THE
FEMALE
SPECTATOR.
BY
Mrs ELIZA HAYWOOD.
Mary Macfie.
FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. CHAPMAN
AND A. DUNCAN.
MDCCLXXV.
TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS.

May it please your Grace,

As the chief view in publishing these Monthly Essays is to rectify some errors, which, small as they may seem at first, may, if indulged, grow up into greater, till they at last become Vices, and make all the misfortunes of our lives; it was necessary to put them under the protection of a lady, not only of an unblemished conduct, but also of an ...

Vol. I.
DEDICATION.

exalted virtue, whose example may in-
force the precepts they contain, and is
herself a shining pattern, for others to
copy after, of all those perfections I en-
deavour to recommend.

It is not, therefore, madam, that you
are descended from a Marlborough or a
Godolphin, dear as those patriot names
will ever be, while any sense of liberty
remains in Britons; nor on the account
of the high rank you hold in the world,
nor for those charms with which Nature
has so profusely adorned your person;
but for those innate graces, which, no
ancestry can give, no titles can embellish,
nor no beauty atone for the want of, that
your Grace has an undisputed right to
this offering, as the point aimed at by the
work itself, gives it, in some measure, a
claim to your acceptance.

That promise, which the first years of
life gave of a glorious maturity, we have
seen compleated long before your Grace
DEDICATION.

arrived at an age, which in others is requisite to ripen wit into wisdom, and conciliate the sparkling ideas of the one, with the correcting judgment of the other.—We beheld with admiration, how Reason outstripped Nature, even in the most minute circumstances and actions; but the crown of all, was the happy choice of a partner in that state which is the chief end of our beings.—There shone your penetration, when among so many admirers, you singled out him who alone was worthy of you.—One, who great as he is, is yet more good than great; and who has given such instances how much it is in the power of virtue to ennoble nobility, as all must admire, though few I fear will imitate.

Marriage, too long the jest of fools, and prostituted to the most base and for did aims, to you, illustrious pair! owes its recovered fame, and proves its institution is indeed Divine.
DEDICATION.

But this is no more than what every one is full of; and in intreating your Grace's protection to the following sheets, I can only boast of being one among the millions who pray, that length of days and uninterrupted health may continue that happiness, to which nothing can be added, and that

I am,

With the most profound Duty and Submission,

May it please Your Grace,

Your Grace's,

Most humble,

Most obedient, and most

Faithfully devoted Servant,

The Female Spectator.
IT is very much by the choice we make of subjects for our entertainment, that the refined taste distinguishes itself from the vulgar and more gross. Reading is universally allowed to be one of the most improving as well as agreeable amusements; but then to render it so, one should, among the number of books which are perpetually issuing from the presses, endeavour to single out such as promise to be most conducive to those ends. In order to be as little deceived as possible, I, for my own part, love to get as well acquainted as I can with an author, before I run the risk of losing my time in perusing his work; and as I doubt not but most people are of this way of thinking, I shall, in imitation of my learned Brother, of ever precious memory, give some account of what I am, and those concerned with me in this undertaking; and likewise of the chief intent of the Lucubrations hereafter communicated, that the reader, on casting his eye over the four or five first pages, may judge how far the book may, or may not be qualified to entertain him, and either accept, or throw it aside as he thinks proper: And here I promise, that in the pictures I shall give of
myself and associates, I will draw no flattering lines, assume no perfection that we are not in reality possessed of, nor attempt to shadow over any defect with an artificial gloss.

As a proof of my sincerity, I shall, in the first place, assure him, that for my own part I never was a beauty, and am now very far from being young; (a confession he will find few of my sex ready to make:) I shall also acknowledge, that I have run through as many scenes of vanity and folly as the greatest coquet of them all.—Dress, equipage, and flattery, were the idols of my heart. —I should have thought that day lost, which did not present me with some new opportunity of shewing myself. My life, for some years, was a continued round of what I then called pleasure, and my whole time engrossed by a hurry of miscellaneous diversions. But whatever inconveniences such a manner of conduct has brought upon myself, I have this consolation, to think that the public may reap some benefit from it:—The company I kept was not, indeed, always so well chosen as it ought to have been, for the sake of my own interest or reputation; but then it was general, and by consequence furnished me, not only with the knowledge of many occurrences, which otherwise I had been ignorant of; but also enabled me, when the too great vivacity of my nature became tempered with reflection, to see into the secret springs which gave rise to the actions I had either heard or been witness of;—to judge of the various passions of the human mind, and distinguish those imperceptible degrees by which they become masters of the heart, and attain the dominion over reason.—A thousand odd adventures, which, at
the time they happened, made slight impression on me, and seemed to dwell no longer on my mind than the wonder they occasioned, now rise fresh to my remembrance; with this advantage, that the mystery I then, for want of attention, imagined they contained, is entirely vanished, and I find it easy to account for the cause by the consequence.

With this experience, added to a genius tolerably extensive, and an education more liberal than is ordinarily allowed to persons of my sex, I flattered myself that it might be in my power to be in some measure both useful and entertaining to the public; and this thought was so soothing to those remains of vanity, not yet wholly extinguished in me, that I resolved to pursue it, and immediately began to consider by what method I should be most likely to succeed. To confine myself to any one subject, I knew could please but one kind of taste, and my ambition was to be as universally read as possible. From my observation of human nature, I found that curiosity had more or less a share in every breast; and my business therefore, was to hit this reigning humour in such a manner, as that the gratification it should receive from being made acquainted with other people's affairs, might at the same time teach every one to regulate their own.

Having agreed within myself on this important point, I commenced author, by setting down many things, which being pleasing to myself, I imagined would be so to others; but on examining them the next day, I found an infinite deficiency both in matter and style, and that there was an absolute necessity for me to call in to my assistance such of my acquaintance as were qual
fied for that purpose.—The first, that occurred to me, I shall distinguish by the name of Mira, a lady descended from a family to which wit seems hereditary, married to a gentleman every way worthy of so excellent a wife, and with whom she lives in so perfect a harmony, that having nothing to ruffle the composure of her soul, or disturb those sparkling ideas she received from nature and education, left me no room to doubt that what she favoured me with would be acceptable to the public.—The next is a Widow of quality, who not having buried her vivacity in the tomb of her lord, continues to make one in all the modish diversions of the times, so far, I mean, as she finds them consistent with innocence and honour; and as she is far from having the least austerity in her behaviour, nor is rigid to the failings she is wholly free from herself, those of her acquaintance, who had been less circumspect, scruple not to make her the confidante of secrets they conceal from all the world beside.—The third is the daughter of a wealthy merchant, charming as an angel, but endued with so many accomplishments, that to those who know her truly, her beauty is the least distinguished part of her. This fine young creature I shall call Euphrosine, since she has all the cheerfulness and sweetness ascribed to that goddess.

These three approved my design, assured me of all the help they could afford, and soon gave a proof of it in bringing their several essays; but as the reader, provided the entertainment be agreeable, will not be interested from which quarter it comes, whatever productions I shall be favoured with from these ladies, or any others, I may hereafter correspond with, will be exhibited under the general title...
of The Female Spectator; and how many contributors soever there may happen to be to the work, they are to be considered only as several members of one body, of which I am the mouth.

It is also highly proper I should acquaint the town, that to secure an eternal fund of intelligence, spies are placed, not only in all the places of resort in and about this great metropolis, but at Bath, Tunbridge, and the Spaw, and means found out to extend my speculations even as far as France, Rome Germany, and other foreign parts; so that nothing curious or worthy remark can escape me; and this I look upon to be a more effectual way of penetrating into the mysteries of the alcove, the cabinet, or field, than if I had the power of invisibility, or could, with a wish, transport myself where-ever I pleased, since with the aid of those supernatural gifts, I could still be in no more than one place at a time; whereas now, by tumbling over a few papers from my emissaries, I have all the secrets of Europe, at least such of them as are proper for my purpose, laid open at one view.

I would, by no means, however, have what I say be construed into a design of gratifying a vicious propensity of propagating scandal: whoever sits down to read me with this view, will find themselves mistaken; for though I shall bring real facts on the stage, I shall conceal the actors names under such as will be conformable to their characters; my intention being only to expose the vice, not the person.—Nor shall I confine myself to modern transactions: whenever I find any example among the antients, which may serve to illustrate the topic I shall happen to be upon, I shall make no scruple to insert it. An instance of
shining virtue in any age, can never be too often proposed as a pattern, nor the fatality of misconduct too much impressed on the minds of our youth of both sexes; and as the sole aim of the following pages is to reform the faulty, and give an innocent amusement to those who are not so, all possible care will be taken to avoid every thing that might serve as food for the venom of malice and ill-nature. Whoever, therefore, shall pretend to fix on any particular person the blame of actions they may happen to find recorded here, or make what they call a key to these lucubrations, must expect to see themselves treated in the next publication with all the severity so unfair a proceeding merits.

And now, having said as much as I think needful of this undertaking, I shall, without being either too greatly confident, or too anxious for the success, submit it to the public censure.

"Of all the passions given us from above,
"The noblest, softest, and the best, is love,
"says a justly celebrated poet; and I readily agree that love in itself, when under the direction of reason, harmonizes the soul, and gives it a gentle, generous turn; but I can by no means approve of such definitions of that passion as we find in plays, novels, and romances. In most of these writings, the authors seem to lay out all their art in rendering that character most interesting, which most sets at defiance all the obligations, by the strict observance of which, love alone can become a virtue. They dress their Cupid up in roses, call him the god of soft desires and ever-springing joys, yet at the same time give him the vindictive fury, and the rage of Mars; show him impatient of
control, and trampling over all the ties of duty, friendship, or natural affection, yet make the motive sanctify the crime. How fatal, how pernicious to a young and unexperienced mind must be such maxims, especially when dressed up in all the pomp of words! The beauty of the expression steals upon the senses, and every mischief, every woe that love occasions, appears a charm.—Those who feel the passion are so far from endeavouring to repel its force, or being ashamed of their attachment, however opposite to reason, that they indulge, and take a pride in turning into ridicule the remonstrances of their more discerning friends. But what is yet more preposterous, and more evidently shews the ill effects of writing in this manner, is, that we often see girls too young either to be addressed to on the score of love, or even to know what is meant by the passion, affected the languishment they read of,—roll their eyes, sigh, fold their arms, neglect every useful learning, and attend to nothing but acquiring the reputation of being enough a woman to know all the pains and delicacies of love.

Miss Tenderilla is one of those I have described: she was the other day invited to a concert, and as soon as the music began to strike up, cried out in a kind of dying tone, yet loud enough to be heard by a great part of the assembly,

"If music be the food of love, play on."

A young lady happened to be with her, who is supposed to be very near entering into the marriage state, but contents herself with discovering what sentiments she is possessed of in favour of her intended bridegroom only to those interested in them. She blushed extremely at the extravagance of her
THE FEMALE

The female B. T. companion, and the more so, as she found the eyes of every one turned upon her, and by their smiles and whisper to each other, shewed that they imagined Miss had burst into this exclamation merely on her account. A smart gentleman, on the next feat to them, took this opportunity of rallying her very wittily, as he thought, on the discovery her young confidante had made; and the poor lady was in the utmost confusion, until she who had occasioned it, being vexed to find what she had said so much mistaken, and that no notice was taken of herself, behaved in such a manner as left no room to doubt which of them was the proper object of ridicule.

How easy were it now for a designing fortune-hunter to make a prey of this bib-and-apron heroine!—The less qualified he was to render her choice of him approved, and the more averse her friends appeared to such a match, the more would she glory in a noble obstinacy of contemning their advice, and sacrificing her person and fortune to an imaginary passion for him; and one has no need of being a very great prophet to foretell, that if she is not speedily removed from those who at present have the care of her, and some other methods taken than such as have hitherto been made use of, to give her a more rational way of thinking, that wealth her frugal parents hoard up, in order to purchase for her a lasting happiness, will only prove the bait for her destruction.

I am sorry to observe, that of late years this humour has been strangely prevalent among our young ladies, some of whom are scarce entered into their teens before they grow impatient for admira-

ATION, AND TO BE DISTINGUISHED IN LOVE-SONGS AND
verses,—expect to have a great bustle made about them, and he who first attempts to persuade them he is a lover, bids very fair for carrying his point. The eagerness of their wishes to be addressed, gives charms to the address itself, which otherwise it would not have; and hence it follows, that when a young creature has suffered herself to fall a victim to the artifices of her pretended lover, and her own giddy whim, and is afterwards convinced of her error, she looks back with no less wonder than shame on her past conduct, detests the object of her former imaginary passion, and wishes nothing more than to be eternally rid of the presence of him she once with so much earnestness pursued.

It is not, therefore, from the inconstancy of nature which men charge upon our sex, but from that romantic vein which makes us sometimes imagine ourselves lovers before we are so, that we frequently run such lengths to shake off a yoke we have so precipitately put on.—When once we truly love, we rarely change:—we bear the frowns of fortune with fortitude and patience:—we repent not of the choice we have made, whatever we suffer by it; and nothing but a long continued series of flights and ill usage from the object of our affections can render him less dear.

To be well convinced of the sincerity of the man they are about to marry, is a maxim, with great justice, always recommended to a young lady; but I say it is no less material for her future happiness, as well as that of her intended partner, that she should be well assured of her own heart, and examine with the utmost care, whether it be real tenderness, or a bare liking she at present feels for him; and as this is not to be done all at once,
I cannot approve of hasty marriages, or before persons are of sufficient years to be supposed capable of knowing their own minds.

Could fourteen have the power of judging of itself, or for itself, who that knew the beautiful Martesia at that age, but would have depended on her conduct!—Martesia, descended of the most illustrious race, possessed of all that dignity of sentiment befitting her high birth, endued by nature with a surprising wit, judgment, and penetration, and improved by every aid of education!—Martesia, the wonder and delight of all who saw or heard her, gave the admiring world the greatest expectations that she would one day be no less celebrated for all those virtues which render amiable the conjugal state, than she at that time was for every other perfection that does honour to the sex.

Yet how, alas, did all these charming hopes vanish into air! Many noble youths, her equals in birth and fortune, watched her increase of years for declaring a passion, which they feared as yet would be rejected by those who had the disposal of her; but what their respect and timidity forbade them to attempt, a more daring and unsuspected rival ventured at, and succeeded in.—Her unexperienced heart approved his person, and was pleased with the protestations he made to her of it.—In fine, the novelty of being addressed in that manner, gave a double grace to all he said, and she never thought herself so happy as in his conversation.—His frequent visits at length were taken notice of; he was denied the privilege of seeing her, and she was no longer permitted to go out without being accompanied by some person who was to be a spy upon her actions.—She had a great spirit, impatient of
controul, and this restraint served only to heighten
the inclination she before had to favour him:—
she indulged the most romantic ideas of his merit
and his love:—her own flying fancy invented a
thousand melancholy soliloquies, and set them
down as made by him in this separation. It is not,
indeed, to be doubted, but that he was very much
mortified at the impediment he found in the prose-
cution of his courtship; but whether he took this
method of disburdening his affliction, neither she,
nor any body else could be assured. It cannot,
however, be denied, but that he pursued means
much more efficacious for the attainment of his
wishes. By bribes, promises, and intreaties, he
prevailed on a person who came frequently to the
house, to convey his letters to her, and bring back
her answers. This correspondence was, perhaps,
of greater service to him, than had the freedom of
their interviews not been prevented; she con-
sented to be his, and to make good her word, ven-
tured her life, by descending from a two pair of
stairs window, by the help of quilt, blankets, and
other things fastened to it at the dead of night.—
His coach and fix waited to receive her at the end
of the street, which reaching soon after break of
day, his chaplain made them too fast for any au-
thority to separate.

As he was of an antient honourable family, and
his estate very considerable, her friends in a short
time were reconciled to what was now irremedi-
able, and they were looked upon as an extreme
happy pair. But soon, too soon, the fleeting plea-
sures fled, and in their room anguish and bitterness of heart succeeded.

Martelia, in a visit she made to a lady of her
intimate acquaintance, unfortunately happened to meet the young Clitander; he was just returned from his travels, had a handsome person, an infinity of gaiety, and a certain something in his air and deportment which had been destructive to the peace and reputation of many of our sex. He was naturally of an amorous disposition, and being so, felt all the force of charms, which had some effect even on the most cold and temperate. Emboldened by former successes, the knowledge Martesia was another's did not hinder him from declaring to her the passion she had inspired him with. She found a secret satisfaction in hearing him, which she was yet too young to consider the danger of, and therefore endeavoured not to suppress until it became more powerful for her to have done so, even had she attempted it with all her might; but the truth is, she began to experience in reality a flame she had but imagined herself possessed of for him who was now her husband, and was too much averse to the giving herself pain, to combat with an inclination which seemed to her fraught only with delights.

The house where their acquaintance first began, was now the scene of their future meetings: The mistress of it was too great a friend to gallantry herself, to be any interruption to the happiness they enjoyed in entertaining each other without witnesses. How weak is virtue when love and opportunity combine! Though no woman could have more refined and delicate notions than Martesia, yet all were ineffectual against the solicitations of her adored Clitander. One fatal moment destroyed at once all her own exalted ideas of honour and reputation, and the principles early in-
filled into her mind by her virtuous preceptors.

The consequence of this amour was a total neglect of husband, house, and family. Herself abandoned, all other duties were so too. So manifest a change was visible to all that knew her, but most to her husband, as most interested in it. He truly loved, and had believed himself truly beloved by her. Loth he was to think his misfortune real, and endeavoured to find some other motive for the aversion she now expressed for staying at home, or going to any of those places where they had been accustomed to visit together; but she either knew not to dissemble, or took so little pains to do it, that he was, in spite of himself, convinced all that affection she so lately had professed, and given him testimonies of, was now no more. He examined all his actions, and could find nothing in any of them that could give occasion for so sad a reverse. He complained to her one day, in the tenderest terms, of the small portion she had of late allowed him of her conversation: intreated, that if by any inadvertency he had offended her, she would acquaint him with his fault, which he assured her he would take care never to repeat: asked, if there was any thing in her settlement or jointure she could wish to have altered, and assured her she need but let him know her commands to be instantly obeyed.

To all this she replied, with the most stabbing indifference, that she knew not what he meant. That as she had accused him with nothing, he had no reason to think she was dissatisfied. But that people could not be always in the same humour, and desired he would not give himself nor
her the trouble of making any farther interrogatories.

He must have been insensible, as he is known to be the contrary, had such a behaviour not opened his eyes; he no longer doubted of his fate, and resolving, if possible, to find out the author of it, he caused her chair to be watchd wherever she went, and took such effectual methods as soon informed him of the truth.

In the first emotions of his rage, he was for sending a challenge to this destroyer of his happiness; but in his cooler moments he rejected that design as too injurious to the reputation of Martesia, who was still dear to him, and whom he flattered himself with being able one day to reclaim.

It is certain, he put in practice every tender stratagem that love and wit could furnish him with for that purpose; but she appearing so far from being moved at anything he either said or did, that, on the contrary, her behaviour was every day more cold, he at last began to expostulate with her, gave some hints that her late conduct was not unknown to him; and that though he was willing to forgive what was past, yet, as a husband, it was not consistent with his character to bear any future insults of that nature. This put her beyond all patience: she reproached him in the bitterest terms for daring to harbour the least suspicion of her virtue, and cenfuring her innocent amusements as crimes; and perhaps was glad of this opportunity of testifying her remorse for having ever listened to his vows, and cursing before his face the hour that joined their hands.

They now lived so ill a life together, that not having sufficient proof for a divorce, he parted
beds, and though they continued in one house, behaved to each other as strangers; never eat at the same table but when company was there, and then only to avoid the questions that would naturally have been asked had it been otherwise; neither of them being desirous the world should know anything of their disagreement.

But while they continued to treat each other in a manner so little conformable to their first hopes, or their vows pledged at the holy altar, Martesia became pregnant. This gave the first alarm to that indolence of nature she hitherto had testified; her husband would now have it in his power to sue out a divorce; and though she would have rejoiced to have been separated from him on any other terms, yet she could not support the thought of being totally deprived of all reputation in the world. She was not ignorant of the censures she incurred, but had pride and spirit enough to enable her to despise whatever was said of her, while it was not backed by proof; but the clearing one she was now about to give, struck shame and confusion to her soul. She left no means untried to produce an abortion; but failing in that, she had no other recourse than to that friend who was the confidante of her unhappy passion, who comforted her as well as she could, and assured her, that when the hour approached, she need have no more to do than to come directly to her house, where everything should be prepared for the reception of a woman in her condition.

To conceal the alteration in her shape, she pretended indisposition, saw little company, and wore only loose gowns. At length the so much-dreaded moment came upon her at the dead of night
and in the midst of all that rack of nature, made yet more horrible by the agonies of her mind, she rose, rung for her woman, and telling her she had a frightful dream concerning that lady, whom she knew she had the greatest value for of any person upon earth, ordered her to get a chair, for she could not be easy unless she went and saw her herself. The woman was strangely surprized, but her lady was always absolute in her commands. A chair was brought, and without any other company or attendants than her own distracted thoughts, she was conveyed to the only asylum where she thought her shame might find a shelter.

A midwife being prepared before, she was safely delivered of a daughter, who expired almost as soon as born; and to prevent as much as possible, all suspicion of the truth, she made herself be carried home next morning, where she went to bed, and lay several days, under pretence of having sprained her ankle.

But not all the precautions she had taken were effectual enough to prevent some people from guessing and whispering what had happened. Those whose nearness in blood gave them a privilege of speaking their minds, spared not to tell her all that was said of her; and those who durst not take that liberty, shewed by their distant looks and Reserved behaviour, whenever she came in presence, how little they approved her conduct. She was too discerning not to see into their thoughts, nor was her innate pride of any service to keep up her spirits on this occasion. To add to her discontent, Cli-tander grew every day more cool in his respects, and she soon after learned he was on the point of marriage with one far inferior to herself in every
charm both of mind and person. In fine, finding her- herself deserted by her relations, and the greatest part of her acquaintance, without love, without re-
spect, and reduced to the pity of those, who per-
haps had nothing but a greater share of circum-
spetition to boast of; she took a resolution to quit
England; and having settled her affairs with her
husband, who by this time had entered into other
amusements, and it is probable was very well satis-
fied to be eased of the constraint her presence gave
him, readily consented to remit her the sum agreed
between them, to be paid yearly to whatever part
of the world she chose to reside in; she then took
leave of a country of which she had been the idol,
and which now seemed to her as too unjust in not
being blind to what she desired should be con-
cealed.

Behold her now in a voluntary banishment from
friends and country, and roaming round the world
in fruitless search of that tranquility she could
not have failed enjoying at home in the bosom of
a comfort equally beloved as loving. Unhappy
charming lady! born and endowed with every
quality to attract universal love and admiration,
yet by one inadvertent step undone, and lost to
every thing the world holds dear, and only the
more conspicuously wretched, by having been con-
spicuously amiable.

But methinks it would be hard to charge the
blame of indiscreet marriages on the young ladies
themselves: parents are sometimes, by an over-
cautious, guilty of forcing them into things, which,
otherwsie, would be far distant from their thoughts.
I am very certain it is not because the Italian, Spa-
nish, or Portuguese women are so much warmer
in their constitutions than those of other nations; but because they are so cruelly debarred from all conversation with the men, that makes them so readily accept the first offer that presents itself. Where opportunities are scarce, they are glad to speak their minds at once, and fear to deny, lest it should not be in their power afterwards to grant. Even in Turkey, where our travellers boast of having had such success among the women, I have known several who are married to English gentlemen, and permitted to live after the custom of our country, who have made very excellent wives. In France, the people are, questionless, the gayest and most alert in the world, and allow the greatest liberties to their women; yet to hear of a clandestine marriage among them is a kind of prodigy; and tho' no place affords scenes of gallantry equal to it in any degree of proportion, yet I believe there is none where fewer false steps are made, or husbands have less reason to complain of the want of chastity in their wives. Nature in all ages is abhorrent of restraint; but in youth especially, as more headstrong and impetuous, it will hazard every thing to break through laws it had no hand in making. It therefore betrays a great want of policy, as well as an unjust austerity, to seclude a young lady, and shut her up from all intercourse with men, for fear she should find one among them who might happen to please her too well. Chance may in a moment destroy all that the utmost care can do; and I say a woman is in far less danger of losing her heart, when every day surrounded with a variety of gay objects, than when by some accident she falls into the conversation of a single one. A girl, who is continually
hearing fine things said to her, regards them but as words of course; they may be flattering to her vanity for the present, but will leave no impression behind them on her mind: but she, who is a stranger to the gallant manner with which polite persons treat our sex, greedily swallows the first civil thing said to her, takes what perhaps is meant as a mere compliment, for a declaration of love, and replies to it in terms which either expose her to the designs of him who speaks, if he happens to have any in reality, or if he has not, to his ridicule in all company where he comes into.

For this reason the country-bred ladies, who are never suffered to come to town for fear their faces should be spoiled by the small-pox, or their reputations ruined by the beaux, become an easier prey to the artifices of mankind, than those who have had an education more at large. As they rarely stir beyond their father's pales, except to church, the parson, if he be a forward man, and has courage to throw a love-song, or copy of verses to Miss over the wall, or slip it into her hand in a visit to the family, has a rare opportunity of making his fortune; and it is well when it happens no worse: many a squire's daughter has clambered over hedge and stile, to give a rampant jump into the arms of a young jolly haymaker or ploughman.

Our London ladies are indeed very rarely laid under such restrictions; but whenever it happens to be the case, as nature is the same in all, the consequence will be so too. Would ever Esgaretta have condescended to marry the greasy footman that run before her chair, had he not been the only man her over-careful father permitted her to speak to! Or would Arminia have found any charms
in a Mousetrap, or Leathern Apron, had she been indulged the conversation of a White Staff?

Seomanthe, to her misfortune, was brought up under the tuition of her aunt Negratia a woman extremely four by nature, but rendered yet more so by age and infirmity. Past all the joys of life herself, she looked with a malicious eye on every one who partook of them; censured the most innocent diversions in the severest manner; and the least complaisance between persons of different sexes, was, with her, scandalous to the last degree. Her character was so well known, that none but prudes, whose deformity was an antidote to desire,—worn-out, superannuated rakes, who had out-lived all sense of pleasure,—and canting zealots, whose bread depended on their hypocrisy, frequented her house. To this sort of company was the young, beautiful, and naturally gay Seomanthe condemned: she heard nothing but railing against that way of life she knew was enjoyed by others of equal rank and fortune with herself, and which she had too much good sense to look upon as criminal: she thought people might be perfectly innocent, yet indulge themselves in sometimes going to a play or opera; nor could be brought to believe the court such a bugbear as she was told it was: a laced coat and a toupee wig had double charms for her, as they were every day so much preached against; and she never saw a coach pass, wherein were gentlemen and ladies, but she wished to be among them, or a well-dressed beau, with whom she did not languish to be acquainted.

At length her desires were fulfilled. Close as she was kept, the report that Negratia had a
young lady in her house, who was mistress of a
large fortune on the day of marriage, reached the
ears of one of those harpies who purchase to them-
selves a wretched sustenance, by decoying the un-
worthy into everlasting ruin. This creature, who
had been employed by one so far a gentleman as to
be bred to no business, and whose whole estate was
laid out on his back, in hopes of appearing charm-
ing in the eyes of some monied woman, too
truly guessed she had found in Seomanthe what
she sought. She came to the house under the pre-
tence of offering some lace, holland, and fine tea,
extraordinary cheap: Negratia being what is called
a good housewife, and a great lover of bargains,
readily admitted her; and while she was examin-
ing some of the goods at a small distance off, the
artful woman put a letter into Seomanthe’s hand,
telling her it came from the finest gentleman in the
world, who she was sure would die, if she did not
favour him with an answer. The young lady took
it, blushed, and put it in her bosom, but had not
time to make any reply to the woman, Negratia
that instant coming towards them. As nobody un-
derstood her business better, she managed it so that
she was ordered to come again the next day, when
she said she should have greater variety to shew
their ladyships. While she was packing up her
bundles, she winked on Seomanthe, and at the same
time gave her the most beseeching look; the mean-
ing of which, young and unexperienced as she was,
the destined victim but too well comprehended,
and was, perhaps, no less impatient for the success
of an adventure, the beginning of which afforded
her infinite satisfaction.

She ran immediately to her chamber, shut her-
fell in, and broke open her billet, which she found stuffed with flames, darts, wounds, love, and death; the highest encomiums on her beauty, and the most vehement imprecations of not out-living his hope of obtaining her favour. Expressions, which would have excited only the laughter of a woman who knew the world, but drew tears into the eyes of the innocent Seomanthe. She imagined he had seen her either at church, or looking out of the window, for she was permitted to shew herself in no other place; and doubted not but all he had wrote to her of his love and despair, was no less true than what she had heard delivered from the pulpit. She looked upon herself as too much obliged by the passion he had for her, not to write an answer full of complaisance, and very dexterously gave it to the woman, on her coming the next day.

On the ensuing Sunday she saw a strange gentleman in the next pew to her; by the glances he stole at her every time he could do it without being taken notice of, she fancied him the person who had declared himself her lover, and was convinced her conjecture had not deceived her, when being kneeled down at her devotions, he found means, while every one had their fans before their faces, to drop a letter on the bench she leaned upon; she was not so much taken up with the business she was employed about, as not to see it immediately, and throwing her handkerchief over it, clapped it into her pocket. The looks that passed between them afterwards, during the time of divine service, confirmed her in the opinion, that he was no less charmed with her than he said he was; and him, that the sight of him had not destroyed the impression his letter by the old woman had made on her.
Both thought they had reason to be highly satisfied with this interview; but poor Seomanthe was up to the head and ears in love. The person of the man was agreeable enough, and compared to those Negratia had suffered her to converse with, angelic. The prepossession she had for him at least, rendered him so in her eyes, and she thought every moment an age till she got home to read this second billet; the contents of which were of the same nature with the former, only a postscript added, intreating she would contrive some means to let him entertain her with his passion, by word of mouth. He mentioned the woman who sold the things, and by whose means he at first made a discovery of it, and gave the directions where she lived; begged a meeting there, if possible; at least an answer, whether he might be so happy or not; which, he told her, he would wait for himself early the next morning under her window, if she would be so good as to throw it out.

She sighed at reading it; thought her fate very hard that it was not in her power to comply with the first part of his request, but hesitated not in the least if she ought to grant the other. She snatched the first opportunity she could lay hold on, to prepare a letter, in which she let him know how impossible it was for her to come out; but expressed such a regret at not being able to do so, as shewed it would be no difficult matter to prevail on her to run the greatest lengths.

By the help of his adviser, he carried on a correspondence with her, which ended in her consenting to quit Negratia for ever, and put herself under his protection: In fine, she packed up all her cloaths and jewels, threw the former from the
window to the woman, who stood ready to receive them on an appointed night; and having put the other into her pocket, exchanged one scene of hypocrisy for another, and flew from a life irksome for the present, to enter into one of lasting misery.

Early in the morning they were married, and it is possible passed some days in the usual transports of a bridal state; but when their place of abode was discovered by the friends and kindred of Seomanthe, who, distracted at her elopement, had searched the whole town, in how wretched a manner was she found! The villain had drawn her whole fortune out of the Bank, robbed her of all her jewels, and the best of her apparel, had shipped every thing off, and was himself embarked she knew not to what place. The people of the house where they lodged, perceiving him, whom they expected to have been their paymaster, gone, seized on the few trifles he had left behind, as satisfaction for their rent, and were going to turn the unfortunate Seomanthe out of doors.

Not the sight of her distress, nor the lamentations she made, which were pitiful enough to have softened the most rugged hearts, had any effect on that of Negratia, who thought no punishment too severe for a person who had deceived her caution: but some others were of a more compassionate disposition; they took her home with them, and comforted her as well as they were able: she still lives with them a dependant on their courtesy, which she is obliged to purchase the continuance of, by rendering herself subservient to all their humours. No news is yet arrived what course her wicked husband took; but it is supposed he is retired either to France or Holland, being almost as
much in debt here as all he wronged Seomanthe of would discharge; so that there is little probability of his ever returning, or if he did, that it would be at all to the satisfaction of his unhappy wife.

I was going on to recite some other instances of the mischiefs, which, for the most part, are the consequence of laying young people under too great a restraint, when Mira came in, and seeing what I was about, took the pen out of my hand, and told me I had already said enough; if I proceeded to expatiate any farther on that head, I should be in danger of being understood to countenance an extreme on the other side, which was much more frequently fatal to our sex.

I yielded to her superior judgment, and needed but few arguments to be convinced, that if unbridled youth were indulged in all the liberties it would take, we should scarce see any thing but unhappy objects before maturity arrived.

The great encouragement these later times afford to luxury of every kind, can never be too much guarded against by those who are charged with the first forming of the mind. Nature is in itself abhorrent of vice; but the ingenious contrivers of some of our modish entertainments, have found such ways to take off the deformity, that there requires a more strong discernment than youth will ordinarily admit of, to distinguish it from innocence.—The glitter with which it is adorned strikes the eye at a distance, and you perceive not the spirit within, till, by too near an approach, you are in danger of being infected with its venom. It was not in diversions, such as our modern masquerades in winter, and ridottoes al fresco in summer, that our ancestors passed their
evenings; both which, agreeable as they may seem for the present to the senses, have often given source to the most bitter agonies in the reflecting mind. —They appear to me as a daring attempt to invert the very order of nature, especially the former, which begins at those hours when recreations ought to cease, and encroaches on the time we should be preparing for that repose the mind and body stand in need of. Those who escape the best, are sure to lose one day from life after every masquerade; but others, more delicate in their constitutions, contract colds, and various disorders, which hang upon them a long while, and sometimes never get rid of. Yet, how severely treated would our young gentlemen and ladies think themselves, were they to be deprived of this elegant entertainment, as they term it!—"What can be "more innocent (say they) than to see such a num- "ber of people together, all dressed in different "habits, some talking, some dancing, some gam- "ing, and the music all the time sweetly playing! "Then the repartees among us so whet the wit!"

It is certain, indeed, that some great families, who continue the whole winter in the country, frequently have what they call a masquerade at their houses, to which all the neighbouring gentry are invited, and nothing can be more agreeable than those kind of entertainments. Where a se- lect company are disguised so as not to be known for a time to each other, a round of wit is perpetually played off; and affords matter, by the pleasant mistakes sometimes made, for conversation afterwards; for where every one is obliged to pull off his mask, and own himself for what he is, as soon as the ball is over, nothing will be said or done
improper or indecent: but here it is quite otherwise; in these mercenary entertainments, the most abandoned rake, or low-bred fellow, who has wherewithal to purchase a ticket, may take the liberty of uttering the grossest things in the chastest ear; and safe in his disguise, go off without incurring either the shame or punishment his behaviour deserves. But, besides being subjected to the insults of every pert coxcomb, who imagines himself most witty when he is most shocking to modesty, I wonder ladies can reflect what creatures of their own sex they vouchsafe to blend with in these promiscuous assemblies, without blushing.

A witty gentleman of my acquaintance, but something wild, told me, he never was so much diverted in his life as one night, when he saw the greatest prude in the nation, after having been accosted with some very odd expressions, by one, who doubtless mistook her for another, run, as if to shield herself from his importunities, to a certain fille-de-joye, to whom he had given a ticket, and cry out, "O Madam, did you hear the filthy creature!"

I could not forbear acknowledging the ridicule this lady incurred, was a just punishment for her appearing in a place so little conformable to the austerity she professed in other things; but at the same time took this opportunity of telling him, that I thought women of honour had little obligations to him, or any of those gentlemen, who, by making presents of tickets to such loose creatures, introduced them into company they otherwise would never have the assurance to approach. I added, that, in my opinion, a greater affront could not be put upon the sex: and that it was also strangely impolitic to bring their mistresses into an assembly,
where chance might possibly engage them in conversation with their own wives or sisters.

To these last words he answered, with a kind of malicious smile, "No, Madam, we never give "masquerade tickets to them." Intimating, that it was not with the approbation of the men, that the ladies of their own families should frequent such places; and therefore, if they happened to be affronted there, they must condemn themselves.

This put me in mind of an acquaintance of mine, who is accounted a very good husband, and in effect is so, though he took somewhat an extraordinary method to cure his wife of a too great passion she had expressed on their first marriage, for going to those nocturnal revels. Notice was no sooner given of a masquerade, than her eyes sparkled with joy, the habit-maker was immediately sent for, and nothing was either talked or thought on, but the dress she should wear on the approaching happy night. Not but he was convinced her intentions were perfectly innocent, as she never desired to go without him, and even testified an eagerness that he would participate of a pleasure which had so many charms for herself; but he was a man who knew the town, and the dangers to which many women had been exposed in these assemblies; besides, the expense was what he could by no means relish; and fearing to draw on himself the character of a churlish, or a jealous husband, if he gave either of these reasons for restraining her, he betook himself of a stratagem, which should render her avoiding to go for the future entirely her own act and deed.

He caused, unknown to her, one of his intimate friends to put on a habit so exactly the same with
that he wore himself, that being of a pretty equal stature, they could not be distinguished from each other when their masks were on. The gentleman, in the midst of a dance, flipt into the husband's place, who immediately withdrew, and absconded till the ball was over. The poor lady, little suspecting the deception, kept close to her supposed spouse the whole time, and when the company broke up, was put by him into a hackney coach, which had orders to drive to a tavern in Pall-mall. She was a little surprized at finding where she was; but thinking it a whim of him, whom it was her duty to comply with, suffered herself to be conducted into a room, where he, plucking off his mask, the sight of his face, and his desiring she would do the same, with some expressions not very becoming the person she had taken him for, so alarmed and terrified her, that she gave a great shriek. The husband, who had followed them in another coach, came in that moment, and found her ringing the bell, calling for the people of the house, and for a chair, that she might be carried home, the gentleman struggling with her, endeavouring all he could to prevail on her to unmask. He so well acted his part, that the person who employed him was highly diverted, and had suffered the farce to go on some time longer, had not the excessive fright his wife was in obliged him to put an end to it, which he did, by plucking off his vizard, and taking her in his arms, conjured her to compose herself. "This accident, " said he, might have proved of ill consequence " indeed, had it not happened with my particular " friend. I saw, and followed you with a resolu- " tion to revenge the affront I imagined offered to
me; I am now convinced it was all a mistake on his side, as well as yours. See here, continued he, taking off his wife's mask, who it is you have gallanted, and were about to be so free with."

The gentleman affected to start, and be very much amazed and ashamed of what he had done, begged his friend's pardon, and the lady's, who he said he accosted, as thinking her a fine woman, and meeting with no manner of repulse, but, on the contrary, that she was very desirous of keeping as near to him as possible, and shunning all other conversation, he had all the reason in the world to flatter himself, she would be no less satisfied with his company in another place. "But, said he, I now perceive it was the likeness of habits deceived her, and that while I was gaining a mistress, she doubted not but she was following a husband."

This adventure occasioned a good deal of merriment among them; but it had all the effect my friend wished it should have on his wife. The imagined danger she had been in, and the real terror it had given her, dwelt so much upon her mind, that she resolved never more to set her foot within a place where virtue and reputation were liable to such hazards. He had the discretion, however, to maintain inviolably the secret of the trick he had put upon her, which, had it been so much as guessed at by her, might, perhaps, have occasioned a resentment more to the prejudice of his peace, than the continuance of that immoderate love of an amusement he did not approve could have been.

But what this gentleman contrived the appearance of, has not been without its parallel in reality. Two noble families owe the ruin of their peace, as well as their enmity to each other, which
there is little likelihood will soon cease, to a fatal mistake, occasioned by the unfortunate similitude of habits, at one of these masquerades.

Alcaics and Palmyra were married young; the match was made by the kindred on both sides, and their hearts not consulted in the affair:—they lived together, notwithstanding, in very good harmony, neither of them having any attachment elsewhere; and though no more than a calm indifference seemed to subsist between them, yet either through chance, or caution, nothing happened for a long time that could give the least umbrage to one or the other. His favourite amusements were reading, walking, and the play-houses. Hers were giving and receiving visits, and going to operas and masquerades. He never examined into what company she went, nor did she ever give herself the trouble to inquire in what manner he passed his time. She was infinitely gay and free in conversation, but behaved so equally to all the men of her acquaintance, that malice had found no room to censure her, as guilty of a particular regard for any one. The conduct of Alcaics was much the same; he did justice to the charms of every lady, but seemed affected by none: so that jealousy was a passion which this happy sensible pair as yet had never known. With how much tranquility might life have glided on, until both had dropped into eternity, and left the fairest reputation on their tomb, had they continued as they were a few years longer? But their ill fate ordained it otherwise, and all the unity between them was nearest to a dissolution, when most it seemed established and confirmed.

Palmyra, as she never missed a masquerade, was there one night, when Alcaics, after she was
gone, was also dragged thither by some friends, who would not be denied. Tho' he had not the least relish for that diversion, yet being there, he thought he should be laughed at not to behave in the same fashion he saw others did, and presently singled out a lady, whom he found had some wit and address, for his partner. A lady, who had accompanied Palmyra, and happened to stand near, discovered him by his voice, which he did not attempt to conceal. She ran immediately with the news to his wife, who at first did not believe it; but the other made so many protestations, that he was not only there, but was also deeply engaged with his partner, and she was sure there was an intrigue between them, that Palmyra, at last, resolved to be convinced, and went to that part of the room where her officious informer had told her he was, and where she found him, still entertaining the lady. A passion she had never before experienced, now took possession of her heart. She knew she was not deceived, she heard the voice of her husband distinctly, and to find him in a place he had always pretended an aversion to, made her look upon him as a dissembler, and that he but feigned a dislike, in order to come with the greater privacy, and carry on his amours. In fine, she had now the most disadvantageous idea of him, that a wife, imagining herself not only injured, but imposed upon, could entertain. She had sometimes an inclination to speak to him, and let him see he was detected; but her ill genius prevented her from doing any thing that might have cleared up this affair, and represented to her, that to shew her resentment in that public place, would draw on her the ridicule of her acquaintance, and that
it would be more prudent to observe his behaviour during the ball, and afterwards follow him; and in case he went not home, pursue him to the place of his rendezvous.

Accordingly she kept her eye upon him wherever he turned, as much as was possible for her to do, amidst the throng which happened to be there that night, and at length saw him, as she thought, quit the room before the assembly was broke up. As she had before lost sight of the lady he had been talking to, she doubted not but there was an assignation between them; and finding he stepped into a chair, she took another and followed till she found he entered in a house near Covent-Garden. She considered but a moment what she should do before she ordered the chairman to knock at the door, which being opened, she desired the servant to shew her to the gentleman who was just come in. The fellow, not doubting but his master expected this fair visitor, conducted her up stairs, where she waited not long, before a very handsome gentleman, habited exactly in the same manner she had seen her husband, but now without a mask, came to her, and in the most complaisant terms, begged to know her commands.

Vexed and confused without measure at the disappointment, she replied abruptly, that she had mistaken him for another, and turned hastily away in order to go down stairs; but he seized her by the garment, and told her he should ill deserve the bounty fortune had thrown in his way, if he suffered her to depart without letting her know she could come in search of no man who would set a greater value on any condescension she should be pleased to grant him.

Vol. I.
In spite of the ill humour she was in, there was somewhat in the person and address of this stranger that pleased her, and it just then entering into her head, that there was a possibility he might have changed habits with Alcaics, as people sometimes do at a masquerade, either out of frolick, or the better to carry on an intrigue, she asked him, if he had worn that habit the whole evening? To which he answering in the affirmative, she grew more and more perplexed, but was certain she had not been deceived in the voice she had heard, which was that of her husband, and very different from his who now spoke to her. She then asked farther, if he had not taken notice of a gentleman in the same habit with himself? To which he said, that he had observed such a one, and that the person she meant was very much taken up with a lady; but, added he with a smile, "that lady was not she, who now does him the honour to appear so much concerned about him."

These words piqued Palmyra to the soul, and flattering herself that she might learn something farther, by entering into a conversation with him, suffered herself to be prevailed on to sit down; and having told him she was the wife of the person she enquired for, plucked off her mask, in order to shew, that her face was not such as might justify the slight he had put upon her; and conjured him not to conceal any thing he knew of the perfidy of her husband.

This gentleman whom I shall call Lysimon, assured her, with a great deal of truth, that the person who happened to be in the same dress with himself, and which made him take the greater no-
tice of him, was utterly unknown to him; but so exaggerated the compliments he had heard him make to the lady, that Palmyra was quite lost in spite and jealous rage; which he perceiving, artfully blended his praises of her beauty, with his exclamations on the ingratitude of a husband, who, having such a wife, could have eyes for any other charms, till vanity on the one side, and revenge on the other, rendered her in a fit disposition to listen to the pleas of a new flame; which he so successfully pursued, that before morning he not only gained the entire possession of her person, but of a heart, which, till then, had been insensible either of the pains or joys of love.

It was some hours past day-break when she came home; Alcaics had not got rid of the company who had carried him abroad, until pretty near the same time, so was returned but just before her, and not yet in bed. He seemed not, however, the least surprized at her staying so much beyond the time she was accustomed to come from the masquerade, nor asked any questions concerning it; and she was too much engrossed by the thoughts of Lyfimon, to take any notice that she knew he had been there; and all, perhaps, had passed over, if the sister of Alcaics, whose house was directly opposite to that where Lyfimon lodged, had not unluckily seen her at his window, adjusting her dress before she took her leave. This lady had secretly a passion for him, and had taken all opportunities to throw herself in his way, in hopes of engaging him; but he having either not understood, or neglected the advances she made, the sight of Palmyra made her not doubt, but it was for her sake he had appeared so stupid and un-
grateful. Fired with all the rage of jealousy, revenge, and disappointment, she came the next day to the house of Alcales, and before his face, flew on Palmyra, as a woman that had brought dishonour on their family, and was unworthy of so good a husband: repeated all she knew of being with Lysimon, and said she would bring her woman, and a man-servant, whom she had called to see her at his window, to be witness to the truth of what she said. So home a charge, and given by his sister, roused Alcales from that indolence of temper he had hitherto behaved with. His cheeks glowed, but his heart was yet more inflamed. Palmyra, at first, denied the accusation, but finding the proofs were too plain against her, she turned the whole blame of this cruel censure upon her husband: confessed that jealousy and grief at seeing his engagement at the masquerade, had made her follow a person whom she mistook for him; but that as to having any acquaintance with that gentleman, on whose score she was reproached, she utterly denied it, or even that she knew his name.

Alcales listened to all she said, without offering to give her the least interruption; but perceiving she had done, replied, with a smile that had something in it which denoted a mingled malice and disdain, "It is wondrous strange, madam, since your excessive love for me, and the terror you were in of a rival's supplanting you in my affections, had carried you such lengths, how you could immediately, and without being convinced your suspicions were groundless, assume such a com-
pófèdness in your behaviour; you must certain-
ly have a more than ordinary command over
"your passions, never so much as to mention what

gave you so great pain."

Palmyra had little to allege against so critical
an observation; but what she wanted in argument,
she made up with railing; endeavouring, as is
common in such cases, to conceal her own faults
by exaggerating those of her husband. At last the
quarrel arrived to such a height, that she flew to
her chamber, packed up her jewels, and went to
her brother's house, where she complained loudly
of the injustice she had received, and made bitter
imprecations never to return to Alcales.

In the mean time he was fully convinced of the
injury that had been done him, and in the heat of
his resentment sent a challenge to Lysimon, who
was too brave not to answer it. They fought,
and were both of them dangerously wounded.—
The whole time that Alcales was confined to his
bed, neither Palmyra, nor any of her friends, once
sent to enquire after his health: this want of even
common complaisance, neither himself, nor rela-
tions, have ever forgiven, especially as they heard
that Lysimon was treated by them with more respect.
Nothing could be more inveterate than the hatred
which has from that time been between the two
families. Palmyra kept her word and never saw
her husband after; the only thing, perhaps, she
could have obliged him in. Assured as he was of
her infidelity, proofs were wanting for a divorce;
therefore it was agreed by the lawyers appointed
by each party, that she should have the interest of
her own fortune to live upon, in what manner was
most agreeable to her. They parted with the same
indifference, though with less tranquility than they
met. He retired to his country seat, where he
still drags on a solitary gloomy life. She went to France, where her beloved Lyfimon was gone, soon after the recovery of his wounds; but whether she continues to find in his conversation sufficient to atone for her loss of innocence and reputation, is very much to be questioned.

But of all who ever suffered by their curiosity, or attachment to this dangerous diversion, the case of the innocent Erminia was most truly pitiable.

This young lady and her brother were the only issue of a very happy marriage, and both shared equally the tenderness of their indulgent parents. They were educated in the strictest rudiments of piety and virtue, and had something so innately good in their dispositions, as made the practice of those duties, which to others seem most severe, to them a pleasure. The family lived in the country, and came not to London but once in two or three years, and then stayed but a short time; till the young gentleman having finished his studies at Cambridge, it was thought proper he should see more of the world, than he could possibly do in that retired part. But fearing he should fall into the vices of the age, in case he was left too much to himself, they resolved on moving to town, in order to have him still under their own eye.

Accordingly a house was taken in a certain square, and the whole family came up, and, not to seem particular, were obliged to live after the manner people do in town: Erminia was not now above sixteen, and (as all new faces are, if tolerably handsome) was extremely taken notice of, yet was not her young heart puffed up with the least pride or vanity; and though she had all that cheerfulness which is the inseparable companion,
of innocence and good-nature, yet it did never transport her so far as to take, or permit any of those liberties, which she saw some of her new acquaintance make no scruple of.

Soon after their arrival winter came on, and wherever either she or her brother went, nothing was talked on but the masquerade: neither of them had ever seen one, and the eagerness they observed in others, excited a curiosity in them. Their parents would not oppose the inclination they expressed, and consented they should go together; but gave their son a strict charge to be watchful over his sister, and never quit sight of her till he brought her home to them again. Though this was an entertainment unknown in England in their gay time of life, and consequently they were strangers to the methods practised at it, yet having heard somewhat of the dangers, they repeated over and over the same injunction to the young gentleman, who assured them he would take the same care as if themselves were present.

