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LE PRINCE DE
BEAUMONT.

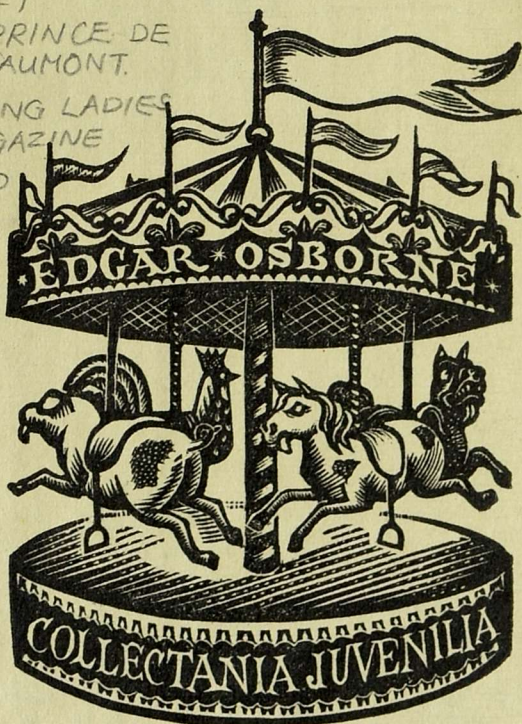
YOUNG LADIES
MAGAZINE

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THE BIRD

BY J. A. L. M.

NEW YORK

1850

Published by

W. H. & O. S. P.

100 N. 3rd St.

Philadelphia

Pa.

1850

1850

THE
YOUNG LADIES
MAGAZINE,
OR
DIALOGUES

Between

A DISCREET GOVERNESS

AND

Several YOUNG LADIES of the first RANK
under her EDUCATION.

BY

Mrs. *LE PRINCE DE BEAUMONT*.

VOLUME I.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Nourse, at the *Lamb*, opposite
Catherine-Street, in the *Strand*,

MDCCLX.

THE
YOUNG LADIES
MAGAZINE
OR
DIALOGUES

Between
A DISCREET GOVERNESS

And
Several Young Ladies of the first Rank
under her TUTORAGE.

BY
MRS. LE PRINCE DE BERNONVILLE.

VOLUME 3

LONDON
Printed for J. Moore, at the Lamb, opposite
Catherine-Street, in the Strand.
MDCCLXX.

TO LADY

Sophia CARTERET.

MADAM,

THIS address to your Ladyship must not pass for a fulsome dedicatory epistle. Those performances sacred to flattery neither suit you nor me. The intercourse I have so long had the honour of with you, has always been carried on with truth. 'Tis the only language you approve, and the only language fit to be used by me. There is room for an ample dedication; I might enlarge on your illustrious ancestors, and make their merit yours, which you would reject with scorn. You know better than any person, that virtue, to deserve commendation, must be personal; and I am too well acquainted with your thoughts on this subject to employ this common *topic*. I could with justice speak of your talents and happy disposition; and had I less regard or affection for you I might perhaps yield to a temptation that is not altogether uncommon. But my heart guides my pen, and will not permit

mit me to offer any thing to you that is not useful.

The gifts of nature, which you are blest with, are an early promise of that true merit, which has a just title to praise. From your first setting out, before you knew what reflection and thought was, I observed with pleasure, that you reasoned, as it were, by instinct, and spoke like the most rational persons. Your understanding and your will are so clear and sound, that you never mistake in a point of justice, and seldom in indifferent matters. But, Madam, these happy dispositions are in you, but bestowed on you by a bountiful hand; and I must desire your ladyship to praise that infinite and beneficent being, who has been so liberal to you, and at the same time to reflect, that the rigour of the account, you are to make, increases in proportion to the blessings you have received. Your tenderness and compassion, which gives you a fellow-feeling for the distressed, and so much pleasure when you can contribute to their relief, these and other happy dispositions are not from yourself; you have received all from above. I might commend your improving the talents intrusted with you; but if you will

DEDICATION.

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reflect upon your education, the daily examples you have from those that are dearest to you, you will be still farther convinced, that you have nothing to boast. The day will come, when after you are left to yourself, the world will attribute what it admires in you to your conduct. You must be prepared for that time; and in your present happy situation, where every circumstance of life directs you to virtue, be steady in the love of righteousness; that in the midst of a corrupt world you may still find, as you now do, that you are hurt and offended by every thing that appears to be a suggestion against the laws of morality. Preserve with care the respect, you in some manner took in with your milk, for christianity; and dare to be, what a degenerate world glories in not being, a Christian. Never forget that the stock of good nature, which influences your whole deportment, is a call from heaven, which designs you for a mother of the poor. Your correspondence with this high vocation will truly deserve praise; but never forget, that praise is the bane of virtue, and whatever pitch those virtues may be carried to, of which the happy beginnings open so agreeable a prospect in your

person, repeat incessantly in your thoughts:
*Why should I glory? What is there that I
 have not received?*

This piece of justice, due to God your benefactor, and to yourself, will be the means to preserve Christian virtues, which, from the moment that we attribute them with impiety to ourselves, disappear and leave the soul.

A young lady, who has the honour of being related to your ladyship, upon hearing that I had given her character amongst those I offered to the public in the *young Ladies Magazine*, reproached me very sharply: *What, said she, was I to receive the mortal poison of flattery from the hands of Madam de Beaumont?* The lady pretended, that I had not done her justice, and had flattered her in the character I had drawn for her. It may be, Madam, that in sketching out your portrait I have not thought to attribute to you all that is said on your account. But supposing, that as you say the copy is perfecter than the original, you must conclude, my intention was to present you with a pattern that might spirit up all your endeavours to be what you are not.

I make

I make the same compliment to your ladyship. You are personated by lady *Sensible* in the following dialogues. If my respectful inclination for you, has imposed upon me; if I have, without intending it, set off the copy with graces that are not in the original, you must take care to rectify the mistake, and make the original so like the copy, that not the least feature may be missed.

I am, with due respect,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient and

Most humble Servant,

Le Prince de BEAUMONT.

DEDICATION

I make the same compliment to your
friendship. You are mentioned by Mrs. G.
in the following dialogue. In my
respectful inclination for you, has imposed
upon me; if I have, without intending it,
sent of the copy with guests that are not
the original, you must take care to
by the original, and make the original to
like the copy, that not the least error
be made.

I am, with great respect,

MADAM,

Your obedient servant,

Miss Abigail Adams

Miss Abigail Adams

In Honor of the



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE favourable reception, the *Misses Magazine* has met with in his Majesty's dominions, and abroad, has determined me to publish a *Magazine for Young Ladies*.

The most dangerous of all the stages of life in my opinion comes on about fourteen or fifteen. About that age a young lady is entered into the world, and takes a kind of new being. All the passions kept under restraint in the state of infancy begin to appear, and to plead in their favour the example of the new acquaintance, with whom they have begun to rank. Though a young lady steps into the world with the best education, there is too much reason to fear, that the best impressions will be erased by others that succeed them, and are formed from the corrupt and dangerous maxims, which they soon hear. But every thing is to be feared, when a young lady brings along with her into this new world passions either flattered or not curbed, a total ignorance, and, to say no worse, puerile prejudices. She must inevitably be ruined.

The world is surpris'd at the increase of the numbers of so many despicable women; but, under the favour of a moment of reflexion, there is far greater reason to be judiciously surpris'd, that there are still so many virtuous.

Let us stop our ears against the incessant panegyrics that self love lavishes upon us. Let us enter into our selves, and own ingenuously, that we have the root of all vice within ourselves, an esteem of all imaginary good things, an aversion to all restraint with a love of liberty, that borders upon libertinism. Under all these dispositions to diseases, that are like to prove mortal to the soul, we venture into an infected air without any precaution or preservative. How can we wonder at so many unfortunate falls, that strike and terrify the spectators? I know, that some common places have been repeated over and over, and, if you will, to young women that have had the worst education. *A disorderly woman is always despis'd. 'Tis necessary to be godly and religious, a decorum must be observed. Virtue alone can make us esteem'd and happy.* The weakest governess has these maxims always in her mouth; she repeats them without thought to a girl, who hears them without any knowledge of their meaning. Some, I will not dispute it, apply themselves with a very good intention to inculcate these principles, by a frequent repetition, to those under their charge. But, with all their endeavours to compass this laudable design, they generally miscarry in as much as they do not know, and con-

consequently cannot teach them, that the steps that lead to a fault are not the fault itself, tho' they are very dangerous and often criminal. An offence is held in horror, and if it made its first appearance barefaced, most young people would be guarded against danger. But what are the steps that lead to disorder? Imprudence, curiosity, levity, want of attention. Young ladies must learn this lesson; they must have it frequently repeated; they must be alarmed with their examples, who not acquainted with the danger have found it fatal to their loss. But let us suppose you have convinced them; do you find that the prospect of so many dangers seizes them with fear and horror? And yet the greatest difficulty remains, and it is this. They must be farther convinced, that neither their dread of evil, nor their own prudence, even under the watchful care of parents, can bear them safe out of danger, and that they must inevitably perish, unless they are armed and preserved with those helps which religion procures. This is not all. The helps, which religion affords, must be analysed and laid out in their full light. The first view discourages and gives a shock to nature, but the coarse veil must be taken off, and prejudice removed to satisfy them, that the yoke of the gospel is light and easy; and they must be made sensible of this great and important truth, that *it is easier* and less difficult to subdue, than to satisfy our passions. They must, I add, feel and see that though their souls were not immortal and nothing to be feared or hoped in another life, it would be their interest to be virtuous, since virtue is the
only

only means to alleviate evils, which cannot be avoided in this life. But this is a task far above the generality of governesses; and it is a question whether the mothers of young ladies are better qualified for this arduous trust; they that should lead the way and direct the governesses. Many are more ignorant than these last, more unsettled and less moral. Their examples and their maxims are at perpetual variance. Here a mother by an excess of severity locks up from herself the heart of a daughter, which a young lady opens to a confidant, or a servant maid, and engages in a process of life, where every step is ruin. There another with an ill-timed condescension fears, that miss's health may be prejudiced, if she meet with any contradiction, and chuses to let all things go as they may rather than suffer any restraint from the means, which would keep a proper balance between severity and weakness. Another by her ill-guarded discourse discovers the little value she sets upon christianity, and prepares her daughter not so much to admit, as eagerly to ingross all that she hears, or reads in impious books, too many in number, and which tend to make every thing doubtful, even the fundamental truths of religion, and the divine inspiration of the scriptures. In a word, the generality of parents are so taken up with the world, gaming, public shews and pageantry, that they want time to engage the confidence of their daughters; and, though they should have this leisure, they are utter strangers to the means, by which they might succeed in this necessary undertaking; and know not how to
make

make use of that confidence, when they are happily arrived at this term so much to be desired by parents.

From what has been said there is too much reason to conclude that young persons are absolutely, or very near, in want of necessary helps to escape the dangers, which accompany the ravings or infatuation of adolescence; since we seldom meet in a governess, and even in parents, with the qualities requisite to form their understanding and their hearts.

The major part of my readers, who have not so much as an idea of right education, and of the talents necessary for that important purpose, will look upon this as a paradox. But I repeat it here, after many repetitions, and shall continue to do so whilst I live, that education does not consist in the acquisition or culture of talents, nor in an exterior appearance and outward shew; and yet what is called the best education goes no farther. When a young lady of fourteen or fifteen is to be brought up, the end proposed is to form a Christian, an amiable wife, a tender mother, an attentive housekeeper, and a commonwealth's-woman, that may be a pleasure, and what is more, an advantage to society. But let us repeat it once more, what care, what pains, and how many talents are necessary for the momentous task? The greatest attention, and the most consummate experience scarce suffice to attain this great end.

I have

I have said that a young lady of fifteen must be trained up a Christian. The proposition will meet with general applause, and, as to terms, it subsists in the common ideas; but few take the sense and meaning. This sort of language is not understood, and I shall be ridiculed by most of my readers. I shall be well off, if I am only taken for an extravagant woman, and if they don't pretend to find some poison in a doctrine, which cannot be imputed to me, but through want of attention to the gospel where I found it. And it may be no misfortune to be classed among the methodists, a set of men little, if at all, known to me. But I must once for all declare my mind on this article.

The gospel contains two parts, the first *dogmatical*, and this relates to speculative truths; the second *practical*, and that relates to our morals. The first are to be believed, the second to be practised. That I may keep up to the plan which I have proposed to myself, in some things that are purely dogmatical I shall barely quote the sacred text without any comment, gloss or interpretation. And I desire that the same question be asked about the *young Ladies Magazine*, as was asked about the *Misses*. *What are the author's sentiments concerning dogmatical points? What communion does the author follow?* But my opinion as to moral points shall be clearly decided. It will be thought singular, and to be carried too far. That will not be my fault.

I was

I was asked the other day whether I could not moderate my opinion: that rigor of doctrine discourages many *. A rich man has means to benefit others as well as himself. A rich man must be happier than a poor man. If disciples of this world were to be formed, this doctrine would be readily admitted, but it must be proscribed amongst the disciples of Jesus Christ. Riches are not an advantage, unless they are employed for the use intended by providence, from whom they have been received in trust for the indigent; nay the rich cease to be disciples of Christ, when they don't dispense their wealth to that end. Riches otherwise mislead the heart, and incline it to an immoderate pursuit of ease, the love of superfluities, and too violent a tie to this world. Cares, solicitude, fears and suspicions, in a word all the difficulties of salvation face the rich man, that has an excessive affection to his wealth. I know and I have declared that the words of our Lord are only to be understood of the rich, who love their wealth criminally, and with prejudice to the duty they owe to God and their neighbour; but this is not enough to quiet the fears of the virtuous rich man, who has just reasons to dread being weighed down by cupidity. I cannot disguise the truth; naked truth is best; otherwise it suffers some diminution. Besides, my young ladies are

** Those words, blessed are the poor, and many others, are not to be taken in the strict sense of the letter.*

brought

brought up to repeat the gospel; that must be done faithfully; the text must not be altered.

