meditations in that agreeable Solitude.

On our Arrival we receiv'd the Visits of several *Indian* Families, who congratulated my Husband on his Choice, and made many flattering Compliments on my Beauty : But he always seem'd averse to my going much abroad ; and, as I was not at all desirous of any Conversation with the *Indians*, I readily enough comply'd with his Inclinations in that Point. I soon after became pregnant, and the *Banyan* having discover'd it, insisted on my accompanying him to the Temple, to invoke the Blessing of the Idol worshipp'd there for a happy Birth. It was, he told me, a Custom that was not to be dispens'd with, but especially in the Wife of a *Banyan* ; and that, if I refus'd to go, he should incur the Censure of all his Country as a Favourer of *Christianity*. On this I did not make many Scruples, but resolv'd to make my Heart the Temple of my Devotions, and direct my Prayers to that God, who knows the most secret Recesses of it.

I was conducted to the *Pagod* in a close Sedan, and attended by the greatest Part of our Domesticks : The *Banyan*, with several of his Friends, met me at the Entrance, and led me  
to



to the Pillar on which the Idol is placed ; where, having finish'd my Orisons, the ridiculous Ceremonies that ensued fill'd me at once with Wonder and Detestation. All being over, the *Banyan* was leading me to my Sedan, when four or five *English* Gentlemen, excited I suppose by Curiosity to see the *Indian* Worship, were coming in. They seem'd to know my Husband, and saluted him in the most courteous Manner, but had their Eyes immediately fix'd on me with Tokens of Admiration ; which giving him some Alarm, he scarce return'd the Civilities they paid him, and made what Haste he could to thrust me into the Sedan.

The Habit of these Persons assuring me they were *Europeans*, I doubted not but they were of the *English* Factory : And the *Banyan*, on my asking him, told me that they were. On which I said, That, if he approv'd of it, I should be glad to be made acquainted with their Ladies, as I suppos'd some of them, who were settled there, had Wives and Families. He answer'd me, That on many Accounts it would be improper ; but chiefly, that to converse with *Christians* would make it suppos'd that I still retain'd the same Principles, and, as it was absolutely necessary for his Interest, to take off any such Suspicion, he desired I would not think of it. Besides, added he, with a Smile, to see these white People often will renew in you all that Aversion you once had for my Colour, and which I have too much Reason to fear is not yet altogether dissipated. These Words I thought discovered something of a jealous Nature

ture in him, and, as I knew it was the Interest of my Peace as well as my Duty to give him no Cause of Offence that Way, I assur'd him with the most passionate Tendernefs I was capable of assuming, That I had no Wish equal to that of pleasing him, and would be glad it were in my Power to prove my Affection for him, by much greater Sacrifices than the Trifle I had mention'd. Ah *Henrietta* ! cry'd he, how happy should I be to believe this obliging Protestation : But alas, there is a Test I long have wish'd to put you to, which I much doubt your Love for me would not be able to get over. It is, my Dear, continued he, that you would be prevail'd upon to throw off the Prejudice of Education, renounce the foolish Principles your Youth imbib'd, and become in Verity as true a *Pagan*, as the Necessity of our Affairs has oblig'd you to pretend.—Then, then, added he, embracing me, should we be one Soul indeed : Then I shall believe you truly love me, which 'till then I never can.—O say not so, I conjure you, answer'd I ; for tho' I never can exchange my Faith, or bow my Body in Reality to Gods of Wood or Stone ; yet I would die to prove you are, next Heaven, dearest to my Soul. The Earnestness with which I spoke these Words, giving him an Opinion they were sincere, as indeed they were, (for tho' I lov'd him not with Passion, yet I lov'd none but him) made him the less displeas'd at the Contempt I testified of his Religion, and he forbore to urge me any farther at that Time, nor indeed at any other, 'till after I had brought you into the World.

But

## 168 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

But, O my Zoa, what Horrors did my poor Heart feel, when regarding you with all a Mother's Tenderneſs, I reflected, that you muſt be train'd up in Infidelity, taught to deſpiſe the Faith of your Anceſtors, and abjure the Power that gave you Being ! Few Opportunities I had for Prayers, but thoſe I had were all employ'd, that Heaven, who had by ſuch ſtrange Accidents brought me among *Pagans*, might by Ways unforeſeen conduct you among *Chriſtians*. Every Time I conſider'd you 'ad' not receiv'd Baptiſm my Soul ſhook within me ; and one Day, when I was alone, I got a Baſon of Water, and repeating as much as I could remember of the ſacred Ceremony of Conſecration, I dipt your little Head into it, gave you the Sign of *Chriſtianity*, and beſeech'd Him, in whoſe Name I did it, to accept you as an Offering from my Hands, ſince I was deny'd the Aſſiſtance of a Perſon whoſe Office it properly was. I was in the Miſt of this Act of Devotion when the *Banyan* came and ſurpriz'd me. He had, it ſeems, been preſent at this Ceremony, and therefore was not ignorant what I was about, as the Rage which ſparkled in his Eyes too well convinced me. Vain, fooliſh Woman ! cry'd he ; how durſt thou praſtiſe theſe Follies on a Child of mine ? But dearly ſhalt thou pay for this Abufe of my Indulgence.—Here, continued he, calling in ſome Women who were waiting in the next Room, take this Babe, and let her be convey'd, where the firſt Words ſhe is taught to ſpeak, ſhall be to curſe the *Chriſtians*. I was at firſt ſo ſeiz'd with Terror, that I could not  
open



170 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

doubted not would be prevail'd upon to suffer you to continue with me, especially as I gave you suck, and it might be prejudicial to you, if remov'd to any other Breast. As I knew his Fondness of you, I was of their Opinion ; but it was not presently I could think of ever speaking more with any Shew of Tenderness, to a Man who had treated me as a Slave. At length, however, my Love and Care of you got the better of my Resentment, and I consented they should bear a Message from me, in what Terms they thought would have most Effect upon him, to prevent his sending you out of the House. They went and soon after return'd with you in their Arms, but told me, that if I hoped to retain any Part of their Master's Affection, or keep you always with me, I must humble myself to him in Person. As my wretched Lot had subjected me to his Authority, it had indeed been the most prudent Step I could have taken ; but the Pride of Blood, now aiding my Disdain at his unworthy Usage, made the Thoughts of ever seeing him more insupportable to me. 'Tis sure that nothing, but the Danger of being separated from you, could ever have made me bend to a Man in all Things, but his Power, so much my inferior, and whom I had not now the least Remains of Consideration for.

Several Days did I support this Resolution, in every one of which the Women remonstrated to me, that my Obstinacy so increas'd the *Banyan*, that it would infallibly occasion the Loss of my Child. This terrify'd me for a Moment, but then my Vanity suggested, that  
there



*The Lady's Drawing Room.* 171

those Charms, which once had so great an Influence over him, would still get the better of his Haughtiness, and the Impossibility of living without me force him to be the first that should desire a Reconciliation, and then I might make my own Conditions. But these Expectations deceiv'd me ; he came not, nor sent, 'till with the cruel Order of depriving me of you. I now tore my Hair and Garments, and at last bid the Messenger intreat of him to permit me to come into his Chamber ; and if he then insisted on my delivering the Infant I would do it. I was told that it was not without a great deal of Difficulty he was won to grant my Request ; and I believe, by the Manner in which he receiv'd me, I was inform'd no more than the Truth. All that Softness, that Regard, with which he was wont to look upon me, and on which I had so much depended, seem'd vanish'd as if it had never been ; and casting his Eyes towards me, with the Air of an imperious Master, rather than a tender Husband, Woman, what is it you would have ? said he ; briefly relate the Subject of your Petition.—I come, Sir, answer'd I, trembling between the Constraint I put upon myself, and the Fears of not succeeding, to deliver up this Infant to you, and withal to conjure you to command my Death at the same Time ; for, after the Loss of your Affection and the Presence of my dear Child, I cannot wish to live.

Death may indeed be preferable, answer'd he fiercely, to living with me ; but since that Discovery of your Sentiment, I have been kind enough to keep out of your Sight ; this *Barba-*

## 172 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

*rian!* this *Monster!* who, in *Malice*, as in *Colour*, is of a *Piece with Hell*; and who, 'tis plain, you always had an equal Abhorrence of in your Heart, tho' you dissembled otherwise in your Actions.

'Tis Actions speak the Heart, said I sobbing, and ought to be regarded, when a few rash Words enforc'd by an Extremity of Passion are forgot: Mine were no more, and if you lov'd you would forgive.—Had they been such, interrupted he, you would long e'er this have repented of them, and implor'd that Pardon, which you even now hardly vouchsafe to ask.—Will then, cry'd I, falling at his Feet, this humble Posture move you to believe? On my Knees I humbly beg all Animosities between us may be no more remember'd, and that you will not part me from my Child.

He seem'd a little touch'd with these Words, and the Tears that accompany'd them, and either thro' his Consideration of you, or some Remains of Tendernefs for me, vouchsafed, tho' in the most haughty Terms, a Grant of my Request, on this Condition, that I would bind myself by a most solemn Oath, never, as you grew up, to attempt inspiring you with any Notions of the *Christian* Faith. I was oblig'd to yield to this Injunction, hard as it was, and you know, my *Zoa*, how religiously I have observ'd it; but with my Life all Obligations cease; and I hope what I bequeath, as the only and best Legacy I could give you at my Death, will have some Influence over you.

## *The Lady's Drawing Room.* 173.

It is now, at the Time of my writing this, twelve Years since the Quarrel I have been relating happen'd, yet has there never been a perfect Renonciliation between us. Convinc'd by what I had said, that all the Tendernefs he had for me had never made a real Impreffion on my Heart, his Pride would not permit him to fhew any Marks of its Continuance. I, on the other Side, not able to forgive the contemptuous Blow I had receiv'd, ufed no Efforts to make him think I had a more favourable Opinion of him. Jealoufy of his Honour, or perhaps a Pleasure he takes in denying me all that would give me any Satisfaction, makes him keep me in a continual Imprifonment.— A Stranger in a Place where I have liv'd fo many Years ; I breathe not the fresh Air beyond the Precincts of our own Grounds ; know not the Face of any Creature but our own Domesticks ; partake of no Diverfion ; enjoy no Converfation but my own melancholy Thoughts ; and fometimes, what is yet lefs agreeable, the Company of a Man, who from the utmoft Excefs, and even troublefome Degree of Dotage, now behaves with the moft flabbing Indifference ; fits by me either in a fullen Silence, or entertains me with malicious Jests on the Alteration of my Perfon. All this I bear with a feeming Patience, as the Ills I fuffer are without a Remedy ; but a fecret Grief preys on my Vitals : Wither'd in my Bloom, moped, fpiritless, I pafs my Days in a wafhing Anguifh, which Life cannot long fustain.

The dreadful Solitude I long have liv'd in has given me Opportunity to write you this Account of myself, and the Papers you will find enclos'd : All I have to ask of Heaven is, That they may have due Weight with you to make you become a *Christian* in your Heart ; as to an exterior Shew of it, at least while the *Banyan* lives, I can neither expect nor desire. Remember that, tho' he has been my *Tyrant*, yet he is your *Father* ; and you must not only *obey*, but also *oblige* him in all Things wherein your Conscience is not concern'd ; but above all Things, if it be possible, my dear *Zoa*, avoid marrying a *Pagan* ; for that would be binding yourself for ever to Idolatry, and perhaps make you the Mother of a Race of *Unbelievers* ; a Crime which would render you no less cruel to them, than I should be to you, if I forbore giving you those Instructions at my Death, which I was bound by Oath never to reveal in Life.

Farewel, my dear, dear Child ! As before you read this I shall be releas'd from this Vale of Misery, be assured I am continually making Intercession to the Throne of Mercy, both for your mortal and immortal Happiness.

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**I** MUST add, as a Supplement to this History, said *Zoa*, as soon as her Husband had done reading, that, when my poor Mother found her Hour of Dissolution was at Hand, she call'd

call'd me to her Bedside, and, after giving me her Blessing, put into my Hands a little Casket, in which she always kept some rich Jewels and other Trinkets, presented her by my Father in his Days of Fondness. My dear Child, said she, this is all I have to give you, but you will find in it something well worthy of preserving. I charge you, however, not to open it 'till after my Decease, and be careful that none look into it but yourself ; for, if they do, you will be deprived of the most valuable Treasure in it, and all my Endeavours for your Happiness render'd frustrate.

She died the Moment after she had given me this Command, and I was in too much Grief to think of the Casket ; at last, remembering the Emphasis with which she laid an Injunction on me concerning it, I took an Opportunity when I was alone of opening it, and found this Narrative of her Misfortunes, and all the Articles of the *Christian* Faith, with a Transcript of the most material Institutions of it.

I now discov'd the Reason that my Father had frequently ask'd me, If ever my Mother had talk'd to me concerning any of the foolish Customs, as he call'd them, of her Country ? and could not avoid pitying that poor Lady, who must doubtless have been under a very great Restraint in the Forbearance. I us'd frequently to read over what she had wrote, and found so wide a Difference between the Principles of her Religion, and that I had been brought up in, that I desir'd nothing more than to be able to put them in Practice. The



## 176 *The Lady's Drawing Room,*

Person, Character and Circumstances of *Rhodomond* favouring this Inclination in me, made me resolve to act in the Manner the generous *Acasto* has related to you ; and tho' I have been guilty of Disobedience to my Father, I flatter myself the Motive will absolve me.

*Alario*, *Ethelinda*, *Bellimante*, and the whole Company, renew'd their Caresses of the charming *Zoa*, on hearing she was sprung from so illustrious a Descent, and after the Compliments on this Occasion were a little over, As much as I commiserate the Misfortunes of Madam *de Bellgrave*, said *Lucillius*, looking full on *Emilia*, I have reap'd no inconsiderable Satisfaction by the Repetition, which is, that a certain fair Lady has not a Heart altogether so insensible of the Woes of Love, as she would have it thought, at least if Tears are any Indication of an innate Tendernefs. That young Beauty blush'd excessively at being thus publickly particulariz'd, by a Nobleman whom the World gave her as an Admirer ; but *Bellimante*, perceiving her Disorder, came to her Relief : How ready are you Men, cry'd she briskly, to interpret every Thing to your own Advantage ? the uncommon Afflictions of so admirable a Lady cannot fail of exciting the utmost Compassion : But, good my Lord, remember we wept that her hard Fate condemn'd her to a Man, who, notwithstanding he is the Father of the amiable *Zoa*, it must be confess'd was every Way unworthy of her ; and that the Story has nothing in it that can give Occasion to your Sex to exult, since she suffer'd not because she *lov'd*, but because she did *not* love.

For

For my Part, said *Alario*, I think the *Banyan* deserves his Share of Pity too: She, who was the best Judge of it, has herself confess'd that his Passion was no less sincere than violent; and indeed all his Actions before, and for some Time after Marriage, leave no Room to doubt it: How great therefore must be his Agonies, his Disappointment, when convinc'd that all he was able to do had made no Impression on her Heart, that she was his but by Compulsion, and that the Love he had for her, and the Proofs he gave her of it, serv'd only to render her more unhappy. This indeed must be allow'd, that *Madam de Bellgrave*, from her first Knowledge of his Intentions, testify'd the Aversion she had for being united to him, and yielded to Marriage, only to prevent him from gratifying his Desires in a less honourable Way; and had he then quitted her, then left her the Liberty of disposing herself as she thought fit, his Character would have been truly amiable; we should then have admir'd and prais'd him for so generous an Act; whereas now we can only compassionate the Force of an ungovern'd Flame, which retorted on himself all the Unhappiness he gave.

It is the most mistaken Notion that can be, rejoin'd *Ethelinda*, to imagine that a fix'd Dislike can ever be converted into Love: Many a Woman, who has been compell'd to marry against her Inclination, has been able, through the Strength of her Virtue, to fulfil all the Obligations of her Place; but I dare answer there never was one, who had it in

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her

her Power to *love*, merely because it was her *Duty* : She may strive, like the beautiful Mother of *Zoa*, but all her Endeavours will be vain ; and, if her Lover makes use either of the Power her Friends have over her, or that which some Accident has given to himself, to lay her under a Necessity of marrying him after her declar'd Aversion, it shews a Selfishness in him, and a Want of Delicacy, which must add to the Dislike she before had of him.

It must, however, be acknowledg'd the greatest Act of Self-denial, and indeed the utmost Perfection of human Reason, said *Philetas*, to conquer the wild Emotions which proceed from Love, when the Opportunity of gratifying them is fully in our Power : Few are there who, having subdued all other Obstacles, can subdue themselves. I have an Acquaintance, who, setting aside the Impetuosity of his Passions, is a Man of strict Honour and perfect Good-nature ; yet was he lately hurried to attempt what I am certain he would severely have repented of, if accomplish'd. It was my Good-fortune, or rather his, to give a seasonable Interruption ; which, tho' he seem'd highly to resent in the Moment of Disappointment, he return'd me Thanks for it the next Day ; and, to shew he was perfectly at Ease in his Mind on that Account, made me the Compliment in Verse, which, as I have it about me, I will communicate to the Company. In speaking this, he took a Paper out of his Pocket, and entertain'd us with the following little Piece.

To

TO PHILETES.

I.

*Since humblest Thanks to those are due,  
Who from high Dangers snatch their falling  
[Friends,  
And Honour does so loudly ask  
The pleasing equitable Task,  
To you my Muse in grateful Numbers bends ;  
I was the falling Wretch, my great Deliverer  
[You.*

II.

*Youth's Fires, and Love's more furious Heat,  
With fatal Speed urg'd my deluded Mind ;  
Thoughtless alas ! I hurry'd on,  
Basely t' undo and be undone ;  
To Virtue, Honour, and to Reason blind ;  
These, these too feeble are, where Love and  
[Madness meet.*

III.

*But you my better Fortune rais'd,  
T' oppose my Fury and to check my Flame ;  
Your Prudence stopt my headlong Course,  
And sav'd me with a friendly Force ;  
That Force, which then I thought deserv'd my  
[Blame,  
Now on my Lyre shall sound, and ever shall be  
[prais'd.*

*Philetas, in taking these Verses out of his  
Pocket, had dropp'd another Piece of Paper,  
which*

which *Dorinthus* took up unseen by him, and, as soon as he had done reading, presented to him. What is that? cry'd *Bellimante*: Methinks it has somewhat the Air of a Love-Letter.

Indeed, Madam, answer'd he, looking on it, the Appearance might give Room for such a Suspicion; the Paper is gilt, and the Folds have as many Turnings as a Labyrinth; but, if you will promise not to be offended at the Contents, I will make no Secret of them.

I will take all the Blame upon myself, said *Alario*, if you will trust it in my Hands; on which *Philetas* giving him the Paper with a Smile, his Grace open'd it, and immediately began to read.

## VULCAN and VENUS.

### A FABLE,

In HUDIBRASTICK Verse.

**S**ING *Heav'n-born Muse, the ill-match'd Pair,*  
*Rough Vulcan and the Cyprian Fair,*  
*Bright Queen of Love: And boldly tell,*  
*The dire Adventure that besel*  
*The Goddess, caught in Net of Wire,*  
*Cooling with Mars her amorous Fire.*

*Vulcan was Son of mighty Jove,*  
*The ugliest of the Crowd above;*



*A limping, squint-ey'd Deity,  
Whom his own Dad ne'er lov'd to see.  
Thus form'd, be sure he was not fit,  
In Council grave, with Gods to sit ;  
Much less with his good Mother Juno,  
And all the Tribe which I and you know,  
To tipple Coffee, or sip Tea,  
Or drink more modish Ratafea ;  
But seem'd design'd by cruel Nature,  
To work and toil like mortal Creature :  
And so he did, as Poets tell us,  
Like earthly Smith at Forge and Bellows,  
Making the Armour Gods put on,  
When they in human Battle shone.*

*Venus, as antient Bards have sung,  
From Foam of swelling Surges sprung ;  
Her killing Eyes, and tempting Air,  
Were such as rais'd the Sea-born Fair ;  
Goddeffs of soft Desire to reign,  
To give and ease the Lover's Pain.  
No sooner she in Heav'n appear'd,  
Than every marry'd Goddeffs fear'd,  
Their Husbands after her would roam,  
And seldom sup, or lie at Home :  
But Juno most of all did hate her,  
Cast many an envious Ogle at her ;  
Remembring, that her Husband, Jove,  
Was eager of unlawful Love ;  
Would oft defraud her of her Right,  
And with vile Harlots pass the Night.  
So for her Ease she thought it best,  
To tye this new-come Beauty fast,*

## 182 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

*To some ill-natur'd, surly He,  
 Who, under trusty Lock and Key,  
 Might keep her honest Night and Day.  
 How this was done, what Means were us'd,  
 To get her unto Vulcan noos'd,  
 Here to relate would be too long,  
 Would tire my Muse, and swell my Song ;  
 Let it suffice, that she was wedded  
 To Mulciber, and with him bedded :  
 In Bed then view the happy Pair,  
 And guess the Pleasures which the Fair,  
 In such a rude Embrace, enjoy'd,  
 And blame her not, if she employ'd  
 Her Art, lost Transports to recover,  
 With some more soft, engaging Lover.  
 When Juno found the Lady marry'd,  
 And Home unto her Husband carry'd,  
 Her Heart exulted in her Breast,  
 Now, now, she cry'd, I shall have Rest !  
 My Son I know is cross and jealous,  
 He'll never suffer roaring Fellows  
 To kiss his Wife, nor let her strole,  
 As heretofore, from Pole to Pole ;  
 And we, once poor abandon'd Wives,  
 Shall lead more comfortable Lives.*

*Vulcan, as she could wish, was rough,  
 To his new Bride severe enough :  
 Bluntly he told her, as his Wife,  
 She must renounce her former Life ;  
 Dancing and Visits now must cease,  
 And to a Matron's Care give place ;  
 But, spite of all her Husband's Strictness,  
 She still found Time for am'rous Business*

*For neither God nor Man can be  
A Match for Female Policy.*

*There dwelt in Heav'n a swagg'ring Blade,  
For Wars both mild and furious made,  
Brisk, bold, well-shap'd, and complaisant ;  
A mighty Swordsman, and Gallant ;  
Could please the Belles with tender Tattle,  
And in their Service venture Battle :  
Yet, Carthagenian Hero-like,  
Would rather sleep in Down than Dyke.*

*This Spark came oft to Vulcan's House,  
To entertain his pretty Spouse ;  
But other Business was pretended,  
His Hilt or Armour must be mended,  
Or some such Matter still was near,  
When Vulcan came and found him there.  
When e'er the black, cornuted God,  
About his Bus'ness went abroad,  
Venus, who lov'd good Company,  
His wish'd-for Absence to supply,  
Would send Mars Word, (for that's his Name)  
That if his Godship that Way came,  
She had an Hour or two to spare,  
And should be glad to see him there.  
The gallant God who never fail'd,  
Where Love and a kind Female call'd,  
Strait flew, and both were greatly blis't,  
For stolen Joys they say are best.*

*But Phœbus, whose all-searching Rays  
Secrets of Gods and Men do trace,  
Had often view'd the guilty Pair,  
And, as he Kindness old did bear*

# 184 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

*To honest Mulciber, he thought,  
That, as a faithful Friend, he ought  
His Wife's Intriguing to discover,  
And disappoint the wanton Lover.*

*One Night, when Vulcan's Work was done,  
And Sol his daily Stage had run,  
To raise their Spirits, o'er a Pot  
Of Nectar were their Godships got ;  
When Sol began, You little think,  
Dear Friend, quoth he, while here we drink,  
What Trade your trusty Wife is driving,  
What branching Honours she's contriving  
To grace your Head : Oft have I seen  
Your pretty Spouse, your Beauty's Queen,  
With forward Ardour yield her Charms,  
Your Due alone, to other Arms.—  
And now you look as you would know  
What Wight it is that wrongs you so ;  
'Tis Bully Mars, that powerful Stallion,  
That rattling, base, debauch'd Rascallion :  
Even now, by Jove, while here we prattle,  
Venus and he are close in Battle.  
Vulcan heard out this dismal Tale,  
Then blush'd, and then again turn'd pale ;  
Bid Sol Good-night, as being willing,  
To lose no Time, but catch them billing.  
As most expedient he judg'd,  
To's Shop with angry Pace he trudg'd :  
And being, when with Nectar mellow,  
A witty and facetious Fellow ;  
To work he went, with Wire so fine,  
That mortal Eyes, and Eyes divine,  
It might escape, he made a Net,  
Large, strong, and for his Purpose fit :*

*Then*

*Then to the Place, where Phœbus said,  
He ran and caught them both in Bed ;  
Slily the well-knit Fetters threw,  
Which all their Strength could not subdue.  
(Poor Girl ! how dear her Pleasure cost her )  
There must they lie in shameful Posture ;  
'Till Vulcan all the Tribe call'd in  
To view them lock'd in Bonds unseen.  
Some of the Gods, tickled to see  
Them kick and struggle to get free,  
Shook their immortal Sides with Laughter,  
While others amorous Chops did water ;  
But none imagin'd, 'till he told them,  
What mighty Charm so fast did hold them.*

*But see how small the Effect of Shame,  
When wanton Thoughts the Blood enflame ;  
All wish'd with all their Hearts to be  
In Mars's Place, tho' fast as he.*

Well, said *Ethelinda*, when *Alario* had ended, this was not an Amusement I expected from *Philetes*, and I know not how you will atone, *Bellimante*, for the Blushes your Curiosity has cost poor *Emilia* and *Miranda*. O Madam, cry'd the former of these Ladies, I can easily forgive it ; for, setting aside the Choice he has made of the Fable, I find nothing in it for which the Author should be condemn'd.

The Poem was intended only for the Perusal of a few Friends, said *Philetes*, and I dare answer, if the Gentleman who wrote it knew in what Company it has been read, he would be more ashamed than any Thing contain'd



tain'd in it could with Reason make the most bashful of your Sex.