Alas! he little knew how impracticable it was to keep his promise; they were no sooner entered, than both were bewildered among the promiscuous assembly; the strange habits, the hurry, the confusion quite distracted their attention. They kept close to each other, indeed, for some time; but were soon separated by a crowd that came rushing between them, some accosting the brother, others the sister. Those who talked to them easily found they were strangers to the conversation of the place, and whispering it about, our young country gentry served as butts for the company to level all the arrows of their wit against.

Erminia had lost her brother for a considerable
time, and was encompassed by persons of both sexes, whose mode of speech was neither pleasing to her, nor did she know how to answer; at last, the sight of a blue domino, which was the habit he went in, revived her, and she ran to the person who wore it, and catching fast hold of him, "Dear Brother, cried she, let us go home. I have been frightened to death by those noisy people yonder. "I wonder what pleasure any body can take in "being here."

The person she accosted made no reply; but taking her under the arm, conducted her out as she had desired, and went with her into a hackney coach. Little suspecting the accident that had befallen her, she attended not to what orders he gave the coachman; and, glad to find herself out of a place which for her had so few charms, entertained her supposed brother with a repetition of what had been said to her, till the coach stopped at the door of a great house: as it was not yet light, she distinguished it not from their own, and innocent-ly jumped out, and was within the entry before she discovered her mistake; but as soon as she did, "Bless me, cried she, where have you brought "me, brother?" She followed him, however, up stairs, where he, pulling off his vizard, discovered a face she had never seen before.

Never was surprize and terror greater than that which now seized the heart of that unfortunate young lady: she wept, she prayed, she conjured him by every thing that is called sacred, or worthy of veneration, to suffer her to depart; but he was one, to whom, had she been less beautiful, her innocence was a sufficient charm. The more averse and shocked she seemed at the rude behaviour with
which he immediately began to treat her, the more were his desires inflamed; and having her in his power, and in a house where all her shrieks and cries were as unavailing as her tears and intreaties, he satiated, by the most barbarous force, his base inclinations; and for a moment's joy to himself, was the entire ruin of a poor creature, whose ignorance of the world, and the artifices of mankind, alone had betrayed to him.

The cruel conquest gained, he was at a loss how to dispose of his prey: a thousand times she begged he would complete the villany he had begun, and kill the wretch he had made; but this was what neither his safety, nor perhaps his principle, wicked as he was, would permit him to do. He easily found she was a girl of condition, and doubted not but she had friends who would revenge the injury he had done her, could they by any means discover the author; he therefore, after having in vain endeavoured to pacify her, and prevail on her to comply with his desires of holding a secret correspondence with him, compelled her to let him bind a handkerchief over her eyes, that she might not be able to describe either the house or street where she was abused; then put her into a hackney coach, which he ordered to drive into an obscure dirty lane in the Strand, near the water-side, where he made her be set down, and immediately drove away with all the speed the horses could make.

She no sooner found herself at liberty, than she plucked the bandage from her eyes,—she cast a disconsolate look about,—she knew not where she was; but the sight of the water at some little distance from her, tempted her more than once, as she has since confessed, to throw herself into it.
The female B. I.

The precepts of religion, however, restrained her, and she wandered backwards and forwards for some time, uncertain what to do; at length she came to a more populous place, and seeing a chair, made herself be carried home, though with what agonies of shame and grief is easier to imagine than describe.

The young gentleman, her brother, had all this time been in the utmost distraction; he no sooner missed, than he went in search of her round and round the room, and through all the little avenues that led to it; described her habit to the servants, and asked if they had seen such a lady; but all his endeavours being fruitless, he ran home, flattering himself, that missing him, she had gone before. Not finding her there, he flew back again to the Hay-market; made a second search, a second inquiry, and that being as ineffectual as the first, his grief and his despair were beyond all bounds. He truly loved his sister, and doubted not but some very unhappy accident had befallen her; but what involved him yet in greater horrors, was how he should answer to his parents his so ill acquitting himself of the charge they laid on him concerning her. Dreading their reproaches, and even yet more the agonies they would feel at seeing him return without her, he flew about the streets like one totally deprived of reason, until day being far advanced, and every body he met staring at him as a person whom drink or madness had rendered an object of derision, shame, at last, got the better of his vexations, and he ventured to encounter what was more dreadful to him than death itself.

The anxious parents could not think of going
to their repose until their dear children were returned in safety; they had apprehensions which they could not account for, none having dared to inform them that Erminia was missing, or that her brother, many hours before, had called at the door to ask if she was come: but when they now saw him enter with a confused and dejected air, and found their daughter was not with him, they both at once cried out, in a transport of mingled rage and grief, "Where is your sister? what is become of Erminia? do you approach us without her?"

The condition this poor youth was in, would be very difficult to express; he trembled, hung down his head, and his flowing eyes, let fall a shower of tears upon his breast, but had not power to speak, until his father, impatient of knowing even the worst that could befall, commanded him either to repeat what had happened, or that instant leave his sight for ever. "O Sir, (then cried he) what can I say? my sister is gone! all my care in obeying your commands was vain, and I am wholly ignorant how this misfortune happened."

Scarce had he spoke these words, when the ruined maid appeared. Father, mother, brother, all ran at once to catch her in their arms; but the shock of returning to them as she now was rendered, worked too powerfully on the weakness of her spirits, to leave her in a condition to receive their embraces, and she fell into a swoon, in which she continued a long time, though they immediately undressed, put her to bed, and used all proper means for her recovery.

On the return of her senses, she fell into the
most lamentable complaints, but could not be prevailed upon, while her father and brother were in the room, to reveal any thing of the occasion. Her mother observing their presence was a restraint, desired them to withdraw; after which, partly by commands, and partly by intreaties, but more by mentioning all the evils that her imagination could suggest, at last the whole sad secret was revealed.

Never was so disconsolate a family, and the more so, as they could by no means discover the brutal author of their misfortune; the precautions he had taken rendered all their search in vain; and when some days after they prevailed on Erminia to go with them in a coach almost throughout London, yet could she not point out either the house or street where her ravisher had carried her.

To fill the measure of her woes, a young gentleman arrived in town, who long had loved, and had the approbation of her friends, and for whom she also felt all the passion that can inspire a virtuous mind. He had by some business been prevented from accompanying the family in their removal, but was now come full of the hopes of having his desires compleated, by a happy marriage with Erminia.

Melancholy reverse of fate! Instead of being received with open arms, and that chearful welcome he had been accustomed to, and had reason to expect, the most heavy gloom appeared on all the faces of those he was permitted to see: but Erminia no sooner heard of his arrival, than she shut herself up in her chamber, and would by no means be prevailed upon to appear before him. To excuse her absence, they told him she was in-
disposed; but this seemed all pretence, because the freedom with which they had always lived together might very well allow him the privilege of visiting her in her chamber. He complained of this alteration in her behaviour, and doubted not, at first, but it was occasioned by the preference they gave to some new rival. The true reason, however, could not be kept so much a secret, but that it was whispered about, and he soon got a hint of it. How sensible a shock it must give him, may easily be conceived; but he got the better of it, and after a very little reflection, went to her father, told him the affecting news he had heard, but withal assured him, that as his love for Erminia was chiefly founded on her virtue, an act of force could not be esteemed any breach of it, and was still ready to marry her, if she would consent.

This generosity charmed the whole family; but Erminia could not think of accepting the offer:—the more she found him worthy of her affections in her state of innocence, the less could she support the shame of being his, in the condition she was:—she told her parents, that she had taken a firm resolution never to marry, and begged their permission to retire to an aunt, who was married to an old clergyman, and lived in one of the most remote counties in England. Dear as her presence was, they found something so truly noble in her way of thinking, that they would not oppose it; and even her lover, in spite of himself, could not forbear applauding what gave a thousand daggers to his heart.

Erminia, in a short time, departed for her country residence: nothing was ever more mournful than the leave she took of her parents and bro-
ther; but not all the entreaties of her lover, by messages and letters, could gain so far upon her modesty, as to prevail on her to see him; she sent him, however, a letter, full of the most tender acknowledgments of his love and generosity, and with this he was obliged to be content.

It is not every woman would have resented such an injury in the same manner with Erminia; and it must be confessed, that her notions of honour and virtue had somewhat superlatively delicate in them. What a loss then to the world to be deprived of so amiable an example, as she would have doubtless proved, of conjugal truth, tenderness, and a strict observance of every duty the men so much desire to find in her they make a partner for life! How can her brutal ravisher reflect, as it is impossible but he sometimes must, on the mischiefs he has occasioned, without horrors, such as must render life a burden?—Though he yet is hid in darkness, and left no traces by which the public may point the villain out, and treat him with the abhorrence he deserves, his own thoughts must surely be the avengers of his crime, and make him more truly wretched than any exterior punishment could do.

It is true that accidents of this dreadful nature but rarely happen; and heaven forbid they should ever be more frequent! yet I am afraid they are much more so than is publicly known: methinks, therefore, youth and innocence cannot be too much upon its guard, even against dangers that seem most remote: the snares laid for it are sometimes so well concealed, that the most penetrating eye cannot discover them; and she who boasts the greatest discernment, is often entangled in them the
fooneft. The inadvertent and unwary are, indeed, to be pitied; but those who run wilfully, and in defiance, as it were, of all temptations, even tho' they should escape, merit little thanks from their own sex, because they set an ill precedent for others, who, perhaps, may be less fortunate.

I cannot say our summer evenings public enter- tainments, of which I think Vauxhall not only the most pleasant, but also most frequented by the great world, are liable to such unlucky accidents. Every one there appears with the same face which nature gave him, and if intrigues are carried on, it must, at least, be with the consent of both parties; yet here are dangerous excitements,—music, flattery, delightful groves, and sweet recesses, to lull asleep the guardians of honour. A certain well known gentleman, whose acquaintance bodes no good to the young and beautiful of our sex, has often boasted that Vauxhall was the temple of Flora, of which he has long been constituted high-priest. I wish there may not be too much truth in what he says; but for the vindication of some ladies who have been lovers of a ramble cross the water, I must recite one instance of a disappointment he met with, much to his mortification, and which, for some time, brought him under disgrace with the most illustrious of all his patrons.

As his chief employment is the search of beauty, in which our modern fine gentlemen allow him to have an exquisite taste, he one night singled out a young girl, who seemed to have comprised in her every thing that could inspire an amorous inclination. Flavia, for so I shall call her, had two companions with her of her own sex. He artfully introduced himself into their conversation, and found
that she whom he had pitched upon, had no less
wit and address, than she had beauty. This, he
thought to himself was a conquest worth obtain-
ing, and was resolved to spare no pains in the at-
tempt, being certain that if he was so happy to
succeed in it, his reward would be proportionate
to the service.

The modest and grave deportment with which
he behaved towards her and her friends, made
them, as they had no male acquaintance with them,
glad of his protection to see them into a boat when
the company broke up, and the great crowd and
hurry which there always is, rendered him, indeed,
so very useful, that they could not, without being
guilty of too prudish a reserve, refuse permitting
him a passage with them to the other side; by this
means he got knowledge where they all lived, for
his complaisance would need extend itself so far as
to see each to her respective habitation.

Flavia being the only person on whom he had
a design, he went to wait on her the next day,
under pretence of inquiring after her health; the
evening happening to be more cool than ordinary,
he said he feared might have had some ill effect on
a constitution so delicate as her's. Flavia, who
suspected not the serpent that lay hid under such
fair behaviour, received him with the utmost civi-
licity, but her mother with infinitely more: she had
been a woman of gallantry in her youth, and did
not think herself yet past it, so was very ready to
courage the visits of any person who made a
good appearance. She thanked him a thousand
times over for the care he had taken of her daugh-
ter; and when encouraged by her manner of treat-
ing him, he asked permission to wait on them some-
times at tea-drinking, she assured him, nothing could do her more honour and pleasure, than to cul-
tivate an acquaintance with a gentleman of his me-
rit. He now looked on half his work as done, and
by the disposition of the mother, judged he should
find little difficulty in his designs on the daughter;
especially as on inquiry into their circumstances,
he found they were very low;—that the father
of Flavia, at his death, had left a numerous family
unprovided for, and that the other children were
dispersed, some with one relation, some with an-
other, the mother being able to support no more than
this one. In this confidence he went immediately
to the illustrious, Rinaldo, and, after magnifying
his own zeal and industry, to serve his pleasures,
told him he had discovered a treasure of charms,
fit only for his possession; and with such luscious
phrases painted to him every grace the beautiful
Flavia was mistress of, that Rinaldo was all on fire
to see her. "If I find her such as you decribe,"
said he, "and I enjoy her by your means, I will;
"deny you nothing you can ask." The other
bowed, and assured him he would bring her into
the Mall the next day, where his own eye should
convince him of the truth.

This being agreed to, he went to the mother
of Flavia, and intreated they would favour him
with their company to the Park, for he would not
hazard a refusal, by asking the one without the
other; and beside, thought it would be imprudent
to give them any room to suspect his intentions,
till he should know Rinaldo's sentiments.

They now looked on him as one of their ac-
quaintance, and were not at all displeased to be
gallanted by a person who made the figure he did.
In fine, they went; Rinaldo was there, met them at several turns, and found nothing in Flavia but what attracted his admiration. The last time he passed by them, "You are a happy man," said he, calling him by his name, "to have the conduct of so much beauty."

This purveyor for the vices of other men was highly pleased to find the choice he had made approved. Flavia blushed; but her mother was transported to see by whom they were taken notice of. All the time they continued walking afterwards they were entertained with nothing but the praises of Rinaldo,—his fine shape, his genteel air, but above all, his good-nature, generosity, and liberality to the ladies, were expatiated on with all the pomp that words could give them.

He proceeded no farther at that time; but the next day, when he waited on Rinaldo to know his commands, he found him all impatience for the possession of Flavia; on which he went directly to her, and made no scruple of acquainting both herself and mother with the passion that illustrious person was inspired with, and at the same time made them the most formal compliments of congratulation on their good fortune.

The mother listened to him with the most raptured attention. She already fancied herself in her coach-and-four, and a thousand wild ideas of grandeur, homage, and magnificence, ran through her head in an instant. She told him, that she knew her duty better than to oppose any thing the great Rinaldo wished, and she hoped her daughter would also receive the honour he did her with a becoming obedience.

Flavia all this time spoke not a word; the fur-
prize of such an offer, at first, and the shock it gave her to hear her mother's reply afterwards, kept her silent: but the blushes, which, in reality, were excited by her disdain, were taken only as the effect of her modesty. Both of them urged her to speak and the emissary of Rinaldo intreated to know from her own mouth, what answer he should give his patron:—At last, "Sir, (said she,) I am utterly "unworthy of any regard from so great a person, "and equally ignorant how to repay it any other- "wise than by my prayers and good wishes. This "is all I can say as to Rinaldo; but as to yourself, "from whom I little expected such a proposal, be "assured I am and will be virtuous."

With these words she flung out of the room, leaving the person she addressed them to in a great deal of consternation; but her mother soon brought him into a better humour: she told him the girl had some romantic notions in her head, but she should easily bring her to a more just sense of her duty, when she talked to her in private; and therefore begged he would not mention her foolish behaviour to Rinaldo, for she would undertake to prepare her to receive his commands whenever he pleased.

It was then concluded between them, that she should remove with her daughter to a small but pleasant house they had on the banks of the river, and which, indeed, was their usual habitation, they having only lodgings in town for the present, on account of a law-suit the mother of Flavia came to solicit:—that she should have two or three days, in order to bring her into such a disposition, as they wished; and that when every thing was ready, she would let him know by a letter, after
which Rinaldo might come privately to their house by water.

Our modern Pandarus was no sooner gone than she flew to her daughter's chamber, where she found her in tears. She called her a thousand fools, — "What, (cried she,) do you grieve for what any other than yourself would rejoice in?—Do you consider who Rinaldo is?—What he will hereafter be?—And what your sons, if you have any by him, will be?"

To this Flavia replied as became a maid devoted to virtue, begged she would insist no farther on a thing she was determined never to consent to; and concluded with assuring her, that she should prefer the lowest state in life to all the grandeur in the world, if purchased at the expense of her innocence.

The old lady's vexation was inexpressible at finding her so refractory to her desires; but resolute not to lose the advantages she promised to herself and family by this proposal, she left no means untried to bend or persuade her to compliance.

When they got to their little country seat, she set before her eyes the misfortunes they were at present involved in, and endeavoured to convince her, that the passion Rinaldo had for her, seemed a peculiar mark of Divine Providence in their favour; and that what would be a crime to grant to any other man, was entirely sanctified by his degree, and would be approved on both by heaven and earth. But finding these arguments of no weight, and that all the sophistry she made use of was in vain, she proceeded to threats, and even to blows; nay, denied her necessary food, and used her with a cruelty scarce to be paralleled in a mother. This
method also failing, and the virtuous maid remaining fixed in her resolution, she again had recourse to persuasion, till Flavia, quite tired out with hearing the same things so often repeated, at last left off making any reply; but was all the time meditating how she should avoid the ruin intended her.

The mother now looked upon her silence as a kind of consent, and that it was only owing to an obstinacy of nature, that she did not give it in plain words.—In this opinion she set her house in the greatest order, and wrote to her good friend, as she termed him, intimating that her daughter now repented of her folly, and was in a disposition to receive the honour of a visit from Rinaldo whenever he pleased. To this she had a speedy answer, and a day appointed for the coming of that great person.

Flavia was soon apprized of it by the preparations making in the house, and the order given her to dress, and to appear in the best manner she was able. "Whom am I then to see, madam?" demanded she, in a dejected tone: her mother then told her, that her illustrious lover intended them the honour of a visit; "but (continued she,) I will leave it to yourself how to behave towards him, and hope you have discretion enough to manage him so, as that the friendship he now vouchsafes to have for us, may not be wholly lost."

This artful woman had two reasons for now speaking to her in these mild terms; the one was, that if she made use of the authority of a mother, it might ruffle her features, and consequently render her less amiable in the eyes of Rinaldo; and the other, that by pretending every thing would
be left to her own choice, she would be less averse to entertaining him, which was all she wanted; firmly believing a girl of her years would not dare to refuse a person like him any thing he should ask, though she might have courage to do it to those employed by him.

The poor young creature, in the mean time, laboured under the greatest distraction of mind how to avoid an interview, in which she could not be assured of not losing, by force, that which she was always determined never to yield. She had no friend on whom she could enough depend to reveal the secret. At last it came into her head to apply to a certain clergyman, who lived about two miles distant from their house. He was a man pretty far advanced in years, and had the reputation of all the purity of manners befitting his sacred function: she thought there could not be a more proper person for one in her circumstances to consult, or better able to advise how to shun the snares laid for her innocence.

Accordingly she rose extremely early, and before any of the family were awake, stole out of her mother's house, and made the best of her way to that of this reverend guide, to whom, after some tears and sighs, which the sad compulsion of being obliged to reveal the shame of one so near to her in blood occasioned, she related the whole pity-moving story; and concluded with begging his protection, till she could find some means of getting her bread, either in service, or by working, with her needle.

The good doctor, who indeed, answered the character given of him, heard her with amazement and admiration; and after he had paused some
time, told her, that considering who were her seducers, he questioned whether ever any age could afford an example of the like virtue; "but, said he, "how can I protect you against the authority of a "mother, seconded by the power of Rinaldo? "There is, continued he, but one way, and that "is, by making you my wife. I know the dispa-"rity of our years, and that such an union may be "as irksome to your inclinations, as the other is to "your virtue. I will not, therefore, urge it; but "fear, that all the endeavours I can make will be "unavailing, without that tie, which even Rinal-"do himself will not presume to violate."

Flavia was too much astonished to be able to make any immediate reply, yet testified nothing in her countenance that could give him room to think she was averse to his proposals, nor had she, in reality, any reason to be so. He had a good be-"nifice, a small estate in land, no child, and a very graceful person, tho' his face was somewhat fur-"rowed by time. But what weighed more with her than all other considerations was, that a marriage with him would be a sure defence from all attacks upon her honour, and deliver her from the power of a mother, who, she had too much reason to believe, would, one time or other, give her up to infamy.

But, not to be longer in relating this affair than they were in agreeing on it, she neither had nor affected any scruples; and the coach that morning setting out for London, they took their passage in it, and were married the same day.

The distraction which the mother of Flavia was in when she was not to be found, may easily be guessed; but when Rinaldo came, and received
such a baulk to his expectations, he was extremely incensed at first against the person who had so much assured him of a reception answerable to his warmest wishes. The negotiator had little to say in his defence, but that "the girl was certainly run mad, "that he had never thought himself more secure," and begged pardon in the most servile manner.—That great person too much despised him to take any other revenge on him, than reporting how much he had proved unfit for the employment he valued himself upon: this was, however, a very severe punishment; for whenever he attempted any thing of the like nature, he was always reproached with Flavia, and all he could do was insufficient to retrieve his credit for a long time.

The virtue of Flavia has its reward in the greatest blessing heaven can give, a mind perfectly content. She lives pleased and happy in her lot, and by her behaviour justifies her husband's choice, and puts to shame all those who at first pretended to censure so unequal a match.

It is certain the ideas that arise in our minds, when we reflect on temptations we have had the power to shun, are, beyond all description, sweet. There is a laudable pride in triumphing over the artifices of those that would seduce us, which diffuses the highest satisfaction to the soul; but yet we ought to be aware how we court dangers in the assurance of overcoming them. We may flatter ourselves too far; there is nothing more frequently deceives us than our own hearts: and it is, methinks venturing too far, to stake that innate settled peace, which conscious innocence, tho' untried, un magnified, affords against the precarious hope of purchasing a public fame, which, how-
ever just, is yet in danger of being blasted by envy and detraction.

B O O K II.

WHEN first myself and assistants set about this undertaking, we agreed to lay down certain rules to be observed among us, in order to preserve that harmony which it is necessary should exist in all societies, whether composed of a great or small number. One of the most material of which is to devote two evenings in every week to the business we have engaged in. In the first of these meetings we communicate to each other what intelligence we receive, and consider on what topics we shall proceed. In the second, we lay our several productions on the table, which being read over, every one has the liberty of excepting against or censuring whatever she disapproves; nothing being to be exhibited to the public, without the joint concurrence of all. The rendezvous is kept at my lodgings, and I give strict orders that no person whatever shall be admitted to interrupt our consultations; but you may as well attempt to exclude the lightning as the impertinence of some people. I dare say there are few of my readers who have not, some time or other in their lives, been plagued with a buzzing fluttering kind of animal, whose love, for the time it lasts, is more troublesome than the hate of any other created being that I know of. I mean a race of mortals, who will tell you
all their own secrets in two hours acquaintance, and from thence imagine, they have a right to expect you should be as communicative to them. They will see one whether one will or not;—there is no shutting one's self from them;—they burst in upon one at all hours, and pursue one wherever one goes!—they come galloping to repeat every thing they see or hear of; and one must either be wholly rude, or banish all thoughts of one's own, however agreeable or necessary, to listen to the vociferous trifle they are big with—and the only consolation one has, is the certainty of getting rid of them the next new acquaintance they make.

It was lately my misfortune to be fastened upon by one of those Tempo-Amyarians, (if I may venture to call them so, without offending the critics) and during the zenith of her fondness of me, had not a moment I could call my own. She came one of those evenings we had set apart for the entertainment of the public, and in spite of the charge I had given, forced her passage through my servants, and flew directly to the room where we were sitting. As she entered without ceremony, so she made no apology for the abruptness, tho' she found I had company, and might easily have seen, by my countenance, how little I was pleased with her visit, if she had not been too tenacious of a welcome for the news she brought, which she told me was of so much consequence, that she could not have slept all night without making me partaker of it.

As it was not from a lady of her degree of understanding, that I expected any intelligence fit for my purpose, and was very much out of humour at
her presence, I returned no answer to the compliment she made me; but she seemed to take no
notice of my indolence in this point, and without waiting to see whether I should grow more inqui-
sitive or not, began immediately to unlade herself
of the fardle she had brought with her.

She informed us she had been at court that day,
had seen the fine lady Bloometta, it being the first
time of her appearance there since her marriage,—
described every article of her dress,—told us how
charming she looked,—how all the young peers
envied the happiness of old Pompilius, yet at the
same time sneered at the unequal match, and seem-
ed to promise themselves some agreeable conse-
quences from it.—How some, as he led her to the
presence, cried out "May and December!" others,
"Fire and Frost!" and a thousand such like petty
reflections, which the new-wedded pair could not
but expect, and any one might be assured would
be made, without being an ear-witness of.

After having said all she could on this affair,
she started up, and with a promise, neither wished
nor requested by me, of calling upon me early the
next morning, took her leave with as little cere-
mony as she had come in, and left us the liberty
of pursuing our own discourse.

However as good springs some times out of e-
vil, this very interruption occasioned the conver-
sation to turn on a subject which never can be too
much attended to, and the too great neglect of
which is the source of almost all the evils we either
feel, or are witness of in private life.

I believe I shall easily be understood to mean
Marriage, since there is no one thing on which
the happiness of mankind so much depends. It is
\[\text{Page} \ 59\]
indeed the fountain-head of all the comforts we can enjoy ourselves, and of those we transmit to our posterity:—It is the band which unites not only two persons, but whole families in one common inseparable interest:—It is that which prevents those numberless irregularities, that would else overthrow all order, and destroy society; but then not to pervert the intention of so necessary and glorious an institution, and rob it of every blessing it is full of, lies only in ourselves. No violated vows before pledged to another,—no clandestine agreements made up by a hasty and ungoverned passion,—no sordid bargains where wealth, not merit is the chief inducement,—no notorious disparity of years, of family, or humours, can ever be productive of a lasting concord, either between the principals themselves, or those in alliance with them. Dirges, rather than Epithalamiums, should be sung at nuptials such as these, and their friends pity, not congratulate their lot.

Pompilius had lived in very good harmony with his former lady, and none would have condemned him for paying his vows a second time at the alter of Hymen, provided he had made choice of a partner more agreeable to his present years. His inclinations might not, indeed, have been gratified to so exquisite a degree, but then his judgment had not been arraigned; nor had he forfeited in age, that reputation of good sense he had acquired in youth. How great a pity is it then, that he should give way to the dictates of a passion, the gratification of which can afford him but a short-lived joy;—must be injurious to his own character, and doubly so to the object of his affections!

What, if the charming Bloometta had been
disappointed in her first wishes!—What, if the too sensible Palemon had preferred a little fordid dros to the possession of the finest woman upon earth, and her resentment at the indignity offered to her youth and beauty, joined with the ambition of her parents, had set the pretensions of Pompilius in an advantageous light, a moment's reflection might have served to convince him of the motives, and if he truly loved, have made him chuse to recommend some noble youth of his own family, whose merits might have obliterated whatever sentiments she had been possesed of in favour of Palemon! This indeed would have been a proof of the most generous affection, and at the same time of that command over himself, which is expected from persons in his station.

But how much soever the united joys of love and wine may be able to lull all thoughts of remorse in a heart which seems intent only on indulging its own desires, be they ever so extravagant, that of the sweet Bloometta must endure pangs, which every day will become more severe, by the efforts of her prudence to conceal them:—What conflicts between sincerity and duty must rend her gentle breast, when her doating lord exacts from her a return of his endearments!—How must she regret the sad necessity of being obliged to feign what nature will not grant! Those tender languishments, which, when mutual, afford mutual transport, seem awkward and nauseous in the man we do not love; and instead of more endearing him to us, turn the indifference we before had to him into aversion and contempt. In fine, there are no words to express the miseries of a loathed embrace; and she who sacrifices to pride or pique
THE FEMALE B. II.

the pleasures of her youth, by marrying with the man she hates, will soon, though too late to repair the irremediable mischief, repent in the utmost bitterness of soul what she has done.

Methinks it is with great injustice that the generality of the world condemn Aristobulus of ingratitude, perfidiousness, and cruelty; he is indeed an instance, that love is not in our power; and though his lady's fate is much to be commiserated, his own is, in reality, no less deserving our compassion. This nobleman, who for the graces of his person had few equals, made many conquests, without the artillery of one single sigh or protestation:—Celinda, to his great misfortune, was among the number: Celinda, of illustrious race, heiress of vast possessions, and endued with many perfections of mind and body; yet Celinda, whose love has been the bane of all his happiness, long did she conceal the secret of her passion from the whole world, as well as from him who was the object of it; yet indulging the pleasure of seeing him as much as possible, frequented all places where there was a probability of meeting him, till finding that he paid her no other civilities, than what her rank demanded, those soft emotions, which in the beginning afforded only delightful images, now degenerated into horrors, as they approached nearer to despair. She fell sick:—the physicians soon perceived her disorder was of the mind, and persuaded those about her, to use their utmost endeavours for discovering the cause. In vain were all the entreaties of her friends; in vain the commands of the most tender father; her modesty resisted all, and it was not till she was judged by every one that saw her, as well as by
herself, to be at the point of death, that she was prevailed upon to confess, that she desired life only to behold Aristobulus.

Her father, who had before suspected the disease, though not the person from whom the infection came, was rejoiced to find that her inclinations had not disgraced his dignity; and assured her, that if to see Aristobulus was of so much consequence, she should not only see, but live with him, till death should put a period to that happiness.

He made this promise, in confidence that the father of Aristobulus would gladly accede to the union of their families; nor was he deceived in his conjecture; the proposal he made was received with the utmost satisfaction, and the marriage-writings were drawn between them, before the young lord, who happened at that time to be on a party of pleasure in the country, knew that any such thing was in agitation.

Celinda was immediately made acquainted with this agreement, and from that moment the long-absent roses resumed their places in her cheeks, her wonted strength and vivacity returned, and she was again the joy of all who knew her.

But a far different effect, alas! had the news of this affair on him, who was with so much vehemence beloved by her. A special messenger being dispatched to bring him to London, he no sooner was informed of the occasion, but he was seized with the most mortal anguish;—he threw himself at his father's feet, and with all the moving rhetoric of dutiful affection, conjured him by that paternal tenderness he had ever treated him with, and which he had never been guilty of doing any thing to for-
feit, not to insist on his fulfilling an engagement, than which death could not be more terrible.

Never was surprize greater than that of the father of Aristobulus, to hear him speak in this manner; but it yet received a considerable increase, when on demanding the reasons of his refusal, and what objections he had to make against becoming the husband of so well-descended, so rich, so virtuous, and so young a lady, he had none to offer, but that he was not inclined to marry, or if he were, had something in his nature which opposed any inclination in her favour.

The match was too advantageous to their family, for the old peer to be put off with what seemed to him so trifling a motive, as mere want of love; he therefore resolved that his son should comply with his commands, and to that end enforced them by the most terrible menaces, of never seeing him more, and of cutting him off from all his inheritance, except what was entailed upon the title, which was very small, and little able to support it.

This was a very great shock to one who had the highest notions of grandeur, and a relish for all the expensive pleasures of the young and gay. He knew his father rigid, and obstinate to be obeyed by all who had any dependence on him; and doubted not, but his resentment would sway him to do as he said: he therefore repented he had irritated him so far, and begun to feign a less aversion to the marriage; he begged to be forgiven, and promised to visit Celinda, in the hope, he said, that he should discover more charms in her conversation, than he yet had been sensible of. His father seemed somewhat pacified with this af-
B. II. SPECTATOR.

furance, and bid him go and offer her a heart she well deserved, and he had too long delayed bestowing.

He did not, it is certain, deceive his father in this point;—he went, but went with a view very different from what any one could have imagined he would ever have conceived:—in the room of entertaining her with soft professions, which, perhaps, are sometimes made by those who mean them as little as himself could have done, he frankly confessed, he had an aversion to the married state; that it was not in his power to make a husband, such as she had reason to expect; and intreated that she would order it so, that the nuptials, which his father seemed so bent on completing, might be broke off on her side.

How alarming such a request must be to one who loved as she did, any one may judge; but the excess of her tenderness over-ruled all that pride and spirit, which is so natural to women on such occasions:—she paused a while, probably to suppress the rising sighs, but at length told him, that what he desired was the only thing she could refuse him; that her father was no less zealous than his own for the alliance, and that she had been too much accustomed to obedience, to dare to dispute his will in any thing he seemed so bent upon.

As nothing but his eternal peace could have enforced him to have acted in this manner, with a lady of her birth and fortune, and whose accomplishments, in spite of the little effect they had upon him, he could not but acknowledge, he was astounded at the calmness with which she bore it; and judging by that, her affection could not be less tender than he had been told, he left no ar-
guments untried, to make that very affection subservient to his aim, of being freed from all engagements with her: but she still pleading the duty she owed to him who gave her being, he grew quite desperate, and throwing off that complaisance he had hitherto behaved with, told her, that if, for the preservation of his birth-right, he were compelled to marry her, he neither could, nor would even endeavour to love her as a wife;—that she must expect only uncomfortable days, and lonely widowed nights;—and that it was not in the power of the ceremony, nor in either of their fathers, to convert an utter dislike into inclination.

To this cruel declaration she replied coldly, that as they were destined for each other by those who had the sole power of disposing of their hands, it was a very great misfortune their hearts could not comply with the injunction; but as for her part, she was determined to follow duty, though she fell a martyr to it.

Though under the obedience of a daughter she had the opportunity of veiling the fondness of a lover, the honour of our sex greatly suffered by such a behaviour; but, poor lady, the excess of her passion hindered her from seeing into the meanness of it; and at the same time flattered her with the belief, that in spite of the aversion he now expressed, her treatment of him, and the tenderness she could make no scruple of revealing to him in all its force, when she became his wife, would make an entire change in his sentiments, and it would not be in his power to avoid recompensing, with some degree of affection, so pure, so constant, and so violent a flame, as he would then be convinced she long had felt for him.
Aristobulus, after he had left her, again essayed to work upon his father's mind; but all he could urge being ineffectual, he yielded to be a husband, rather than suffer himself to be cut off from being an heir. A day was appointed for the celebration of their nuptials, and they were married with a pomp more befitting their quality, than the condition of their minds. At night they were put to bed with the usual ceremonies; but the moment the company withdrew he arose, and chose rather to pass the hours till morning on a couch alone, than in the embraces of a woman who had indeed perfections sufficient to have made any man happy, who had not that antipathy in nature, which there is no accounting for, nor getting rid of.

It is not to be doubted but Celinda, not only that night, but for a long time afterward, continued to put in practice every tender stratagem, and used every argument that her love, and the circumstances they now were in, could inspire; but they were equally in vain, as the poet says,

"Love scorns all ties, but those that are his own."

Aristobulus remained inflexible, and obstinately bent never to be more of a husband than the name; neither time, nor her patient enduring the indignity put upon her, have wrought the least alteration in her favour. They live together in one house, but lye not in the same bed; eat not at the same table; rarely see each other, and their very servants appear as if of different families.

Years after years have rolled on in this manner, yet she continues still a virgin-bride; while he, regardless of her love or grief, endeavours to lose,
in the arms of other women, the discontent which a forced marriage has involved him in.

Few men, indeed, have acted with that early sincerity, and openly declared their hatred, like Aristobulus, before marriage; but too many have done it afterwards, and proved by their behaviour, that they looked upon the sacred ceremony but as a thing necessary to be done, either for the sake of propagating their families, or for clearing their estates from mortgages, or for the payment of younger children's fortunes. These, and various other motives, might be assigned for the alliances daily on foot; but to hear of one that promises an accomplishment of all the ends proposed by the first intention of this institution, is a kind of prodigy, and to say, "There goes a truly happy pair," after the first month, would call the speaker's veracity in question.

Fame either swells the number beyond its just extent, or there are now no less than twenty three treaties of marriage either concluded, or on the carpet, between persons of condition, of which scarce the odd three afford the least prospect of felicity to the persons concerned.

Can Mrs Tulip, in the autumn of her age, tho' in her dress gaudy as the flower whose name she bears, imagine her antiquated charms will be able to reclaim the wild, the roving heart of young Briscommon? Not but that gentleman has sense, honour, and good nature; qualities which could not fail of making him know what was due to the merits of Claribella, had the condition of his fortune permitted him to marry her. But his intended bride must become more contemptible in his eyes, than even her gray hairs could make her, when
he reflects on the vanity which infatuates her so far, as to deprive her lovely niece of what might have made the happiness of her life, only to purchase to herself the name of wife to one young enough to be her son.

Who sees Philimont and Daria together, without perceiving that nothing can be more adored by Philimont than Daria;—nothing more dear to Daria than Philimont?—Do not the equally enamoured pair seem to shoot their very souls at each other, at every glance?—Is Daria ever at the opera, the park, the play, without her Philimont?—Or does Philimont think any company entertaining, if Daria is absent!—Yet Philimont is on the point of marriage with Emilia, and Daria has been long betrothed to Belmour. Strange checker-work of love and destiny!

What reason has Sabina to boast of charms superior to the rest of her sex, or flatter herself with being always the object of Theomenes wishes? Have not his vows been prostituted to half the fine women in town, and if he persisted in those he made to her, so far as marriage, is it not because her fortune is larger than theirs, and more enables him to discharge those debts his extravagancies have contracted.

How bitterly does Dalinda repent her giving way to an inconsiderate passion, which hurried her to throw herself into the arms of the mean-born, but meaner-foul'd, ill-natured Macro! She imagined, as she has since confessed, that by marrying one so infinitely beneath her, she would have been sole mistress of herself and fortune; that he would never dare to take any privileges with the one, without her permission, nor pretend to have
the least command over the other; and that instead of being under the authority of a husband, she should have found in him an obsequious slave: — But poor mistaken woman! Macrow was no sooner possessed of the power than he made her see a sad reverse to all her expectations; he was so far from regulating the affairs of her estate and family, according to her pleasure, or as she had been accustomed to do, that he plainly shewed he took a pride in contradicting her: — he consulted her inclinations in nothing, and even before her face gave commands, which he knew would be the most disagreeable to her, and which, if she offered to oppose, told her, in the rudest manner, that he was master, and as such would be obeyed. At first she raved, reproached him with ingratitude, and vowed revenge; but what alas! could she do? she had taken no care that proper settlements, in case of accidents, should be made, and was ashamed to have recourse to any of her kindred, whom she had disgraced and disoblighed by so unworthy a match. The resentment she testified therefore only served to render her condition worse, and add new weight to the galling yoke she had so precipitately put on: he retrenched her equipage and table; set limits even to her dress; would suffer her neither to visit, nor be visited, but by those he approved, which were all creatures or relations of his own, and such as she had not been used to converse with; denied her even pocket-money; took every measure he could invent to break her spirit, and make her wholly subservient to his will, till at last his tyranny got the better, and he has now reduced her to the most abject slavery.

Tremble, Mariana, left your father's clerk should
prove another Macro; and rather endure the short-lived pangs of combating an unhappy inclination, than by yielding to it, run the hazard of miseries, to which death alone can put a period.

A few days hence, it is said, will crown the mutual wishes of Myrtano and the amiable Cleora. The friends on both sides are consenting; the marriage-articles are signed; the sumptuous equipage prepared; the country-seat new beautified; the bride-bed adorned; and every thing completed, that industrious ostentation can invent, to make the ceremony, affected to be called private, as pompous and magnificent as possible: yet, how can Cleora assure herself of being always happy in the constancy of her Myrtano, when she is not insensible a lady equal to herself in birth and fortune, and no way her inferior in the perfections either of mind or person, is a melancholy instance of an unfortunate mutability in his nature! Did he not once pursue Brilliante with all those dying ardours he has lately done Cleora? Was not the whole town witness of the adoration with which he treated her? Nay, did he not for her sake commit some extravagancies, which as nothing but the most violent and real passion could occasion, so could be excused by nothing less? Yet did he not, without even a pretence for it, all at once forsake, renounce, seem to forget he had ever loved this Brilliante, and declare himself the votary of Cleora?

Ah Cleora! you triumph now, it is true, and may you ever triumph, since the divine rites of marriage make it criminal to wish otherwise; yet much is to be feared, and very little to be hoped. Nothing is more uncertain than inclination; and
a heart that once has varied, without being able to assign any motive for its change, may possibly do the like again; and a time arrive, in which yourself may stand in need of that commiseration, your vanity and joy now hinder you from bestow ing on a lucklesse, though not undeserving rival; while she, cured of her abused and ill-requitted tenderness, may fill the arms of a more constant man, and taste the felicities of mutual truth with higher relish, by having been once deceived.

Bellair is a very accomplished gentleman, has a large estate, and lives up to his income, without going beyond it; is charitable to the poor; liberal to merit, especially in distress; hospitable and generous to his friends; punctual in the payment of his tradesmen; keeps an handsome equipage, and a yet better table; is a lover of pleasure, but a hater of vice; and, in a word, has nothing in his character that might not make a prudent and good-natured woman happy in a husband: he had many oblique hints given him to that purpose, but he listened to none for a long time, nor seemed inclined to alter his condition, till he saw Miseria. He had the pleasure, I cannot say the happiness, to meet this young lady at a ball; she was tall, well-shap'd, had something extremely graceful in her air in dancing; a face, though not exquisitely beautiful, yet very agreeable; and the most winning softness in her conversation and manner. Such as she is, however, the heart of Bellair gave her the preference to all he had ever seen before; and having made some slight inquiry into her character and fortune, desired her father's permission to visit her in the quality of a lover;—the offer was too advantageous to be refused, the old gentle-
man hesitated not to give his consent, and Miferia received her new admirer with as much complaisance, as the modesty of her sex admitted.

A few weeks compleated the courtship; Bellair married, and, after some days, carried her home:—But, good gods! what a change did she immediately cause in his house! A bill of fare being by his orders brought to her every morning, she struck out three parts in four of the articles; and when Bellair, on finding his table thus retrenched, remonstrated gently to her, that there was not sufficient for the servants, she told him, that she would therefore have the number of them diminished; that she thought it a sin to keep so many idle fellows, who might serve their country either abroad in the wars, or in husbandry at home; and as for the maid-servants, instead of five, she was determined to keep no more than two. She even took the liberty to desire he would make less frequent invitations to his friends and kindred; and as for the poor they were presently driven from the gate, nor dare appear in sight of it again, for fear of being sent to the house of correction.

This kind of behaviour makes him extremely uneasy; his discontent increases every day, as none pass over without affording him some fresh occasion. His reason and his love are continually at war; but the former has so much the advantage, that though he is loth to do any thing which may give offence to a wife so dear to him, yet he is still more loth to become the jest of his acquaintance, for bearing farther with her failings than becomes a man of sense and spirit. He begins of late to exert the authority of a husband and in
spite even of her tears, has re-taken some of those servants she had displaced, and put many things relating to the oeconomy of his family nearer to their former footing. As for Miferia, she frets incessantly; all that softness in her eyes, which once was so enchanting, is now converted to a fullen gloom;—her voice, her manner, is quite changed; she either sits in his company obstinately silent, or speaks in such a fashion, as it would better become her to be mute. The little satisfaction he finds at home, drives him to seek it abroad, and every thing between them seems drawing towards a mutual dislike. And if that should happen, what consequences may possibly ensue! Reciprocal revilings on the sacred ceremony which united them! Every act of resentment against each other! remorse! hatred! separation! ruin, and eternal loss of peace to both!

A sympathy of humour is therefore no less to be consulted, than a sympathy of inclination, and indeed I think more so; for I have known several married people who have come together, without any thing of what we call the passion of love; who, by happening to think the same way, have afterwards become extremely dear to each other: whereas, on the contrary, some who have met all fire and flame, have afterwards, through an unhappy disagreement, even in very trifles, become all frost and snow. There is a vanity in human nature, which flatters us that we always judge right, and by consequence creates in us an esteem for those, who are wise enough to be of the same opinion we are: in a word, a parity of sentiment is the cement of that lasting friendship, as well as mutual
confidence, in which the comforts of a married state chiefly consist.

But though daily experience might convince us how necessary an ingredient this is to happiness, and that without it all the others are ineffectual, yet it is the least of any thing examined into; as if the attainment of a present satisfaction was the sole intent of marriage, and it matter'd not what consequences ensued.

It cannot indeed be in an acquaintance of a week or a month, that one can be able to judge of the disposition of a person;—parents, therefore, are highly to blame when they condemn their children to the arms of those, whom perhaps they have never seen till a few days before the ceremony passes, which is to unite them for ever.

What I have said on this score may possibly be looked upon as urged in defence of a late wedding, which gives just matter for astonishment to all the world; since it certainly could have been brought about by nothing (will they say) but a perfect knowledge of that mutual sympathy of humour, which I have been recommending as so great an essential to the felicity of the marriage state. It must be confessed, the artful Vulpone prevailed on the charming Lindamira to think as he did in one point; but that is what no more than thousands have done, or they could never have been united to the object of their wishes, and is the consequence only of that passion which arises from a liking of the person.

This, therefore, I am far from taking to be the case; and I believe the reader will be of my opinion, when I relate the progress of these mysterious nuptials, as it was communicated to me by a
Sylph, whose business it is to attend every motion of those, whom nature has distinguished by superior beauty.

Lindamira from her very infancy gave a promise of charms, which, as she drew nearer to maturity, ripened into the utmost perfection:—descended by her father's side from a prince, who, while he lived, was justly the darling of his people; and by her mother's, from a hero, whose name will ever be remembered with honour:—bred up in the strictest principles of virtue, and never from under the eye of parents distinguished for every shining quality befitting their high dignity, but for nothing more than conjugal affection.

Vulpone has no family to boast of, being no more than what one may call of the modern gentry, of which, heaven knows, these latter ages have been very fertile in producing; but to do justice to him, he is no less indebted to his own merit, than to favour, for promotions he has attained:—what he wants in birth, is made up in education, and envy cannot deny him the character of an accomplished gentleman.

He had frequently the honour of visiting the illustrious parents of Lindamira, and was treated by them with that civility, which they thought his good qualities deserved. Little, alas! did they foresee the consequence, or that their complaisance would embolden him to lift up his eyes to the possession of their lovely daughter; much less that a young lady, scarce eighteen, the idol of the court, and an object of universal admiration, should ever condescend to entertain the least tender emotions for a man, by some years past the meridian of his age, and in every other respect so infinitely her
inferior, that the distance between them would admit of no degree of comparison.

Yet so it happened! the god of soft desires gave a proof how much his power can do in overturning what has ever been looked upon as even an antithesis in nature, and made this blooming charmer, who daily saw unmoved the loveliest, noblest, and most accomplished youths die at her feet, unable to resist the solicitations of a man older than her father.

Few were the opportunities he had of addressing her, but those he so well improved, that before one could well imagine she had forgiven his presumption in declaring the passion he had for her, he prevailed on her to reward it by an assurance she would never consent to give her hand to another.

It is not to be doubted, but the correspondence they held together was carried on with the extremest circumspection; but love, like fire, is difficult to be concealed: not all the caution in the world can hinder it from breaking out in one place or another. Some of the family, before whom it is possible they might be less upon their guard, as not thinking them of capacities to penetrate into the secret, took notice of some passages, which seemed to them as derogatory to the dignity of their young lady, and immediately discovered it to her mother, who that moment acquainted her lord with what she had been told. After consulting together, tho' the thing appeared incredible, yet they judged it improper to admit any future visits from a person of his station, after having been suspected of daring to hold a correspondence with their daughter. Vulpone was therefore in very civil terms, though without acquainting him with
the motives of this change of behaviour, desired to refrain coming to their house, and a strict watch at the same time set over every motion of Lindamira.

They gave her not the least room however to guess they had any doubts as to her conduct, as believing, that if there was any truth in the information that had been given them, she would be less cautious, by not thinking herself suspected, and consequently they should arrive at the certainty much easier than by a formal accusation.

It must be acknowledged, indeed, that this manner of acting was extremely prudent; but Lindamira had her intelligence:—those very servants, who made the discovery to her mother, could not help speaking of it among themselves, her woman over heard what they said, and acquainted her lady, who by that means knew so well how to disguise her sentiments, and affect an unconcern at what secretly wrung her very heart-strings, that her careful parents were deceived by it, and in time perfectly assured in their minds, that there was not the least ground for what they had been told, while the lovers had this consolation, in absence, to converse by letters, which were secretly conveyed to each other by the means of a confidante.

Three whole months passed over in this manner, in all which time Vulpone fed not his famish ed eyes with one sight of his Lindamira; that artful young lady, the better to lull all suspicion, enjoining him never to come to any public place when she was to be there, of which she always took care to inform him; because as she seldom went but with her mother, or some person who
might probably be a spy on her actions, and could not answer how far either her own countenance, or that of her lover might betray what she so much desired to conceal, she resolved to leave nothing to chance, or give even the least shadow of an excuse for being sent, as otherwise it is likely she would have been to some place, where it might have been impossible for her either to give or receive the satisfaction she now enjoyed of writing to her dear Vulpone, and receiving from him every day fresh protestations of his love and constancy.

At length an opportunity long languished for arrived:—Her mother had bespoken a front-row in the stage-box at the playhouse, but happening to be a little indisposed that day, or not in humour for the entertainment, Lindamira could not be excused from going, a young lady, for whom the family had a great regard, having been engaged to accompany them. She immediately apprized Vulpone of it, and also that they might speak to each other with all the freedom they could wish, as the person who would be with her was wholly unacquainted with him.

Accordingly, they had not been in the box three minutes before he came in, and the house not being very full that night, there was nobody in the box but themselves, so that they were in no danger of having anything they said overheard, the lady who came with Lindamira being wholly intent on the play.

However it was, what he whispered in her ear that night, had the efficacy to draw from her a promise of running all hazards, and marrying him the next morning. Accordingly, under pretence of taking the air she went out early, and a
place being appointed for their meeting, the indissoluble knot was tied; after which she returned home, and all that day passed over, without the least suspicion of what was done.

On the next, some person, either through design or accident acquainted her mother, that she had been observed in very close conference with Vulpone in the box, and that they seemed so much taken up with each other, that they regarded neither the play nor the audience: that excellent lady was a little alarmed at the intelligence, yet not knowing but that it might be of a piece with that which she had formerly received, and saw no proof of its being true, resolved not to give any credit to this till she had more certainty, which she thought she might easily procure, by examining the lady who went with her to the play.