Providence disposes of the several conditions of life according to the divine plan for the ends intended. We have every one our respective employ, which, whatever it cost us, must be faithfully discharged. The same providence has fixed my station, and to enable me for the acquitting of the great duties of this post has entrusted me with some talents, and has procured me the confidence of the public as a means to facilitate the forming of young persons. I should incur the displeasure of God; I should not correspond to my call, if the fear of weak censures withheld my pen. I have an opportunity of insinuating the spirit of Christianity into the hearts of my young readers. Their minds have not received any other impressions, and are not preoccupied. If there should be some influence of worldly maxims, the impression can be but superficial. And therefore let us make haste to imprint in their hearts the wholesome maxims of Jesus Christ with deep and lasting characters.

But who hinders you, they say? Are we against our daughters being brought up to good morals? Must we be concluded no Christians because we are no bigots? We desire you to bring up our children; pray, make them women of worth and honour; but do not puzzle their brains with extravagant maxims; let them not copy after lord such-a-one, nor lady I do not intend

or desire they should follow any one's steps but those of *Jesus Christ*; but I cannot make them such persons as you desire and of such virtue as shall be proof against all trials, unless I make them perfect Christians. The degree of their religion will be the standard of their worth, honour, prudence, and of their attention to their respective duties. I must bring them to look upon their salvation as an important affair, their greatest, their only affair. I will give them to understand, that they are only created for that end; and that the wealth of the whole world will avail them nothing, if they have the misfortune to lose their souls; lastly, that they need only comply faithfully with the duties of their respective states, in order to ascertain their salvation. Is not this the interest of parents, husbands, their offspring, their domestics, and withal the interest of the public? This pleases you; it must please all the world. But you cavil about the means; I beg they may be left to me: one word more and I have done: *Do you design to bring them up bigots?* Suspend your opinion; be not alarmed; read this little book to the end; and observe what I mean by a bigot, and perhaps in the main we shall not disagree. Then it may turn out, that I shall have no adversaries, but those who make a trade of devotion, that is, who through ignorance of hypocrisy have substituted bigotry in the room of true piety. And let this suffice, that gentlemen and ladies of the world may cool their passion, and dismiss imaginary fears. Let them know, that I have the
utmost

utmost horror for false devotion; that I will be as great an enemy to false devotion, as I am to irreligion, and that I take the former to be more dangerous; and you young ladies, who seek to be truly happy, be assured, that I will point out the way that leads to it, and which you will find easier as you advance. Take this book, read, meditate, and consider the contents, after which you shall be, with my consent, at liberty to make your own choice.

Divine and holy spirit! *Paul* planteth, *Apollo* watereth, but thou alone givest the increase. Direct my pen; prepare the minds and hearts of my young readers; without thee my words will be but empty sounds that strike the ear; for thou only can'st touch the heart.

Some new characters are introduced in this Magazine. Were they imaginary, others might have been pitched upon; but perhaps these are as well fitted for my design. I copy from nature, my young people furnish me with all sorts of originals, and this abridges my work very considerably; and I am not without hopes that it will also make it useful. In a dozen characters that I have chosen, I point out the general methods to be followed by those, who undertake the instruction of youth. There are none of their scholars but what may be reduced to one or other of the characters presented here to the public. The shades which make the difference are almost imperceptible and cannot be observed without
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the greatest attention; and yet this discovery is of the greatest consequence, of which the following instance is a signal proof. The Lady, who goes by the name of *Lady Violent*, was but four years and a half old when she was consigned to my hands. She did not understand a word of French, and had with a capacity far above her age very strong passions, which by the indulgence of her nurse were grown quite ungovernable. I saw plainly at the second visit I made, how unprofitable and troublesome my lessons were. I was very sensible, that the child not only detested, but had reason to detest me; and her aversion to me in proportion to her wit was the more grounded and rational; she was tired with repeating words without any meaning; the disgust she had taken against the French language reflected on me; and as I was not able for want of language to argue the point with her, I had no hopes left of seeing any abatement of the repugnance she had to being taught. I begged she might have a French Governess; it was allowed and very luckily a prudent person was found for the purpose. I continued my lessons for a whole winter, and very tedious they proved to the young Lady. She told me without ceremony, that she hated me. Had I not been sure that she was mistress of a great wit and a good heart, I should have given up all hopes, but when you have those good qualities to deal with, you may depend upon success sooner or later in this kind of enterprise. I went on very regularly and lost three hours every week, and her parents had the good sense

sense not to think their money lost. The next year my charge was in a way that she would hear me. Her aversion diminished tho' not very perceptibly. I took care always to commend, when a proper occasion offered, and winked at smaller faults, that I might not be under a necessity of reprimanding. This method had very good effect. The child owned that she began to abate in her dislike of me; at last she was glad to see me and desired to have longer lessons. May this example be of service to those who meet with such a character! Children of this turn are only to be guided by reason; it requires much prudence to bring them to a sense of their own advantage; and if violent means were to take place, no good could come of it; very great progress is made among such characters with a seeming loss of time. The method which met with success here would have been the ruin of an indolent child, or of an indifferent genius. The last are to be treated with kindness, tho' with less condescension; but I should never make an end upon this subject; and for farther satisfaction on this point I must dismiss my reader to the work itself.

The first stage of adolescence is not the only time, that young Ladies want help and instruction, the last decides for life, as they then chuse a state. Hence their Magazine must take in all the precautions necessary to enter upon a married state or to determine for a single life. Endeavours must be used to lay before young persons the inconveniencies, the dangers and the advantages of
a state,

a state, which they are no longer at liberty to change for another; and lastly young Ladies must be guarded by proper advice against the immoderate desire they have and the pains they take to appear agreeable, which they pretext under the specious shew of being necessary to arrive at a proper settlement. Nothing shall be forgot that can answer the ends proposed in this work; and I shall think my pains well bestowed, if it prove useful to the young persons, for whose advantage it is undertaken.

Some will think, that the morning instructions to be given here are too serious for ladies from fifteen to eighteen years of age. But, to satisfy this objection, I need only acquaint my readers, that I have merely writ down the conversations that have passed between me and my scholars; and experience has taught me that those instructions are not above their reach. Among my young people there are children of twelve years of age that will not let a sophism be passed upon them for a syllogism, and they will tell you very gravely of a book they are reading: *The author has taken leave of his subject; he says very weak things. His principle is false; his inferences must be so.* What is more my young ladies will prove it. We don't frame a true judgment of the capacity of children; nothing is out of their reach, if they are taught by little and little to form an argument, or rather to discourse on a subject. Now-a-days ladies read all sorts of books, history, politicks, philosophy and even such as concern religion. They should there-

therefore be in a condition to judge solidly of what they read and able to discern truth from falshood. Before I resolved to publish any thing concerning this matter, I tried two years successively what young ladies were capable of, and, after repeated trials, was fully convinced, that we are all born geometers, and that it is no such hard task to bring soon to light and to display the con-nate geometrical ideas of children twelve year old. To give still farther satisfaction to the reader, nothing shall appear in this work, that was not well understood by eight young ladies of that age. Their objections shall be repeated as they made them; if they are found too much above their years, the blame must not fall upon me but the young ladies, who have too much wit for their age. But as I write chiefly for their benefit, I cannot be dispensed from writing what, I know, is agreeable to them, and no ways above their reach.



NAMES of the LADIES introduced
in the following Dialogues.

Lady SENSIBLE,	}	were Characters of the Misses Magazine to which the Reader is referred.
Lady WITTY,		
Lady TEMPEST,		
Lady CHARLOTTE,		
Lady MARY,		
Miss MOLLY,		

Miss SOPHIA,	12	}	Years of Age.
Miss BELLA her younger Sister,	11		
Miss RURAL,	14		
Lady VIOLENT,	8		
Mrs. AFFABLE,			
Lady LOUISA,	17		
Lady LUCY,	18		
Miss ZINNA,	18		
Miss FRIVOLOUS,	18		
Lady SINCERE,	17		
Miss FANNY,	5		



THE
YOUNG LADIES
MAGAZINE.

DIALOGUE I.

Lady *Mary*.

AH! Mrs. *Affable*! what a long time has passed, since we had the pleasure of seeing you? You promised you would but stay half a year, and you have almost made it two. I have had a sad tedious time on't, and I am really grown quite naughty, but, thank God, you are now come back for good and all; and I hope you will help me to correct my faults.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very willingly, my dear lady, let me embrace you. Lord! how you are grown! and, lady *Witty*! you are actually as tall as I am. I could not have known you again, ladies. To be sure, you have improved in mind in proportion to your growth.

Lady *Witty*. But so, so, Mrs. *Affable*, sometimes well, sometimes ill. I shall give you an account of all that has happened in your absence; you will perceive, that I have not always been good, but I have not always been out of the way neither.

Mrs. *Affable*. Still this is something, my dear lady; you have strove against your passions; go on,
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you must get the better at last. And you, lady *Charlotte*, how have you behaved?

Lady Charlotte. *Mama* will tell you, *Mrs. Affable*.

Mrs. Affable. I am sure you have been a good girl, but you are loth to praise yourself. And here is miss *Molly* that says not a word, and keeps up close in a corner, and quite ashamed. What can be the meaning?

Miss Molly. It means that you will turn me out of doors, when you know the ugly custom I have got since you went to *France*. I am grown such a liar, that now I can't tell when I lie.

Mrs. Affable. Reason enough to be ashamed, my dear, but not to lose courage. I hope the last lie is told. You have given an account, ladies, of yourselves, and now I must tell you of lady *Sensible* and lady *Tempest*, whom I never left the whole time of our long journey. They have been so good, so tractable, that I can only be proud of their behaviour.

Lady Witty. That was no very hard task. Were I constantly in company that would be so kind as to mind me of my failings, I think I should very soon commit no fault.

Mrs. Affable. One would think lady *Witty* is jealous.

Lady Witty. I really am, *Mrs. Affable*; but you must excuse me. I don't envy the ladies their happiness, I only wish to be as happy, and that all the world was so. If I begged a favour, *Mrs. Affable*, would you grant it?

Mrs. Affable. Yes, madam, if it lay in my power.

Lady Witty. What I am about to ask certainly does. I have made an acquaintance with three young ladies. They are the best girls in the world,
and

and absolutely long to be your scholars. Two of them are big girls and older than I am; the other is about my age. I have so often repeated the lessons you have been pleased to give me and these ladies, that they know them by heart. May I be allowed to introduce them the next time I come?

Mrs. *Affable*. It will please me much, particularly, as you assure me, that they are very desirous of being instructed. How do you call the ladies?

Lady *Witty*. Lady *Louisa*. lady *Lucy*, and miss *Rural*. The last is not in town, cannot bear it, and lives altogether in the country; but she assures me, that she will leave it with pleasure, if you will admit her as a scholar.

Mrs. *Affable*. I shall be glad to see that little *town-bater*. And I must now give you notice of three other ladies, whose company we are to have; two I have been long acquainted with; I know very little of the third; her name is lady *Violent*. But the lady her mother begs she may come to our lessons; I gave her a few before I left England; the poor child did not understand a word of French; and I fear her time here will be very tedious.

Lady *Mary*. It shall be my business to teach her French; her mother is an intimate of *mama's*. She has a great share of wit, they say, and that she is very naughty, and extremely passionate.

Mrs. *Affable*. As for you I must needs say you have a very ill tongue, and that is far worse than being passionate.

Lady *Mary*. You are much in the right, Mrs. *Affable*; this is another ugly trick I have got whilst you was at Paris. You will find out a great many more. For example, I am grown quite whimsical as they tell me; and it makes *mama* and my governess very uneasy.

Mrs. *Affable*. This is frightful, dear lady *Mary*; pray tell me what kind of things these freaks and whims are. I would gladly see one of them.

Lady *Mary*. That can't be Mrs. *Affable*; my whims dread you as much as they do the fire; and I know they dare not appear before you. But they seize me in this manner; at first I shall be very hearty without knowing why or wherefore. I sing, I skip, till I am much tired, and when I am quite spent, I am out of all temper, and if any thing happen to displease me, I am just like a little fiend; I cry out and strike every body. Then, suppose I am for one thing, I immediately change, and am against it, and as soon again for it. After all this I am very angry, that I have behaved so ill; the next thing is to cry out of vexation for having offended God, *mama* and *mademoiselle*. And this is the life I have led since I saw you last.

Mrs. *Affable*. This gives me very great concern, my dear; and my only comfort is the hopes I have of your using the utmost efforts to correct this fault.

Lady *Mary*. In good truth, Mrs. *Affable*, were it left to my choice, I would rather fast a week on bread and water, than do the like again. But when the freak takes me, I take no farther thought of that, and only think of bawling and making a noise. I am sure to be in the right, whilst the fit of passion lasts; and never yield myself to be in the wrong, till all is over.

Mrs. *Affable*. I know it to be so, my dear, and I love you for being so sincere; and will take an advantage from your openness and candor to find proper remedies to remove a disorder of the mind, which is also owing to a weakness of the body. The first remedy is prayer. Every morning and evening beg of God to give you the grace of amendment as

to this particular ; the second is to desire your governess not to fail reminding you, when she observes that immoderate flow of spirits, that it exhausts you, and leaves you quite dejected, and without strength to bear up against your passion. You must promise me in the next place to leave all that you are about, and to retire to your room, when your governess gives you this warning. There you shall pray upon both knees, and reflect, that you are in the presence of God. How comes it my dear ? You say, that your whims dare not appear before me, and yet they dare appear in the presence of God, which you cannot avoid, and whose power is able to punish you any instant. You offend to his face so good and tender a parent, who loves you, and showers down so many blessings upon you. Go, my dear ! think of this seriously, and, my word for it, you will not hear any farther complaints of your whims.