*Alaric* then said some very fine Things, to distinguish the false Modesty from the true, which would no doubt have given rise to a very agreeable Conversation ; but the Variety of Entertainments, this Day had produc'd, had taken up too much Time for any one to expatiate on that Head, without Danger of encroaching too far on *Ethelinda's* Hours ; and for that Reason, although with Unwillingness enough, we retired, and left that excellent Lady to partake with her truly noble Consort, that Happiness which Privacy affords.

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T H E

# Lady's Drawing Room.

D A Y the F O U R T H.

N EVER had I found *Ethelinda's* Apartment so full of Company as on this Day: There were not only most of those I had seen before, but also such a Number of others, that, as large as her *Drawing Room* is, they made a Kind of Crowd. I had not been there three Minutes, before I perceiv'd there were many of them whose Visits that Lady could very well have dispens'd with, tho' her excellent Good-breeding, and Sweetness of Disposition, made her treat them with the same Politeness, tho' less Familiarity, as she did those whose Society was more agreeable to her. In a Multiplicity of Company there cannot fail of being a great deal said; but then it is generally on trivial Matters, and, though however agreeable they may be in first speaking, would not sound well in the Repetition. Those who are capable of Conversation, being generally too polite to aim at engrossing it,  
give

give those who are the least so, the full Liberty of talking on those Subjects which are most pleasing to themselves ; and People who have small Judgment, and great Vivacity, either are apt to imagine the Topick they are full of is equally entertaining to the Hearers, or are too careless to consult whether it is so, or not. This happen'd to be the Case: *Philetes*, *Dorinthus*, *Acasto*, and *Aristo*, were entirely silent. *Bellimante*, *Emilia*, and *Miranda*, spoke but little, and *Ethelinda* no more than bare Civility requir'd ; while half a Dozen Fops, and near twice the Number of fine Ladies, display'd their Volubility on as many Subjects. All Speakers at the same Time, and with an equal Vehemence ; it was hardly possible to distinguish either one Voice, or one Matter, from another ; yet every one seem'd pleas'd, and testify'd it in a Concert of loud Laughter, 'till it was on a sudden interrupted, as was their Plurality of Discourses, by an Accident which appear'd to take up all their Attention. One of the Ladies cry'd out, O my Head ! ——— My Heart ! ——— I am going ! ——— Then roll'd her Eyes wildly round the Room, wreath'd her Neck, and distorted a Face, which Nature had made extremely lovely, into such Looks of Anguish, that one could never have imagin'd, without being assur'd it was so, that she should do it through Choice ; at last she fell in a Swoon, as I then believ'd, and was expressing some Part of my Concern for her Disorder, in common with the rest, when a Lady, who stood near me, whisper'd to me, That it was all Affecta-

Affectation, and, that she never appear'd in any publick Assembly, without pretending to fall into these Fits.——She fancies, added my fair Informer, that it gives her an Air of Delicacy, and, having little, very little indeed, either in her Person or Conversation, capable of attracting the Regard of the Company, hopes to find that compassionate Notice for her Distemper, which neither her indifferent Circumstances in the World, nor the Misfortune she has lately met with of being forsaken by the Knight, has the Power to excite even from her best Friends. These last Words were accompany'd with so malicious a Look and Accent, that, however blameable I thought the other Lady, I could not judge with less Severity on this. I made but little Answer, being unwilling either to affront the Lady, or to say any Thing which might look like an Encouragement of a Temper so pernicious to Society ; and, as I was not desirous of hearing any further Particulars of the same Nature, retir'd to a distant Window, and fell into a deep Musing. Heavens ! said I to myself, how is it possible that Persons, who are admitted to behold the Behaviour of *Ethelinda*, can indulge themselves in such contemptible Follies ? Would they be all as zealous in correcting the little Vanities of their own Humours, as they are in exposing those of their Acquaintance, how truly valuable might they make themselves ? What I had just observ'd of these two Ladies reminding me of a Thousand whimsical Passages of the same Kind, which I had remark'd among  
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some of those I had conversed with, I became so lost in Thought, that, for a good while, I was altogether ignorant of what was said or done in the Room, and might possibly have continued much longer in that Revery than I did, if the excellent *Ethelinda* had not vouchsafed to call to me, desiring me to join Company, and at the same Time *Aristo* plucked me by the Sleeve, and reminded me that the little Impertinencies, which it was impossible for a Lady of her Rank not to be troubled with sometimes, ought not to make me forget what was due to the other Part of the Assembly. I could no less than apologize, in the best Manner I could, for the Absence of Mind I had been guilty of; which having done, I resumed my Seat, and saw with no small Satisfaction, that the counterfeit Indisposed, and the Lady who had betray'd her to me, were both gone, and, as I was afterwards inform'd, went in the same Chariot together, with all the Appearance of the greatest Friendship on both Sides. Several others also, who could justly be call'd no other than Disturbers of Conversation, had taken their Leave; and what seem'd now to engross the Attention of all present, was a young Lady in a new Suit of Clothes. Every body in the Room were ask'd, How they liked her Fancy in the Choice of the Brocade? The Manner of its being made? The Air of the Sleeve? And I believe it took up little less than an Hour to answer all the Interrogatories she made on each particular Part of it. From that, she fell into a most learned Disser-



Dissertation on Dress in general, condemning one of her Acquaintance for wearing Red, another for being seen in Blue, a third for affecting Yellow.—— One had her Petticoats too scanty, another was as extravagant in the Fulness of them:——Some had them too Long, —— others too Short.—— Lady *Sophia* discover'd an unbecoming Assurance, in exposing her bare Neck, because it was the only handsome Thing about her.—— Lady *Pru*, to conceal the Deformity of her's, sweated under the Weight of a *Capuchin* in *July*.——In fine, she took abundance of Pains to prove, That no body had any Understanding in the Elegancy of Dress but herself; and, whoever had an Inclination to be perfect in that Art, might have listen'd to her with Pleasure. But, thank Heaven, at last she ended, having said every Thing she could think of on the Subject, and shew'd herself sufficiently, as she thought, to be talk'd of with Admiration after her Departure, she took wing to carry her Instructions to some other Place, and none now remain'd but Persons of real Taste, or who had Discretion enough to enable them to conceal that Deficiency, and render their Discourse agreeable on such Subjects as would not betray a Defect in Judgment. And indeed a Person, who knows how to hold his Tongue in Matters, which to talk much on would be to his Disadvantage, cannot, I think, be properly said to want Judgment; and I know not if to avoid (in a Manner which may not seem as if we did so) all Speech of what we know

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is above our Capacity to talk judiciously upon, be not as great an Argument of good Sense, as to be able to declaim with the utmost Oratory. As the best *Rhymer* is not always the best *Poet* ; so he that *talks* most *fluently* does not always *think* most *justly*. It has ever been allow'd, That to know oneself is the most useful Part of Knowledge ; and if so, these prudent *Chusers* of Conversation merit more Applause than the World is sensible of, and, tho' they desire not to receive, nor are paid any, find their own Account in the Praise of this silent Virtue. But, to return,

Well, said *Philetes*, we are now as it were all of a Family again ; we have indeed fewer Stars than we had just now, yet methinks our Hemisphere shines not the less bright.— That is, because too many obstruct each other's Influence, reply'd *Lucillius* ; it makes however a Confusion of Light, which is not disagreeable to the Eye : Therefore, I think the Comparison would be more just to say, The Musick of our Spheres has been for a good while interrupted, and Discord usurp'd its Place.—Not at all, cry'd *Bellimante*, for, to make your's good, we must all hold our Tongues, at least if it be true, as the Philosophers tell us, That the Musick of the Spheres consists in a profound Silence. — That is a Truth which I believe no body disputes, Madam, said *Aristo* ; but then we must lose the Faculty of Speech ourselves, before we can be able to taste it : When we become all Soul, and every Sense is absorb'd in Contemplation, Stilness will be Harmony, more

ravishing than *Handel's* Notes are to his fair Admirers.—This, however, is a Pleasure which none of us seem very hasty to enjoy ; and while we carry this Flesh and Blood about us, and have Vessels susceptible of Sound, we can have no other Notion of the Musick of the Spheres, than what Voices, such as yours, convey to us ; and I think therefore *Lucillius* perfectly right in the Metaphor he made choice of.

Not to take from the Gallantry of this Compliment, said *Ethelinda*, I think there is somewhat, which, more than the most transporting Sounds, enables us to conceive that pure Delight we hope hereafter to enjoy in the Musick of the Spheres, and that is, when our Memory internally repeats the admirable Things we either may have heard or read ; for, though we are originally indebted to others than ourselves for it, it then becomes merely intellectual, and is excited by no Object from without.

A Mind elevated like yours, Madam, reply'd *Dorinthus*, is doubtless capable of furnishing Ideas for itself, which may very much anticipate the Blessings of Futurity. The Soul being in its own Nature altogether divine, retains or loses its Power, in proportion as it is more or less clogg'd with sensual Objects ; and where no Anger, Fear, Despair, Ambition, or any of the turbulent Passions are admitted, it will have room to exert itself in the most rapturous Contemplations.

Nothing, said *Acasto*, can be more just than this Observation ; and I must beg Leave to add, that it is my Opinion, That even those unhappy Persons, who, either by being embark'd

194 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

in a Life of continual Cares, or are afflicted with bodily Distempers, are render'd incapable of any sublime Reflections, have, in the Moment of their Releasement, a clear and distinct Prospect of what they vainly sought the Knowledge of before, as one of our best Poets very elegantly expresses it.

*Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view,  
Who stand upon the Threshold of the New.*

If it be so cry'd *Bellimante*, I am afraid some People, that I could name, will see a good deal more than they desire.

True, my Dear, rejoin'd *Ethclinda* ; What Discoveries must that Person make, who, for the Sake of some temporary Satisfaction, gives up or betrays the Liberty of his Country, and entails all the Miseries of Slavery on unnumber'd Generations ? How must he tremble, when he beholds Millions on Millions of pre-existing Souls, all doom'd to groan in Flesh beneath a Yoke his Crimes impose on them ? — His own Posterity, stripp'd of the short-liv'd Honours he so dearly purchas'd, the Scorn of future Times, and all upbraiding him as the Author of their coming Woes ; he surely then must feel, tho' perhaps not 'till then, some Part of those Agonies which our excellent *Milton* so well describes in the Character of the first Man, mourning the Miseries of his wretched Race, as foreshewn him by the Arch-Angel, *Michael*.

*O Visions ill foreseen ! better had I  
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had born*

*My*

*My Part of Evil only, each Day's Lot  
Enough to bear ; those now that were dispens'd,  
The Burthen of many Ages, on me light  
At once, by my Foreknowledge gaining Birth  
Abortive, to torment me e're their Being,  
With Thought that they must be. O Voice once heard  
Delightfully,——Encrease and multiply,  
Now Death to hear ! for what can I encrease  
Or multiply, but Curses on my Head ?  
Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling  
The Evil on him brought by me, will curse  
My Head, Ill-fare our Ancestor impure,  
For this we may thank ADAM ; but his Thanks  
Shall be the Execration : So besides  
Mine own that 'bide upon me, all from me  
Shall with a fierce Reflex on me redound,  
On me as on their natural Center light,  
Heavy, tho' in their Place.——*

Of all the Kinds of Treason, said *Philetas*, that to our Country is undoubtedly the worst, and I am of Opinion, that Ambition, in the worst of Princes, never did half the Mischief to Mankind, as the Avarice of private Men.

True, reply'd *Acasto*, because no Prince can carry on any Design against the Interest of his People, without the Assistance of some among themselves. I can easily forgive the Desire of becoming absolute in a Monarch : The Love of Power is but too predominant in us all ; and a Throne is placed so high, that he who sits upon it may easily become giddy ; the Guards, the Parade, and all the Farce of Royalty, intoxicates the Brain, and, being told he is a God by his Flatterers, he



imagines he is so, and becomes impatient of Controul; whereas, if like *Philip* of *Macedon*, he was often reminded, That he was but a *Man*, I am apt to think he would neither be so vain, nor so impetuous. All those Nations, whom we now see groaning under the Weight of Tyranny, were once free, nor could have been made otherwise, had they not had Traitors among themselves, who, to attain some favourite Point, sacrificed the Liberties they were intrusted with, which is sure a Crime of the most enormous Size Humanity can be guilty of, or Heaven forgive.

Yet, horrible as it is in any Shape, rejoin'd *Philetas*, it is yet greatly heighten'd, when he, who happens to be the Betrayer of his Country, is one who, by a long Series of Hypocrisies, had endear'd himself to their Affections, lull'd them, by specious Pretences, into a fatal Dependance on him, gain'd their entire Confidence, and made himself be look'd upon as the Bulwark of their Freedom, whilst he was forging the Fetters of Slavery, and contriving Means to render it everlasting, by becoming constitutional.

And need such a Man, cry'd *Emilia*, attend the Hour of Death to feel those Terrors *Ethelinda* has describ'd? Will he suffer nothing during Life from his Remorse, or from the Fears of the Resentment of an injur'd People, so basely deceiv'd, and impos'd upon by his vile Arts?

A Man, before he can be capable of such an Action, answer'd *Dorinthus*, must, as the Scripture has it, have *sear'd his Conscience with*

*a hot Iron* ; have banish'd all Relentings from his Heart ; become entirely dead to all Sense of Honour, Compassion, or even common Humanity, and center his whole Views in Self-gratification. He might, indeed, have every Thing to dread from the just Rage of those he has so cruelly deluded ; but, to prevent the Effects, he will doubtless take care to render it enervate, before he ventures to pluck off the Mask. I cannot, however, with *Acasto*, make any Excuse for a Prince who suffers himself to be misled by the Insinuations of such a one, against the Interest of his People ; but more especially if it happens to be a Prince who has no other Tenure to his Crown than meer Compact between him and those he governs ; who, it is to be supposed, had never call'd him to the Sovereignty but in the Belief he would in their King be their Protector also. In hereditary Governments it would be unnatural for him not to love, with a fatherly Affection, the Nation he is born to govern ; and, in elective ones, it doubtless is the utmost Ingratitude to omit any Thing in his Power to compleat the Happiness of those who put the Crown upon his Head. A Prince chosen by the People, and supported by the People, is, in effect, no more than the Servant of the People ; and tho' they give him the Power of conferring Dignities, making Peace and War, and a thousand other Privileges, yet ought he to consider all this meerly as a Compliment, and never exert it in Contradiction to the Will of those whose *Salary* he receives : He should look on all Attempts to inspire him with Notions of becoming abso-

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lute,

lute, as so many Snares for his Virtue, and give up the Authors of them to such Punishment as those they would have injur'd shall think proper to decree.

*Dorinthus* speaks, said *Ethelinda*, with the most graceful Smile, as in the Supposition, that Wisdom was always the Attendant on a Crown ; whereas, on the contrary, we have often found it inspires only vain Glory, Insolence of Nature, a Forgetfulness of themselves, and of those to whom they owe the Obligation. A Prince, who has strong Passions and a weak Judgment, (as the one is a sure Token of the other) will always be the Dupe of those who want only the Sanction of his Name to become the Tyrants of the People.—— Such a one, therefore, is rather to be pity'd than hated ; and though, it must be own'd, is altogether unfit to be trusted with any Power, and unworthy of the Dignity he enjoys, yet the national Resentment ought to fall chiefly on the artful Fomenters of his unwarrantable Aims, who encourage in him a Disposition to oppress, then put into his Hands the Means of accomplishing it, and have, for the most part, the greatest Share of that Plunder acquir'd by his Authority. Kings, in all limited Governments, are but a kind of Holiday-show, and may justly enough be compar'd to the Pageants we formerly had on a Lord-Mayor's Day, adorn'd and dress'd up meerly to attract the Eye, and manifest the Riches of the Company that set them up ; and of as little real Use.

Were they equally innocent too, Madam, briskly rejoin'd *Lucillius*, it would be well for the Nations

Nations subjected to their Sway; for, as one of our apostate *Patriot's* said not so long ago as to be forgotten, *The best that can be expected from a King is, That he shall do no Hurt.* But the Misfortune is, they are no sooner mounted, than they ride, *Jehu* like, o'erleap the Bounds of Limitation, and trample down all that stands between them and their belov'd Goal of arbitrary and despotick Power.

As I said before, answer'd *Acasto*, the Love of Power is common to us all; none but ungenerous Minds indeed will make an ill Use of it: But the Propensity is in Nature, and to be corrected by nothing but Religion and good Sense. To prove it, let us descend from Princes even to the lowest of their Subjects, and I believe we shall find, among private Families, the same Tyranny exercis'd in petty Matters, which from a Throne is so justly complain'd of as a publick Oppression.

I have often observ'd this among People in low Life, said *Miranda*, but I always thought a polite Education gave a greater Softness to Behaviour.

Neither that, reply'd *Philetes*, nor even, what one should imagine more prevalent, a real Affection, is a sufficient Check, where Pride and Ill-nature are predominant. I sometimes visit a Family, where the Master of it is a Person of Condition, married to a Lady of Birth and Fortune superior to his own, and who has a Share of Wit, Beauty, and Sweetness of Disposition, that might make any Man think himself happy in possessing her; nor is he at all dissatisfy'd with his Lot, or insensible of her

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Merits,

Merits, tho' he testifies not that Regard for them as he ought. She may be said to be the Sovereign of his Heart, yet is she the Slave of his Humours: By the most unaccountable Caprice he treats the Object of his Affections with all the Marks of Hatred.—Contradicts every Thing she says, finds Fault with even those of her Actions which in reality please him most. — When silent, accuses her of Sullenness, yet, if she speaks, pretends to take Offence at every Word: When gay, he wonders at her Levity: When pensive, she must be thinking on something she would conceal: Each alike furnish out a Matter of Dispute, which, though on her Part, is always conducted with the greatest Softness and Good-breeding, is, on his, return'd with Expressions such as would ill become me to repeat it, and what, without hearing, one would think impossible should proceed from the Mouth of a Gentleman. Nay, to such a Degree does his Tyranny extend, that he not only treats her in this Manner before all Company, but takes a Pride in shewing them how absolutely he has enslav'd her very Mind; for the Moment after having said and done Things, which one would think impossible to be forgiven, he will, all at once, assume an Air of Good-humour, at which she instantly puts on a Smile, seems transported to make Peace with him, and own herself to have been alone to blame for the Occasion of this Quarrel: He gives her a gracious Nod, in Token of Forgiveness, and bids her offend no more in the like Manner. Tho' I dare take upon me to aver none, who have been present



at these ridiculous Contests, had ever Penetration enough to find out in what she had offended ; nor, had he been ask'd, could he have assign'd the least Cause given him for this pretended Resentment.

How I pity this poor Lady, whose Life must be one continued Scene of Dissimulation, said *Bellimante* ; for 'tis impossible she can have either Love or Esteem for a Man who acts in such a Manner.

I am very certain, resum'd *Philetas*, she had an Infinity of both on their first Marriage, but am apt to believe his Ill-humour has since render'd her more indifferent ; because, as she does not want Spirit, did she retain her former Sentiments for him, she would either be provok'd by his Usage, to testify some Indignation, or, in endeavouring to suppress it, fall into a Melancholy, neither of which does any of her Words or Actions denote ; and she appears to me meerly to comply with his Passions for her own Ease, and to think no more of them after they are past. As I know he loves her more than perhaps he is sensible of himself, I am in Pain to think how miserable he will be, should he ever discover he has lost, by his mistaken Behaviour, a Heart which he now flatters himself with having so much Dominion over, and that it is not to any implicit Obedience, or fond Affection he is indebted for the Patience with which she supports his Ill-humour.

He cannot suffer too much, cry'd *Emilia* hastily, and if I knew who the lordly Crea-

ture was, I would this Instant write to him, and undeceive his Vanity.

The Company laugh'd heartily at the Warmth with which this Lady express'd herself; but all agreed, that a Man of such a Disposition merited the severest Mortification. — After some general Reflections on the Difference of Tempers, it is strange to consider, said *Dorinthus*, the Pains some People take to render themselves unhappy: I know an Incident, which, tho' the Reverse of what *Philetas* has related, proceeded not from a less Extravagance of Humour, and brought on a Catastrophe equally, if not more melancholy than what he seems to apprehend for his Friend. As there is something very particular in the Story, I believe it may not be disagreeable in the Repetition.

Every Body having assur'd him they should listen with Pleasure, he resum'd his Discourse in these or the like Words.

*ARABELLA*, said he, was one of the most lovely Women I have ever seen; nor did her Wit and Good-humour render her *Conversation* less pleasing to the *Ear*, than the Charms of her *Person* were to the *Eye*. — She was born in *London*, always liv'd in it, except at those Seasons of the Year which make it yield to *Bath* and *Tunbridge* for the Variety of Pleasures; and, as she was of Rank to be visited by the politest of both Sexes, she behav'd herself, amidst the Temptations of a Court, and the Flatteries of her Admirers, in a Manner which oblig'd every Body to look on her as  
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the most accomplish'd Pattern of Modesty and Regularity: Chearfulness, and unaffected Gaiety seem'd to go Hand in Hand with Prudence, and made her Company equally coveted by Age and Youth. I was for some time a pretty near Witness of her Conduct, and indeed it would have puzzled the most envious curious Eye to have discover'd the least Defect, either in her innate Principles or outward Deportment. — Among the Number of those who address'd her for Marriage was *Bellair*, a Gentleman whom, it must be confess'd, was every Way deserving her; but so perhaps were some others, who were less fortunate: She became, however, possess'd of such a Passion for him, as I know not if any History affords us an Example of. — Not all her Moderation was of any Use to her on this Occasion. — The mischievous little Deity brought at once all his Attendants with him; Hope, Fear, Distrust, restless Wishes, disorder'd Joy, and causeless Grief, ravag'd without Controul in her defenceless Breast. She grew immediately another Creature, and as before her Conversation was affable, sweet and entertaining, it now became dull, reserv'd, and sometimes peevish. — The Truth is, she was never easy out of his Company, and, when she saw not him, car'd not to see any Body.

A Disagreement happening between their *Parents*, on account of a Jointure to be made her, the Marriage seem'd to be broke off. — *Bellair* was oblig'd to desist visiting her, and she gave herself up wholly to Despair: All her Prudence, her Modesty, the Care of Reputation was entirely swallow'd up in more

prevailing Grief. She loudly declar'd she could not live without him ; but, all she either said or did having no Effect on the old People, 'tis impossible for Words to express the Calamity of her Condition. ——— I have seen her in Agonies which one would think were impossible for Life to sustain ; but, not to prolong the Narrative beyond what Necessity requires, after three Years Separation, the Father of *Bellair*, prevail'd upon by the incessant Importunities of an only and beloved Son, consented to do what was insisted on by the Parents of *Arabella*.—Writings were immediately drawn, and the so much wish'd for Nuptials celebrated in a Manner befitting their Quality and mutual Affection. I had not the Satisfaction of being present, happening to be at my Country Seat ; but, coming to Town in a few Days, I waited on her to congratulate the happy Event.——But how was I amaz'd, when, instead of the Gaiety of a Bride, adorn'd with Blushes, and beautify'd with Smiles, I found her rather an Object of Condoleance: A gloomy Melancholy hung upon her Brow ! Her lovely Eyes were swell'd with new fallen Tears ! Her Voice falter'd when she spoke, and sometimes was wholly stopp'd by Sighs, which she in vain endeavour'd to restrain. I could not presently find Words to express the Concern it gave me to see her thus, nor the secret Rage I conceiv'd against the Falshood and Ingratitude of a Husband whom she had so tenderly lov'd, and suffer'd so much for : For who could impute that Deluge of Sorrow, in which she seem'd so overwhelm'd,

to any other Source than his ill Treatment? But, when I had got so far the better of my Surprise, as to be able to talk with her, and take Notice of her Answers, I fell into a much greater one at the unhappy Whim she had entertain'd, than I had been before at the Sight of her Disorders. She told me she was now in Possession of every Thing her Soul could wish:——That she look'd on herself as on the Summit of all human Felicity:——That Fortune had bestowed on her a Happiness so immense, such a Profusion of accumulated Blessings in the Society of her dear *Bellair*, that she was certain they could not be of long Continuance; and then, said she, bursting into a Torrent of Tears, How can I support so terrible a Reverse? It was in vain for me to represent the little Probability there was of any such Change coming to pass:——That, as they were young, Fate seem'd to promise them a long Succession of happy Years together; and that *Bellair* had a sufficient Portion both of Love and Honour, to render the last Moment no less agreeable than the first. She own'd the Justice of my Reasons, but could not conquer this unaccountable Chimera, which every Day gain'd Ground in her distemper'd Imagination, 'till at last, by fancying herself too happy, she became completely miserable, and render'd her Husband, and every Body about her so too, by the continual Grievs they saw her in.——She would lie awake whole Nights, counting over in her Mind how many Accidents, which, however unlikely, were within the Compass  
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of Possibility to happen, to lessen *Bellair's* Affection for her, which always concluded in an assur'd Belief, that it would be so in Time, one Way or other. It is indeed reasonable enough to suppose, that this Behaviour in her might have done, what I believe no earthly Thing besides could have the Power to have done, brought on the Neglect and Indifference she so much dreaded ; For who can bear continual Teazing ? This Mortification was however not decreed for her. His Passion for her was not the least abated by the Discontent she gave him, he did all he could to bring her into a better Temper of Mind ; but his Endearments serv'd only to encrease her Malady, and the more he endeavour'd to give her Comfort, the less she was capable of receiving it.—Thus did she languish for many Months in an incessant Waste of Spirits, and dy'd, without the least visible Sign of any bodily Indisposition, leaving her Husband less inconsolable for her Loss, than he would doubtless have been, if occasion'd by any other Motive than what it was.