But how greatly did her fears and her astonishment increase, when fitting at her toilet undressing herself for bed, her illustrious comfort came into the room, and with a countenance more troubled than she had ever seen him wear, commanded her woman to quit the room, then asked in a kind of confused and hasty voice, where Lindamira was? To which she replying, that she had lately left her, and was retired to her own apartment; he rejoined with a sigh, that he doubted much if any apartment in his house was her choice at present; then proceeded to tell her, that he was well assured, by those whose eyes had convinced them of the truth, that Lindamira had been with Vulpone the morning before,—that they were together in a hackney-coach, and drove very fast towards the city; from which he could not but conclude they were either already married, or too far
engaged for her honour and reputation to break off. He had doubtless said more, in the extremity of rage and discontent his soul was then enflamed with, had not the tenderness he had for his lady, and the disorder which was visible in her looks and gestures, restrained him.

After the first emotions were a little over, the servants were one by one called up, and strict inquiry made concerning the delivery of any letters or messages to Lindamira; but all were either really ignorant, or pretended to be so, and no light could be got from them into this affair, but that she had gone out early the morning before, attended only by one footman, whom she left at the Park-gate, and he saw her no more until she returned home in a hackney-coach.

The whole night was passed in examining and debating in what manner they should proceed to come at the truth;—the passion they both were in would not suffer them to see her with any degree of moderation;—so it was at last determined that her father should write to her, which he did in these terms:

"LINDAMIRA,

"I hear strange things of you: if conscious of having done nothing to offend parents, to whom you have been so dear, nor to degrade the dignity of your birth, delay not to justify yourself, and convince us you have carried on no clandestine correspondence with Vulpone, or any other man; but if guilty, beware how you attempt to deceive us, lest a second fault should render the first even less to be forgiven:—you have been educated in the love of truth, prove at least that you have not swerved from all the
virlcuses inculcated into you by your careful instructors."

This he sent to her by her woman, who, in a small space of time, returned with this reply, sealed as the other had been.

"Most ever honoured Parents,

"It is possible some busy person may have informed you of what I neither can nor will deny, though by acknowledging, I have no other merit than by sincerity to plead my pardon."

"I confess, then, I have ventured to dispose of myself without your permission, which be assured I never would have done, could I have entertained the least hope of obtaining it; or if any thing less than the ruin of my eternal peace threatened me, in being deprived of him who is now my husband. Pity, therefore, I beseech you, the sad extreme which enforced this action in her, who in every other thing will always be obedient."

Lindamira Vulpone.

Suspence now ceased:—this illustrious pair now knew all that their care would have prevented, was irrevocably passed:—How greatly they were troubled, none but parents in the like circumstances can conceive; yet did their anger surmount even their grief:—the answer she sent seemed to them somewhat too bold, and tho' they had commanded her to declare the truth, they thought she might have done it in more submissive terms; and looking on her as one that had abused their indulgence, affronted their authority, disgraced their family, and in a manner renounced all pretensions to their favour, they sent an immediate order to her to quit the house that instant, and never presume to see them more.
Lindamira, on receiving this command, sent repeated messages, imploring their pardon and blessing, but they were deaf to all intreaties on that score, and she was obliged to depart; after which they retired to their country seat, to give a loose to their disquiet, and avoid hearing anything on so disagreeable a subject. Vulpone also carried his amiable bride into a sweet recess he had prepared for her, in case any accident should discover their marriage before they intended it.

The town abounds with various conjectures on what the event will be; but I am of opinion it cannot but be happy, provided that Lindamira continues to find in Vulpone the same charms as first induced her to make choice of him, and her noble parents vouchsafe to give a sanction to their love.

Great preparations are now making for the nuptials of beau Belfont and miss Tittup:—as they are both of the same way of thinking, and too much in love with their own dear selves to be in much concern about each other, they may agree well enough while they continue as they are; but if a reformation should happen on one side without the other, then what in any different circumstance would be the greatest blessing to the party changed, would prove a curse to both; since it is only by persisting in follies of our own, we can be able to endure them in those we are obliged to live with:—the best wish that can be given them, therefore, as a mutual conversion is not to be expected, is, that they may both be always the same vain, fluttering, thoughtless creatures they have ever been; so will they pass their days with ease and peace at home, and only be ridiculous abroad.

The case of Altizeera is extremely unhappy;
who, endued with an excellent understanding herself, was compelled, by the arbitrary will of her father, to become the bride of the veriest top in town; a fool by nature, and rendered yet more so by a wrong education: he thinks he must have a judgment superior to his wife, because he is a man; and that it becomes him to contradict everything she says and does, because he is a husband. Her good sense makes her submit to him as such; but she fears to open her mouth in any company if he is present, lest he should expose his folly by attempting to shew his wit in finding fault with what she utters. I know not how she may forgive him in her own mind; but am sure her acquaintance neither can nor ought to do it, for depriving them of the pleasure they might receive in her conversation, by his stupidity and arrogance.

I remember, some years ago, I heard a lady say, she imagined it was owing to our long peace, that every public place abounded so withcoxcombs and finikins; and that if we once came to have a war again, a more manly air and dress would be so much the fashion, that those gentlemen who stayed at home would naturally affect it, and exchange their foreign silk brocades for downright English cloth. Some accidents in life have since that time broke off our acquaintance, it would else have given me some pleasure to rally her mistake. We are now engaged in three wars; threatened with invasions, Popish pretenders, plots, and what not! Great fleets are equipping; huge armaments getting ready; pressing for land and sea-service; our fields are covered with tents; our streets swarm with soldiers; in every quarter we hear drums beating, trumpets sounding; nothing but military
preparations going forwards; yet, in my opinion, our fine gentlemen appear every whit as clean, as calm, and unconcerned as ever, except when they labour under the want of any of those commodities, the interruption of our commerce prevents from being imported; and then indeed they complain bitterly against the times. One who can endure no clothes that are not of the French cut, cries, he is made a monster by a dunce of an English taylor: another is poisoned with ill scents, and dies for some fresh orangerie and bergamot; a third says, "Pox on the Spanish war, and those that forced our late minister into it; there is not a bit of right vermilion paste now to be had!"

How long this over-delicacy will continue, heaven knows! but it is yet far from being extirpated. Even among the military gentlemen, there are some, who being infected with it before they became so, find it an insuperable difficulty to bring themselves to that hardiness and neglect of personal ornaments, which suit the life of a soldier.

A person, who has had great dealings with the beau monde, and has lately been obliged to deliver up her books, on account of a statute of bankruptcy awarded against her, one of the assignees, who happens to be a particular acquaintance of mine, took the pains to transcribe, as a great curiosity, the copy of a bill owing to her from a gentleman now in the army, and made me a present of it. As I am convinced all the items in it are genuine, it afforded me a great deal of diversion, and I believe will not be unacceptable to the public.

Cornet Lovely, debtor to Rebecca Facemend,
June 6, 1743.
For a riding mask to prevent sun-burn
For a night mask to take away freckles 1 1 0
For 6 pounds of Jessamin butter for the hair 6 6 0
For 12 pots of cold cream 1 10 0
For 4 bottles of Benjamin water 1 0 0
For 30 pounds of perfumed powder 1 10 0
For 3 boxes of tooth-powder 0 15 0
For a sponge tooth-brush 0 2 6
For a hair tooth-brush 0 1 0
For 6 bottles of perfumed mouth-water 1 4 0
For a silver comb for the eye-brows 0 5 0
For 2 ounces of jet powder for ditto 0 18 0
For 4 boxes of fine lip-salve 1 0 0
For an ounce of best Carmine 3 0 0
For 6 bottles of orange flower-water 1 10 0
For 12 pounds of almond paste 6 6 0
For 2 pounds of Bergamot snuff 8 0 0
For 3 bottles of essence ditto 1 10 0
For 6 pair of dog-skin gloves 1 10 0

Total 38 9 6

Such was the ammunition this doughty hero, it seems, took with him; the loss of which, had it happened to have fallen into the enemy's hands, would probably have given him more concern than routing of the whole army, provided his own dear person had escaped without a scar.

Frequent campaigns, however, it is to be hoped will wear this effeminacy off; and the example of others teach such new-fledged warriors, that if they would soar to glory, they must entirely throw aside all the softening luxuries of their silken youth.

Not that there is any necessity that a man must be a sloven, because he is a soldier, and neglect all the decencies of life to prove his attachment to
his vocation;—there is an affectation in this also, as well as the other; and I should say, that officer, who, when he might have a good tent to defend him from the weather, chose to lye on the bare earth, exposed to all the inclemencies of the air, had an equal share of vanity with him who had his pavilion hung with velvet and embroidery. To endure all the toils and hardships of the field with patience and intrepidity, to be fearless of danger when the duties of his post commanded, is highly laudable and emulative; but to run into them without a call, and when bravery can be of no service, is altogether idle; and courage in such a one, like all other virtues, degenerates into a vice, by being carried to an extreme.

But I am most of all concerned when I hear a man, having done a gallant action in the field, is so far puffed up with it, that he looks upon himself as a little deity, and that he may, in consideration of having been able to fulfil his duty in one point, dispence with all other obligations.

Some time before the opening of the last campaign, Amaranthus, a brave young officer, made his address to Aminta; his passion had all the effect he wished it should have on her tender heart:—she either had too much confidence in his honour, or too little artifice to conceal the sentiments he had inspired her with:—he was ravished at the discovery; swore never to be but her's, and there passed between them a solemn promise of marriage on his return from Germany, for which place it was expected his regiment would have orders speedily to embark.

Each day seemed to bring with it an increase of mutual tenderness, and scarce ever was there a
pair, whose love in its beginning promised more lasting felicity. Amaranthus, in every action, testified he had no will but that of his Aminta; and Aminta, by all her behaviour, proved, that whatever she commanded or intreated of her Amaranthus, was only what she knew he wished she should do.

At length the fatal hour of separation arrived, accompanied with all those agonies which none but those who love are able to conceive:—glory, which till now had been the darling idol of Amaranthus' soul, left all its charms, since it tore him from the society of Aminta; and Aminta, in being about to be deprived of the presence of Amaranthus, seemed to have no life but for complaints.

The cruel necessity, however, must be submitted to: tears, sighs, embraces, and mutual protestations of everlasting constancy, completed the tender, but melancholy farewell: none that had seen them part, could have well distinguished which felt the deepest anguish; but if we consider the nature of the circumstance, we shall find the difference must be wide. Amaranthus, doubtless, loved with the utmost passion at that time, and was going to lose, he knew not for how long, the sight of her who was the object of his flame; but then that absence was the sole misfortune he had to struggle with: whereas Aminta had not only the same in an equal degree, but attended with others of a more dreadful kind. The dangers to which a life, far dearer to her than her own, must inevitably be exposed, filled her with apprehensions, which she was scarce able to support. After his departure, she passed the greatest part of her time at the foot of the altar, offering up her vows.
and prayers for his protection; nor could the in-
treaties of her dearest friends prevail on her to
partake with them any of those diversions and en-
tertainments her youth had formerly delighted in:
all the conversation she coveted, was such as in-
formed her concerning the army; she was contin-
ually asking questions on that head; was only
pleased or sad, according as she heard they were
near, or at a distance from the enemy; the arri-
val of every courier gave a palpitation to her heart,
till the receipt of a letter from Amaranthus con-
vinced her, that her terrors as yet had been with-
out foundation.

He wrote to her several times before the battle
of Dettingen, in the last of which he acquainted
her, that they were on the point of leaving Aschaff-
fenburgh, in order to join the forces at Hanau,
from which place she might expect to hear from
him again. Welcome as all his letters were, this
afforded her a double portion of satisfaction; be-
cause, in case of an engagement with the French,
the number of the combined armies would give
her less to fear from him who took up all her care.

But what became of her, when instead of re-
ceiving the joyful intelligence she hoped, of having
made the enemy fly before them without a blow,
she heard there had been a terrible rencontre;
that great numbers of brave men had fallen on
both sides, and that Amaranthus was among the
number of the slain?

It would be in vain to go about to describe
what it was she felt; her grief and her despair
were above all representation, as they were beyond
all bounds; so I shall only say, that both were
too violent to endure long continuance, but must
have found a period with her life, had she not been relieved by different and more comfortable news.

The wounds, which had occasioned the report of his death, were dangerous indeed, but not mortal; and his friends had greater reason to congratulate than console them, since the manner in which they were received, purchased him immortal honour.

It is certain he behaved with the utmost intrepidity, and was so far from being daunted by the fall of others, that he seemed rather animated with fresh courage to revenge their fate; and though the regiment he was in suffered greatly, and he was himself wounded in many places, yet he would not be prevailed upon to quit the field, till an unlucky blow upon the head quite stunned him, and he fell in all appearance, dead.

As his valour had gained him friends, even among those who were till now the least acquainted with his person, he was immediately taken up, but for some hours discovered no symptoms of breath; so that it was not strange, in the confusion every one was after the battle, that in the accounts transmitted of it, this young hero's name should be inserted in the list of those who were killed.

Aminta heard of his recovery, and the praises which every one gave to his merit, with a pleasure conformable to the love she had for him; but could not help being a little alarmed when she found he had wrote to others, and she who flattered herself with being the first to whom he would employ his pen, had not received the least line from him since the battle: but it is not without great difficulty we bring ourselves to have an ill opinion of those we love; her tenderness invented ex-
cases for him, which, it is possible, he would not have had artifice to invent for himself, and chose to impute his silence to any cause, rather than neglect. The distance between them was great; couriers might not have opportunity to wait his writing; the post might miscarry, or he might possibly be detached to some place, whence neither courier nor post could come; and what letters he sent, might pass through hands, which he did not judge proper to intrust with the secret of his correspondence with her.

In this manner did she beguile despair till his return; and though she resolved to accuse him, doubted not but he would give such reasons for his seeming unkindness, that she would be obliged to ask his pardon for, having been unjust enough to suspect him.

Far was she from being truly unhappy, till after she was informed of his arrival; and several days passed over, without either seeing or receiving any message from him. This was, indeed, what all her love and tenderness wanted ingenuity to account for, and she was now compelled, even in spite of herself, to think him ungrateful and perfidious. Amazement, and some little share of pride, which never fails to exert itself in love abused, prevented her some time from sending to him; at last she wrote, reproached him with the alteration in his behaviour, yet mingled her upbraidings with so much sweetness, as shewed her ready to forgive, whenever he came to intreat it.

To this he returned an answer extremely complaisant, but far from any thing that expressed the ardour of a lover; excused himself by the hurry of his affairs, for having not yet been able to wait
upon her; but assured her, he would not fail of paying his respects the first leisure hour; conclud-
ed with telling her, that nobody could have a greater regard for her than himself, and that he should be proud of any opportunity to convince her of it; and subscribed himself, not as he was accustomed, "her eternal adorer," but "her "most humble and obedient servant."

She must have been the dullest and most infa-
tuated of her sex, had she not now seen she had entirely lost a heart she thought herself so secure of, and had so much gloried in: rage and grief had alternately the possession of her soul; yet love still retained a part, and was so blended with them both, that it would not suffer the one to grow into disdain, nor the other to destroy some little re-

mains of hope, that she should one day be able to reclaim him.

She was apt to imagine, that if once she saw him, he could not behold those eyes, which he a thousand times had sworn were the lights of his life, now drowned in tears, of which he was the cause, without resuming those emotions they had for-

merly inspired him with; but having waited his expected visit longer indeed than is ordinarily con-

sistent with the impatience of a lover, and finding he came not, she wrote a second time, conjuring him not to let her languish in this uncertainty, and told him, that she only begged to know, from his own mouth, her fate, and after that would never ask to see him more.

This pressing mandate he complied with: the fashion in which she received him may easily be guessed at, by what has been said of the violence of her affection; but the excessive coldness, and
distant air of his replies to all she said, could not be expressed even by her, who was the witness of it; but the sum of what he gave her to understand was, that he was convinced a tender intercourse with the ladies took up too much of a soldier's mind, and that he had made a resolution to employ all his in the duties of his function: he told her, that were he in any other situation, or could think it compatible with that pursuit of fame he was engaged in, to continue an amorous correspondence, Aminta should have the preference of all her sex; but as he was circumstanced, he flattered himself her good sense would induce her to pardon this change of temper in him, since his zeal for the service of his king and country was the only rival which had occasioned it.

It must be acknowledged he deceived her not in this last article; for, in fact, the promotion he had acquired, the applause of the whole army, the praise bestowed on him by the general, and the compliments made him by ladies of the first quality at his return, on account of his behaviour at Dettingen, have so much elated him, that he is no longer the same person:—his once soft beseeching air is now converted into one all reserved and haughty; a scornful toss of the head; a careless fling of the arms; eyes that seem intent rather on things within himself, than any thing he can find without;—in fine, there appears so thorough a change in his whole manner, that if the gestures of the body may be looked upon as any indication of the affections of the mind, as questionless they may, his are full of self-sufficiency:—he seems to think what he has done commands, as his due, the love and respect of all who see him, and that
it is beneath him even to regard, much less imagine himself obliged by it.

Aminta had therefore the less to mortify her, as it was not because the superior beauty of any other had supplanted her in his affections, but because in reality he now thought no woman worthy of the serious passion of a man like himself.

She was, notwithstanding, utterly unable to support the shock, and no sooner found his heart was irrecoverable, than despising all other conquests, though she has youth, beauty and fortune enough to make many, retired to a lone country house, where the endeavours, among rural pleasures, to forget those of the great world, and in the melody of the sweet inhabitants of the woods and groves, lose the memory of that voice by which she was undone.

However some people may approve this action in Amaranthus, I cannot help thinking there is more of the savage than the true hero in it; and I am certain we must give the lie to our senses, and many modern great examples, as well as to numbers in antiquity, if we should say, that love and glory are things incompatible; or that a wise and prudent wife, be her passion never so violent, will not always be too tender of her husband's interest and reputation, to desire, that to prove his regard to her, he should neglect any part of what he owes to them.

That fiction of the poets, concerning the loves of Mars and Venus, seems built on a very just foundation:—women, in general, are observed to be most fond of military gentlemen;—and wherefore is it so?—Surely not because they wear red coats!—That many others do, who sometimes fit
behind a counter, and what is worse have not the heart to draw a sword, or fire a pistol; but it is, because a soldier is supposed, at least, to have courage to defend, in any exigence, all who are under his protection; and also because the character of a brave man is, of all other, most esteem'd in the world, as that of a coward is the most contemned. Will a woman, therefore, by artifice or persuasion, either directly or indirectly, attempt to make the man she loves, guilty of any thing that might fully the lustre of that character for which she loves him?—Would she not rather push him on to actions, which might justify the choice she made of him? and whatever she suffered in absence for him, or from the fears her tenderness suggested as to the dangers he encountered, would she not value herself on surmounting them, and take a laudable pride in proving how worthy she was of her husband's affection, by the regard she had for his fame?

I remember to have been one night at the play, when the wife and two sons of a great admiral came into the box;—some who knew them whispered it to others, till a general murmur ran throughout the house:—all eyes, all tongues, all hands were immediately employed to shew the love and gratitude the assembly had for the family of that illustrious hero. The voice of the people is the best trump of fame; it is not by fulsome panegyricks, or by the praises of an interested few, or by rewards, often partially bestowed, that true merit is distinguished, but by the unsought, unbiased prayers and blessings of the whole:—the acclamations bestowed on him sprang from the heart;—his excellent lady saw and felt an inward
satisfaction at it, which diffused itself through all her features, and gave an additional luster to her eyes; and yet, no doubt, she mourned his tedious absence, languished for his return, had often wept in private, and given a loose to all the tender anxiety the knowledge of those numberless and imminent dangers, with which he was at that time surrounded, must involve her in;—yet his glory, dearer to her than all the satisfaction his presence could have bestowed, dearer to her than even his life, since it was so to him, enabled her to take a pleasure even in the sufferings by which he purchased it.

Many such examples, which I have either heard or read of, I could produce for the honour of my sex in this point; but what the eye is witness of strikes the most, and makes the most deep and lasting impression: I choose, therefore, rather to mention this lady, because I doubt not but many of my readers were spectators, as well as myself, of her amiable behaviour on this occasion; and perhaps also on many others, when I was not so happy to be present.

Some women, I know, have not strength of spirits to support the parting from a beloved and loving husband, without such agonies as might stagger the resolution of the boldest man, render him scarce able to tear himself away, and when he does, compelled by cruel duty, seem as if he had left half his soul behind him; and yet those very ladies may be far from thinking the softness of their sex ought to be complied with, or would think that husband more worthy their affection, who, to the prejudice of his honour, should humour her foible.

But in such cases I would recommend the wife
of a late general as an example. Never woman
tored a husband to a greater degree of fondness,
nor received a more grateful return of tenderness
and affection; she was one of those who could
not bear the shock of parting, without those emo-
tions I have been describing; and perceiving the
light of her disorders had a greater effect on him.
than she wished them to have, intreated, that for
the future, whenever they were obliged to sepa-
rate, he would take no leave of her:—he seemed
surprized that a greatness of soul, such as she testi-
fied in making this request, could not enable her
to endure, with equal firmness, a misfortune which
was irremediable in the station he was, and would
fain have refused what she desired: "How unkind,
said he, and. how unjust to your merits must I
appear, if I should do as you would have me!
And how shall I flatter myself you will suffer less
when the news of my departure is brought to
you, than if you actually saw me on horse-
back!" "No matter, replied she, what I shall
suffer, since the foolish timidity of my nature
will not permit me to govern myself as becomes
a person who has the honour to be your wife; it
will be more for my reputation, and your ease.
that the loose I give my griefs may be in private."

With such kind of arguments she prevailed on
him; and orders soon after arriving that he must
repair to the army, every thing was got ready for
his departure with all the secrecy imaginable; not
the least mention made of it to the family, nor by
any one who came to the house; and on a time
prefixed, his equipage attended him at the gates,
and he went forth with no other ceremony, than
he was accustomed to use when he was to return the same day.

All the tender adieus he had to make were sent to her by letter, and how much for ever she endured, none but her woman was a witness;—she could command her pen, though not her eyes; and returned him answers, such as convinced him nothing was so much desired by her as new additions to that reputation he had in so many battles, and amidst so many dangers, acquired.

The parting of friends and lovers is like the parting of the soul and body, always most easy when least warned of it. The preparations are more terrible than the thing itself; and as reason is oftentimes too weak to overcome a natural timidity, it is infinitely best to be wholly ignorant of the shock we are to sustain, till it arrives.

I wish, however, there were more occasion than there seems to be for this caution;—it is my business, as a Spectator, to let as little as possible escape me; and I am sorry to observe, that my researches present me with few instances of that conjugal tenderness, which require such a command over themselves, as the above-mentioned lady endeavoured to attain.

The farewells married people ordinarily take of each other, seem little more than mere matters of form; and some there are, who, after the moment of separation, appear like a prisoner just got rid of his fetters; they frisk and skip about, as if they knew not how enough to repair, by a present jollity, the anxiety of their late confinement.

Melinda no sooner finds herself freed from the presence of Romero, than she hurries from assembly to assembly; gallants it with every pretty
fellow she comes in company with; drives from one end of the town to the other; sends for gentlemen out of chocolate houses, and is the veriest rattle in nature.

Silax pretends the town is full of distempers; and persuades his wife to go to their country seat for the benefit of the air; but the coach which carries her is scarcely out of sight, before he sends for half a dozen friends of his own way of thinking, as many ladies of pleasure to entertain them, and converts every room in his house into a brothel: nothing but feasting, drinking, dancing, and rioting is to be seen; till tired with debauchery, and not till then, he retires to his wife, and lives regular by way of penance.

Lelia adored Macrobius while present with her, but the service of his country no sooner obliged him to quit her arms, than she sought consolation in the embraces of his own brother; yet Macrobius had married her without a fortune, and still continues to love her too well for his repose.

Dorimon had made a figure little to be envied by his neighbours, had he not been fortunate enough to appear agreeable in the eyes of the young, rich, and beautiful Clotilda; in spite of all the dissatisfaction of her friends, she married him, and makes him the most obsequious and tender wife; yet the ungrateful Dorimon, quite insensible of the obligations he has to her, as well as of the charms which could not fail to bind any other man, is continually finding pretences to be absent from her, and passes the greatest part of his time with a loose creature, whom chance brought him acquainted with at a house of ill fame.

Can any one believe, that souls like these were
ever paired in heaven! Might one not rather be tempted to imagine, that some daemon, enemy to mankind, had been permitted to dispose of them! Those who seem most formed for each other, and suited for mutual happiness, are very rarely suffered to give any testimonies here below of that divine and pre-existing union so much talked on, but still by some cross intervening accident, severed and doomed to lots of different kinds.

Who can reflect on the strange circumstance which parted Panthea from her dear and betrothed Fidelio, without being seized with the utmost amazement! But as there is somewhat very remarkable in the story of this young lady, and few have been able to attain a perfect knowledge of the truth, I think I should not fill the province I have undertaken, if I omitted giving the public a full account of the particulars; and to do that, I must trace her misfortunes to their fountain-head, which indeed was from the first moment of her being.

Miletta, her mother, was mistress to the subtle and opulent Lacroon, many years before the death of his lady, but had the artifice to engage him in a covenant, that if he ever happened to be a widower, he should either marry her, or forfeit to her a very large sum of money therein specified. Fate seemed to favour her wishes; he became in a condition for her to demand either the one or the other. He knew himself bound, and hesitated not long before he consented to be the husband of one, for whom his passion was then greatly abated, rather than suffer so much money to go out of his family. Panthea was at that time about eleven or twelve years old, but had been bred in the most
private manner, and utterly ignorant of her parents; a person, who had been servant to Miletta, being intrusted with the care of her, whatever she received was transmitted through her hands, to whom she imagined herself some distant relation.

Miletta, who had always preserved some sense of reputation, was now more averse than ever to acknowledging her; and the poor girl was not at all the happier for her mother's grandeur.

A strange caprice in some women! they are ashamed of the fruits of their sin, though not of the sin itself: every body knew she was kept by Lacroon, for the gratification of his looser hours, nor was she so weak as to imagine it a secret; yet could she not support the thoughts of being called a mother, without being a wife, or, that even after she was so, that so glaring a proof should appear of her former transgression.

But it was for a very short time she enjoyed the title she had so much desired; scarce had she shewn herself in her splendor, before she was seized with a distemper which puzzled the physician's art to give a name to; such as it was, however, it affected both her mind and body; she became delirious, and at some times had such violent fits of frenzy, that they were obliged to tie her in her bed; yet was all this without any symptoms of a fever: an inward wasting at the same time preyed on her vitals, and so decayed her whole frame, that in a few weeks she grew the most pity-moving object that ever was beheld, and died little lamented by any, except those who reaped the advantage of her secrets.

After her death, Lacroon took it in his head to call Panthea home, acquainted her with her birth,
and not only owned her as his daughter in the face of the world, but treated her with all the marks of a paternal care and affection.

A change of fortune so undreamed of, so prodigious, could not but be transporting to a young heart; she had now a crowd of servants, all obsequious, and flying to obey her least commands; her person was adorned with jewels, and the most skilful masters in their several professions attended her every morning, to perfect her in all the accomplishments of her sex, and the station to which she now was raised; yet was she not elated so far as to give herself any unbecoming airs; and all this served only to make her pleased, not vain or arrogant.

Envy must allow, that though she is far from being a beauty, there is somewhat of a sweetness in all her air and features that is very attractive; and those who were the least inclined to converse with her on the score of her birth, if by chance they happened into her company, were insensibly engaged not only to continue in it, but also to wish the pleasure they took in being with her might be renewed.

She had scarce reached fifteen, before her youthful charms were taken notice of by many worthy persons of the other sex; but the most powerful effect they had to boast was on the heart of the noble and accomplished Fidelio. The passion he had for her made him overlook all the scruples others raised on the account of her mother's character, and indeed on that of her father also; who, for many reasons, was little esteemed by the generality of mankind.

Lacroon was highly pleased with his addresses.
on the score of his quality; but Panthea for that of his person and conversation. She loved him long before her modesty would permit her to confess it; but at length her passion broke through all restraints, and she repaid the pain she had given him by acknowledging she felt an equal share. After this declaration they engaged themselves by a solemn vow to live only for each other. Alas, little did either of them think they erred in doing so! Fidelio was entirely at his own disposal, and Panthea had received her father’s positive commands to omit nothing in her power for the better confirming his affections.

The consent, however, was to be asked in form, which Fidelio did not fail to do in the most submissive terms; and Lacroon, though he at first, to disguise his satisfaction, affected to delay the ceremony on account of Panthea’s extreme youth, was easily prevailed upon to fix the day, which was no longer than was requisite to prepare for it in a manner befitting the quality of the one, and the riches of the other.

But see the uncertainty of all human events! This equally-enamoured pair, when they thought themselves most secure, and near being joined to each other, were on the point of being separated eternally; and that too by a way the most severe and shocking to them both, that the extremest malice of their fate could have invented:

Lacroon, to acquire the wealth he now is in possession of, has done such things as perhaps no man before him ever did with impunity. Not but he had been frequently called to account by those whom he had injured, but his cunning, and the corruption of the times, still got him off; and
those frequent escapes having rendered him more bold in vice, he at length arrived at that height, as to add insults to injustice, which so provoked some persons of greater credit than any who had yet appeared against him, that they resolved to undertake the cause, and either sink themselves, or procure that punishment on him his crimes deserved.

This happened some few days before that which was assigned for the nuptials of Fidelio and Panthea. The lovers were wholly ignorant of this misfortune, and passed their hours in all the joys which mutual affection, joined with innocence, affords; while Lacroon was calling all his invention to his aid for means to remedy the so much dreaded evil. He had no hope but in Imperio, whose power was incontestible, and had on many less occasions flood his friend; but how to assure himself that he would exert it in this, he was for some time at a loss. At last the tutelar daemon, who had hitherto never left him without some subterfuge, inspired him with one, if possible more black and horrid than ever he had yet been master of.

He remembered to have heard Imperio praise the innocent charms of Panthea, and resolved to make no scruple to offer her up a sacrifice to shame, if by her prostitution he could be preserved from the just prosecution of his enemies. In fine, he went directly to that great person, and intreated he would interpose between him and those who sought his ruin, and sily insinuated, that Panthea would think herself blest to be the slave of him who was the deliverer of her father.

Imperio, just in his own nature, had not that ill opinion of Lacroon which he deserved, and doubtless would have done all he could for him in
his exigence, without this offer; but being one of
the most amorous men on earth, could not refuse
so sweet a bribe as the possession of a young virgin,
whom he had frequently looked upon with desiring
eyes. He therefore took Lacroon at his word, and
promised in return to use all the influence he had
to make up matters between him and those anta-
gonists from whom he had most to fear.

Lacroon returned home with a joyful heart, as
being certain those who had the greatest malice to
him, loved and respected Imperio too much to
disoblige him; but when he broke the matter to
Panthea, and told her, that instead of being the
bride of Fidelio, she must prepare herself to be the
mistress of Imperio, he found difficulties which he
expected not from one so young, and so entirely
a dependent on him. She had even the courage
to tell him, she would die rather than forfeit her
virtue; to which he scornfully replied, “If your
* mother had been a girl of such squeamish prin-
" ciples, you had not come into the world to con-
" tradict my will.”

This cruel reproach on her birth, and coming
from a father, joined with the part he acted in this
affair, struck her to the heart; she burst into tears,
was unable to speak another word, and was ready
to sink on the floor. He then repented what he had
said, and finding the softness of her nature would
be more easily prevailed upon by gentle means,
“Be comforted, my child, resumed he, your mo-
“ ther was the more dear to me, as I found her
“ the more ready to recompence my love; I meant
“ not what I said should give you pain; you know
“ I have the greatest tenderness for you; I have
“ proved it, and hope you have gratitude enough

Vol. I.
“to be obedient, especially in a thing where my whole fortune, nay even my life is concerned.”

He then proceeded to let her know he had many enemies, and had no friend capable of serving him but Imperio; made use by turns of persuasions and menaces, till at length her virtue had not strength to resist their united force, and she yielded to do what in reality her soul abhorred, rather than, by refusing, be the occasion of her father's ruin, and at the same time be driven out to misery herself.

His point thus gained, Lacroon conducted her himself to the house of Imperio, where she still resides; but whether any better reconciled to her fate, none but her own heart can determine.

As for Fidelio, it would be utterly impossible to express the force of his grief and rage, when he found his tender expectations of a lasting happiness thus vanished into air:—as his passion for Panthea had made him think her the most perfect of her sex, to find her false has given him an antipathy to all womankind; he shuns all conversation, but such as join with him in invectives against love and marriage; yet sometimes, when he thinks himself alone, cries out, “O Panthea, lovely, bewitching maid! wherefore did heaven join so fair a face with so unchaste and perfidious a heart!”

In hope to cure the disorder of his mind, some friends prevailed on him to quit the town; but this change of place has wrought no other change in him, than to convert the wildness of his behaviour into a profound melancholy, which it is feared will be lasting.

I must confess the fate of this young gentleman is greatly to be lamented; but, methinks, the world
is too severe upon poor Panthea: her youth, and the authority of a father, than whom she had no other friend, may plead some excuse for her want of that fortitude and resolution, which alone could have preserved her virtue.—It is on Lacroon alone that the just censures of her fall should light:—Lacroon, guilty of crimes unnumbered, yet of none more unnatural, more detestable, than this of separating two hearts, which seemed by heaven united, and seducing and betraying his own child to infamy and perdition.

**BOOK III**

Methinks it is with great impropriety, that people, when they see an unsocial person, cry out, "How ill-natured such a one is!"—Nature in itself delights in harmony, is loving, grateful, benevolent, pleased in itself, and pleased to see others so.—Every one is born with qualities suited to society; and when they deviate, it is not the effect of nature, but of the influence of those vicious passions, which, by their ill conditions, corrupt nature, and render it no longer what it was:—avarice, ambition, rage, envy and jealousy, are the weeds that grow up in the soul; and, if indulged, will by degrees choke all the nobler principles.—How beautiful is nature in infancy, before those turbulent passions gather strength! and how beautiful would she also be in maturity, could those passions be always under the government of reason!
Some may perhaps object, that I pretend to divide what heaven in our composition has thought fit to blend:—that passions are in reality a part of nature, and that none are born without some share of them.—They may say, that in childhood we are no less affected for such trifles, as are conformable to our years, than at a riper age we are for what we then look on as more substantial benefits. —They all quote against me this line of one of the most excellent of our English poets,

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

To all this I readily agree; but then the passions of childhood are too weak to hurry to any thing that can be called a vice, unless strongly indulged indeed by those who have the care of us; and as they increase in strength, our own reason, which is given us for a guide, increases in proportion also; so that it is the undoubted business of our parents and governors, to keep all dangerous propensities in us under the greatest subjection, and preserve nature in its purity while we are young, and our own to do it afterward, since the infallible consequences of any neglect on this score, are no less than to render us obnoxious to the world, and irksome to ourselves.

I would not here be thought to mean, that the reserved, the sullen, the peevish, or even the morose, are always under the dominion of vicious passions:—a continued series of disappointments, calamities, ill-usage, (which, I am sorry to say, is the sure attendant on misfortune) or a long fit of sickness, may in time make sure the sweetest temper, but then the gloom which they occasion will not render the person so affected cruel, base, co-
vetous, peridious, or, in fine, any way wicked:—such a one may be tiresome, and looked upon as a dead weight in company, but will never be found dangerous, and the only mischief he does is to himself.

But where avarice prevails, all that is injurious to mankind may be expected:—I think under this head almost whatever is pernicious to society may be ranged; since, where it does not find other bad qualities, it certainly creates them. It indeed destroys the very end of our being. A mean distrust, envy, hatred, and malice, will neither suffer us to enjoy a moment's peace ourselves, nor allow it to others, when but suspected of a bare possibility of standing between us and our darling interest. Concord, that universal good, is entirely abolished by it; every public virtue, every private obligation of duty, gratitude, and natural affection, is sacrificed to particular views, which centre all in self; and to attain, neither secret fraud nor open violence are spared. How many wars have been rendered unsuccessful! how many well-laid schemes disconcerted! how many communities broken and dissolved! how many once flourishing families reduced to beggary, merely by the avarice of one person, who found his interest in the ruin of the whole! Nothing is more known than this truth, and we often see that those of the same blood, nay, who have sucked the same milk, have proved the most cruel and inveterate enemies to each other.—Shocking reflection! let us quit it, and turn our eyes on the contrast.

The worthy family, of which Euphrosine is a part, has, in a very late instance, given us a most
amiable one, and will, I hope, be an example for many others to imitate.

This beautiful young lady was addressed by a gentleman immensely rich, but of more than twice her age, and besides had nothing, either in his person or conversation, capable of rendering him agreeable to a delicate and refined taste, such as her's. He made his court to her father before he mentioned any thing of his passion to herself; and at the same time accompanied his declaration with offers of a nature few parents but would readily have accepted. But he referred him to his daughter's inclinations, only assuring him, that he would lay his commands on her to receive his visits; and that if she consented, he, for his part, should be extremely proud of his alliance.

With this the old lover was obliged to be content; and, since he found it must be by rhetoric his point was to be gained, endeavoured to prove his passion, and inspire one in her by those ways he thought most likely to succeed: he entertained her with all the amorous speeches he could remember out of plays, bought her all the favourite airs in the opera for her spinnet; carried her to Vauxhall gardens, and Ruckholt; and told her, "That wherever she came, she was the Venus of the place."

Euphrosyne, who is all obedience, knowing her father authorized his suit, durst neither repulse, nor make a jeft of it, but accepted his fine speeches, treats, and presents, as coming from a man, who, in all probability, she was destined for: the contempt she had for him she kept as an inviolable secret; and never spoke of him to her dearest companions, nor even her brothers and sisters, but
with all imaginable respect. The constraint she put on herself by this behaviour, however, took away great part of that cheerfulness and vivacity which had used to sparkle in her eyes; she grew much more reserved in company than she had been, and was often surprized with tears running down her cheeks, when she thought herself alone.

She was too dear to all belonging to her for so visible a change not to be taken notice of, yet none mentioned the least word to her concerning it; and the courtship continued so for near a month, when the impatience of the lover, emboldened by his mistress's obliging reception, made him very pressing for a day being fixed to consummate his happiness:

—the answers she gave him on that head were, that she was entirely at her father's disposal, and that it would not be becoming in her either to anticipate or delay his pleasure. When he talked to her father, he told him, that he had not yet examined his daughter's heart; but when he had so done, he would either hasten or prolong the time according as he found her in a disposition for it; always concluding with reminding him, that, to render them both happy, it was necessary nothing should have the least air of constraint on either side.

This did not satisfy the other; for, as lovers naturally flatter themselves, he took all the civilities paid him by Euphrosine, in obedience to her father, for so many proofs of her liking his person; and, as he doubted not but she was no less desirous than himself for a conclusion of the affair, seemed to resent these delays, as much as he durst, to him who had the sole disposal of his mistress: he became, however, so urgent, that the father of Euphrosine at length promised him to found her in—
the next day, and that he should then know his resolution.

Accordingly he sent for her into his closet, and having made her sit down by him, told her how impatient her lover was for the completion of his wishes, and that he had given him of a definitive answer;—set forth the passion he had for her in much better terms than he had ever done for himself; and added, that he was so far from desiring any portion with her, that, on the first declaration he had made to him of his love, he had protested he would accept of nothing from him but his consent.

"This, Euprosine, continued he, is the state of the case, and such the disinterested kindness he has for you: you know that I have several children; that part of my fortune, which I should give with you to a man who required it, will be a considerable addition to their portions: you may believe also, there are not many fathers who would consult your inclination in this point; but, my dear child, I am not one of those. I am sensible, that true felicity does not consist in wealth alone, and think it both unjust and cruel to make those wretched to whom I have given being: Tell me, therefore, without reserve, or fear of offending me, what your thoughts of this gentleman are, and whether you can love him, as it will be your duty to do, if you become his wife?"

The virtuous maid hung down her head at these words, and faintly replied, "that the education she had received would always instruct her to fulfil her duty."

Her father on this told her, there were two
ways of fulfilling a duty;—the one merely because it was so,—and the other because it afforded a pleasure to one's self:—"And, resumed he, I should be sorry to see you sacrifice your peace to the former. The melancholy I have observed in you, ever since this gentleman had my permission to visit you as a lover, makes me think that the proposal is far from being agreeable; but, as I may possibly be mistaken, I would be convinced by your laying open your whole heart to me on this occasion."

Emboldened by so much goodness, she at last ventured to declare, that if she never happened to see a man more agreeable, she would choose always to live single: "However, Sir, continued she, as the match affords some convenience to you, and you approve of it, I resolved from the first moment, to offer nothing in opposition to your will, but to endeavour to merit, in some measure, the indulgence you have treated me with, by an implicit obedience."

"No, no, my dear child, replied this excellent father, you well deserve to be left to the freedom of your choice, by your readiness to resign it.—You shall no more be troubled with the solicitations of a person, whom I never expected you could regard in the manner his vanity has made him hope. This day shall put an end to all your disquiets on that score."

Euphrosine was about to thank him, as the consideration he had of her peace deserved from her, when the sudden entrance of her two brothers and three sisters obliged her to delay it. They had heard of the proposal her lover had made of relinquishing her portion; and finding she was now
sent for by their father, and shut up with him, doubted not but it was in order to enforce her, by his command, to make a choice it was easy for them to perceive was utterly against her inclinations. Urged by the necessity they thought there was of their interposition, they came together in a body, and all at once falling at their father's feet, conjured him not to suffer any considerations of interest to them to prevail on him to render aillet, so justly dear to them, unhappy, by a match which they were well convinced, though never from herself, could not be agreeable to her. Some hung about his feet; some kissed his hands, and all lifted up their eyes, streaming with tears, as dreading the answer he should give to this request.

The tender father listened to so uncommon a testimony of fraternal affection, with a transport mixed with astonishment; but, unwilling to indulge the pleasure he took in seeing them thus, at the expense of the pain and suspense inflicted on them;—"Rise!—Rise, my dear, my worthy "children!" cried he, embracing them one after another, "your suit is granted before you thought "of asking it: neither Euphrosine, nor any one of "you, shall ever be compelled by my authority "as a father, to give your hands where your hearts "do not first lead the way."

Nothing could equal the joy they felt at hearing him speak in this manner, except the satisfaction their mutual tenderness to each other afforded them. Euphrosine, on her part, knew not how to express her gratitude and love either to the one or the other. In fine, there was nothing to be seen among this endearing family, but embraces, kisses, and all the demonstrations of the most fond, un
feigned affection, flowing from minds perfectly at ease, and satisfied with each other.

Oh! what could the greatest acquisitions of fortune bestow, in any degree of competition, with those pure and unmixed raptures, which arise from the disinterested love and friendship between persons of the same blood!—It is sure a pleasure which no words can paint!—No heart unfeeling it conceive!—A pleasure inspired by nature, confirmed by reason, heavenly in itself, and laudable before God and man.

But besides the satisfaction we feel within ourselves, and the esteem we acquire in the world by living with our kindred in concord, there is a policy in it, even as to the gratification of our most fordid views, which I wonder any body can be so blind as not to see; I mean that of fulfilling the old proverb,—"Laying up against a rainy day." There are few families so unfortunate as to have none among them prosper; and when all are governed by one common interest, will not the success of one be the advantage of the other?—Life is an uncertain ocean; numberless, nameless dangers lurk beneath the fairest surface:—no one, at his first embarkation, can promise to himself he shall go thro' his voyage, unruffled with the storms which from above, below, and every where impend.—Who then would not be glad to secure some friendly bark at hand, whose kind assistance, in case of a wreck, might save him, and the remnants of his scattered fortune!

How well known, yet how little attended to, is that excellent story of him, who having many children, and finding the hour of his dissolution approaching sent for them all to come to his bedside;
then ordered a bundle of sticks well tied up to be brought, and giving it into the hands of the eldest, commanded him to break it; which having in vain essayed to do, the second brother took it, then the third, and so on, till they had all tried their several strengths with equal success. "The thing is impracticable, said one of them, unless we cut the bandage; singly we may easily break them."

"True, replied the father; and so, my sons, will it be impossible to hurt any of you, while you continue in the bandage of love and unity; but if that should be once dissolved, your strength is lost, and you are in danger of becoming a prey to every artifice of designing man."

Love and friendship, they say, will admit no shares in the heart;—where either are sincere and without reserve it must be between two persons; when a third comes in for any part, that interest, which ought to be entire, is divided, weakened, and perhaps by different views thrown into confusion; the maxim questionless is just as to the general, but has nothing to do with the union which ought to subsist among those of the same family, who, like so many young branches of the same tree, if closely knit together, are best defended from the inclemency of the weather for being numerous.

It is odd, methinks, that even pride of blood should not influence those descended from an illustrious house, to support, in some measure answerable to the dignity of their birth, those of their own kindred, who may have happened to fall into misfortunes. Are they not sensible that all the contempt they are treated with by mean-souled creatures, points obliquely at themselves? And can
they know the miserable shifts to which they are frequently reduced for bread, without reflecting, that the grandeur of the whole family suffers in these unhappy branches?

Strange infatuation! To what can be ascribed so total a neglect of that which we owe to heaven, ourselves, and those belonging to us?—Where is the fatal spell that stops up all the avenues of the soul, and suffers neither the dictates of religion, the pleas of soft compassion, nor the more powerful impulses of nature to our own flesh and blood, to gain the least admittance?—Where but in luxury, and a false pride of being able to outvie each other in those expensive vices former ages would have blushed to be found guilty of?

Did not the once discreet and virtuous Lucillia refuse so poor a gift as half a guinea to a very near relation, who once had been her equal in fortune, but now, in the extremest exigence, took the liberty of petitioning her, yet went the same evening to an assembly, where she lost a thousand pistoles at play!

Wonderful are the changes which difference of times create! A few years since, a gamester was the most despicable character in life;—now, whose society more coveted than people of that profession!—All who had any reputation to lose, or desired to be thought well of by their neighbours, took care, whenever they indulged themselves in that diversion, to do it with as much privacy as possible:—but now, not to love play is to be impolite:—cards were then made use of only as the amusement of a tedious winter's evening;—now all seasons are alike; they are the employment of the year; and, at some of our great Chocolate-houses, many thousand acres are often swallowed.
up before a dinner. Persons who were observed to have superior skill in play, were then distinguished by the odious name of Sharpers, and, as such avoided by all men of sense! now they are complimented with the title of great connoisseurs, applauded for their understanding in all the niceties of the game; and that is looked upon as the most useful kind of learning, which teaches how to circumvent an adversary at the important business of Whist.

This vice of gaming, originally descended from the worst of passions, is certainly the most pernicious of any to society. How great a misfortune is it therefore that it should become the mode, and by being encouraged by persons of figure and condition, render the lower classes of people (who are always fond of imitating their superiors) ambitious, as it were, of being undone in such good company!

To this unhappy propensity it is greatly owing that so many shops, lately well stocked and flourishing, are now shut up, even in the heart of the city, and their owners either bankrupts or miserable refugees in foreign parts:—nor is it to be wondered at, when the honest profit that might be made of trade is neglected, for the precarious hopes of getting more by play; the citizen will have but little share with the courtier; and, to add to his mortification, will find that the misfortunes, which attend this going out of his own sphere, serve only as a matter of ridicule to those very persons who reap the advantage of his folly.

We may date this extravagant itch of gaming, which, like the plague, has spread its contagion through all degrees of people, from the fatal year 1720. The alluring prospect of making a great
fortune at once, and without any labour or trouble, so infatuated the minds of all the ambitious, the avaricious, and the indolent, that for a time there seemed an entire stagnation of all business, but what was transacted by the brokers in 'Change-Alley. Then it was that sharpening began to flourish in the nation, and has ever since continued under various shapes. The great bubble of the South Sea dissipated, a thousand lesser ones, though equally destructive to honest industry, sprung up: new modes of ruin were every day invented:—lotteries on lotteries were continually drawing, in which few, beside those who set them up, had any thing but blanks. These the wisdom of the legislature thought fit to put a stop to; but had not power to extirpate the unhappy influence which a long inattention to business had gained. The people had been too much accustomed to idleness to return with any spirit to their former vocations: they wanted the golden fruit to drop into their laps, and fresh opportunities of renewing those chimerical expectations, by which already three parts in four of the middling class had been undone.—Chance was the idol of their souls; and when any of their more sober friends remonstrated to them the madness of quitting a certain settled way of getting a moderate living, for the fleeting, visionary scheme of a luxurious one, they all returned this common cant answer,—"That they were "willing to put themselves in fortune's way; and, "that they might possibly be as lucky as some "others, who, being very poor before, had now "set up great equipages, and made a fine figure "in the world."

This it was that converted gaming from an
amusement into a business, it being the only matter now remaining, out of which their so-much-beloved castles in the air could be formed:—one night's good run at cards, or a lucky cast of the dice, would repair all that had been lost in other ventures, and every one thought it worth his while to stake his last remains.

There are always a set of artful people, who watch to take advantage of any public frenzy.—These soon discovered the general bent, and, to humour it with novelty, contrived various kinds of gaming which never had before been dreamed of; by which every one, if it so happened, might arrive at the end of his desires. Numbers, by this stratagem, were taken in, who otherwise, perhaps, by a conscious want of skill in the old games, would have been restrained, since it requires neither thought nor ingenuity to be successful at these new-invented tables.

I could name a certain spot of ground, within the liberties of Westminster, which contains no less than fourteen public gaming-houses in the compass of two hundred yards; all which are every night crowded with a promiscuous company of the great vulgar and the small, as Congreve elegantly and justly calls all such assemblies.

To hurl the tennis-ball, or play a match at cricket, are certainly robust and manly exercises; they were originally invented to try and preserve strength and activity, and to keep those of our youth, who were not born to meaner labours, from idleness and effeminacy. The playing at the latter also, county against county, was designed to inspire a noble emulation to excel each other in those feats, which might render them more able to serve
their king and country, when the defence of either required them to take up arms. No mercenary views had any share in the institution of these games:—honour was the only excitement; applause the only end proposed by each bold attempter. These, alas! of latter days, are but empty names; a thousand pounds has more real charms than any are to be found in glory; gain, fordid gain, is all that engrosses the heart, and adds transport to success. Without that, numbers, who throng to give proofs of their activity, would rather chuse to pass the time away in lolling over a lady's toilet while she is dressing, or in his own easy chair at home, listening to the music of his footman's French horn.