Lady *Witty*. Surely these ladies have seen many fine things in France. Won't they favour us with an account of what they have found most remarkable ?

Mrs. *Affable*. You must make your court to lady *Tempest* ; she has wrote some remarks by way of a journal.

Miss *Molly*. What is a journal ?

Mrs. *Affable*. That is, she has set down in the evening the remarks she made in the day.

Lady *Charlotte*. Pray, Mrs. *Affable*, give her leave to read her journal to the company.

Mrs. *Affable*. Sometime or other it shall be read, ladies, but it must be written out fair, it is so ill done, that she could hardly make it out. When lady *Tempest* was but a little one, she minded nothing, she laughed at a writing-master ; but now she repents ; with all the pains she takes to mend her

hand, she writes like a cat, and finds how difficult it is to leave off bad habits, contracted in one's infancy.

Miss Molly. Why has not lady *Sensible* made a journal?

Mrs. Affable. That was needless after her cosen had undertaken it; and besides she was taken up in a different way. She has made very pretty fairy-tales, fables, and some other little pieces, which shall also be read here.

Lady Mary. She is happy to be blessed with so much wit. When I was in Ireland we had no books, and time went on very heavily. I thought to myself, as I have no novel to read, I will make one. This ran in my head all night; and with much ado I made up a little, and a very short tale. My governess fancied I was much out of order, as I would not breakfast, before I had wrote out my tale.

Lady Charlotte. I assure you, *Mrs. Affable*, that it is a very pretty one. *Lady Mary* read it to me, and I was prodigiously diverted.

Mrs. Affable. I hope she will favour us with it.

Lady Mary. Oh no! *Mrs. Affable*, it is so ill done; and these ladies could only laugh at me.

Mrs. Affable. You are but eight years of age, and have already all the self-love of an author. Well, my dear! Will you tell me the truth, if I ask a question?

Lady Mary. You know, *Mrs. Affable*, I never deceived you. How can you ask, whether I shall tell the truth?

Mrs. Affable. I own myself in the wrong. Liars only are to be mistrusted. That is not your character; you will give me a true answer. Have you not really a mind to read your tale to the ladies; don't you find it pretty as it is; don't you
wrong

wrong your own thoughts, when you say it is but ill done; and would not you be sorry to be believed?

Lady Mary. 'Tis very odd, that you should guess so readily at my private thoughts. I was not aware of it, till you made me observe it; and now I find that I spoke less favorably of the tale, that I might engage the ladies to commend it.

Mrs. Affable. This is the case with many, who have not your sincerity to own it. Learn this maxim, ladies, never to speak well, or ill of yourselves, or any thing that is yours. Such, as speak to their own disadvantage, desire to be contradicted. We call this *humility with a hook*, for they only stoop or affect appearing humble to hook in praise. Never let yourself be asked a second time, when the company is to be entertained with your talents; nothing is more disagreeable. I have known ladies with charming voices, and the nicest hands for several musical instruments. I never begged a song, tho' I dote on music. An hour must be spent in entertainments, before they shew their talents, and the pleasure of performance is far from a compensation for the trouble the company is at for the purchase of a song. Now, lady *Mary*, let us have your tale.

Lady Witty. After it is ended I shall beg leave to ask *Mrs. Affable* a question.

Lady Mary. Once upon a time

Mrs. Affable. If lady *Mary* had desired to shew her good breeding, she would have said to lady *Witty*, madam, I beg that I may not put off your question; the story may be told afterwards. Endeavour, my dear, another time to observe these niceties. This is being civil and polite. We must never, in good manners, pretend to be above others,
but

but on the contrary give them the preference. Now, my dear, go on.

Lady *Mary* (a). There was once upon a time a farmer; he had been very rich, and was grown very poor. He had two daughters, *Betsy* and *Laura*. *Betsy* was the elder, a very great beauty, but conscious and proud of being a *Belle*. She only loved her own dear self, was hardhearted to the poor, and had no complaisance for any one. She loved no kind of work; indeed, she feared spoiling her hands; and would not go into the fields, till her father had repeated his commands twenty times at least; she said it would hurt her complexion. *Laura*, the younger sister had been very beautiful before the small pox; but this disorder had ruined her for a beauty, without giving her any great concern, as she laid no great stress on this fading flower. She was loved by all the neighbours; in reality, she endeavoured to oblige all the world, and frequently deprived herself of the bread she gave to the poor. Though *Betsy* the elder sister, did not love her, she laid hold of all opportunities to please her, and took upon her all the work of the house, to save her the trouble. One day, as the two sisters milked the cows, a wealthy gentleman, that passed by, was struck with the beauty of the elder sister. He asked her some questions; he found she had a great deal of wit, and was quite enamoured. *Betsy* was charmed with the adventure; she concluded, that by marrying this gentleman, she should come up and live in town, where she could find plenty of diversions. The gentleman asked her, who that ugly creature was, that retired almost as soon as he came in sight (for *Laura* did not think it handsome

(a) This little novel is the composition of a child, and given here as she made it. Lady *Sophia Carteret*, who is the author, was not ten years old at that time.

in a young woman to stand talking with your fine gentlemen of the town, who are only upon the catch to deceive country girls), 'Tis my sister, said *Betsy*, a poor, soft creature, and only fit for the bustle of a country-life. I am tired to death with it, amongst such coarse neighbours; and I daily shed many a tear, and lament my not being born at court. You are too beautiful, said the gentleman, to stay in the country. I must first settle some affairs; and then, if you like me, I will propose a match to your father. *Betsy*, who was ready to die with joy, assured the gentleman she loved him extremely, even to folly. Mean while the farmer was quite out of temper at his eldest daughter's not coming back, and swore he would lay his hands on her, when she did. *Laura* slips out of the house to go and tell her sister, that her father was very angry. That moment a poor woman came up with three small children to the two sisters, and protested, that the poor babes had not had a bit to eat of 24 hours, and she begged they would bestow some charity for their relief. Go, good woman, said the eldest, *one meets with nothing but beggars, that will not let people be quiet.* Fair and softly, said *Laura*, if you will give her nothing, don't abuse her. And taking a shilling out of her pocket (it was her all) she gave it the poor woman. *Betsy* made a jest of her sister, and said, *you must be very silly; here, you have been three months getting up this shilling to go to the poppet-shew, and now part with it to this wretch. I can be without the shew,* *Laura* replied, *but this poor woman must have bread for her children.* You are the more a fool for believing her, *Betsy* took her up, perhaps she has more money than you, and will spend your shilling in some diversion. That may be, says *Laura*, but as she may also have told a true story, I had rather run the hazard of being deceived, than be hard-hearted.

The gentleman heard all their discourse with the greatest attention, and said to the two sisters, *My pretty girls, let there be no more words; here is each of you four pieces, and you may go to the shew, when you please. I am greatly obligated to you, Sir,* Laura said, and made a very low courtesy, *but as I am in no want of money, give me leave not to accept yours. A prudent young woman, must never accept any thing from men; but yet, if you are so desirous to make me a present, because you are so generous; bestow this gold on that poor woman; and I shall esteem it as great an obligation, as if I had received it my self.* With that she went off. *Never do it,* says Betsy to the gentleman. *Did not I tell you, that my sister was a poor silly creature? Who ever heard of giving four guineas to such an object, when we have so many things to buy. Now, Sir, give me the money my sister refused, and I will give this woman the skilling I have.*

The gentleman answered, *You shall have the eight guineas; but this must not hinder me giving the four; they are your sister's, since I made her a present of them; and she was at liberty to dispose of them, as she pleased.*

When Betsy left this gentleman, his head was full of very serious reflections. *Good God!* thought he, *Why is the younger sister less beautiful than the elder, or why does the elder want the sense of the younger? After all, it is a madness to marry a pretty face, and not a person of character and worth. If I marry Betsy, and she be taken the next day with the small pox, there would be nothing left.*

Mean while, away sets Betsy and tells her father, what a great lady she was to be; and that a noble lord had promised her marriage. At first her father laughed at her, but upon her shewing the guineas and her acquainting him, that my lord was to come again the next day, he was at a non-plus.

Betsy

Betsey made all the haste she could to buy up all the ribbands and lace in the village, and set all the seamstresses and work-women to work. At night she dressed herself out, and away to the poppet show. His lordship was not expected till the day following, and *Betsey* was loth to miss this opportunity of appearing. All this time her lover was in great agitations and knew not how to resolve. *Betsey's* behaviour was very forward; he observed that she was hard-hearted, interested and selfish; but then she was so beautiful, that he could not forbear excusing her. *If she was eager for a little money, she only wanted it, he thought, to dress more agreeably and to please me. She loves me,* he said, I could discover it in her looks. This gentleman had a valet de chambre, a lad of wit, and who in pity shrugged up his shoulders, whilst he heard his master talk at this wild rate. *What dost thou laugh at* says his lord? *Laugh?* says he *I am much more disposed to cry. You believe, my lord, that little animal loves you; but let me tell you, she only loves your money. Give me leave to put on your best suit; I will give myself out for a duke; and though I am heartily ugly, I know she will sooner marry me, than your lordship. Do so,* says my Lord; it is but three miles to my seat of Ch——nt; take my last birth-day suit, that embroidered in gold; and come back to me, you will find me at this tavern.

Whilst this masquerade was getting ready, poor *Laura* was in great trouble. She thought this gentleman very amiable, and she found an inclination coming on for him against her will; when her sister accosted her and not without scolding her very roundly acquainted her with the success of her generosity. *Truely,* says she, *it becomes you mightily to be generous with other peoples money. I shall never forgive the four guineas.* This account of his noble charity entirely

entirely gained him *Laura's* heart. As she feared discovering her inclination, she resolved not to be at home, when he came. But she was fairly caught; she saw him come that evening and endeavoured to retire. He came alone; his man understanding that *Betsy* was gone to the shew, went thither in his master's coach. This gentleman desired of the farmer to let *Laura* keep him company till her sister returned; she complied in duty to her father's orders. The conversation began with a request to *Laura*, that she would acquaint him with her sister's imperfections. But *Laura* far from taking any such advantage to lessen his good opinion of *Betsy*, said all the handsome things she could of her sister without prejudice to truth, and endeavoured to excuse her failings. Mean time the counterfeit duke was vowing and protesting to the proud country-lads, that she was the greatest beauty in the world, and that he should esteem himself more than happy, if she would condescend to be a dutchess by marrying her humble servant. *Betsy*, who had only pretended to love her first spark out of mere ambition and interest, thought it more advantageous to be a dutchess than barely a lady, and advised the new-fangled duke to make haste and obtain her father's consent before a certain gentleman in the country came to make proposals. The *valet de chambre* coached her home; but though it was excessive cold, all the glasses must be let down that she might be seen by her neighbour in the village. Guess how she was surpris'd to find her first lover at her father's; but however when he reproached her with inconstancy, she recovered her spirits so far as to tell him, that she was only in jest, and had never loved him. *Take my sister to comfort you*, said she, and laughed at him to his face in a most insulting and scornful manner. *That is*
not

not so ill advised, he replied, and if *Laura* will but consent, I shall think myself extremely happy in receiving her from her father's hands. *Laura* cast her eyes down, but this did not hinder the gentleman perceiving, that she had no aversion to the match; and she assured him very modestly, that she esteemed his person for his virtue, more than for his riches. The marriage contract was drawn up and signed; the valet de chambre having laid down the duke, came in his usual cloths to wait upon his master and informed *Betsy* he had only jested with her. *Betsy's* despair lasted as long as her life; no one would be troubled with a woman of her character; she lived to be old and ugly, and never had any offer made her; whereas *Laura* lived quite happy with her husband.

Mrs. Affable. Indeed, lady *Mary*, this little novel is perfectly well contrived. Virtue is rewarded, and vice punished. Something though seems to be wanting; should not *Laura* after her marriage have been very kind to her parents, and even to her ill-tempered sister.

Lady Mary. Very right, *Mrs. Affable*, that should have been. *Lady Witty* was about asking you a question?

Lady Witty. You said, *Mrs. Affable*, that we must never talk of ourselves, or any thing that belongs to us. What can we talk of? why, really, nothing else pleases us

Mrs. Affable. I am very glad lady *Witty*, that you have asked this question; it gives me an opportunity to speak of several important matters, which I beg you will hear with attention. I have read in a pretty sort of a fairy-tale the description of the *Temple of Self-love*. It is extremely well suited to explain what I am about to say.

A prince

A prince was led by *Love* to this temple, and was accosted by an officer, a military man, who pluck't him by the sleeve and said, *This temple was raised to preserve the memory of all the great actions I have performed in my life. Do you see that figure upon the altar? It represents me; the statue is universally admired and respected by all. The paintings that adorn the temple are all the battles and sieges that I have been engaged in. Never mind that dotard, says a beautiful woman, that took the prince by the other arm, is it not as clear as noon-day, that I am the person represented upon the altar; and that the incense, which smokes there, is offered to me? The pictures are drawn for a crowd of lovers that wore my chains. Really madam, says a poet, I can't but admire you and your fine fancies. I am the only person adored in the temple; to be convinced, read that writing in the first picture. 'Tis an ode I made when I was a mere youth. That other picture represents one of my comedies. Take notice of that throng of spectators seized with admiration; they are wholly taken up with me and the performance. You are all mad, says the prince; who has placed my statue upon the altar I cannot say, but there I am; and the pictures describe the famous chaces that I have seen when I hunted. Love, who had guided the prince to the temple explained the riddle and struck him with a passion for a charming princess; upon which all other objects disappeared; and he could only see the object he loved. Henceforward, says *Love* to him, be convinced, that *self-love* persuades mortals, that the whole world is only taken up with them, their talents, their wit, and interest; and that they continually strive to keep up this idea of themselves, without once thinking, that all are too full of *self-love* to think of any thing else.*

Remember these last words, ladies; that same *self-love* which engages you to speak of yourselves,
pos-

possesses the persons that hear you; they think they are wronged by your pretensions to be the figure upon the altar, and will leave no means untried to be placed there even at your expence. Would you be loved and be in request with all, cast *self-love* aside, and find room in your heart for the love and esteem of others. Instead of breaking their heads with what concerns you, and is nothing to them, speak of their affairs, hear their long and tedious narratives with complaisance; let them think, that you see them with pleasure upon the altar, and that you are sincerely pleased with the esteem which they think to have deserved.

