
T H E

Lady's Drawing Room.

D A Y the S E C O N D.

TH 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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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.

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
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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

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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 *Berlin*, 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,

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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 blameable 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

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

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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
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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
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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

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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,

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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 fancied it was Design and Artifice in favour of *Lamina*, 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 Ears 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
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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

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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

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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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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

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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.

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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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Way.

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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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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

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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

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 Philosophers 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.

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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, *Philis* 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*.

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 *Rodomond* 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.