Will any one say, that this is true nature?—No, it is the vices which deform nature, and only by being too general and customary, may be called a second nature.—Would ever nature direct us to search into the bosom of the earth for gold? or when found, to idolize the ore our hands had dug? to pride ourselves, more or less, according to the quantity of the shining pelf we are masters of, and to place all honour, virtue and renown in being rich? However, since the world is so much altered from what it was in the true state of nature, and there is now no subsisting without some portion of this gold, we must not affect to despise it too much: but as we ought not to listen to the calls of avarice, in acquiring it by indigreect or scandalous means; so when possessed of it, we ought not to lavish it away in trifles we have no occasion for, and perhaps had better be without. We should reflect, that our posterity will have need of it as well as ourselves, and look on every extravagancy we are
guilty of as a robbery of them; that we are no more than tenants for life in whatever descends to us from our parents; and that we should leave it as intire and unembezzled as we received it from them. Nor is the injustice less, when we needlessly, and to gratify an inordinate appetite, dissipate those goods of fortune, we may have acquired by our own industry. Children, being parts of ourselves, are born to share in our possessions; and nothing is more absurd, in my opinion, than the saying of some people, "That their children may labour for themselves as they have done." How are such parents certain they will be able so to do? A thousand accidents may happen to render the utmost efforts they can make of no effect; and when that is the case, how hardly must a son think of a father, who, by a profuse and riotous manner of living, has reduced to starving, those who derive their being from him?

Not that I would wish any one to deny himself the necessaries, nor even the pleasures of life, for the sake of his posterity; but, in all these things, there is a golden mean to be observed, which is indeed no other than to follow nature, enjoy ourselves while we live, and prudently reserve something for those to enjoy who are to live after us.

It is certain that no age, no nation, ever were equal to us in luxury of all kinds. The most private, low-bred man would be a Heliogabalus in his table: and too many women there are, who, like Cleopatra, would not scruple to swallow a whole province at a draught.

Then as to dress, they seem to study now not what is most becoming, but what will cost the most:—no difference made between the young
nobleman and the city-apprentice, except that the latter is sometimes the greater beau:—gold-headed canes, watches, rings, snuff-boxes, and laced waistcoats, run away with the fortune that should set him up in business, and frequently tempt him to defraud his master; who perhaps also, taken up with his own private pleasures, examines too little into his shop affairs, and when the till is drained, borrows a while to support his darling pride, then sinks at once into ruin and contempt.

Our sex is known to be so fond of appearing fine and gay, that it is no wonder the tradesmen's wives should even exceed their husbands in the article of drefs; but it is indeed prodigious, that so many of them should, merely for the fake of being thought able to afford any thing, destroy the reasonable end of finery, and render themselves awkward, nay preposterous, instead of genteel and agreeable.—When a gold and silver stuff, enough to weigh a woman down, shall be loaded yet more with heavy trimmings, what opinion can we have either of the fancy or judgment of her that wears it!—And is not her neighbour, whom to outshine, perhaps, she has strained her husband's purse-strings for this costly garment, infinitely more to be liked in a plain Ducape or Almazen!

I am sorry to observe, that this false delicacy in eating, drinking, apparel, furniture, and diversions, so prevalent among us, has not only undone half the nation, but rendered us extremely ridiculous to foreigners, who are witneses of it. Thus avarice introduces luxury, luxury leads us to contempt, and beggary comes on apace.

I fear what I have said on these topics will be but ill relished by a great many of my readers;
but if I have the good fortune to find it has had an effect on any one of them, so far as to cause them to see the error they have been guilty of, I shall be the less chagrined at the resentment of the wilfully blind. Times like these require corrosives, not balsams, to amend:—the sore has already eaten into the very bowels of public happiness, and they must tear away the infected part, or become a nuisance to themselves, and all about them.

I remember to have formerly heard a story of one Adulphus, the truth of which was strongly asserted. This man, who it seems had an estate of 300 l. per annum, lived happy and contented on it, till one afternoon, as he was sleeping in his garden, he dreamed a person of a very venerable aspect came to him, and said, "Adulphus! your integrity, hospitality, and those other virtues you are possessed of, intitle you to a reward from above. This day twelvemonth, and at this hour precisely, you shall receive from my hands the sum of 30,000 l."

This dream made a strong impression on him:—He set it down in his pocket-book the moment he awoke; and believing as firmly it would come to pass, as if an angel from heaven had really descended to him with this promise, he began to consider in what manner he should live, and how the treasure should be employed. A thousand grand ideas presently came into his head:—he looked on his house, he found it old, decayed, infinitely too small for a man of the fortune he was to receive;—to lose no more time, therefore, he sent for workmen, and contracted with them to build it anew, after an elegant plan he drew himself.
A garden, which before was planted with all things useful in a kitchen, was now converted into a large court-yard in a semicircle, and encompassed with a wall ornamented with gilded flower-pots; a fine portico, raised with five steps, led to a hall one hundred and fifty feet square, lined with cedar, and supported by twelve marble pillars, curiously carved and cornished after the Doric and Ionic manner:—the ceiling was lofty, and painted with the story of Orpheus and the Bacchanalian dames, who, in their wild fury, tore both the musician and lyre to pieces. On each side, a little avenue led to a range of handsome parlours; and some few paces farther two noble stair-cases, which, by an easy ascent, brought you, the one to the right, and the other to the left wing of the house, both which contained an equal number of lodging rooms. Over the great portico and hall was a gallery with windows on both sides, so that there was a thorough prospect from the great court-yard to the gardens behind the house, which had seven descents, all laid out in different parterres, and embellished with statues and fountains. The last of them terminated in a wilderness, in which was a fish-pond, and near it several curious grottoes, where in the noon-tide heats of August, you might feel all the coolness and sweets of a May morning.

A great number of hands being employed, the building was soon finished; and against it was so, Adulphus had bespoke furniture suitable to it. He indeed shewed his good taste in every thing he did;—every body allowed nothing could be more complete, but at the same time, as his income was known to all about the country, it af-
farded matter of discourse, by what means he was become so suddenly rich, as to be able to erect an edifice of such expence. They took upon them to calculate how much it cost; and found, that though there were many things in the old building which might contribute, yet the whole of what he must infallibly lay out could not be less than 10,000 l. Some thought he had found hidden treasures; some, that he was privately married to a rich wife; others, less inclined to judge favourable, said he dealt with the devil. Various were the conjectures of what he was about; but all were far distant from the truth. Alas! they knew not that he had been up to London, and deeply mortgaged his paternal estate to purchase marble, cedar, and other things, which were not to be procured without; and as to the artificers, he had set the day of payment according to his dream; and as his character was fair, and he had always been accounted an honest, frugal man, not one of them but were perfectly satisfied.

He trusted not his most intimate friends, however, with the secret, by what means so great an accession of fortune was to befall him; but was always so gay and easy, that none doubted but he was well assured of it himself.

At length the wished-for day arrived, against which time he had ordered a great collation to be prepared; all his kindred, and several of the neighbouring gentry were invited, before whom he intended to discharge all his tradesmens bills.

The hour appointed by the vision was, as near as I can remember the story, about five; and he no sooner heard the clock strike, than he begged
the company's pardon for a moment, and went into his closet, not in the least doubting but he should return loaded with wealth. He sat for some time in the most pleasing expectation, till the hour elapsing, his heart began to be invaded with some slight palpitations. But what became of him, when not only six, but seven o'clock passed over, and no guardian angel, nor any message from him, arrived!

Persons of his sanguine complexion, however, do not easily give way to despair. To excuse the disappointment, he flattered himself that this delay had been entirely his own fault, and that as the promise had been made to him while he was sleeping, so he ought to have waited the performance of it in the same situation; besides, he did not know but the noise and hurry he had in his house might not be pleasing to those intellectual beings, who delight in solitude and privacy. These were the imaginations which enabled him to return to his friends with a composed countenance, and firmly believing, that in the night he should receive what his inadvertency in the day had deprived him of, he told his creditors, that an accident had postponed the satisfaction he proposed in discharging the obligations he had to them, till the next morning; but that, if they pleased to come at that time, they might depend on being paid. On this all retired well satisfied, and Adulphus passed the remainder of the evening among his guests, with the same jollity and good humour he had been in the whole day.

This, indeed, was the last night of his tranquility. He went to bed and fell asleep, but no delightful ideas presented themselves to him: he awoke, and by the light of a candle which he kept
burning in the chimney, looked round the room in hopes of seeing the dear money-bags lying ready for him on the table, but found every thing just as he left it:—he then put out the candle, still flattering himself that darkness would be more favourable. A little rustling, which some accident soon after occasioned, made him certain that his wishes were now completed:—out of bed he jumps in transport, and feels in every corner, but found nothing of what he sought; then lay down again, in vain endeavouring to compose himself to rest. At length the morning broke, and he once more, with wishful eyes and aking heart, renewed his search,—alas! to the same purpose as before: all he could see were pictures, glasses, and other rich furniture, which being unpaid for, served only as so many mementoes of his misfortune.—

He now began to tremble for the consequences of his too credulous dependence on a vision; yet still unwilling to believe what gave him so much horror, a new matter of hope started into his head:—

The promise was made to him that day twelvemonth, which it was certain was gone without any effect of what he had been made to expect; but then he reflected, that it was not the same day of the week, and that possibly this might bring him better news.

He therefore ventured to tell his creditors, that though a second delay had happened, they should be all paid on the morrow. His character, and the assurance with which he spoke, prevented them from being uneasy as yet; but when they came the third time, and found that, instead of having their demands answered, Adulphus would not be seen by them, but had shut himself up in his chamber, and
ordered his servants to say he was indisposed, they
began to murmur; and some of them, who had
been informed of his having mortgaged his estate,
thought it was best for them to take some other
method of getting their money, than barely asking
for it, before all was gone.

Several processes were presently made out a-
against him, and officers continually watching about
his house to take him; but he kept himself so close,
that all their endeavours were in vain for a long
time. His friends, being informed of all this,
could not conceive what had induced him to act
in the manner he had done, and came often to his
house on purpose to interrogate him concerning his
affairs, and offer their assistance in making them
up, in case there was a possibility; but none of
them could ever get access to him;—his grief, his
shame, and his despair, at finding the imposition
he had put upon himself, the injustice it had made
him guilty of to others, and the inevitable ruin
that stared him in the face, would not suffer him
to see even those for whom he had the most good-
will; and nothing is more strange than that, in
the agonies of his soul, he did not lay violent hands
on his own life.

In spite of all his caution he was at last arrested,
and thrown into prison; and this occasioning a
thorough inquiry into his circumstances, it was
soon discovered, that he had made every thing a-
way; but the motive which had induced a man,
who had all his life, till this unhappy infatuation,
behaved with the greatest prudence and moder-
tion, was still a secret; and this so incensed all
who had any dealings with him, as making them
think he had only a design to defraud them from
Vol. I.
the beginning, that they would listen to no terms of accommodation.

The truth is, he was become too sensible of his folly to be able to declare it, till from a full belief that he had been mad, he grew so in reality, and in his ravings disclosed what shame, while he had any remains of reflection, made him so earnestly conceal.

His golden dream, and the sad effect it had on him, were now the talk of the whole town; and those who had been most exasperated against him, now pitied him. His friends consulted together, and the fine house and furniture were sold, as was also his estate, after clearing the mortgage, to pay the creditors as far as the money would go; and on this he was discharged from prison, but naked, penniless, and in no condition of doing any thing for his subsistence.

In this miserable condition, it was thought the greatest charity that could be shown to him, was to put him into Bedlam, where, as I am informed, he regained his senses enough to relate the whole particulars of what before he had bystarts imperfectly discovered; but the wildness of his late disorder being succeeded by a deep melancholy, he never once desired to quit the place and company he was in, and after languishing some months, died a sad example of indulging prospects which are merely speculative.

I am afraid one need not give one's self much trouble to find many Adulphuses in this kindgom; and that if all who have acted like him, on as little foundation, were to be accounted lunatics, new hospitals must be erected, for that in Moorfields would not contain a thousandth part.
It is indeed a dreadful thing when people cannot resolve to content themselves with the sphere in which they are placed by heaven and nature. It is this restlessness of the mind that occasions half the mischiefs which befall mankind:—and yet we are all, more or less, apt to have some share of it: every one wishes for something he has not, and that hinders him from enjoying properly what he is possessed of. We fancy we know better than him that made us, what would befit us, and accuse Providence of partiality in the lot assigned us; and how fond forever we may be of the writings of the late celebrated Mr. Pope, it is but rarely we remember this maxim of his, and acknowledge with him, that

"—Whatever is, is right."

But this, as I said before, is wholly owing to the dominion we suffer ill passions to get over us, and not to nature, which is easily satisfied, and never craves a superfluity of anything.—I have often observed, that the attainment of what we have pursued with the most eagerness, has proved our greatest curse; and I dare answer, that there are scarce any of my readers but have, some time or other, in the course of their lives, experienced this truth.

Thousands there are in this great metropolis, who have, with the utmost ardency, wished the death of a parent, an elder brother, a husband, or a wife; and yet, a small time after, have found the loss of them the severest misfortune that could have befallen them.

In the designs men have upon our sex, I appeal to themselves, if the seducing a wife or daughter of a friend, has not brought on them worse con-
sequences, than the refusal of the gratification of their passion could possibly have done.

Even in less unwarrantable aims, we often find that the grant of what we ask is a greater cruelty than the denial. Suppose the partial favour of a prince should confer any of the great offices of state on a person, who had not abilities to discharge his trust with any tolerable degree of honour, would it not have been better for such a one to have continued in a private life, rather than, by this exaltation, have his ignorance exposed, and become the jest of a sneering world, who rejoice in an opportunity of ridiculing the foibles of the great?

In fine, there is no one thing, let it wear ever so fair a face of happiness, but the possession of it may render us miserable, either by its not being essentially so in itself, or by our own want of capacity to use it as we ought.

Not to be too anxious after any thing, is therefore the only sure means of enjoying that tranquility we but vainly depend upon, in the acquisition of what our passions make us look on for a time as our greatest good.

O but, some people will cry, these are stupid maxims: nature, in accustoming itself to such a state of indolence and inactivity, would fall into a lethargy, and we should be little better than walking statues. Passions were given us to invigorate the mind, and rouse us to noble and great actions; and he that is born without them, or mortifies them too much, is incapable of doing any thing to serve his God, his country, or himself.

This is undoubtedly true; and whoever understands what I have said in a contrary sense, does
an injury to my meaning. I am for having every one endeavour to excel in whatever station or profession he has been bred; but I am for having none attempt to go out of it, or to regard promotion more than the means by which he aims to acquire it. He ought to have ambition enough to do all that might make him worthy of being raised, but not so much as to make him capable of overleaping all the barriers of virtue to attain his end. I would not have a lieutenant in the army shoot his captain in the back, for the sake of getting into his post; but I would have him behave so as to deserve a better.

But there is one very unfortunate propensity in most of us; for I know not whether it may be called a passion, and that is the vanity of imagining we deserve much more than in reality we do. This vanity, when not gratified, makes us murmur and repine at those who have it in their power to grant what we desire, and yet withhold it from us; it excites in us an envy and hatred against those who are in possession of what we think is due to us alone; it inspires us with a thousand base artifices to undermine and ruin all who have a fairer prospect than ourselves. When a person of this stamp happens to succeed in his aim, you may know him by a haughty strut, and contumacious toss of the head to his inferiors, an air of importance to his equals, and a servile fawn on all who can any way contribute to exalting him yet higher; for there are no bounds to the ambition of a self-sufficient man.

"What crowds of these do we see ev'ry day,
"At park, at opera, at court, and play!"
A person who, on the contrary, really rises by his merit, is affable and mild to all beneath him, sociable among those of his own rank, and pays that regard to those above him, which their stations or intrinsic worth demand, but no farther; such a one is rejoiced at his good fortune, but not altered in his humour: he forgets not what he was, nor his former companions, and thinks himself not at all the better man for being a greater.

"What pity 'tis that such no more abound,
"Whose modest merit recompence has found."

That consideration, however, nor a thousand rebuffs which a virtuous man often meets with in the discharge of his duty, or the attainment of what he has really purchased by his good behaviour, will not deter him from going on in the same laudable course; because it is pleasing to himself, and renders him infinitely more at ease in his own breast, than he can ever feel, who by indirect means, arrives at the highest summit of his ambitious views.

Xeuxis, by a long sereis of hypocrisy, treachery and deceit, pretended menaces on the one side, equally false friendships on the other, and every artifice of wicked policy, has at last forced himself, as it were, into a seat, which neither his birth, his parts, nor the most fanguine wishes of his best friends, could ever promise; yet how wretchedly does his new grandeur fit upon him! Do not his fullen looks, and contracted brow, denote a secret remorse, that preys upon his soul, when, instead of the respect he flattered himself with, he meets only with insults, and that the dignity so unworthily conferred upon him, has served
but to render him the object of all good men's contempt, and the detestation of the vulgar!

From this lump of glutted avarice and swollen ambition, let us turn our eyes on brave Timoleon, whose untainted virtue would honour the highest dignities, yet is possessed of none but those derived to him from his illustrious ancestors: uncourting, unindebted to favour, a native greatness shines through his whole deportment; conscious worth, and innate peace of mind, smile in his eyes, at once commanding homage and affection: his name is never mentioned but with blessings; and the love and admiration of all degrees of people give him that solid grandeur which empty titles, and all the pomp of arrogance, would but in vain assume.

Who then would say it is not better to deserve than to receive? Who would not choose to be a Timoleon rather than a Xeuxis, did they well weigh the difference of characters before too far entered into the guilty labyrinth to be able to retreat?

There are, indeed, a sort of people in the world, who are too proud to be obliged; who think it their glory to refuse favours, even though they stand in the greatest need of them, and with a cynical surliness, affront, instead of thanking those who make offers of their friendship. This is a disposition which has nothing in it commendable; but as it arises only from too much greatness of mind, or what one may call honour overstrained, such a person can never be dangerous to society; and how little good soever he may be capable of doing to himself, he will be sure to do no hurt to others.

In an age so selfish and gain-loving as this of ours, there are but few examples of the kind I
have mentioned; I shall therefore present my readers with one which happened very lately, and is, I think, pretty extraordinary.

Leolin, a gentleman descended from one of the best families in Wales, and born to a considerable estate, had, from his very early years, been attached by the most tender passion to a young lady called Elmira, an heiress of 

1600! a year.—His vows had all the success he could desire; and if he thought that all the charms of the whole sex were united in his Elmira, she could find nothing worthy of her affection but her Leolin. Their fathers, who had been long intimate friends, approved their mutual flame; and when Leolin arrived at his twentieth year, and Elmira to that of sixteen, they resolved to join the hands of two persons, whose hearts had been united even before they knew either the nature, or the aim of the passion they were inspired with.

Accordingly the marriage-articles were drawn, and great preparations were making to solemnize the nuptials, when within two or three days of that which was intended to complete it, the father of Elmira had the misfortune to fall off his horse and break his leg, which turning into a mortification, was obliged to be cut off. Either want of skill in the surgeons, or his own obstinacy in not suffering the amputation to be above the knee, proved fatal to him, and he died in twenty-four hours after the operation.

This occasioned a melancholy delay of our lovers happiness. The virtuous and discreet Elmira could not think of devoting herself to the joys and gaiety of a bridal state immediately after the loss of a parent to whom she had been ex-
tremely dear, and whose indulgence she had always repaid with the most sincere filial duty and affection. Leolin himself, who shared in all her sorrows, durst not presume to press it; and his father was too great an observer of decency, as well as too much concerned for the death of his good old friend, to urge the completion of an affair, which though he very much desired, yet he thought might be more agreeable to all the parties concerned, when time had a little worn off the present poignancy of grief.

The first mourning being over, and the white garments accompanied with somewhat of a more cheerful aspect, the passionate Leolin began, by degrees, to remind his charming mistress of her engagement; and she was half-consenting to put an end to all his languishments, when a second, and, in its consequences, more fatal disappointment than the former, came between them and the felicity they expected.

The father of Leolin was taken suddenly ill: his indisposition terminated in a violent fever, which in a very few days took him from the world; but even this event, afflicting as it was to the son, proved a flight misfortune to that which immediately ensued.—The funeral obsequies were no sooner over, than the house of the young gentleman was forcibly entered by officers, who came to seize on all he had, by virtue of a deed of gift made, as they said, by his father some years before, to his brother's son. Leolin, impetuous by nature, opposed their passage all he could; but the number they brought with them by far exceeded those of his servants, and they took possession: on which he went to the house of a
neighbouring gentleman, who had been an intimate acquaintance of his father, complained to him of his wrongs, and intreated his advice.

Not only this person, but the chief gentlemen of the county, persuaded him to have recourse to law; it seeming highly improbable, that any father should give away the inheritance of an only son, and such a son as Leolin, who had never done any thing to disoblige him, and of whom he had always seemed extremely fond.

The kinsman, however, had his pretences, which, for the better understanding this mysterious affair, I must not pass over in silence. The mother of Leolin, when he was not above four or five years old, eloped from her husband, and took refuge in France with a gentleman who had formerly courted her, and whom she continued to love, to the eternal ruin of all that ought to be dear to womankind.

So manifest a proof of her unchastity, it is certain, made him disregard the young Leolin, for a time, as dubious if he were really of his blood; and witnesses were produced, who swore they had heard him say, “The bastard should never inherit an acre of his land;” and when they answered, “That it would not be in his power to cut him off,” he rejoined, “No matter, there were other courses to be taken.”

This they deplored that they understood as meant by the deed of gift now produced; and that since then he had treated Leolin as his son, and seemed to use him well, it was only to avoid any farther noise being made in the world of his dishonour while he lived, deferring to shew his resentment to the mother on the son, till after his decease.
In fine, after a long process the trial came on, and the kinsman had so wellconcerted his measures, that, in spite of all the probabilities that were against him, he got the better of Leolin; the judge only, in consideration of his having been bred a gentleman, and in the expectation of so large an estate, ordering he should be allowed 200l. per annum, out of so many thousands.

Few there were, however, who did not believe him greatly wronged; nor could the jury themselves reconcile, to their own reason, the verdict they were obliged to give on the evidence, who swore so positively, and corroborated their depositions with so many circumstances, that, in law, there was no possibility for the court to act otherwise than it did on this occasion.

Leolin, who, for his many good qualities, had always been highly esteemed and beloved in the country where he was born, had many friendly offers made him, and continual invitations from one house to another; but he would accept of none, avoided all conversation with those he was once intimate with, and shut himself up in a little farm-house, ordering the people belonging to it to suffer no person whatever to come to him.

But his behaviour with regard to Elmira was the most astonishing, and what indeed excited me to give this melancholy detail of his adventures. During the continuance of the law-suit, and while he had hope of overcoming his adversary, he was scarce ever from her; and, in spite of the vexation this cruel invasion of his birth-right had involved him in, found always a satisfaction in her unaltered and endearing conversation, which more than compensated for all the frowns of fortune.
But the moment he was cast, that he was certain his ruin was completed, he shunned her even more than all the world beside; and though her love, and the engagements between them, made her not to look upon it as a breach of modesty to write to him, to conjure him in the most pressing terms to come to her, and assured him the change in his circumstances had wrought no change in her affection; and that she was ready to make him a present of that with herself, yet could she not prevail on him to see her.

In fine, from the most affable and obliging of mankind, he was now become the most stern, morose, and ill-tempered; according to the poet,

"Great souls grow always haughty in distress."

In vain a mistress so lately beloved, admired, almost adored, now condescended to solicit him to accept all in her power to give: all the proofs she gave him of her tenderness, her constancy, her disinterested passion, served but to add new matter for his discontent; and, to get rid of her importunities, he at last sent one letter in answer to the many obliging ones he had received from her.—A friend of mine happening to be with her when it arrived, assured me it contained these lines:

"Madam,

"I believe there is no occasion for any assurances, that no man has ever loved with greater sincerity than I have done, or more passionately desired to be united to you for ever, while there remained the least hope of being so without rendering both of us the subject of ridicule.—In fine, I have still too much regard
for you, to have it said, you bought a husband,
and for myself, to think of submitting to the
slavish dependance of a wife's fortune.—Were
the balance on my side, I should not act in this
manner; but, as things are now circumstanced
between us, I beg you will give neither your-
self or me any further trouble on this score;
the most prudent step you can take for the peace
of both, is to think of me no more, since I ne-
ever can be, in the manner I once flattered my-
self with being,

Yours, &c. LEOLIN.

"P. S. I quit the place I am in this very mo-
ment, nor shall make any person in the world
the confidante of my retirement; so that no
letters can possibly come to my hands; but have
ordered the honest man who has been my host
for some time, to pay you 300l. which you may
remember I borrowed of you while my unhappy
law-affair was in agitation, and the interest due
upon the loan.—Adieu for ever; be assured, I
wish you much better than you do yourself."

Poor Elmira read the letter with tears in her
eyes, and cried out, "O what a noble mind is
here perverted! Quite changed from what he
was, by an ill-judging and injurious world!"
But when she came to the postscript, and the man
counted the money to her on the table, she grew
beyond all patience.—"How meanly must he
think of me! said she.—How little does he
know of Elmira!" And then again, "What!
am I turned usurer then!" This little indigna-
tion, however, soon subsided, and gave way to
the softer dictates of love and friendship: she ask-
ed the farmer a thousand questions concerning his
behaviour; conjured him to deal sincerely with her, and to inform her, whether he had really left his house or not, and, if he had, what road he took. 

To this he replied with a great deal of truth; that he had never seen a man so changed as to his humour, but that he did not think his brain was any way disordered: that some time past he sent for a money-scrivener, and sold the annuity ordered him for life for 1000l. part of which he had disposed of in paying all the little debts he had contracted since his misfortune, and had taken the remainder with him: that he went on horseback, but could not say what road, because he was forbid accompanying him even to the lane's end that led to his house.

In the present emotions of her various passions, she would certainly have followed him herself, could she have known what route to take, and either brought him back or gone with him; but as this was impossible, she dispatched men and horses every where she could think of, to each of whom she gave little billets, beseeching him by all he ever did or could love, to return to her, and not make them both miserable by a foolish punctilio, which the sense of the injuries he had sustained alone had put into his head.

The servants knowing their mistress's attachment, and besides having a very great respect for Leolin, who had been always extremely affable and liberal to them, spared no pains to execute their commission.

But all their endeavours were fruitless; Leolin, doubtless, suspecting what would be the consequence of his letter, and obstinate in his resolution, to suffer any thing rather than be under the least
obligation, even to the woman he loved, passed through such bye-ways as eluded all their search.

He came up to London, where having furnished himself with all things necessary for a campaign, he went a volunteer into the army. The little regard he had for life, joined to his natural impetuosity, hurried him into the thickest dangers, and he fell among many other gallant men at the battle of Dettingen.

An old officer, who had been an acquaintance of his father's, saw and knew him on his first coming into the camp; and, having heard the story of his misfortunes, offered him all the services in his power; but Leolin rejected every thing that might afford him any advantage, and continued determined to the last not to be obliged to any one.

It was this gentleman, who, on the account of his great age and many wounds, returning to England after the campaign was over, brought the account of him, who else perhaps might till this moment have been vainly fought by the disconsolate Elmira.

So anxious, so unhappy had she been from the time of his departure, that to hear he was no more could scarce add to it.—The news, however, encouraged several gentlemen to make their addresses to her, which, while he was living, in any circumstances, they knew would have been in vain; but they found his death of no service to their suit: his memory was still a rival, which all their efforts were too weak to surmount; to that she assures them she is wedded, and to that will to her last breath continue constant.

What now can we say of this Leolin, but that he was an honest, brave, and worthy man! Can
we help admiring him, at the same time that we condemn him! And had not that unhappy obstinacy, to which he fell a martyr, wounded at the same time the breast of the generous, the sweet Elmira, should we not have greatly compassionated a foible, which if we examine to the bottom, we shall find had its rise from a virtue in excess.

The love of freedom and independency, it seems, was his darling propensity; and though he had nothing in reality to fear from the excellence of Elmira's nature, yet to know himself obliged, and that there was even a possibility for her some time or other to think he was so, had somewhat in it which the greatness of his spirit could not submit to bear. I am apt to believe, that had he been reduced in the manner he was, and he been possessed of as many millions as he was born to thousands, he would, with the utmost pleasure, have thrown them at her feet, and found his greatest felicity in her acceptance.

Such a man must certainly have made a very great figure in the senate, had he ever arrived at being a member of it; and for the good of my country, I sincerely wish there were five hundred of the same way of thinking. What in private life was his greatest misfortune, would in a publicone have rendered him of the highest service to the present age, and endeared his name to late posterity. No careles,f no pensions, no ribbands, no preferments, would have had any influence over a person of his principles: resolute to support the native freedom of an Englishman, he would have uttered his mind without reserve; and the more he had been offered by a court parasite for his silence, the more warmly had he spoke in the
cause of liberty. Perhaps, indeed, he might have been too bold, and, for his particular mortification, have occasioned the Habeas Corpus act to be suspended; but what of that! It might have hurt some individuals, but must have been of general service, and have opened the eyes of those, who, more through indolence and luxury, than corruption, were made blind.

So far I blame him, in refusing a fine woman, whom he loved, and who had an estate which would have put it in his power to be of use to his country, which, heaven knows, and he could not have been ignorant of, stands in need of such supports; but as he was very young, and the consideration of these things had not time to make the impression it ought, I cannot but pity him, and lament the loss which the public have in a friend so qualified to serve the common interest.

All the young and gay of both sexes, who are advocates for the tender passion, I know, cannot find in their hearts to forgive him: as to the considerations I have mentioned, they will have indeed but very little weight with them. The griefs of Elmira will be accounted of infinite more consequence, and he will be looked upon as a man of a savage and barbarous soul, who, to gratify his pride, could forsake a lady that so truly loved, and had made him such condescensions. I grant that there was something cruel in the effects of his behaviour to her, yet I cannot help vindicating the cause; and I think I cannot do it more effectually, than by setting a character of a quite opposite nature in the same point of light with him.

White is best illustrated by being near to black; and the rough diamond, which at present appears...
of so little value, will rise in a more just estimation when placed near a common pebble.

Cleophil is what the world calls a fine gentleman; he is tall, well made, has a gay and lively air, a good fancy in dress, dances to perfection, tells a thousand agreeable stories, and is very entertaining in conversation.

Belliza, the only daughter of a late very eminent tradesman in the city, was the object of his flame; for though he was the most gallant man imaginable among all the ladies he came in company with, yet to this alone he made his addresses. It is certain, indeed, that nobody could condemn the choice he made of her; for besides the large fortune it was expected would be given her by her father, she had 2000L left by her grandmother, which was entirely at her own disposal. Her wealth, however, was the least motive to that envy with which many young gentlemen saw the favourable reception Cleophil was treated with by her. The most detracting of her own sex cannot but allow her to have beauty, wit, virtue, good-nature, and all the accomplishments that can attract both love and respect; and as for those of the other, there are few that see, without feeling for her somewhat more than bare admiration.

Never was a more passionate lover, to all appearance, than Cleophil; he seemed jealous even of the hours allowed for repose, because they deprived him of her presence; and would sometimes encroach on them, by bringing musicians under her window, to serenade her with songs, either of his own composing, or which he pretended were so.

She was extremely young, ignorant of the artifices and inconstancy of mankind, and as the
person of this admirer was agreeable to her, readily believed all he said, and returned his professions with the most tender and sincere ones on her part: nothing seemed wanting to complete their mutual felicity but her father's consent, whom she was too dutiful to disobey, and could not yet obtain.

The old gentleman had an idea of Cleophil very different from what his daughter had entertained: he looked on him as a man who had too much regard for interest to be so much in love as he pretended: he had a penetrating judgment, and easily discovered a great fund of self-sufficiency; and that arrogance and hypocrisy were hid beneath the specious shew of honour, generosity, and tenderness. But as he found the young Belliza gave him the preference to all who had made offers of the nature he did, he would not suddenly thwart her inclinations, but only seemed to delay what indeed he was very unwilling should come to pass. He imagined, that by repeated prolongations of giving any definitive answer, either the patience of the lover would be tired, or his daughter find something in him which might give her cause to alter her present favourable opinion: he wisely considered, that all youth is headstrong, and that whatever bent it takes, opposition only serves to render it more obstinate and blind to conviction; and though the temper of Belliza, in other things, might render her an exception to this general rule, yet he knew not how far she might be transported by her passion to act in a different manner from what any other motive could have excited her to do. He therefore thought, by neither seeming to contradict or approve her desires, to give her an
opportunity of discovering herself, what would not perhaps have gained the least credit with her from any other person.

The indifferent opinion he had of Cleophil, and his knowledge of human nature, which can seldom carry on a course of deceit for any long time, without elapsing into something that betrays itself, made him not doubt but this would happen as indeed it did, but by a way little foreseen, or even apprehended by him.

He had at that time two ships of his own at sea, very richly laden, the return of which he was daily expecting, when the melancholy news arrived that the one was wrecked, and the other taken by the Spaniards:—several others also, in which he had considerable shares, met with the same fate, so that his credit, as well as his spirits, was very much sunk:—bills came thick upon him, and he soon became unable to discharge them; a shock, which in the whole course of his dealing he had never known before! Belliza, in this exigence, intreated him to accept of her 2000 l. but he refused it, telling her he knew not but his other ventures abroad might be as unsuccessful as the last had been, and if so, the sum she was mistress of would be incapable of doing him any real service, and it would add to his misfortune to think, that for a short respite for himself, he had involved her in ruin with him.

This did not satisfy the dutiful and tenderly affectionate Belliza; she continued to press him with the utmost aridency not to reject her suit, till he at last assured her, that the demands on him were so large and numerous, that less than 4000 l. would not preserve his credit till the time in which
he might reasonably hope to hear from Hamburgh, Turkey, and some other places where he trafficked. She then proposed to break the matter to Cleophil, who she knew had a considerable sum in the bank, and doubted not but he would be glad of such an opportunity to shew the love and respect he had for their family.

The father coolly answered, that she might do as she thought proper, and that if the young gentleman obliged him in this point, he should take all the care he could not to let him be a loser.

It was not that he imagined his daughter would have any success in this negociation that he permitted her to attempt it, but because he was willing she should put a friendship she had so much confidence in, to the test.

Having obtained his permission, she sent immediately for her lover, and in a few words related to him the present occasion there was for her father to be supplied with so much ready cash, and then added, that as she was in possession of no more than half the sum required, she did not doubt but he would lay down the other part.

As she had no anxiety in making this request, because assured in her own mind of its being granted, she never thought of examining his countenance while she was speaking; which, if she had, it would have been easy for her to perceive the change that was in it. All the rapture with which he flew to receive her commands was now no more, and in its place was substituted an air of distance, mixed with surprize. When she had done speaking, he told her, "he was extremely sorry for her father's misfortunes, but doubted not, as he was a man very much beloved among
the persons he dealt with, they would have patience with him till he could hear from abroad, and would advise him rather to make a trial of their good-nature, than put himself to any straits for the money to pay them immediately."

"How, Cleophil! cried she, quite thunderstruck to hear him speak in this manner, do you call it straits to make use, for a short time, of what his own daughter, and a person who has pretended he wishes nothing more than to be his son, have it in their power to furnish him with! —Sure he has a right to demand all we can do to serve him!"

"No doubt he has, madam, answered he, still more reserved, and I should rejoice in any opportunity to oblige him; but I am under an unfortunate engagement never to lend money on any account whatever: my father, at his death, exacted an oath from me, which there is no possibility of my dispensing with, nor do I believe you will desire it of me."

"No, Cleophil, resumed she, almost bursting with inward rage and grief, you never shall be perjured at my request:—too much already you are so in the false vows you have made of disinterested and inviolable love."

He made some faint efforts to convince her of the sincerity of his passion; but she easily saw they were but words of course, and such as no man could well avoid speaking to a woman he had ever pretended to love, and therefore replied to them accordingly.

As he found now there was no possibility of her being mistress of that fortune, which as it proved was the chief motive of his addresses, he was not
at all concerned that his excuses had no greater effect upon her; and though when she told him she was ashamed to remember that she ever had any confidence in him, or regard for him, he replied, "that when she ceased to think well of him, he "should be the most miserable of mankind;" yet his eyes, and the accent of his voice so little corresponded with his words, that what he said seemed rather meant in irony than reality.

In fine, they entirely broke off:—she obliged him to take back all the presents he had made her, and the letters she had received from him, and desired he would return those she had sent to him as soon as possible. At parting, to preserve the fine gentleman, as he thought, he affected an infinity of grief, which, as she easily saw through, she but the more despised him for, and for his sake almost the whole sex.

Now will I appeal to those who have been the least willing to excuse the behaviour of my Welch hero, if the character of Leolin is not amiable when compared with that of Cleophil. Belliza, indeed, was less unhappy than Elmira, because the meanness of soul which she discovered in her lover, gave an immediate cure to the inclination she had for his person; whereas the true greatness of Leolin's way of thinking preserved a lasting tenderness in his mistress, which made her partake in all his sufferings, and even continue devoted to his memory when himself was no more. But to return:—

When the father of Belliza thought his affairs most desperate, and there seemed not the least probability of his being able to retrieve himself, heaven, by an unexpected way, sent him relief:—A brother of his, who had lived a long time in the
East Indies, and by his honest industry and frugality acquired a large fortune, died without issue, and left him the sole heir of all his wealth. The news arrived just as a statute of bankruptcy was about to be taken out against him; which, according to the custom of the world, made a great change. He might now command what sums he pleased;—nobody was in haste to have their bills discharged;—all, like Timon's friends in the play, endeavoured to gloss over the terrors of their former treatment of him, and nothing was omitted to regain that good-will from him they had but too justly deserved to lose for ever.

Cleophil, above all, cursed his ill stars:—what would he not now have done to reinstate himself in Belliza's favour! Belliza, now a greater fortune than ever, was more than ever adored by him. He wrote;—he prevailed on several who visited her to speak in his behalf;—he pretended to fall sick on her account;—ordered it to be given out, that he had many times since their quarrel attempted to destroy himself;—tried every stratagem,—employed every artifice,—but all alike in vain:—the contempt she had for him increased by the means he took to lessen it, and by much exceeded all the inclination she ever had for him while she believed he merited it:—she blessed the misfortunes which had shewn him to her in his proper colours, and made a firm resolution never more to suffer herself to give credit to the professions of any one man, till her father should have made a sufficient scrutiny into his character and temper, to be able to judge of his sincerity.

She found the happy effects of the prudent reserve with which she now behaved to all mankind.
She was in a short time addressed by a young gentleman much superior in birth, fortune, and good sense to Cleophil, and had as great a share of real affection for her as that unworthy lover had pretended. Her father approved highly of him for a son, and she could not refuse her heart to so accomplished a person, after being told by him, whose judgment she was determined to rely upon, that she could not err in doing so.

They have been married somewhat more than a year, in which time he has made her mother of a fine son, who is the only rival either of them has in the tenderness of the other. The old gentleman has received all the effects he expected from abroad:—They all live together in the most perfect harmony; and the short anxiety of mind they had endured on the score of his losses, serves only to give their present happiness a higher relish.

The story of this family, and many other such like instances which daily happen in the world, methinks, should make whatever misfortunes we may labour under for the present fit more easy on us, in the hope, that while the play of life continues, we have yet a chance for better scenes.

I have somewhere read of an antient philosopher, who, whenever any very ill accident befell him, made invitations to his friends, entertained them in the most cheerful manner, and appeared extremely happy in his mind:—but, on the contrary, on the arrival of any thing for which other people expect congratulations, he shut himself up in his chamber, fasted, wept, and in his whole deportment had all the tokens of a person under some incondolable affliction. On being asked the reason of a behaviour so contradictory to that of
all mankind besides, he replied, "Those who wonder to see me merry in adversity, and sad in a more prosperous condition, do not consider what Fortune is, or do not rightly understand the nature of that fickle deity. Is she not ever fleeting,—ever changing, and generally from one extreme to the other?—How then, when any good befalls me, can I avoid being under the most terrible apprehensions that an adequate evil will immediately ensue?—And when any mischief has happened to me, have not I reason to rejoice in the expectation that the same proportion of happiness is at hand?"

The humour of this philosopher was very extraordinary indeed, and one may justly say, he strained the point beyond what it will well bear; yet, upon the whole, there is somewhat of reason in it, according to Mr Dryden:

"Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
"Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene."

But not to have recourse to caprice or fiction to enable us to support calamities which heaven sometimes inflicts on us, we ought to consider, that by well bearing them, we have the better claim to hope an alternative in our favour. A desponding temper is, of all others, the least pleasing both to God and man; it shews a diffidence in the one, and to the other a want of that complaisance which is due from us to society.

Can any thing, if we consider rightly, be more rude than to disturb the cheerfulness of whatever conversation we come into, with a melancholy detail of our private misfortunes!—They are our own, and ours alone, and a man ought no more
to wish to infect others with his grief, than with his diseases.

Those who imagine they find ease in complaining, are of a very mean and selfish disposition. A great spirit is almost as much ashamed of pity as of contempt; and a generous one will never endure to excite that sorrow from which pity naturally flows.

Indeed, where proximity of blood, or the more binding ties of friendship, afford a reasonable expectation of relief in any exigence of fortune, it would be a foolish pride to withhold the knowledge of it, and what they may justly suspect was owing to a want of that confidence which is the only cement of a true affection, and also betrays somewhat of a despondency, which it is much better to try every thing, depend on every thing, and even cheat ourselves into a belief of impossibilities, rather than give way to.

Foreigners will have it, that there is somewhat in our climate which renders this unhappy propensity more natural to us than to any other nation; and I believe the frequent changes in the weather, and a certain heaviness in the air at some seasons of the year, may indeed contribute greatly to it; but I fear there may also be other causes assigned, which it lies solely in ourselves to remove, and which, if we do not speedily do, the reflections made upon us abroad will carry a severer sting than we are yet aware of.

Our climate, I suppose, is the same it ever was; our hemisphere is no more clouded with vapours; our winds no more variable than some ages past; yet I challenge any of the foreign ones to
produce half the number of sad examples of dep
spondency than these latter ones have done.

Let us not therefore lay the whole blame of
those unhappy actions we daily hear of, on ele-
mental causes, or depreciate a climate which has,
and I hope again may be productive of the brightest
geniuses, and bravest spirits that ever any country
had to boast of. It is not the ill aspect of the stars,
nor the unkindly influence of the moon, has wrought
this effect on us, but our falling off from the virtues
of our ancestors:—the change is in ourselves;—
and while all seem eager to undo, or be undone,
it is not to be wondered at, that the horrors of
conscious guilt on the one hand, and the contempt
and miseries of poverty on the other, should hurry
many of us to deeds of desperation.

The fatal source of all the calamities we labour
under, is an indulgence of those destructive pas
sions, which in their beginning might be easily
rooted out; but once suffered to get head, not all
our resolution will have power to subdue. Avar-
rice, ambition, luxury, and pride, are the very
tyrants of the mind: they act without council,
are above all restraint, and having once depofed
Reason from her throne, render her even subservi
tent to their basest aims.

How then can those who have the care of youth
answer to themselves the neglect of so material a
point, as not inculcating early into them an abhor-
rence of these destructive vices! This is a duty
which principally belongs to parents; but when
other, no less indispensable, avocations deny them
leisure for discharging it;—sickness, or old age,
renders them unable, or indolence unwilling, to
do it; the least they can do, is to choose persons properly qualified for this mighty trust.

Few people of condition, indeed, but take care that those they set over their children shall be such as are capable of instructing them in all the modish accomplishments of life; but however necessary that may be towards procuring them a character of good breeding, it ought not to come into competition with that of good reputation. Governors and governesses, therefore, should not so much be chosen for their skill in language, —fencing, —dancing, playing on music, or having a perfect knowledge of the beau-monde, as for their sobriety, morality, and good conduct. Their example ought to be such as should enforce their precepts, and by shewing the beauty of a regular life in themselves, make their pupils fall in love with it, and endeavour an imitation.

It were almost as well, if not entirely so, to leave a young gentleman to his own management, as to put him under the care of one, who, to endear himself to him, shall flatter his vices, because it is giving him a sanction, as it were, for all the irregularities he may take it in his head to commit.—Too many instances of this may be found among those who are at an infinite expense in travelling for improvement, yet bring home little besides the worst part of the nations where they have been.

Would people of fashion but give themselves time to reflect how great an ascendant the very name of Governor has over their children, they would certainly be more cautious on whom they conferred it. Methinks the story of the young rich Mercator, yet recent in every one's memory, should be a warning not only to the friends, but
even to every gentleman himself who is going to
travel, to be well acquainted with the character
and principles of him who is to attend him in the
above-mentioned quality.

He was the only son of a wealthy foreign mer-
chant, who losing both his parents while he was
yet an infant, was left to the guardianship of two
persons, of whose integrity his father had many
proofs. Nor had the young Mercator any reason
to complain of their abusing the trust reposed in
them.

They used him with the same tenderness they
could have done had he been their only son;—
they put him to the best schools;—they saw that
the masters did their duty by him;—and when he
had finished all that a home education could be-
now, they thought fit to send him, for his greater
improvement, to make the tour of Europe.

The only care they now had upon their hands,
was to find a person whose abilities for a governor
were well attested. It is certain they spared no
pains for that purpose, and were at last recom-
mended to one who had all the appearance of a so-
ber gentleman, had travelled before in the capaci-
ty, and was well acquainted both with the langua-
ges and customs of those places which they in-
tended their young charge should see.

It gave them a very great satisfaction to ima-
gine they had found one who so well answered
their desires; but Mercator much more, to be
under the direction of a person, who, he was well
convinced, would not be severe on his pleasures.
This young gentleman was of an amorous con-
stitution, and contracted an intimacy with a woman,
who, tho' far from being handsome in her person,
and of a character the most infamous that could be, he was nevertheless fond of to a very great degree. He had happened to be in company with the person who was afterwards made choice of for his governor, at the lodgings of this prostitute, and some others of the same profession; and when he saw him with his guardians, though he had now assumed a very different air, well remembered he was the same with whom he had passed more than one night in rioting and debauchery.

In fine, they soon came to a perfect understanding of each other; and when the time arrived for their departure, the complaisant governor was far from opposing his pupil's taking this fille-de-joye with him.

Paris was the first place at which they stayed any time; and our young traveller was so taken up with the gaieties he found there, that he was in no haste to quit it, which his governor perceiving, thought fit to humour him in; and accordingly they took a fine hotel, lived in the most voluptuous manner, and Marian, for so I shall call the partner of the looser pleasures of the unhappy Mercator, shared with them in all the wild frolics they were continually inventing for the passing away those hours, which the careful guardians at home flattered themselves were employed in a far different way.

After having wasted near a year in this manner, Mercator was suddenly taken sick; whether the disease he laboured under was brought on him by his excesses, or by any other more secret cause, I will not take upon me to determine, nor do I hear of any one that can be more positive; but
this is certain, that his disordered lay greatly in his head, and he was often very delirious.

It is to be supposed, that in one of these fits it was that the governor wrought on him to send for a priest and a notary-public at the same time; the one married him to Marian, and the other drew up a testament, in which he bequeathed that woman, by the name and title of his wife, the sum of 60,000l. and 40,000l. which was the whole remainder of his fortune, to his dear friend and governor, as a recompence for the great care he had taken both of his soul and body.

These were the words of his will, which being signed, sealed, and in all points duly executed, in the presence of several witnesses, the testator, as having no more to do with life, or those he was among having no more for him to do, expired, as I have been told, in the most intolerable agonies.

Marian, in those altered circumstances, soon after returned to England with him who shared in poor Mercator's fortune, and whom she married the moment the decency she now affected in her new grandeur would permit.

The guardians and other friends of the deceased gentleman, made all imaginable enquiry into this business, but could receive only dark hints, and such conjectures as were not sufficient to commence a process upon: but with what vexation they see this wicked pair roll in their coach and fix, and triumph in their guilt, any one may imagine.

It will not be expected I should comment on this action, because I have already said the truth of the particulars is yet hid in darkness: what time may produce, I know not; but at present every
one is at liberty to judge as they think most agreeable to the nature of the thing. All I propose by relating it, is to remind those who have any young gentlemen to send abroad, that they cannot be too scrutinious into the principles of the persons entrusted with the direction of them.

BOOK IV.

HOW glorious a privilege has man above all other sublunary beings! who, though indigent, unpitied, forsaken by the world, and even chained in a dungeon, can, by the aid of divine contemplation, enjoy all the charms of pomp, respect, and liberty!—transport himself in idea, to whatever place he wishes, and grasp in theory imagined empires!

Unaccountable is it, therefore, that so many people find an irksomeness in being alone, tho' for never so small a space of time!—Guilt, indeed, creates perturbations, which may well make retirement horrible, and drive the self-tormented wretch into any company, to avoid the agonies of remorse; but I speak not of those who are afraid to reflect, but of those who seem to me not to have the power to do it.

There are several of my acquaintance of both sexes, who lead lives perfectly inoffensive, and when in company appear to have a fund of vivacity, capable of enlivening all the conversation they come into; yet, if you happen to meet them
after half an hour's solitude, are for some minutes the most heavy lumpish creatures upon earth. Ask them if they are indisposed? they will drawl out, "No, they are well enough." If any misfortune has befallen them? still they answer, "No," in the same stupid tone as before, and look like things inanimate, till something is said or done to reinspire them. One would imagine they were but half awake from a deep sleep; and indeed their minds during this lethargy, may be said to have been in a more inactive state than even that of sleep, for they have not so much as dreamed: but I think they may justly enough be compared to clock work, which has power to do nothing of itself till wound up by another.

Whatever opinion the world may have of the wit of persons of this cast, I cannot help thinking there is a vacuum in the mind;—that they have no ideas of their own;—and only thro' custom, and a genteel education, are enabled to talk agreeably on those of other people. A real fine genius can never want matter to entertain itself: and tho' on the top of a mountain, without society, and without books, or any exterior means of employment, will always find that within which will keep it from being idle:—memory and recollection will bring the transactions of past times to view: observation and discernment point out the present with their causes;—and fancy, tempered with judgment, anticipate the future. This power of contemplation and reflection it is that chiefly distinguishes the human from the brute creation, and proves that we have souls which are in reality sparks of that Divine, Omniscient, Omnipresent Being, whence we all boast to be derived.
The pleasures which an agreeable society bestows, are indeed the most elegant we can taste; but even that company we like best would grow insipid and tiresome, were we to be forever in it; and to a person who knows how to think justly, it would certainly be as great a mortification never to be alone, as to be always so.