Lady *Witt*. And whilst I applaud the *self-love* of others, what will become of mine? It must make a very mean figure. I am willing, that others should have their share of esteem and respect; it would be unjust to claim it all. But why may not every one have their turn?

Mrs. *Affable*. Nothing, my dear, is more natural than your apprehension in this regard; and I am charmed with your sincerity. You are concerned for the figure your own *self-love* would make. If it was well apprised of it's own interest, it would soon be satisfied, that it appears with the greatest advantage; for nothing can please more than to leave your company charmed with your behaviour, to see that they are sorry to part, and glad to meet again, with you. Commonly speaking our *self-love* is too coarse to relish this exquisite and refined pleasure; and the passion thinks itself wronged, when it is not at liberty to trample all the world under foot. If this be the case, ladies, let *self-love* fret and complain, 'tis an ungracious guest and it were to be wished, that it found so poor a welcome amongst us, as to seek other quarters,

Lady

Lady *Sensible*. But, Mrs. *Affable*, you often say *our self-love*; why should you be brought in? Have you any *self-love*? I could never perceive it.

Lady *Mary*. I am sharper sighted, than you are, madam; I have observed that defect in Mrs. *Affable*. You wont be angry, Mrs. *Affable*; for you have often said that you loved such as told you of your failings.

Mrs. *Affable*. I am still in the same mind, my dear; and to shew how thankful I am for the good office, I promise you a very pretty book. And now, dear lady *Mary*, tell me in what particular I have betrayed *self-love*.

Lady *Mary*. Why; you speak too often in commendation of these ladies and me. We are in a manner your children, Mrs. *Affable*; and in as much as you love us and are taken up with us, you imagine all the world must be so too. There is a lady, a friend of yours; she says she is just wearied with that sort of talk.

Mrs. *Affable*. That lady, my dear, is no friend. Don't tell who she is; I should be so angry, at her.

Lady *Mary*. How so! would you be angry because she has discovered a fault of yours?

Mrs. *Affable*. Not for finding out a fault, but for that she has not been so kind as to give me a friendly warning. You are my good friend, lady *Mary*, and I can never forget the kind service you have done me. I must confess, children, I speak too often of you, but 'tis because I love you, and I cannot say but it is with some return on myself for the pleasure of having my talents admired in the progress of yours. I am not unlike superannuated grandmothers, who take pride in the beauty of their grand-daughters, because it may be thought from the beauty of their posterity, that they

come to school here, but a meeting of young ladies. We have no flattery, no restraint or dissembling amongst us. Lady *Witty* tells me you have lived altogether in the country; the simplicity of our conversation will be the more agreeable.

Miss Rural. Yes, Madam!

Mrs. Affable. Do you like the French language; can you speak it a little.

Miss Rural. I like the language very well; but I speak it ill.

Mrs. Affable. You tremble, child, and scarce dare open your mouth. You must not be afraid of me; if you are, you will never love me.

Miss Rural. Oh, no! I am not afraid of you.

Lady Witty. I am really out of all patience. I am sure, *Mrs. Affable*, takes you for a *noddy*. Well! I have been caught once. Your *Mama* might say what she would to mine, of your wit and capacity; I laughed and did not believe a word of it.

Mrs. Affable. You are much too hasty in judging. *Miss* is bashful and under some confusion; that may not prevent us so much in her favour; but it would be extremely cruel to judge from mere appearances. An ancient used to say, *Speak, that I may know thee*. We must wait for this proof; otherwise we may easily mistake. *Miss* has only spoke four words, but they were all much to the purpose. Besides, my dear, it requires a great deal of wit to shew a very moderate capacity in a language, which one does not possess. The difficulty of finding readily proper terms clogs the imagination. Pray tell me, dear *Miss*, why you prefer the country to the town.

Miss Rural. I know the advantages of the country, and am not sure the town will afford the like; so that I rather fear, than hate the town.

Mrs. Affable. Upon my word a most sensible an-

answer! prudent persons cannot forbear being under some apprehension, when they change their situation. How do you spend your time in the country, Miss?

Miss *Rural*. Walking about, reading, visiting, and being visited by young ladies of our acquaintance.

Mrs. *Affable*. And, pray Miss; what books have you read.

Miss *Rural*. *Herodotus*, some part of the *Roman* history, a great number of Sermons, the *Spectator* and Mr. *Locke's* works.

Mrs. *Affable*. What! believe me, these books are for almost grown up young women. What is your opinion of Mr. *Locke*!

Miss. *Rural*. My opinion is but here come a great many ladies. Give me leave to hear and to say no more. I have no difficulty to speak before you; but before these ladies I cannot.

Lady *Louisa*. I come Mrs. *Affable* in hopes that you will confirm by word of mouth the leave you gave us by lady *Witty*, to wait upon you and to be admitted in quality of your scholars. I speak for myself and company; lady *Lucy* is so bashful, that one would take her to be in an ague-fit by her trembling, and I dare say she will not venture to open her mouth this week.

Mrs. *Affable*. She shall be with Miss *Rural*; they will I hope, recover this bashfulness one as soon as the other. But, ladies, there is one thing gives me some concern. We have several younger ladies in our society; and I must make use of the plainest terms and clearest expressions to place their instructions more within their reach. This, ladies, will be tedious, I fear.

Lady *Lucy*. For my part I should be very sorry to be the least hindrance to those ladies. Pray, Mrs. *Affable*, forget our age; we shall be very
happy,

happy, I speak of myself at least, to know as much as they do.

Lady *Louisa*. Upon my word, Mrs. *Affable*, you have set out here with a miracle. For I can safely say, that more than half of lady *Lucy's* acquaintance have never heard her say so much at once.

Mrs. *Affable*. This bears cruelly hard on your friend, Madam; you must give me leave to take her part a little. To be too bashful is certainly a defect; but becomes a young lady much more than the opposite extreme, so common at present. Ask lady *Sensible*, what she thinks.

Lady *Sensible*. If I must give my opinion, Mrs. *Affable*, I must own to these ladies, that I took great offence at the strange freedom I observed among the young ladies in *France*, and chiefly the married women. I was partly in the wrong, for Mrs. *Affable* convinced me, that this did not hinder their being very discreet withal; but, in reality, that free, bold, thoughtless air made me put a quite contrary construction on their behaviour; and I have found several foreign gentlemen in the same way of thinking.

Mrs. *Affable*. Excesses are always to be avoided; and a modest assurance is very commendable. Ah! here are two young ladies that I have the honour of introducing to this company. Good morrow to you, ladies. Well! you are very desirous to be perfect in your *French* and to learn all that I teach these ladies; are you not?

Miss *Sophia*. Yes indeed, dear Mrs. *Affable*. I assure you I have not slept of all night; I longed so to see you.

Miss *Bella*. The desire of learning is the distemper of the whole family; my poor little sister *Fanny* cried sadly, when we came away. It was to no purpose to tell her, that she did not talk *French*
and

and could not come with us; she begun to understand it she said; and I was fain to promise I would ask your leave to bring her to you the next time.

Mrs. *Affable*. How old is she?

Miss *Sophia*. Five and a half; but then she is extremely sensible of her age. She has learn't to read *French* and to write in forty eight lessons and last summer she taught her little sister, who can also read *French*.

Mrs. *Affable*. She deserves the favour you ask for her; pray bring her to the next lesson; I am very willing she should come. Now we only want lady *Violent*; but here she is. Good morrow to you, Madam.

Lady *Violent*. Good morrow!

Mrs. *Affable*. Now we must take up again the history of the Holy Scripture, where we broke off. Who was to begin, children? I have really forgot. Lady *Violent*, you look mightily out of forts.

Lady *Violent*. I look as I really am. I hate *French*, and Mrs. *Affable* I don't like you at all. 'Tis much against my will I come hither, but *Mama* will have it so. I must obey and am sure to have a tedious time on't.

Mrs. *Affable*. And I am sure that it will prove otherwise, and that you will dote on me before three months are over. You shake your head, and don't believe a word I say; but I know lady *Violent* better than she does herself. You have a great share of wit; and it is impossible for you not to be pleased at last with our exercises. As to myself, Madam, my pride is not a little concerned. You say you don't love me. I must battle it out with you to gain that heart; we shall see in the end, who gets the better.

Lady

Lady *Violent*. I cannot but smile at your battling; what if you don't get the better? If I go on, and neither like you nor your lessons; will you promise me your interest with *mama* to prevail upon her, never to send me hither again?

Mrs. *Affable*. That I will, and I engage my word of honour. Fix your own time for the trial. I could venture a wager, that three months hence you would be extremely mortified not to frequent our lessons any longer.

Lady *Violent*. I have seen you often enough these two years, and the miracle you promised is still to come. And all this time I have been heartily tired of you and your lessons.

Mrs. *Affable*. Had I been in your room, my dear, I should have been still more weary than you. Then I only put words into your little noddle, which is made for *things*, and not mere *words*. Now that you know French, you will understand what is said, and, I repeat it once more, it will be impossible for you to dislike our exercises. For my part I shall be so fond of you, that I defy you to be ungrateful. I can work miracles; do you hear, my dear. Ask lady *Charlotte* and lady *Tempest*. They were two little lions, and I made them lambs. Don't you remember, ladies, that just before I went for France, lady *Charlotte* gave her maid a box on the ear; and that I desired her, by way of repairing this fault, to wait upon her maid at table, which lady *Tempest* said, would make the maid very saucy. Ask whether it turned out so.

Lady *Charlotte*. Quite contrary, ladies; the poor creature would not sit down; she was all in tears, and would by no means comply, till I prevailed with repeated intreaties. Ever since that, she has been much better tempered, and has begged my pardon a hundred times; indeed she has not yet forgiven

forgiven Mrs. *Affable*, for being, she says, the cause of all this ado.

Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Charlotte* has not told all, ladies; it is but just, that as I have put her upon declaring her misdeeds, I should make known her good actions. Some days after she had done this penance, as she was coming home from airing, she bought a handkerchief, and two yards of ribband, to make a present to her maid. Pray, my dear, what did you mean by this present?

Lady *Charlotte*. I feared she might think I had complied with the penance in spite, and against my will. And to show that I obeyed willingly and freely, and that I was not at all sorry, that she had sat down at my request to be waited on; I thought it would look well, if I made her a present of that trifle.

Mrs. *Affable*. You thought, and acted like a young lady of great sense. Have not I told you, ladies, that the *dragoons*, as I call them, or the sturdy and high-spirited ones, always turned out the best. Ask dear lady *Charlotte*, whether she did not feel a sensible pleasure in obeying, and submitting to that humiliation. After all, she had behaved like a servant, when she struck her maid; nay, she had debased herself, she came down far below the degree of her maid, by yielding to her passion; nor could she recover her rank, but by a reparation of her fault.

Lady *Charlotte*. After I had done it, I assure you, Mrs. *Affable*, that I was as light as a feather. I remembered the princess you mentioned, who repaired the fault she had committed, by chiding, without reason, a woman of her wardrobe; this took off the dread I had of the penance; for, thought I, she was a much greater lady, than I can pretend to be.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. A silly girl asked me the other day, what purpose all this reading served. Now, you see it, ladies. We meet in books with many examples, that encourage virtue. Lady *Charlotte* made her advantage of that of *Mademoiselle de Beaujollois* to repair her fault.

Miss *Molly*. You promised us some farther particulars about that princess and her sister.

Mrs. *Affable*. Her sister married the prince of *Conti*, and led the life of an angel in the midst of a court. As she gave herself wholly to devotion, she left off putting on any paint, and was very loth to lose time in dressing. It was observed to her, that this alteration was disagreeable to the prince, upon which she took care to dress, and set herself out as usual. She was persuaded, that great devotion was not inconsistent with submission, and her best endeavours to please her husband. I saw her about a fortnight before her death; she was surprisingly beautiful. The princess was about twenty three years of age, and did not shew the least regret and repugnance to leave the world. She was most perfectly resigned to the dispensations of providence; she never made the least complaint of her physicians, though it was generally thought they had occasioned her death by letting her blood too often.

Lady *Witty*. Oh! what pity, that so beautiful and so virtuous a princess should be taken off in the flower of her youth! Pray, what became of her sister?

Mrs. *Affable*. She died of the small-pox, when she was but eighteen. Her passions were more violent than her sister's; but, with all her fire and sprightliness, she gave many proofs of good sense, as you have seen; and did many good actions. Her heart was as noble as her birth. She would play
and

and gave for her women and the poor, that is, she gave all that she won. I had this account from one so entirely devoted to her, that though the princess left her a yearly pension, she could never get over her death, and in a short time died herself of a broken heart.

Lady Witty. It would be a pleasure to be kind to servants, if they would be grateful; but the most part have no affection for their masters and only serve for their own ends.