Tho' this was certainly a Distemper of the Mind, rather to be pitied than condemn'd, said *Ethelinda*, yet I do not see how it was possible for any of her Friends to regret her being deliver'd out of it, by the only Means which seem'd effectual for that Purpose ; but I am of Opinion, that whatever Moderation this Lady testify'd in the Beginning of her Life, there were some Seeds of Impatience and Discontent lurking in the Soul, which  
waited

waited only the Calls of Passion to shew themselves to as high a Degree as human Nature is capable of. The Vehemence of her Love for *Bellair*, that Despair, and the little Regard she took to conceal either the one or the other, and the strange Caprice which, after she had nothing left to wish, she gave way to, and indulg'd ; all these, I say, seem'd to denote a weak Mind, and an unhappy Disposition. I know, indeed, pursued this admirable Lady, that there are a great many of both Sexes, who, by the Formation of imaginary Ills, disquiet themselves to a very great Degree ; and it is certain, that most People are wretched more by the Fears of what they may endure, than any Thing the present can inflict ; but this is a Temper which no Person of real Wisdom will indulge, because, in the first Place, such a Habit of Mind is the direct opposite of *Religion*, which enjoins not only an entire Renunciation to the Divine Power in every Thing, but an implicit Dependance on Him also, for all we desire or think a Blessing : And, secondly, it is a manifest Contradiction to Good-sense ; for who, with the right Use of that, would lose the Enjoyment of a *real Comfort*, to lament a *Misfortune* only in *Supposition*, which, ten to one, never comes to pass, or we live to see if it does?——I grant one sometimes meets with Trials in this World, which justly may be call'd fiery ones ; but then one should consider that Fortitude is the most needful, as well as most heroick Virtue a Mortal can possibly attain, and the greater our Misfortunes are,  
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the greater Opportunity we have, by nobly bearing them, to make the Courage and Eminency of our Souls conspicuous. I am intimately acquainted with a Lady, who, in the little Struggle the unfortunate King *James* made for the Preservation of his Crown, lost a Father, to whom she was extremely dear, and a Husband, whom she married merely for Inclination, both at the same Time; yet bore so terrible a Misfortune with that Patience which testify'd she hop'd to meet them in a better World. One Son was the only Fruits of her Marriage; and the ill Fate of his Father and Grand-father, made her resolve to breed him in a different Sphere from that of War; yet did the ill Genius of their Family prevail above her Care to save him. Happ'ning to pass thro' *Preston* in the Year *Fifteen*, he was accus'd of an Intention to join those who were then attempting to restore the *Stuart* Family, and, as such, try'd and condemn'd,—She was then out of *England*, and hear'd the dreadful News That he had suffer'd with others the Death of a Traitor, and that those Limbs, which she with so much Tenderness had cherished, were mangled, and exposed to the View of every gazing Spectator on the City Gates.—She heard it, I say, without the least Murmur against that Providence which had depriv'd her of her last remaining Comfort, the only Support and Joy of her declining Age; and, tho' never Mother more truly lov'd, more truly griev'd, committed not the least Extravagance, but behav'd, even in the first Shock, with such a Presence of Mind, and

Calmness

Calmness of Deportment, as made some who knew not, nor were capable of judging the Greatness of her Soul, imagine her insensible, and without natural Affection; but afforded Matter of the highest Admiration to those who had been Witnesses of that uncommon Tenderness which she had always shewn in her Care of him. For my Part, I never reflect on the Behaviour of this Lady, and of some others who have maintain'd an equal Fortitude under very great Calamities, but it confirms me in the Opinion I always had, That those wild Exclamations we sometimes hear, are only so many Proofs of the Violence of their Tempers who utter them, and not in the least of the Sincerity of their Passions.

Nothing can be more just than this Observation, reply'd *Acasto*: A real Passion, of what Kind soever, is too mighty for Words: Weak Minds are agitated with every little Trifle, and the Emotions presently break out into the most turbulent Excess; but then the Passion they express is like a sudden Gust of Wind, which gives a momentary Shock, and is felt no more. *Araminta*, on the Death of her Parrot, tore her Hair, and cry'd out, There was nothing left worth living for!——*Beraldus* was going to fall upon his Sword, when News was brought him of the Loss of his Wife, yet married again within a Month.——*Celadon*, when rejected by the beautiful *Clotilda*, sent immediately for a Dose of Poison, but, when it was brought, very wisely threw it into the Fire, and sought his Consolation in the Arms of a more relenting Fair.——In fine, whether



whether it be a real or imaginary Ill, the Grief occasion'd by it is the more shortliv'd in Proportion to the outward Show.

This Argument will hold equally good, said *Bellimante*, in relation to those Professions of Love or Friendship made to the Living. Certainly, Madam, cry'd *Emilia*, and I would no more believe a Man truly lov'd me, who told me he was dying for me, than I would an avaricious Guardian, who deny'd me the Necessaries of Life, under Pretence of making me the greater Fortune.

You cannot be assur'd, Madam, that either the one or the other is false, 'till you have the Proof, answer'd *Lucillius*; but you are so great an Enemy to Love, that, on whatsoever Topic we discourse, you are sure, some Way or other, to draw Conclusions to the Disadvantage of that poor Passion,

The beautiful *Emilia* must be cautious, however, said *Philetas*, how she declares too great an Aversion to it, lest we judge her Sentiments by the same Rule *Acasto* has laid down.

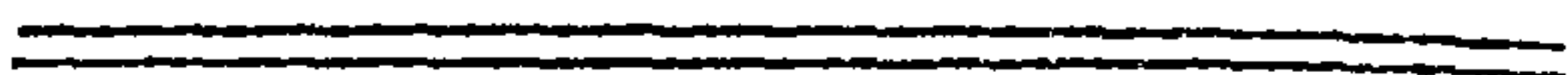
I dare answer for that young Lady, reply'd *Acasto*, that she will always be govern'd by right Reason; and I would not have the Interest *Lucillius* takes in the Sensibility of her Heart, render him too apprehensive that every Thing is meant in Opposition to his Wishes. These Words, deliver'd with a very serious Air, made every Body turn their Eyes on the Persons they concern'd; but the Gentleman who spoke them, prevented any little Raillery he imagin'd what he said might occasion, by going on.



I would advise all the Ladies, pursued he, not to be over-hasty in giving Credit to the Protestations made them by their Admirers, and, above all Things, to be most upon their Guard against those which are accompanied with any Extravagance, either in Words or Actions; because, as I have already said, all Excess is fleeting.——Nature cannot bear perpetual Transports; after a while those violent Emotions sink into a dead Calm, and we often see the most impatient *Lover* dwindle into the most insensible *Husband*. But then, on the other Hand, I would not have them shut their Ears altogether against the Addresses of a worthy Man, or be blind to the Demonstrations he gives of his Affection; for that would be carrying the Reserve too far, and, perhaps, at last, deprive them of a Heart they may know the Value of too late. I could give, if the Evening were not far advanced, a very particular Instance of this, in the History of a young Lady, with whose Friends I was very well acquainted some Years ago.

*Ethelinda*, on this, entreated him not to be under any Apprehensions that any Thing he could say would be tiresome to the Company, and *Lucilius* cry'd out to him, with Impatience, to begin. *Bellimante*, *Miranda*, and *Emilia* told him, That, tho' they had Reason to believe, by what he had said last, that the Adventure, he was going to relate, was more in Favour of his own Sex than theirs, yet the Pleasure they took in hearing him discourse on any Thing, would more than atone for any Partiality

tiality he could be guilty of. I protest to you, Ladies, replied he, I shall only repeat a melancholy Truth, and leave it to yourself to judge as you think proper. The Story is this. I once thought to communicate it to the Publick under the Title of,



## T H E

ADVENTURES of *MARILLA*.

*MARILLA* was a young Lady, who, from her most early Years, discover'd an uncommon Capacity, and, as she grew up, made a wonderful Progress, not only in those Accomplishments usually allowed to her own Sex, but also in some of those which more properly appertain to ours. While a Child herself, she despis'd all childish Diversions, and, as she was not a Companion for those of riper Years, instead of playing with those of her own, she amus'd herself with Reading, in which she took such an infinite Delight, that, for a Book she had never seen before, she would forego any other Satisfaction could be offer'd her; and, tho' any one who had been present when she was thus employ'd, and saw with what Swiftnefs her Eye pass'd from the Top of every Page to the Bottom, would have

have thought it impossible for her to receive much Advantage from the Contents, yet was her Apprehension so acute, and her Memory so retentive, that whatever she look'd over in this Manner was as much her own, as if she had been the Author of it.—What could be more amazing than to hear a Girl, of ten or eleven Years of Age, quote Passages from *Pliny*, *Livy*, and *Sallust*, talk of the Policies of Princes, compare their several Interests, and the Motives on which War and Peace were made, and make such Observations on them as could rarely be contradicted! What might not have been expected from such a Genius when Time had ripen'd it to Perfection?—She had also strong Notions of Philosophy, Morality, and Divinity, and had only such Books, as tended to the Improvement of her Mind, been thrown in her Way, she had doubtless made one of the most shining Characters that any Age or Nation has produced; but unhappily, she was likewise too well acquainted with *Cassandra*, *Cleopatra*, *Grand Cyrus*, *Pharamond*, and other fabulous Treatises, which poison'd her Way of Thinking, and gave her a certain Bent of Mind, to which she ow'd all the Misfortunes of her future Life. Indeed, I think, there cannot be any Thing more pernicious to Youth, than the suffering them to read those idle and voluminous Adventures, which have no Foundation either in Truth or good Sense, and I heartily wish, for the Sake not only of the young Lady I am speaking of, but of many others whose Reason has been perverted by

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## 214 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

by them, tho' perhaps not in an equal Degree, that the Government would forbid all such Books from being sold or printed.

As to the Person of *Marilla*, she was what, without being a Beauty, one might call extremely lovely: Her Eyes were bright and sparkling, her Complexion clear, her Shape admirable, all her Motions perfectly easy and genteel, and had something in her Air infinitely attractive, but undescribable. Such as she was, however, she no sooner arriv'd at the Age of Thirteen, than she became the general Admiration of our Sex, and the Envy of her own: You'll pardon me, Ladies, pursued he, with a Smile, if I say one is too natural a Consequence of the other.—Had these Words been spoke in any other Company, 'tis probable all the Fans in the Room had been up to chastise a Reflection, which none it is made on will allow the Justice of; but the Fair Ones who composed this Assembly, were well convinced what he said was but too true in the general, and therefore offer'd nothing to interrupt the Prosecution of his Narrative, which he thus went on with:

As her Father was a considerable Person in the World, the Fortune it was expected he would give her, join'd to the Charms of her Person and Qualifications, made a great Number of young Gentlemen ambitious of gaining her in Marriage; but she treated all, who address'd her on that Score, with a Reserve which came pretty near Disdain, and gave her Enemies a Pretence for taxing her with Pride and Vanity; two Vices which  
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in reality she was far from being addicted to ; on the contrary, she was always ready to do good Offices, generous in allowing Merit wherever she found it, liberal, and compassionate to those who stood in need of her Assistance, and I believe set a much less Value on herself, than any one, who truly knew her, did. Setting aside a little Raillery sometimes on the Follies of those she conver'd with, which rather was occasion'd by the extreme Vivacity of her Humour, than any real Ill-nature to the Persons guilty of them, she was always obliging, and affable to every Body, but those who, as I said before, declared themselves her Lovers ; nor was this owing to either the Insensibility of her Heart, or to an Imagination, that all who address'd her were unworthy to do so, but to those romantick Notions she had imbib'd, by reading in what Manner the fictitious Ladies of Antiquity had behav'd. She has often, since Time and a melancholy Experience of the World, has mortify'd this Foible, confess'd, 'That at that Time, she thought it the most audacious and presuming thing in the World for a Man, to make any publick Declaration of his Passion, 'till he had suffer'd the Pangs of it, in secret, for three or four Years.—That, even then, he ought not to do it, unless Fortune had presented him with the Opportunity of ushering it in by some extraordinary Service, and that, whenever he express'd himself on that Head, it should be in such ambiguous Terms, and with so much Timidity, that it should rather be from his alter'd Countenance, and despairing



ing Air, the Object of his Affections should perceive he lov'd her, than by any Words he could be able to speak.—Then, as to her own Part in this Farce, it seem'd to her the utmost Indecency in a Woman to listen to any amorous Proposals, 'till the Lover had griev'd himself to a Skeleton, and was on the Point of falling on his own Sword; nor, when he had arriv'd at that Pitch of Desperation, was she to vouchsafe him any greater Favour than a Command to live.—That, after seven Years, she might, tho' with an infinite Shew of Reluctance, allow him to kiss her Hand, confess she pity'd him, but no more:—And, if he persevered a second Apprenticeship in the same Manner, perhaps, that is, if she found none more worthy, reward his faithful Service, by giving herself to him.

These, she acknowledged, were the Ideas she had of Love and Courtship; but, none of her Admirers acting in any Degree answerable to them, she look'd on all the Professions of Love made to her, as so many Affronts, and return'd them only with picquant Repartees, or sullen Silence.

The careful Father, who desir'd nothing more than to see this Darling of his Heart well settled in the World, was extremely troubled to find her equally averse to all he told her had ask'd his Permission to address her, some of whom were Fortunes superior to what either his Birth or Circumstances could have flatter'd him with the Hope of; but neither Youth, Wit, Good-humour, Quality, or Riches, had the least Effect upon her, and  
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if he press'd her to consider the Advantages she might find in being the Wife of such a one, or such a one, she would beseech him, with Tears, to permit her to continue as she was. Unwilling to put any Force on her Inclinations, he had still continued to dismiss as many as came to offer themselves, 'till at last, being extremely solicited by a young Gentleman, whose Principle, Character, and Humour, he was perfectly well acquainted with, having known him from his Infancy, and for whom he had a kind of natural Affection, he was not to be influenced on his Score so easily as he had been on that of others, but told *Marilla*, with an Air of Authority, That he was assur'd she could have no reasonable Objection to the Person he now propos'd, and therefore insisted, that she should receive *Carlos* (for by that Name I shall distinguish him) as one he intended should be her Husband.

A Thunder-clap could not have been more dreadful to *Marilla* than this Command: In vain she wept, in vain she begg'd; but, having nothing to alledge against this young Gentleman, her Refusal seem'd so capricious, that her Father knew not how to account for it; and, when he reflected how many Offers she had before rejected, began to fear her Insensibility to all those he had recommended, proceeded from her having placed her Affections on some less worthy Object, and who durst not avow himself her Lover. This Apprehension had no sooner enter'd into his Head, than he began to reproach her, as if certain it were justly founded; but the many

## 218 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

Protestations she made of her Innocence, at length made him easy as to that Point, though he dissembled his Conviction, and told her, That nothing, but entertaining *Carlos* in the Manner he desir'd, should convince him, that he had not injur'd her by any unjust Suspicion.

Of all her Acquaintance, there was none she had half the Regard for she had for *Carlos*. — He it was whom she ordinarily made choice of to wait on her to the Play, the Opera, the Mall; on every Occasion she preferr'd him to all who made Offers of their Service; she had continually prais'd his good Humour, the Agreeableness of his Conversation, and, in fine, had always talk'd of him with a Kind of Pleasure: But no sooner did she find he had entertain'd Hopes of marrying her, than she was uneasy at the bare Mention of his Name, avoided his Presence as much as possible, and, when compell'd, as it were, to suffer it, appear'd so discontented and melancholy, that he soon found the Friendship, with which he had been flatter'd, was not the least a-kin to Love. And yet, as she has since told me, she had a thousand Times wish'd to see him her Lover, before she knew he was so, and found nothing in herself repugnant to his Addresses, but that they were not made in the Form she had read of. Had he told some Friend how much he ador'd, yet durst not discover the Ardency of his Flame, and this had been overheard by her, she would doubtless have been transported with the Effect her Charms had on him; but to entertain Hopes of gaining her, and mentioning his Desires

to her Father, was a Piece of Presumption her Delicacy could by no means forgive, and she resolv'd to punish it by treating him with as imperious and disdainful an Air, as she had been us'd to do with one all Complaisance and Freedom.

*Carlos*, who lov'd her as a reasonable Man would do, could impute this Change of her Behaviour to nothing but an extreme Dislike to his Person, and often complain'd of his Ill-Fortune to her in the most tender Terms ; but as he mention'd not one Word of dying, nor attempted any Act of Desperation, all he could say was far from having the Effect on her he desir'd ; on the contrary, it serv'd only to heighten her Displeasure, as it seem'd a new Proof of his Temerity, or Insensibility of her Charms.

Her Father at last insisted on her being married, and even fix'd a Day for the Celebration : All she had already urg'd in Opposition having prov'd ineffectual, she now seem'd more ready to comply, and resolv'd to take another Method, which, if she fail'd in, to run to any Extremities, rather than be dispos'd of to a Man who, it seem'd to her, had taken such unworthy Methods of obtaining her. What, said she to herself, shall I be sacrificed to one who has not the least Notion of a true and perfect Passion ? One who is incapable of feeling any of those Transports which fir'd the Breast of *Oroondates*, or *Artaxerxes* !——One whom all the Disdain I have treated him with has not been able even to throw into a Fever !——No, I will hazard every Thing, suffer any Thing, rather

ther than be the Victim of such spiritless Indifference.

*Carlos* receiv'd the Confirmation of his Happiness, as he imagin'd, with as sincere a Joy as a Heart can be capable of feeling, and, flying to the Apartment of *Marilla*, My Angel, said he, your Father had this Moment acquainted me, that he has at last gain'd your Consent to make me blest.——As how? demanded she, scornfully.——As how? repeated he, does not the charming *Marilla* know that the fifth Day from this, is that which must give her to her faithful Lover's Arms? Are we not to be marry'd?——My Father would have it so, answer'd she; but there are little Blessings to be expected in a Union of Hands, where Hearts and Dispositions are so widely distant as yours and mine:——Judge, *Carlos*, continued she, with the utmost Haughtiness, by the sincere Declaration I am now about to make you, what Happiness our Marriage will bestow.——Know, that Death is not more terrible to me, than the Thoughts of being yours; and whatever favourable Sentiments I had of you, as an Acquaintance, they all vanish'd, since I found you cherish'd such presumptuous Hopes.——That, if compell'd by my Father's Authority to go with you to the Altar, I shall be so far from thinking myself oblig'd to love you by that Ceremony, that I shall ever after regard you as the Murtherer of my eternal Peace.

The poor Gentleman was strangely confounded at these Words; he really lov'd her, should have thought himself the Happiest of Man-



Mankind in possessing her with any Degree of mutual Affection, but had too much good Sense to wish to pass his Days with one who had a fix'd Aversion for him. Her late Treatment, and the Manner in which she now spoke, convinced him that she was but too much in earnest, and, conscious that he was no way her Inferior, could not help thinking she derogated from that fine Understanding and Politeness she was celebrated for, in not making Use of more gentle Terms at least, in her Refusal of him. This then, Madam, said he, I must look upon as your final Determination. — It would be the Height of Insolence in you to doubt it, answer'd she. — Well then, resum'd he, with a Sigh, whatever I may suffer in this Self-denial, you shall find, Madam, I have more Regard for your Peace, than to offer any future Interruptions. — My luckless Passion shall make but one of us unhappy : — Perhaps hereafter you may own I merited a better Fate.

He accompany'd these Words with a low Bow, and was going out of the Room, but she call'd him back : Hold, *Carlos*, said she, do you desire I should think well of you ? — That Hope was once the Height of my Ambition, reply'd he, but you have thought fit to banish it for ever. — There is a Way, resum'd she, to engage my Esteem, if not my Love, and that is to let the Breaking-off this ill-concerted Match appear wholly your own Act. — Make what Pretence you please to my Father for quitting me ; lay the Blame on my Want of Beauty, Wit, Conduct, or any  
L 3 Thing,

## 222 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

Thing, rather than Disobedience to a Command I was in a Manner forced to seem willing to comply with.—This will shield me from the Displeasure of a Parent whom I should be sorry to offend, be doing me a real Service, and oblige me to restore you some Part of those good Wishes I had for you, before the Declaration of your vain, fruitless Passion.

Whatever Reluctance *Carlos* found within himself, to appear the fickle and inconstant Creature she desir'd, or affront a Gentleman, whom he had always look'd upon as a kind of Father to him, his Affection, or rather his Generosity got the better of all other Considerations ; and after a Pause, Yes, *Marilla*, said he, you shall be obey'd even in this, hard as it is : I have this Consolation however, that it is not even in your own Power to make me guilty of any Thing, that might give you a just Excuse for the Treatment you have shewn me, and wish that, whenever you think fit to bestow some happier Man, it may be one not less devoted to you than the unfortunate *Carlos*.

The Oppression of his Spirits was so great, that he was scarce able to utter these last Words, with which he went out of the Room, fearing the excessive Grief he then was in, should have drawn something from him unbecoming the Courage of his Sex.

*Marilla* saw, and exulted in the Confusion he was in, and, tho' she pity'd him, was far from repenting the cruel Occasion she had given. This she thought, as indeed it was, a Proof of the respectful Passion he had for her, but was mistaken in the Consequences : Had she been told

told afterwards, that he had attempted to destroy himself, 'tis possible she would have vouchsafed to have abated somewhat of her Severity ; but he, imputing her Behaviour merely to an invincible Dislike of him, on the contrary, made use of his utmost Efforts, to banish so unhappy a Passion from his Heart. He was however at first extremely perplex'd, in what Manner he should perform the Injunction she had laid on him, and, after many various and disturb'd Emotions, wrote to her Father in these Terms :

*S I R,*

*An unforeseen and unfortunate Accident renders it impossible for me to accept the Honour I so long solicited, and you were so good to promise.—Forgive, I beseech you, what only a cruel unavoidable Necessity enforces : Believe that to be ally'd to you, in the Manner I lately flatter'd myself with, was the dearest Wish my Heart had form'd, and the next to that is, that your fair Daughter may find with some other, that Happiness which she could not have shar'd with the*

Unfortunate CARLOS.

The Astonishment, which the Father of *Marilla* felt at reading these Lines, is not to be express'd : He sent immediately for him, in order to get an Explanation of this Mystery, but heard he took Post for his Country-seat the Moment he had wrote. He then interrogated his Daughter, but she answer'd in Terms, which seem'd to him no less ambiguous than the

Letter he had receiv'd from *Carlos* : Upon the whole however he shrewdly suspected this sudden Turn had been owing to her Behaviour, and accus'd himself of having shewn a too great Indulgence to her Humours, as she was not yet of an Age, in which her own Judgment was to be depended on, and resolv'd hereafter more to exert the Father. Accordingly, another Proposal being made to him, by a Person whose Fortune and Character was every Way agreeable, he gave his Consent without once consulting that of *Marilla*, 'till the Writings were drawn, and every Thing necessary concluded on for the Marriage : He then told her what he had determin'd, and at the same Time forbid her, on Forfeit of all she had to hope from him, not by any Means, directly or indirectly, to oppose what he had ordain'd for her.

Thus began those Misfortunes, which her Refusal of *Carlos* drew upon her : The Person now intended for her Husband, having neither the good Qualities, nor Agreeableness of that rejected Lover, she saw, and was sensible of the Difference between them, and wish'd the former would return and renew his Addresses ; she had flatter'd herself with the Opinion he would do so ; and had brought herself to think, that, after having punish'd his Presumption and receiv'd this Proof of his Obedience to her Will, she might, without Breach of Decorum, treat him with somewhat more Gentleness ; but he was too ignorant of Romances to imitate the Example of those suffering Lovers, and pass his Time in Hunting, and such other  
Exer-



Exercises as he thought most conducive to extinguish a Flame he had all the Reason in the World to believe would never be rewarded. She was excessively mortify'd, to find she receiv'd no Letter, complaining at least of the Agonies he suffer'd in this Banishment, and no less griev'd to think, that she should now fall to the Lot of one, whom she had as real a Dislike to, as, thro' the Caprice of her Humour, she had affected to the other. Her Father seem'd now to have converted his former Tenderness for her into Austerity ; and, on her only offering something that look'd like a Desire of delaying this Marriage, commanded her to be silent ; and she was oblig'd to see all the Preparations for it going forward, without daring to open her Lips in Contradiction to them. The Eve of the destin'd Day at last arriv'd, and fill'd her with Horrors little different from Distraction.—Death or Beggary seem'd to her trifling Ills to that decreed for her, and, not able to submit to it, resolv'd to hazard all.—In fine, she left her Father's House by Night, and retir'd to a distant Relation, whom, with Tears and Prayers, she prevail'd upon to give her Shelter from the Cruelty of her Father. The Person she address'd knew very well the Miseries of an enforced Marriage, and for a Time conceal'd her ; but the enrag'd Parent took such Methods as soon discover'd to him where she was, and, when she least suspected it, seiz'd and conducted her Home : It would be needless to repeat in what Condition, and how much she suffer'd from the Reproaches of her Father, and all those of her Kindred,



who, not sensible of the true Motive of her Flight, imputed it to one less innocent. The intended Bridegroom not only flew from his Engagements, but contemn'd what he had so lately ador'd, making her ill Conduct, as he call'd it, the Subject of his Conversation in all Companies. The discreet Part of her Acquaintance knew not how to judge of her Behaviour, and those who most had lov'd her, on this mistaken Step, refrain'd their Visits: Those who envy'd her good Qualities rejoiced in an Opportunity of blasting her Reputation, and representing even the most innocent of her Actions as criminal.—Even this once tender Father look'd on her as a lost Child, and withdrew great Part of the Affection he had for her.—To prevent her from falling into any farther Inconveniencies, however, and silence, as much as he was able, the Censures of an unpitying World, he took a Resolution of secluding her in a Convent for Life, as he then threaten'd; but, as he afterwards acknowledged, he intended it only for a certain Time, 'till the Memory of what had past should be forgotten, and herself brought to a more reasonable Way of thinking. The Thoughts of being a *Nun* were no less dreadful to her than those of Marriage.—In spite of the Mortification she had receiv'd, she still lov'd the World, and flatter'd herself with being one Day able to make a shining Figure in it, to the Disappointment of her Enemies; but, alas! she took wrong Measures to gratify so laudable an Ambition. Terrify'd at the Thoughts of being compell'd to take the Vail, she made a  
second

second Elopement : Nor could all her Father's Search avail to find her again. She sent a Letter entreating his Forgiveness, and reiterated Protestations, that no other Motive but to avoid a *Nunnery*, had oblig'd her to abscond, hoping that Time would make him more relenting to a Daughter, whom he once thought merited his Affection above any of his other Children ; and that he would not give Ear to any Stories that might be told to her Disadvantage, and ended with an Assurance, that her Honour, and that of his Family, should be ever dearer to her than Life.