Conversation, in effect, but furnishes matter for contemplation;—it exhilarates the mind, and fits it for reflection afterwards. Every new thing we hear in company raises in us new ideas in the closet or on the pillow; and as there are few people but one may gather something from, either to divert or improve, a good understanding will, like the industrious bee, suck out the various sweets, and digest them in retirement. But those who are perpetually hurrying from one company to another, and never suffer themselves to be alone but when weary Nature summons them to repose, will be little amended, tho' the maxims of a Seneca were to be delivered to them in all the enchanting eloquence of a Tully.

But not to be more improved, is not the worst mischief that attends an immoderate aversion to solitude. People of this humour, rather than be alone, fly into all company indiscriminately, and sometimes fall into such as they have reason to repent their whole lives of having ever seen; for tho' they may not possibly reap any advantage from the good, their reputations must certainly, and perhaps their morals and fortune too, will suffer very much from the bad; and where we do not give ourselves leisure to choose, it is rarely we happen or the former, as they are infinitely the smaller num-
ber, and also less easy of access to those whose characters they are unacquainted with.

Many young persons of both sexes owe their ruin to this one unfortunate propensity of loving to be always in company; and it is the more dangerous, as nobody takes any pains to conquer it in themselves, but on the contrary, are apt to mistake it for a laudable inclination, and look on those who preach up the happiness of a more retired life, as phlegmatic and vapourish. I doubt not but I shall pass for such in the opinion of many of my readers, who are too volatile to consider that it is not a ful-len, cynical, total, avoiding of society that I recommend, but a proper love of solitude at some times, to enable us to relish with more pleasure, as well as to be essentially the better for conversation at others, and also to select such for our companions as may be likely to answer both these ends.

Nor is it only where there is a difference of sex that I think youth ought to be upon its guard; the dangers in that case are too universally allowed to stand in need of any remonstrances, and yet perhaps are not greater than others which both may happen to fall in among those of their own. Are not almost all the extravagances, parents with so much grief behold their children guilty of, owing to ill-chosen company?—Great is the privilege of example, and some are so weak as to think they must do as they see others do. The fear of being laughed at has made many a young gentleman run into vices to which his inclination was at first averse; but, alas! by habituie become more pleasing to him, he has in his turn played the tempter's part, and made it his glory to seduce others as himself had been seduced. It is this love
of company, more than the diversions mentioned in the bills, that make our ladies run galloping in troops every evening to masquerades, balls, and assemblies in winter, and in the summer to Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Cuper’s Garden, Mary-le-bon, Sadler’s Wells, both old and new, Goodman’s Fields, and twenty other such like places, which in this age of luxury serve as decoys to draw the thoughtless and upwary together, and, as it were, prepare the way for other more vitious excesses: for there are, and of condition too, not a few (as I am informed by the Gnomes who preside over midnight revels) that, going with no other intention, than to partake what seems an innocent recreation, are prevailed upon by the love of company, either to remain in these houses, or adjourn to some other place of entertainment, till the sweet harbinger of day, Aurora, awakes, and blushes to behold the order of nature thus perverted; nor then perhaps would separate, did not wearied limbs, heavy languid eyes, and dirty linen, remind them of repairing to their respective habitations, where having lain awhile, they rise, drefs, and go again in quest of new company, and new amusements.

Heaven forbid, and I am far from suggesting, that to run such lengths as these should be common to all who hate retirement and reflection: fortune is sometimes kinder than our endeavours merit, and by not throwing any temptations in our way, renders our carelessness of no worse consequence than being deprived of those solid pleasures which flow from a consciousness of having behaved according to the dictates of honour and reason.

But suppose we make some allowances to a few of the very young and gay, especially the beautiful,
and high-born, who, by a mistaken fondness in their parents, from the moment they were capable of understanding what was said to them, heard nothing but flattery, and are made to believe they came into the world for no other purpose than to be adored and indulged, what can we say for those who had a different education, and are of riper years?—How little excuse is there for a gadding matron, or for a woman who ought to have the care of a house and family at heart!—How odd a figure does the mother of five or six children make at one of these nocturnal rambles; and how ridiculous is it for a person in any trade or avocation to be, or affect to be, above the thought of all oeconomy, and make one in every party of pleasure that presents itself? Yet such as these are no prodigies. All kinds of regulation and management require some small reflection and recess from company, and these are two things so terrible to some people, that they will rather suffer every thing to be ruined, than endure the fatigue of thought.

A young widow of my acquaintance, rich, beautiful, and gay, had scarce fullied the blackness of her weeds, before she ventured to take for a second husband a man, who, had she once considered on what she was about to do, she would have found had no one quality that could promise her any felicity with him. He had not been married a month before he loaded her with the most gross abuse, turned her innocent babes out of doors, and affronted all her friends who came to reason with him on the injustice and cruelty of his behaviour. The unadvised step she had taken, indeed, but little merited compassion for the event; but the sweetness of disposition with which she had
always treated all who knew her, rendered it impossible not to have a fellow-feeling of the calamities she laboured under. A particular friend of her's, however, took one day the liberty of asking how she could throw away herself on a person so every way undeserving of her? To which she made this short, but sincere reply:—"Ah! said she, it is a sad thing to live alone." To this the other might have returned, that she could not be said to be alone, who had a mother to advise, and three sweet children to divert her most melancholy hours; but this would have been only adding to her affliction, and her condition, being now irremediable, required consolation.

Perhaps the reading this short detail of the misfortune her inadvertency had brought upon her, may give her some palpitations which I should be sorry to occasion; but as she is a much lamented instance of the danger to which any one may be subjected through want of a due reflection, I could not forbear mentioning it as a warning to others.

When this immoderate desire of company remains in persons of an advanced age, tho' it threatens less mischief, it is more ridiculous than in the younger fort. I know a lady, who, by her own confession, is no less than sixty-five, yet in all that long length of time has treasured up nothing in her mind wherewith she can entertain herself two minutes. She has been a widow for several years, has a jointure sufficient to support a handsome equipage, is without children, or any other incumbrance, and might live as much respected by the world as she is really contemptted, could she prevail on herself to reflect what sort of behaviour...
would be most becoming in a woman of her age and circumstances.

But instead of living in a regular decent manner, she roams from place to place, hires lodgings at three or four different houses at the same time, lies one night at St James's, another at Covent-Garden, a third perhaps at Westminster, and a fourth in the city:—nor does she look on this as a sufficient variety:—she has at this moment apartments at Richmond,—Hammersmith, Kensington, and Chelsea, each of which she visits two or three times at least every month; so that her time is passed in a continual whirl from one home to another, if any can be justly called so: but it seems as if she had an aversion to the very name; for the room she pays for, she dwells in the least, seldom eats in any of them, and forces herself as it were into those of other people, where she sends in a stock of provision sufficient for the whole family, in order to purchase for herself a welcome. But as people of any figure in the world would not accept of such favours, and those of good sense not endure to be deprived of the privilege of thinking their own thoughts, and entertaining their own friends, it can be only the extremely necessitous, or those who have as little on their heads as herself, that will submit to have their lodgings and time taken up in this manner.

Poor woman! How does she lavish away a handsome income!—how foreseit all pretensions to good understanding and good breeding, merely for the sake of being permitted to talk as much as she pleases without contradiction, and being never alone but when asleep!—I have been told by those who are to be depended upon, that the moment she
is out of bed, she runs with her flays and petticoats into the next neighbour's chamber, not being able to live without company even till she is dressed.

There are people so uncharitable, as to believe some latent crime hangs heavy on the minds of all those who take so much pains to avoid being alone; but I am far from being of that number; it is my opinion, that neither this old rattle I have mentioned, nor many others who act in the same manner, ever did a real hurt to any one. Those who are incapable of thinking, are certainly incapable of any premeditated mischief; and, as I have already said, seem to me a set of insensibles, who never act of themselves, but are acted upon by others.

Before one passes so cruel a censure, one should certainly examine, I mean not the lives and characters, for they may deceive us, but at what point of time this aversion to solitude commenced:—if from childhood, and so continued even to the extremest old age, it can proceed only from a weakness in the mind, and is deserving our compassion; but if from taking that satisfaction in contemplation and retirement, which every reasonable soul finds in it, one sees a person has turned to the reverse,—start, even while in company, at the bare mention of quitting it, and flies solitude as an house on fire, one may very well suspect some secret crime has wrought so great a transition, and that any conversation, though the most insipid and worthless, seems preferable to that which the guilty breast can furnish to itself.

I am well aware, that there is another motive; besides either a want of power to think, or a consciousness of having done what renders thought a
pain, that induces many people to avoid being alone as much as possible; and that is, when the mind is oppressed with any very severe affliction. To be able to reflect on our misfortunes, goes a great way towards bearing them with that fortitude which is becoming the dignity of human nature; but all have not courage to do it, and those who have, would sink beneath the weight of grief, were they to indulge the memory of what occasioned it.

This I am sensible is the case of many who pass for persons of good understanding, and the excuse is allowed by the generality of the world as a reasonable one; but yet I must beg their pardon, when I say, that whatsoever share of fine sense they may shew in other things, they betray a very great deficiency in this. The relaxation which noise and hurry may afford, is but short-lived, and are so far from removing that burden which the spirit labours under, that they afterwards make it felt with double weight.

Some are so madly stupid, as to attempt to lose the thoughts of one evil, by running into others of perhaps worse consequence. I mean that of drinking, and some other excesses, equally pernicious both to fortune and constitution; but how false a relief this gives, I need only appeal to those who have made the trial.

Would such people be prevailed upon to make a little reflection before it is too late, they would certainly have recourse to more solid consolations. —Would not the works of some of our most celebrated poets divert a melancholy hour much more than all the rhodomontades of a vague idle conversation! Would not the precepts of philo-
B. IV. SPECTATOR.

sophy, of which so many excellent treatises have been wrote, give them more true courage than all the bottle can inspire!—And above all, would not the duties of an entire submission and resignation to the Almighty Disposer of all things, so often and so strenuously recommended, be infinitely more efficacious to quiet all perturbations of the mind, than any vain amusements of what kind soever!

It is not that I would persuade anyone to a continual poring over books; too much reading, tho' of the best authors, is apt to dull the spirits, and destroy that attention which alone can render this employment profitable. A few good maxims, well digested by reflection, dwell upon the memory, and are not only a remedy for present ills, but also a kind of antidote against any future ones that fate may have in store.

But it may be said, that this advice can only be complied with by persons of condition; and as for the meaner part, it cannot be imagined that they have either time or capacities to enable them to square themselves by such rules:—this indeed must be allowed; but then it must also be allowed, that they can the least afford to waste what time they have in such fruitless attempts as they generally make use of for forgetting their cares; and as to their capacities, we are to suppose that every one understands the trade of business to which he has been bred, and, in my opinion, nothing is more plain than that an industrious application to that, would be his best relief for any vexation he is involved in, as well as the surest means of avoiding falling into others.

Upon the whole, it denotes a meanness of soul, not to be forgiven even in the lowest rank of peo-
ple, much less those of a more refined education, when, to shun the remembrance perhaps of a trifling affliction, they run into irregularities, each of which their reason might inform them would be productive of greater ills than any they yet had to lament; and is so far from affording any relief, that it serves only to give new additions to their former disquiets, according to the poet, justly describing this fever of the mind,

"Restless they toss, and turn about their feverish will,
"When all their ease must come by lying still."

But what can be more amazing, than that persons, who have no one thing upon earth to incommode them, should not be able to take any pleasure in contemplating on the tranquility of their situation! —Yet so it is: there are those in the world, and in the great world too, who being possessed of everything they can wish, and frequently much more than either they deserve, or could ever expect, seem altogether insensible of the benefits they receive from heaven, or any obligations they may have to man. This, methinks, is an indolence of nature, which can never be too much guarded against, because whoever is guilty of it, becomes ungrateful and unjust, without knowing he is so, and incurs the censure of all who are acquainted with him, for omissions which himself is wholly ignorant of, and if he were not so, would perhaps be very far from meriting.

The beautiful and noble widow, who is so good never to fail making one in our little society, was inclined to impute this thoughtless behaviour in many people to the negligence of those
SPECTATOR.

who, having the care of their education, did not inspire them with proper notions of the necessity there is for every body to enter sometimes into themselves; but we are all against her in this point, and she was easily convinced, that though this was certainly a duty incumbent on all who had the government of youth, yet without some share of a natural bent that way, no lessons would be effectual; and that where the spirits were too volatile, any confinement, though for never so short a space of time, would rather mope than render them profitably serious.

But after all that has, or can be said, the world is more inclinable to excuse this defect than any other I know of:—a person who loves to be always in company, and accept of any fort rather than be alone, is accounted a good-natured harmless creature; and though it is impossible they can be magnified for any extraordinary virtues or qualifications, what they lose in respect is for the most part made up with love. They have rarely any enemies; and the reason is plain, they are generally merry, never contradict whatever is said or done, nor refuse any thing that is asked of them. People of a middling understanding like their conversation;—the most weak are in no awe of them; and the wisest will sometimes suffer themselves to be diverted by them:—in fine, every body is easy with them, and how easy they are to themselves in all events, there are innumerable instances.

Belinda is descended of a good family among the gentry, is agreeable without being a beauty, and has somewhat of a sparkle in her conversation, which with many people passes for wit; for,
as she never gives herself the trouble to think what she is about to say, but speaks all that comes into her head, some very smart things frequently fall from her, which, being reported afterwards in other companies, serve, in this undistinguishing age, to establish her character. She came very early into the great world, and her youth and a new face were sufficient to make her to be taken notice of by Rinaldo, as his quality was to make her pleased and vain of his address; but that great person looks upon it as derogatory to his dignity to attach himself to any particular mistress, so that the amour between them continued no longer than just to say there had been one.

Some women would have been inconsolable to find themselves no sooner gained than abandoned; their pride, if not their love, would have made them regret the loss of so illustrious an admirer; but Belinda was just the same laughing, rallying, romping creature as before; she seemed no more affected by this change, than she had been at the reproofs given to her by her friends on the first rumour of her intimacy with Rinaldo; and Lavallie, a man of no less gallantry and inconstancy, succeeded to her affection, if that kind of liking, which serves only to amuse an idle hour, is worthy to be called so.

Equally gay, inconsiderate, and regardless of the censure of the world, this intrigue was managed with so little circumspection, that it soon reached the ears of Manella, the wife of Lavallie, a lady infinitely fond of her husband, and so tenacious of the rights of love, that even a tender glance to any other woman seemed the most unpardonable injury to her. But though she had been enough accus-
tomed to vexations of that kind, to have inured a person less vehement in her passions to have borne them with more patience, and the little advantage she gained over him by publishing all the discoveries she made of his amours, might have made her see that it would have been greater prudence in her to be silent; yet the greatness of her spirit would not suffer her to sit tamely down under the least indignity offered to her love or beauty. She reproached him on the score of Belinda, with a bitterness which, perhaps to revenge, he persisted in his intrigue with that lady much longer than his inclination, without having been thus provoked, would have prompted him to; and the rage she was in, served (being reported to Belinda) to make that thoughtless creature triumph in the power of her own charms, and instead of giving her the least share of shame or remorse, afforded her matter of merriment and ridicule.

Manella, finding all she could say to her husband was far from working the effect she desired, was resolved to fly to any extremities to break off the intercourse between him and this hated rival:—she knew very well that Rinaldo had once a liking to that young lady, and though he seemed at present entirely divested of his former inclinations, yet she imagined it might pique him to be told that one he had honoured with his address should condescend to receive those of a person so much his inferior; and therefore flattered herself that he would not fail to lay his commands on Lavallie to defist his visits to her, especially when he had so plausible a pretence for it, as the complaints of a wife.

She therefore threw herself at his feet, inform-
ed him of every thing she had heard, and, with a
shower of tears, beseeched him to exert the autho-
ritv he had over her perfidious husband, to oblige
him to return to his first vows, and not entirely
break the heart of a woman, who had merited him
more for love than intereft, and had never swerved,
even in thought from the duties of her place.

The noble Rinaldo easily saw into the thing,
but would not seem to do so; and would fain have
persuaded Manella there was no foundation for her
fuspicions; but she was not to be fo easily put off.
She renewed her intreaties; she repeated the rea-
sons which convinced her of the injustice done
her, and became fo importunate, that he at laft
promised to speak to Lavallie to be at least more
circumfpect in his behaviour.

Whether this great perfon thought any far-
ther on it is uncertain, but chance and the inad-
vertency of the parties concerned gave the jealous
Manella a sufficient opportunity to vent all her
enraged soul was full of, on the persons who had
wronged her.

She happened one day to go to a millener's
where she was accustomed to buy some trifles be-
longing to her dress, and finding the mistress of
the house not in the shop, ran directly up stairs,
where was kept a kind of lace chamber. Though
she had been often there, and was perfectly ac-
quainted with the room, by accident she pushed
open the door of another, which being but just
thrown to, without being locked, easily gave her
admittance, and afforded her a prospect she little
expected,—her husband and Belinda in a situation,
such as might have assured her of their guilt, had
she not been fo before.
Astonishment at finding them in that place for some moments kept her silent, as shame and vexation to be thus caught did them; but the millener, who hearing she was come up stairs, and fearing the consequence, came running into the room, and was beginning to make some awkward excuses,—such as crying to Lavallie and Belinda, "Good Heaven, how came you here!—And you, "Madam! to Manella. Bless me! sure you have "all mistaken the apartment! nobody ever comes "into this room but for"—"But for private pur- "poses, infamous woman!" cried Manella, in a voice quite hoarse with passion, which rose with so much vehemence in her throat, as to render what she said scarce intelligible; then flew at her, at Belinda, and her husband, railing, shrieking, scratching, and throwing promiscuously the patch, powder-boxes, and every thing that stood upon the toilette:—till Lavallie, recovered from the confusion which the surprize of her first enterance had thrown him in, ran to her, held her hands, and told her if she did not behave with more moderation, he would oblige her to it by worse usage.

This menace only served to give fresh addition to her fury, and that increasing her strength she broke from him, and flying to the window, where she perceived he had laid his sword, instantly drew it, and made at Belinda with such precipitation, that it was as much as Lavallie could do to save his mistress from feeling a fatal effect of her desperation.

By superior force, however, he disarmed this enraged amazon, though not without cutting his own hands in the struggle. All this time there was such a mingled sound of curses, shrieks, cries
of murder, and stamping on the floor, as must be very alarming to those who heard it.

As this millener got infinitely more by her private customers than by her public, and kept a house chiefly for the meeting of persons of condition, Rinaldo, who at that time had a new flame, and was come to gratify it with the beloved object, heard this disturbance from an adjacent chamber; and wholly unable to guess the occasion, ran with his sword in his hand to inform himself of the truth, where the noise directed.

He came into the room just as Lavallie had wrenched from his wife’s hand that weapon of destruction, and seeing who was there, was no longer at a loss to know what had happened: his presence, however, obliged every one to more moderation, and Belinda took this opportunity of running away, which before she could not do, the furious Manella being between her and the door. The millener now began to account for this accident in a more plausible manner than she had done before. She said, that Belinda being taken with a sudden faintness, she had desired to lie down on her bed in order to recover herself, and that she being afterwards busy with customers, had not seen Lavallie enter, but imagined, that being but little acquainted with the house, he had gone into that room by mistake.

Lavallie took the hint she had given, and protested, that being directed up to the lace-chamber, he had opened this door, as being the first he came to, and seeing a lady lie on the bed, he had the curiosity to approach, in order to see if he knew her, and to rally her for trusting herself in that posture in an unlocked chamber. "As I drew
"nearer, continued he, I found it was Belinda, and also by some groans that she was indisposed: good-manners, as well as good-nature, obliged me to enquire how she did, and as I was stooping towards the bed, that she might hear what I had to say with the more ease, Manella came into the room with a rage little becoming her character, and loaded that innocent lady and myself with the most opprobrious reflection malice could invent."

All the time he was speaking, Manella shook her head, and bit her lips till they even bled with inward vexation; but the presence of Rinaldo forbidding her to continue her reproaches in the same manner she had done before his entrance, she only said, that Heaven, who knew how greatly she was injured, would, one time or other, revenge her cause.

The millener, who knew Rinaldo had reason to be of her side, began now in her turn to resent the aspersions Manella endeavoured to cast upon her house, and said in plain terms, that no reputation could be safe from the idle whims of a jealous wife. Lavallie affected to beg her pardon for the injustice his wife was guilty of to her; and cursed himself for the unhappy mistake which had occasioned all this confusion.

Rinaldo was highly diverted at this scene in his own mind, but would not add to Manella's affliction, by letting her see how little he regarded it; she had, however, too much penetration not to perceive, that neither complaints nor resentment would be of much service to her in that place, and being almost ready to burst with spite and rage, went out of the room, giving a look at Lavallie and the woman of the house, which testified how ill
she was satisfied with the shallow excuses they had made, and was indeed so distracted in her thoughts, that she had almost passed the door before she recovered presence enough of mind to pay to Rinaldo the respect his dignity demanded.

Her absence put an end to all the constraint they had been in; Lavallie was obliged to endure a good deal of raillery on the occasion from Rinaldo, and afterwards to double the present he always made to the millener, on account of the confusion his wife had caused in her house.

Whether this adventure put an end to the amour he had with Belinda, is uncertain; but if continued, it was with so much caution, that the interviews between them were never afterwards discovered.

Manella finding she could no other way be revenged, took care to render this affair as public as possible; so that Belinda met with the most severe reproofs from all her friends for her ill conduct; yet so insensible was this unthinking lady either of shame, or the prejudice it might be to her interest, to forfeit the love and esteem of her family, that though she heard their admonitions with her sensual ears, those of her mind seemed wholly deaf; nor could all that was said to her make the least alteration in her deportment, or prevail on her to give herself one moment's reflection.

Thus with the same unmoved, unshaken indolence she had ever behaved, did she go on, laughing, singing, dancing, coquetting among the gay world for near two years, in which time no material incident happened to her: the truth is, indeed, whatever was reported of her, so little concerned her, that her carelessness blunted the edge
of scandal, and had the same effect as not to deserve it would have had: people grew weary of talking of what every one knew, and was made no secret of by the person whose interest it chiefly was to have kept it so.

In a long course of unregarded follies might she have continued, till age and wrinkles had enforced that solitude her own prudence was too weak to make choice of, had not Count Loyter professed a passion of a different nature for her than any before him had pretended.

So greatly did he seem enamoured with her, that he never was two hours absent from her; and his quality and attachment obliged all who were looked upon as her former admirers to keep a greater distance. Her kindred and friends were transported to hear with what respect and tenderness the addresses he made to her were accompanied; but their rejoicing was very much abated, when, on examining her on this account, they could not find that he had ever once mentioned marriage to her; and though he swore ten thousand oaths that he was utterly unable to live without possessing her, he had not made one that it was his intention to possess her by those ways which alone could do honour to her family. As there seemed some reason, however, to believe the regard he had for her was infinitely more sincere than any who before had called themselves her lovers, they advised, nay conjured her to omit nothing in her power for improving it, and converting the designs he had upon her into honourable ones, if they were not so already: all this she promised them to do, but thought no more of what they had said than the time they were speaking, and
being herself quite easy in the matter, made her lover so too, by leaving him to do as inclination should direct him.

This behaviour was an infinite trouble to all who wished to see her retrieve, by a happy marriage, the errors of her past life; but one more fanguine than the rest for her interest, resolved to do that for her which he found there was no possibility of prevailing on her to do for herself, and took an opportunity of discoursing with the count on the affair. He at first would have evaded all talk of it, and made several efforts to give a turn to the conversation; but finding himself closely pressed, he at last replied, that as Belinda and himself were the chief persons concerned, and were perfectly satisfied with each other's intentions, he thought all interfering between them wholly unnecessary.

These words were a little resented by the friends of Belinda, and gave rise to some expressions on both sides, which if either of them demanded not that satisfaction of the other, which is usual in such cases between gentlemen, there wanted but a very little of it. From this time, however, their former intimacy was broke off:—Belinda's kinsman reproached her for that levity which had like to have proved fatal to him; and count Loyter, to shew how little he regarded the displeasure of any of her family, prevailed on that thoughtless lady to come and live publickly at his house.

All the world now looked upon her as his mistress; and indeed how could it be otherwise!—She had an apartment so near his own, that they could with ease pass to each other, without being known to do so by any of the family;—she went abroad with him to all publick places;—she had
the entire command of all his servants;—she did the honours of his table whatever company was there; yet was there not the least mention of any marriage between them:—but in spite of all these circumstances, it is possible they might be innocent.

After having lived together in this manner, till the talk of it (which never continues long on one subject) began to subside, the count all at once declared his intention of making her his wife. New equipages and new habits were prepared,—invitations sent to the friends on both sides, and they were really married at a time when it was least to be hoped or expected.

It must be owned that there was something spirited, and at the same time truly honourable in the behaviour of count Loyter on this occasion: he would not be compelled to give any definitive answer as to his designs on a woman of Belinda’s character; but when he found himself free from the persecutions of her friends, and that they had entirely given her over for lost, then did he shew the sincerity of his passion, and entirely wipe off all the aspersions that had been cast on her upon his account.

I should be glad there was a possibility of exculping Belinda also; but alas! she consented to live in his house without any certainty, or even a promise of ever being his wife, and was, perhaps, not the least surprised of any that heard it, that she was made so.

Her change of fortune has wrought no change in her humour and conduct; and as she would be commended for being no way elated with the grandeur she possessed, so must she also be highly blamed
for not remembering her honour is now the property of her lord, and that every light unbecoming action she is guilty of, is a reflection upon him.

I believe it would be very difficult to prove that she has ever wronged him in fact; but it is the duty of every married woman to behave so as not even to be suspected. This Belinda has sense enough to know, but not enough to remember that she knows.

Adonius, no less amorous and inconstant than his brother Rinaldo, and much more endued with those perfections which charm womankind, has found in the now countess Loyter graces, which, till after she was another's, had not been discovered by him. The admiration he expresses to have for her, and the pleasure his conversation affords, are of too much consequence to her happiness not to be indulged. She forgets the obligation she has to her lord, and wholly taken up with this new and illustrious lover, is scarce ever at home, but when he vouchsafes to visit there. It is certain, that in the parties of pleasure she makes with him, her husband frequently is one; yet does not his being seen with them sometimes take off the censure which their being together without him at others too justly incurs.

As yet the count is under no uneasiness on the score:—he looks on the fine things said in his presence by Adonius to his wife, as proceeding only from an excess of complaisance; and imputes the satisfaction she takes in hearing them merely to the little vanity of her sex;—the rambles they take together to the levity of both their humours; and, instead of being angry, often laughs at the recital.
Not so the young, the beautiful, the tender Amadea supports the being deprived of the society of her adored Adonius;—she pines in secret, without daring to complain, and now, too late, regrets her easy faith, which flattered her with the hopes of securing to herself so mutable a heart.

Rumour will have it, that not two moons since, deaf to all considerations but those of gratifying their mutual passion, he ran the risk of ruining himself for ever with those on whom he depends, and who had betrothed him to another; and she, of being shamefully repudiated by that authority whence there is no appeal; they both venturing every thing that might ensue, to be united to each other by a clandestine and unlicensed marriage. If so, how great a change!—the sacred ceremony has no power to bind Adonius:—he thinks himself under no obligations to continue constant to a wife so much beneath him:—and where shall she apply for justice against a husband, whom to acknowledge as such, would only incur the displeasure of those she would oblige.

What sad effects do giving way to any passion, though of the most tender kind, produce, especially in our sex! If Amadea thinks she has satisfied her virtue, in granting nothing to her lover till the sanction of marriage has converted inclination into duty; what will such a marriage avail, when she durst not avow it?—When the very priest that joined their hands, shall be obliged to disown his ever having performed that ceremony between them; and when Adonius, whose perseverance in love, and patience in enduring all that could be inflicted on him, could alone obtain forgiveness; and a sanction of ratifying what he had done, shall be
so far from taking any such measures, that he shall testify a joy in having made it void!—What woe, what misery, what despair, would then be the lot of so every way an abandoned wife.

Already has she a taste of what she may justly apprehend will infallibly arrive in his present attachment to Belinda; already does she feel the cruel stings of jealousy and disappointment, and reflects with agonies not to be expressed, on the approaching ills, which following the dictates of a blind heedless disposition, and perhaps some mixture of ill-judged ambition, must involve her in.

It is certain, she is far from being that vain, wild, unthinking creature that Belinda is; yet had she thought justly she never would have consented to marry a person, where the character of wife must lay her under greater inconveniencies than even that of a mistress.

As the principal design of these speculations is, therefore, to correct those errors in the mind, which are most imperceptible, and for that reason the most dangerous, such examples are not set down but with a view of shewing how the want of a proper way of thinking in our youth involves our whole future lives in misfortunes, which frequently no reflection can afterwards retrieve. The anatomists, indeed, will tell you, that where there is a defect in the texture of the brain, this incapacity of reflection is mechanical, and consequently irremediable; but by this way of reasoning they may also pretend, (as it is certain many do) that all vices are constitutional, which I never can be brought to allow, because such an opinion would be imputing an error to the Author of our formation, wholly destroying the doctrine of free-will, and,
in fine, levelling human nature with the brutal, which acts merely by instinct. I grant that by the structure of our parts we may have a more or less propensity to good or evil, and also that the soul has greater power of exerting itself, in what we call reason, through the organs of some people, than it has in others; yet this is in a great measure to be helped, if those who have the care of us when young, begin the work, and we ourselves carry it on afterwards with that vigour and application which it requires.

Socrates the philosopher was an instance of this truth, who being addicted to all manner of intemperance, gained the victory, by his reason and resolution, over each inordinate passion, and was the pattern of virtue and abstemiousness.

To know ourselves, is agreed by all to be the most useful learning; the first lessons, therefore, given us ought to be upon that subject. The parents or governors of children can never answer to themselves a neglect in this point. Youth should be tried and sifted; and when the favourite propensity is found out, it will be easy either to eradicate or improve it, according as it tends to vice or virtue.

I must confess, that where there is a kind of heavy stupidity, or what they call too much mercury in the disposition, the one requires a great deal of art to enliven, and the other no less to fix; and, as they are direct contraries, so contrary methods should be made use of. But this is a duty which ought not to be dispensed with on account of its difficulty, nor is perhaps so hard a matter as it seems, if we consider, that to give spirit and vivacity to the dull, nothing but cheerful objects
should be presented; and to the too wild and giddy, those of the most serious and affecting nature.

Where an excess of gaiety and the love of pleasure is predominant, the mind should be early seasoned with the knowledge of the many disappointments, disasters, and calamities, which are the portion of the greatest part of mankind. Pity for the woes of others, and the certainty that no condition or degree can assure itself with being defended from the frowns of fate, will give a more serious turn to our ideas, and serve very much to abate that impetuosity which arises from a too great redundancy of fire or air in persons of that disposition.

Few are so happy as to be composed of equal elements; therefore, what is deficient in the constitution, ought to be supplied by judgment. The earthy stupid, and the watry phlegmatic, are to be raised by exercise, music, dancing, and all sprightly amusements: as the fiery choleric, and the airy giddy, are to be tempered with their contraries.

But, as I have already taken notice, this method, though it must not be omitted by the tutors, will fail of success, if not seconded by the endeavours of the pupils, when left to the management of themselves; but where there is a good foundation laid by those who have had the care of instructing us in our youth, it will be entirely our own fault, if we afterwards fall into very gross irregularities.

Reflection, therefore, and recollection, are as necessary for the mind as food is for the body: a little examination into the affections of the heart can be of no prejudice to the most melancholy constitution, and will be of infinite service to the
too fanguine. The unhappy may, possibly, by indulging thought, hit on some lucky stratagem for the relief of his misfortunes; and the happy may be infinitely more so, by contemplating on his condition.

So great a pleasure do many people find in retiring sometimes into themselves, that they would not be denied that privilege for any other enjoyment whatsoever.

I once knew a gentleman, who had a wife of whom he was infinitely fond, and whose society he preferred to all others in the world, at those times when he was disposed for conversation;—yet, if she offered to disturb his meditations, would grow quite peevish with her. So valuable to him was the freedom of his thoughts, that he could not bear an interruption, even tho' he knew it to be a proof of love from her who was by so much the dearest part of himself. I remember I was one day at his house, when his lady thinking he had been too long alone, had, with a gentle force, dragged him from his closet. I wondered to see him more than ordinarily grave, and on inquiring into the cause, was answered by him in these terms: "This dear creature (said he) robs me of half the pleasure of her love, by not permitting me to contem-plate on the blessings I possess in her."

How then happens it, that such numbers deny themselves the greatest satisfaction a reasonable being can enjoy, and which is also of such high importance in every accident in life, that without it we have no power, either to attain any good, or defend ourselves from any evil!

But some people are so ignorant as to imagine, or so wicked as to insinuate, that those who think
much, and are lovers of solitude, seclude themselves, not from the world, but with a view of doing some mischief to it. According to the stations they are in, they are judged capable of ruminating on greater or lesser evils to mankind. They will have a sedentary statesman to be plotting treason either against his prince or country;—a steward studying new methods to enlarge his bills; a tradesman to impose upon his customers;—and so on, from the highest to the lowest degree.

A few examples have, alas! but too much authorized this opinion. We have seen great thinkers who have only thought to aggrandize themselves on the ruins of those they pretend to serve;—great professors, who have spared no pains to gain confidence for no other purpose than to betray;—great advocates for liberty, only to enslave;—and great preachers up of justice, only to purchase security for the worst of criminals.

So gross an abuse of the faculty of thinking is, indeed, turning the arms of heaven against itself, and forcing that sacred reason, which was given us for a guide to virtue, to accompany us in the paths of vice. To think of such purposes, I must confess, is infinitely worse than not to think at all; because the one tends to injure and oppress mankind in general, the other is for the most part hurtful only to the persons themselves.

Hypocrisy is detestable both to God and man:—we are told from an unerring mouth, that those found guilty of it "shall have the lowest place in "hell;" and sure on earth they merit the most contemptible treatment from their fellow creatures! When once the mask of benevolence and sincerity is plucked from the face of the seeming angel, and
the grim treacherous fiend appears in his native ugliness, by so much the more as our admiration before was of him, will be our abhorrence of him afterwards:—we shall hate and fly him, as we once loved and followed him: every body will be ready to catch up a stone to throw at him, and no opportunities of insulting him will be omitted.

Proteus, by sad experience, is convinced, that all his arts are ineffectual to retrieve any part of that esteem he once was happy in from all degrees of people. The beguiler can beguile no more. By mistaken measures, vainly aiming at greater homage, like Lucifer, the pride-swollen bubble fell, at once, into the gulph of endless infamy and contempt, whence he can never hope to rise.

Even the very ladies take a pleasure in giving him all the mortification in their power; and as our sex has the privilege of saying whatever we have a mind to, without any danger of resentment from the men, he often meets with the severest sarcastms from those who have wit enough to make them.

He was one day at cards with some persons of condition, when being seized with a sudden violent pain in his side, after distorting his face into several disagreeable positions, he could not forbear at last crying out, "Oh, my side! my side!" On which Tartilla, who was one of the company, with a malicious sneer rejoined, "Your side, Proteus! I thought you had no side now." These words, which plainly alluded to his being abandoned by both parties, gave him, perhaps, an agony more poignant than that he complained of, and both together rendered him so peevish, that he re-
plied hastily, and in a tone which was far from his accustomed politeness,—"Yes, madam, and a "back-side too." This answer, gross as it was, gave not Tartilla the least confusion; and without any hesitation, "I do not know that," said she, "but all the world knows your wife has one."

All the company burst into a loud laughter at this repartee, as the character of Proteus's wife made it no less just than smart; and he, having nothing to return to a piece of satire which had so much truth in it, went out of the room ready to burst between shame and unavailing spite, leaving his fair antagonist to receive all the praises her ready wit and presence of mind deserved.

When people of such consideration in the world are guilty of any notorious, indirect, or ridiculous actions, they can expect no less than to become the theme of every satiric genius: but I think the jeer which old Pompilius met with from his own son, on account of his being lately married to a lady young enough to be his grand-daughter, was no less stinging than that I have been relating.

Some little time after these preposterous nuptials were consummated, the father and son were together at an assembly:—several who had not before that time seen old Pompilius since the ceremony, congratulated him upon it in the phrases common on such occasions; and this turning the conversation on the happiness of the conjugal state, one of the company happened to ask the young gentleman when he intended to marry? "Really, sir," answered he, "it is a thing I have not yet given my self any trouble about; for (added he, with a far-"castic look) the only lady I wish to have for a wife, "is the sister of my mother-in-law; and the only
"inducement I have to that, is because I might have "the honour of being called brother by my father."

Not even those whose interest it was to preserve the good-will of Pompilius, had guard enough o-ver themselves to restrain smiling at so unexpected and so severe a reply from his son before his face; but those who regarded neither his favour nor re-fentment, laughed outright; and the old bride-groom, finding what he had done thus publickly scoffed at by his own blood, was in no less con-fusion and incapacity of making any return than he had once before been in, when employed to give an account of a battle, while the dreadful roar of the cannons were still in his ears, and all the terrors of death before his eyes; nor could now, as then, recover himself from it, till more than half a dozen bottles of Burgundy (his usual flint) had given him fresh spirits.

It is certain, that of late years the family of the Wrongheads have increased to a prodigious num-ber. We have seen such things as even the very re-port of in former times would have been treated as mere ficion; and, indeed, all the tales that romance can furnish us with, come infinitely short of many present characters. We have knight-adventurers, who, like Don Quixote, when he spurred Rosi-nante to encounter with the windmill, by attempt-ing to surmount imaginary dangers, run into real ones. We have hypocrites and self-favers, of whom Sir Hudibrass, in laying the whipping task on the back of his poor 'squire, is but an imperfect mo-del. We have our Thersites, our Pandarus's, our Demagorus's too, in a much higher degree than ever poet or historian painted them. Difficult is it to say, whether wickedness or folly most abounds
among us; and whether there are more people who purchase what they call happiness at the expense of their virtue, or who forfeit all pretensions to it by their madness: for there is nothing more common than to see those who, in court, in camp, in town, and in country, take as much pains to be undone, as others do to undo.

In fine, when one looks into the world, and considers the present times and humours of mankind, one cannot help crying out with the poet, "There is no wonder, or else all is wonder!"

Yet to what can we impute all those mistakes, miscarriages, or those cruelties, oppressions, unnatural actions, and the innumerable train of mischiefs, which we either bring upon ourselves, or inflict on others, but to the want of thought, or to thought misapplied! The latter I again allow to be of much worse consequence than the former; but as we are free-agents, and the choice is in ourselves whether we will be virtuous or vicious, it would be a poor excuse to say, "We durst not think, lest we should think amiss."

Man was created little inferior to the angels, and it is his own fault that he is not very near as happy too. This world is plentifully stored with every thing suited to the nature of his being; and, borne on the wings of sacred contemplation, he may also partake of heavenly raptures: but this point I leave to divines! for though it is a truth self-evident, yet there are people who chuse rather to be convinced by the learning of others, than by the witnesses in their own breasts.

A friend of mine, who with some other English gentlemen was making the tour of Europe, happened, as he passed through one of the most
wild and mountainous parts of France, to lose his company. On his first finding himself alone, he imagined, that having been in a deep musing, they had gone on before without his observing them, therefore clapped spurs to his horse in order to overtake them: but having rode some miles without seeing either any thing of them, or meeting any person who could direct him to the town where they had agreed to put up for that night, he was extremely at a loss, especially when he came where three roads met. To add to his misfortune, there fell a very heavy rain, accompanied with a great wind, insomuch that he was obliged to make towards a wood, which he saw at some distance, to shelter himself and horse from the fury of the storm which every moment seemed to gather strength.

The intermingling boughs of the trees for some little time defended him, but would not have continued to do so much longer, and he was beginning to give way to impatience; when, on a sudden, he heard a human voice call to him to turn towards the right of a little mount, about some twenty yards from him.

He has assured me, that never any music had given him half the pleasure as the sound of one of his own species did in that unfrequented wild. He failed not to obey the summons, and presently perceived a man habited like a hermit, stand at the entrance of a cave beneath the mount. The tempest did not prevent him from coming forth to meet his distressed traveller; he helped him to alight, tied his horse under one of the thickest trees, and then conducted him into his gloomy habitation, with all the politeness of a first-rate courtier.
My friend was extremely surprized, not only at his reception, but at the excessive neatness of every thing he saw in his cavern, which he found was divided into two rooms: the first contained a table, two easy chairs, a small beaufet with glasses, and some china, loaded with the most excellent fruits:—the other had in it only a couch, with a mattress and coverlid, one chair, and a shelf of books, near which was fixed a little altar with a crucifix. He could not help testifying his admiration at the contrivance of this habitation; and, as he spoke French very well, began to ask some questions concerning it, and in what manner his holst could be provided with necessaries, as he saw no town, nor even village, near that place.

To which the other replied with a smile, that his curiosity should be fully satisfied; "But first "(said he) you must refresh yourself with such "things as this homely cell affords."

In speaking those words, he spread a curious damask napkin on the table, and then set plates of pickles, several sorts of fresh and dried fruits, fine manchet, fromage, and a bottle of the best Burgundy. In fine, a more elegant afternoon's collation could not have been presented in the most opulent city, than what this cavern in the midst of an unfrequented wood afforded.

The more the stranger saw, the more he was surprized; which the seeming hermit perceiving, entertained him, while they were eating, with this account of himself.

He told him, that he was not a constant inhabitant of the place he found him in, but repaired thither occasionally, and when he was in the humour to indulge reflection;—that he wore that
habit, which was always held sacred, even by the
most profligate, to protect him from any insults in
case he should happen to be seen by any of those
wretches, who, living on the plunder of travellers,
frequeintly, when pursued, took shelter in that
wood; and that he was called the count de Monta
bin, and his usual residence in a castle of his
own about twelve miles distant.

My friend, after paying him those respects which
the knowledge of his quality demanded, expressed
some amazement that he should have occasion to
take the pains to come so far, and subject himself
to so many inconveniences, merely for the sake of
a retirement, which he might, doubtless, enjoy in
as full a manner at home, if he was disposed to let
his inclinations for solitude be signified to his ac
quaintance.

To which the count replied, that he perceived
he was a stranger to the humour of the French na
ton:—that what he mentioned was a thing whol
ly impracticable to a man of his quality:—that
though he lived at a considerable distance from
Paris, or any great city, his castle was continually
crowded either with the neighbouring gentry, or
persons who travelled that way; and that besides,
he was married to a lady of so gay and volatile a
disposition, that it was impossible for him ever to be
entirely alone. "To add to all this, continued he,
"I have several children, and a numerous retinue
"of servants, and though I should shut myself up
"in the most retired room I have, I could not still
"be free from interruption of one kind or other."

"The mind," said he, "requires some relaxation
"as well as the body; and when fatigued with
"the hurry of those pleasures with which it is
expected one should entertain one's friends, here

I retire, give a loose to contemplation, and

when I have recruited my spirits, return again

into the world, and taste the joys of love and

conversation with a much higher relish than if

I never were absent from them.

The English gentleman could not help allowing the justness of his notion in this point, but still thought it strange that he did not make choice of some place where he might be less exposed to accidents, than in the wildness of this wood; but the count, who it seems, was one of the most complaisant obliging persons on earth, would not suffer him to remain in a suspense, which it was in his power to ease, and therefore made no scruple of relating to him some passages of his former life, which entirely banished all the difficulties he had found in himself to reconcile to reason a behaviour that at first appeared to have in it so much oddity.

The count in his younger years had the misfortune to have a rencontre with a nobleman, in which he gave him some wounds which he knew not but were mortal. Besides the law, which in that country is very severe against duelling, his antagonist was a person in great favour with the king, and he had little room to hope for mercy in case the other died. To avoid the prosecution, he fled from Paris, and not doubting but all houses where they might expect to find him would be strictly searched, he concealed himself in this wood, accompanied only by one faithful servant, who having been brought up with him, would not be prevailed upon to quit him in such an extremity.

He assured my friend, that they lived for near three weeks on such provision only as that de-
late wild afforded; that for several days they could not find a brook at which they might slake their thirst, so that the fruits they found on some of the hedges served them both as food and drink; and to secure themselves from the wolves by night, which frequently prowled about that forest, they were obliged to take up their lodgings in the tallest trees they could find. Nothing, he said, but the protecting hand of heaven could have enabled them to sustain the hardships they were obliged to suffer. At last, quite tired and worn out with despair, death seemed less terrible than the continuance of such a life, and he ventured to send his servant to enquire what was become of the wounded gentleman, and at the same time to procure some place where he might once more be accommodated with the necessaries which the nature of his being required.

The fellow's return brought him the good news that his enemy was not only recovered of the hurts he had received from him, but had also confessed that himself had been the aggressor, and laboured by all his friends to obtain the same pardon for the count as for himself:—that every body expected it would soon be signed, and that, though it was not proper he should appear in publick till it was so, yet, as all search after him was entirely over, he might quit that dreadful situation, and repair to the house of a relation, who would meet him at the entrance of the forest, and conduct him with all manner of privacy.

Every thing happened according to his intelligence; and he had not been a week before the royal clemency exerted itself in favour of both the delinquents; who then, as great friends as before they had been the contrary, went together to
throw themselves at the foot of the throne, and pay their grateful acknowledgments.

The count concluded his little narrative with saying, that though this adventure was so happily ended, the danger and hardships it had involved him in, gave a much more serious turn to his humour than he had ever known before;—that during his abode in that solitary place, he had found so much matter for contemplation, that the remembrance still dwelt, and ever would do so, upon his mind; and though the ideas which he now had demanded in privacy to indulge, yet they were so far from having anything melancholy or gloomy in them, that they afforded him the most serene and perfect satisfaction.

"You see now, added he, the motives I have for retiring myself sometimes from the noise and hurry of the world; and as this place was my asylum in distress, I cannot help having a kind of love for it, and think I ought in gratitude to make it the scene of my more pleasing meditations;—I therefore made this cavern be cut out of the mount,—furnished it as you see,—provided two chairs in case any distressed person should have occasion to take refuge here, as it has now happened;—and I could wish that I had taken the same precaution as to a bed, for it now grows late, and I foresee the storm will not abate while you can depart with any safety; but we will pass the night as well as we can; I have a sufficient quantity of Burgundy within, and by the help of that and conversation, we may beguile the hours till morning, when my servant will be here, and then I will beg the favour of your company to a place, where it will
"be in my power to entertain you in a fashion more agreeable to my inclination and your merit."

My friend then told him, how having left his company he could not do himself the honour to accept his invitation, because, he must make the best of his way to the town where they had agreed to stay for that night; and said, he did not doubt but to overtake them, provided he could but find his way out of the forest.

Count Montaubin assured him, that what he talked of was no way to be performed; that the town he mentioned lay quite on the other side of the wood, which was wholly impracticable to be passed without a guide, even though he had the day instead of the night before him, by reason of the many intricate turnings it contained:—that the great road was not only the safest but the nearest; and as he had missed it by turning into the wood, he might by the assistance of his servant easily recover it:—"But, said he, as the man will be with me, as he always is, extremely early, the best way will be to send him to your friends, acquaint them where you are, and engage them either to come to you at my castle, which luckily happens to be situated very near the road, or to tarry till you can reach them."

This expedient seemed no less reasonable and convenient to the gentleman, than it was kind and obliging in him that proposed it; and being a man perfectly free from all that troublesome formal ceremony which half-bred people are so full of, he agreed to it without any hesitation or apologies.

The night glided almost insensibly away in such agreeable conversation, and Aurora had scarce
given place to the chariot of the fun, before the servvant of count Montaubin arrived with a led horfe, it being the day his lord had appointed for his return home, and the wood altogether impaf-fable for any wheel-carriage.

The storm having now entirely subsided, every thing seemed more beautiful for the late ruffle it had sustainted. So pleasing a wildnesse appeared through the whole, that my friend was perfectly charmed with it; and the count did not fail, during the time of their little journey, to set forth all the delights this rural scene afforded. "Here, said he, we fee nature in its purity, just as it came from the hand of the Creator. What art, what "agriculture can equal the sweet confusion with "which every plant springs up spontaneous?— "What a solemn reverence do these tall ancient "trees excite?—How ravishing is the fragrancy "of the air, that their fanning boughs waft to us, "unmixed, unadulterated with any of those gross "particles which the neighbourhood of cities con-"stantly fend forth?—Here we enjoy untainted "aether, partake the food of angels, new-wing "our souls, and almoft spiritualize our dull mor-"tality:—yet, added he, how many live, and "how many years did I live, without giving my-"self leave to know that Heaven had bestowed "fuch blessings upon man!"

He further added, that he found an inward fa-
tsatisfaction such as no tongue could express, in his meditations during the times of his thus secluding himself from society, which was ordinarily no more than four or five days together:—that no person whatever knew the place of his retirement but that faithful servvant, who came every morning
to receive his commands, and to bring him such things as were needful.

With these kind of discourses they beguiled the time, till being come into the great road, the count dispatched his servant to the inn where my friend had informed him it was likely his companions might be found, with his compliments to them unknown, and an earnest intreaty that they would come to his castle in search of him they had lost, and for whom they were doubtless in great trouble.

These orders were no sooner given, than the man who received them clapped spurs to his horse, and was immediately out of sight; the count and his new guest rode slowly, not only that they might converse with the more ease, but also to favour the poor animal, who was very much fatigued with being exposed all night to the severity of the weather, and whom the count had it not in his power to refresh as he had done his rider.

A short time, however, brought them to a stately castle, where the count entered by a back-gate, of which he had the key, and having conducted the stranger into a magnificent antechamber, intreated his pardon for leaving him a few minutes; after which he returned habited according to his quality, and so much changed from what he had appeared in his hermit's dress, that he was hardly to be known:—he then introduced him to his lady, a very lovely woman, and five children, the eldest not exceeding eleven years of age, but were all extremely beautiful and well made. My friend beheld them with admiration, and after making his proper compliments to each, said to the count, that not all the elegant descriptions he had given him of the charms of contemplation were half so
convincing to him, as to find they were capable of rivalling in his esteem those he left at home.