Mrs. Affable. I might answer that good must be done, merely to be recompensed by the gratitude of the persons we have benefited, but out of christian and humane motives; but let these be dropt. You say that you are served by your domestics from interested views. Pray, what other motive can they have, when they are treated with harshness and pride, which dispose their self-love to revolt; for they have their share of self-love as well as we? Do you desire that they should be well affected to you? Shew your affection to them, look upon them as your children; they will love you as their mother. Commiserate their want, don't offer to crush them under the weight of authority; they will respect your rank, love your person, and you may depend upon it, will come down, and very freely, lower than you would venture to require of them. But you must observe, ladies, that I only insist upon being kind to, not meanly familiar with them; that would bring you into contempt, never let your maid be your confidant. Avoid, with care, all occasions for such services from them as you would not willingly own. This would make you dependent, and take away the liberty of checking them, when they are in fault.

Lady Sensible. May I have leave to entertain the ladies with the account of two slaves, who sacrificed their lives for their masters?

Mrs. Affable. You are very welcome, my dear. We have read it in a romance; there may be some dash of the fable in the circumstances. The substance is certainly true; and the fact has happened more than once among the Romans; they treated their slaves with great humanity; these in return were very affectionate to their masters.

Lady Sensible. Nero the Roman emperor was very wicked and cruel. Two strangers, who had prevented his carrying off a woman he fell in love with, were destined to fall victims to his rage. As no action lay against them, who had committed no crime, he chose to have them privately murdered. They had each a faithful slave, who discovered the Emperor's design against their masters, and took the generous resolution to venture their lives to save theirs. The masters were then in the country, and one of the slaves sent them a letter to this purpose.

Upon the receipt of this leave Italy; your lives are in danger; but as you cannot retire to any place out of the Tyrant's dominions, change your names. We will return to you, when it shall please the Gods.

The two strangers knowing the fidelity of their servants, followed the advice given them, though they were not acquainted with their reasons. Mean while the slaves, who were apprised, that the house was to be broke open at night, put on each a suit of their master's; but upon reflection that their imposing upon the Tyrant would be discovered after their death, they took knives and cut their faces in such a manner, that it would be impossible to know them again. They executed their design with courage; the murderers came in,

in, and soon laid the generous slaves on the floor, who wallowed in their blood running from the wounds they received from these assassins and from themselves. There happened to be a woman in the house, who at first was under the greatest fright; but when the instruments of *Nero's* cruelty left the house, she went up to the room and found that one of the slaves was not mortally wounded; as she was making all possible diligence to assist him, he would not suffer any dressing, 'till he had sworn her to secrecy. The care she took of the slave was attended with success; and he set out to find his master. The gentleman could not refuse his tears to the melancholy situation he saw his faithful servant in, all disfigured with the gashes he had cut in his face for his sake. He would have divided his fortune with him, but the heroic slave would never forsake his master and ended in his service that life, which he had so generously ventured to save his master's.

Lady Tempest. What need was there of suffering themselves to be murdered? Might not they, as well, and much better, have gone to their masters in the country and escaped with them, as they had time enough to do?

Mrs. Affable. No, my dear; lady *Sensible* observed to you, that *Nero* commanded almost the whole world. To whatever place they might have retired, he would have found means to discover and to destroy them. This was the slaves reason for advising the change of names. The only means to save them was to persuade the tyrant, that they were no more.

Lady Witty. They had noble souls and deserved to be born in a better condition.

Mrs. Affable. Why, my dear? All conditions are equal in the sight of God, and even in the

thoughts of a wise man. There is no such thing as a mean and dishonourable condition. Men indeed disgrace their respective stations, when they do not discharge the duties of their state. All the perfection God requires of them is a faithful compliance with the obligations each have in their rank. Whoever does this deserves respect, and is arrived at the pitch of glory, for which he was destined. Virtue is to be honoured in every rank, even that of a servant. If they chance to fail in their duty, for they are but men, we must take them up with mildness and charity, and bear with defects we cannot correct, provided they are but faults of weakness, inadvertency, and which do not proceed from the malice of a corrupted heart. That mutual forbearance is only what we owe in justice to one another; and it is necessary that those whom we serve should bear with us, as we bear with our servants.

Lady *Witty*. Mrs. *Affable*, we are no one's servants.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are in the right, Madam; the rich are not servants, such as wear liveries; but you and all mankind serve each other, though in a different manner; and this maintains that true order, which is so necessary in the world. The workman serves the merchant that employs him; the merchant those who take off his merchandize. The gentleman serves a great man to enjoy his protection; a great man serves the king and his ministers, in hopes of preferment, places, employs, and of being considered. This mutual service and mutual dependance makes men happy or miserable. If they were virtuous, it must make them happy; it would make them polite, meek, respectful, complaisant and affectionate to one other; it would unite men by the reciprocal want they stand in want of each

each other, and banish all coarse behaviour, impertinence, pride, harshness, and in a word, all the inconveniences that are caused by independance. We are willing to be under some constraint on account of those we want. We endeavour to gain their esteem by a virtuous deportment, their gratitude by faithful services, their friendship by our attachment to them and their interest; we sacrifice our whims and fancies with hopes of being indemnified by their giving up theirs in the same manner. Thus a mutual dependance gives birth to all social virtues. But it happens that this same dependance instead of contributing to our happiness becomes our punishment, when we crush with insolent authority those that want us, and make them pay for the constraint we have been under with regard to persons, by whom we hoped to be benefited. But, ladies, we have spent a good deal of time; and no lesson has yet been repeated. Lady *Sensible*, please to give us some account of the province of *Britany*.

Lady *Sensible*. We have already observed, that the inhabitants of *Great Britain* to avoid being slaves to the *Saxons* crossed the sea and took refuge in the *Gauls*, and in a province called *Armorica*. They were commanded by a prince, whose name was *Conan*, and who in all appearance came to terms with the *Romans* at that time still in possession of the *Gauls*. The new inhabitants of *Armorica* gave it their own name; and when the *Franks* conquered the *Gauls*, *Clowis* chose to treat with them rather than attempt subduing them by force of arms. Their princes had the title of *Dukes*; and promised to pay homage to the kings of *France*. In process of time some of their *dukes* took the stile of *kings*; but *France* obliged them to resume that of *dukes*. A great war broke out in the thirteenth century, and was occasioned by two competitors for the duchy.

France supported one and England the other. This was not the only war which *Britany* engaged the *French* in; it was besides a retreat to all the male-content nobles in *France*. At last *Britany* came by right of inheritance to the princess *Anne*, who married king *Charles VIII*, and after his demise *Lewis XII*, by whom she had a daughter called *Jane*, and who was married afterwards to *Francis I*. About that time *Britany*, as I take it, was re-united to *France* never to be dismembered again.

Britany is divided into the *upper* and *lower*. The capital of the *upper* is *Rennes* on the river *la Vilaine*. This city has a parliament and is inhabited by many of the nobles. *Vannes* is the capital of the *lower*. And here you find *St. Malo's* a very rich trading town. *Nantes* a famed place for its university and commerce; the port of *Brest*, where the royal navy and the grand arsenal of the marine lies, and *Port l'Orient* where the *East-India* company have their ware houses.

This province has bred very great men both for sea and land service, and among others the renowned *Bertrand du Guesclin*, who, from a private gentleman by birth, rose to the degree of *Constable* to the kings of *France* and *Castille*. He was loved and esteemed by all that knew him, even by the *English*, though he was their scourge.

The *Britons* are brave, open and faithful, but violent and rough, and rather too much addicted to drink.

Mrs. *Affable*. Nothing can be better repeated, my dear; but your exact account of *Britany* reminds me, that we were not quite so with respect to *Normandy*, which is also divided into the *higher* and *lower*. The capital of the last is *Caen*, and an university like *Oxford* or *Cambridge*. We also forgot the parliament at *Rouen* and the two ports *Dieppe* and
Havre

Havre de Grace in the higher *Normandy*. The last port lies at the mouth of the river *Seine*. The sea or rather the great ocean, which leaves the coast of *Normandy* is called the *British Channel*, or the narrow *Seas*.

Lady *Louisa*. I am really surpris'd at lady *Sensible's* prodigious memory.

Lady *Lucy*. And I am quite ashamed and now begin to lose courage. I have had masters of geography many years, and 'tis all I can do, to find a town in the map.

Mrs. *Affable*. There is a method to be observed in placing these things properly in one's head; on the other hand there needs not so much memory as you seem to imagine; all that is necessary is a regular process. Now, lady *Charlotte* please to repeat to us a part of the scripture history, and we will close the day; it really begins to be late.

Lady *Charlotte*. When *Ahab* reigned in *Israel*, God sent a great prophet; his name was *Elijah*. He went to the king and spoke in these words. *As the Lord God of Israel liveth, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word.* After this *Elijah* by God's special direction retired to a brook, where he was supplied with water, and ravens brought him bread and flesh twice a day. After a while the brook dried up and God said to *Elijah*; *Get thee to Zarephath. . . . I have commanded a woman to sustain thee, whilst the famine lasts.* As *Elijah* came into the town he saw a poor woman gathering of sticks. He called to her and said, *Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water. . . . that I may drink.* And as she was going to fetch it, he called to her and said, *bring me a morsel of bread. . . . And she said, as the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: And behold I am gathering two sticks, that I*

may go and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it and die. And Elijah said, . . . make me thereof a little cake first. . . . and after make for thee and thy son. For thus saith the Lord. . . . The barrel shall not waste, nor the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth. She firmly believed the divine promise, and was not deceived; for the little stores she had never wanted during that time.

But it happened that her son fell sick and died. Upon this she went to the prophet and said, O thou man of God! Art thou come to slay my son. Elijah took the child, and carried him up into a loft. . . . and laid him upon his own bed, and stretched himself three times upon the child, and cried unto the Lord, Lord comfort this desolate widow, and let this child's soul come into him again. God heard his prayer, the child was raised to life, and the prophet delivered him to his mother.

Elijah staid three years with the widow, during which there was no rain, and then received orders from the Lord to go to Ahab. This wicked prince had a governor of his house named Obadiab, who feared the Lord and whilst Jezebel was destroying the prophets he took a hundred and hid them by fifty in a cave and fed them with bread and water. As good Obadiab went out to find grass for the cattle, he met with Elijah who said to him, Go, tell thy Lord, Behold Elijah is here. Obadiab fell on his face and said, Why dost thou seek to ruin me? If I tell the king, who is every where in quest of thee, he will send persons to seize thee. And the spirit of the Lord will carry thee off; thou wilt not be found, and the king, who will conclude, that I have imposed upon him, will destroy me. Elijah encouraged him, and said he would surely shew himself unto him that day.

Lady

Lady *Witty*. It appears that miracles were not difficult for God to work; he certainly was not sparing of wonders to save the *Israelites*.

Mrs. *Affable*. No, my dear, miracles cost him nothing; his will is not resisted by nature; he speaks and it immediately obeys. He bids heaven be locked and it rains no more. Men only resist God; and, if they could, they would withdraw out of the reach of his power and cease to be dependant of his will.

Lady *Sensible*. Is it possible men should be so wicked as to wish themselves not subject to his power?

Mrs. *Affable*. Alas! my dear, we are guilty of this offence, whenever we murmur at providence on account of cross accidents. Ask that once pretty young lady, now disfigured by the small pox, whether she has not murmured against that providence which has stript her of her beauty; whether she would not willingly have declined submitting to that particular order of providence, had it been in her power. If she is sincere, she will own it. Put the same question to the covetous man that has lost his fortune; to the ambitious aspiring man, who is in disgrace with his benefactor; to that fond mother, whom death has deprived of a son she adored. They are rebels to God, and would, if it was possible, depend no longer of his power; this is what they wish in their hearts. Whereas a resigned christian, even a rational person, would avoid chusing for himself, were it left to his option.

Lady *Charlotte*. And why might not one chuse, if God was pleased to allow that liberty?

Mrs. *Affable*. For fear of making an ill choice. Suppose, ladies, that God should say to me, *you are poor and sickly, you may, if you desire it, enjoy both health and riches; you may have them for wishing.*

Miss *Sophia*. To be sure, you would wish for health and riches; would not you, Mrs. *Affable*? they are better than poverty and sickness.

Mrs. *Affable*. I hope I should not be so weak. Methinks I should answer, Lord you know, that I am a poor and blind creature, and that I don't understand what is most to my advantage. Perhaps health and riches might dispose me to be more wicked than I am. Please to chuse for me, because you are sovereignly wise, and know best what will conduce most to the saving of my soul. Call to mind, ladies, what happened about the diamonds of lady. . . . But here comes lady *Sincere*. Dispense with all ceremony, ladies; pray, sit down, my dear; let us not interrupt the lesson. When that is over you shall be introduced to these ladies.

Lady *Lucy*. What was the story of that lady's diamonds?

Mrs. *Affable*. Pray, lady *Mary*, tell the ladies how it was; but not, how the little trick I put upon them turned out.

Lady *Mary*. Mrs. *Affable*, fetched the lady's diamonds, but told us there were some true and some false stones; and then gave us leave to pick out each of us one. Mrs. *Affable*, may I ask these ladies, what they would have done.

Miss *Sophia*. I would have carefully examined them all to distinguish the true from the false; and then would have chosen the very best.

Miss *Rural*. I am told, that some false stones appear much brighter than true ones. As we don't understand them, would it not have been more prudent, ladies, to desire Mrs. *Affable* to chuse for us

Mrs. *Affable*. The very thing that lady *Sensible* did! she begged I would chuse for her.

Lady Witty. I was fairly caught, a silly creature that I was, and chose quite wrong. *Miss Rural* has a thousand times more sense than I, though she don't set herself off so much.

Mrs. Affable. Yes, indeed! my little philosopher has spoke very judiciously. Pray, my dear, have you always acted up to this way thinking? I must anatomize your heart. Are you a great fortune, dear child?

Miss Rural. I think so, *Mrs. Affable*, I shall have five thousand pounds; and it may happen I shall be better by six thousand more.