But all she wrote was far from mitigating the Indignation he was now possess'd of ; he renewed his Search, spar'd neither Money, nor Labour, to discover the Place of her Retreat, but she was too wary, and too artful, not to escape all the Pursuit was made after her. She went not near any Person who knew her, never stirr'd out by Day, nor undisguis'd, and shifted her Lodgings so often, under various Names and Pretences, that it was impossible for any true Information to be given of her. For upwards of a Year had she sculk'd about in this Manner, living on the Sale of some Jewels she took with her ; 'till one Evening, being in a Shop for something she wanted to buy, she heard two Gentlemen mention her Father as lately deceas'd, with this aggravating Circumstance, that it was the Behaviour of his Daughter had shorten'd his Days. This was a Shock indeed ! scarce had she the Power to convey herself away, without testifying by some Action, how sad a Concern she had in their Discourse.

After

After she had vented in her little Privacy some Part of the Agitations of her Soul on this Occasion, having no longer the Authority of any one to dread, she appear'd publickly, but found herself wholly disregarded, even by those most near to her in Blood. Her Father, in the Height of his Passion against her, had struck her entirely out of his Testament ; and tho', to my Knowledge, he intended to alter it, and give her a Child's Portion, yet the ill Fate of *Marilla*, by one Accident or other, delay'd it ; and his Death happening so suddenly, that he had not the least Time, even as they say, to testify his Desires in any Particular, she was cut off from all the Expectations she was born to, and made an Alien to her Family. Every one now rejected, shunn'd her Sight ; her ill Conduct was the Pretence, but her Necessities were the real Excitement to this Usage ; and, among all the numerous Acquaintance she had in her Days of Happiness, she now found not one to pity or relieve her. Her Spirit was indeed too great to suffer her to make repeated Applications ; those who had once look'd slightly on her, were certain of being eas'd of any future Visits from her ; and, as great Minds become most haughty in Adversity, she no sooner found herself ill-treated by the World, than she resolv'd to contribute nothing toward rendering it more gentle, and, in her Turn, never met any Person by Accident whom she knew, without making them sensible, how much she despis'd the Injustice had been done her.

Being

Being reduced at last to want even the common Necessaries of Life, she took it into her Head to go to a Relation, who for many Years had liv'd far from Town, and knew little of the Particulars of her Affairs : She was at first kindly receiv'd, but had not been there many Months, before she perceiv'd a certain Weariness of her Company ; and at last a Sort of a commanding Air, which shewing her she was look'd upon but as a Dependant, and a kind of troublesome one too, made her Heart frequently ready to burst.

These Distresses had however very much chang'd her former Ideas ; she had never found that the Heroines of Romance were slighted for Want of Money, or that they ever stood in Need of any ; a mournful Experience convinc'd her, that Mankind was of a different Nature from what was represented in those Stories, and her Usage of poor *Carlos* often brought as many Tears into her Eyes, as the Sufferings it had occasion'd drew from her : But that was an Evil now past Redress ; she had heard nothing of him for a long Time, nor was there any Probability of their ever meeting more. Portionless as she was, a young Officer in the Army, who happen'd to be in those Parts, became passionately enamour'd of her : She receiv'd his Addresses with the utmost Indifference, not excited to it by the Motive which had sway'd her in the Time of *Carlos*, but because she really felt it ; yet so much had her Misfortunes chang'd her, that, having been one Day more than ordinary piqu'd with the Behaviour of the Family where she was, she  
all



all at once consented to marry him, and the very next Day made good her Promise.

This brought her into new Misfortunes, and such as before she had not any Idea of; and, as by obstinately flying from Marriage, she had began her Ruin, so, by precipitately running into that State, she compleated it. Her Husband was a Man of the most dissolute Principles imaginable; and, after the first Week, he became so, treated her with an Indifference, which could not but be stabbing to any Wife, much more to a Woman of her Humour; she saw herself slighted and abandon'd for the most Profligate of her Sex, with whom he pass'd his Days and Nights, never coming Home but to recover the Fatigue of his Debaucheries, and then return to them again. He had no Estate, and his Commission was insufficient to support his Extravagancies Abroad, so that at Home nothing but the Miseries of Penury was to be found.

*Marilla* was but sixteen when she became a Wife, all her Charms were in the Bloom, and the ill Usage of her Husband encourag'd many young Men of Condition, to make Offers of their Service to take her from this Scene of Woe; but not all the Assurances they propos'd of defending her, while Life continued, from the Frowns of Fortune, nor all the Hardships she so severely felt, had the Power to make her hesitate one Moment what Answer she should make, tho' unloving this most unworthy Husband, and unlov'd by him, she preferr'd a Life of Misery and Innocence with him, to all the Pomp of guilty  
G r a m



Grandeur with any other Man. — Her Virtue stood like a Rock impregnable to all Efforts, and unshaken either by Force or Fraud. — Both it seems were try'd, and both alike found ineffectual. A Person who liv'd in the same House with her, and was an Eye-witness of her Conduct amidst these Trials, assur'd me with many Protestations, that never Woman was more greatly tempted, nor with greater Strength of Virtue resisted. Yet neither this, the Beauties of her Mind and Person, nor the exemplary and most amiable Patience, with which she bore the worst of Usage, had Power to reclaim the dissolute Possessor of so great a Treasure: He was, it seems, one of those Wretches who are only sensible to Injuries, and look on all good Offices and Benefits as Things of course, and what they have a Right to expect: Whether such a Disposition proceeds from Pride, or meerly Want of Sense, I will not take upon me to say, but, whichever it is, nothing can be more uncomfortable than to have any Concern with Persons of that Turn.

Tir'd out at last with a continued Series of Matters of Disquiet, and having lost the only Thing in which she took any Sort of Pleasure, an Infant of about five Months old, she resolv'd to quit the Society of a Man, who seem'd to take Pains to render himself as disagreeable as he could; she took the Opportunity of his being absent for a Fortnight, and went into a private Lodging, acquainting none with the Place of her Retreat, but such whose Secrecy she could depend upon.

But

But see the Inconsistency of some Tempers, he no sooner perceiv'd what she had done, than he behav'd with all the Distraction of the most violent Love and Despair ; swore that, if she did not return, or he was not successful enough to find her, nothing should persuade him to live, and scarce allow'd himself Time to eat or sleep for the Search he was perpetually making in Person, as well as employing others : At length he came where she was, and, with ten thousand Promises of reforming the Irregularities of his past Conduct, won on her Good-nature to forgive, and cohabit with him as before. After this he treated her with more good Manners, but his natural Tendency to an abandon'd Life by Degrees prevail'd, and, forgetting the Terms on which he had recover'd her, relaps'd into all his former Extravagancies. She continued with him, however, 'till Death gave her a final Divorce, which happen'd about five Years after their Marriage, at which Time she was no more than one and twenty.

Here, said *Acasto*, I must beg Leave to close my Narrative, what afterwards befel this unhappy Lady not seeming of a Piece with her foregoing Life ; besides the Accounts I have, of the remaining Part of her Adventures, are too dark and indistinct for me to repeat them, without Danger of being guilty of an Injustice either to her or Truth. All I can venture to say is, that her Misfortunes ended not with her Husband's Life, but rather fell more thick and heavy on her than ever ; and that a Person of any tolerable Degree of Penetration, may  
 H H

still discover in her the Ruins of a noble Mind, but not the least of a beautiful Person: Tho' now of an advanced Age, Grief has made a greater Waste than Time on her Charms; dejected, spiritless, oppress'd by Fortune, and an ill-natur'd censorious World, and doubtless more so by the sad Reflection, that all she suffers is owing to herself, she drags on a Life of Misery, obscure, unknown, unaided, and deserted by all but her own Fortitude.

I should indeed be sorry, said *Ethelinda*, to hear any Thing that might destroy my Admiration of this Lady's Virtues, or my Pity for her Sufferings; but I am apt to think *Acasto*, if you have heard different Accounts of her Behaviour since the Time you mention, that which is most in her Favour, is also the most just; for I cannot think a Mind, such as you have painted out to us, and which had so long withstood Temptations, could at last descend to any Thing unworthy of itself.

One cannot, Madam, be ascertain'd, reply'd *Acasto*, what Time, and Accidents may be able to produce in the most determin'd Minds, but so far I dare answer for *Marilla*, that she has never been capable of any mean or base Action; and that, if any Thing has happen'd derogatory to her former Character, the Cruelty of the World has exaggerated it into ten times its real Magnitude.

For my Part, said *Lucillus*, I can forgive her every Thing but her Behaviour to poor *Carlos*, and even that too, if the Relation of it may serve, as I am sure *Acasto* intended it,  
for

for a Lesson to some Ladies, not to trifle too much with a Heart that adores them.

At these Words the whole Company turn'd their Eyes on *Emilia*, who, either to prevent any further Discourse on that Head, or because it really was so, reminded them, without seeming to regard what *Lucillius* had said, that it was very late; on which we all rose up, and, having paid the Compliments of the Night, withdrew to our respective Habitations.

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T H E

Lady's Drawing Room.

D A Y the F I F T H.

THE Story of *Marilla* had made so great an Impression on the Minds of those that heard it, that, the next Time we had the Honour of attending *Ethelinda*, the Conversation was very much engross'd by it. *Bellimante* could not forgive *Carlos* for not renewing his Addresses to her after she became a Widow, 'till *Acasto* acquainted her, that he liv'd but a small Time after she had rejected him. *Philetas* accus'd her Relations of Imprudence as well as Cruelty, in not protecting her from those Distresses, which render'd any false Step she might have been guilty of more conspicuous, as People are under no Restraint in their Censures of an unfortunate Person. *Ethelinda* said, she thought that to preserve from sinking a Woman of such real Merit was a Duty incumbent on all those, who were even barely acquainted with her. As it is utterly impossible, said *Dorinthus*, a Mind at once so delicate and resolute



resolute could be subdued by any ordinary Methods, I should be sorry to be assur'd there could be a Man vile enough, after having triumph'd in the Manner *Acasto* seems to apprehend, to leave so glorious a Conquest desolate, and exposed to the Insults of any future Spoiler.

Ah, *Dorinthus*, said *Miranda*, the Pride of having it in your Power to subdue, is often the most powerful Excitement your Sex has in addressing ours ; and, tho' Vanity is a Vice charg'd wholly on us, the Disregard many Women have been treated with, when they have no longer any Thing to grant, sufficiently proves, that the Men have at least an equal Share.

True, my Dear, rejoin'd *Bellimante*, and I would have every Woman consider, when closely press'd by a belov'd Adorer, and perhaps too by her own secret Inclinations, that, if she yields, she but *shares* in the Joy, while the *Remorse*, the *Shame*, and whatever ill Consequences may ensue, is all *her own* : The proud Triumpher has no Ruin of Character, no Loss of Fame to glare him in the Face, and, having gain'd what he desir'd, forgets the Difficulties by which it was attain'd. — His soft Professions, — his Vows of everlasting Constancy, — his well-counterfeited Agonies. — All the innumerable Artifices he put in Practice to seduce, are then no more remember'd, and cold Indifference is the best of what succeeds Possession. Since then all the Evil, of giving way to a Tenderness of this Sort, is on the Woman's Side, how little Thought must she have  
who

who encourages it? as a late celebrated Poet justly says ;

*Such is the Fate unhappy Women find,  
And such the Curse entail'd upon our Kind,  
That Man, the lawless Libertine may rove,  
Free and unquestion'd, thro' the Wilds of Love :  
While Woman, Sense and Nature's easy Fool,  
If poor weak Woman swerve from Virtue's Rule ;  
If, strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny Way,  
And in the softer Paths of Pleasure stray ;  
Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,  
And one false Step entirely damns her Fame :  
In vain with Tears the Loss she may deplore,  
In vain look back to what she was before,  
She sets, like Stars that fall, to rise no more.*

I am therefore apt to imagine, continued this charming Lady, that, if *Marilla* did fall this Way, her Misfortunes must first have impair'd her Understanding.

A fine Understanding, Madam, answer'd *Philetas*, and all the Accomplishments, which *Acasto* enumerated as center'd in this unfortunate Lady, are not always a sufficient Guard against the Power of Love. I believe you will allow, that *Berinthia* was possess'd of them in as great a Degree as most of her Sex : Yet how did an ill-fated Passion sway her ! How unhappy have two illustrious Families been made by the little Government she was able to preserve over her Inclinations ! This is too known a Truth ; but as the Particulars of the Affair may not have reached the Ears of this Company, and have been lately related to me,  
by

by one who could not be deceiv'd in them, nor is capable of deceiving others ; perhaps the Repetition may not be disagreeable. — As he address'd these last Words to *Ethelinda*, she instantly reply'd, Nothing I should desire more than to be fully inform'd of that Adventure ; because many Things, which heard in the gross give us a shocking Idea of the Persons concern'd, are often very much alleviated by a perfect Knowledge of the Circumstances ; and I hope this of *Berinthia* may furnish me at least with some Excuses for her Conduct.

I am sorry, Madam, to say, resumed *Philetas*, that nothing but the uncommon Perfections of the Object of her Passion can be any Sort of Plea for the Errors it has made her guilty of ; but I will not postpone the Curiosity I have excited, or anticipate any of those Remarks, which this Company cannot fail of making on what I shall relate.

## The Story of *B E R I N T H I A*.

**S**HE was marry'd, said *Philetas*, as every one knows, extreamly young to *Leontius*, a Nobleman whose Birth, Fortune, and personal good Qualities render'd him every way deserving her : She had never given the least Testimonies that her Heart felt any Repugnance in disposing her Hand ; and for a Time

Time they were look'd upon as a Pair perfectly happy in each other. This is most certain, that *Leontius* lov'd, I may say doated, on her, with the utmost Profusion of Fondness ; and, if she did not return it with altogether so much Violence, it rather seem'd as if she were restrain'd more by the Modesty of her Sex, than Want of Inclination. The least penetrating Eye might discern, that all she then knew of the tender Passion was in his Favour, as he preferr'd the Pleasures of a Country-life, to any the Town afforded, (possibly that he might with less Interruption enjoy the Society of his ador'd Spouse) she never regretted continuing there, even in that Season of the Year, when Fields and Meadows lose all their Beauties, and indeed in every Thing seem'd to like as he did, and to have no other Desires than what were inspir'd by him.

They were in this Retirement, when *Amarantha* came down to pass some Weeks with her :—Fatal Friendship !—Destructive Visit !—Equally ruinous to the Peace of both !——*Celadon* at that Time made his Addresses to that Lady, and, under Pretence of paying his Respects to *Leontius*, follow'd her thither, in order to prosecute his Love : The engaging Qualities and agreeable Person of this young Nobleman are too conspicuous to all, who have ever seen him, to stand in need of any Description ; so I shall only say, that they receiv'd a considerable Addition from that Fire, which animated his Eyes in Presence of his ador'd *Amarantha*. *Berinthia* had often seen him before, but had never given herself the Trouble  
to



to examine into his Merits with that unhappy Distinction she now did. — The tender and passionate Things which she was often Witness of, tho' utter'd to another, sunk into her Soul, and had all the Effect on her he aim'd to inspire in her fair Friend: Here did she suck in the delicious Poison, which by swift Degrees diffus'd itself thro' all her Veins, and became the Bane of her Honour and all the Happiness of *Leontius*.

*Celadon*, little suspecting what had happen'd in her Heart, would frequently entreat her good Offices for him to *Amarantha*, and she as often promise him; which Promises she in Truth perform'd, but it was to gratify the Pleasure she took in speaking of him, that made her so readily comply. — 'Tis likely indeed that the excessive Praises she bestow'd on him went no inconsiderable Way in influencing *Amarantha* in his Favour, tho', being of a very reserved Temper, she carefully concealed the Inclination she had to reward his Passion. The Indifference, with which she always answered *Berinthia*, flattered her with a Hope it would never be a Match; for, tho' married herself, the Thoughts of seeing him so was a Dagger to her Soul; at last, however, that Lady took her Leave, and he obtained her Permission to conduct her to Town. But the terrible Inquietudes *Berinthia* felt at losing his Presence, join'd with the aggravating Circumstance of his being gone with her Rival, left her no room to hope she could live without him: She no longer found any Satisfaction in obliging her Husband, nor any Pleasures



tures in a Country-life : — Her once gay and lively Temper was converted into a fullen Melancholy. — She would sit whole Hours bury'd as it were in Thought ; and, when interrupted, answer with a Peevishness which shew'd, if she were capable of any Pleasure, it was only in her own Meditations.

The ever assiduous *Leontius* observed this Change in her with an infinite Concern, tho' far from imputing it to the real Cause, or having any Guess at his Misfortune, and endeavour'd, by all the tender Demonstrations of Love in the Power of Man to give, to alleviate her Discontent. But she, insensible to every Thing but the Idea of the too charming *Geladon*, and, impatient to see again the dear Original of that enchanting Image he had left in her Breast, pretended, that the Country-air did not agree with her Constitution, and told him, That, as she had suffered the Decay it brought upon her in Complaisance to him, she expected he would have so much for her as to permit her to quit it, at least for a Time : Not, said she, that I would have you go to a Place you are averse to ; for, as soon as I am a little recover'd, I will come here again.

As it was impossible for her to declare any Inclination he was not glad to gratify, he was far from opposing this ; but could not be prevailed upon to stay behind her, imagining, no doubt, but his Company would still add to the Contentment she expected to find in *London*. — Mistaken Man ! Could any Thing have embitter'd the Pleasure of this Journey, it would have been his partaking it ; but this she was

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oblig'd

## 242 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

oblig'd to dissemble, and every Thing being got ready for their Departure, with as much Expedition as possible, they set out from their Country-seat, to which they never return'd together more.

As they drew nearer *London*, the very Thoughts she was beginning to breath the same Air with that of the ador'd *Celadon*, restored great Part of that Spirit, which so lately seem'd banished from her languid Eyes: *Leontius*, with Pleasure, saw the Alteration, and told her, That he doubted not but she would be soon recover'd ; at which she sigh'd, and said, She wish'd that she were not already too far gone.

Too far, indeed, in that worst Distemper of the Mind, a lawless Flame ; but, as he took these Words only in a literal Sense, and had no Notion of the Meaning contained in them, he assured her, she should want no Means of Relief. Thus did they entertain each other ; He, venting the cordial Affections of his Soul in the most affectionate Terms ; She, forcing herself to return his Endearments with a cold Civility, till they arriv'd in Town, where the first News they heard was of the Marriage of *Celadon* and *Amarantha*, a Thing long before agreed upon by the Friends of both, and now consummated.

This Intelligence, tho' of a Thing she expected, gave her the most poignant Anguish ; but when she was told the new married Pair were come to visit her, she was in such Confusion, as might have given some Suspicion of the Cause, had not the fixt Opinion, that she laboured under some bodily Indisposition, prevented any one from diving any further. — She

was once or twice about excusing herself from seeing them, under Pretence of her ill Health ; but then the extream Impatience she had, to feast her Eyes with the Sight of her ador'd *Celadon*, made her resolve, rather than be depriv'd of that, to endure the Company of her now hated, 'because happy Rival : Tho' the Constraint she suffered, in receiving them in any Manner befitting their's, or her own Character, may more easily be imagined than described.

The first Shock over, she began, however, to be somewhat less perplex'd ; her good Sense representing to her, That, as she was not in a Condition to receive his honourable Vows, they might as well be given to *Amarantha*, as to any other ; and her Virtue sometimes remonstrating, that she ought to use her utmost Efforts to extinguish a Passion not only unwarrantable, but hopeless, she set herself in good Earnest about it, or at least thought she did so. Happy had she been, could she have accomplish'd so glorious a Work : — But, alas ! the Measures she took were too weak for such a Task, and served only more to ensnare her in the fatal Labyrinth. — Instead of stunning his Conversation, as she might easily have done, by returning into the Country, she flatter'd herself, that, as he knew not her Sentiments of him, she might indulge the Pleasure of seeing him without a Crime, and that, by being much with him, she should in Time convert her Passion into a kind of sisterly Affection for him. This, as I was informed by one who had it from herself, was a Method she ima-

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## 244 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

gined would succeed ; it seemed, however, the most easy, and what she was resolv'd to pursue.

To this End, Parties of Pleasure were continually form'd, in which *Celadon* was always sure to make one, and sometimes, for Decency's Sake, *Amarantha*. As for *Leontius*, the little Delight he took in any of the Town-Amusements, was a sufficient Excuse for her not to press him over much ; so that she had frequently the Opportunity of being attended to the Mall, the Opera, Play, and Masquerade, by the Object of her Affections, without the Presence of any one who might have been a Check on her Behaviour. Her Actions, however, were perfectly innocent for a Time, whatever her Thoughts were ; but every one knows the Danger of too great an Intimacy between Persons of a different Sex. — So free a Conversation, with one of the loveliest Women in the World, and the Marks of Friendship she treated him with, by Degrees inspir'd him with Desires more warm than was consistent with his Vows to *Amarantha*, which, join'd to some little Disputes with that Lady, occasion'd by a less Conformity of Tempers than could be wished, made him never think himself so happy as in *Berinthia's* Company. The Tendernefs he now began to feel for her, rend'ring him a more close Observer of her Looks, soon discovered to him that he was not indifferent to her ; and, thus embolden'd, he hesitated not one Day, as they were sitting alone together in her Chamber, to declare, how happy he should have thought himself had Fortune put him in the Place of *Leontius*. As he  
look'd



look'd full in her Eyes while he disclos'd himself, he saw there all the Tokens of a great Surprise, but it was a Surprise of Joy, not Indignation. — She blush'd, hung down her Head, and with a Sigh answered, It was Pity that a State, instituted by Heaven, should often be the Means of rendering those who enter'd into it miserable, as, said she, is but too frequently the Case.—You see before your Eyes an Example of it, Madam, replied he, since it deprives me of all Hope of being favour'd, in the Manner I could wish, by the charming *Berinthia* ; yet she herself doubtless has no Reason to regret her Lot !—Ah, *Celadon* ! cry'd she, looking on him with Eyes swimming in the most tender Languishments, How little do you know what passes in my Heart ! — Yes, I am one of those unhappy Persons who know all the Discontents, but nothing of the Joys of Marriage.—I was disposed of to *Leontius* at an Age when I was incapable of judging what was valuable in Mankind, and I have since had Eyes but too distinguishing for my eternal Peace. — Can there be a Man, said he, taking her Hand which trembled at his Touch, so blest to be preferred in your Esteem to *Leontius* ? O ! proceed, continued he, in the kind Confidence you have begun to place in me, and tell me, Is there a Possibility he can be insensible or thankless ?—Press me no more, interrupted she, in an extream Confusion, I have already said too much, unless you know how to pity, by your own, those Agonies of Heart which force my Tongue to speak.—Ah, *Berinthia* ! answer'd he, think you I am so poor a Judge of all that's



charming in your Sex, as not to feel for you all that a despairing Passion can inflict?——  
 Yes, Madam, let your Tendernefs for this happy, nameless He be ever so transcendant, mine will more than equal it.——Heavens, cry'd he, that for a Moment I could assume the Shape, the Voice of this so favoured Rival, and, undisdain'd, pour out my Vows of everlasting Love on this soft, yielding Breast. He had the Temerity to catch her in his Arms as he spoke these last Words, and prest her to him with such a Fervor as almost stopt her Breath; all the weak Resolutions she had form'd of preserving her Virtue, while she indulg'd her Love, were now swallow'd up in an Abyfs of Rapture, and she had Power to say no more than, *O Cladon!* I am lost!—Too well, O dear Enchanter of my Soul! you know the guilty Secret:——Too well are acquainted for whose Almighty Charms I have learn'd to hate *Leontius*.——But *Amarantha!* *Amarantha*, pursued she, as soon as she could a little recover herself, has too much Merit to be eclips'd by me. —— Name not *Amarantha*, thou Idol of my Soul, cry'd he; could I have once hop'd Fate had a Blessing, such as I now enjoy, in Store for me, my fond Heart had never thrown away a Wish on her, or aught but the adorable *Berinthia!* *Berinthia*, in whom the Charms of her whole Sex are united. All the Time he was speaking he pursued every Measure impatient Love inspires for the Completion of his Conquest, which at length was as perfect as either of them wished.

Having

Having thus ventur'd to break thro' the Bonds of Honour, Gratitude, and Duty, all Care of Reputation seem'd beneath Regard ; wholly taken up, and transported with each other's Charms, they abandon'd themselves to all the Extravagance of their unbounded, wild Desires, giving such publick Testimonies of the Flame with which they mutually were possess'd, that none who saw them but must read it in their every Look and Action. *Leontius* was the last that would believe his Misfortune : As for the injur'd *Amarantha*, she spoke loudly of it, and not only upbraided her Husband in Terms which, I must say, were not the most proper to reclaim him, but also proclaim'd his Injustice in all Companies : Tho' his good Sense could not but remind him he was guilty of a Fault, yet he could not bear to hear it repeated by others, whom he look'd upon to have no Concern in his Affairs ; and this occasion'd such continual Dissention between them, that it was impossible for any two People to live more disagreeably together.