The countess prevented her husband from making any return to this compliment, by replying herself in so gay and gallant a manner, as shewed her a lady whose wit was not at all inferior to her personal perfections.

They all breakfasted in her apartment, after which they entered into an agreeable conversation, which was pleasingly interrupted by the arrival of the English gentlemen. The joy to see their friend safe, and in such good company, after having imagined some very ill accident had befallen him, did not hinder them from receiving the welcome given them by their illustrious hosts, with a politeness that did not shame the appearance they made, and both together concurred to convince those who saw them, that they were in reality persons of family and fortune.

The first civilities being over, the count led them into his gardens, which were laid out with all the exactness, propriety, and good fancy imaginable. Here, parterres of flowers charmed the senses with their fragrance and beauty:—there, bubbling fountains, encompassed with grots, ornamented with the richest treasure of the sea, invited to soft repose: most curious statues of ancient heroes and philosophers, placed at the corner of each avenue, reminded the beholder of the happiness past times enjoyed; and the spacious walks, bordered with trees, which met on the top, forming long arbours, afforded a most delightful shade, and gave room to those who walked to converse without the trouble of turning back to each other, as in the narrow pent-alleys of some gardens. He then conducted them
into the chief apartments of the castle, where they found everything splendid and magnificent. In a word, according to the description given me of it, grandeur and elegance seemed to vie with each other, which should excel in the attractive power. When the time of dining arrived, the table was spread with all the delicacies of the season;—a continued round of sprightly wit rendered the repast yet more agreeable, and for the space of ten days, (for so long the count detained them,) they were entertained in a manner, which shewed the hospitality and politeness of the French nation.

But my friend informed me, that during the whole time they were there, scarce an hour passed without introducing some new guest, and that every night there was either a ball or concert. In fine, they seemed to live only for diversion; and the count, though no man appeared more gay in company, would often in the midst of his hurry take him aside, and speak in this manner:—"You see, sir, how impossible it is to indulge contemplation in this place, and may judge if a little recess from such a profusion of these noisy pleasures, is not entirely necessary for a man who would not choose to forget himself, and the ends for which he was created."

I must confess, that when I first heard this story, the veracity of which I had no reason to call in question, the person who related it being of undisputed integrity, I could not believe but this count Montaubin had some defect in the composition of his brain, which rendered him at some certain times a little delirious, and asked my friend in what altitude of the moon this nobleman was accustomed to go into this voluntary banishment.
The gentleman, who by this question saw into my thoughts, assured me I was greatly mistaken in my conjectures;—that the person I took to be mad or whimsical, was so far from either, that he never knew a man of a more just way of thinking; that not only his conversation, but manner of deportment in every thing was perfectly unexceptionable; and that its being so might greatly be imputed to those reflections he made in his retirement.

I was then too gay, and Heaven knows too little a lover of solitude, to be brought into his opinion, and really made a jest of it to all my acquaintance; but I have since been of another mind, and find there was much more to be admired than condemned in his thus secluding himself from the world for a time, that he might know the better how to conduct himself in it at his return.

But I still think there was a possibility for him to have enjoyed his beloved retirement in a place more commodious and less dangerous than that he made choice of. I am very well assured there are impertinents in the world, who, if they know where one is, will come with a great deal of officious love, and in a manner drag one into company; but that could not be the case of the French count, who doubtless had many little houses, to any of which he might have withdrawn, and with the same precaution been as effectually concealed as in this cavern.

I should have been glad to have had my curiosity satisfied in one point, and that was, whether the countess his wife was let into the secret of the place of his abode, and his reasons for such frequent absenting himself from her; but this my friend
was as ignorant of as myself, no mention being ever made of it in the family that he heard of; but he seemed inclined, as well as myself, to believe that she was not kept in the dark in this article, by the perfect harmony that seemed to be between them, which, without she was a very extraordinary woman indeed, could not have subsisted, if ignorant from what motives he deprived her of his society.

It is certain there are very few married women, especially if they lose their husbands, who would approve of such a behaviour, even though they were convinced they had no other excitements to it than the count, but would be quite outrageous to be left alone, without a perfect knowledge of every particular that occasioned it. Madam de Montaubin, therefore, could have no such thing as jealousy in her nature, or she must, without all doubt, be acquainted with the whole of the affair.

But however that was, it is nothing to my present purpose; I only wish that some of our inconsiderates would impose upon themselves the task of being sometimes alone, and am apt to believe that those, to whom reflection is now the most irksome thing imaginable, would, by frequent using themselves to it, find it at last sufficient to compensate for all they suffered at first from their reluctance.

I know nothing more difficult than for persons of too airy and volatile a disposition, to bring themselves to that habitude I am endeavouring to recommend; nor is such a change to be expected all at once, much less is it to be hoped for from compulsion. You may shut them all day into a room, yet ask them on what they have been think-
ing, and they will tell you, on nothing but their confinement. That, therefore, is the most wrong method can be taken:—such people must be soothed, not menaced into reflection; and I know of no better means, than by laying before them such books as may be most likely to hit their fancy:—even those which seem the least calculated for improvement, provided they have nothing immoral or incident in them, will be of excellent service to bring the mind to take delight in reading; and when that is once accomplished, others of a more serious nature may by degrees be recommended.

Painting, especially history, landscape, and sea-pieces, is also an excellent promoter of reflection:—such prospects charm the eye, and thence gain an easy passage to the soul, exciting curiosity in the most indolent. It is impossible to behold nature thus delineated, without receiving an impression which will dwell upon the mind:—we shall think of the great transactions of past times,—the different scenes which this wide earth affords in its mountains, its valleys, its meadows, and its rivers, and all the loveliness and horrors of the surrounding deep,—the ships smooth sailing with a prosperous gale, and the wrecked vessel bulged against a rock, or just sinking in those sands which lurk beneath the waves. These representations on the canvass, I say, will remain in our remembrance when the object is withdrawn, and cannot but inspire us with ideas at once delightful and instructive:—they will afford us an agreeable entertainment within ourselves, and we shall no longer be under a necessity of seeking it elsewhere.

It is true, that most of our nobility and gentry profess themselves great admirers of this art, and
that when notice is given of any capital pictures to be disposed of by way of auction, the rooms where they are to be exhibited are sufficiently crowded; but the misfortune is, that three parts in four of those numerous assemblies are drawn thither more by the desire of seeing one another, than any other motive:—they look on it as one of the many ways of killing time;—a morning's amusement, and meet and laugh, make appointments for parties of pleasure, and sometimes for gallantry:—on such as these the works of a Titian, or a Raphael, will have little force.—There are generals, who seem wholly unaffected by the triumphs of old Rome; orators, who are unmoved with the attitude of a Cicero or a Demosthenes; and ladies, whose hearts are incapable of feeling either compassion for a dying Lucretia, or admiration of that famed English princess, who sucked the poison from her husband's wound.

The same may likewise be said of many who frequent the theatres:—they regard the actors more than the characters they represent, and seem more interested in the little quarrels they sometimes have among themselves, than in the fate of the real heroes and heroines. The dress, the voice, the manner of Mr. Quin, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Cibber, Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Woffington, &c. &c. shall be the subject of long conversations, when not the least comment is made, or notice taken of the cruelties of king Richard, the causeless jealousy of Othello, the filial piety of Hamlet, the virtue of Andromache, the reformation of lady Townly, and all those striking characters which the poets either attempt to perpetuate or invent, as excitements to great actions.
in some, and lessons of morality and good conduct in others.

Yet what is more truly pleasing to a thinking mind, than to see the most remarkable passages of antiquity, the various manners of far distant nations, exhibited in the touching scenes of well-wrote tragedy! Or what more conducive to reforming whatever follies we are guilty of, than to find them artfully exposed in the ungalloping satire of genteel comedy!

To reform our manners, and correct our errors,—to inspire us with high ideas of honour and virtue through the canal of pleasure, as the most likely means of conveying them into the soul, was undeniably the great end proposed in the institution of the Drama; and very many of the ancient, and some modern poets have happily succeeded in it. I have heard of persons, who conscious of some secret crime, have been so struck with the representation of it on the stage, that they have gone home, confessed all, and passed their whole future lives in a kind of penance for their past transgressions. Herbert says,

"A verse may catch him who a sermon flies,
"And turn delight into a sacrifice."

But then to be amended either by this or any other method which can be taken for that purpose, we must be a little attentive to the objects presented to us; which, I am sorry to observe, is seldom the case of the audiences that of late frequent the theatres:—they seem disposed to regard only what makes them laugh: and even many of those, who, in complaisance to persons of a different way of judging, affect to be most dissatisfied with the mana-
gers of the playhouses for introducing Pantomime, are in their hearts pleased with nothing else.

Some again will boldly argue in the defence of those dumb representations:—they will tell you, that the Italians, who are a very wise nation, vouchsafe the highest encouragement to them:—that there is a great deal of wit and ingenuity in the contrivance of them; and that it shews the sagacity and penetration of an audience to comprehend, by the motions of the performers, every design of the piece, as well as if it were delivered in speech. There is, I confess, some truth in this, where people give themselves the pains of observation; but where they are too indolent to do that, and are diverted only with the transformations of a Harlequin, without any regard to the motives he has for them, I see no benefit they can receive from such an entertainment, but what might arise from seeing a common tumbler or rope-dancer.

In fine, there is nothing but what a thinking mind may reap some advantage from; nor is there any thing, be its intrinsic merit never so great, that a person without thought can be the better for:—it is like music to the deaf, or a beautiful landscape to the blind.

There is a mode of expression in every one's mouth, though I am afraid understood by a few, and that is, when you would give the highest compliment to any one you say he has a good taste. This is a character which all are ambitious of acquiring, as it is looked upon to imply the utmost perfection of elegance and propriety in any thing you undertake. To explain the difference of the true and false taste, has employed the pens of many great authors; and yet I think none have done it
effectually enough to give the reader that distinct idea of it which is necessary; for what is the true taste, but a fine fancy blended with a strong judgment!—What indeed, but that just manner of thinking I have been all this time recommending; and what the false, but a heedless following the notions of others!—aiming to do as some persons, whose reputation for a fine genius is established, have done, without considering that what is infinitely becoming in one, often happens to be the reverse in another. There are a thousand circumstances which may render such an imitation awkward and preposterous, and justly deserve to be called false taste.

It is therefore the business of every one, who would make a shining figure in life, avoid any inconveniencies, reap any benefits, enjoy any permanent felicity themselves, or bestow it on others, to gain as perfect an acquaintance as in them lies, by thought and application, both with what they are, and what they ought to attempt to be.

B O O K V.

In gratitude and complaisance to the first correspondent the Female Spectator has yet been favoured with, it is the opinion of our Society that the entertainment prepared for this month should be postponed, in order to insert her obliging letter, and pursue the theme she has been so
good to give, which indeed cannot be too often nor too strenuously enforced.

To the Female Spectator.

"Madam,

"Though you have not thought fit, in those monthly lucubrations with which you have hitherto obliged the public, to invite any correspondence, and I am wholly ignorant whether a hint, communicated to you in this manner, will be acceptable; yet, as the intention of your work is plainly to reform those errors in conduct, which, if indulged, lead on to vices, such as must render us unhappy for our whole lives, I cannot forbear acquainting you with my sentiments on the undertaking, and how far I am pleased or displeased with the execution.

"You are sensible that every thing which appears in print passes through as many various censures as there are opinions in the readers; but I assure you I am of that number which authors call the courteous, and take a much greater satisfaction in applauding than condemning. The praises you receive from all the wise and virtuous, I readily join in, and make as publick as my way of life will permit. I am a zealous defender of your cause against all the cavils of conceited ignorance and open libertinism; and where I imagine you fall a little short of my expectations, I am entirely silent. This I think is dealing with you as a friend, and you will not therefore take it ill if I sometimes play the part of a monitor, and remind you both now, and as often as I shall find occasion, of any omissions, which cannot be such as you may not easily atone for in Vol. I."
the ensuing book; or even venture to impart to
you a few wandering notions of my own, since
I leave you at full liberty either to conceal or
publish them as you may judge proper.
Nothing certainly can be more just than
your definition of the passions, or more pathetic
than your representation of the mischiefs they
bring upon mankind; but I think you have
touched somewhat too slightly, or at least not
been so particular as might have been expected
from a Spectator, on some of those innumerable
ways that licensed luxury has of late invented to
sooth, or rather to excite, the most dangerous
propensities in youth.
I am far from being of that austere nature some
are, who make no allowances for the difference
of age, and deny to those under their tuition, the
innocent recreations which the early years of life
demand:—on the contrary, I am for having
them partake, in a reasonable degree, every plea-
sure this great world affords; but then I would
not have any of those pleasures become a busi-
ness, and engross the attention so much as to
take it off from subjects of a more profitable
kind, thereby rendering dangerous what is un-
hurtful in itself, and making future time pay too
dearly for the enjoyment of the present.
Some of our modern diversion-mongers think
it not enough to be every day contriving new en-
tertainments for our evenings amusement; the
morning too must be taken up in them, as tho'
we were born for nothing but recreation. Vaux-
hall, Cuper's, and all those numerous places of
rendezvous, except Ranelagh-Gardens, content
themselves indeed with ingrossing that part of
our time in which business usually gives way to
pleasure; but this latter is not satisfied without
encroaching on those hours which reason and
nature require should be otherwise employed.
There is not so great a space of time between
me and youth, but I can very well remember, that
after having paid my devotions to Heaven, wash-
ed, dressed, and eat my breakfast, the remaining
hours till noon were chiefly taken up with those
who instructed me in working, dancing, music,
writing, and those other necessary accomplish-
ments of my sex; and thought that if I was al-
lowed to take a little walk in St James's-Park,
or in our own garden, in order to get a stomach
to my dinner, it was as much relaxation as I
ought to expect.

I trained up my only daughter in the same
manner I had been bred up myself, and had no
reason to suspect she was dissatisfied with this
regulation, till she arrived at her fourteenth year;
at which time Ranelagh unhappily gave notice
there would be publick breakfasting every morn-
ing. This gave a turn very vexatious to me, and
prejudicial to the education I intended to be-
flow on her: I immediately discovered a remiss-
ness in all her former studies; and, at length, a
total aversion to them. The French mistress is
now a troublesome companion; the needle a most
odious employment; the spinnet is untuned; the
music-books are thrown aside; nothing seems
worthy her regard, but how to appear in the
genteel dist habilie at Ranelagh. Every morn-
ing my house is crowded with young ladies, to
call miss Biddy to go with them to breakfast at
Ranelagh; nothing is talked of at their return
but what was said and done at Ranelagh; and
in what dresses they shall repair at night again
to that charming place; so that the whole day
is entirely taken up with it.

"Tell me, dear Spectator, is it consistent with
the character of a woman of prudence to suffer a
young creature, over whom Heaven and nature
has given me the sole authority, to conduct her-
sel£ in this fashion? Yet by what means is the
growing mischief to be suppressed? When I
offer to set any bounds to this wild career, I have
only fulness and whimpering at home, and no
doubt censures abroad for my great severity. In
vain are my remonstrances on mispending time
in those giddy rambles; all I can say makes not
the least impression; and I dread to drive her to
extremes, by laying those restrictions on her
which are necessary to keep her at home. Who
knows what lengths unthinking youth may run?
We often see people of her years fatally inge-
nious in contriving methods to disappoint the
utmost vigilance of those who have the care of
them; and if, by endeavouring to preserve her
from one danger, I should provoke her to throw
herself into others, I should be inexcusable to
myself. The dilemma I labour under on this
score is terrible;—I therefore conjure you, as
you cannot be insensible of what many afflicted
parents, as well as myself, must feel, in seeing all
the fruit of their long care and tenderness so near
being blasted, to set forth, in the most moving
and pathetic terms you can, the folly of gadding
eternally to those public places:—convince our
young ladies of the loss it is to themselves, how
much it disqualifies them for all the social duties,
renders them neglectful of what they owe to Heaven, and to those who gave them being, and incapable of being either good wives, good mothers, good friends, or good mistresses; and thereby entails sure unhappiness on their own future days, as well as on all those who have any relation to them.

A public reproof from you, may, perhaps, be more effectual than all the private admonitions of their friends, which they are too apt to look upon as words of course:—the advice of a person, who can have no other interest in giving it, than the generous part she takes in the happiness of her fellow-creatures, will certainly sink into the soul of every one, not wholly lost to all sense of her own good, and complete the wishes of a great number of your readers, as well as of Your real admirer,
Hanover-Square, and most humble servant,
Aug. 2, 1744. SARAH OLDFAStiON.

"P. S. If the hopes I have in the Spectator should fail me, I am resolved to send Biddy to a relation I have in Cornwall, whose nearest neighborhood is twelve miles distant; and whence, if she continues her rambling humour, huge craggy rocks on the one side, and no less dreadful mines on the other, will be her only prospect."

The case of this lady, I must confess, is greatly to be commiserated, and must be felt by all who either are, or have been mothers. Could children be sensible of the endless cares, the watchings, the anxieties which attend paternal tenderness, and how impossible it is for them to return in kind those obligations, they would certainly avoid doing anything that might render fruitless the pains and la-
bour employed for their interest;—gratitude, as well as self-love, would make them use their utmost efforts to improve the education bestowed on them; but how hard it is to bring young people to a just way of thinking, I have already taken notice of in a former Spectator, as I have somewhere read,

"Experience vainly in our youth is sought,
"And, with age purchas'd, is too dearly bought."

Too many there are, who know not how to live in the world till they are ready to go out of it; but, as Dryden says,

"Let life pass through them like a leaky sieve."

Much therefore is it to be lamented, that such encouragements are given to the natural giddiness of youth, and that the prevalence of example in those of riper years should afford a sanction to those in whom the love of pleasure is less excusable.

Yet, after all, what are the mighty pleasures which these walks afford?—Have not most of our nobility who frequent them much more delightful recesses of their own!—Can either Ranelagh, or any of those places where they pay for entrance, equal in elegance or magnificence many of those gardens, which they need but step out of their own apartments to enjoy the pleasures of!—Nobody sure will pretend to say the contrary; but then indeed it may be alleged, that to such persons, who by their high offices in the state, or attendance at court, are obliged to keep much in town, places of relaxation are both necessary and agreeable: it must be acknowledged that they are so, and it would be the highest injustice, as well as arrogance in a Spectator, to pass any censure on the great world for amusements, which are indeed
prejudicial to the people of an inferior condition, only by being indulged to an excess.

But the misfortune is, that whatever is done by persons of quality presently becomes the mode, which every one is ambitious of apeing; let it suit ever so ill with their circumstances: it is not the fine prospect that Ranelagh is happy in, the pleasant walks, the magnificent amphitheatre, nor the melodious sounds that issue from the orchestra, that make the assembly there so numerous; but the vanity every one has of joining company, as it were, with their superiors;—of having it in their power to boast, when they come home, of the notice taken of them by such a lord, or such a great lady; to descant upon their dressers, their behaviour, and pretend to discover who likes who; what fine new married lady coquets it with her husband's intimate; what duke regards his wife with no more than an enforced complaisance; and whether the fortune, or person, of the young heiress, is the object of her obsequious follower's flame.

This ridiculous desire of being thought to have a knowledge of things, no less out of their sphere to attain than unprofitable if acquired, is extremely prevalent in many people, especially among the little gentry; and is one of the chief motives which draw them in such crowds to all places where their superiors resort.

An affectation of this sort is not confined to any age;—we see it from sixteen to sixty; but when it happens to gain entrance in the mind of a lady so very young as miss Biddy, and is joined with that vanity of attracting admiration, and a train of lovers, which naturally arises on the entrance into their teens, it is not to be wondered at, that it is
so difficult to restrain them from going to any place which flatters them with the gratification of their pride in both these points.

I am afraid, therefore, that Mrs Oldfashion will find all her endeavours for this purpose unavailing, unless she has recourse to force, which she seems little inclined to put in practice, and I can by no means approve, as the remedy might prove to be of worse consequence than the disease:—much less would I advise her to send her into Cornwall. A young lady of her vivacity, and who seems to have so high a relish for the pleasures of the town, finding herself snatched away from every thing she thinks a joy in life, and plunged into so frightful a solitude, would certainly be able to preserve no degree of moderation. If of a mild and gentle nature, inward repinings and a wasting melancholy would prey upon her vitals, impair her health and understanding, and by degrees render her both stupid and diseased;—if, on the contrary, there be the seeds of obstinacy and perverseness in her soul, she will resent the cruelty she imagines herself treated with; and, as consideration is not to be expected at those years, perhaps throw herself into much greater misfortunes than she was sent thither to avoid, merely to prevent the too great caution of those who have the power over her:—either of these consequences must be terrible to a parent; so that I am wholly against running such a hazard by exerting authority in this manner.

Alvario, a gentleman of fortune and figure in the world, was left a widower with two daughters, who, in right of their mother, were coheiresses of an estate of upwards of a thousand pounds a-year;
the eldest, whom I shall call Christabella, was extremely beautiful, and full of spirit; but Lucilla, her younger sister, was of a sickly constitution, and consequently more dull, and less qualified or inclined to conversation: she never cared for flirting out, or entertaining any company at home; but Christabella's airy disposition would scarce suffer her to be at home:—the park, the play, the opera, the drawing-room, were the idols of her heart:—dress, equipage, and admiration took up all her thoughts. Youth, beauty, and fortune are rarely possessed without an adequate proportion of vanity; and it must be owned, this lady was not without it:—she plumed herself on the daily conquests her charms gained her; and though she had too much wit to believe all the flattering declarations made to her, by some persons who were not in a condition to fulfil their pretences, yet she had not power enough to defend her from taking pleasure in them.

In fine, though perfectly innocent, even in thought, of every thing to which virtue was repugnant, the gaiety of her behaviour rendered her liable to the cenitures of some, who take a malicious pleasure in blasting the characters of those more amiable than themselves. Her father, who was a man of gallantry himself, and consequently too ready to misinterpret any little freedom taken by our sex as the effect of an amorous inclination, opened his ears to all the insinuations made him by those of their kindred, who had no good-will to Christabella, on account of her not being able to restrain herself from frequently throwing out bitter jests on some of their too rigid rules: among whom, or rather at their head, was an old maiden
aunt, who lived in the same house, and was, as it were, a kind of governante over the two young ladies: this ill-natured creature picked up all the stories she could from the enviers of her niece's perfections, and reported them with the most aggravating additions, to Alvario, conjuring him to lay his commands on her to be more circumspect in her conduct.

Christabella started at finding herself accused of crimes which she never had the least notion of, and would have died rather than been guilty of; but neither the displeasure she found it gave her father, nor the regard she had of her own reputation, were powerful enough to make her retrench any of those liberties she had accustomed herself to take, and as she knew them to be only such as she could answer to her own honour, seemed altogether indolent how they might appear in the eye of the world.

In vain Alvario remonstrated, menaced, forbade her, on pain of forfeiting all pretensions to his favour, ever to come any more into some company, or be seen in some places she had been used to frequent:—no considerations of the duty she owed to him as a parent were sufficient to restrain her from following her inclinations; and she thought herself more injured by his believing the aspersions thrown on her, than she could injure him by her disobedience.

It is highly probable, that the knowledge she was born to a fortune independent on him, went a great way towards emboldening her to act in this manner:—certain it is, that her conduct was such as plainly testified she had but a small share either of love or fear for him; which so enraged him,
as indeed he had just cause to be, that he made her be locked up in her chamber, and suffered her to see nobody but her aunt, whose society she would have been glad to have dispensed with, and a maid-servant, who came in to bring her food and other necessaries.

But this confinement was so far from humbling the haughtiness of her spirit, that on the contrary, it rendered her more obstinate; and looking on the treatment she received as the effect of tyranny rather than paternal care, she no longer considered Alvario as her father, but a cruel gaoler, to whom she would not condescend to make the least submission; and when her aunt told her, that if she would promise to make a better use of her liberty than she had done, she would endeavour to prevail with her brother to pardon what was past, she answered, that she knew herself guilty of nothing that required amendment, and therefore would not pretend to make any alteration in her conduct.

In fine, she behaved with so little natural affection or duty, that Alvario was soon convinced he had taken the wrong method to bring her to a better way of thinking, and repented he had not made trial of more gentle means: but though he extremely loved her, he thought it would be unbecoming his character to be the first that should recede; therefore continued her confinement, flattering himself that she would in time petition him, at least for a release.

But while he was vainly expecting to bend a spirit so untameable, she was contriving means to make her escape at once from his house and authority, resolving, if she could once get loose, to take lodgings, and oblige her father to put into
her hands, or those of some person she would nominate as her guardian, that part of the estate, which she was too sensible he could not withhold from her.

The first attempt she made for this purpose was to get the maid that waited on her into her interest; but all the promises she made being ineffectual to corrupt the integrity of this faithful creature, she had recourse to a stratagem, which one would be surprized to think should ever enter into the head of one who was not yet arrived at her sixteenth year.

Pen, ink, and paper, unhappily being not refused her, she wrote a great number of little billets, complaining of the injustice she received from an inhuman father, who had locked her up on purpose to make her pine herself to death, that the whole of the estate might descend to his other more favoured daughter. These she folded up, and directed,

"To any charitable person who shall pass this way, and has compassion enough to assist an abused daughter in her escape from the most barbarous of all fathers."

Several of these letters she threw out of the window as soon as it was dark, but they were either not seen and trod under foot, or fell into the hands of such, as either knew not what to make of them, or did not care to interfere in the affair. At length, when she grew half distracted at the stupidity and insensibility of the world, and began to despair of the success she aimed at by this means, as she was throwing out the last she intended to make trial of, fate directed it to light on the shoulder of a gentleman, who happened to be
knight-errant enough to attempt the relief of this distressed damsel.

He saw from whence it fell by the light of a lamp which was opposite to the house, and heard the window shut just as he took it up:—the moment he came home he examined the contents, and found something so whimsical in the adventure, that he resolved to fathom the bottom of it. He was a man of no fortune, and had supported the appearance of a gentleman merely by gaming; so thought, that if the confined lady was really such as her letter signified, he ought not to neglect what his good genius had thrown in his way, but make use of the opportunity which gave him such fair hopes of establishing himself in the world.

Early the next morning he made it his business to enquire among the neighbourhood into the circumstances of Alvario, and was soon informed of the truth of every thing. To be assured that the young lady, who implored assistance, had an estate independent either of her father or any one else, flattered his most sanguine views; but which way he should let her know how ready he was to obey any injunction she should lay upon him for the recovery of her liberty, was the great difficulty. To write, he perceived, would be in vain; he supposed by the method she took, that she had no person whom she could confide in, either for sending or receiving any letters; or if she had, was wholly ignorant who that person was:—at last, after various turns of invention, he betook himself of one, dangerous enough indeed, but somewhat he thought was to be ventured.

The window from whence he found the letter came, was but one story from the ground, and bef...
ing a back-room, looked into a little court, which, though a thorough-fare, was not much frequented in the night. He therefore resolved to climb it, which he did by the help of a step-ladder he procured, and brought himself to the place about the same hour he had received the letter. As he made not the least noise in mounting, he looked through the glass, and by the curtains not being entirely closed, saw the fair authoress of the summons sitting in a melancholy posture, leaning her head upon her hand:—he found she was alone, and ventured to knock softly against the window:—she started at the noise, but being of a disposition far from timid, stepped toward the window, which he immediately drew up on the outside, and making as low a bow as the posture he was in would admit, "Be not alarmed, fair creature, said he, I come to offer you that assistance which this mandate tells me your condition requires." In speaking these words he presented her with the billet she had thrown;—the sight of which dissipating all the apprehensions she might have on his being there, on some less agreeable design, she thanked him for the trouble he took, and the danger to which he exposed himself, in the most grateful and obliging terms:—after this, as time would not permit much ceremony on either side, she informed him, that the service she intreated of him was first to provide a lodging for her in some house of reputation, and that he would come again the next night and help her to descend from the window, there being no other way of her getting out of the house. This he assured her of performing, and she promised him that she would return the obligation with every mark of gratitude a virtuous
woman had to bestow, or a man of honour could expect:—after which he descended, and she made fast her window, both of them highly satisfied with this interview, though for different reasons; the full of hopes of regaining her dear liberty; and he, of having it in his power to oblige her to enter into a second, and more lasting confinement.

The gamester was not remiss in any thing that might contribute to the gaining so rich a prize as Christabella; he prepared a lodging for her, furnished in a very complete manner, but it was at the house of a person to whom he communicated the whole of the affair, and who had reasons to act in such a manner as should forward his designs.

When the appointed hour arrived, he repaired to the window, where Christabella stood in full expectation of his coming, and no sooner saw the ladder fixed than she descended, without exacting any other promise from her deliverer than what she had received from him the night before.

Some hours before her departure, she wrote a letter to her father, and laid it in a place where she was certain it would be found as soon as her flight should be discovered. The terms in which she expressed herself to him were as follow:

S I R,

"The cruel usage I have received from you makes me imagine you forget you gave me being, and absolves me from the duty I otherwise should owe you as a father:—I go for ever from you, and expect you will not force me to take any measures unbecoming the character of a daughter, in order to gain possession of my birth-
"right, which you have long enjoyed the use of,
and is high time should now devolve on,
S. I R,
Your much injured daughter,
CHRISTABELLA."

A coach that waited at the end of the street conveyed her to her new lodging, and the person who attended her thither omitted nothing that might inspire her with a high idea of his honour, and also make her think he was not her inferior either in birth or fortune. Late as it was, he obliged her to sit down to a very elegant collation he had caused to be provided.

At first she was highly delighted with her reception; but supper was no sooner over than he began to speak his mind more freely, and let her know he had not taken all this pains but with a view of becoming the master both of her person and estate: he made his declaration, however, in the most submissive terms, and accompanied with a shew of the utmost passion and adoration of her charms; and as she had been accustomed to hear professions of this nature, she was not greatly displeased with those he uttered, and affected to rally what he said with the same gaiety she had treated her former admirers: but, alas! she soon found he was not to be put off in that manner; he pressed her for an immediate promise of marrying him the next morning; told her that he was extremely serious in the affair, and expected she should be so too, and that he was determined not to quit her presence till he had an assurance of being her husband.

She now began to tremble, and as she has confessed, wished herself again under Alvario's roof:
she was in the power of a man utterly a stranger to her, and who seemed resolute enough to attempt any thing he had a mind to:—no visible way of escaping the danger with which her honour was threatened, unless she complied with his desires, offered itself to her:—the more she reflected on her condition, the more dreadful it appeared; and she at last, in spite of all the greatness of her spirit, burst into a flood of tears.

As he did not want wit, and exerted it all on this occasion, he said the most endearing things to her, laying the blame of the compulsion he was obliged to make use of, on the excess of his love, and the apprehensions he was in, that if he let slip this opportunity, she would not hereafter listen to his vows:—he added also, that if the place of her abode should be discovered by Alvario, the authority of a father might force her back into that confinement, from which she had, but with the utmost difficulty, got out of:—whereas, when she was once a wife, all former duties and obligations would be dissolved, and she would be only under the power of a husband, to whom her will should ever be a law.

During this discourse a strange vicissitude of different passions rose in her troubled mind;—sometimes softened by the flattering expressions of his love and admiration,—inflamed with rage at others, when she considered that he had the boldness to think of forcing her inclinations:—the indiscretion of trusting herself in the hands of a man so wholly a stranger now shewed itself to her in its true colours; one moment she argued mildly with him how incompatible the laying her under constraint was, with the respect he pretended for
her; the next, she reproached him, and testified the utmost scorn at his proceeding; by turns descended to sooth and to revile; both which were equally effectual: he replied to every thing she said with all the humility of the most beseeching and obsequious love, yet the purport of his words convinced her the resolution he had taken was unalterable, that she had no means of avoiding being his, and that all in her own choice, was to be his mistress, or his wife.

Great part of the night being now elapsed, and no possibility of prevailing with him, she at length yielded to necessity, and consented to marry him; on which he left her to take what repose so unexpected a change of fortune would permit; but that no chance or contrivance might deprive him of his hopes, obliged her to make the woman of the house the partner of her bed.

When at liberty to ruminate on the accident had befallen her, the compulsion she was under seemed to her the most vexatious part of it:—the person and conversation of her intended bridegroom had nothing in them disagreeable to her; he had the appearance of a man of fashion, and had sworn a thousand oaths that his birth and fortune were such, as none of her kindred would have cause to blame her choice of him:—he had told her his name, which happening to be the same of a very great family, (tho', in reality, he was not at all related to them) she imagined it would be no demeaning of herself to be called by it; therefore easily flattered herself that it was, as he pretended, only the violence of the passion she had inspired him with, which made him take the methods he did for the gratification of it:—this vanity con-
tributed greatly to her ease, and made her, with less reluctance, perform the promise he had extorted from her.

In fine, they were married, after which he carried her into the country under the pretence of diverting her, but in reality to elude any prosecution which might be made against him for stealing an heiress.

Alvario, indeed no sooner found the letter she had left for him, than he searched for her at every house where it was known she had the least acquaintance; and not being able to hear the least tidings of her, doubted not but she was gone away with some person for whom she had a secret affection.

Christabella, in the mean time, grew perfectly reconciled to her lot; and not in the least doubting but her husband was in reality of the family and fortune he had told her, was continually importuning him to demand the writings of the estate out of her father's hands; but he had too much cunning to comply, and seeming not to regard her wealth, since he got possession of her person, won so far upon her as to create in her a most perfect affection; and it was not till after he found himself assured that she would not join in any thing against him, by being the master of her heart, and that she was pregnant, that he brought her to town, and suffered their marriage to be declared; but it no sooner was so, than the whole truth of his circumstances was also divulged:—

Alvario was like a man deprived of reason; all her kindred and friends were inconsolable; every one who wished her well, amazed and shocked; and the whole town full of no other subject of discourse.
Christabella herself, at the first discovery of the deception had been put upon her, felt a resentment, which nothing but her own behaviour can describe:—she threatened to abandon this unworthy husband, and leave him to that punishment the law inflicts on the crime he had been guilty of:—she had even packed up her clothes and jewels for that purpose; yet did his intreaties and pretended passion for her, added to the condition she was in, and the reflection how dreadful a reproach it would be to the child she was to bring into the world, should the father of it be brought to so infamous a fate, prevail on her to continue with him, and content herself with venting her indignation in the most bitter terms she could invent: all which he bore with a show of patience, as he knew it was not yet time to exert any authority, but kept in mind every reviling word, resolving to revenge it hereafter.

But not to spin this little narrative to a too tedious length, he had artifice, and she had good-nature enough, to bring about an entire forgiveness on her part:—she did every thing he requested of her;—she assured whoever spoke to her of the affair, that no imposition had been practised on her;—that she knew before hand the true circumstances of the person who was now her husband; and that the love she had for him made her overlook the disparity between them. She employed a lawyer to go to her father on the account of the estate, and before the affair was wholly determined, the death of her sister gave her a right to the whole; which Alvario, seeing there was no remedy, was obliged to resign.

The possession of this estate discovered to Chri-
abella how miserable she was; the seeming tenderness and submissive temper of her husband had made her not doubt but she always would be the sole mistress both of her actions and fortune; but all being now compleated, and he having nothing more to fear from her displeasure, he presently made her feel the effects of the power he had over her, and that he had not forgot the disdain with which she had treated him during the continuance of her rage.

A spirit like her's was not easy to be broke; yet did he accomplish the task in a very few months:—it is now her turn to sue, and often sue in vain for a small share of her own wealth, which he profusely lavishes abroad among his former companions, leaving her at home to lament alone her wretched state.

Never was a greater tyrant; he denies her even the privilege of visiting, or being visited by those who would wish to continue a correspondence with her: as for her father and kindred, not one among them would ever see her since her elopement, and the discovery of her marriage:—no words can paint the misery of her condition, and to render it worse, there is not the least appearance of any relief but by death.

It is certain that the fate of so disobedient a daughter, cannot excite much commiseration in the world; but it ought to be a warning to all parents, who wish to see their children happy, to study carefully their dispositions before they go about to treat them with ungentle means, and rather condescend to sooth an obstinate temper, than compel it to a change. Where there is vanity and self-sufficiency, it must be only time and reflec-
tion that can convince them what they ought to do; and if, by laying some pleasures in their way, less prejudicial than those to which they are addicted, one could divide the inclination so as to render the former less strong, it might be easy, by degrees, to bring them to an indifference for all. This is a method which might at least be made trial of, and I fancy, would more often answer the end than fail.

If Mrs. Oldfashion would, therefore, wean Miss Biddy from the immoderate delight she has taken at present in Ranelagh-gardens, and the company who frequent that place, it might be right to vary the scene; but in my opinion altogether the reverse to change it to one where only disfmal objects offering to the view, should render the past more pleasing in idea, than they were even in enjoyment.

Did not reasons of state, which the Spectator, must not presume to fathom, engage us at present in a war with France, I should advise to send a young lady too much bigotted to any one pleasure, into that polite country, where she would find so vast a variety, as would give a quite different turn to her temper, and make her despise all that before seemed so enchanting to her.

I foresee that many, on reading this paragraph, will be astonished, and cry out, that following this counsel, she would lose all relish for the delights her own country affords, only to become more fond of those of another!—This objection at first may appear plausible enough, but when considered, will be found of no weight; for besides the remembrance of those dear friends she has left behind, there is something of a natural partiality in
us all to the place which gave us birth, which would make her in a short time wish to return; so that of consequence, she would be much sooner cured of this immoderate love of pleasure, than by enjoying it in a place where nothing is absent to her wishes.

There are also two reasons which render the indulging one's self in all, or any particular kind of diversion, less prejudicial in France than it frequently proves in England:—the first, because whatever time is spent in them is so far from being wholly lost, that it is rather an improvement, than a diminution of the education we have before received, as every body must allow that knows anything of the customs of that nation;—the arrival of a foreign lady is no sooner known, than she is invited to partake of all their entertainments:—she immediately enters into balls, assemblies, masquerades, and a continual round of pleasure in the palaces of princes, and houses of persons of the first quality, where she is treated with the utmost elegance and delicacy, and hears nothing of those impertinencies, and loose ribaldry, she is liable to be persecuted with, in those mixed companies at our mercenary places of resort; where all, without distinction, are admitted for their money. A woman of honour ought to tremble to think what creatures may join in conversation with her in some of our public rendezvous, who will not fail afterwards to boast of an acquaintance with her; and take notice of her as such if they happen to see her in any other place. Few of our English beaux have the discretion a French gentleman had, who had been in the gallery at an opera in Paris, and sitting near a fine lady, who being dressed, as
he thought, a little too gay for that part of the house, he took for a fille de joie, and accosted with all the freedoms used to women of that character: —she gave herself no pains to undeceive him, but evaded suffering him to attend her home, as he expected to have done. Some days after, happening to see her go into court, attended by a great number of pages and footmen, he asked a person who stood near, who that lady was, and was answered, Madam de Charleroy, one of the princesses of the blood. Ashamed of his former behaviour to her, he was sculking away as fast as he could, but her penetrating eyes immediately discovered her would-have-been gallant, and making him be called back, "What, monsieur, said she ironically, is the lady "you entertained with so much freedom at the "opera, a few nights since, not worth a single fa-"lute?—O madam, returned he, with an admi-"rable presence of mind, in * Paradise we are on "an equality, but now I know the respect due to "Madam de Charleroy." On which she laughed, and owned the blame was wholly her own, for indulging a frolic, which carried her to a place, where she could so little be expected to be found.

Had this transaction happened at any of our public diversions, it is possible the lady need not have been at the trouble to have the gentleman called back; he would have made her a low bow to shew his breeding, and never rested till he had gone through all the coffee-houses in town, and entertained the company with his intimacy with a certain great lady, whom, if he did not directly name,

* A bye-word they have in Paris for the galleries; as we say, Among the gods.
he would take care to describe in such a manner, as every one should know.

I appeal to our ladies themselves, if they have not sometimes been put to the blush, by being claimed as acquaintance by persons of both sexes, whom they have happened to join with in those promiscuous assemblies; and by whom it is unbecoming of their characters even to be mentioned.

The other reason I promised to give why the partaking of all kinds of diversions in France is not attended with the same ill consequence as in England, is this:—the innocent freedoms allowed in our sex, give no encouragement to those of the other to expect such as are not so; it being, without all question, a place of the greatest gaiety, least scandal, and least room for it, of any in the world:—the gentlemen there address, present, and treat, with no other view than to shew their own gallantry; and the ladies receive all the marks of respect that can be paid them, as the privilege of their sex, and not as proofs of any particular attachment.

I am sorry to say, that in England, ladies, even of the first quality, are treated with very great indifference, except by those men who have a design upon them; and as for women of inferior condition, though possessed of the most extraordinary talents of mind or body, they may shew themselves as much as they please, in all public places, without being able to make themselves be taken notice of, if they allow no hope of one day purchasing distinction at too dear a rate.

On the whole, therefore, as vanity, and the desire of admiration, are the chief motives which induce our very young ladies to these continual rambles, France is the only place where they may
find their inclinations gratified to its full extent, without danger to their virtue, or prejudice to their reputation. But as the enmity at present between the two nations, renders such an excursion impracticable, my correspondent might send Miss Biddy, under the care of some relation, or other prudent person, if her affairs permit her not to go herself, to Bath, Tunbridge, or Scarborough; in fine, to any place where she might be entertained with something, that should render her forgetful of what she now so much delights in.

It would be extremely fortunate for her, if, while her passion for the pleasures of Ranelagh are in their zenith, one of her kindred or intimates should happen to marry, and go down into the country to celebrate their nuptials;—to accompany the new-joined happy pair, and be witness of the rural sports, invented for their welcome, by the innocent country people, would perhaps be a scene too novel not to have some charms for her:—the woods, the fields, the groves, the sweet purling streams, the horn, the halloo of the huntsmen, and the cheerful ruddy countenance of those who pursue the chase, afford also a pleasing variety of amusement. By ways like these, I fancy she might be cheated, as it were, into a taste more suited to make her happy, and brought to a more regular way of thinking, without seeming to endeavour it.

This is indeed a crisis which calls for the utmost precaution in a parent: I am told by persons who are always consulted on every occasion that relates to pleasure, that a subscription is intended, some say actually on foot, for ridottos and masquerades at Ranelagh next winter; and if so, our
young ladies will probably live there all night as well as all day. Whether Mr Heidegger will have interest enough to prevent this invasion of his province, I know not; but if it should go on, one may venture to pronounce, without being any great conjurer, that those nocturnal rambles will be found of more dangerous consequence at Chelsea, than they have proved at the Haymarket.

I communicated this piece of intelligence to a young lady, who at present passes the greatest part of her time at Ranelagh, and never in my life did I see a creature so transported:—her eyes sparkled, her lips quivered, all her frame was in agitation, through eagerness to know something farther of this important affair; and when I mentioned the apprehensions I had, that if such a design should take place, it might be prejudicial to the health of those who should venture themselves, in the damps of winter, in a place so near the water,—"O madam, cried she, one cannot catch "cold at Ranelagh!"—I could not forbear, after this, giving her some broad hints of other inconveniencies, which might probably attend being so far from home, at hours that might encourage attempts, no way agreeable to the modesty of our sex; on which she only said, "Lard, madam, "how you talk!"—And all my admonitions had no other effect, than to make her shorten her visit; no doubt to impart the discourse we had together to some of her acquaintance, and to ridicule my want of taste.

She has one motive, as I have been told by the men, which, notwithstanding, she would be very unwilling to acknowledge, for her preferring masquerades to all other public diversions; which is,
that she never had a handsome thing said to her out of a vizard;—nature, it is certain, having not been over-curious in the formation of her features, and that cruel enemy to beauty, the small-pox, has rendered them yet less delicate; but with the help of new stays once a month, and strait lacing, she has a tolerable shape; but then her neck suffers for it, and confesses, in scarlet blushes, the constraint put upon her waist:—this misfortune, however, she conceals under a handkerchief, or pelerine, and high tucker, and never trips it in the walks without some share of admiration from those who follow, and are not nimble enough to overtake her.

A masquerade may, therefore, well be the delight of her heart, where the advantageous part of her only is revealed; yet though she cannot be insensible of what is amiable in herself, and what the contrary, as she looks so often in her glass, she was weak enough last winter to lay herself open to a rebuff at the masquerade, which occasioned a good deal of raillery among those who heard it.

To display all her perfections in the best light she could, she assumed the habit of a Diana. A green velvet jacket, fringed with silver, made so strait, that, as I heard, her chambermaid sprained both her thumbs with buckling it on, very much added to her natural slenderness:—a silver crescent glittered on her head, which had no other covering than her hair, of which indeed she has a great deal, and well coloured, braided with rows of pearl and flowers interspersed; the vizard on, it must be owned she made a very complete figure,
and attracted the eyes of a good part of the assembly who were there that night.

But that which flattered her ambition most, was, that the great Imperio took notice of her, and imagining that a real Venus might be hid under the fictitious Diana, ordered a nobleman who stood near him, to go to her, and prevail with her to come to the beauteous and unmask. He, who was not unaccustomed to such employments, readily flew to execute his commission, and, after having brought her to the highest pitch of vanity by the most extravagant compliments, to crown all, let her know who it was that sent him, and on what errand. Charmed as she was with the praises she gave, it was some time before she yielded to do as he desired; but at last her resolution was subdued, by the reflection that she ought not to refuse anything to Imperio; and she suffered herself to be conducted by him to the beauteous, near which Imperio stood, who presented her with a glass of wine with his own hand, accompanied with many compliments; both which she received with a low obeisance, and at the same time plucked off her mask.

But fatal was this complaisance to all her hopes:—Imperio started back, and above the necessity of concealing the disappointment of his expectations.

"It will not do, my lord," said he to the nobleman, "it will not do, and I am sorry I gave you so much trouble."

Several of the company, whom this adventure had drawn to that part of the room, saw her face before she could be quick enough to replace her mask; and a much greater number heard the words Imperio spoke, as he turned from her; so that
the whole time she staid afterwards, she was faluted with nothing but, "It will not do," and a loud laugh.

Had she been mistress of resolution enough to have resisted the importunities of the emissary-lord, and the commands of Imperio, she would doubtless have heard many praises of the charming Diana repeated afterwards in company; whereas now the mystery was revealed, and the real Diana known, her greatest intimates could not forbear laughing at the mortification she had received; and on every little dispute with any of them, the way they took to be revenged, was to cry, "It will not do."

Much more lovely women than the person I have been speaking of, have sometimes met with little indignities and slights, which their pride could ill sustain: and, indeed, how should it be otherwise! The men are so censorious, that they look on all those of our sex, who appear too much at these public places, as setting themselves up for sale, and therefore taking the liberty of buyers, measure us with their eyes from head to foot; and as the most perfect beauty may not have charms for all who gaze upon her in this scrutinious manner, few there are, if any, who have not found some who will pass by her with a contemptuous toss, no less significant than the most rude words could be.

O wherefore then will not women endeavour to attain those talents which are sure of commanding respect!—No form so faultless, but the inquiring eyes of wanton and ungenerous men may find a blemish in. But she who has not the least pretence to beauty, has it in her power, would she but once be prevailed upon to exert it,
to awe the boldest, or most affectedly nice libertine into submission, and force him to confess her worthy of a serious attachment. If even by indigence of circumstances, or the unjust parsimony some parents are guilty of, she is denied the means of cultivating her genius, and making herself mistress of those expensive accomplishments, which might render her what we call a shining figure in the world, innocence and modesty are still her own; they were born with her, they will cost nothing to preserve, and, without the aid of any other charm, will be a sure defence from all insults.

Modesty is the characteristic of our sex; it is indeed the mother of all those graces for which we can merit either love or esteem:—sweetness of behaviour, meekness, courtesy, charity in judging others, and avoiding all that would not stand the test of examination in ourselves, flow from it:—it is the fountain-head as well as the guardian of our chastity and honour, and when it is once thrown off, every other virtue grows weak, and by degrees is in danger of being wholly lost:—she who is possessed of it can be guilty of no crime, but she who forfeits it is liable to fall into all.

How far it is consistent with that decent reserve, or even that softness so becoming in womankind, I leave any one to judge, who has been witness in what manner some ladies come into public assemblies:—they do not walk but straddle, and sometimes run with a kind of frisk and jump;—throw their enormous hoops almost in the faces of those who pass by them;—stretch out their necks, and roll their eyes from side to side, impatient to take the whole company at one view; and if they hap-
pen to see any one dressed less exact, according to the mode, than themselves, presently cry out,—

"Antiquity to perfection!—A picture of the "laft age!"—then burst into a laugh loud enough to be heard at two or three furlongs distant; happy if they can put the unfortunate object of their ridicule out of countenance.—Can such a behaviour pass upon the world for modesty, good-manners, or good-nature?

I do not pretend to say, that all the ladies who give themselves an air of boldness, merely because it is the fashion, are guilty of any thing which may arraign their chastity; many may be innocent in fact, who are not fo in shew: but are they not then greatly cruel to themselves to assume the appearance of vices they are free from?—Some are placed fo high as to have their actions above the reach of scandal; and others, by their avowed manner of life,-render themselves below it; but it is to those I speak who have reputation to lose, and who are not altogether fo independent, as not to have it their interest to be thought well of by the world.

Far be it from me to debar my sex from going to those public diversions, which, at present, make fo much noise in town:—none of them but may be enjoyed without prejudice, provided they are frequented in a reasonable manner, and behaved at with decency;—it is the immoderate use, or rather the abuse of any thing, which renders the partaking it a fault.—What is more agreeable than freedom in conversation; yet when it extends to levity and wantonness, what more contemptible and odious!—Some pleasure is doubtless necessary to the human system; taken in moderation, it invigorates both mind and body; but indulged to
excess is equally pernicious:—in fine, it ought never to break in upon those hours, which, with greater propriety, might be devoted to business in persons of maturity, and to improvement in the younger fort.

Time, always precious, can never be more so than in our early years;—the first ideas make the strongest and most lasting impression:—while the genius is free, and unclogged with any of the cares of life, and the soul acts through the organs of the body, uninterrupted with any passions, diseases, or disasters, then it is that we should endeavour to lay in a stock of knowledge for our whole lives;—to acquire those accomplishments which alone deserve, and will certainly attract respect; and to establish solid principles of virtue, which hereafter growing up into practice, will conduce to the happiness of all about us, as well as of ourselves.

