

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

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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  
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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-

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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  
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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-*  
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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  
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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 solicted 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



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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 :

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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.

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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 ?—

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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