Miss Sophia. In that case you would not be very poor, nor could you be thought very rich. Do you know, *Miss*, that five thousand pounds is but two hundred by the year? What is that for a woman of quality?

Miss Rural. She may find lodgings, food, and raiment. What need of more?

Lady Sincere. She must have a coach, money to pay servants wages, to bestow in charities, and to gratify fancy and whims.

Miss Rural. What need of a coach, when I am able to walk? Can't I do with one maid? And, if I have not money to give away in charities, may not I be in some condition or other to do for the poor? And as to whims and fancies, if I have none, there is none to gratify; if I have, I must make it my business to get rid of such guests.

Lady Sincere. How is it possible to live without some whim or fancy? I think without some whim or other I should be tired of my life. I must confess, that till this present time I have not been in a way to gratify or humour fancy; but now to recover lost time, I amuse my self with ten thousand, thirty thousand and more vagaries.

Mrs. *Affable*. What pity it is that time will not allow us to let this agreeable conversation be carried on longer? Lady *Sincere* and miss *Rural* are extreme opposites, absolute *antipodes* to each other. Their arguments would be very amusing; and we will put them off to another time.

Miss *Bella*. Before we break up, I beg you would explain some words that I don't understand. What is meant by *anatomizing* the heart, and those Ladies being absolute *antipodes* to each other?

Mrs. *Affable*. To *anatomize* signifies to examine with care all the parts of a subject. Surgeons for example, take a dead body, they examine every thing minutely even the most inward and hidden parts by cutting, which is called dissection, and by other means which their art teaches. This is called anatomizing the body. I pretend in some proportion to their method the anatomizing my scholars hearts in order to discover secret disorders that lurk out of sight and to apply proper remedies. The term *antipodes* signifies, and is as much as you need to know for the present, two things extremely distant and opposite.

Lady *Mary*. Mrs. *Affable*, why did you call miss *Rural*, your little philosopher? I always thought the men only had been philosophers.

Mrs. *Affable*. Because you did not understand that word, my dear. There are two sorts of philosophy, which are not to be mistaken one for the other. Formerly those were called philosophers, who observed the course of the stars, and made inquiries into the secrets of nature. This study seems to be fitter for men than ladies. An acquaintance of ours said, that philosophy had staid too long in heaven; and that it was high time to bring it down. This was *Socrates*, who had so sad a wife. He therefore taught a new philosophy,

philosophy, which was the knowledge of the means to be happy. He proved solidly, that those means were the overcoming of our passions and being rational. This science taught by *Socrates* is called *moral philosophy*; and this, you see, becomes ladies as well as men. To think and make several reflections is a previous and necessary disposition to learn philosophy. 'Tis only for want of reflection that we prefer health and riches to sickness and want. I had very good reasons to call miss *Rural*, my little philosopher, for observing the danger there was of making a wrong choice, where one does not understand the things which are offered to our choice.

Lady Violent. We don't at all agree in opinion. You say the old philosophy is not proper for ladies. I am very fond of it. I have read a little book of one Mr. *Fontenelle*, who has greatly raised my curiosity and desire of studying astronomy.

Mrs. Affable. Well my dear, we will study it together and make almanacks. That will be nice and curious.

Lady Violent. Now am I persuaded you make a jest of me.

Mrs. Affable. No, indeed, my dear! I respect the desire of knowledge whatever it be. Nay I am persuaded that you have wit enough to succeed in that study; but——

Lady Violent. One may easily perceive, you are a French woman, by your flattering.

Mrs. Affable. I don't design you any compliment, madam; can you imagine I intend to praise you by saying you have a great deal of wit? That is not at all my way of thinking. I value wit so very little, that if I had all the wit in the world laid in a heap at my feet, I would not stoop to take it up; whereas I would go thousands of miles to pick up a little good sense. I never meant to praise
you

you for your capacity. But now I will commend you in a manner, which I must have you pleased with. I am persuaded you will make very good use of your talents; and that after you have applied your mind diligently to the study and practice of *Socrates's* philosophy, you will be in a condition to study the philosophy of the ancients his predecessors. Yes, my dear, you are capable of any thing, if you will but overcome yourself; and something within me seems to promise that you will. I could almost venture a wager, that you will be the best and the most learned of your sex; but first you must be very good; and then you and I will lay our heads together and contrive to be very knowing and learned.

Lady Louisa. I must here declare a very foolish thing I did t'other day. Hearing that a lady of my acquaintance was gone to a lecture of philosophy, I made the saddest jest of her and ridiculed her most unmercifully. I deserved that much more myself for judging about matters that I only knew by name. I am quite ashamed of this, and I am now so far from looking on the love of philosophy as a wrong turn of the mind, that I desire to commence philosopher, if *Mrs. Affable* will but be so kind as to give me a helping hand.

Mrs. Affable. You have passed sentence against your self like a lady of great good sense; and I shall tell you my thoughts upon the matter; but as this may be tedious to our younger ladies; and as they have been a long time here, it is proper to put it off to our next meeting. Pray let me see you in the morning; the children will not be here; and it will be better.

Lady Mary. So, you forbid me coming, *Mrs. Affable.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. I do not forbid you, my dear; but would advise you to stay at home; I am sure you will be ill tired. These subjects are too serious for little people of your age.

Lady *Mary*. Mrs. *Affable* always forgets, that I am near eight years old; and that I am as impatient to learn as any of the ladies.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well! children, you have my consent to do as you please, but on condition that when you are tired, you shall be at liberty to go and play. That will be some diversion at least.

DIALOGUE III.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

HOW now ladies! you are all here, not even excepting lady *Violent*. Tell me, my dear; did not Mama lay her commands upon you to come?

Lady *Violent*. No, Mrs. *Affable*; curiosity brought me to hear what you would say of philosophy, in hopes, that there might be some few words about the stars.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are strangely carried away by an inclination for the stars. I cannot promise to speak about them; and a very good reason why. I really know nothing of the matter; but you remember our agreement; we are to join in the study of that part of philosophy, after we have practised the other.

Lady *Violent*. This is very sly, Mrs. *Affable*, and a mere supposition. That condition, I well remember, was proposed, but not accepted by me.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. Did I stand in need of your consent to the agreement I proposed? Don't I know, that a young Lady of your good sense cannot refuse such terms? Go, my dear; I look upon this as a point agreed to. Remember, children, that I insist upon your going to play, as soon as the lesson grows the least uneasy to you. We shall have done in very good time; and lady *Sensible*, shall read you a little fable she wrote in her travels. Lady *Louisa*, I promised my opinion with regard to your desire of studying philosophy; and this is my judgment upon the matter. The study of moral philosophy is beyond all question necessary; that part of philosophy is the art of living happily by leading a virtuous life; your interest therefore requires your application to this study. The lady you mentioned was not in all probability going to a lecture of moral philosophy; but however she did not deserve to be rallied on that account. There are points of knowledge, tho' seemingly very distant, that dispose and prepare for the doctrine I am to teach; as for example geometry which is the science of numbers and measures.

Lady *Lucy*. I must own I cannot see the connexion between the science of numbers and a virtuous life.

Mrs. *Affable*. With a very little reflection you will soon discover how they are connected. I beg an answer to all the questions I shall propose. Do all men desire to be happy?

Lady *Lucy*. To be sure, Madam, and, in my opinion, this desire sets all other passions at work.

Mrs. *Affable*. You say very well. Covetousness is a desire of being happy by means of riches; ambition seeks to be happy by dignities and posts; voluptuousness places happiness in the enjoyment of
 sensual

sensual pleasures. Now I put this other question, are all men happy, who have this violent thirst of happiness?

Lady Lucy. Certainly not.

Mrs. Affable. Then riches, honours, and pleasures cannot constitute the happiness of man.

Lady Lucy. Perhaps they might, were they possessed in the degree they are desired.

Mrs. Affable. But do you think it possible for a man to arrive at a pitch that he can wish for nothing more?

Lady Lucy. If I may judge of others by myself, I don't think it. Many things have I wished for since I was born; I thought I should be happy, and desire nothing more. But alas! Madam, no sooner was I possessed of what I desired, but it grew very indifferent to me; and my thoughts strayed to other objects, which very likely I shall despise as soon as possessed.

Lady Mary. I was just so, *Mrs. Affable*; I longed to be seven years old, and then thought I should be perfectly easy. Now I want to be as tall as *lady Sensible*; and then perhaps I shall wish to be as big as *lady Lucy*. Shall we never have done with these wishes? 'Tis a great folly methinks instead of being contented with what I have, to be uneasy for what I have not.

Mrs. Affable. That is really philosophical. Tell me, *Lady Lucy*, were men to make the same reflection with *Lady Mary*, do not you think that even self-love would determine them to moderate their desires and enjoy the present such as it is?

Lady Lucy. I think so, *Mrs. Affable*, but all, and I chiefly, seldom reflect; and when we do, our reflections rest upon wrong principles. Many false ideas encumber the mind, and the reflection is made suitably to the principles that gave it birth.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. You have pointed out the true cause of all the misfortunes and errors of mankind. They are actuated by the lights they have and those often prove false. The covetous man, for instance, views riches under a deceitful light; he judges them a proper means to satisfy his inclination; upon this bottom he sacrifices all to heap up treasures. I not only mean those who desire wealth to lock it up, but even those, who make not only an innocent, but proper use of their substance. To instance, a person is persuaded that no figure is made, nor any respect gained in the world but in proportion to the wealth he possesses; as he has a great affection for his off-spring he endeavours to treasure up large sums, and goes so far as to think that he discharges a duty of conscience, tho' the means to arrive at the end he proposes may, to say no worse, be very questionable. Now let him place on one side the respect paid to wealth and on the other that regard which is shewn to, and is the recompense of virtue and bright talents, it is certain he would find no comparison between the two and would chuse the latter; that is, reflection grounded upon solid principles would lead him to the knowledge of their true value; and the understanding, which had been misled by a wrong idea, would be rectified and recover the mistake. Do you understand me, ladies?

Lady Sensible. Perfectly well, *Mrs. Affable*; that person would weigh both in his serious thoughts and chuse that, which appeared to carry the most weight.

Mrs. Affable. Just so, my dear. Now, lady *Lucy*, do you conceive of what service geometry is in philosophy. A geometer is always with a plummet and rule; he measures, he calculates, he draws lines, he gets a habit of doing all things by rule, he looks upon nothing as clear that he has not calculated;

culated; and in some measure proceeds with the same exactness in all sciences.

Lady *Louisa*. Oh, Mrs. *Affable*! all my hopes are over. Of all things I hate numbers. Must I learn geometry to become a philosopher?

Mrs. *Affable*. Take courage, Madam; I cannot teach you that geometry, which I do not know; but I will use my best endeavours to give you a geometrical understanding; I mistake; that cannot be my gift, but I will dispose and engage you to make use of that natural geometry, which God has placed in the minds of all men. There are other sciences, which help to moral philosophy, and of which some notions shall be given as occasion serves.

Lady *Mary*. What is the meaning of *notions*?

Mrs. *Affable*. *Notions* are general ideas and, such as they are, adapted to the ladies. But, children, what I can teach is very little, as I am pretty much a stranger to those sciences. I will seek the truth in your hearts and my own; there it is only found and there it certainly is, as I shall make it appear to you some day or other.

Lady *Lucy*. The proof will be amusing; and that is all; for I rely so much upon you, that I shall always take your word.

Mrs. *Affable*. You must begin, Madam, with correcting this disposition; it is the greatest obstacle to the study of philosophy.

Lady *Louisa*. But why should not we believe you, Mrs. *Affable*? Surely, you would not deceive us.

Mrs. *Affable*. As I am disposed at present I undoubtedly would not; but who knows, whether a violent passion may not alter my way of thinking and make me deceitful? besides may I not be deceived myself, tho' I may have the best intention
that

that can be? I am very ignorant and were I the most knowing among created beings still I should not be infallible. God only is so.

Miss Rural. This pleases me! now I have carried my point.

Mrs. Affable. What do you mean, my dear?

Miss Rural. You shall hear, *Mrs. Affable.* I have read some part of *Mr. Locke* and *Mr. Clarke's* writings; some things I took to be true, but others I found contrary to my ideas. Mama said I was very proud to prefer my way of thinking to that of such great men. Now in my opinion I have the same right to think as they; and if God intended I should make use of those gentlemen's reason, he would never have given me my own private reason.

Mrs. Affable. That was just what I would have said to these ladies. You must not believe because you have heard or read, but because it is agreeable to reason to believe or to be persuaded that things are so or otherwise. I pretend, ladies, that you shall discuss and examine every thing I say and contradict me, when you think you have reason to do it. You shall propose your reasons; I shall be at liberty to give mine; and let those be judged best that bear the most weight.

Lady Tempest. I have often in a dispute been afraid of seeing the truth in as much as I must have owned, that I was in the wrong; and that is death to me.

Mrs. Affable. That disposition is one of the greatest enemies to true philosophy. Our inquiries after truth must be sincere; those must be esteemed our best friends, who discover the truth to us, tho' at the expence of our pride. Were you and I my dear to travel in a road quite unknown to you, and that you stood on the brink of a precipice in danger of falling

ling either down that, or at least into the dirt another way, could you take it amiss if I put a light into your hand to see the way out of such a dangerous spot.

Lady *Tempest*. On the contrary, I should be extremely obligated to Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. And you must have the like obligations to those, who shew you the truth. If you are deceived in matters of moment, there is a precipice; if in trifles, that is a miry road. 'Tis not indeed so dangerous as a precipice; but I must forewarn you, that it leads to one. When we get a custom of forming a wrong judgment though in trifles, there is a hazard of contracting a bad habit in things that are of importance. Well! dear lady *Mary*, are not you very sorry, that you came this morning; is not all this mighty tedious?