*Leontius*, confirm'd by a thousand Circumstances, and most by the careless Airs with which *Berinthia* reply'd to any Question he put to her on that Head, was prevail'd upon to set Spies on her, in order to surprize her with her Lover, and then to sue out a Divorce. Nothing could be more easy than to make such a Discovery : He was very soon inform'd they were at a little retir'd House, some few Miles out of *London*, which *Celadon* had hir'd on Purpose for their Meeting : On which, tho' they say much against his secret Inclination, he

went, accompany'd by some Friends, who were to serve as Witnesses. *Celadon*, however, had Notice of their Approach, and made his Escape ; but the Warning arriv'd not timely enough for *Berinthia* to do so too, and, disdain- ing to conceal herself, as probably she might have done, receiv'd her injur'd Lord with as much Intrepidity in her Countenance, as there was Grief in his. Ah ! Madam, said he, I find the Country has Charms for you when they are not poison'd by the Presence of *Leontius*.—People's Mind, will alter, answered she : I may approve that at some Times, which at others I may detest ; but a jealous Husband is what I would fly any where to avoid.—How little I deserve that Name, resumed he a little warmly, the World can answer for me, who saw with what Unwillingness I was brought to believe a Misfortune you have taken too little Care to conceal. — But, continued he, 'tis Proofs which must now condemn or absolve those Suspicions the Imprudence of your Conduct has excited. A scornful Smile was all the Reply she made, and that Moment he, and those he brought with him, went out of the Room to search the House, not doubting but they should there find *Celadon*, as they certainly would have done, had not *Berinthia*, indolent in every Thing that regarded herself, but anxious for her Lover, and expecting that some time or other they might be betray'd, obliged him to have always a Horse ready saddled, which, on the first Notice given by a Scout at a little Distance from the House, he might mount, and get off by a back Way.

This

This she had two Views in ; first, to prevent a Quarrel, the Event of which was uncertain ; and the next, to deprive *Leontius* of Proofs sufficient to procure a Divorce ; for, tho' she wished nothing more than to live in an eternal Separation, she knew, if it were brought about that Way, the Law would leave great Part of her Fortune in his Hands ; and besides, give him a Power of prosecuting her belov'd *Celadon* : To hinder either of these Evils she afterwards had recourse to an Invention infinitely less to be forgiven, than that which the Impetuosity of her Passion had made her guilty of.

After *Leontius* and his Friends had quitted the House, disappointed of the Proofs, but convinc'd in their Minds of her Dishonour, she went to meet *Celadon* at a Place they had before agreed upon, and from thence to a private Lodging, determined to return no more to her Lord : Neither did he make any Overtures to her for that Purpose, being advis'd to the contrary ; his House was open to receive her, in Case she thought fit to come, and the Law required no further Condescension on his Part.

But this Lady, who, as I said before, had other Views, sent for all her Friends, and told them, That the ill Treatment she had met with from *Leontius* had oblig'd her to leave him, and withal to reveal a Secret which should ever have been bury'd in her Breast, had he behaved to her with Civility ; and this was, that, by Nature being render'd incapable of having any Children, he had marry'd her only with a View her large Estate should devolve on



his Family, which, said she, would be so great an Injustice to my Kindred, that I could not die in Peace if accessory to it.

Thus, making it their Interest to assist her in procuring a Divorce, every Thing was preparing on her Side to bring in a Bill of *Impotency* against her Husband ; and on his, to summon what Evidences they could to form one of *Adultery* against her ; but this unthought of Accusation put a Stop to all their Proceedings ; for, if the Marriage was unlawful, he had no Right to call her Actions to Account.

The Town was very much divided in their Opinions concerning the Truth of this Affair ; but I believe the greater Part, if we take in the Ladies, were on *Berinthia's* Side, few of them being unable to believe one of their own Sex, and especially one of *Berinthia's* Birth and Education, could be guilty of such a Forgery ; and this serv'd as some Sort of an Excuse for the Intimacy between her and *Celadon*, which they grew so publick in, that none could make a Doubt of it. That Nobleman, impos'd upon, as well as the rest of the World, by her Accusation of her Husband, became the more endear'd to her for the Wrong he imagin'd she had sustained, and poor *Amarantha* was in a manner quite abandon'd by him.

*Leontius*, whom all the Certainty of her Infidelity could not entirely make her Enemy, became impatient at this second Insult, and, as there was no other Way to vindicate his Character from the Aspersions she had so cruelly cast on it, submitted to an Examination of  
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the Truth, by some Persons appointed for that Purpose, and who were on Oath to report according to the best of their Judgment, without being prejudiced in Favour of either Party. These Gentlemen all agreeing, That he was, as he had ever been suppos'd, perfectly capable of having Issue, the Calumny fell immediately to the Ground, and the fair, treacherous Author of it was condemn'd by those who before had most espous'd her Cause. *Celadon*, who had more than any one taken care to inform himself of the Truth of the Business, was as fully convinced as the rest, and no sooner was so, than all the Charms of *Berinthia* could not preserve his Affection. — Instead of the long suffering, injur'd Wife, as he before believ'd her, he now found her the Hypocrite, the Deceiver, the unjust Accuser, and the most ungrateful, and unprovok'd Defiler of the Marriage-Bed. Those Beauties, which had attracted his Admiration, were now so much disfigur'd, by the discover'd Deformity of her Mind, that he became almost to hate what he so lately had ador'd. He broke off all Conversation with her, was reconcil'd to *Amarantha*, and ashamed of having wrong'd her; nor could all the Endeavours, and Artifices of the fair Deluder tempt him to her Arms again.

*Leontius*, now fully cleared in the Opinion of the whole World, neglected nothing to do himself Justice, and doubtless would soon have obtain'd the Sanction of the Law for a Divorce, from a Person who had already divorc'd herself from his Love and Bed, if her sudden Death had not sav'd the Pleaders the Trouble,  
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and put an End to all his Shocks on her Account.

This, Madam, continued *Philetes*, was the Progress and End of an Amour, which indeed, from its very Beginning, had the Guilt of a double Wrong, and could promise no better Consequences ; and I wish that my Account could furnish more Matter of Excuse for the Behaviour of that unhappy Lady.

I think, said *Ethelinda*, Fate has been very kind in taking her from the World, before her Disgrace receiv'd its full Completion ; and, since it has happen'd so, the greatest Act of Friendship that can be paid her, is not to mention her, and endeavour to forget there ever was such a one, as much as possible.

This Age, cry'd *Lucillius*, has been strangely fruitful in Inventions such as *Berinthia's* : A Lady, who brings a large Fortune to her Husband, and afterwards takes it into her Head to like another Man better, has only to excuse herself by presently accusing him of a natural Impediment ! — Would it not therefore be a very wholesome Law to oblige both Parties to make Trial of each other before the Ceremony is perform'd, which costs so much Time and Money to render afterwards invalid ?

The Gentlemen of the long Robe would scarce thank you for this Proposition, reply'd *Dorinthus* ; but I cannot help agreeing with you, That we have had so many Instances of the Ladies taking this Method of recovering their Portions and Persons, as makes it in a manner necessary some new Forms of securing them to ourselves should be found out.

Who

Who that saw the Marriage of *Horatius* and *Rosinda* ; He, justly accounted a Man of the strictest Honour, best Sense, and greatest Accomplishments ; She fam'd for an uncommon Sweetness of Disposition, and exemplary Virtue : Who, I say, that had seen such a Pair united, but would have believ'd they had been so for Life ? And yet, how short a Time was he become a Husband, before his elop'd Wife left him to mourn her Loss in a widow'd Bed ! And for whom were her Affections thus perverted from their right Channel ? Why, for an Object as inferiour to her noble Spouse, as she was in Beauty to a certain Lady who had been rejected for her Sake, and who, constant to her first Flame, still preserves the tenderest Wishes for him she could not inspire with Love.

Who that knew with what a real Satisfaction the fair *Amiana* was conducted to the Altar, and pledg'd her Vows to *Lisimore*, but would have been assur'd she never could have thought a second Object worthy to supplant him ? Yet, after a few Months, did she not fly his House, nay, to be secure from his Pursuit, the Kingdom, and contented herself to live in a foreign Clime, mean and obscure, with a Man low born and bred, and who had no one Thing in him to excuse the Folly she committed ? And have not both these Ladies had Recourse to the same Stratagem *Berinthia* made use of, to free themselves from a Tie no longer agreeable to them ?

Many Examples of this Kind, indeed, have happen'd, said *Aristo* ; but they have been yet less

less astonishing to me, than some Accounts I have lately had of *Elismonda* : A Lady educated in the severest Principles of Virtue, and of so timid a Modesty, that the most respectful Salute from any but her Lord would call the Blood into her Cheeks : Yet, in a short Time after her Marriage, she seem'd to take a Kind of Pride in making the World believe her Husband was the last Man in it she thought worthy of her ; and, when reprov'd by a near Relation of her Husband's, and at last menac'd with a Bill of Divorce, had the Front to reply, That there were certain Occasions which allow'd a Wife the same Privilege, and that she, perhaps, might make no Scruple to claim it.

Most People, however, said *Bellimante*, believ'd her innocent in Fact, and had not one Transaction after she went abroad given the Lye to that good Opinion, her Lord would have retain'd the whole Blame of the Discord between them.

I am far from justifying *Elismonda*, said the sweet *Ethelinda* ; but if there are in Nature any Excuses to be made for a Wife, who offends in the Manner she has done, they doubtless all are on her Side. She was in the Bloom of Beauty when made a Bride ; her Soul gentle, generous, and as entirely free from all Art and Affectation as her exterior Form. A thousand good Qualities gave the World a Promise she would be one of its chief Ornaments ; nor would her Actions, I am confident, ever have bely'd that Hope, had she been marry'd to a Person who had known the Value of her, and treated her according to her Merits ; but  
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the Delicacy of her Way of thinking ill agreed with the rough unpolish'd Behaviour of her Lord :——She had too much Good-Sense not to perceive his Want of it ; and her extreme Youth render'd her incapable of reflecting, That unworthy as he was, yet, being her Husband, it was her Duty to endeavour at least to be blind to his Follies, and patient with his Infirmities. As to the Amour, they tell us she enter'd into after leaving *England*, when we reflect it was with the most lovely Prince that Nature ever fram'd——a Prince, whose admirable Qualities, both of Mind and Body, extort Esteem from even his worst Enemies, it will scarce deserve Wonder, that she should be but too sensible of them. ——How often have I seen the most severely Virtuous of our Sex languish before the Picture of that young Hero, and cry out, *O God ! was any thing ever so enchanting !*——If *Elismonda*, therefore, who saw the dazzling Original at her Feet——who heard his Wit, was Witness of his every Perfection, did yield to an irresistible Impulse in Favour of his Suit, who will not say, her Foible merited not Excuse.

Circumstances indeed, reply'd *Aristo*, make a wide Difference in the Errors occasion'd by Love : Had the Husband of *Elismonda* treated her in a Manner worthy of her, she had certainly never left him, or if Chance had brought her to the Presence of the lovely Prince you mention, her whole Stock of natural Softness being already fix'd on the Person allotted for her, even the transcendent Qualities of her illustrious Lover had made no other Impres-



Impression than that of Respect and Admiration.

I have always absolv'd *Elismonda* in my own Mind, said *Lucillius*, not only for what might happen between her and that Prince ; but also for other Faults of the same Nature, which I have heard laid to her Charge, merely on the Score of her Husband's Brutality.

It must be own'd, said *Dorinthus*, some Men's Humours are intolerable ; and when we find a Woman, whose Conduct has been unblameable before Marriage, commit any Irregularities after, we ought to be well assured of his Behaviour before we lay the Blame wholly on her.

What *Dorinthus* has observ'd, rejoin'd *Bellimante*, puts me in mind of the most amiable and unfortunate *Semanthe*, that great Example of suffering Virtue, and Martyr of a too rigid Duty.

Ah, *Bellimante*, said *Ethelinda*, you have often began to relate the History of that accomplish'd Lady, but some unlucky Interruption has still depriv'd me of the Pleasure I propose in knowing the Particulars which brought her to so untimely a Fate. If you will now favour me so far, I believe you will also lay an equal Obligation on the whole Company.

Whatever is enjoin'd by *Ethelinda*, reply'd that beautiful Lady, cannot be otherwise than approv'd by every one ; Apologies therefore would be impertinent, because needless, and but delay fulfilling your Request, so I shall do it in as brief a Manner as the Circumstances I have to relate will admit of.

Here

Here she paus'd a little, to recollect the Passages she was about to deliver, and then, addressing her Discourse to *Ethelinda*, began in these Terms.

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THE HISTORY

OF

*ADRASTUS, SEMANTHE,*

and *APAMIA.*

YOU all know, said she, that *Adrastus* is more indebted to the Gifts of *Fortune* than to those of *Nature*, for the Respect paid him by the World ; yet some, who look on him with less distinguishing Eyes, allow him a fine Gentleman : It is certain he has a gay, polite Behaviour, can give his Opinion agreeably enough on the Amusements in vogue at present, goes often to Court, and can tell you what Dish the King eats ofteneft on, and when his Majesty has a good or bad Night, as well as his Cook or Physician : Hunts with Lord *Orford*, and of late has the Honour of being intimate with Lord and Lady *Bath* : Besides this, he dances well, and can play some of *Handel's* Tunes on the Harpsicord and Violin.

These Perfections were so enchanting to *Apamia*, that he no sooner made his Addresses to her, in common with all the Ladies he saw, whom

whom he found young and dress'd well, than she thought herself the happiest Creature upon Earth ; and endeavour'd, by pretending the warmest Passion for him, to secure him from all her Rivals : As he has the most tender Affection for his own Person, it was indeed natural for him to like her best who seem'd most to admire him, and her Artifices succeeded so well, as to engage his Promise to make her his Wife ; but, as there was not the least Probability his Father would ever be brought to give his Consent, there was an absolute Necessity the Ceremony of Marriage should be deferr'd 'till his Death : But Love could not attend the tedious Form.—*Adrastus* was impatient for the Completion of his Desires, and *Apania*, fearing a Denial would give him Cause to call in question the Sincerity of her Passion, yielded her Honour into his Possession, on his solemn Vow of restoring it to her before the Altar, as soon as Circumstances would give him Leave to do it, without involving them both in Ruin.

But, while they were indulging their mutual Wishes, the Father of *Adrastus* was carrying on a Treaty of Marriage for him with *Semanthe*. The Parents of that excellent Lady having no Objections to make against his Proposals, and she, all Obedience to their Will, and unpossess'd with any Idea of Love, not in the least opposing it, every Thing was agreed upon before *Adrastus* was told there was such a Design in Agitation. When inform'd of it, and commanded to visit *Semanthe* on that Score, he was neither pleas'd at the Happiness intended for him; nor shock'd at the Injustice  
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he must be guilty of to *Apamia* ; but, quite insensible of either, set himself about obeying his Father, and address'd that young Beauty in Phrases he had too much accusom'd himself to, to be at any Loss for. She, who had never before been permitted to hear the Sound of Love, took all his Common-place Professions as so many Testimonies of a real Passion, and, looking on him as the Man whom it would be soon her Duty to love, cherish'd the most favourable Inclinations for him.

As every Thing was previously determin'd, the Days of Courtship lasted no longer than was necessary for the getting ready Clothes and Equipages, and the Marriage was solemnized with a Pomp suitable to their Quality.

*Apamia*, to whom *Adrastus* had never communicated the Affair, and, to prevent her from hearing of it by any other Hand, had prevail'd on her to go into the Country, with a Promise of coming shortly to her, knew nothing of any such intended Marriage, 'till the publick Papers inform'd her of the Consummation : The Surprize and Indignation she was in may more easily be conceiv'd than related : She instantly order'd her Coach to be got ready, and was just going to step into it in order to come to *London*, when *Adrastus*, who thought it best to meet the first Fury of her Resentment in that Retirement, came down according to his Promise. The first Words she accosted him with were, Monster ! Traitor ! To which he made no Reply, but gently taking her in his Arms, oblig'd her to turn back and go with him into the House, where, as soon as they were enter'd, she

she discharg'd a whole Volley of Reproaches on him.—Conscious how much he merited them, he suffer'd her to go on without offering any Interruption, 'till he found she had exhausted her whole Stock of harsh Epithets, as well as Breath ; and then, throwing himself on his Knees before her, All this, O divine *Apamia* ! cry'd he, is too mean a Punishment for the Crime I am guilty of.—Here, said he, presenting her with his naked Sword, let this Revenge your Cause ; all the Reluctance with which I shall receive the Blow is, That, in piercing my still faithful Heart, you must also pierce your own dear Image there.—Death, continued he, after what a cruel Father has enforc'd me to do, would be a Blessing, and doubly so from my *Apamia's* Hand ; for, if divorc'd from all I ever did, or ever can love, I never will yield to live with one I hate.

These Words, so soothing to that Vanity of which few Women have a greater Share than *Apamia*, disarm'd a good Part of her Resentment ; but then, reflecting that, whatever he said, he had put another in Possession of that Title she had thought herself secur'd of, it renew'd again, and he was oblig'd to bear a second Storm of Upbraidings, which at last ended in a Torrent of Tears, on the Consideration that the Evil was irremediable. With much Entreaty he prevail'd on her to sit down by him, and then told her a long Story of the Necessity he was under of complying with his Father's Will, or being cut off from all his Patrimony ; assur'd her, that he had the most implacable Aversion to his Bride, and that he had

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contriv'd a Scheme to get rid of her, and be once more in a Condition of doing Justice to her, who only had a Right to him, and whom he look'd upon as his real Wife, tho' another at present enjoy'd the Name.

The latter Part of his Discourse had the most Effect upon her, and she presently cry'd out, But how is it possible for you render invalid a Marriage solemniz'd and consummated as yours has been?—By provoking her, reply'd he, by the worst of Usage, to quit my House, or, if she continues obstinately patient, to do, as you know an Acquaintance of mine has done, get a Friend to be found with her in a Manner which may give a Pretence for suing out a Divorce.

On this a Gleam of Joy diffus'd itself all over her Face, and looking kindly on him, And have you then enough of Love and Honour, said she, to undertake this Stratagem for my Sake? I would undertake not only what I have said, reply'd he, but every Thing that either Heaven or Hell could suggest to rid me of this detested Tie, and restore me to my ever dear, my ever ador'd *Apamia*. With these, and such like flattering Assurances, did he win her, not only to an entire Forgiveness, but also to permit him a Continuance of those Endearments which at first had been the Consequences of the Contract between them.

The Truth is, he preferr'd the coquet Airs of *Apamia*, and her affected Passion, infinitely to the modest Tenderness with which *Semanthe* return'd the Endearments he sometimes vouchsafed to treat her with ; but, with how  
much

much Indifference soever he regarded her, he was far from daring to treat her in the Fashion he had promis'd to the other : The greatest Proof of his Neglect she receiv'd, was his being little at Home, and when he was so, talking more to his Dogs and Monkey than to her.

She would often sigh, and tell him, She had always thought the chief Happiness of a married Life consisted in having an agreeable Companion, and a certain sincere Friend to bear a Part in every Pleasure, and soften the Weight of every Care. To which he would answer, in an indolent Way, That she was quite mistaken in her Notions, for when People were marry'd a Month, they had said over all they could to one another, - and had nothing further to furnish Conversation, and then either hum a Tune, or look out of the Window, to prove the Truth of his Argument.

How disagreeable such a Behaviour must be to a Woman who had a great deal of Sense, had read much, and was capable of entertaining, and being entertain'd in the most elegant Manner, any one may judge ; yet she forbore any Reproaches on that Head, and, seemingly contenting herself with such cold Civilities as he was pleas'd to shew her, bore all his real Sights without the least Murmur to him, or Complaint to others.

She became pregnant in a short Time, and that Condition flatter'd her with the Hope of inspiring him with more Tenderneſs ; but, on the contrary, he rather grew worse, and by Degrees, converted the indolent Air with  
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which he had behav'd to her before, into one altogether fullen and morose, the Cause of which she was very much at a Loss to guess, tho' she was almost the only Person who was ignorant of it. Whether it was that she had not a Strength of Passion sufficient to give her any jealous Emotions, or whether she was not by Nature capable of it, I will not pretend to say ; for, in spite of the Intimacy between us, she always spoke of every Thing relating to her Husband with the greatest Reserve.

It was not, however, *Apamia*, but a new Object of his inconstant Wishes, that had occasion'd this Change in him from bad to worse. The gay Relict of his own Brother was now the only one of her whole Sex who had any Charms for him : He was never easy out of her Company ; and she, too much a Coquet by Nature, both heighten'd and encourag'd the Passion she perceiv'd he had for her, by all the little Arts she was Mistress of. *Apamia*, who had always her Spies over his Actions, was not long before she discover'd this new Amour, and, finding he could neither clear himself from the Accusation, nor took any Pains even to deceive her on this Point, bent her whole Mind on Revenge. To this detested End she sent an anonymous Letter to *Semantoe*, containing a full Account of the whole Affair between *Adrastus* and herself, their Contract, his Aversion to marry any other, and the Design he had form'd to get rid of his Engagements :——Then proceeded to relate all she had discover'd (perhaps with some Additions

## 264 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

ditions to the Truth) of his new Amour with his Brother's Widow ; in fine, a whole Sheet of Paper was crowded with Circumstances so stabbing, that *Semanthe* had no sooner read it, than she fell into a Swoon : I happen'd to come in while her Women were endeavouring to bring her to herself, and, seeing this Letter lie open on the Table, took it up, and put it in my Pocket, designing to give it her on her Recovery.

The first Thing she did indeed, after she open'd her Eyes, was to send them in Search of it, and, remembering where she had left it, ask'd, Who had been near her Toilet ? On which, to save the Women the Trouble of looking, I told her I had the Paper I believ'd she meant ; but, as I fear'd that had been the Occasion of her Indisposition, it would be better she should permit me to burn it, than give it a second Reading. I will do neither the one nor the other, answer'd she ; but, since you have it, insist on your examining the Contents, and then give me your sincere Opinion what Credit I ought to afford them.

Tho' I had but just cast my Eye upon this Letter in folding it up, I had seen enough to guess the Purport, and was sorry I had so unfortunately brought myself into the Dilemma of either falsifying my Sentiments, or, by speaking the Truth of them, add to the Affliction I saw my Friend was in. I was oblig'd however to comply with her Request, and retir'd to a Window, under Pretence of having a better Light, but indeed to consider on what



I should say after having finish'd the Perusal of this malicious Scroll.

Well, my dear *Bellimante*, said she to me, as soon as she thought I had read it, am I to accuse my Fortune and my Husband of Injustice, or the Author of that cruel Intelligence? The latter, doubtless, answer'd I; for were *Adrastus* capable of wronging you in this Manner, the Discovery would be made by none but an Enemy to your Peace; and from such a one every Thing ought to be suspected.

This I might very truly say; for none, but a Person delighting in ill Offices, would have been the Reporter of such News, how real a Foundation soever they had for it. But I was in much more Perplexity at the second Question she put to me. Do you believe, said she, that *Adrastus's* Marriage with me was an Act of Compulsion? That he lov'd and was contracted at that Time to *Apamia*? Or that he now entertains any dishonourable Designs on her who was the Wife of his own Brother? I must confess I was at a very great Loss how to reply, and I believe hesitated so much, that she could not but see what my Opinion was, and that I only study'd for an Evasion. At last, dear *Semanthe*, said I, think no more of so palpable a Baseness. — 'Tis plain all this is wrote merely with an Intention of giving you Disquiet, and, perhaps too, to irritate you to a Behaviour to *Adrastus* which might render you both eternally unhappy. — For my Part, I should, with the utmost Difficulty, be brought to believe there could be such a Man in the World as this Letter has describ'd, and no-

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thing but the most glaring Proofs ought to make you condemn your Husband, even in Thought.

Very right, answer'd this amiable Lady ; and I am resolv'd not only to assure myself he is entirely innocent, but also to redouble all my former Tenderness, and give him such Proofs of it, as even if he were guilty should reclaim him, and make him blush within himself for having ever wrong'd so sincere and perfect an Affection.

Heavens ! continued *Bellimante*, wiping away some Tears, which in spite of her stole down her Cheeks at the Remembrance of her fair Friend, How did my Heart bleed for the Wrongs I too well knew were done to this suffering Innocence ! this most perfect Pattern of conjugal Virtue ! But I dissembled my Concern as well as I could, and, taking her in my Arms, applauded, as it deserv'd, so generous a Proceeding.

What she had promis'd she made good : She never once mention'd her having receiv'd any such Letter, to *Adrastus*, or any other Person ; and from that Time forward testify'd so ardent a Love for him in all her Words and Actions, that he could not, without proclaiming himself the most brutally Savage of all that ever had the Shape of Man, avoid using her with Civility in Publick : How he behav'd in private, Heaven and themselves alone can tell ; but I have been inform'd, that she has often been surpriz'd pouring forth the Anguish of her Mind in Tears. One Thing I cannot omit mentioning, which is, that, being never  
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very fond of walking, and now by her Condition render'd more averſe, becauſe leſs capable, he was for ever propoſing it, and, to engage her to it, would accompany her himſelf, telling her it was good for her Health, and beſides, a Recreation that was extreamly in Faſhion: — Her late Majeſty, would he ſay, walk'd much when ſhe was pregnant: — The Princeſſes walk, and I ſhould be ſorry to have a Wife ſo unpolite as to ſit ſtill like a Mope. To oblige him ſhe indeed walk'd beyond what was conſiſtent either with the Strength or Inclination of moſt *Engliſh* Women bred in any Delicacy, and it ſeems highly probable that ſo much of that robuſt Exerciſe help'd to render her Spirits too weak to bear up againſt the many Cauſes ſhe had of Diſcontent, and contributed to throw her into thoſe Fits which occaſion'd an Abortion, and at the ſame Time depriv'd her of Life. Whether her cruel Huſband had any Intention of getting rid of her by this ſeeming Kindneſs I dare not affirm; but his Behaviour ſince her Death has convinced all the World, how well ſatisfy'd he is in the Effects of his Preſcription.

As for *Apania*, the Letter ſhe wrote to *Sc-manthe* being found after her Decease, and the Hand being known by *Adrastus*, gave him a ſufficient Pretence to break entirely off with her: As ſhe has no further Means of Revenge in her Power, ſhe is oblig'd to content herſelf with what Conſolation ſhe can find in new Addreſſes, which ſhe receives promiſcuouſly; few who offer themſelves being refus'd Admittance into the Liſt of her Admirers.