This crisis, if once neglected, can never be retrieved, and will sooner or later be attended with a severe repentance.—How melancholy a thing must it be for a lady to hear others, who have better husbanded the inestimable moments, exalted for perfections she is conscious she might have excelled in, had she not rashly and inadvertently let slip the golden opportunity.

Nor are the hours employed in pleasure all that are lost by it, especially when it happens to be of that sort which takes us much out of our own houses:—the idea of it is apt to render us indolent in our affairs, even the little time we are at home.—Where the heart is, the thoughts will continually be when the body is absent:—the darling topic engrosses too much of the mind, and
occasions an inattention to every thing but itself. It is not, therefore, greatly to be wondered at, that young ladies, who cannot be expected to have that solidity which experience only teaches, should seem so careless in improving time, when we see very many of those who have been married years, neglect their husbands, children and families, to run galloping after every new entertainment that is exhibited.

But as there is great room to fear the present age is too far lost in luxury and indolence to listen to any remonstrances, I would fain persuade the very young ladies to act so as to render the next more promising.

As marriage is a thing which they will one day think of, and a good husband is both a natural and laudable wish, who would not endeavour to render herself deserving the lasting affection of a man of sense?—such a one, who, as Mr. Rowe elegantly expresses it, will be always

"Pleas'd to be happy, as she's pleas'd to bless,
"And conscious of her worth can never love
"her less."

So many young charmers are continually springing up, and the men grow so excessively delicate in their taste, that beauty, in their eyes, seems to have lost all its bloom at sixteen or seventeen; and how great a stab must it be to the vanity of a woman, who, at five-and-twenty, finds herself either not married at all, or to a husband who regards her no otherwise than as a withered rose! for so it will ever be, whatever the ladies may flatter themselves with, where there is no tie more strong than merely personal perfection, to bind the naturally roving and inconstant heart.—Convinced by
fad experience of this truth, in vain she looks back upon her mispent days:—in vain, with heart-felt tears, regrets the time she has lavished in trifles unworthy of her;—in vain essays to atone for past follies by a quite contrary behaviour:—all she can do is now too late;—with her, alas! the fun of hope, of admiration, of flattery and pleasure, is set for ever, and the dark gloom of cold neglect and loathed obscurity envelopes all her future life.

Amasina had a form so every way exact, that envy itself could find nothing to object against it:—all other beauties lost their charms when she appeared, and seemed but as stars in the presence of the sun;—she was what the song describes,

"Fairest among the fair."

Her high birth, and the accomplishments she was mistress of, heightened the graces of her person, and scarce any age ever produced an object of more universal admiration. But of all the addresses made to her, those of Palamon were the most countenanced by her noble parents, and agreeable to herself:—his virtue, good-sense, and breeding, made him respected by them, as the gracefulness of his person gave him the advantage in her eyes, above all others who pretended to her, tho' some there were whose estates were far superior, and whose declarations of love were also accompanied with a greater shew of vehemence.

Palamon, it is certain, was a lover of that sort which all women who judge as they ought to do, would approve;—his professions were accompanied with no adulations, no extravagancies;—his passion was perfectly sincere and tender, but was far from either jealousy or impetuosity:—he could
know his rivals without challenging them to fight, and could bear the little flights she sometimes affected to treat him with, and not immediately swear he would throw himself upon his sword.

Amasina, too conscious of her charms, was sometimes very uneasy that she could render him no more so; and imagining she had begun to place her affections on a man who had not that deference for her which she merited, made use of her utmost efforts to withdraw it:—to this end she indulged her natural propensity to gaiety, in going to all public places; listened to the vows of every one who presumed to make them; and in fine, became a perfect coquet: this method seemed to her the only one to render him more assiduous, and at the same time to regain that liberty for her own heart which she found the inclination she had to him above all other men, was beginning to enthral. "All I desire in the world," said she one day to a person who afterwards repeated it to me, "is to see the insensible Palamon dying with despair at my feet; and that I may, from my very heart, despise and hate him."

How successful soever this way of proceeding may sometimes have been found, it was far from answering the end Amasina proposed by it; and instead of rendering Palamon more submissive than he had been, made her appear to him every way less worthy of respect.

As he truly loved her, and looked on her as a woman who was shortly to be his wife, all the little levities of her behaviour seemed to him as so many wounds to his own honour; and he could not therefore forbear representing to her, how unworthy of them both it was, that she should be so
frequently seen at places, and with company, which he told her he was sure she must be sensible herself, gave occasion of censure to malicious tongues.

She affected to resent the liberty he took, but was in her heart pleased to find he was piqued at what she did, because she took it as a proof of his love, as indeed it was; but then she too much depended on the force of that love, and flattered herself with a belief, that at last it would humble him into that tame enduring admirer she wished:—to this end, therefore, she studied eternally how to give him fresh matter of disquiet; she contrived to be always abroad at those hours when she expected him to visit her;—she passed her whole days in going from one public place to another;—would often leave word at home that if he desired to see her, he might come to lady Diamond's, miss Toywell's, or some other of her female acquaintance, whose conduct she knew he the most disapproved of any she had:—she suffered beau Trifle, a creature whose conversation was shunned by every woman of prudence, to romp with her before his face; and in fine, did even a violence to her own inclinations, as well as to her reputation, only to make trial how far the love Palamon had for her would compel him to bear.

Poor unthinking lady! little did she foresee the consequences of this behaviour; and being guilty of no real crime, was too neglectful what the appearance of it would in time subject her to:—her mother, tho' a woman of gaiety herself, was vexed to find her daughter give into such excesses, as all her friends and kindred highly blamed her for permitting, and did all in her power to prevail on her to be at least more cautious to prevent
scandal: but Amasina contented herself with listening to her reproofs without being at all amended by them; and thinking she was the best judge of her own actions, persisted as she had begun, till by long assuming a boldness, which at first was far from being natural to her, she at last really lost all that simplicity and sweet timidity so becoming in a virgin state;—fierce fires now sparkled in her eyes;—her voice became more shrill;—she talked incessantly;—she laughed aloud;—she blushed not at hearing a loose song, nor started at freedoms she would once have thought a violation of decency and good manners.

Palamon was both surprised and grieved to find this change in a person whom he loved with the utmost tenderness, and had flattered himself of being one day happy with:—he intreated her with all the moving eloquence of an honourable affection, that for her own sake, if not for his, she would reflect on her present conduct, and return once more to her amiable former self:—he represented to her, how unworthy of her conversation some of those were who now were honoured with it;—the little solid happiness was to be found in those noisy and tumultuous pleasures, to which she had, of late, too much devoted her time; and touched, though with all the gentleness he could, on the cenuses she incurred, and the dangers she was liable to fall into, by thus indiscriminately suffering herself to be led into all sorts of company, and even into places resorted to by the most irregular of both sexes.

These remonstrances she sometimes affected to ridicule, and at others to resent; not but she had too much sense not to allow the justice of them; but as her whole aim in acting in the manner
she did, was to bring him to such a temper of mind as to subject his very reason to her will, and to think every thing justifiable she did, he resolved to make no alteration in her conduct, till he should say with the lover, in one of Mrs Centlivre's comedies,

"No follies fatal to the fair can prove,
All things are beauties in the nymph we love."

Some men, it is certain, have behaved with that lavish dependence before marriage, who afterwards have become very tyrants, and made their wives dearly pay for all the submissions they exacted from them while they were mistresses.

Palamon, however, was of a quite contrary disposition:—he did not desire to marry Amafina but with a view of living with her in that happy equality which was doubtless intended by the institution; and though nothing could be more sincere and ardent than the passion he had for her, yet he could neither think of making her his wife while she continued in this inordinate love of unbecoming pleasures, nor of exerting the power of a husband in order to reclaim her:—the one he knew was inconsistent with his honour, the other with his peace of mind, both which were extremely dear to him; and though on many occasions he had room to believe he was not indifferent to her, yet as he found the regard she had for him was not of force enough to restrain her from being guilty of any one thing he had testified his disapprobation of, he resolved rather to break off with her entirely, and suffer all the pangs such a parting must inflict, than subject himself to others of a yet more alarming kind, and which might probably be as lasting as his life.
With what prodigious difficulty he brought himself to determine in this fashion, none but those possessed of an equal share of affection can possibly conceive; so I shall only say that it was such, as he stood in need of all his fortitude and good understanding to surmount.—I have been told by one who knew him well, and was indeed the confidante of his most secret thoughts, that he has seen him in agonies such as he often feared would have been mortal, and which he imagined, till he was convinced to the contrary, would have got the better of all his resolution; so hard it is to wean the heart from an object it has been long accustomed to love, and which has some merits to atone for its defects!

Had 'Amaelina seen him in these conflicts, it is probable her good nature would have been too strong for her vanity, and she would have abated some part of those submissions she expected from him, in consideration of the rack he sustained; and thought that that alone was sufficient to prove the height of passion she wished to inspire in the man on whom she intended to bestow herself.

But it was not her good fortune to be informed of any part of what he suffered;—he revealed himself to none that would betray it to her, and the greatness of his spirit would not permit him to behave in her presence, so as to enable her to penetrate into his soul; so that she knew no more than that he had the presumption to attempt bringing her over to his way of thinking, and obliging her to live according to his rules, and for that very reason thought she should be guilty of an injustice to herself not to shew him the vanity of such an essay, and that she knew he ought rather to be
pleased with every thing she did merely because she did it.

This kind of struggle between them, and that Palamon had with himself, continued for some time; but at last his love, insulted by additional provocations, yielded to his reason; and all the spells her enchanting beauty had laid upon him, lost their power at once:—he sat down, and in the presence of that friend, who was the sole repository of his secrets, wrote to her in the following terms:

To the lovely thoughtless Amasina.

"Since, unjust and cruel to yourself, as well as to the most sincere passion ever heart was possessed of, you prefer those trifling diversions, unworthy to be called pleasures, and the gallantries of men, whom, I have still too good an opinion of you not to assure myself, you in reality despise, to your own reputation and my eternal peace; you ought not, nor I flatter myself will accuse me of inconstancy, if I no longer submit to mingle with the herd, whose addresses you have, of late, not only permitted but encouraged; nor can I think of passing my whole life with a lady, who seems determined to devote all her's in scenes no way suited to render the marriage-state agreeable:—my intreaties, my remonstrances, my disquiets, my very tears have not only been ineffectual to prevail on you to make the least alteration in your conduct, but have served as matter of ridicule and derision among your more gay acquaintance; you shall therefore, no more be persecuted with them. And now I take my everlasting leave, which I had done in person, having often been to wait
on you for that purpose, but heard you were in
places, where I thought it inconsistent with that
character I would always endeavour to preserve,
to go seek you in.—With what difficulty I
brought myself to this resolution, I need not
tell you, who are enough sensible of the force
your charms have had upon me; but I am the
more consoled, as it cannot but be agreeable to
you, since you have taken so much pains to en-
able me to accomplish so painful a task, and to
convince me it is the only thing can be accept-
able to you from

The unfortunate Palamon.

P. S. I cannot restrain my pen from bidding
you once more farewell, and wishing you
may find in some more happy man, those
merits which may prevail on you to render
him completely blest, by resuming those
perfections, which, perhaps, your dislike
of me made you, for a time, suspend."

Amafina was at a masquerade when this let-
ter arrived, so that it came not to her hands till
the next morning at her return—a bitter sequel of
the last night's pleasure!—Amazement and rage
at first took up all her thoughts, and left no room
for admittance to the softer passions:—she knew
not she either loved Palamon, or was grieved at
being forsaken by him; but a few moments after
convincing her she did both: she went not now to
bed as was her custom after coming from the Hay-
market;—no repose remained for her heart or
eyes;—by turns she wept and raved,—upbraided
the inconstancy of Palamon, and her own want of
charms;—curfed the haughtiness of his spirit, and
her inability of bending it; and laid the blame of
her misfortune on every thing but that which a-
lone was the occasion, her own ill conduct.

She was in agitations, such as were very near
throwing her into fits, when Armico her brother
happened to come into her chamber, and asking
the meaning of that disorder, which was visible
in all her air and countenance,—"Palamon,"
cried she, at the same time bursting into a flood of
tears, "has used me ill."

"How!" cried the impatient Armico, who was
a kind of a Chamont, and had no less affection for
his sister than the poet has bestowed on that young
warrior,—"Quick,—let me know in what, that
"I may fly to revenge your cause."

"Read there," replied she, pointing to the let-
ter which lay open on the table; "he has the im-
"pudence to renounce his vows, to abandon me,
"and then lay the blame of his falsehood on my
"innocent diversions."

Armico took fire immediately, and without giv-
ing himself the trouble of examining any farther
than five or six lines, swore that Palamon was a
villain, and that he would not suffer the honour
of his family to be abused; and a thousand such-
like speeches, which rash young men are apt to
make on causes of this nature, however ground-
less or imaginary.—Pursuing the dictates of his
rage, and without giving himself any time for re-
fection, he flew out of the room, and sent a chal-
lenge to Palamon, requiring him to meet him at a
place he mentioned, and was proper enough for
the purpose, with sword and pistol, to answer the
indignity he had offered to their family, in the per-
son of Amafiia.

This he sent by his valet de chambre, whom he
charged to bring back an answer; but he soon returned, letting him know it was not in his power to obey him, Palamon having left London the evening before, in order to retire to his country seat.

Armico at first was enraged at the disappointment of that revenge he imagined himself sure of taking on Palamon; but his passion soon after growing more cool, he did not think fit to follow him; especially as his father, being informed the same day of all that had happened, absolutely forbade him to make any noise of the affair, and seemed to acknowledge, that Palamon had behaved no otherwise than as a reasonable man, and Amafina, that if she looked on the loss of him as a misfortune, had no body in reality to accuse but herself.

Palamon, in fact, had no sooner dispatched his letter to Amafina than he wished it back:—a flood of tenderness returned upon his heart, and made her appear less faulty than he before had thought her:—he had accused himself of having taken his farewell in too harsh and unbecoming terms, and wished he had at least done it with more softness; but on his servant's return, and informing him she was gone to the masquerade, he grew more satisfied with what he had done; and convinced it was right to part with a woman, whom there was not the least appearance of ever being happy with, to prevent the interposition of friends, and put it out of his own power to recede from what he had wrote, absence seemed to him the only sure way: therefore without any longer delay than the time his horses were putting to the chariot, quitted the town immediately, taking with him that above-mentioned friend, whose advice and company he
knew would strengthen him in his resolution, and console him in the pains he endured, while tearing the once precious image of Amafina from his heart.

To be told of his departure, inflicted on that unhappy lady agonies more cruel than all his letter had done:—she now was assured he was in earnest;—that he was inevitably lost:—and by the violence of her grief, knew the violence of the love that had occasioned it:—all the pride, the vain desire of conquering his reason, and rendering it subservient to her will, which had prompted her to act as she did, was now no more:—gladly would she have yielded to relinquish every joy for that of retrieving his affections; and perhaps, even descended to confess how far she had been to blame, had he been present to desire it of her; but he was at too great a distance, and to write she thought would be demeaning herself too much, and might make him rather despise than love her.

All he so long, and with so much ardency, in vain attempted to bring to pass, while he was present and continued to admire her, was however effected by his forsaking her.—What was denied to love, despair enforced! She looked back with wonder and detestation on those irregularities which had deprived her of him; and it became as great a prodigy now to see her in any public place of diversion, as it had lately been to find her absent:—she has, ever since his breaking with her, been that reserved, that prudent Amafina he had so much wished to find her, and which would have made him the happiest of mankind; but it is now too late to be any other than a matter of indifference to him; and is accompanied with a misfortune to
herself, which is, that the remembrance of his passion, and the ill return she made, will not permit her to entertain the least regard for any other man, though still addressed by the noblest youths of Britain.

Palamon had not been many months in the country, before he became acquainted with a young lady, who, though not altogether so resplendent a beauty as Amasina, wanted not charms to render any man forgetful of a mistress, by whom he thought himself ill treated; and had besides, all those perfections of the mind, which Palamon set so high a value on:—in fine, he made his addresses to her, was received by her relations with the highest approbation, and by herself with a modest kindness:—the courtship lasted no longer than decency required:—the equally desired ceremony completed both their wishes, and they continue mutual patterns of conjugal affection; while poor Amasina suffers her bloom to wither in secret repinings and unavailing repentance, her affliction heavier to be borne by the endeavours she makes to conceal it.

By this example young ladies ought to be warned how dangerous it is to sport with the affections of a man of sense: a fop, a fool, who has no sensibility of what is owing to the woman he addresses, or to himself, may think the little artifices, which some make use of, in order to inflame their lovers, as a pretty amusement, and be delighted with those jealousies which neither give him real pangs, nor the ecclaircissement of any real pleasure; but the man who loves sincerely, and sees through such idle stratagems, cannot but resent, and at last despise them.
Too many I fear are in Amafina's cafe, and for the gratification of a whim, of a moment's duration, have sacrificed what would have made the happiness of their whole lives.—According to that great discernor of nature, the immortal Shakespeare, nothing is so much desired by women as to have their own will; but as it is impossible for any one, of what station soever, to enjoy it in every thing, we ought to consider and weigh well in what we can, with the least mortification to ourselves, endure to be debarred from it, and not hazard the highest wish our souls can form to the attainment of the meanest:—but what Sir John Suckling wrote extempore, on the sight of two lovers quarrelling about a trifle, may very well be applied to a number of our present pretended devotees to Cupid, of both sexes.

"Lovers, like little girls and boys,
"Cry for hearts, as they for toys;
"Which when once gain'd in childish play,
"They wantonly do throw away."

After all, no young lady, if she thinks at all, can think the indulging herself too much in the modish diversions of the age will ever be agreeable to any man, whose good opinion it is worth her while either to inspire or preserve: nor can she answer it to her reason, that she takes more pains to engage the idle flatteries of a few unmeaning coxcombs, than the solid praises of a man of virtue and good sense.

But I am sensible all this is talking to the wind:—music, dancing, love, and gallantry, are favourite amusements with the young and gay:—they will pursue them wherever they are to be found. It is, therefore, a great pity, methinks, that peo-
ple of fashion have not frequent entertainments of this nature at their own houses; where only select companies being admitted, all the dangers, the indecencies, the mischiefs, which attend rambling to public assemblies, would be avoided:—the gentlemen, knowing who they were among, would treat the ladies with the respect due to them, and exert all their wit and address to render themselves agreeable:—the ladies might be as pleasant as they pleased; all innocent freedoms are allowable with men of honour and good sense:—no misconstructions are made, either through ignorance or ill nature, on what passes in conversation;—all is free and easy, and the present satisfaction is not hereafter embittered with any remorse or anxiety.

In fine, my spectatorial capacity will permit me to approve of no other entertainments which are paid for, and at which all people, without distinction, have an equal privilege for their money, than those which are exhibited on the theatres; for there, though it is possible the most abandoned prostitute may thrust herself into the same box with the first duchess, and even have the arrogance to lay hold of that opportunity of speaking to her, yet such instances very rarely, if ever, happen; not because such wretches want either impudence or vanity enough to mix, as much as they can, with the great and virtuous part of their sex in these, as well as in any other public place, but because they know it is not their interest to do it. The design they have in coming there would be totally overthrown by such a behaviour; since the most professed and avowed libertine would be ashamed and afraid to accost them in the sight or
hearing of those noble personages, or even any lady of reputation:—the play-house will not admit of those freedoms, which may easily be taken either at Ranelagh, Vauxhall, &c. &c. or the masque-rade, where a man may lead his little mistress of an hour out through a private walk, or run away with her in a vizard, without being observed by the rest of the company.

It is indeed but of latter years that vice has dared to appear barefaced at the theatres; loose as the age is said to have been in the reign of King Charles II. I am told no woman of an infamous character ever came there without a mask, and long since then, throughout the days of his successors, James, William, and Mary, and the greatest part, if not all those of queen Anne, they retained that modest mark of a lewd life, or exchanged it for a black-hood, pulled over their faces, after the manner of a veil, which distinguished, and at the same time concealed them from the virtuous part of the audience; so that there was then no possibility of any disagreeable intermixtures; nor is there any danger of it now for the reason above alleged.

No objections, therefore, can be made against ladies frequenting the theatres on those accounts, for which those others, at present more encouraged places of resort, ought justly to be avoided.

Besides, a good play is an elegant entertainment for those of the brightest and most elevated capacities, and cannot but afford some improvement to the dullest and least informed:—it also engrosses no more of the time than may very well be spared from all other avocations, whether of study or business; nor breaks in upon those hours
which decency, and the consideration of our health, should devote to repose.

It must be allowed, that there is no kind of diversion whatever, in which three hours may so agreeably and profitably be spent; and among the many misfortunes of the present age, I think the visible decay of the stage may well be accounted not the least; since nothing can be a greater proof how much the general taste is vitiated, than to neglect an entertainment in which pleasure and instruction are blended, for others, which the best that can be said of them is, that they afford some amusement to the senses.

Nothing to me seems more ridiculous than to hear those reasons which the trading part of the nation, and some of the inferior gentry, give for their aversion to that portion of the drama, which is called tragedy:—"We have tragedy enough at home, say they; involved in wars, burthened with taxes, and in continual fears of worse consequences, our spirits want exhilaration, not depression;—our own miseries, and in all probability those of our posterity, afford us too many sad ideas, without adding to them by melancholy representations on the stage."

Methinks there is a narrowness of conception in people who argue in this manner, which deserves compassion:—it shews they have capacities for nothing farther than what is called the tale or fable of the piece; and either, through want of attention or understanding, cannot take in those beautiful morals and reflections, which in all good tragedies shew, that the misfortunes to which life is incident are not displayed, but with a view of enabling persons to undergo, with the more fortu-
tude and patience, ills which they find have been inflicted on others.

But where nature, or the want of proper education, denies this intended benefit, those persons whom the solemn scene too much affects, have not the same excuse for with-holding their encouragement to comedy;—since, to forget their cares is all they want, the flock may afford what the buskin cannot give:—they will see the follies and mistakes both of the great and low world agreeably ridiculed; and if they do not amend their own, they may at least laugh at those of other people.

It is not, however, to this part of the nation I am at present pretending to give advice, nor is it owing to those motives I have mentioned, that our young ladies of condition shun theatrical diversions for masquerades, assemblies, and ridottoes: the calamities of the times affect not them:—all within their gentle bosoms is harmony, and joy, and peace:—they can condole with Melpomene, and not be depressed by the distresses she presents; and can never want a disposition to laugh with Thalia.

These, who are themselves the real muses, and by their charms inspire all that is attributed to the tuneful Nine, should not, methinks, disdain the effects of their own influence. Did they vouchsafe to sparkle in the boxes as formerly, the poets would write with double energy, and the players act with double spirit. What at present is wanting to answer the ends proposed by the institution of the drama, is chiefly owing to their having, of late years, withdrawn their accustomed favours.

Some ladies indeed have shewn a truly public spirit in rescuing the admirable, yet almost forgot-
ten Shakespear, from being totally sunk in oblivion:—they have generously contributed to raise a monument to his memory, and frequently honoured his works with their presence on the stage:—an action, which deserves the highest encomiums, and will be attended with an adequate reward; since, in preserving the fame of the dead bard, they add a brightness to their own, which will shine to posterity.

Yet I could wish this benevolence of nature were extended farther:—it is a melancholy reflection to a poet, that he must be dead before he can arrive at the end of his ambition:—there are many living authors, who, we cannot deny, merit some portion of regard; and if, while depressed, neglected, and perhaps ill-treated, they force, as it were, our approbation, how infinitely more would they be capable of exciting it, if cherished and encouraged! as I remember to have somewhere read,

"As tender plants by kindly influence live,
"So favour is the sun makes poets thrive."

Let us not therefore lavish all our garlands on the grave, but reserve some chaplets for the living brows of those who make it their endeavours to please us:—gratitude requires it of us;—justice, good-nature, and good-manners, demand some return on our parts; and if even all those pleas were silent, self-interest ought to oblige us to it. If we consider seriously, we shall find that it is the greatest robbery we can commit against ourselves, when we refuse encouragement to works of wit and ingenuity; for besides the countenancing those perfections in others, being a proof we want not some share of them ourselves, how many
ladies have there been, the fame of whose endowments had properly existed no longer than their own lives, or of some particular admirers, which are now immortalized in the poet’s song!—Had Saccharissa been possessed of more perfections than even Waller has ascribed to her, they would long since have been forgot, did she not still live in his inimitable lines.

It is not that our sex have not the desire of admiration as much at heart as ever; on the contrary, the love of praise was never more predominant: and that they aim to acquire it by ways so widely different from what before was ever practised by our British ladies, since the first civilizing of the country, seems to me entirely occasioned by the example of some few persons, who, though in an elevated station, being hoydens in their own nature, have established into a fashion those customs among us, which would have incurred the severest satire in the days of our ancestors.

Our very dress too much corresponds with the airs, which none now can be accounted genteel without assuming:—one while we are transmogrified into milk-maids;—then into a kind of Amazons,—half men, half women;—and a truly modish lady looks now, by turns, every thing—

but a gentlewoman.

For my part, I think I see so great a tendency towards barbarism and rusticity among us, that I expect, if the queen of Hungary’s arms continue to prevail as they have done, we shall have patterns sent over to us of the habits worn by the Pandour and Talpack ladies, in order to regulate ourselves according to their mode, in honour of the assistance their husbands have afforded in the present war.
Wild infatuation! Strange prevalence of example!

In fine, there is nothing so disagreeable, so shocking to the natural softness and modesty of our sex, as well as to good sense and good breeding, that we may not in time degenerate into, if we proceed to unwoman ourselves by the same swift degrees we have done; and a few, very few years more will reduce us to that savage wildness, which, it is said, the Phoenicians first found us in.

However, as extremes are seldom of a long continuance, it is to be hoped the present humour will take a different turn—that our ladies will despise all unworthy imitations, cease to compliment away their characters to any person or persons whatever, and once more depend on their own good sense for the guide of their behaviour; and then they cannot fail of exciting all that love, admiration, and esteem, which it is no less laudable than natural to be pleased with.

BOOK VI.

There is one quality, which has somewhat so heavenly in it, that by so much the more we are possessed of it, by so much the more we draw nearer to the great Author of Nature. Of all the virtues, it is that which most finds its reward within itself, and at the same time most endears us to society; atoning for almost every other deficiency:—of all the beauties, it is that which attracts the most lasting admiration, gives
the greatest charm to every thing we say or do, and renders us amiable in every stage of life.

Yet it is no more than what is in the power of every one, with the help of a very little application, to attain:—it is, indeed, no other than an affability of manners and behaviour, or what is commonly called good-nature; but then it must be permanent, sincere; not assumed or affected, but flowing from a real benevolence of mind, which takes delight in contributing all it can to the welfare of others.

It was always my opinion, that good sense will make good-nature; because it shews us what is our true interest and happiness; and whatever some people say to the contrary, I never will believe a person can be possesed of the one, without some share of the other. A man may, indeed, be an excellent mathematician, philosopher, theologist, lawyer, or poet; have learning, memory, fancy, ingenuity, to a superlative degree; yet if in his deportment there be any tincture of arrogance, peevishness, moroseness, fulleness, or any of those indications by which ill-nature may be known, I will not allow him to have a clear and strong judgment. When any extraordinary endowment makes him treat with contempt or impatience the ideas of those who are less learned, or have less bright capacities, it shews his own to be clouded; and whatever sparkles may sometimes issue forth, there is still a dark and uninformed corner in his soul, which hinders him from being the perfect great man.

Good-nature is religion too, in the highest meaning of the word; because it will not suffer us to do by any one what we would not willingly
have done to ourselves: and though I am far from thinking that those who have not this happy disposition of mind are wicked, yet this I venture to affirm, that those who are really possessed of it, never can be so.

A person may be a strict observer of the ten commandments, yet do a great deal of mischief in the world: he may despise all mean and base actions, and have in the utmost abhorrence the more capital offences; yet, by a teizing or contemptuous behaviour, drive, as it were, those about him to be guilty even of the worst, and so become the author, though not the actor of the crime.

A certain noble person, who in his time was looked upon as the arbiter of wit, found among the many pieces which were every day laid on his toilet for his inspection, one which had been left by a nameless author, with a letter, most humbly requesting his lordship's judgment on the performance:—this, it seems, was a dramatic poem, entitled, Mariamne; and whether it was wrote with that skill and energy a story so affecting as that of the Jewish princess merited, or whether it only seemed to fall short by any ill-humour the illustrious reader might happen to be in at that time, is uncertain; but he was so little satisfied with the piece, that he had no sooner looked it over, than taking up his pen hastily, he wrote on the outside, and just under the title, these lines:

"Poet, whoe'er thou art, G—d d—n thee;
"Go hang thyself, and burn thy Mariamne."

This was all the answer he vouchsafed to give, and on the gentleman's calling some days after, was accordingly delivered to him by the valet de chambre.
The fondness which most young authors have for their first performance, made him impatient to see how his had been received; but the shock was so great on finding the cruel sentence passed upon him, that he executed it immediately, condemning to the flames his play, and his neck to a halter made of his own garters.—Nobody can suppose the noble lord either intended or desired so dismal an effect of the severity he had used to one altogether unknown to him, and who possibly might be a man of some merit, though he did not happen to be an excellent poet. It was, however, a piece of ill-nature, which those who are full of take all opportunities to vent; and I mention it only to shew what fatal consequence the derision of persons on whom we depend may possibly produce.

It looks indeed as if this poor poet wanted both spirit and presence of mind; for had he been master of either, he might easily have retorted on the peer, and obliged him in his turn to take shame to himself: since I think there could not well be greater improprieties in the play, than in the judgment he passed upon it; as any one will see who considers his lordship's bidding "him hang "himself," and afterward adding, "burn thy "Mariamne;" the second part of which injunction was impossible to be performed after the fulfilling of the former.—This therefore, was with all submission to the memory of so great a man, a solecism in phrase, which the very trials at the Old-Bailey might have instructed any one to avoid.

The cruel lines were however wrote instantaneously, and doubtless, as I before observed, to gratify a spleen, which in that moment got the better of all other considerations:—but I appeal
to all the world, and would to his lordship's own cooler thoughts, were he living, if it had not been a greater proof of his understanding, as well of that good manners and good-will we all owe to one another, if he had testified his disapprobation of the piece, modestly submitted to his censure, with less abruptness:—nay, it could not have been in the least derogatory to his dignity, had he condescended to point out in what particulars he had swerved from the rules of poetry, and even advised him what emendations he might make in that performance, and how he might avoid falling into the like errors in any future attempt.

It is certainly a fiend-like disposition to be pleased with giving pain; yet how have I seen some people exult and triumph in their power of doing it! and the more disquiet they are capable of spreading, the more considerable they imagine themselves.—Ridiculous infatuation of ill-judging pride!—Does not a wasp, or even a common fly, buzzing about one's ears inflict a temporary uneasiness? Not the most insignificant reptile the air or earth affords, but has the power of being vexatious to us for a while, and is the rival of the ill-natured, who, by being such, but vainly boasts of a superior reason.

Persons of this temperament diffuse a gloom wherever they come; no sooner they appear, than conversation is at a stand, mirth is checked, and every one present seems to have caught some share of the infection: whereas, on the contrary, the sight of one who is known to have good-nature, invigorates like the sun, inspires a cheerfulness where it before was wanting, and heightens what it finds.
Whoever reflects on any two persons in whom this contrast in humour is visible, will naturally shun the one, and court the society of the other, even though they have no concern with either: but where there is any kind of dependence, or a necessity of living with, or being much with one of them, the influence must be felt in proportion to the good or bad qualities of which-ever it happens to be.

A sweetness of disposition is what every one wishes to find in those they are obliged to live with, and it is the more endearing according to the authority of the person's station. When the heads of a family are in amity with each other, and behave with gentleness and humanity to all beneath them, how perfect is the harmony that reigns throughout! If there happens to be any dogged or ill-natured persons among them, they will either conceal or endeavour to rectify their humours by the example of their superiors; and a cheerful and ready application to their several duties renders all things easy, softens the asperity of cross accidents, and gives a double relish to prosperity.

But when those, whose province it is to govern, shew a dissatisfaction with each other, and receive with imperiousness and peevishness the service done by their inferiors, how unhappy does it make all about them!—A general discontent runs through the whole; the commands of such people are obeyed with reluctance; they may be feared, but they cannot be truly loved; and their very children are capable of paying them no more than an exterior duty. But most terrible of all is it for either him or her, who, by nature mild and gentle, shares the bed of one of a contrary disposition;
when, instead of fond endearments, they find themselves accosted with testimonies of disgust, or such as may very well be taken for it; when, instead of soft repose, they have only slumbers, broken by distracting dreams, the effects of waking quarrels; when, instead of those amicable consultations which the affairs of two people, whose interests are one, demands, they are treated with either sullen silence, reproaches, or equally provoking unreasonable contradiction;—what words can paint the misery of such a forced enduring!

Still worse is it where two persons equally harsh and unsociable happen to be united in marriage.—Where ill conditions clash, and both seem to vie which shall create the most disquiet to all related or belonging to them, as well as to each other, they form an epitome of hell wherever they come, and well may be compared to the tormenting fiends, who capable of feeling no rest, no comfort in their own bosoms, deny it, as much as in them lies, to all besides.

There are two sources from whence what is called ill-nature proceeds; the one is from the seeds of tyranny in the soul; the other, only from habit or accident: the former is hardly ever to be eradicated; fair means will but soothe, and serve rather to confirm than abate the impetuous propensity; and rough measures, though never so strenuously pursued, will scarce be able to subdue it; but the latter may easily be removed by one's own reason and reflection, without any other assistance.

I have known several instances where persons who, on a strict examination into themselves, finding a tendency to fall into some one or other of those many different modes, in which ill-nature ap-
pears, have by the strength of resolution, been able to throw them off; and by keeping a constant guard over all their words and actions, even in the minutest matters, so restrained all turbulent emotions from breaking out, that they have in time entirely subsided, and never after returned.

This is a task which methinks all people, be they of what condition or degree soever, ought to impose upon themselves: religion, morality, and even common policy, require it of them; and whatever difficulties they find, or pains they take, while making the essay, I am well assured both will be much more than compensated for in the accomplishment.

In order to enable us to do this with the more ease, we should consider who are the objects on whom we have the power of discharging our ill-humour.—Are they not such as fate has in some measure subjected to us? for it is not our superiors, or those of equal circumstances with ourselves, will brook ungentele treatment, and few there are who tempt the consequences. We should therefore reflect, that old-age, infancy, the poor, the sick; in fine, whatever is helpless of itself, and stands in need of tenderness, has an indisputable claim to it; and as it is only over such we dare assume the privilege of insulting, how truly mean, base and ungenerous, as well as wicked, it is, to make use of the means our happier stars have given us, to add to the affliction of those whom it is certainly our duty to console.

In fact, there would be no such thing as calamity in the world, did every member of this great body behave with any tolerable degree of good-nature and humanity to the others. Good-nature
is the cement of love and friendship, the bandage of society, the rich man's pleasure, and the poor man's refuge. — Peace, harmony, and joy reign where it subsists, and all is discord and confusion where it is banished.

But as all other vices, so a surliness of humour is also more unbecoming in women than in men: a virago, how much soever she may be blown up with self-conceit, to imagine that to domineer, and rail, and bounce, denotes her a person of wit and oeconomy, is as despicable a character as any I know; and is deservedly shunned and hated by the more gentle of her own sex, and ridiculed and laughed at by all in general of the other.

Softness and affability should go hand in hand with modesty; and where the former are entirely wanting, one may very well suspect some deficiency in the latter. But as a depravity of manners shews itself in various shapes, the sullen and thwarting disposition is often as perplexing as the assuming and violent: unhappy are all who contract an intimacy with a woman of either of these tempers; but greatly to be pitied is the husband, the child, and the servant of such a wife, a mother, and a mistress.

I have often thought it strange, that some ladies, who think no expence of time or money too much for any thing they are told will afford either addition or support to their personal charms, should, by an ill disposition of mind, destroy what all the arts they make use of never can repair. Ill-nature is a greater enemy to beauty than the small-pox ever was; it gives a disagreeable depth to all the lines of the face; it sinks the cheeks; throws a disagreeable deadness, or a fiery redness into the
eye, according as the malady proceeds from an excess of phlegm or choler; it swells the lip, fades the complexion, contracts the brow, and brings on a decay before the time. Sure, if they who plume themselves chiefly on their attractions, would consider this, it would occasion a prodigious alteration in the behaviour of many of them!

Some few there are, indeed, to whom Nature has been so prodigal of her favours, that it is not even in their own power to lessen the magnetic force of their charms; and these may maintain their dominion over their lovers, and perhaps seem faultless for a time: but when once marriage has, as the poet says, debased the imperious mistress into wife, all that blaze of beauty, which lately was beheld with awe and admiration, becomes familiar to the husband's eye;—the lustre of it dazzles him no longer, and he distinguishes the errors which before he was incapable of imagining were hid under it. He then perhaps discovers pride, vanity, self-sufficiency, a contempt of everything besides herself, and all the follies, ascribed to the weakest of her sex, peep out through that form his passion had once made him look upon as all perfection. Amazed and angry with the deception it had put upon him, he attempts to reform and bring the charmer back to what he lately thought her;—persuades,—remonstrates, threatens;—all, alas! too often proves in vain:—incorrigible, and determined to persist, she accuses his too great penetration; reproaches in her turn; mutual indifference occasions mutual flights; they end one quarrel but to begin another, and their whole future lives are sure to be one continued series of discord.
This is so common a case, that I am surprised and grieved to find any married woman can expect to maintain an authority with, much less over her husband, but by such arms as are allowed alone prevalent in our sex.—When a woman unwomanizes herself, renounces the softness of her nature, and idly boasts of having it in her power to conquer, man has a right to exert his strength, and shew her the vanity of her attempt.—Complaisance, tenderness, and fidelity, will always have charms for a man of understanding; but rough measures will never get the better of any thing but a fool.

To this it may be alledged, that it is frequently the lot of a woman of true sense to be joined to a man of mean capacity, and so refractory in his humour, that though she does all in her power to please him, yet he is dissatisfied with her behaviour; and it would be too meanly submissive in her to continue any marks of tenderness to a person so altogether unworthy of them. I grant, that a wife thus circumstanced is very unhappy, but must think she would but render herself more so by struggling with her chain: the veriest coxcomb of them all is sensible of a husband's power, and frequently exerts it the more as he has less reason to do so; for her own peace therefore she ought to do nothing that may stir up his ill-humour and if all is ineffectual, bear with him as much as possible.

I know very well that this is a doctrine will found but harshly in the ears of most wives; but I appeal to any of those who have made the trial, whether they ever found any thing was gained by robustness.
In fine, there are no provocations, no circumstances in life, that I can allow to be a sufficient excuse for ill-nature: on some occasions, it is neither unjust nor impolitic to resent being treated with it; but we should never return it in the same manner, since there are many other ways to shew we are sensible of an affront, without imitating that which we complain of when offered to ourselves.

Much less ought we, when at any time we imagine ourselves hardly dealt with by those, where duty, interest, or any other consideration, obliges us to submit to without any shew of resentment, to vent the inward discontent it may occasion in us on others who have no way contributed to aggrieve us: that were to punish the innocent for the sake of the guilty; yet I am sorry to observe it is but too frequently practiced by persons of both sexes, and of all ages and degrees.

How often have I seen people, after having met with some matter of disquiet abroad, come home and revenge themselves on all they find in their way!—Wife, children, servants, down to the favourite dog, felt the effects of an ill-humour, which the poor creatures have been so far from doing any thing to excite, that they even know not the meaning of.

Nay, there are some so far gone in this folly, that it extends even to things inanimate and insensible of the ill usage they sustain; as many a shattered set of china, glasses, tables, chairs, and other utensils, are a proof.—What monstrous stupidity is this! What can a by-stander think of the understanding of any one who acts in this mad manner?

Nor do the bad effects of ill-nature always stop
here. If he who receives the first offence revenges it on another, that person may perhaps fall on a third by the same motive; he on a fourth; and so on, *ad infinitum*; so that not one, but many families, suffer for the misbehaviour of a single person.

Many are the pretences which those, ashamed of such exploits, will make after being guilty of them:—they will tell you, that they are troubled with the overflowing of the gall; that they have the vapours, the spleen, or lowness of spirits, which being distempers of the body, they can no more help acting in the manner they do, when the fit is on them, than a man in a high fever can help rav ing. It is true, indeed, that these are distempers of the body; but when we consider how great an influence the mind has over the body, I believe we shall be forced to acknowledge, that in rectifying the errors of the one, we shall, in a great measure, prevent not only these, but many kinds of disorders in the other.

What numbers have pined themselves into consumptions by immoderate grief!—How dreadful a ravage has furious passion occasioned among the human species, under the names of fevers, pleurisies, convulsions!—It is notorious, and no physician will deny it, that the violent agitations of the mind have made more suicides, than poison, sword, or halter.

Well then may our ill-conditions create a continual restlessness within, disturb the motion of the animal spirits, and bring on the disorders above-mentioned; so that the excuses made on this score serve rather to exaggerate than alleviate the fault.

I do not say that the mind has in all constitutio-
ons so much the direction of the body, as to ren-
der it sickly or healthy, and prolong or shorten life
merely by its own operation; but I will venture to
affirm, that in some it has, and that there are none
but feel its effects in a more or less degree.

I am very sensible there are diseases which we
inherit from our parents, others that are contracted
in our infancy, and that after we arrive at maturi-
ty, too much sleep or over-watching, violent colds,
or excessive heats, unwholesome food, bad air, too
vehement or too little exercise, and a thousand
other accidents, in which the mind has no part,
may breed distempers in the body, and hasten dif-
solution; but even then, according to the good or
bad affections of the mind, they are greatly mode-
rated, or rendered more virulent.

This is so plain and obvious a maxim, that it
stands in need of no examples to illustrate the truth
of it; yet I cannot forbear making mention of one,
which filled all who had the opportunity of know-
ing it with admiration.

A person, with whom I am intimately acquaint-
ed, laboured under a severe indisposition of more
than seven years duration; often have I seen the
struggles between life and death; often have the
animal functions been at a stand, and seemed to
cease for ever;—yet did she at last get the better
of this rack of nature, recovered her so long lost
health and strength; and those who had taken
of her, as they had all the reason in the world to
imagine, their last farewell, now behold her in
more perfect case than many of them are them-
selves.—The cure was wonderful, and the more
so as not accomplished by the power of medicine,
as the physicians themselves unanimously agreed,
but merely by her own consummate patience, constant cheerfulness, and steady fortitude, in the midst of all the agonies she sustained.—To add to her distemper, and at the same time to her glory in surmounting them, she had also many secret woes to combat with, the least of which was sufficient to have overwhelmed a mind not resolved to be above all things, in this world, and entirely resigned to the will of the supreme Being.

For this one instance of true heroism and magnanimity, I could produce a great number of others of a different nature.—Few, if any families, have been without one or more persons in it, who, by their carelessness in restraining those inordinate emotions, to which the mind is so liable, have brought some fearful ailment in the body, and then with an equal meanness have sunk under it.

Thaumantius is allowed by all his acquaintance to be one of the greatest valetudinarians in the world.—He trembles at the very mention of a distemper, though in a single person, and at the distance of many miles, and consults his physicians, whether some symptoms, he presently imagines he feels within himself, be not an indication of his having caught it:—he flies the town on the least increase of the bills of mortality, and returns to it on the news of even an infant's being sick in the country.—In summer he is apprehensive of a fever, in winter of an ague.—Autumn and the spring threaten some change in the constitution, which he is sure to think will be for the worse.—He was told that the attitudes of the body in fencing opened the breast, and thereby prevented all distempers of the lungs, on which he passed three parts in four of his time in that exercise;
but afterwards happening to hear one say, the motion was too violent and precipitate, and might possibly occasion languors and fainting sweats, hurtful to the human system, he threw away his foils, and never since could be persuaded to wear a sword, lest some affront should provoke him to draw it to the prejudice of his muscles.—When the wind is in the east, it affects his eyes; if in the north, it gives him cold; in the south, it destroys his appetite; in the west, it spoils his digestion: it can veer to no point of the compass without affecting him, and every change brings with it new terrors.—Nor sun, nor moon, nor air, can satisfy him for three minutes together; and the continual anxiety he is in at every little motion, either of celestial or terrestrial bodies, has at length brought him into a kind of perverseness, which it is much to be feared will cause, in a short time, some of those distempers he is so fearful of, and takes such an over-care to avoid.

Mirandola had once a very graceful person, fine eyes, and a complexion rather too delicate for his sex: his whole ambition was to be well with the ladies; but envy at his younger brother’s good fortune, has worn him to a skeleton, given a sourness to his features, and spread a livid paleness over his face, rendering him rather an object of pity than admiration.

Placida, finding the charms of her person decays, destroys those which she might retain even in old age, by becoming discontented in herself, and harsh in her behaviour to others.

Draxalla, possessed of an imagination that her husband had not that affection for her he pretended, and she believed her due, became so ter-
magent a wife, and continued so long to persecute him with causeless jealousies, that he grew at last weary of her society; in fact, sought consolation for his disquiets at home in the arms of a more endearing companion abroad; leaving her to pine almost to death, for a misfortune her own ill temper had been the occasion of.

Thus so many people, by the fear of imaginary ills, create to themselves real ones; and others, by endeavouring to fly a danger which seems to threaten, run into far worse which they never thought on.

As fancy is never idle, and however indolent and supine the body, it will be always presenting ideas to the mind of one kind or other, we should make it our principal care to cherish only such as afford a pleasing prospect; and when any black and horrid images would force themselves upon us, to expel them as much as lies in our power. —Sad thoughts will grow upon us if indulged; and not only shew whatever is disagreeable in itself in a most hideous form, but also make what is most capable of delighting become odious; all places will be irksome; all company distasteful; we shall hate our very selves, and even life itself at last will seem a burthen; and then—but I forbear to shock the reader with a repetition of those fatal consequences, which too frequently, especially of late years, have attended such a situation of mind.

But supposing we are enabled by Him, who alone has the power over life and death, to refrain from any act of desperation either on ourselves or others, it is impossible for us, while in this self-tormenting state, to perform any of the duties of
a good christian, or a good moralist.—All love and affection ceases in us.—We feel no commi-
feration for the woes, nor partake in the felicity
of our neighbours.—On the contrary, to see any
one cheerful affords new matter for our displeasure,
and we strive by a thousand ill-natured actions to
destroy it.—Unable to take any satisfaction but
that hellish one of giving pain, all about us, as I
have already taken notice, are sure to feel the ef-
fecds of our little malice; and I know not whe-
ther this venting our spleen, and infusing some
degree of it in others, especially those of a weak
constitution, thereby contributing to disorders de-
structive of their health, though to kill may be far
from our intention, is not in reality to be guilty
of man-slaughter at least.

Vapours, spleen, a dejection of spirits, or by
what name soever this epilepsy of the mind is call-
ed, whether it proceeds from a real or imagined
cause, is certainly the worst mischief one can fall
into. It puzzles the physician’s art, because the
remedy is only in ourselves; and we are incapable
of applying it after the disease has gathered strength.
Few are ever cured of it, but all may prevent it
by a timely care. If therefore we desire a long
life, or to enjoy any of its blessings, let us begin
early to harmonize the mind, to season it with a
desire of doing good, to preserve an unshaken
dearfulness in whatever station we may happen
to be placed, to be always resigned to the great
Disposer of all things, to keep peace within our
own bosoms, and accustom ourselves to acts of
benevolence, assability, and good-humour to all
we converse or have any dealings with. Such se-
timents, and such a behaviour, are the only anti-
dotes against those poisonous conditions which corrupt the manners, pervert the understanding, and rob us of every thing that either is or ought to be dear to us.

I doubt not but I shall be condemned by some of my readers, for having expressed myself with too much warmth on this subject; and by others for having omitted saying many things which the authority of holy writ gives me a sufficient warrant to have urged. As to the first, the melancholy instances I daily see, or am credibly informed of, joined with the good-will I bear to mankind in general, would not permit me to be more cool;—and as to the other, I thought it proper to leave the strongest part of the argument to the reverend clergy, who can best handle it, and whose province it is. Certainly there is nothing more demands their present care, or would more testify their zeal and charity for the happy few, who in these times of libertinism still continue to think that attending to divine service is a duty incumbent on them, and not to be dispensed with.

Let the modish contemners of all sacred rites laugh at me as much as they please, I shall not be ashamed to give it as my firm belief, that not only all the irregularities and extravagancies I have mentioned, but many more, on which I have yet been silent, owe their rise chiefly to the visible decay of religion among us. If we throw off all regard for that Omnipotence to whom we owe our being, our preservation, and our future hopes, well may all consideration of our fell-creatures cease. If we level the dignity of human nature with that of the brutes, it cannot but be expected we should act as they do; and if we renounce all pretensions
to another world, it ought not to be wondered at, that while we are in this, we should think ourselves bound to obey no rules but the dictates of our own will, and even quit it when no longer capable of pursuing our wicked inclination.

The greatest sceptic of them all readily acknowledges, that religion is good for society, and strikes an awe into vice; how then is it consistent with that mighty reason on which they vaunt themselves, or that morality they pretend to as the guide of their actions to depreciate an institution, which, by their own confession, is so conducive to the peace and happiness of mankind?

But though there be some who doubtless imagine they can fathom infinity with the shallow plummets of their own weak reason, and make use (with all their might) of what share they are possessed of in opposition to him who gave it, I am strongly of opinion, that the bulk of those who affect to turn things sacred into ridicule, think quite otherwise in their own hearts: they see clear enough the truths which they will not own, and but pretend to be purblind in their faith, as many of our modern fine gentlemen do in their sensual optics, merely in complaisance to others, who have in reality those defects.

How ample a field for observation now opens to my view! But I may possibly be accused as having already gone too great lengths for a Female Spectator:—and I must indeed confess, that some late sad events which have happened, and others which threaten in families for whom I have the greatest regard, have taken me somewhat out of my way; but I shall easily get home again, and return to my old path, I hope to the satisfaction
and emolument of those for whose sake this undertaking was principally set on foot.