Lady *Mary*. Mrs. *Affable* is not infallible; here she is mistaken, and may perceive, that I have been attentive to the lesson by the liberty I take to contradict her.

Mrs. *Affable*. As you shew clearly, that you have minded the lesson, and repeat it so well, I must yield, and own candidly that I am mistaken. I will now repeat in short what has been said; or rather try, whether lady *Sensible* has taken my meaning right. Come, my dear, give us the substance of our conversation.

Lady *Sensible*. Moral philosophy is the art of living happily by leading a virtuous life. Our faults come from the false ideas we conceive of the good or bad things of this life; and, as our actions are influenced by our judgments, a wrong judgment is an obstacle to a virtuous life.

Geometry accustoms the mind to a regular process, to an exact calculation; and geometrical truths are always evident as there is no rule
with-

without a clear proof. And hence we must take care to form a geometrical understanding, that is, upon certain rules and undoubted principles.

As God has given each one his reason, we must make use of our own without depending implicitly upon that of others. And thus a fundamental disposition for philosophy is not to believe any thing, but what our understanding after a rational inquiry judges proper to be believed.

But as our reason may be darkened by pride and other passions, the love of truth must overcome pride and those passions.

Mrs. Affable. Extremely well repeated, my dear. Now, ladies, is any thing that has been said contrary to the light of nature?

Lady Lucy. I assure you, *Mrs. Affable*, that I have always been in that way of thinking.

Lady Louisa. It looks to me, as if I had always known this; it is so agreeable to what I have always thought, tho' my knowledge was but confused.

Mrs. Affable. This is one of the first proofs, that we have hit upon the truth. It strikes the mind immediately and chimes with our own sentiments, provided we are without prejudice.

Lady Charlotte. Pray, *Mrs. Affable*, what is a prejudice?

Mrs. Affable. A judgment we form without a good reason.

Lady Lucy. Then I have gone upon nothing but prejudice; for I really never troubled my head about a reason for any thing.

Mrs. Affable. You are not the only one, my dear; we are so slothful, so giddy, that we chuse to trust others, rather than have the trouble of using our own understanding. The prejudices contracted in our infancy stick close to us, and are a great hindrance

hindrance to our discovering the truth. Before we take leave of this article ladies, I must recommend one thing to you very particularly. One of the social virtues is to humour others prejudices, when they are only ridiculous; among these one of the most established and current prejudices is, that women must be ignorant. As to yourselves be sure never to fall in with the common in this respect, that is, take care to avoid ignorance, but don't argue the point with those, who have adopted this poor wretched maxim. Hence we must conceal these little studies that are the subject of our meetings and behave with the ignorant, as if we were so. There is a spice of cruelty in pretending to carry it high with persons unacquainted with trifles that we understand. Never affect to make a shew of wit and knowledge; 'tis so much out of rule, that even ignorance is a treasure in comparison with that fulsom parade.

I promised you a fable of lady *Sensible's* composition; but first you should know what gave occasion to this performance. We were lodged at *Paris*, in a house ready furnished and sadly plagued with mice. A *German* lady came into the house upon our going to *Versailles*. She chased the mice with so much success that when we came back, there was not one left. This gave lady *Sensible* the hint for making the little fable she is going to repeat to the ladies.

The Mouse, a Fable.

The account, which parents give of their past follies, is but thrown away on their off-spring.

An aged mouse, very far advanced in years and arrived at the last period of life, got her numerous family together and addressed them in the following words.

“ My dear children, if any thing could make me regret leaving this world, the idea of dangers to which I foresee you will be exposed after my departure would certainly have that effect. But in these last moments I am willing to entertain the flattering hope, that you will receive, and practise the good and salutary advice I am about to give you. If you will follow those rules, you may, as I have done, reach an extreme old age. To encourage your obedience to the dying words of a parent, I will give you an account of my past life.”

“ I was born in this house, where you now live, but have been witness to many changes and revolutions in this place. About the time of my birth, the house was tenanted by a young English lady; she was very rich. Oh, dear children! this house was then the seat of plenty, and might with justice be called the *Peru* of poor mice. She kept an open table and forty servants. You may easily guess, that with so many servants she took very little thought, or care, to look after her house. A house-keeper, a steward, and a fat cook were to bring in, and to manage their provisions; and the Lord knows how they did it. These three raised great contributions on the tradesmen they employed; it was their interest to increase the expence. A

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great deal was eat, more was wasted; this was a means, whereby we not only enjoyed plenty, but lived in safety. We scorned the leavings of a second table, since we could feed on the nicest bits; for nothing was laid up. Two overgrown cats whose proper office, one would have thought, was to guard the kitchen, left us at full liberty, and spent the time, that passed between their delicious meals, in the softest slumbers. I could tell a thousand curious anecdotes, to which I was a witness from the time of my infancy. The house-keeper's apartment was the place of my birth; here in this subterraneous palace, she received the homages of her inferiours; and for the most part with a proud haughty air, that discouraged them much. Sometimes, indeed, she vouchsafed to be more civil and humane, and would return a gracious look for those adorations, which however, generally speaking did not go unrewarded; and setting her great impertinence aside, she was really one of the best-tempered women. She would have the looks of the servants speak the wealth of their mistress; and with great humanity, she considered them in what they wanted. The maids in the kitchen were allowed but very sorry water-gruel, and no *tea*, but Mrs. house-keeper made her's so strong and put so much more fresh *tea* so often, that the poor girls had a very tolerable decoction to their share. The place, where the sugar was kept, was not altogether inaccessible; and when she found it had been fingered, she would say with a smile, *We must live, and let live*. She carried her condescension so far, that all had cream to their *tea*; but this was to be kept out of the bill, for fear her ladyship one day or other should take a fancy to look it over; the method was to charge eight quarts of milk, instead of four;

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thus things were made even and no harm done. It would be endless to particularize all the waste made either to gratify herself, or out of complaisance to others; but I will not enlarge more, than I have done, to give an example of moderation not to be parallel'd by any old woman that has stept into the recital of old done deeds. The first years of my life were spent whilst this good woman presided over our domestic affairs; but, by the greatest misfortune that ever happened, this happy state disappeared on a sudden like a golden dream, whereof nothing remains but a melancholy remembrance. The Lady, who had not proportioned her expences to her income, was ruined, and reduced to go and live in the country; in short we had new lodgers in our house. I had but little experience as I was so young; and the change did not cost me a tear; I looked upon the alteration as a thing of no concern, but came too soon acquainted with my misfortune. Our new mistress had as grand a retinue as the first; but then, the house was in as great order and as regular, as if she had but a couple of servants, and quite contrary to the polite customs and uses in modern management she looked after her own affairs and only trusted herself with the inspection into all the particulars of house-keeping. Sugar, conserves, sweet meats and all articles of that nature were locked up in a proper place; and madam kept the key. She could tell to the greatest nicety what provisions would serve the family; and it was not possible to impose upon her, even in trifles. She was for an easy free and withal a magnificent appearance without waste. I was soon reduced to feed on the crumbs that fell from the servants table; not a sorry bit of cheese, not a stump of a candle was to be found; all
was

was pick't up and laid out to the greatest advantage. *Cursed woman!* I cried out in an excess of grief, who, that saw the numbers of dishes that crowded her table, who could ever imagine that a poor mouse, who requires so little food, should be in danger of starving in her house! I hoped this would not continue long; but I soon gave up a fruitless hope and void of comfort. The two harmless and peaceable cats I mentioned before had not yet quitted the house, and made a most melancholy figure. I was curious to know their thoughts on the matter, and one night that they had a serious conversation upon the point, I very cautiously slipped to the hole that opened into my apartment to listen to the two sages, and hear what they said."

"You are then resolved to quit the house, the place of your birth, said the younger cat to his elder, and pray says the other with an angry look, what possibility is there of staying longer? Has not the fast, which I have been forced to keep, reduced me to skin and bones? But, replied the younger, have not we still a good resource left? Let Mr. Cook be as watchful as he pleases; I have both flight and courage enough to live by industry; besides our mistress is old and crazy, her death cannot be far off, and must cause some change in our circumstances. Vain hopes! cried out the old cat; I must tell you, that our ill stars have brought a *German* lady to the house; and farther, that our misfortune is past all remedy. The *German* ladies have a notion, that it is their duty to look after their houses; they chuse and watch their domestics so close, that it is not an easy matter to deceive them. They teach them to be regular and methodical; and the cook, who has been instructed by this lady these ten

years is not to be jested with, if any thing is missing, the least theft is as much as the life of the most valuable cat is worth. Besides, it is idle to think that our mistress's age can make any change in our circumstances. Those curied Germans are mad enough to bring up their daughters in the same spirit of œconomy, as they were bred themselves. The young ladies, let them be never so rich, think it no dishonour to enter into a minute account of all that relates to house-keeping; they are always told, that, to satisfy the expences suitable to their rank and at the same time not to prejudice any person, all superfluous outgoings must be retrenched; that servants must be kept in a way to want and to waste nothing, with a thousand other *Gotbic* maxims, of which they never get the better."

A footman came into the kitchen and broke off the conversation; the cats disappeared the next day. I was but young and did not so much mind the serious and sensible discourse of the elder, as I did the airy flights of the younger cat; and as I could no longer bear my present situation and circumstances, I determined to set all my industry at work; to alleviate the wretched plight I was in, after a thousand attempts I found a way into the room, where the lady lock't up her stores and made myself amends with most delicious fare for the long abstinence I had kept; the pleasure of faring so well was sometimes interrupted with serious reflections, that my all was at stake; and I trembled for fear the theft should come to be discovered; but however I pluck't up a good heart. The former seemed to insure future good success. I had robbed the old house-keeper a hundred times, who never took any precaution to guard against my inroads. How
senseless

senseless was I? I was a stranger to the difference between the servant's and the mistress's eye, but soon learned it at my own cost. Emboldened with this early success, I returned the next day to the fatal place. The first thing I observed was a kind of engine grated up at one end and a bit of bacon fresh broiled. The smell was quite inviting; I walked in (an entrance was left open) I seized the prey; but oh! ill fated hour; whereof many years have not yet obliterated the memory. I had scarce touched the disastrous morsel, when the door of that infernal machine fell with a dreadful noise and confined me without any hopes of ever escaping. How often did I then curse my gluttony! What purposes did I not make for my future conduct, if I could be so happy as to escape this danger! The fall of the trap soon brought in my mistress; and I heard her pass the dreadful sentence against the prisoner; I was condemned to be drowned, and a chamber-maid was ordered to execute the sentence. You tremble children; and nothing in all appearance, could possibly save me. The awkwardness the executioner pitched upon to be the instrument of her mistress's vengeance proved my safety. I escaped upon the very point of being executed and having bought wit by dreadful experience, I endeavoured to correct a vice that had like to have proved the ruin of me. I never came out without the greatest precaution and all my excursions were confined to the kitchen. This frugal way of life, to which I was now reduced, appeared at first more terrible than the danger that brought me so near to my end; but custom made my condition easier; nay, I found that abstinence mended my constitution; and at last I thanked my stars that brought me under a

happy necessity of moderating my appetite and the desire of gratifying my palate. I have survived three generations of mice, that I was acquainted with in this house; few have reached the term they might naturally have expected. Diseases mostly bred by intemperance have carried off such as escaped the vigilance of cats and snares laid by men. But I find my strength fails me; farewell, sweet children, dread the unhappy closet, where death lurks under pernicious sweets. I die contented, because I die with hopes you will follow my advice. Farewell."

Scarce had this wise mouse breathed her last, but her young and sprightly family fell into mutual congratulations on their being rid at last of the restraint they suffered from the presence of this old dotard; so they stiled her very disrespectfully; her advice was laughed at; her temperance was construed covetousness and her circumspection want of courage. They made their way to the fatal closet; a triple fence of strong paper to secure a pot of sweet-meats was soon demolished; they began to with one another joy on their escaping the dangers they were warned against by the old mouse. But their mirth was very short lived; a cat and two traps took their post in the closet; and in less than a week not a mouse was left of those who despised the experience and wise documents of their great-grand-mother. From hence we may conclude that,

*The account, which parents give of their past follies
Is but thrown away upon their offspring.*

Lady Witty. I assure you, dear friend, this is the prettiest little fable I ever heard; and I would freely give all the world that I could make such another.

Lady

Lady *Lucy*. It is extremely fine in my opinion, but I think the moral something too severe. I have an aversion to that œconomical exactness; and I should be downright miserable if I was obliged to submit to such trifles.

Lady *Louisa*. Indeed Mrs. *Affable* I think so too; that scrupulous nicety about such trifles ill becomes a person of quality that is rich. What a sad thing to be always upon the watch for such bagatelles and to stoop so low as to ask a milk-woman, whether she brought cream instead of milk! Suppose the whole amounted to twenty pieces a year (I am sure it could not be more) is it worth while to submit to that drudgery and to be looked upon by servants as a busy body and a pinch-penny?

Mrs. *Affable*. I am very sure, madam, that not a year passes, but that single article comes to a hundred guineas. However let it be twenty, and, if you please but ten. Are the ten guineas yours to be squandered away at pleasure? Is the fault committed by your servants, who cheat their mistress, and which they would have avoided, if you had been more careful, is this fault nothing? Consider this well, ladies, you are drawing near the age, that you are likely to be married. Oeconomy is a capital duty in a wife; she is answerable to her husband, her children and the poor for all that belongs to the family, and is accountable besides for all the ill that is done, could she have prevented it by her vigilance.

Miss *Sophia*. Then a young lady marries to be a servant and a slave.

Mrs. *Affable*. Not so my dear, but to be a companion to her husband, a mistress of her house and a mother of a family. Are not these specious titles? But they are attended with particular obligations. For instance when one admits a partner

in trade, the trouble and the advantage of commerce is to be shared in proportion between the two partners. What would you say to a merchant that would insist on half the advantage, tho' he walked about from morning till night, and left his partner the whole trouble of buying, selling, packing, &c? You would think him very unjust; because in these associations the trouble and the profit must be common.