*Adrastus* as yet continues his Devoirs to his Sister-in-Law ; how long his inconstant Heart will find the same Charms in her Society is uncertain ; but she is of that happy Disposition, as to be easy under any Circumstances, and will scarce lament the Loss of his Affection above a Day, whenever he shall withdraw it for a new Object.

These, said *Bellimante*, are all the Particulars I am able to inform you of concerning this unhappy Adventure, nor had I known so much, had it not been for the Letter *Apamia* wrote to *Semanthe* ; so strictly did that amiable Lady conform to all the Duties of a Wife, that while her tender Heart was bursting at the Ingratitude of a Husband so unworthy of her, she forbore even to utter a Groan that might give Suspicion of the Cause ; but died as she liv'd, a Model to our Sex, which I am afraid very few, if any in her Circumstances, would be able to copy.

Not to be guilty of *Adrastus's* Vice, Ingratitude, said *Ethelinda*, I thank you, my Dear, for the Satisfaction my Curiosity has receiv'd ; but I assure you, at the same Time, you have been compell'd to give me a kind of Pain mix'd with Pleasure, and excited in me a Passion, which to me is the most uneasy of any. — I have a thousand Times, since the Beginning of your Recital, been ready to interrupt you, by enquiring, If Providence sent no uncommon Calamity to punish such uncommon Cruelty ? But I must endeavour to moderate my Resentments, and only wish to hear that  
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some time or other he may be truly sensible of the Value of the Jewel he always hung so carelessly about him, and at last threw away beyond all Possibility of Recovery.

I am of Opinion, Madam, reply'd *Philetas*, that will one Day be the Case; *Adrastus* is yet young, and when Time and Experience shall correct the Errors of his Judgment, he will then look back on the Usage of his Lady, with a Horror, which, tho' no Attonement to the World, or to her mournful Parents, will at least revenge them for the Loss he has occasion'd them.

I think, said *Emilia*, one may behold in the Characters of *Apamia*, *Adrastus* and his Sister-in-Law, a lively Picture of modern Love and Honour: *Semanthe* seems like some blest Spirit wander'd from its Sphere out of Curiosity to prove Mankind, which having done, return'd to its first Orb of Light, amaz'd and frightened at the Degeneracy of this lower World.

Indeed, added *Miranda*, one would scarce believe her altogether human; Who could sustain Injuries so unparallel'd, without harbouring the least Thought of doing any Thing to retaliate them, or even complaining of her ill Fate? I think, for my Part, she bore much more than either Virtue or Duty requir'd of her; and I should be so far from one of those who would be able to imitate her in this Part of her Character, that I would not so much as attempt it.

I must own, said *Dorinthus*, that tho' I am very much of Mr. *Dryden's* Mind, who says,

*Secrets of Marriage should be sacred held,  
Their Sweets and Bitters by the Wife conceal'd.*

Yet do I think, under such Provocations, *Semantbe* had been perfectly justify'd, if she had complain'd to her noble Parents, and entreated to be receiv'd into their Protection. So that by suffering herself to be destroy'd by a secret Grief, she answer'd the Character another Poet gives of a Lady, who we may suppose exercis'd her wisely Virtue in this superlative Degree.

*She was in all Things more than Woman shou'd,  
And err'd by being exquisitely good.*

I never yet, resum'd *Miranda*, could hear any substantial Reason assign'd, why that should be a Glory in one Sex, which is a Shame in the other. — I do not mean as to Chastity, that being undoubtedly the peculiar Characteristick of Womanhood, and the Loss of Modesty is, generally speaking, the Loss of all other Virtues : But as to that patient Sufferance of Injuries, for which *Semantbe* is so much celebrated, a Man would justly be laugh'd at for his want of Spirit, who should tamely endure ill Treatment from his Wife ; and wherefore it should be Praiseworthy in a Woman to submit to it from her Husband, has, I must confess, always been to me a Mystery.

O Madam, reply'd *Acasto*, there are many undeniable Arguments in our Favour in this Case ; but the Chief is from the immutable  
Decree



Decree of that Power, from which you have no Appeal, in the third Chapter and sixteenth Verse of *Genesis* ; tho' I am far from thinking the Almighty Lawgiver meant it as a Sanction for Unkindness : The Man who makes an ill Use of the Power put into his Hands, is not only to be condemn'd for his tyrannick Disposition, but also answerable for all the Errors the Woman may be provok'd by it to commit.

'Tis well, *Acasto*, said *Philetes* with a Smile, that the Close of this Observation has made the Ladies some Amends ; for I protest I trembled for you in the Beginning. — Superiority is a bitter Pill, and the Fair Sex, especially all over *Europe*, are so accusom'd to command before Marriage, that they can ill descend to submit after it.

To put an End to this Dispute, said *Ethelinda*, and not terrify these Ladies from entering into a State which appears so full of Bugbears. — There is a Mystery in Marriage, which gives to both, and yet to neither the Superiority over the other : Their Affections and Desires are undistinguishable, and whichever of them speaks, the Mouth is but the Oracle of the others Heart. — Their Minds converse by Intuition, and are so blended as not to have the Power of acting separately : He rules in her and she in him ; each executes no more than the other wills, and each, in effect, but obeys their own Injunctions.

This certainly, Madam, reply'd *Miranda*, was the Union instituted by Heaven ; but it is so much of a Piece with Heaven, that I should

doubt if it were to be found on Earth, did not your own illustrious Example give the Proof.

All would be so, resum'd this admirable Lady, were proper Care taken by those who have the Disposal of us; for of ourselves we are too liable to be sway'd by a partial Inclination. Our Senses have too much Power over our Reason, and the Beauty, or what to us seems Beauty in the exterior Part, either renders us negligent of the more valuable Part of the Mind, or represents it to our deluded Fancy, often very different from what it is in Reality. It is not a violent Passion; for that of itself, in free Possession, will decay, as will the Charms that excited it, but a Sympathy of Humours and a Conformity of Principles that must give lasting Happiness, and silence all those idle Terms of Superiority and Dependence, Command and Obedience, which, in effect, only serve to perplex weak Minds, and occasion Discord, where else perhaps there might be perfect Harmony.

Indeed, Madam, said *Acasto*, I have often observ'd that in Marriage, as in Religion and Government, People differ more about *Words* than *Things*, and losing their Time about Matters of *meer Form*, wholly neglect those which are the *Essentials* of Happiness. The Ceremony of Marriage appointed by the Church is plain enough, the Parties take each other for better and for worse; and if they would but as plainly consider, that they are to live always together, common Policy would tell them, it was their Interest, as well as Duty,  
to

to bear with each others Failings, and to endeavour mutually to oblige the other to a kind Behaviour, by shewing an Example in themselves, we should see no such Things as conjugal Dissention ; but where there is an assuming Arrogance on the one Side, or an over Delicacy on the other, a secret Discontent, if not an open Breach, must be infallibly the Consequence.

All the Company agreed to *Acasto's* Way of Reasoning, and *Ethelinda* and *Philetas*, who had been long acquainted with him, made him many Compliments on the Harmony, which subsisted between him and his Lady, who I found, by what they said, had been dead some Years. After which *Emilia* told him, in a gay Manner, that, since she found he knew so well how to live with a Wife, she wonder'd he did not marry again ; to which he answer'd, That, though as he had no Children living, he might have a better Excuse for entering again into that State than many others, yet he could never approve of second Marriages. — He said, That, in spite of all could be alledg'd in favour of Matrimony, he look'd on it at best but as an uncertain Ocean, where every Gust of Passion threaten'd Wreck, and therefore thought he ought to content himself with having made one prosperous Voyage.—Bless me ! then said that amiable Lady, since there is so much Danger, I think it best not to venture at all.

You have said enough, *Acasto*, cry'd *Lucillius*, to furnish *Emilia* with Arguments against Marriage for this Month at least : I dare swear your Simile will be quoted by that beautiful

Mouth every Opportunity that arises ; and a Lover must employ all his Wits to answer it with another equally just in her Opinion.

Tho' nothing could more gratify my Vanity, reply'd he, than to have any Thing of mine repeated by one who can speak so much better herself, yet I would not wish to purchase that Honour at the Expence of *Lucillius*.

*Philetes* and *Dorinthus* were both about to take up the Word, when *Ethelinda* perceiving some little Confusion in the modest Cheeks of *Emilia*, prevented what they were going to say. — I bar all Particulars of any one in Presence, cry'd she ; and, as I think we have had enough of Love and Marriage, should be oblig'd to whoever shall change the Topick for one less serious and interesting.

Permit me, Madam, then, said *Philetes*, to be the first to obey you, in relating a Piece of News I have just receiv'd from a Friend of mine at *Vienna* ; which is, that her *Hungarian* Majesty intends to write a Letter of Thanks, with her own Hand, to the King of *Great Britain*, for the late Assistance given her on the *Rhine*.

Not the most grave in the whole Company could refrain smiling at this sudden Turn he gave to the Conversation ; *Lucillius* and *Dorinthus* laugh'd excessively, and the former cry'd out, A most important Article indeed ! And, whether your Intelligence be true or false, will add some Thousands to the Sale of the *Daily Advertiser*, *Gazetteer*, and other publick Papers.

Not if People were of my Way of Thinking, said *Bellimante*, for the Papers you mention have been so long cram'd with nothing but Letters from that Queen, and Paragraphs concerning her Case and Situation, that the News-Men have lost a Customer of me, being resolv'd to read no more, 'till I am well assur'd they shall vouchsafe to insert something of more Consequence to my own Country.

Take Care what you say, lovely *Bellimante*, reply'd *Lucillius*, if you talk in this Manner before some Companies, you'll be in danger of being suspected of a *French* Heart, and an Enemy to the *Ballance of Europe*.

I am no Visionary, resum'd that Lady, but, as I pretend to no more than a superficial Skill in Politicks, I will not dispute whether this same *Ballance of Power* be any Thing more than that *chimerical* Ballance the *Astronomers* have set up in the Heavens; but this I assure you, that I am very far from having a *French* Heart; for how much soever I may have declared myself in favour of that Nation in some Particulars, I cannot approve their Manner of acting in those foreign Affairs, they have lately intermeddled with.——They can at best be term'd but *luke-warm Friends*, which is a Character I *detest*; and I think, by their bad Management, they have prov'd themselves *enervate Enemies*, which is what I equally *despise*.——Their Negotiations and Schemes of Battle are alike ill laid and worse conducted, so have been easily seen through and disconcerted.——Their Behaviour in regard to *Stanislaus*, a Prince so nearly allied to his Most  
*Christian*



*Christian* Majesty, and so worthy of the Throne, to which he had twice been call'd by the Voice of the People, first gave me an ill Opinion of both their Politicks and Sincerity ; and their concerning themselves in giving a Head to the *Germanick* Body, and thereby furnishing an ambitious Princess with a Pretence for following her Fathers Steps, and setting all *Europe* in a Flame a second Time, may convince any one, that they are not in reality the *Peace-makers* of the World, as the weak Assistance they have afforded an Emperor of their own setting up, may of the Instability of their Councils, the Inactivity of their Arms, and the little Dependance to be placed on their Promises.

Not, continued this beautiful Declaimer, that I should consider these Things, but with the same Indifference I do the Histories of Times long since past over, had not *Great Britain* too deeply interested itself in the fatal Struggle, and that too at a Crisis, in my poor Opinion, equally unseasonable for its Interest and its Glory. We are already engaged in a most justifiable, because necessary War with a mighty Power, our Wealth was drain'd to the very Vitals by foreign Depredations and home Supplies ; our Commerce visibly decay'd, when, by some Motives too deep for my Penetration, we run to the Assistance of a Family, not over grateful for good Offices, and neglect the Calls of Self-defence.—I could say more, but my Zeal for the Welfare of my Country, might, perhaps, transport me too far.

YOU

You have said enough, Madam, answer'd *Philetas*, to convince us you have made the Study of Politicks more your Care, than you would seem to have done; and also that you were not of the Number of those who encouraged a Proposal made some Time since in the publick Papers for a voluntary Contribution among the Nobility and Gentry, in order to make a Present to the Queen of *Hungary*.

No indeed, cry'd she hastily, and was with some Difficulty persuaded, that any one could ever think of such a Thing in earnest.—It was a Piece of Generosity which, I dare say, *Marilla* never found equall'd in all the Romances she had read: For tho' I think there have been Heroes who neglected the Defence of their own Dominions to establish other Princes in theirs, yet I never heard their Subjects contributed their Money, as well as Blood, for carrying on the War.

How niggardly you are, *Bellimante*, said *Ethelinda*: I know a Lady who intended to sell all her Plate and Jewels for that Purpose: Now, I warrant you would rather dispose of yours to purchase Ammunition for our Fleet in the *West Indies*.

Well, Ladies, said *Dorinthus*, since you have these Notions, I know not whether I dare venture to shew you a Scheme drawn up by a Friend of mine, who is a great Projector, in order to be presented to Parliament next Sessions, for the Relief of the Queen of *Hungary*.

It must be a good Invention, reply'd *Ethelinda*, that can find any new Ways of raising Money,

Money, when there is scarce sufficient in the Nation to supply the old ; therefore I beg to hear it.

*Dorinthus*, at these Words, took a Piece of Paper out of his Pocket, and read as follows :

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## A P R O P O S A L,

*Humbly offer'd to the Consideration of both*

H O U S E S   of   P A R L I A M E N T.

Containing an easy Method of raising Money for assisting the QUEEN of *HUNGARY*; humbling the POWER of *FRANCE*, preserving the BALANCE of POWER in *EUROPE*, and securing his MAJESTY's foreign DOMINIONS.

**T**HAT all Gentlemen, of what Degree soever (the Right Reverend the Bishops not excepted) possess'd of Sine-cures, should be oblig'd to relinquish, for the aforesaid Purposes, all Profits arising from thence, over and above what is receiv'd by the Persons who actually officiate.

II. That all Noblemen, Gentlemen, or others, who receive Salaries from the Crown, exceeding three thousand Pounds per Annum, should, out of every Thousand over and above the said Sum, allow three hundred Pounds; and this to be paid at the Time of their receiving the Whole.

III.

III. *That all Lovers of Italian Painting should, for every Piece of such Ornament in their Houses, valued at above five hundred Pounds, pay fifty Pounds into the Hands of the Government, for every hundred Pounds it can be prov'd to have cost upwards of the said Sum of five hundred Pounds.*

IV. *That all Actors of Plays, and Interludes, or that are Singers, Dancers, or otherwise perform in those Entertainments, who have Salaries amounting to more than four Pounds per Week, should pay two Shillings out of every Pound they receive above the said Sum of four Pounds.*

V. *And that all these Sums should be receiv'd by Collectors who shall perform this Office gratis, and without any Deduction for Trouble or Expences of what Kind soever, which may attend the Gathering in of the said Sums.*

This Proposal gave a good deal of Diversion to us all, and *Ethelinda* said, That, if it had been serious, there could not be a less oppressive Taxation, since no Body would have any Thing taken from them but what they might very well spare. But as for Buildings, added she, Gardening, Jewels, Plate, Equipage, and Tables, they keep our Poor from Idleness, employ our Artificers, and are an Encouragement to Trade in general; therefore are Luxuries which merit Indulgence, and ought never to be tax'd but in the last Necessity, which I hope will never be our Case.

These whimsical Proposals would doubtless have furnish'd a long Conversation had not the Hour arriv'd in which we generally took Leave. The gracious *Ethelinda* told us at parting, she desir'd

desir'd we would postpone our next Visit a Day longer than that on which we were accusom'd to wait upon her ; because, said she, I intend to set out for the Country the next Morning, and shall be glad your engaging Conversation may be the last I hear in Town, to the End my Memory may be the better able to carry it with me on the Road.

So obliging a Compliment demanded the most grateful Acknowledgments from us all ; but we could not hear our Happiness was so near a Close, without testifying the utmost Concern, which also receiv'd a considerable Addition by being told the charming *Bellimante* was to accompany her in that Journey, and that they did not purpose to return 'till Winter.



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T H E

# Lady's Drawing Room.

D A Y the S I X T H.

**T**HIS being the last Day on which we were to see the admirable *Ethelinda* for a long Time, it was not to be doubted but her Assembly was extremely full, and that every Body came as early as was consistent with the Decorum of the Place; but it was here, as I have often observ'd elsewhere, that too much Company spoils Conversation; and where there are a great many Speakers, there is least said, I mean there are fewer Discourses of a Nature edifying enough to be either remember'd or repeated: The Reason is plain, they cannot all join in Conversation, and therefore divide themselves into little separate Parties, each of which are engag'd on different Topics.—*Philetas* and *Dorinthus* were complaining to *Bellimante* of the Misfortune the Town would have of her enlivening Presence, and were almost ready to accuse *Ethelinda* of Cruelty, in not only depriving it of herself, but also taking with her the only Person who  
could

could supply her Loss. *Lucillius* had singled out *Emilia*, and was entertaining her in a low Voice with some Discourse which often call'd a Blush into her Cheeks, yet did not seem greatly to displease her.—*Acasto*, with two Gentlemen, whom I had never seen there before, were at one Window talking of the *Germania* Affairs, while some had got *Rodomond* to another, and were informing themselves of the *Indian* Ceremonies and Customs:—Nor was his beautiful Wife disengag'd, several Ladies were endeavouring to satisfy their Curiosity with the Particulars of her Story.—And *Ethelinda* with *Miranda* were encompass'd by a Crowd of both Sexes, who all seem'd to speak at once, and were expatiating on the Pleasures she was going to enjoy in the Country, and the Melancholy she would leave behind her on her Departure: With which Compliments that amiable Lady seem'd rather embarrass'd than pleas'd; and, tho' she return'd them with the utmost Politeness, yet it was easy to perceive she would not have at all regretted the Absence of some of those who affect'd to look on her's as the greatest of Misfortunes. There were, I found, among them a great many Dealers in Hyperboles, and, without being honour'd with the least Intimacy with her, one would have thought, by some of their Expressions, that they were about to part with a Bosom Friend. One compar'd her Presence to the Sun, another to the Moon; a Third would have her the *Venus*, a Fourth the *Minerva* of the World.—In fine, every one endeavour'd to display their own Wit, as

in 107

much as possible, in Encomiums on her; and a Poet, who had been going to write a Panegyrick, in listening to this Company would have had no Occasion to have Recourse to his Common-place Book, since all the Similes and Allusions that ever could be drawn from Truth, or invented by Fancy, were on this Occasion enumerated. Indeed they seem'd utter'd with an Eagerness and Volubility, which would make one think they were before studied for that Purpose, and each was afraid of having the fine Thing he had to deliver unattended to.——At length, having, I suppose, gone through their whole String of Phrases, the greatest Part of them made their last, and, I dare answer, the most welcome Compliments, and withdrew to the Apartment of *Alario*, in order to take Leave of him, it is to be suppos'd in much the same Manner they had done of his excellent Spouse.

When they were gone, we that remain'd had an Opportunity of approaching that Lady, which before there was no Possibility of doing; and the Conversation became more general. I can assure you, *Dorinthus*, said *Ethelinda* to that Nobleman, you have been with me ever since I saw you last; your Friend's Proposals to Parliament have so much taken up my Mind, that I have scarce thought or talk'd of any Thing else. That, Madam, answer'd he, is an Honour neither the Projector, nor myself could ever have hop'd for; but, as whimsical as the Scheme may appear at first reading, I am of Opinion that, if the Queen of *Hungary* must be assisted, it is still better to  
do

do it with Money than Men ; and I believe it will be puzzling to the most adept in the draining Art to find any Means, except on the Luxuries of the Age, for laying new Imposts.

In that I agree with you, resum'd *Ethelinda* ; but there is still another Way of obliging that Princess, since the Obliging her is made of so much Consequence to the Government, without burdening the Nation.——Every one knows the great Tendernefs Queen *Anne* shew'd for her People, when the most necessary Expedition was on foot ; and it was represented to her, that the great Debt the Revolution had involv'd the Kingdom in, had left no Possibility of raising Money but by such Ways as that charitable Princess could not bear the Mention of : She immediately order'd a considerable Deduction to be made out of her civil List, (small as it was) chusing rather to retrench some Part of her exterior Grandeur, than that the meanest Person in her Dominions should be depriv'd of any one Necessary of Life, by its being too dear to be purchas'd : Why may we not then imagine his present Majesty, out of his immense Revenue, will contribute largely to the support of a Cause which he seems to have made his own ? Did the Royal Example once bring it into Fashion, 'tis also possible some overgrown, opulent Subjects, who for many Years, like the *Leviathans* of the Sea, have been devouring what would make fat Millions of the lesser Fry, may be brought to disgorge some Part of what lies undigested in their ravenous Maws.—Then  
there



there would be no Occasion for new Taxations, either for this or any other Enterprize the Interest of *Great Britain* or *Hanover*, since unhappily they are connected, may seem to require.

*Philetas* was just going to make some Reply, when an Innundation of fresh Visitors rush'd into the Room, and gave a second Interruption to the Conversation.—I call them an Innundation, not from their Number, but impetuosity.—The first that enter'd was five Children, all in hanging Sleeves, follow'd by their Mother, like the Matron of a Boarding-School, with as much affected Gravity in her Air.—The next was her elder Sister, who, tho' near Fifty, was still call'd *Miss*, because unmarried, and seem'd as childish as any of her little Nieces.—The third was somewhat younger than the former, but no more agreeable: Having made their Honours, as the Dancing-masters term it, *en passant*, they hurry'd to the Sopha where *Ethelinda* sat, and the Mamma having presented all the Children to her one after another, told her, That she could not have forgiven herself not to have brought them to pay their Respects to her before she left the Town, and then run on with a long Account of what they learn'd, who they learn'd of, how much she paid per Quarter to this Master and that Mistress, and how great a Progress each of them made:—Said that, tho' the World knew the Baron could give them good Fortunes, she was resolv'd to bring them up good Housewives, that they might know the better how to correct their Servants;—Then began to exclaim against the Badness of those Creatures in general,



neral, and relate how she had been us'd by a Maid she hir'd about a Week ago :——That there was no depending upon Characters, and she was resolv'd to send her to the House of Correction.——That she had also two very idle, drunken Footmen, whom she should be oblig'd to turn away as soon as she got others in their Places, but could not part with them at present, because the Baron had a great Cold, and they knew the Ways to the Doctors and Apothecaries, and could fetch them any Hour of the Night :—That the Butler also was not so good as he ought to be ; so that she was so hurry'd and perplex'd, having all the Care on her own Hands, that it was with the utmost Difficulty she comply'd with her Inclinations to make the Visit she did.

*Miss* was all this Time wadling from one to another of the Company, asking one Lady, Who had the Honour of making her Cloaths? Looking at the Fan of another, and comparing it with her own :—Then hum'd a Tune, run to a Glass, and adjusted her Hair ; then to the Ladies again ; but was too modest to speak one Word to the Men, or look towards them, but from the Corner of her Eye. The third of this amiable Company was a perfect Hoyden : She gave *Lucillius*, as he was saying something to *Aristo*, such a Pluck by the Arm as twirl'd him quite round, and *Philetas* a Push upon the Back, while he stoop'd to take up a Handkerchief she had dropp'd, as made him near falling into *Bellimante's* Lap, at which she clapp'd her Hands, and laugh'd so loud, that had the Room been empty, it must infallibly have eccho'd  
back

back the Sound: A Five Bar Gate, or a Stack of Hay, I thought, would have been more proper Stages for this Lady to shew her Activity in, than the Drawing-Room of the politest Person upon Earth. Had she been any where else, indeed, I judge by the Countenances of some of that Company, they would have testify'd the little Pleasure they took in the rough Civilities she treated them with, especially *Lucillius*, who, though extremely well-bred, and good-natur'd, had somewhat in him of what the *French* call *Brusque*, and would doubtless, though in a genteel Manner, have return'd the Favour she did him: As for *Philetas*, he only thank'd her for the Happiness she procured him in touching the Knees of *Bellimante*, which gave her an Opportunity of sending forth a second Shout little inferior to the former.— At last, Heaven be prais'd, they took themselves away, leaving those who had not seen them before, in the utmost Consternation, that there could be such People in the World. *Miranda*, tho' far from a satyrical Disposition, could not forbear descanting upon the different, tho' equally ridiculous Behaviour of each; and *Emilia* could not believe they were really People of Condition, 'till *Bellimante* assur'd her they were so. It is sometimes a Misfortune, said *Ethelinda*, to be of a Rank above Reproof, and which commands a Kind of Respect even for our very Failings: There are few People whose Judgment is a true Mirrour to themselves; but I must tell you, Ladies, that as severe as you have been on the Behaviour of these late Visitors, they pass not only in their own Opinions,

nions, but in that of some others also, for Wits of different Classes. The Baroness is accounted one of the most notable Women of the Age, and is consulted by all who are, or would be thought excellent Housewives.——

Her Sister has a great Reputation for what is call'd Decorum: Is the most punctual Woman in the World in her Visits and How-do-ye's, and was never known to forget the Name or Title of any one she converses with in her whole Life.——The third, who is Cousin-germain to the others, is look'd upon as the most chearful and spirituous of her Sex, because she is not only always in Motion herself, but obliges every one else to be so too.

Yet it is strange methinks, said *Bellimante*, that People of common Understanding should not consider the Difference of Places; what would be very well said in a Nursery or Pantry, sounds ill in a Drawing Room: Besides, nothing can be more absurd than to entertain others with the little private Affairs of one's own Family; and that makes me look on the Baroness, tho' perhaps the best Woman, as the worst Companion of the three.

It is a sure Sign, Madam, said *Acasto*, that you are in no great Pain for the disconcerting your Dress, else you would infallibly have given it against the rough Behaviour of the Romping Lady. I was told, with how much Truth I will not say, That, pretending to take a Spot of Dirt off the Face of a certain Lady, she pluck'd off both her Eye-brows. That she might very easily do, cry'd *Emilia*, if they were no faster on than those of a Person I am  
well

well-acquainted with, who dropp'd one of them into the Glass as she was drinking.