Of all the mistakes mankind are guilty of in domestic affairs, there is none greater, or more prevents the attainment of our wishes, be they of what kind soever, than attempting to acquire it merely by compulsion. The proud and self-willed person finds others as little condescending as himself, and the one serves to harden the other in obstinacy and perverseness.

Whereas, on the contrary, a sweet gentle behaviour steals upon the soul by imperceptible degrees, and melts the most obdurate heart. In seeming to yield, it vanquishes; and though the victories it gains are often slow, yet they are entire and permanent. There is somewhat in human nature, through the corruption of ill habits or passions, that will not suffer it always to hold out against a continued benevolence and softness.

The present age affords a royal example of this truth. We have seen a hero labouring under the displeasure of his king and father, disgraced, menaced, imprisoned, and at last compelled to give his hand to a princess for whom at that time he had not the least inclination. He wedded her, it is true;—the ceremony of the church was performed; but that was all. The rites of marriage remained incomplete; nor could any consideration prevail on him to become more a husband than in name. Long did she continue a virgin-bride,—long smother her secret discontents;—she complained not of his injustice even to himself, but preserved an unshaken complaisance and tenderness to him in private; and in public assumed a cheerfulness, which was astonishing to himself,
as well as to those who being about him could not avoid being made acquainted with the secret of his behaviour, and, at the same time, shewed her to others as a princess possesed of all she had to wish.

The death of his royal father, at last, put an end to the constraint both had so long endured, and the poor princess expected nothing less than that, as their marriage had not been consummated, he would begin his reign by disanulling it.

After the chief of the nobility had paid their compliments to their new sovereign, on his accession to the throne, they all came into her apartment on the same occasion; but the greatest part of them more out of form, than any belief they had she would enjoy the title they now gave her; she received their congratulations however with her usual affability, though with a heart full of the extremest perturbations, convinced within herself that the respect she now received, was no more than a pageantry of greatness, a mimic state, which would only serve to heighten her disgrace, when the king's intentions towards her should be revealed.

But how did her disorders and her apprehensions magnify, when the room being very full, she saw those at the lower end fall back to make way for his majesty, who in person was just entering!—She now not doubted but this unexpected visit was made to let her know she must remove from his palace, and that he had the cruelty to add to the mortification it must give her, by telling her so in the presence of those who were at that instant making their court to her.

Scarce had she the power to rise from the chair
s he sat on, to receive him; and when she did so, her trembling limbs refused to bear her weight, and she was obliged to lean on a lady's arm who stood next her. She was endeavouring, however, to make some apology for the disorders she was sensible were but too visible in her countenance, when he prevented her, by approaching with words to this effect:

MADAM,

"The whole kingdom knows with what reluctance I accompanied you to the altar, and you know the manner in which I have lived with you ever since:—both these reflections may give you some reason to imagine, that as I am now the master of my actions, I shall renounce those obligations, which I was but compelled to enter into, and which on my part have never been fulfilled:—but know, madam, that your patience, tenderness, forgiving sweetness of disposition, and a thousand other virtues of the mind, have long since opened my eyes to the beauties of your person; though there was something in my nature, call it by what name you please, that would not suffer me to confess it, till I could do so in a manner as should convince you, and all the world, that it was the effect of my own free-will: that opportunity is arrived; and I now invite you to partake with me a throne you are so worthy to fill, and a bed you have been too long absent from. Let this memory of my past injustice to your merit be forgotten, or remembered only to increase your triumph in surmounting it."

The beginning of this speech seeming to confirm all that her most dreadful apprehensions had
suggested, so overcame her spirits, that the latter part of it would hardly have been intelligible to her, had she not on his concluding it found herself within his arms, locked in the most tender and strenuous embrace; a favour he had never granted her before, and which now assured her of the fortunate reverse in her condition.

The eyes of the whole illustrious assembly were filled with tears of joy at this moving scene; which so divided their admiration, that they knew not which deserved it most, the virtues of the queen, which had occasioned a change the most unexpected that could be, or the generosity of the king in rewarding it.

What then must that amiable princess herself feel on so sudden a transition from a state of the severest anxiety and grief, to one all happiness and joy!—To find, instead of an implacable aversion and disdain, proofs of the strongest affection and respect;—instead of the disgrace she thought immediate and inevitable, to be lifted to the partnership of sovereign power;—instead of being reduced to the pity of the world, to become the pride and envy of it;—and to reflect that all this was wholly owing to her own conduct and temper, was such accumulated felicity, as more than compensated for the sufferings she had undergone!

This, I think, is a shining instance what wonders good-nature, and the qualities arising from it, are capable of producing.—How wretched had this now happy princess been, had she returned the indifference of her illustrious spouse with fullest discontent, secret reproaches, open complaining, or any other marks of resentment for the affront offered to her youth and beauty, and how
greatly would such a behaviour have justified his dislike!—On the other hand, how amiable did she appear to him, adorned with meekness and good-nature; and how easily did that great heart unmoved, unshaken by the tempests of authority, bow down and yield itself to the more prevailing force of love and softness!

Such instances rarely happen in persons of this exalted station; and when they do, attract the eyes of the whole admiring world: but there have been those, who, though in a lower sphere of life, have behaved in a manner no less worthy of imitation.

Dorimon and Alitheia were married almost too young to know the duties of the state they entered into; yet both being extremely good-natured, a mutual desire of obliging each other appeared in all their words and actions; and tho' this complaisance was not owing to those tender emotions which attract the heart with a resolute force, and bear the name of love, yet were the effects so much the same as not to be distinguished.

The first year of their marriage made them the happy parents of an heir to a plentiful estate. —The kindred on both sides seemed to vie with each other, which should give the greatest testimonies of their satisfaction.—All their friends congratulated this addition to their felicity; and, for a time, the most perfect joy and tranquility reigned, not only in their own family, but in all those who had any relation to them.

Alitheia, after she became a mother, began to feel, by degrees, a greater warmth of affection for him that made her so; and having no reason to doubt an equal regard from him, thought herself as happy as woman could be, and that there were
joys in love greater than before she had any notion of.

Quite otherwise was it with Dorimon; the time indeed was now arrived, which taught him what it was to love.—The hopes, the fears, the anxieties, the impatiencies, all the unnumbered cares which are attributed to that passion, now took possession of his heart:—he pined, he languished, but alas! not for his wife.—He had unhappily seen a young lady at the opera, who had charms for him, which he had never seen in the whole sex before.—As he happened to sit in the same box with her, he had an opportunity of speaking to her, which though only on ordinary subjects, every answer she made to what he said, seemed to him to discover a profusion of wit, and gave him the most longing desire to be acquainted with her.

Fortune, favourable to his wishes, presented her to him the next day in the park, accompanied with a lady and gentleman, the latter of whom he had a slight knowledge of:—he only bowed to them the first turn, but gathered courage to join company with them on the second; and perceiving that it was to the other lady that the gentleman seemed most attached, he was at the greater liberty to say a thousand gallant things to her, who was the object of his new flame.

Melissa, for so I shall call her, was vain, gay, and in every respect one of those modish ladies, of which a former Spectator has given a description: she received the compliments he made her in a manner, that made him see his conversation was not disagreeable to her; and some mention happening to be made of a masquerade that night, she told him, as if by chance, that she was
to be there, and that her fair companion and herself were going to bespeak habits at a ware-house she mentioned, as soon as they left the Park.

The hint was not lost upon him, and thinking that it would seem too presuming to ask leave to wait on her at her house, the first time of being in her company, he resolved to make it his business to find out, if possible, what habit she made choice of to go to the masquerade, where the freedom of the place might give him a better opportunity of testifying the desire he had of improving an acquaintance with her.

Accordingly, after their quitting him at the Park-gate, he followed at a distance the two chairs that waited for them, and placing himself near enough the habit-shop, to see whoever went in or out, found his flame had not deceived him in what she said.—The ladies having dispatched what they came about, went again into their chairs.—They were no sooner gone than he went into the shop, and on a pretence of ordering a domino for himself, fell into discourse with the woman behind the counter, whom he easily prevailed on to let him know, not only what habits the ladies who had just left her had bespoken, but also of what condition and character they were.—She informed him, that Melissa had a large fortune, and her parents being dead was under the care of guardians, whom, notwithstanding, she did not live with, but had lodgings herself near Grosvenor-square:—that she kept a great deal of company, was what the world called a coquet, but had hitherto preserved her reputation;—that the lady who was with her was the daughter of a country gentleman somewhat related to her, how nearly
she could not tell, but heard she was on the point of marriage with a person of rank.

Dorimon was transported at this intelligence, as it seemed to promise him an easy access to her acquaintance, and the privilege of visiting her; which probably in these early days of his passion, was all he aimed at, or if he thought on any thing farther, the difficulties in accomplishing his desire seemed less formidable than they would have done, had she been of a more reserved temper, were already married or under the direction of parents.

Never did time appear so tedious as that before the hour of going to the masquerade: his impatience brought him there the very first, and by that means he had an opportunity of observing every one as they came in:—Melissa, he was told, would be in the habit of a nun; and though there were several dressed in that manner, yet he distinguished her from the others by her tallness the moment she appeared.

He accosted her with the usual phrases of—"Do you know me?" and "I know you," but was not long before he made her sensible of his more particular attachment; and told her, that having lost his heart that morning in the park, it now directed him how to discover the lovely thief, though disguised, amidst so numerous an assembly.

This, and some other expressions of the same nature, convincing her that he was the gentleman who had made her so many compliments in the morning, immediately flattered her vanity with a new conquest; and as she found him a person of wit, and doubted not of his being a man of condition by his appearance, resolved to omit nothing
that might secure him; accordingly, as all true coquets do at first, she affected to listen with a pleased attention to the assurances he gave her of his passion, and frequently let fall some words, as if they escaped her inadvertantly, that might make him think she would not be ungrateful if he persisted in giving her testimonies of a constant flame. Ladies of her character have always this maxim at heart,

"Kindness has resistless charms,
"All things else but faintly warms:
"It gilds the lover's servile chain,
"And makes the slave grow pleas'd and vain."

But the misfortune is, that such a behaviour for the most part proves fatal to themselves in the end: they toy so long with the darts of love, that their own bosoms are frequently pierced when they little think of it; and the deluding she, who has made numbers languish, becomes a prey perhaps to one who least merits or regards the victory he gains.

Dorimon, however, was transported to find the offer he had made her of his heart so well received, and made so good use of the opportunity she gave him of entertaining her the whole time of the masquerade, that he obtained her permission to attend her home, and as it was then too late for them to continue their conversation, to visit them the next day in the afternoon.

This quite established an acquaintance between them; he went every day to see her; she admitted him when all other company were denied; he had always the preference of waiting on her to the park, the opera, the play, and, in fine, wherever she went; and when some of her more prudent
friends took notice of their being so frequently together, and had heard that he was a married man; she only laughed at their remonstrances, and replied, that as she had no farther concern with him than merely to gallant her about to public places, she had no business to enquire into his private circumstances;—that if he were married, his wife only had to do with it; and as for her own part, she thought him a very pretty fellow, and quite fit for the use she had made of him; adding, that if she were mistress of his heart, it was indifferent to her who had his hand.

Melissa, it is probable, had indeed no other view in entertaining Dorimon and receiving his addresses, than the same she had in treating with a like behaviour numbers before him, merely for the sake of hearing herself praised, and giving pain, as she imagined, to others of her admirers, who were less frequently admitted.

But how dangerous a thing it is to have too great an intimacy with a person of a different sex, many of a greater share of discretion than Melissa have experienced. This unwary lady, in meditating new arts, the more to captivate her lover, became ensnared herself;—in fine, she liked, she loved, as much as any woman of that airy and volatile disposition can be said to love:—what she felt for him, however, had all the effects which the most serious passion in one of a different temper could have produced, and Dorimon had as ample a gratification of his desires, as his most sanguine hopes could have presented him an idea of.

Alitheia, all this while lost ground in his affection;—she every day seemed less fair, and what-
ever she said or did had in it a kind of awkwardness, which before he was far from discovering in her: every thing was now displeasing in her. If endearing, her fondness was childish and silly; — and if she was more reserved, sullen and ill-natured. One moment he was out of humour if she spoke, the next offended at her silence.— He was continually seeking some pretence to find fault with the most justifiable conduct that ever was, and even vexed that he had nothing in reality to condemn. An unhappy, but certain consequence of a new attachment, which, not content with the injury it does, also adds to it by ill humour, and a wish of some occasion to hate the object we no longer love.

The poor lady could not but observe this alteration in his behaviour; but as she was far from guessing the real motive, imputed it to some unlucky turn in his affairs, though of what nature she could not imagine, he having a large fortune settled on him at their marriage, beside the reversion of what his father should die possessed of, and was in the power of nobody to deprive him of.

On the first notice she took of his discontent, she asked him as became a tender and affectionate wife, if any thing had happened either from her family or his own to give him subject of complaint? But he answering with peevishness, she desisted from any farther inquiry, judging, as he did not think proper to trust her with the secret, it would but add to his disquiets to testify a desire of knowing it.

For more than a whole year did she combat his ill-humour with sweetness, gentleness, and the most obliging behaviour; and though she began
to think herself lost to his affection, bore even that
afflicting reflection with the most submissive pa-
tience, still flattering herself, that if it were even
so, he would one day consider she deserved not
her ill fortune.

Jealousy was, however, a passion she was whol-
ly unacquainted with: many very beautiful ladies
often visited at her house, and she had never seen
the least propensity in him to gallantry with any
of them;—he rather behaved to them with a
greater reserve than was consistent with the good
breeding and complaisance which might have been
expected from a man of his years; so that she ima-
gined rather a disgust to the whole sex was grow-
ing on him, than any particular attachment to one.

Thus did her innocence and unsuspecting na-
ture deceive her, till one day a female friend, more
busy than wife, opened her eyes to the true reason
of her husband's coldness.

This lady, by means of a servant-maid she had
lately entertained, and who had lived with Me-
lissa long enough to know the whole secret of her
amour with Dorimon, and was dismissed on some
dislike, was made acquainted with all that passed
between that guilty pair. She learned from this
unfaithful creature, that Melissa had been made a
mother by Dorimon, and that the child was dis-
posed of to a person, who, for a present of fifty
guineas, had taken the sole charge of it, so as it
should never appear to the disgrace of the unnatu-
ral parents. Not the most minute circumstance
relating to the affair but was betrayed by this
wretch, partly in revenge for her having been
discarded by her former lady, and partly to gain

Vol. I.
favour with the present, who, she easily perceived, loved to hear news of this kind.

Alithea would fain have treated this account as fabulous, and have persuaded her friend to regard it only as a piece of malice in the reporter; but the other was positive in her assertion, and told her it was utterly impossible for such a creature to dress up a fiction with so many particulars, and such a shew of truth;—" Besides, added she, "if there was nothing in it, we might easily disprove all she has said, by going to the woman who has the care of the child, and whose name and place of abode she has told me."

Compelled at last to believe her misfortune but too certain, a while she gave loose to tears, and to complainings, but her good sense, as well as good-nature, soon got the better of her burst of passion; and when her friend asked her in what manner she would proceed, in order to do herself justice,—"What can I do, replied this charming wife, but endeavour to render myself more obliging, more pleasant, more engaging, if possible, than my rival, and make Dorimon see, he can find nothing in Melissa that is wanting in me."

"O Heaven! cried the lady, can you forgive such an injury?" "Yes, resumed Alithea, flinging her sighs as much as she was able, Love is an involuntary passion." "And will you not upbraid him with his ingratitude, and expose "Melissa!" said she. "Neither the one nor the other, answered Alithea coldly: Either of these methods would indeed render me unworthy of a return of his affection; and I conjure and beseech you, added she, by all the friendship I flatter myself you have for me, that you will
never make the least mention of this affair to any one in the world."

This moderation was astonishing to the person who was witness of it; however she promised to be entirely silent, since it was requested with so much earnestness; but how little she was capable of keeping her word, most of her acquaintance could testify, to whom not only the fault of Dori- mon, but the manner in which his wife received the account of it, was not three days a secret.

Alithea was no sooner left alone, and at liberty to meditate more deeply on the shocking intelligence she had received, than she again began to fancy there was a possibility of its being false,—the suspense, however, seeming more uneasy to her than the confirmation could be, resolved to be more fully convinced of the truth, if there was any means of being so.

Accordingly she made an old woman, who had been her nurse in her family, and whose fidelity and discretion she could depend upon, her confi- dante in this affair; and it was concluded be- tween them, that a spy should be employed to follow Dorimon at a distance wherever he went, and also make a private inquiry into the beha- viour and character of Melissa among the neigh- bours who lived near her.

A very little search served to unravel the my- sterly, and corroborate all that had been said to her concerning it.—The emissary soon learned that Dorimon failed not one day in his visits to this en- grosfer of his heart;—that they were often seen to go out together in a hackney-coach in the be- ginning of the evening, and that the lady returned not till near morning:—that she had been ob-
ferved some months past, to be more gros than usual, and had affected to wear a loofe dress;—that she had been absent from her lodgings three or four days, came home very much indisposed, and kept her bed for more than a week, yet had neither physician nor apothecary to attend her; and on the whole, it was believed by every body, that she had been in that time delivered of a child.

The unhappy wife of Dorimon, now as much assured of his perfidy as she could be without ocular demonstration, set herself to bear it with as much patience as she was able; which was indeed sufficient to render her behaviour such as made him certain in his own mind, that she had not the least suspicion of the wrong he did her; and also compelled him very often to accuse himself for being guilty of what he could not answer to his reason, yet had not strength enough of resolution to refrain, even though the conduct of Melisfa, who could not help coquetting with others, even before his face, occasioned him to have many quarrels with her, and made him see, in spite of the passion he still continued to have for her, the difference between a mistress and a wife.

Whenever Alithea reflected on this change in her husband, as she had little else in her mind, there was no part in the adventure appeared more strange to her, than that a lady born and educated in the manner she knew Melisfa was, and who has so far yielded to the temptations of her passion, as to throw off all modesty and honour for the gratification of it, should have so little regard for the innocent babe, the produce of her guilty flame, as to abandon it to miseries of she knew not what kind.—This was a barbarity she thought exceeded
the crime to which it owed its birth, and she more readily forgave the injury done to herself, than that to the helpless infant.

The more she reflected, the more she was astonished, that womankind could act so contrary to nature; and by often picturing to herself the woes to which this poor deserted child might probably be exposed, became at length so dissolved in soft compassion, as to form a resolution, which I believe, few beside herself were ever capable of.

She had been informed, by her officious friend, both of the name and habitation of the woman with whom this poor little creature had been left; and without making any one person privy to her design, muffled herself up in her capuchin, and went in a hackney-chair to her house; the other received her with a great deal of respect and kindness, imagining she was come on the same business Melissa, and many besides her, who love the crime, but hate the shame of being detected in it, had done.—She was immediately conducted into a private room, and told, that she might be free in communicating anything to her, for she was a person who had been intrusted by those who would not be thought guilty of a false step for the world.

The virtuous Alithea blushed, even at being suspected by this woman to be guilty of an act her soul shuddered at the thoughts another could commit, and soon put an end to the harangues she was making on her own care, skill, and fidelity:—"I come not," said the wife of Dorimon, "on the business you seem to think, yet that which no less requires your secrecy:—I have no unhappy infant to leave with you; but to ease you of one whom you have lately taken charge of."
The midwife looked very much surprized to hear her speak in this manner, and knew not well what answer to make; but Alithea soon put an end to her suspense, by telling her that she was in the secret of the lady who was delivered of a child at her house such a time, which she mentioned exactly to her, and who had given fifty guineas to be eased for ever of the trouble of it.—"I am," said Alithea, "a near relation of that gentleman to whom the little wretch owes its being, and who cannot consent that any thing which does so, though begot in an unwarrantable way, should be deferted and exposed in the fashion such children often are:—I therefore desire, that, if alive, you will let me see it, that I may provide for it in a different way than it can be expected you should do for the poor pittance left you by the mother."

The woman then began to expatiate on the im possibility of her taking the care she could wish to do of children left with her on those terms; but, that Heaven knew, she did all she could, and often laid out more than she received.—She assured her that the child she inquired after was alive, and a fine boy; and that he was with a person who indeed nursed for the parish, but was a very good woman, and did her duty.

"That may be," said Alithea; "but I must have him removed; and if you can provide another, who may be depended upon, I have orders from the father to satisfy you for your trouble, in a more ample manner than you can desire: in the mean time," continued she, putting five guineas into her hand, "take this as an earnest, and let the child be brought here to-morrow about this time, and a new nurse whom you can recom
"mend, and I will give them a meeting."

A great deal of farther discourse passed between them on this affair, on the conclusion of which the woman agreed to do whatever was required of her; and was doubtless no less rejoiced at the offer made by this unknown lady, than she was that by accepting of it she should preserve from misery an innocent creature, who though she had not seen, she felt a kind of natural affection for, as being Dorimon's.

This excellent pattern of good-nature and conjugal love, took with her the next day every thing befitting a child to wear whom she was determined to make her own by adoption; and no sooner saw him in his new nurse's arms, than she took him embraced and kissed him with a tenderness little less than maternal; and having agreed upon terms for him, made him be dressed in her presence in the things she had brought, which were very rich, and had belonged to her own son at his age; and every thing being settled highly to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, returned home with a secret contentment in her mind, which no words are able to express.

Nor was this a sudden start of goodness and generosity which I have known some people to have manifested for a time, and afterwards repented of:—the more she reflected on what she had done, the more pleasure she felt in it—She never let a week pass over without going to see her charge, and how the person intrusted with him behaved. —Had he been in reality her own, and heir of the greatest possessions, her diligence in looking after the management of him could not be more.

Dorimon all this while persisted in his attach-
ment to Meliffa, though her ill conduct gave him such frequent occasions of quarrelling with her, that they were several times on the point of seeing each other no more.—The long intimacy between them, however, gave sufficient room for censure:—those least inclined to judge the worst of things, could not help saying, that it looked ill for a married man to appear in all public places without his wife, and in company with a lady whom she was not even acquainted with; but others there were who were informed of their more guilty meetings in private, and talked with so little reserve on the occasion, that what was said reached the ears of the kindred of them both:—those of Alitheas's were extremely troubled and incensed at the indignity offered to a woman whose behaviour not envy itself could traduce;—but desirous of being better informed of the truth than by common fame, they asked her many questions, concerning the conduct of her husband towards her; and gave some hints, plain enough to be understood, that the world had but an ill opinion of him on that head.

To all which this excellent wife replied with an air that shewed how little she was pleased with any discourses of that nature;—telling them, that the idle scandal of persons, who made it their business to pick meanings out of nothing, ought to be despised, not listened to;—that she herself, who must be allowed the best judge, found nothing in Dorimon's manner of living with her to complain of; and that she should never believe that person wished her well, who endeavoured to fill her mind with any suspicions on that score.

These answers at length silenced all who took
an interest in her happiness; her friends wisely reflecting, that though all they had heard of Dorimon were true, the greatest addition that could be to her misfortune, was to be convinced of it.

But the father of Dorimon, who was a person of great sobriety, and to whom the virtues of Althea had rendered her extremely dear, was less easily put off than those of her own blood.—He chid his son in the severest manner; and on his denying what he was accused of, and throwing out some insinuations, as if he imagined his wife had uttered some complaints against him,—"No," said the old gentleman, "she bears the wrongs you do her but with too much patience; and either not sees, or pretends not to see, what is obvious to the whole town beside." He then ran into many encomiums on the sweetness of her disposition; said, that whether her complaisance toward him were owing either to an unsuspecting nature, or to her prudence in aiming to regain his love by such ways as were most likely to succeed, either of these qualities ought not to lose their merit with a man of understanding; "and me-thinks," added he, "should make you ashamed as often as you reflect that you have acted so as to oblige her to exert all her love and virtue to forgive."

These kind of discourses lost not all their effect on Dorimon:—he had often been astonished, that all the rumours which had been spread concerning his amour with Melissa, and which seemed to him next to an impossibility not to have reached the ears of his wife, had never occasioned her to let fall some hints at least, as if she feared a rival in his heart.—He very well knew she wanted not
a great share of discernment in other things, and
to be blind to that alone wherein she had the most
concern; he never could account for.—He had of-
ten heard from his acquaintance, and sometimes
been a witness of the behaviour of women to their
husbands on the subject of jealousy; and found that
of Alitheia so widely different from all he had been
told of others, that he could not help being ex-
tremely puzzled what motive to ascribe it to; but
was obliged to acquiesce in his own mind with the
remonstrance made by his father, that whether it
were owing to her own innocence, which would not
suffer her to think another could be guilty, or to
the strength of resolution and discretion which en-
abled her to bear the injury done to her, he was,
however, either way more fortunate than any hus-
band he knew of in the like circumstances; and in
spite of his faulty inclination for Melissä, present-
ed her to his cooler thoughts in the most amiable
light.

It is highly probable, that in maturely balancing
the solid merits of the wife, against the light and
trifling allurements of the mistress, he would in
time have brought himself to do justice to the one,
and entirely ceased to have any regard for the o-
ther; but the virtues of Alitheia had already suf-
tained a sufficient trial, and Heaven thought fit to
reward them, when she, so long inured to suffer-
ing, least expected a relief.

By accustoming herself to perform the duties of
a mother to the child of Melissä, she grew really
to love him as such; and what at first was only
pity, converted by degrees into a tender affection.
—When Dorimon was abroad, she would often
order him to be brought to her, and sending for
her own at the same time, diverted herself with observing the little grimaces which the two infants would make at each other.—She was one day employed in this manner, when Dorimon unexpectedly returned, and came directly into the room where they were:—whatever indifference he had for his wife, he had always shewn the greatest tenderness to her son, and he now took him in his arms and kissed him, as was his custom to do.—

"Here is another little one," said Alithea, smiling, "who claims some portion of your kindness too," and at the same time presented Melissa’s child to him. "By what right, madam?" replied Dorimon, in the same gay tone.—"As he is mine," resumed his wife —"Yours!" cried he.—"Yes," answered she, "he is mine by adoption, and I must have you look upon him as your’s also." "My complaisance for you may carry me great lengths," said he; "but as I know you do nothing without being able to give a reason, I should be glad to learn the motive of so extraordinary a request."

One of the children beginning to whimper a little, Alithea ordered the nurses to take them both into another room; and finding Dorimon in an exceeding good humour, was pushed on by an irresistible impulse, to speak to him in the following manner:

"The infant you saw," said she in a more serious tone than before, "and whom I have in reality taken under my care, owes its being to two persons of condition; but being illegally begot, the care of reputation prevailed above nature; and this innocent produce of an inconsiderate passion I found abandoned; a wretched cast-away, either to perish, or surviving, survive but to misery much worse than death.—The thought was
shocking to me, and I resolved to snatch him from the threatened woes, and provide for him out of my private purse, in such a manner as may not make his life hateful to him."

"An action truly charitable," said Dorimon a little perplexed; "but this is not the reason I expected, since by the same rule your pity might be extended to hundreds, whom, doubtless, you may find exposed in the like manner. It must therefore, be some plea more forcible than mere compassion that attaches you particularly to this child."

Alisthea, who had foreseen what answer her husband would make, was all the time he was speaking, debating within herself, whether it would be best for her to evade, or to confess the truth of this affair; and not being able to determine as yet, appeared no less confused and disordered than she would have been, if about to make an acknowledgment for some great offence:—at last, "A plea there is indeed," said she, "but"—here her voice and courage failed her, and she was utterly unable to give him the satisfaction he asked.

Dorimon was confounded beyond measure, and not knowing what to think of a behaviour so new, and which seemed to denote she laboured with some secret of great importance, he looked steadfastly on her for some minutes; and perceiving that she changed colour, and had her eyes fixed on the earth, grew quite impatient for the certainty of what, as he has since confessed, he then began to conceive, cried out, "What plea?—What mystery?"

"A mystery," replied she, "which I had much rather you would guess at than oblige me to un-
"ravel.—Oh Dorimon!" continued she, after a pause, "is there no instinct in nature that can in-
form you; my affection for the father, makes his
offspring, of whomsoever born, dear to me?—I
cannot hate Melisla so much as I love Dorimon;
and while I am performing the offices of a mother
to this child, forget the share she has in him, to
remember what I owe to him as yours."

The reader's own imaginations must here sup-
ply the place of description.—Impossible it is for
any words to give a just idea of what a husband,
circumstanced like Dorimon, must feel!—To have
his fault thus palpably made known to her, whom
he most desired should be ignorant of it,—to re-
ceive the highest obligations, where he could have
expected only resentment,—and to hear the de-
tection of what he had done discovered to him by
the injured person in such a manner as if herself,
not he, had been the criminal,—so hurried his
thoughts between remorse, astonishment, and
shame, as left him not the power of making the
least reply to what she said:—he walked several
turns about the room in a disordered motion, en-
deavouring to recover a presence of mind, which
seemed so necessary on this occasion, but in vain;
and at last, throwing himself into an easy chair,
just opposite to that in which his wife was sitting,
"Good God!" cried he, "am I awake!—Can
"it be possible there is such a woman in the
"world."

The sweet-tempered Alithea could not see him
in these agitations without a concern, which made
her almost repent her having occasioned them:—
she ran hastily to him, and throwing her arms about
his neck, "My dear, dear Dorimon," said she, "let
VOL. I. D d
it not trouble you that I am in possession of a secret
which I neither sought after, nor, when in a man-
er forced upon me, ever divulged to any person in
the world.—Consider me as I am—your wife,—
part of yourself,—and you will then be assured
you can be guilty of no errors which I shall
not then readily excuse, and carefully conceal.
—Judge of my sincerity,” continued she, re-
newing her embraces, “by my behaviour, which
you are sensible has not the least been changed
by my knowledge of this affair.”

"O Alithea,” cried he, pressing her tenderly to
his bosom, "I am indeed sensible how little I have
deserved such proofs of your amazing goodness;
my soul overflows with gratitude and love;—
yet how can I atone for my past crimes?”—
"By mentioning it no more,” interrupted she,
"and to let me share in that heart my want of
charms denies me the hopes of filling wholly.”

To these endearing words he answered only in
broken sentences, but such as more testified what
she wished to find in him towards her, than the
most eloquent speeches could have done.—She
now was convinced that the victory she had gain-
ed over him was perfect and sincere, and would
have known a transport without alloy, but for the
tender pain it gave her to find so much difficulty
in persuading him to forgive himself.

He held her sitting on his knee, with his arms
round her waist, while she related to him the means
by which she was made acquainted with his crime;
concealing no part of what either she heard, the
steps she took after the knowledge of her misfor-
tune, and the various emotions which passed in
her soul, during the long series of his indifference
to her; in all which he found something to admire; and the more he saw into the greatness, as well as sweetness of her mind, the more his love and astonishment increased.

The first proof he gave her, that she should have nothing for the future to apprehend on the score of Melissa, was to write a letter to that lady; wherein he acquainted her, that, sensible of the injury he had done the best of wives and women, he was determined to pursue no pleasures in which she did not participate.—He represented to her the shame and folly of carrying on an intrigue of the nature theirs had been, in the most pathetic terms; and advised her to think of living so as to regain that reputation in the world, which he was obliged to confess, he had contributed to make her lose;—assured her, that the resolution he had now made, of seeing her no more, was not to be shaken by any arguments in her power to make use of; therefore begged she would endeavour to follow his example, and forget all that had passed between them.

This, he shewing to Alithea, gave her a new opportunity of exerting her good-nature.—She made him write it over again, in order to soften some expressions in it, which she would have it were more harsh than was becoming in him to a woman he had once loved; and perhaps would have rendered it at last too gentle for the purpose it was intended, could she have prevailed on him to alter it according to the dictates of her own compassionate and forgiving soul. But he best knew the temper of the person he had to deal with, and would not bid her adieu in such a manner as
THE 'FEMALE' B. VI.

should give her the least room to flatter herself it would not be his last.

Though he desired no answer, he received one, filled with the most virulent reproaches on himself, and mingled with many contemptuous reflections on his wife. — The first, he was unmoved at; but the other totally destroyed all the remains of regard and consideration he had for her. — He tore the letter into a thousand pieces; and to shew this injurious lady the contempt and resentment with which he had treated what she said, gathered up the scattered fragments, and sent them back to her under a sealed cover, but without writing a word.

After this he was entirely easy; Melissa made no efforts to regain him, but contented herself with railing against him and the innocent Alitha wherever she went; but most people knowing the motive, her malice had no other effect than to make herself laughed at: — she soon, however, entered into a new amour, and in the noise that made, all talk of her former engagement was laid aside; while the happy Alitha enjoyed the recompence of her virtue, in the continued tenderness of a husband, who never could have loved her half so well had he not loved elsewhere, because he never could have had an opportunity of being so well acquainted with those virtues in her, which were the ground of his affection.

The compassion she had shewn for the child of Melissa was not a temporary start of goodness; — she persisted in the most tender care of him, — had him educated in the same manner with her own, — and, to alleviate the misfortune of his birth, engaged Dorimon to set apart a considerable
fum of money, in order to put him into a business, which, when he grows of years to undertake it, will, according to all human probability, be his own fault if he does not succeed in.

I have been the more tedious in this narrative, because I think there is no particular in the conduct of the amiable Alithea that ought to be omitted, or may not serve to shew how much a perfect good-nature may enable us to sustain, and to forgive.

I would have no husband, however, depend on this example, and become a Dorimón in expectation of finding an Alithea in his wife:—it is putting the love and virtue of a woman to too severe a test; and the more he thinks her capable of forgiving, the less ought he to offend.

Numberless are the branches of good-nature! Numberless are the benefits we receive ourselves by it, and confer on others! Yet I have observed that this admirable quality, though in every one's mouth, is understood but by few: most people are apt to confound it with another, which indeed, in some respects, has very much the appearance of it, but is in reality far short of it in value. It may justly be called the hand-maid of that great lady; it obeys her commands, delivers her decrees, and waits on all her actions; but can do little of itself, and should never be put in comparison.

What I mean, is an easy freedom of behaviour, a ready compliance with any thing proposed in company, an endeavour to divert and please, and sometimes an hospitality and liberality; and yet a person may be all this, without that good-nature I have attempted to describe, and which is able to work such prodigious effects.—The term I would
therefore give this inferior good-quality, is good-humour; and how wide a difference there is between that and good-nature few but have experienced.

Not but it has its virtues, though in a less extensive degree, and not equally permanent.—Meer-good-humour, if abused, will degenerate into its reverse; but good-nature is always the same, and incapable of changing:—like the divine Source, of which it is an emanation, it returns injuries with benefits; it endeavours to work on the bad heart that offers them, by soft persuasion, and pities what it cannot mend.—In fine, good-humour is obliged to others for its support, good-nature only to itself.

As they, however, appear so much alike, that without a long and perfect acquaintance with the person they are not to be distinguished, and are often mistaken even by ourselves, a little retrospect into our actions, and the source of them, is absolutely necessary; and then whosoever is possessed of the one may, without much difficulty, improve it into the other.

There is no one thing which affords a greater proof of good-nature than being communicative, and imparting, as much as in us lies, what degree of knowledge we are possessed of, to those who may have less extended capacities, or fewer advantages of improvement.—Good-humour will make us ready to acknowledge and commend, perhaps beyond what it even merits, any excellence we find in another; but good-nature will make us take the pains of instructing how that excellence may be heightened.—Good-humour shuns not an opportunity of obliging; but good-nature is industrious
in seeking out as many as it can.—Good-humour frequently promises more than is in its power to perform; but good nature does more than it gives you reason to expect.

These are some of the many marks by which, with a little application, you may know the difference between them; and it certainly is the business of every prudent person to make this discovery in all those they have any dealings with, or dependence upon; because otherwise they may be deceived into too high an opinion of the one, and fail in their due regard to the other.

There are people in the world, who feel no satisfaction equal to that of doing good;—who wait not to be asked to do every thing in their power to serve you;—and will not scruple to do a small prejudice to themselves, if by it they may procure a great advantage to their neighbours:—yet, notwithstanding all this innate benevolence and sweetness of disposition, have so ungracious a manner in conferring favours, that the receiver loses half the satisfaction of the benefit, and the giver more than half the praises due to his generosity.—The soul of such a one, has in it all those heavenly qualities which make up what we call good-nature; but there are oftentimes deficiencies either in the education or temperament of a person, which will not suffer it to shine forth with that unblemished lustre that so much attracts the love and admiration of mankind; and the highest character he bears from those most obligated to him, is that of a surly good man.

A benefit bestowed in a peevish, sullen, or dictatorial way, is making one feel too severely the necessity we are under of receiving it; and some
there are so delicate, that they would rather chuse to remain under the most cruel distresses, than be relieved from them by a person of this cast.

Good-humour is therefore the proper channel through which the benefits flowing from good-nature ought to be conveyed, in order to compose a truly amiable character.

I doubt not but my readers will understand, that by good-humour I mean courtesy, affability, cheerfulness, and that certain softness of manners which is so engaging to all we come among; but more particularly to those who are any ways obliged to us.—Those qualities, I think, may with propriety enough, be compared to so many sweetly purling streams, which, though too shallow to afford us any great advantages, delight and charm us with their gentle murmurs; and good-nature to the capacious river which feeds their currents, and is the source of all the pleasures they produce; yet, but for these outlets, would be apt to swell into a roughness disagreeable both to the eye and ear of all who approach its banks.

Surinthus and Montano are two gentlemen who have an equal propensity to actions of generosity and benevolence, yet are perfect opposites in their manner of conducting them.—A merchant in the city, who had been in a very great intimacy with them both for a long time, happened by some losses at sea, and other disappointments, to be very much distressed in his circumstances: bills came fast upon him, and though he paid while he was able, and frequently put himself to the utmost inconvenience to do so, being willing to preserve his credit, in the hope of better success in other ventures he had abroad; yet he was just upon the point
of breaking, when one day Surinthus having heard whispers of his condition, came to him, and accosting him in an abrupt manner, "What," said he, "is it true that you are undone?—they tell me you must become a bankrupt in three or four days, and that there is no possibility of your holding out longer."

The merchant was extremely shocked, but confessed that what he had heard was but too true;—and that he must yield to his hard fate unless he could raise a thousand pounds immediately; which sum he said, would make him perfectly easy till the arrival of a ship, by which he hoped better news.

"That is uncertain," replied Surinthus, with his former roughness; "however, I will advance the money for you:—call on me two or three hours hence, and I will have it ready.—But," continued he, "you have certainly been guilty of some ill management, or you could not have fallen into these misfortunes;"—then proceeded to tell him he did not like his dealing with such a one, and such a one; and his trading to this or that part of the world; and that, indeed, he had for a good while expected it would come to this.

So true are the poet's words:

"When things go ill, each fool pretends 't' advise;
"And, if more happy, thinks himself more wise."

All this the poor merchant was obliged to bear, for the sake of the favour he was to do him; which was, indeed, truly generous and friendly, though offered in a fashion a little galling to one who was himself a man of great spirit, and had been more accustomed to confer than to receive obligations.
But he had scarce time to reflect on this adventure, before he was told Montano desired to speak to him.

This gentleman, who had heard the same news Surinthus had done, and instigated by the same motive, came to make an offer of his service, tho' in a manner altogether the reverse. — He took not the least notice of his misfortune; and behaving with his usual cheerfulness and complaisance, after some talk on ordinary affairs, "I am glad," said he, "I was so fortunate to find you at home; for I have a request to make to you, which your compliance with will ease me of a great deal of trouble."

The merchant having assured him, that he should rejoice in any opportunity of obliging him, "I have just received fifteen hundred pounds," resumed the other; "and to tell you the truth, I do not know how to dispose of it;—I do not care to keep such a sum in my house, and I have no banker at present, nor any way of laying it out to my mind;—I should therefore be infinitely obliged to you, if you would take it and throw it into trade. —I know persons of your great dealings in the world can at any time have opportunities of getting rid of money to advantage."

Two such offers in one day, and from gentlemen who had no other obligations to him, than such as were reciprocal and common between persons of equal fortunes and conditions, might very well astonish him; but the engaging manner in which the latter was made, did much more so. However, as he was not perfectly assured Montano was acquainted with his necessities, he could not think of abusing so generous a friendship, and
therefore frankly disclosed to him all he knew before as well as himself.

While he was making the detail of his losses, the other gave him frequent interruptions, telling him, that such accidents were no prodigies among men of business;—that what one year took away, another—might return;—and that he was so far from thinking a much greater sum than he had mentioned would be unsafe in his hands, that nothing could give him a more sensible mortification than his not accepting it.—"I do assure you, Sir, I offer you no more than what I can very well spare; and if fortune should be so unjust to your merits, as not to enable you to return it in one, two, three years, or longer, my affairs will suffer nothing by the delay, and I should take it unkindly, should you ever think of the affair with any sort of concern, till it entirely suits with your convenience to repay it."

With words like these the merchant was prevailed on to accept the money; and as soon as he had received it, he went to his more surly friend, and after having returned those grateful acknowledgements, which it must be confessed he merit-ed, told him, that an unlooked-for piece of good-fortune had happened, which gave him the means of satisfying his creditors, without that kind assistance he had been so generous to offer.

Surinthus seemed neither pleased nor displeased, but in his own rough fashion, though honest meaning, said, it was very well;—that he should have been welcome to the money if he had wanted it;—and that if ever he happened to have occasion again, he might know where to find a friend.

Now though any one in the same circumstances
with this merchant, would think it a great blessing to meet with a friend like Surinthus, yet everybody must allow that the weight of such an obligation is much lighter, by the engaging manner in which Montano conferred it.

Strange it appears to me, that some persons, who go very great lengths to serve their friends, should not go a little farther, and adorn their bounties with good-humour, since it would cost them nothing, and is no less conducive to the happiness of the receiver, than the more expensive part of the obligation.

Certain it is, they do not see this deficiency in themselves, or they would never lessen the merit of their favours, by a wrong manner of conducting them; especially as it is an error in behaviour so easily avoided.

I would, therefore, fain persuade every one who is about to give a proof of his good-nature in any friendly and benevolent office, to contrive it so, as that what he does may seem a favour to himself.—This it was that made the offer of Montano so much more acceptable than that of Surinthus:—this sets a double value on the smallest obligations, and makes the receiver easy under the greatest.

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.
| AUTHOR, her character, | Page 2 |
| Arminia, her bad taste, | 19 |
| Alcaeus and Palmyra, their story, | 31 |
| Arritobulus, how excusable, | 62 |
| Antipathy in nature not to be worn off, | 67 |
| Altazaar, much to be pitied, | 83 |
| Amaranthus, his passion for Aminta, | 87 |
| Applause, how intoxicating, | 91 |
| Avarice, the worst of passions, | 109 |
| Adulphus, ruined by a dream, | 124 |
| Ambition has no bounds, | 133 |
| Actions unhappy, the true cause, | 157 |
| Aversion to solitude, a fault, | 163 |
| Adonius, his character, | 184 |
| Amadea, her causes for grief, | 187 |
| Abuse of thinking, worse than not thinking at all, | 190 |
| Adventure of a traveller, | 194 |
| Auctions greatly frequented, | 208 |
| Alvaro, unhappy in his children, | 220 |
| Accomplishments, which most valuable, | 243 |
| Amapina, how made unhappy, | 247 |
| Armico, too hasty in his judgment, | 255 |
| Admiration, by what preferred, | 266 |
| Alithea, an instance of her generosity, | 302 |
| BLUE domino, cause of a sad mistake, | 312 |
| Brother, his distress, | 35 |
| Blodmetta, her unhappy condition, | 59 |
| Bellair and Miseria, an ill matched couple, | 72 |
| Beau Belfort and Miss Tittup, the best wish can be made for them, | 83 |
| Bedlam, who fit for it, | 130 |
| Bellizo, her history, | 146 |
| Belinda, her adventures, | 173 |
| British ladies different from what they were formerly, | 265 |
| Beauty, hurt by ill-nature, | 274 |
| Body, how far influenced by the mind, | 279 |
| Benefits, the manner in which they ought to be conferred, | 319 |
| CLITANDER, successful in love-affairs, | 12 |
| Country ladies, easily seduced, | 38 |
| Caution, necessary in parents, | 39 |
| Clergyman, a remarkable instance of one, | 54 |
| Celinda, unfortunate in her love, | 62 |
| Cleora, a warning to her, | 71 |
| Cleolphil, his ungenerous behaviour, | 150 |
| Caprice of a philosopher, | 154 |
| Climate of England the same as ever, | 161 |
| Contemplation, how pleasing in all stations, | 165 |
| Charleroy, madame, her adventure at the opera, | 286 |
| Critics not to be neglected, | 245 |
| Compulsion, hateful to all reasonable beings, | 286 |
| Complaisance, always necessary, | 313 |
INDEX

D A L I N D A, her mean spirit, 69
Distrust, a base passion, 109
Diversification-mongers, very industrious, 216
Dissimulation, unjustly punished, 234
Draxalla, an instance of self-created wretchedness, 281
Dorimond, how reclaimed, 307
E U P H R O S I N E, her character, 4
Erminia, how ruined, 38
Effeminacy in the army censured, 85
Examples of unhappy marriages, 99
Elmira, an extraordinary case, 136
Elements, seldom blended equally, 289
English ladies, treated with too little respect, and wherefore, 237
Examination into ourselves necessary, 272
F R E N C H ladies, seldom make an ill use of liberty, 18
Flavia, her adventures, 47
Father, the tardid contrivance of one, 105
Fidelio, his despair, 106
 Fortune, the author and breaker of most friendships, 150
Free-will, not to be doubted, 194
France, the many innocent diversions to be found there, 234
Fopp, may be trifled with, 259
Fancy, never idle, 282
Favours, the merit of them lessened by an ill manner of bestowing, 320
G I R L S, naturally vain, 7
Generosity of a lover, 45
Glory and love, not incompatible, 94
Gaming and gamesters, how treated, 118
Grant of our desires often unhappy, 121
Good-breeding inferior to reputation, 157
Gaiety in excess, how to be corrected, 187
Gratitude, highly due to parents, 219
Good-nature, what it is, 267
Good-natured, and good-humour, in what they differ, 318
H U S B A N D, the innocent stratagem of one, 28
Honour, an instance of it, 45
Home news, 83
Happiness, doubly welcome after adversity, 153
Hope ought to be encouraged, 18
Hoydens, some naturally so, 265
J E A L O U S Y, the same it occasions, 38
Impertinence of some people, 58
Infancy of public gratitude, 79
Imperio, a lover of beauty, 104
Impression made by a dream, 124
Imperio, the mortification he gave a lady, 243
Inconsistencies in love, 248
Ill-nature, the source of it, 274
Infancy, a claim to tenderness, 275
K E Y to the FEMALE SPECTATOR, forbid, 6
Kindness, ill repaid, 150
INDEX.

LOVE, when to be approved, ib. 26
Liking, often taken for love 28
Luxury, the encouragement it finds 76
Lindamira, her story 100
Laeroon, his character 112
Lotteries, numerous of late 136
Leolin and Elmira, their story 140
Lavallie, his amour with Belinda 174
Loyter, count, an odd proceeding in him 182
Letter of Sarah Oldfashion's 213
Life, what time of it is best for improvement 218

MIRA, her character 4
Martesia, her adventures 14
Marriages, hasty, seldom happy 11
Masquerades, how prejudicial 25
Macro, his brutality 69
Mariana, a seasonable warning to her 79
Myrtano and Cleora, what may be expected from their union 71
Miletta, her affected modesty 101
Mercator, his story 157
Manella, troublesome in her conjugal affection 174
Man, the dignity of his species 194
Mind, delights in contemplation 197
Montaubin, count, his story 201
Mode, not always to be followed 219
Modesty, the chief grace of women 249
Mariamne, a play fatal to the author 268
Menslaughter, a new way of being guilty of it 283
Melissa, a great coquette 297
Mystery, pleasingly unravelled 310
Montano, the manner of his conferring obligations 318

NEGATiA, her character 20
Nothing certain till possessed 103
Nature corrupted by the passions 107
Numbers make their own misfortunes 280

OVER-delicacy, cenured 85

PARENTS, sometimes in fault 17
Pride, when laudable 56
Romplius, his marriage, why blamed 60
Philimont and Daria, their capricious destiny 69
Peace, a promoter of finikins 89
Panthea, her sad dilemma 105
Posterity, how far to be regarded 122
Passions, duly regulated, of service to us 132
Philosopher, his remark 154
Pantomimes, how useful 210
Poetry, not enough encouraged 264
Pretences, various, for ill humour 278
Patience, an extraordinary example 280

QUESTION proper to be asked 27
Quarrels between married people, matter of ridicule for others 179
This book is RUN ON

REMAKED. Disappointment,

Rules observed by the FEMALE SPECTATOR.
Rebecca Facemend, her bill,
Resolve, the obstinacy of one,
Regret, an instance of it,
Recollection necessary,
Ranelagh too much frequented,
Respect, how attracted,
Religion, when real, excites good-nature,
Royal example of generosity,
Sympathy of humours requisite to make marriage happy,
Source, the true one of our calamities,
Solitary life hated by most,
Socrates, an instance that virtue is to be acquired by application,
Sarcasm of a lady to an apolitie patriot,
Snee of a son on his father's marrying a very young wife,
Subscriptions intended for masquarades at Ranelagh,
Stage affords the noblest diversion,
Softness, the most prevailing aims of women,
Sceptic confesses too much without he confessed more,
Surinthus, his furious friendship,

TENDERILLA, her romantic turn,
True love unchangeable,
Temptations overcome are pleasures,
Tempio-Amarians, what they are,
Tulip, Mrs. her folly,
Tennis, a manly exercise,
Timoleon, his character,
Trial of a lover,
Tragedy, its intent,
Taste, the difference of the false and the true taste,
Talpack ladies, their habits may probably become our mode,
Thaumantius, a great valetudinarian,

VAUX-HALL, the temple of Flora,
Vulpone, his strange success,
Unity among kindred recommended,
Vizards, when worn at the theatres,
Virago, how ridiculous,
Vapours, an epilepsy of the mind,

WORLD, the ridicule of it on unsuitable matches,
Women, why fond of military gentlemen,
Wife of a late general, her behaviour,
Whiff, the game much admired,
Widow, her reason for marrying,
Widow, her rambling humour,

XEUXIS, a consummate hypocrite,

YOUTH and age disagreeable to each other,

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.