Come, resum'd *Ethelinda*, I find we are all in Danger of growing censorious ; therefore, to put an End to the Discourse, I'll read you an old Manuscript, which I found the other Day in my Father's Library, and prevail'd upon him to let me take Home with me. Every Body thank'd her for the Favour she was about to confer upon them, while she open'd a little Cabinet, and took out the Book she mention'd, and, without any of those Apologies which serve only to delay Time, and keep Curiosity on the Rack, began to read.

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T H E  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
*CLYAMON* and *CONSTANTIA*.  
Or, The F O R C E of  
L O V E and J E A L O U S Y.

O N a Time, when *Roman* Spirits dwelt in *British* Breasts ; when *Honour* was not to be purchas'd by *Promotion*, and a Man who gave up the Interest of his Country was look'd upon as a Monster ; when Beauty was more  
O fought

290 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

fought than Gold, and Sympathy of *Hearts* join'd *Hands*, and Vows once made were ever sure to bind ; there liv'd two Gentlemen call'd *Ellwald* and *Oakley*. They were both of antient Families, had large Estates, great Influence in the Senate, of which they had long been Members, and were alike famous for the Services they had done their Country. The Parity of their Ages, Sentiments, and Inclinations, united them in the strongest Bonds of Friendship ; and, as they liv'd near each other, their Families seem'd but as one. *Ellwald* had a Son of very promising Expectations, named *Clyamon*, and a Daughter named *Emeline*. *Oakley* had several Children, of whom the Eldest was *Constantia*, a Maid of most exquisite Beauty, and but three Years younger than *Clyamon* : From almost their Infancy they had a mutual Tenderness for each other, which, as they encreas'd in Age, encreas'd in Strength. The Parents of both observ'd with Pleasure their innocent Affections, and resolv'd, that as soon as Time should ripen them into Passion, to crown their Wishes by a happy Marriage. They soon learn'd what was design'd for them ; and had been so accusom'd to give each other all the Marks in their Power of Kindness, that, when they became more acquainted with the Nature of the Sentiments they were inspir'd with, *Clyamon* had none of those Anxieties Lovers feel in the first Declaration of their Passion ; nor *Constantia* of the Constraint young Virgins put upon themselves on such Occasions : And tho' their Actions never transgress'd beyond the

Bound.



Bounds of Modesty, yet, as far as that permitted, they indulg'd their Passion.

*Clyamon* was in his twentieth, *Constantia* in her seventeenth Year, when their Parents began to talk of having them united in a short Time : They had agreed on every Thing relating to Fortune and Settlements ; and only waited 'till the Time of Mourning for the Death of the Mother of *Constantia* should be expir'd, for fixing the Day so much languish'd for by the equally enamour'd Pair, when, all at once, what they had thought themselves so secur'd of, was snatch'd from their Expectations.—A fatal Accident tore them from each other's Arms ; and, instead of that Heaven of Love they had been made to hope, plung'd them into the lowest Hell of Desperation.

*Ellwald*, who long had stood firm as a Rock against all Temptations to ensnare his Virtue, and had preferr'd the glorious Name of *Patriot* to the most pompous Title Royal Power could offer, was on a sudden beguil'd by the Insinuations of the most wicked Minister of his Time, to give his Vote in direct Opposition to the Interest of his Country. 'Tis hard to say whether his falling off from a Cause, he had so long and strenuously defended, afforded more Surprize than Grief to all honest Men ; but *Oakley* felt a much greater Share of both, in Proportion to the Confidence his Friendship had placed in him.—Scarce could he believe his Eyes, when he saw him in close Conversation with those who were justly look'd upon as the Enemies of the Constitution ; but when he heard him openly avow their Prin-

O 2 ciples,

ciples, and join his Voice with theirs in a Matter on which a great deal depended, he was oblig'd to quit the House, to prevent the Effects of an Indignation too outrageous for that Place.

The first Time they met, which was soon after the Assembly broke up, *Ellwald* accosted him with his accustom'd Familiarity, and was beginning to give some Reasons for his late Behaviour; but his Arguments seem'd so weak and trifling, that they rather encreas'd than diminish'd the Rage of the impatient *Oakley*, who, fir'd with a true *English* Spirit, call'd him Apostate, Traitor to his Country, Betrayer of the People; which the other, though conscious of deserving such Upbraidings, had too much Fire in his Composition tamely to endure, and return'd with the Epithets of blind Zealot, Malecontent, peevish Oppugner of the Royal Pleasure: — In fine, such hot Words arose between them as neither thought it consistent with his Honour not to resent in a different Manner; and, agreeing to go together into a more retir'd Place, both drew their Swords at the same Time, and all Remembrance of their long Friendship being utterly extinguish'd in their present Fury, each fought as if wholly regardless of his own Life, provided he could take that of his Adversary. *Oakley* receiv'd several Wounds, but had the good Fortune to return them with Interest, and also to give the other so deep a one in his right Hand, that he was oblig'd to drop his Weapon; but, too generous to take the Advantage, he stepp'd back a few Paces: Don't  
thank

thank me for your Life, cry'd he, which I grant unask'd, that you may receive the Treatment due to your Treachery from the Contempt and Hate of a whole injur'd and abus'd Nation. Then, without waiting for any Reply, turn'd hastily away ; and, his Wounds bleeding very fast, he was oblig'd to get into the first Chair he found, and be carry'd home.

*Clymon* was sitting with his dear *Constantia*, giving and receiving a thousand Marks of a sincere Affection, when *Oakely* was brought in, cover'd with Blood, and almost fainting with the vast Effusion : The Lovers ran, agitated by an almost equal Concern, to support him ; but the Sight of *Clymon* giving him fresh Spirits, 'Touch me not, young Man, said he ; sooner would I sink as far beneath the Earth as I am above it, than receive Assistance from the Son of so abhorr'd a Traitor.—— Hence from my Sight, and never come into it more, unless you wish to be treated as your whole Race deserves.——What Words were these for a Person to hear, who knew himself not guilty, even in Thought, of ever offending ! 'Tis certain he would have answer'd in a different Manner to any other than the Father of *Constantia* ; but the Respect and Love he had for him, being little less than what he felt for his own, made him fall at his Feet, and entreat him to explain this cruel Riddle.—— Go home, and learn it, cry'd the furious *Oakely*.——One of the Surgeons, who had been immediately sent for, came into the Room, and prevented any further Speech ; but he would not suffer them to touch his Wounds

'till he had made *Clyamon* be put out of the House, whom the poor amaz'd *Constantia* follow'd with her Eyes, but durst not open her Lips, either to intercede for his Stay, or enquire into the Meaning of this Change in her Father's Behaviour.—But what became of her, when inform'd, as she soon was, not only by whom her Father had been render'd in the Condition she saw him, but also the Occasion of this fatal Quarrel! Never did Despair and Grief agitate a young Heart with greater Violence, than that which this beautiful Maid now experienced.—She knew her Father, tho' a Man of the strictest Honour in the World, was implacable in his Resentments; and, as he was steady in his Friendship, where he found the Object worthy of it, so he could never forgive where he had been once deceiv'd.—She doubted not but *Ellwald* was no less incens'd; and, whichever Way she turn'd her Eyes, could see nothing but the sad Prospect of an eternal Separation from her dear *Clyamon*. The first Thing *Oakley* did after his Wounds were dress'd, was to give a strict Charge to his Servants to hold no Communication with any of the Family of *Ellwald*; but, above all, not to permit *Clyamon* to come within his Gates or to receive any Letter or Message from him: Then, speaking to *Constantia*, he commanded her not even to think of the Son of so unworthy a Father, much less to encourage any clandestine Correspondence with him; protesting at the same Time, that, if she swerv'd in the least from her Obedience in this Point, he would turn her out as an Alien to his Family.

To



To this severe Injunction the trembling Maid could only answer with her Tears, 'till several Times repeated, and enforced with the most dreadful Menaces, she at last sobb'd out, She would endeavour to obey him.—But he, thinking this Promise insufficient to assure him of a sincere Compliance, perhaps remembering, that Duty is but weak when oppos'd by Love, he resolv'd to take a more effectual Way to have his Will perform'd ; and the next Day sent her, though it was then the Depth of Winter, to his Country Seat, which was near a hundred Miles from *London*, under the Conduct of an Aunt, who was an old Maid, and had all the Preciseness and Ill-Nature imputed to that State.

It would be needless to attempt, and impossible to accomplish any just Description of what the disconsolate *Constantia* suffer'd, both during the Journey, and after she came into this melancholy Solitude. Instead of the Pleasures of one of the most gay and opulent Towns in the World, and the much more enchanting Society of her dear *Clyamon*, she had now no other Entertainment than to wander through the spacious Rooms of an old Mansion-House, whose arch'd Roofs, supported by Pillars, echo'd back her Sighs.—No Company but her Aunt, who was perpetually inveighing against the Follies, and Indelicacies of Love ; an old Man and his Wife, who were always left to take Care of the House while the Family were in *London*, and their associate in the Guardianship, a huge Mastiff-Dog, equally conversable with any of



the others. If she look'd out of the Windows, the naked Trees, stripp'd of their leafy Ornaments, seem'd an Emblem of her State, depriv'd of all the Joys of Youth.—But, alas! cry'd she, their's will return, the Boughs again shoot forth, and intermingle in a friendly Neighbourhood with each other.—My Spring is gone for ever! the Sun, which cheers the whole Creation, will afford no Comfort to the lost *Constantia*, nor bring back *Clyamon* to my longing Eyes.

Thus would she bewail herself at sometimes, at others accuse *Clyamon* of Forgetfulness or Neglect; she imagin'd that, had she been at Liberty, she should have found some Stratagem either to convey a Letter to him or see him; but these Suspicions seem'd too injurious to him to be long harbour'd in her gentle Bosom.—She rejected them therefore as Enemies to her Peace, and chose rather to paint him as a Pattern of Fidelity and persevering Love; that, in Spite of all the Oppositions now to their Wishes, he would remain ever hers.; and that, after the Death of both their Fathers, they might still be happy. It was these consolatory Ideas, that alone enabled her to support the Calamities of her present Condition, without sinking beneath their Weight. She wonder'd at first that some of her Female Acquaintance, who were not ignorant of the Tenderneſs between her and *Clyamon*, did not write to her, to condole the Misfortune of their Separation, and acquaint her in what Manner he bore it, and fancy'd herself forsaken by all the World; but these Apprehensions ceas'd, when she consider'd,

sider'd, that doubtless all Letters directed to her, unless they came from her Father, would be broke open by her Aunt, and consequently none deliver'd to her that had any mention of *Clyamon*. This she was afterwards 'convinced of, when, as she was going up Stairs one Day, she saw a little Piece of Paper lie before her, crumpled up as if it had been wore some Time in a Pocket: Though she had no Suspicion it was of any Consequence, much less that it had any Relation to herself, she took it up by Chance rather than Design.——But how was she amaz'd, when she found it was Part of a Letter, which, by the Hand, as well as Expressions, she had no room to doubt was written by her dear *Clyamon* to herself: The Fragment had in it these Lines ;

———*But whatever happens, be assur'd not Land or Seas, not all our inexorable Fathers can do, shall ever divide my Heart from my dear Constantia.———Be you but as faithful, and we———*

What follow'd was torn off, as was the Beginning ; but this was enough to make her see she had wrong'd him, by imagining he had not endeavour'd to give her an Assurance of his Constancy. —— What would she not have given for the rest of this dear Epistle, or to have known the Purport of it. —— She fancy'd that, by his mentioning *Land or Seas*, he was about to be sent into some foreign Parts, and that it possibly might contain some Directions where she might write to him : — If so,

cry'd she to herself, how unkind must he think me, not to return an Answer to the Assurances he gives me of his Affection. — Cruel Father ! Hard-hearted Aunt ! to deny me so small a Consolation in the Agonies they make me suffer.

She had led this solitary Life for about nine Weeks, when the Approach of Spring began to give a Verdure to the Earth, and frequently invited her to pour forth her Complaints in a little Arbour at the farther End of the Garden. — She was one Day sitting leaning her Head upon her Hand, a Posture befitting the Melancholy of her Heart, when she saw a Hand thrust a Paper in between the Leaves, which were then just sprouting out, in order to give a Shade to that retiring Place ; she presently started up, and found it directed

*To*  
*The beautiful* C O N S T A N T I A.

Her bounding Heart inform'd her it was the Character of him who engross'd her whole Meditation, but equally curious to know by whom it was brought, as what it contain'd, look'd eagerly round for the Person to whom the Hand she had seen belong'd, but could discover nothing but a Man on the other Side of the Wall, running as fast as he could, at some Distance, and who was so immediately out of Sight that she could form no Idea of who or what he was. — She then sat down again, and, hastily opening the Letter, in the utmost Transport read the following Lines :

*Not*

*Not able to live without the Sight of my dear adorable Constantia, and besides fearful what Construction you might put on my enforced Absence, I return to throw a faithful Heart beneath your Feet, and to consult on Means to deprive even Fate itself of the Power of separating us more. —Receiving this will inform you I have found Means of getting into the Garden, but dare not trust myself to stay, lest I should not be able to retire so soon as I ought, to prevent a Discovery which would infallibly ruin all my Hopes:—Darkness may be more favourable, —steal therefore an Hour from your Repose after your watchful Guardians are in Bed, and you will find at the lower End of the Jessamin-Walk, your impatient*

CLYAMON.

Rejoiced as she was to find him constant, and so near her, she trembled at the Danger he would be in from the great Dog who was always unchain'd at Night, and let to run loose about the Garden, to prevent any Attempts that might be made upon the House that Way: Besides, though her Lover should escape receiving any Hurt from this furious Animal, she knew he would infallibly bark at the Approach of a Stranger, and that then the old Man would immediately ring an Alarm-Bell they had in the Turret, on which the Country People would presently surround the House, and nothing could prevent him from being seen: What to do in this Exigence she knew not. —How much did she condemn his over Caution,

tion, in not imparting his Arrival and Design to her by Word of Mouth, that she, who knew the Place and all the Dangers of it much better than he, a Stranger to it, could pretend to do, might have appointed a much safer Method for their Meeting.——Heavens ! cry'd she, every Thing, even *Clyamon* himself, is against us !——What but Discovery and Misfortune on Misfortune can be the Consequence of this ill-contriv'd Affignation ! But Complaints were fruitless, she knew not where he was, nor how to apprize him of the Mischief she so much dreaded, and therefore set herself on thinking, if there were any Way to avert it ; all her Fears were of the Dog :——It seem'd impossible *Clyamon* could enter the Garden any other Way than 'by climbing the Wall, and it was next to impossible that the Creature would not lay hold on him the Moment he jump'd down, and at the same time alarm the Family.——What would she not now have given for some Drug that might have lull'd this Animal to sleep, or that she could by some Means have destroy'd him ; but, having neither of these in her Power, all she could do was, to get a young Kid, which had been kill'd that Day, and conceal it in her Chamber, intending to make Use of it as a Bait, to lure him from the Place *Clyamon* was to descend. This Stratagem succeeded : She went down as soon as she found the Family were gone to Bed, with the Kid in her Hand : and, having open'd the Door that led into the Garden, with as little Noise as possible, call'd the Dog, in a low Voice, and, having, thrown



thrown the Temptation in his Way, shut him into the Passage, and went in search of her Lover, whom, by the Light of the Moon, she soon saw come up to the Top of the Wall:—*Clyamon!* said she: To which he immediately answering, and coming down at the same time, Go back, cry'd she, and go round to the Fore-part of the House, there is a Window I can easily unbar and give you Entrance; this Way you must not come. As he doubted not but she had good Reasons for this Precaution, he obey'd: On which she run back into the House, and, having turn'd out the Dog with his Prey into the Garden, went to the Window, where *Clyamon* was waiting, and was receiv'd, by his endearing *Constantia*, with all the Demonstrations of Joy he could wish or expect.

After the first Transports of their meeting were over, she acquainted him with the Cause of her not permitting him to enter by the Way he had intended, and then began to ask him, What had happen'd since their parting?—'Tis a long Story, answer'd he, tho' of a short Time, and methinks these precious Moments might be better pass'd, in contriving how we may be for ever together for the future; but she insisted on hearing what had befallen him, and, to engage him to relate it, told him, There was no Danger of their being interrupted, that her Aunt's Chamber was at a great Distance from where they were, and that the old People lay still farther, so he might stay with Safety 'till Day-break: On hearing this, he satisfied her Curiosity in these Terms.

Tho'

Tho' by your Father's Treatment of me, said he, and the Condition I saw him in, I had too much Reason to apprehend the Truth, yet, 'till I came Home, I was not quite convinc'd of it: The first Thing I heard, when I enter'd within the Doors, was one of the Servants cry out to me, O Sir ! *Oakley* has kill'd my Master ! I must own to you, my dear *Constantia*, that, in the first Surprize these cruel Words gave me, Nature prevail'd to make me think with Horror on the Parent of my Love. — I flew to the Room which I was inform'd contain'd the Corpse of him who gave me Being, and had no Reason to hope I had been misinform'd : He lay speechless, motionless, and seem'd to have no Sign of Life about him ; he was however only in a Fit ; for some Moments after I came in he open'd his Eyes, and spoke, but in a Voice scarce intelligible. The most skilful of those who attended him told me, that he found none of his Wounds mortal, and that his greatest Danger was the Loss of Blood. Indeed a little Sleep so much compos'd him, that the next Morning he talked with a good deal of Strength. He related to me all the Particulars of this unhappy Accident, and concluded with commanding me to think no more of the Daughter of a Man who had so cruelly insulted him. As I could not promise Compliance to so unjust as well as impossible an Injunction, so, in the Condition he then was, would not absolutely contradict it, and only said, That he need not doubt but I should look

on all his Enemies as my own ; which I might well promise, my dear *Constantia*, you having no Share in what had happen'd, and I knew was of too gentle a Soul to be the Enemy of him who gave Being to your *Clyamon*. He seem'd contented with what I said ; but I soon found he saw into the Equivocation, and, to prevent either my endeavouring to see, or write to you, obliged me to stay continually in his Chamber.

Some Days after, being alone with him ; *Clyamon*, said he, have you well considered on the Villany of *Oakley*, and how much you ought to hate him, and his whole Race ?— If you have, I need no farther urge the Command I have already given in relation to *Constantia*. I now took Courage to reply, That however Party-rage might influence your Father, you were entirely innocent of every Thing, and doubtless looked on this Accident as the most unfortunate one that could befall. — I then represented to him how cruel it would be to blast an Affection he had cherished ; and that I had too sincerely obey'd his first Command, in giving you my Heart, to be able to withdraw it on his second. But he had too little Patience to listen to any Thing I said on that Head, and sternly told me, That, if I did not give over all Thoughts of you as a Wife, I must expect he would give over all Thoughts of me as a Son. — Company coming in for that Time relieved me ; but the next Day, and several succeeding ones, the same Discourse was renewed, which had no other Effect than to prove we were equally unshaken in our different

ferent Resolutions. — During this Time I passed frequently by your Door, in Hopes of seeing you at some or other of the Windows, enquir'd of the Servants concerning your Father's Health, and, as artfully as I could, endeavour'd to draw something from them of you ; but they all appear'd so reserv'd and shy, that it was easy for me to perceive what Orders had been given them. I went so far once as to attempt to bribe the Butler, whom I one Day met in the Street, to deliver a Letter to you ; but he was Proof against all the Temptations I offered, and told me, His Master had given Orders to the contrary, and, tho' he was sorry for our Separation, would not betray his Trust. — At last one of the Maids inform'd me you were sent into the Country, with whom, and in what Manner ; so that it would be impossible to get any Letter deliver'd to you. I thank'd her for this good-natur'd Intelligence, which I was resolv'd to improve into the Means of seeing you some Way or other, and was labouring for a Pretence to quit my Father for that Purpose, when one Morning he sent for me into his Chamber, which he had not yet left ; *Clyamon*, said he, your obstinate persisting in an Affection which I have thought fit to oppose, has made me resolve to send you from my Sight, 'till your recover'd Duty shall make me think you merit to be recall'd. — Pretend not, continued he, perceiving that I was about to say something, to urge any Thing in Contradiction to what my Resolution is so much fix'd upon, that I have order'd every Thing to be prepared

prepared for your Departure before I suffer'd you to know any Thing of it : ——— And this is the last Hour of your remaining in a Place where I find you cannot forget what would be your utter Ruin to remember. While he was speaking he rung his Bell, on which immediately enter'd an old, grave Gentleman, whom I had never seen before, and a Servant, who had liv'd several Years in the Family. This, said my Father, pointing to the Stranger, is the Person I have made Choice of to be your Governor, and expect you to pay the same Regard to his Advice you ought to have done to mine ; and, to shew how unwilling I am to throw you entirely off, I give you this Servant to attend you, and shall not fail of sending you what Remittances I shall hear are needful to support you in a Fashion becoming my Son. Judge, my dear *Constantia*, what I felt at this surprizing Turn : But I saw all Arguments, all Entreaties against it would be fruitless, so was oblig'd to feign a Content I was far from feeling ; and, being told the Coach waited, my Father gave me his Blessing, and I went with my new Equipage to my Chamber, where I found every Thing, except a Riding-coat for me to put on, ready pack'd up, in order to be sent after us by the Carriages.

Thus, without the least Warning, without the least Leave-taking of any of my Friends, even my Sister, who I believe you have heard was at a Boarding School not five Miles distant, without even knowing where I was to go, was I at once hurry'd away. My Governor, during the whole Journey, and indeed  
for



for the whole Time I was with him, behav'd with a great deal of Politeness, and was agreeable in his Conversation, I believe more in Compliance with the Promise doubtless my Father had exacted from him, than to his own Inclinations. He sometimes remonstrated to me the Duty of a Son to his Parents, and that a young Man ought never to settle his Affections on any Woman, so as not to be able to withdraw them when any unforeseen Inconvenience attended the Pursuit of them. I told him I should be obliged to him if he desisted all Discourse on that Head ; and that the Way to forget Persons was to avoid speaking of them : On which he said no more.

I soon perceiv'd our Journey was to *Dover*, from which Port we embarked for *Calais*, where I stole half an Hour to write to you ; but much doubt whether the Letter came to your Hands. We stay'd no longer than to refresh ourselves, and went by Post-chaise to *Paris*. The Magnificence and Beauty of that City, the Variety of Diversion, and elegant Gaiety of its Inhabitants, would have afforded me an infinite Satisfaction, could I have been capable of taking any at that Distance from you ; but, tho' I went to all the Places worth a Stranger's Notice, I can swear with the utmost Truth, That not all the Curiosities they shew'd me, nor all the Beauties of the *French* Court, had the Power to banish your Idea one Moment from my Mind.

In fine, tho' I seem'd present, I was in Effect absent : My Thoughts were continually ruminating on which Way I should make my Escape, and unite my Body to that Soul I had  
left

left behind with you.—Hearing from my Governor, That my Father's Orders were to make no long Stay in *France*, but to proceed to *Italy*, it seem'd more easy for me to quit him there, than it would have been when I had arriv'd at a greater Distance, especially as I spoke *French*, and understood not a Word of *Italian*; but, knowing that, if I took the Road to *Calais* I should be infallibly pursued, and knew not what Method they might take for detaining me, I resolv'd to take a different Rout, without acquainting the Person, from whom I hir'd Horses and a Guide, the Road I was to go. So that, had they enquired at the very Inn I set out from, as possibly they did, they must have been directed to a contrary Place from that I really went to, which was *Roboys*, then to *Roan*, and so took my Passage from *Diepe*, to *Rye* in *Sussex*.

What very much facilitated my Escape was, that my Governor, being a little indispos'd, kept his Chamber, and I had none but the Servant with me, who I sent on a pretended Business, bidding him come to me at a Convent I told him I was going to, and as soon as he was out of Sight went to the Inn, where I had before order'd the Horses to be got ready, and I believe was quite out of *Paris* before I was miss'd.

Thus, my dear *Constantia*, have you heard the History of my Adventures, since that fatal Day in which I was driven from you.—Yours I know, and shou'd be sorry to lose any farther Time, on what hereafter we may at Leisure discourse of.—I come now to claim the Promise you a thousand times have made

made of being mine.—When once united, it will not be in the Power of either of our Fathers to sever us again ; and, if you truly love, you will not let slip this Opportunity, which if once lost may never come again.

O Heavens ! cry'd she, what Opportunity ? Fly, said he, as I have done, and shew our cruel Fathers how weak all Restraints are when oppos'd to Love. That I fear would ruin us for ever, answer'd *Constantia*.—On the contrary, resumed he, the indissoluble Knot once ty'd, they must forgive what else they would never consent to. — Perhaps to prevent, compel us to bestow ourselves elsewhere :—Me they never should, but my Dear how would your timid Innocence be able to resist the imperious Commands of a tyrannick Father. — You might be menaced, driven to the Altar, and enforc'd to give those Vows to some persisting Lover, which only are the Due of *Clyamon*. — Then think what Scenes of Horror must ensue. — I could not, would not live myself, nor would permit my hated happy Rival to triumph in my Ruin. — The Day that join'd should separate you for ever, and instead of a Bride-bed he should find a Grave.

The tender *Constantia* cou'd not hear these Words without trembling ; but assur'd him no Force should make her falsify her Vows, and that she would sooner die than suffer herself to be another's.—But, cry'd he, is there a Possibility you can be mine, but by the Way I mention ? Is the inflexible *Oakley* to be moved by the soft Pleas of Love ? Is not the Quarrel between him and my Father grounded on a  
Motive,

Motive, which takes away all hope of Reconciliation? No, my adored *Constantia*, we may grow old in Misery before their unrelenting Hearts would yield to put an End to our Despair, while it was in either of their Powers to continue it. — Let us therefore resolve to obey the Dictates of an Affection, which they first encouraged; in doing so, we but fulfil their own Engagements, and force them to be just against their Will. — Be assured they will hereafter think of this as they ought, and ratify what they cannot recal.

By such like Arguments as these, join'd to the most endearing Persuasions, he at last prevailed upon her to go with him, and, the succeeding Night being pitch'd upon for that Purpose, she packed up what few Jewels she had, and some other little Necessaries, and made her Escape out of the same Window which had given him Entrance. He had a Horse ready, on which both being mounted, they rode 'till Day was pretty far advanced, by which Time they arrived in a small Town, where they stopt to take a short Refreshment, and then pursued their Journey. No Accident happ'ning, I shall pass over the Particulars, as also all the tender Demonstrations of Love each gave the other; the Reader's Imagination will questionless furnish him with better Ideas than any can be given by Description.

As soon as they arrived in *London*, *Clyanor* prepar'd a Lodging in one of the most remote Parts of the Town; and, having left *Constantia* to take some Repose after the Fatigue of her Journey, went to get a Licence, which  
having

having easily procur'd, they were marry'd, and a Stop put to all could be done to prevent it. —A short Time longer, and they had been disappointed ; for the Aunt of *Constantia*, having sent an immediate Account of her Flight, *Oakley* went directly to the Commons to forbid any Licence being granted, but found, to his inexpressible Vexation, that they had been too quick for him, and that the Marriage was registered in all its Forms.

The Flight of *Constantia* reached the Ears of the Town before her Marriage : *Ellwald* heard it with Pleasure ; and, little suspecting it was with his Son, whom he imagined far enough off, was just about writing an Account of it to *Paris*, not doubting but this News would effectually set the Heart of *Clyamon* against her, when he received a Letter from the Governor, acquainting him, that the young Gentleman had eluded his Care, and that all the Enquiry he had made after him had yet been fruitless.

All the malicious Joy *Ellwald* had lately felt was now turned to an adequate Confusion : He concluded, that his Son had not left *France*, but to return to *England*, and that *Constantia* alone had been the Motive. He had scarce given Vent to the first Dictates of his Fury, when he receiv'd a Letter from him, to this Effect.

Most dear and ever honour'd Sir.

*As from my earliest Years you encouraged a growing Passion in me for the lovely and deserv-*  
ing



ing Constantia, it soon became so much a Part of me, as to render it impossible to be extirpated without breaking the Links which unite my Body to my Soul.—Believe, Sir, That neither Time, Absence, or any other Object could have made either of us forego the firm Affection we have so often, with your Approbation, vow'd should be eternal. — If therefore we have, without your Leave, anticipated that sacred Ceremony, which I flatter myself you would one Day have agreed to, pardon it, I beseech you ; and believe, that in every other Command, tho' at the Hazard of my Life, I shall always make it my whole Study to prove myself, as I ought

Your most dutiful Son,

—CLYAMON.

This Confirmation of what he had before conjectur'd was so far from making any Abatement in his Rage, that it very much encreas'd it. — He had not Patience to read the Letter over, but tore it in a thousand Pieces. Tell the disobedient Wretch that sent me this, said he to the Person that brought it, what you have seen me do ; and bid him assure himself, That, as I tear this impudent Avowal of his Crime, so will I tear him from my Estate and Heart. — As he could not live without the Gratification of a Passion I thought fit to forbid, let that Passion be his Support ; but warn him to trouble me no more with unavailing Apologies.

Constantia wrote to her Father much the same as Clyamon had done to his, and had much  
the

the same Reply: That Likeness of Temperament, which had so long continued the Friendship between these two Gentlemen, still subsisted in Enmity, and it is difficult to say which of them was most implacable. *Ellwald* could not dispose of his Paternal Estate without Consent of the Heir; so, to make good the Word he had sent him, he mortgag'd it for almost the whole Value, and bought other Lands, which he might bequeath to whom he pleas'd. — *Oakley* made his Will, in which he left all he had in the World to be equally divided among his other Children, cutting *Constantia* entirely off from a Child's Portion. This cruel News soon reached the Ears of our new-wedded Pair; and tho' it was far from diminishing any Part of the Tendernefs they had for each other, yet it served to shew them the fordid Disposition of those they convers'd with, most of whom now took upon them to condemn the Force of a Passion they had before applauded, and to behave in so cool and negligent a Manner, that it was easy to perceive they wanted to throw off all Acquaintance with Persons whose Necessities might in Time render troublesome. As neither *Clyamon* or *Constantia* wanted Penetration to see, or Spirit to despise the Motives on which this Indifference was founded, they thought it best to retire in Time from the Insults they must expect, on a more plain Discovery of the Wants they already began to labour under. Both of them had dispos'd of most of the Things they had of Value, to procure those which were more essential to the Preservation of Life, and could  
appear

appear no longer in any Manner suitable to their Birth ; they therefore quitted the Lodging where they were, and hir'd one the most cheap and obscure the whole Town afforded. — Whether they look'd round them with external or internal Eyes, without, within, all was Misery and Desolation ! — Yet did they not, like some mean Souls, augment their Calamities by repining at their Fate, or upbraiding of each other ; but, on the contrary, *Clyamon* endeavour'd all he could to cheer *Constantia* with Hopes he was far from entertaining himself ; she did the same by him : Each Breast concealing its own Share of Anguish, fearing to impart it to the other, and the only Contention between them was, which should do such necessary, but servile Offices, as those who are oblig'd to be their own Servants must submit to ; and which should eat most sparingly, that the other might have sufficient of that scanty Morsel they were oblig'd at sometimes to content themselves with.

In fine, they were reduc'd to the lowest Streights Humanity can sustain : Both sent repeated Letters to their several Parents, but without Success ; and when at any Time either *Oakley* or *Ellwald* were solicited to more Mildness to the offending Pair, by those who had a Regard for both, it rather seem'd to heighten their implacable Resentment, agreeing in this, tho' the most inveterate Enemies in every Thing beside.

How will the Want of Bread compel the most haughty Tempers to yield ! yet did it not make either *Clyamon* or his *Constantia* submit to ask any Favours of those they had ever

### 314 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

been acquainted with ; he chose rather to descend to what one should never imagine he could have thought of : He put a Patch upon one Eye, discolour'd his Face, and turn'd up his fine Hair under an old Perriwig which he some where or other procur'd, and, in this Disguise, waited at a Tavern-door, to be employ'd in going on such Errands as he should be sent upon, while his beautiful Wife sat at Home, and work'd with her Needle on Purfes, Pincushions, and such little Trifles, which in the Close of Day she would go out, and sell at the Milliners.

Thus were two young Persons, who had been educated with the greatest Delicacy, reduc'd by their mutual Affection to earn a miserable Livelyhood by their Labour, in the most abject Manner ; yet still did Love triumph over Poverty and Wretchedness. Ill-fortune could not, by all the Disappointments she inflicted, make either repent of what they had done ; so now took another Way to subdue a Fortitude which had seem'd Proof against the severest Attacks.

One Day, as *Clyamon* was at his usual Stand, he was call'd by a Gentleman, who put a Letter into his Hand, and order'd him to deliver it as directed, paying him at the same Time for his Trouble. He no sooner cast his Eye on the Superscription, than, seeing it directed for *Constantia*, to be left at Mrs. *Trimwell's*, a Milliner, a Place at which he knew his dear Wife frequently went to dispose of her little Merchandise, than he was seiz'd with a certain Disorder which he knew not how to account



count for : He could not think she was the Person for whom the Letter was intended, yet had a Kind of impatient Curiosity to see what it contain'd. At first he check'd these Emotions in him as impertinent and vain ; but they return'd with greater Force, and he could not be easy without knowing the Affairs of a Person who was of the same Name with his Wife, and was also acquainted at the very same House she so often went to : In fine, a Passion he had hitherto been wholly free from, got the better of his natural Love of Justice, and, with a Hand trembling with Impatience, he broke open the Billet, which contain'd these Words :

*How transported am I, my Angel ! to find my Love, and a just Sense of the Miseries of your Condition, has at last prevail'd upon you to quit a Man who could have no other View in marrying, than to make you wretched.——I shall not fail to meet you at the Time and Place you mention, and flatter myself that when freed from this unworthy Husband, and in Possession of those Pleasures which Youth and Beauty claim, you will never more raise any imaginary Ideas in Prejudice of*

Your ever faithful Lover,

RODOPHIL.

P. S. *If there be any Thing you require before I see you, I beg it may be communicated to the faithful Trimwell.*



A Letter, such as this, was an Excuse for almost any Extravagance *Clyamon* could be guilty of : It seem'd too evidently wrote to his Wife for him to make a Doubt of it.—The Miseries of her Condition,—her Name,—that of the Woman whose House she often went to, assur'd him it could be meant to no other Person.—Yet, loth to believe her guilty whom he had always look'd upon as Innocence itself, he read the fatal Scroll again, and again, wishing to find something that might give room to hope he had not been so cruelly deceiv'd ; but, alas ! the more he examin'd it, the more he was convinc'd, that his Misfortune and her Crime were but too real Truths.—At first he stood divided between Grief and Rage ; but the latter soon prevail'd : All the Love he had so lately bore her, now turn'd to the extremest Hate !——Heaven made me not, cry'd he, this strange Discovery of her Crime, but with Intent I should revenge it, and I'll obey its Dictates :——Dearly shall both she, and her accurs'd Seducer, pay for the Injuries they have done a too, too fond, believing Husband. Having stood a while to consider in what Manner he should bring to pass the dreadful Design he had in his Head, he seal'd the Letter again, as artfully as he could, and left it at the Milliner's ; then return'd to the Tavern, and enquir'd of the Waiter who the Gentleman was that had sent him with a Letter, and where he liv'd ? One of them told him, That he was a Man of Family and Fortune, his Name *Rodophil*,  
and

and then gave him a Direction to his Lodging. — After which this distracted Husband went into the Fields to ruminate further on this equally strange and sad Reverse in his Condition, and soon brought himself to account for the Manner in which it happen'd. — She has complain'd, said he, to this Woman of the Miseries to which she is reduc'd by our Marriage, and perhaps signified an Inclination to be taken into a more easy and affluent Way of Life. — *Rodophil* is inform'd of it, — sees her, — finds her young and beautiful, — makes an Offer of his Service, — she too readily accepts it : — My Shame is compleated, and I am to be left to endure alone those Hardships my unhappy Love for her has brought upon me, while she retires to revel in guilty Joys ! — False, false *Constantia* ! Is this thy Fortitude ? this thy Sincerity ? — Hast thou endured a Woe I have not doubly shar'd, and is it thus I am rewarded for the Loss of Father, Fortune, Friends, and Reputation ?

The whole Remainder of the Day did he waste in those Kind of Lamentations ; but, composing himself, as much as possible, that she might not take Notice of any Change in him, he went Home about the Hour he usually did : But his Attempt was fruitless ; he was too ill a Dissembler for her not to see his Mind was full of some secret Discontent. She told him of it, and said, She must have a Part in his Affliction : On which he affected a Smile, and reply'd, That he never yet kept a Secret, and that he had nothing in his Thoughts she was not as well acquainted with as himself :

### 318 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

But his Eyes, and the Sighs he could not restrain, contradicting his Words, she continued pressing him, in the most tender and endearing Manner, to relate whatever it was that had given him this fresh Occasion of Uneasiness : He at last answer'd more sullenly than he had ever spoke to her before, That, there was no need of fresh Occasions, the Condition they had long been in was sufficient. As she found all she could do had no Effect, she forbore any further Entreaties ; but was extremely alarm'd to find that all Night, instead of sleeping, he turn'd from Side to Side, sometimes mutter'd to himself, and gave such Groans as pierc'd her tender Heart.—— Early in the Morning he threw himself out of Bed, and dress'd himself in a Suit of Cloths, which in all their Necessities had been preserv'd, in Case any Accident should require him once more to appear the Gentleman ; and, putting on his Sword, I am now, said he, again the Son of *Ellwald* :—— Wretch that I am ever to have renounc'd that Name. These Words, utter'd with the extremest Vehemence, made her burst into Tears ; but he seem'd not to observe it, and went out without either saluting her, or speaking one Word. A Behaviour so widely different from all she had ever seen in him, gave her an Anguish more poignant than all the Miseries she had sustain'd, and it was now for the first Time she felt the Weight of her Misfortunes.

*Clyamon* went directly to a Coffee-house, where he wrote the following Lines to *Rodophil*.

*S I R,*

S I R,

*If you have Courage to defend the Injustice you have dar'd to be guilty of, come into the Field behind Montagu-House, an Hour hence, and answer for the Dishonour you have thrown on Constantia : The Nature of our Quarrel will admit of no Seconds, so expect you'll come alone, to*

*Yours, &c.*

This he sent by a Waiter, who, being bid to say he came from a Gentleman, and waited for an Answer, return'd with the following one.

S I R,

*Tho' I might well excuse myself from taking any Notice of a Billet of this Nature, to which the Author is either afraid or asham'd to subscribe his Name ; yet as you accuse me of Injustice to a Lady, I will not refuse to vindicate her from any Aspersions may 'e thrown on my Account : Expect therefore, at your own Time and Place, to find,*

RODOPHIL.

Clyamon was too impatient not to be there before the Hour ; but he waited not long before his Adversary appear'd, who, seeing he was an entire Stranger to him, Sir, said he, I cannot imagine for what Cause you, who I do not remember I have ever seen before, should pretend to call me to Account for any of my Actions. It belongs to every honest Man to



chastise Villainy such as your's, reply'd *Clyamon* fiercely ; but more particularly to me, both as Friend to the Lady you have seduc'd, and her most injur'd Husband ;—— Draw therefore, continued he, I came not here to talk.——

They had no further Conversation than with their Swords ; and *Clyamon* not only gave the other several Wounds, without receiving any considerable one himself, but also disarm'd and threw him on the Ground, after which he gave him a Stab in the Breast.——Let this shew you, cry'd he, I fought not for Honour, but Revenge ; and know it is from the Husband of the perfidious *Constantia* you receive this just Reward for violating the Marriage-Bed. *Rodophil* on this, cry'd out to him to stay, perceiving he was turn'd away ; but the enrag'd *Clyamon* had other Designs, which he was impatient to execute. And tho' the other still call'd as loud as his Strength would permit, never once turn'd back ; for, doubting not but the last Stab had given him his Fate, and thinking his Vengeance yet but half compleated, went to an Apothecary, and bought a Drug, which, he said, was with an Intent to destroy some Vermin which troubled his House.

*Constantia*, little suspicious of what was preparing for her, was all this Time endeavouring to form some Conjecture at the Motive which had occasion'd so sudden, and so strange an Alteration in her dear *Clyamon*.——Grant Heaven, cry'd she, it may proceed from any other Cause than a Decay of Love !——If I but keep his Heart, I can endure all else Fate can inflict upon me.

She



She was forming these tender Wishes, when the Object of them return'd.—The Wildness of his Countenance making her see his Mind was not more compos'd than it had been at going out, she again intreated he would make her a Partner in the sad Secret, of what Kind soever it was. — *Sad indeed*, said he ; but you shall know it : — First, continued he, pouring what he had prepar'd into a Glass, Drink this,—you'll find it a sovereign Relief for a Disorder you have of late been troubled with. What means my *Clyamon*, cry'd the poor Innocent ? I know of no Disorder. — Take it however, return'd he, it is a Husband's Gift. — As such, I will, reply'd she, tho' it were Poison ; and immediately drank it off. Poison it is, cry'd he ; but make no Noise, for if you do, here's that shall silence you before the Time I intended. With these Words he drew his Sword, and pointed it to her Breast, while she, between Amazement, Fear, and Horror, was unable to utter a Word : It is not, pursued he, that I should feel any Shock at ripping open this perfidious Breast, which once I thought the Mansion of eternal Truth ; but I would have thee live, thou Deceiver, 'till I have related the Progress my just Revenge has taken.—Know then, I have this Moment sent your *Rodophil* to boast in another World the easy Conquest he made over *Constantia's* Virtue, and the Honour of *Clyamon*. — You follow next, and I, who to my Shame confess I cannot live without you, shall close the sad Triumvirate of Death. O Heaven, cry'd she, How am I perfidious ? — How am I a Deceiver ? —

## 322 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

Who is this *Rodophil*? For, by the Power that governs all ! knows all ! I am innocent of these cruel Accusations. Hold, said he, quit not the World with such a Falshood ; nor think that all the Affeverations you can make, can clear you in my Belief. He then repeated the Letter, which was too deeply engrav'd in his Mind for him to omit one Word,——told her the Way it came into his Hands, and where he had left it for her. The more he said, the more her Consternation increas'd ; but, as she had no other Proofs how much she was wrong'd than her own Tears, and Imprecations, they were so far from gaining Credit with him, that they only serv'd to destroy in him all Pity for her Fate, and he revil'd her in the most gross Terms his Rage could furnish him with. Well, cry'd she, with a Sweetness which might have soften'd the most savage Heart, I have this Comfort in my Death, to know 'tis not your Hate, but your mistaken Jealousy has given it. ———Appearances, indeed, are strong against me, and I rejoice they are so, since they afford you an Excuse for what you have done, which will, I hope, meet with the same Forgiveness from Heaven, which it unfeignedly receives from me.——All I request of you is, That you would banish all Thoughts of laying violent Hands upon yourself.——Live, I conjure you ; Time may rectify this fatal Error ; and when you shall be happily convinc'd of your *Constantia's* Innocence, you will lament her Death, and love her Memory. These Words, pronounc'd with a Sweetness which Guilt never could assume, a little stagger'd *Clyamon*,  
assur'd

assur'd as he had thought himself ; but he conceal'd it, and still insisted, sometimes by harsh Language, and sometimes by Entreaties, on her confessing the Truth : As she knew nothing, so she could say nothing more than what she had already said ; and the Drug beginning to take Effect, render'd her in a few Minutes too delirious to make any coherent Answer to what he mention'd. Her Bosom heav'd with strange convulsive Strugglings, her lovely Eyes roll'd wildly round, yet had no Object in View : ——— A cold death Damp overspread her Face ; all the Symptoms of approaching Dissolution appear'd in her whole Frame. ——— *Clyamon* look'd stedfastly upon her, and could not see what was once so dear to him in Agonies of his own, inflicting, without feeling very near the same. ——— He was beginning to repent of what he had done, when the Sound of a great many Feet coming up Stairs, made him turn hastily about, and presently saw six or seven Men, who rushing into the Room, one of them cry'd out, There, there is the Murderer. ——— Some seiz'd his Sword, while the others laid hold of him, and, without staying to hear what he said, dragg'd him out of the House to the next Justice of the Peace, who happen'd to be his own Father.

The Sight of an only Son, whom he had heard nothing of for some Time, now brought before him as a Delinquent, very much startled him : But he forbore taking any Notice of him, and turn'd to the Person who he found was the Accuser.

This

This was an intimate Friend of *Rodophil's*, who happening to pass that Way, in Company with another, saw Part of the Combat at a Distance, but, with all the Speed they made, could not come up with those that fought 'till after *Rodophil* was fallen, and *Clyamon* was turn'd away : One of them follow'd him first to the Apothecary's, and then home ; and, being inform'd by the People of the House, that he liv'd there, immediately got a proper Officer, with some Assistants, to apprehend him.——The Friend of *Rodophil* ran to get a Chair, in which the wounded Man was carried home, and left by him under the Care of the Surgeons, while he came to *Ellwald* to corroborate the Evidence already given by the other.——The Depositions were made, the Commitment sign'd, and the unfortunate Son of *Ellwald*, who all the Time had not open'd his Lips, was just going to be carried to Prison, when *Rodophil*, supported by two Servants, came into the Room. While his Wounds were dressing, he had been inform'd that it was *Clyamon*, who had married *Constantia*, with whom he had fought ; and, having his own Reasons for seeing into the Motives, would not be hinder'd from following him to *Ellwald's*. I come not, Sir, said he to that Gentleman, to accuse, but to clear your Son : It is true, he has reduc'd me to the Condition you see me in ; but the Provocation he thought I had given him for it, makes him stand excus'd in the Eyes of all Men of Honour.——In fine, Sir, a Letter, wrote by me to a Lady, whose Name I unhappily disguis'd under that  
of



of *Constantia*, must doubtless have fallen into the Hands of *Clyamon* : Some Expressions in it might also confirm him in the Opinion it was intended for his Wife ; therefore I freely forgive the Hurts I have receiv'd, even were they mortal, and hope the same from him.—Never, never, reply'd *Clyamon* ; if what you say be Truth, I am the most accurs'd of all that yet ever had the Name of Man.

If the Company were surpriz'd at *Rodophil's* Behaviour, they were much more so at hearing *Clyamon* speak in this Manner, not being able to comprehend wherefore the clearing the Innocence of a belov'd Wife should render him accurs'd ; but he soon eas'd them of this Suspence, by crying out, in the extremest Agony, O *Constantia* ! *Constantia* ! dear murder'd Innocence ! As he utter'd this Exclamation, the Person he had mention'd came running into the Room, her Hair dishevell'd, her Garments torn, and all the Marks of the most violent Grief upon her Face.—Where is my *Clyamon*, shriek'd she out ? To whatever Prison you have hurried him, permit me at least to share it with him ;—even your Cruelty, Sir, said she to *Ellwald*, nor that of my own Father, will sure deny me that.

The Distraction she was in prevented her from seeing him she enquir'd after, and the unutterable Surprise of finding her living, whom he believ'd he had left breathing her last, gave him not the Power of answering or going towards her : *Ellwald* sat like one transfix'd with Thunder, wholly unable to comprehend the Meaning of any thing he either heard or  
saw



saw, 'till *Rodophil* having prevail'd upon him to clear the Room of all but himself, *Clyamon* and *Constantia*, who were now got into each others Arms with Raptures of Joy, adequate to those they had lately felt of Grief, began to unravel the whole Mystery ; but first intreated *Clyamon* to tell him, whether a Letter directed to *Constantia* had not been the Occasion of his Jealousy, which he answering in the Affirmative, he went on in this Manner : Sir, said he, to *Ellwald*, you know you were once pleas'd to encourage my Addresses to your lovely Daughter, on which she gave me her Promise never to be but mine :——Yet after this, compell'd by your Authority, was wedded to another : The Cruelty with which he treated her, the Moment after she became a Bride, oblig'd her to think of seeking a Remedy at Law, as well she might, being married to one who could not be a Husband.——This her Modesty would doubtless have conceal'd, had he behav'd to her in other Respects with common Civility, but having confess'd it to some Female Relations of mine, they inform'd me of it, which in Part restor'd my lost Hopes ; I press'd her incessantly to acquaint you with every thing relating to this unhappy Circumstance, not doubting but you would do her Right ; I was a long Time before I could prevail, but at last she consented, and I suppose you are not now to learn the Baseness of that unworthy Husband.

Here *Rodophil* stopt, expecting his Reply, but he only gave a Nod of Assent, on which the other went on.

As she sometimes did me the Favour of conversing with me by Letter, she bad me always direct for her by the Name of *Constantia*, to prevent any Plea this wicked Husband might have against her, in Case some Accident should occasion my Letters being intercepted ; and it was that which I sent last, which I perceive had like to have been fatal to more than one of us.

*Rodophil* said no more, being interrupted from making those Compliments to *Constantia* he was about to do, by her Husband asking by what Miracle she had been preserv'd.

By none, reply'd she, with a most engaging Smile, the Apothecary of whom you bought the Drug, intended for my Bane, gave you a Composition of a different Nature, and which would only create a short Confusion in the Vitals and then go off.—He follow'd you Home, and was Witness of your being soon after carry'd away, on Suspicion of having kill'd that Gentleman ; finding the Condition I was in doubted not, but I was the Person who had taken the Potion, on which he gave me something that recover'd me sooner than I should else have been : On my hearing the dreadful News of your being seiz'd, I flew directly hither, and have now Cause to bless my Return of Life, since it restores me you, and kind.—Here they embrac'd again, but then remembering what was owing to *Eliwald*, severe as he had been, they both fell at his Feet, entreating his Blessing and Forgiveness. The Scene he had been Witness of, had too much soften'd his Heart, to be able to retain any of  
its

## 328 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

its former Sentiments, and seeing the Miseries of a forc'd Marriage in his Daughter's Fate, he thank'd Heaven for having given one of his Children Resolution enough to disobey him in this Point, however disagreeable it once had seem'd to him ; and taking *Clyamon* and *Constantia* in his Arms by Turns, told them their Love had conquer'd him, and that all they had suffer'd by his Cruelty, should amply be atton'd for by his future Kindness.

Thus did they triumph over all the Efforts of their ill Stars, Providence having ordain'd it so, that what in all Appearance must be their Ruin, serv'd to conduct them to a Happiness they had long ceas'd to hope. *Ellwald* was a little displeas'd with *Emmeline*, for having carry'd on any Correspondence with *Rodophil*, while she remain'd in her Husband's House ; but soon forgave it, and took such proper Methods, that she soon obtain'd a Divorce, and was afterwards married to *Rodophil*. *Oakely* was lying sick of a Distemper, which in a short Time ended his Days, when these Accidents fell out ; but being inform'd of all the Particulars, alter'd his Will that Moment, and bequeath'd *Constantia*, instead of none, a double Portion.—He also sent for her and *Clyamon*, gave them all the Marks they could wish of his intire Pardon ; and to compleat their Happiness before his Death, was reconcil'd to *Ellwald*.

The admirable *Ethelinda* having done reading, every Body return'd those Thanks so agreeable an Entertainment merited. I think,  
said

said that Lady, there is something extremely tender and touching in the Circumstances of this Story ; but I read it chiefly with a View of proving there is no Necessity for a Woman to forfeit her Virtue, or a Man his Fidelity, to render both unfortunate in being possess'd of too violent a Passion : And methinks, where there is Innocence on the one Side, and perfect Honour on' the other, the Woes they suffer have a better Title to our Compassion.

Doubtless, Madam, answer'd *Philetas*, and I have but one Thing to object against this Story, which is, that it has extended itself to the Hour, in which Decency requires us to retire, and leave you to that Repose, which it is necessary you should take before you venture on the Fatigue of so long a Journey.

All the Company rose up that Instant, and each having made the Compliments usual on such Occasions, quitted the Apartment of *Ethelinda*, to pay those Respects to *Alario*, which his high Birth and more exalted Merit, claim'd from all who had the Honour of knowing him.

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