Lady *Lwy*. 'Tis certainly just it should be so; but then I don't understand, how a young lady who may be so happy in her condition, can have the courage to marry. How can she resolve to exchange her quiet and ease for the cares, solicitude and perplexities that attend a married state, where persons are resolved to do their duty? How can she venture upon a person that she knows very little if at all, who conceals for a while some very great defect, whose interest it is to conceal it and who must have some little faults that she must bear with? Throw into the account the trouble she must have with her children from their distempers, misbehaviour, the pains to be taken of course to provide for them. How can a young lady be so gay and easy at the very moment that she exposes her self to all these dangers? I say once more, it is what I cannot understand.

Lady *Louisa*. But I do perfectly well, Mrs. *Affable*; I have seen several of my friends married. Well! They were taken up with their cloths, diamonds and equipage. They never once thought, that marriage was attended with duties or dangers of this consequence. I knew one that was put in mind of all this; she said very calmly, *I do not know what it is to fear; if my husband is ill-tempered, let him thank himself; I will be out from morning till night; and he may growl by himself.* If
he

be spend his estate, keep mistresses, or use me ill in other respects, I will make him so uneasy, that he shall be forced to a divorce. If I have a large family I must have a good expert house-keeper? When children come, they shall have a governess.

Mrs. *Affable*. Hark ye, ladies, these are charming dispositions. Was the Lady as good as her word?

Lady *Louisa*. That she was, Mrs. *Affable*. She went beyond what she threatned. They are now parted as she saw they would be. She lives without reputation, friends or tolerable means of subsisting. You must know she became a gamester; now she loses her separate maintenance before it comes due; and the creditors receive her allowance.

Mrs. *Affable*. I could have ventured a wager it would end so. We will take some other occasion to talk this matter over, and in effect, ladies, there is a great deal to be said on this important article. 'Tis now too late; we shall meet again by and by; pray come early; we have a great deal to do this afternoon.

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## DIALOGUE IV.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

COME dear lady *Mary*, let us have your story.

Lady *Mary*. When *Ahab* heard, that *Elijah* was coming, he went to meet him, and said, art thou he that troubleth *Israel* and hindereth us from rain? *Elijah* answered, I have not troubled *Israel*, but thou and thy father's house in that you adore *Baal*; now

order the four hundred prophets to be assembled that eat at *Jezebel's* table. The false prophets repaired to *Elijah* at mount *Carmel*; and *Elijah* speaking to the Israelites said, *How long halt ye between two opinions, that is, how long will ye serve two Gods? If Baal is the true God, you must serve him only; but if the Lord be the true God, whom I preach to you, you must forsake Baal. But a trial must be made to discover which is the true God. I remain the only prophet of the Lord, but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Give a victim for sacrifice to each side; we will lay both on an altar, and put no fire under; the God whose victim shall be consumed by fire from heaven, shall be true God. A victim was given to the prophets of Baal; they called upon him from morning even till noon to send down fire from heaven upon the victim; they cut themselves after their manner with knives to move Baal. Elijah seeing all this mocked them, and said, cry aloud; perhaps your God sleepeth or is taken up with other thoughts that hinder his hearing your prayers. At noon Elijah raised an altar with twelve stones according to the number of the tribes; and he made a trench about the altar where he placed the victim; he ordered it to be plentifully sprinkled with water three times, so that the victim was soaked through, and the water filled the trench about the altar. Then Elijah raised his voice in prayer to the Lord; and instantly a great fire from heaven consumed the victim and licked up the water that was in the trench. The people of Israel astonished with the prodigy fell on their faces to the ground, saying, the Lord is the only God. If so, said Elijah, take these priests of Baal that deceive you and let not one of them escape. The people obeyed*

*Elijah*

*Elijah*, and all the Prophets of *Baal* were destroyed that day.

Mean while *Elijah* stooping to the ground rested his head on his knees and prayed to the Lord for rain; he sent out his servant several times to observe whether any thing appeared. And the seventh time his servant brought word, that a little cloud was rising out of the sea. Upon this he sent his servant with the following message to *Abab*, *Prepare thy chariot, and get back to thy city; for we shall soon have a very great rain.* It happened as the prophet had foretold.

*Jesabel* being informed of the slaughter of her prophets sent notice to *Elijah*, that, before twenty four hours were over, he should be treated in the same manner he had treated those, whom she protected. *Elijah* hearing this made his escape into the desert, where he walked a whole day and at last sat down under a tree, and overcome with grief begged of God to take him out of the world. Upon this he fell asleep; an angel touched him and said, *arise and eat.* He looked about and saw some victuals near him; and after he had taken some nourishment he laid him down to sleep again. The angel waked him a second time and said, *arise for the journey is too great for thee.* *Elijah* obeyed the Angel, and was so strengthened with this meat, that he walked forty days and forty nights, till he came unto *Horeb* the mount of God.

*Lady Sensible.* Lord! Mrs. *Affable*, how beautiful is the history of the holy writ! tho' you made me learn it by heart, the repetition is as agreeable to me, as if I had never heard it before; it inspires us with awe and a great respect for the power and majesty of God.

*Lady Mary.* For my part, I prefer it to all your fairy-tales. Would you believe it, Mrs. *Affable*;

I am

I am pretty much out of conceit with them, I begin to think they are not altogether true.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are growing up towards a young woman. Tales are proper to amuse children; but, as one comes to riper years and more reason, we grow ashamed of being taken up with what is false. I shall not entertain you with many more; because besides those passages and events related in the scriptures, I have many more that are very agreeable and also very true.

Lady *Louisa*. I confess, Mrs. *Affable*, there are some tales, which I read with pleasure. For example the fable we had from lady *Sensible* is as good as a true story and very instructive withal.

Lady *Charlotte*. But, Ladies, Mrs. *Affable*, contrives tales on purpose for us. You did not come to our lessons two years ago. Mrs. *Affable* made a tale about one *Elisa*. It was exactly my character. Perhaps no history could have furnished such another. I do assure you, that it has contributed much to my amendment.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well, my dear! since they are so useful to you, we must have some now and then. It is time to make some reflections upon the passage we have just heard from the scripture.

If a prophet should come to London, might not he say as *Elijah* did to the Israelites, *how long will ye halt between two? If the Lord is the true God, you must forsake all other Gods for him.*

Miss *Molly*. Pray, Mrs. *Affable*, do we adore any idols?

Mrs. *Affable*. Alas! it is but too true, my dear! Money is the idol of the covetous and of many who disclaim that imputation; ambition is their idol, who desire to command; pride is theirs who affect to shine either by beauty or wit; plays, operas, assemblies, balls are the idols of

of those, who only pursue diversions. There would be no end, if all the false divinities we adore were to be named, that is, the divinities, to whom we pay the sacrifice due to God.

*Lady Charlotte.* Are balls, assemblies, and those other diversions sinful?

*Mrs. Affable.* How must I answer this question, my dear friend? If I give a true answer, I shall be thought a fool, a madwoman, a methodist; if I dissemble, I shall fail in a point of duty; reputation, credit and the fear of being ridiculed will become an idol, to which I shall basely sacrifice the regard that is due to truth and to you. But, before I give my answer, let us see a little; *are you a christian?*

*Lady Charlotte.* Surely, we are all so, I suppose.

*Mrs. Affable.* But can you tell me, what it is to be a christian. What do you think, lady *Lucy*? you are the eldest and of course should be the best instructed.

*Lady Lucy.* No doubt, but these ladies are better so than I am. However, I fancy, I know enough to answer your question. A christian is one that believes in *Jesus Christ*.

*Mrs. Affable.* That is something, but not all. To be a christian, you must not only believe in *Jesus Christ*, but you must over and above be animated by his spirit, give credit to his maxims, adopt them in practice; love what he hath loved, hate what he hath hated and proscribed. When we come to repeat his life out of the gospel, we will examine the spirit that actuated this God-man, who is not only our Saviour, but our model; and the answer I give shall be taken from his example. Mean while what I can say is, that many of the diversions lately named are contrary to the spirit of Christianity. For example



ple plays, such as are represented upon your stage, and several that are acted upon ours. As to balls, assemblies, and other pastimes, tho' it may be said that of themselves they are not sinful, yet they undoubtedly become so by many circumstances that attend them; and because the world gives itself up to these amusements not only without moderation, but at the expence of their duty to God, their families and themselves. This will be thought exceeding severe; ladies, but as I said before, and shall prove it soon, it is not my doctrine. Go on with the story of *Elijah*, Miss *Molly*.

Miss *Molly*. *Elijah* came to a cave to lodge there in the night; and the Lord bid him go forth and stand on the mount where the Lord intended to appear in a particular manner. And there came an impetuous wind that rent the mountains and brake the rocks in pieces, but *Elijah* knew that the Lord was not in that dreadful wind. Then followed an earthquake, and the Lord was not in the earthquake. This was succeeded by a great fire, and *Elijah* perceived that the Lord was not in the fire. After this there was a small whisper of a thin air; whereupon *Elijah* wrapped his face in his mantle and went out and stood in the entering in of the cave; he knew that this soft breeze was a forerunner of the presence of the Lord, and he heard a voice saying, *What doest thou here, Elijah*. Lord said he, the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up, jealousy has seized my heart and soul, for that the Israelites have abandoned thee for idols. And the Lord said to him, *go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus and . . . . anoint Hazael to be king over Syria. And Jehu . . . . shalt thou anoint king over Israel: And Elisha . . . . shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room.* The two kings thou shalt anoint are to be the instruments that  
I shall

I shall employ to be revenged of the Israelites for their perfidiousness and ingratitude. And *him that escapes the sword of Israel shall Jehu slay*: and I will keep me seven thousand men that have not bowed their knees to *Baal*. *Elijah* came down from the mountain, and found *Elisba*, who was plowing; he threw his mantle over him. *Elisba*, took a yoke of oxen, which he sacrificed to the Lord after taking leave of his father and mother; and with *Elijah's* consent he followed him ever after.

Mean while the king of *Syria* that reigned at that time came and made war against the *Israelites*, and God granted them a signal victory over their enemies as he had foretold by his prophets; but this favour did not prevail upon *Abab* to obey the orders, which were signified to him from the Lord; on the contrary, he made a league with the king of *Syria* and spared him, tho' God had expressly forbid it. He committed another enormous crime in the case of *Naboth*. This man had a vineyard near *Abab's* palace in the country; the king said to him, *give me thy vineyard to make a garden . . . . and I will give thee a better or . . . . the worth of it in money*. And *Naboth* said, *the Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my Father's unto thee* *Abab* returned home in great wrath, and refused to take any nourishment; *Jezabel* his wife having heard the cause of his heaviness and grief laughed at him, and said, *doest thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? Arise and eat bread . . . . I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth*. To this end *Jezabel* suborned witnesses to swear that *Naboth* had blasphemed against God and the king; and he was stoned to death according to the law provided in that case. When *Abab* heard that *Naboth* was dead, he rose up to go down . . . . to take possession of the vineyard. But God sent *Elijah* to *Abab*

*Abab* and directed him to speak in his name to that unfortunate king in the following manner, *thou shalt speak to him saying, thus saith the Lord, in the place, where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine.* Thou hast abandoned thyself to all manner of crimes and art become the slave of sin and of *Jezabel*, for which God will take off thy posterity from the face of the earth, and punish thy wicked wife, whom *the dogs shall eat by the walls of Jezreel.* *Abab* upon hearing this terrible denunciation humbled himself in the presence of God who said to *Elijah*, *because he humbled himself before me, I will not bring the evil in his days: but in his son's days I will bring the evil upon his house*

Mrs. *Affable*. This passage of scripture-history offers a very important reflection concerning the justice and providence of God. A dreadful destruction is denounced to the *Israelites*; they are permitted to the sword of *Jebu* and of *Hazaël*; but he adds, I will spare seven thousand men for that they have not bowed down their knees to *Baal*. As if he would have us understand that he would not suffer the innocent to be destroyed with the guilty. No, he seems to say, I will watch over those, who have continued faithful to me. Men will esteem it an effect of chance, that some are slain and others saved; but they will find themselves deceived. There is no chance; I dispose of all events; I will not suffer the swords of those princes to touch my servants. *Jebu* and *Hazaël* know them not; I do; and they shall be safe under my protection.

Observe besides, dear children, that God does not communicate himself in a storm or an earthquake, or a violent fire, but in a soft, easy breeze. This implies, ladies, that God does not communicate

nicate himself in the hurry and tumult of the great world. There you will not find him; that is not the proper place for him to dispense holy thoughts and to give pious motions to our hearts; he speaks to the virtuous in the stillness of a retreat from the world. If you lead a quiet life at home and discharge the duties of your respective stations, there, and then God will speak to your souls and direct you by his holy and affecting inspirations.

*Lady Charlotte.* What need of divine inspiration? We are not like *Elijah* designed for prophets.

*Mrs. Affable.* What a question is that of yours! You must know, my dear, that we are all by the corruption of nature prone to evil and of ourselves, without the succour of divine grace incapable of a meritorious thought or action, such as is of any weight towards obtaining everlasting salvation. We can sin, we can do evil, but God must cooperate by his holy grace that we may perform actions that are conducive to eternal happiness. We may indeed from natural motives and with the natural power that remains in us, do some good actions, like heathens, for example, honour our parents, give relief to the poor; but such actions must be influenced by grace in order to their being meritorious in the supernatural order, without which they are no more than moral, not supernatural. By the infirmity of nature we hang as it were by a thread over a precipice and by the weight of corrupted nature ready to fall under the displeasure of God; but what must quiet all our apprehensions is the powerful assistance of God, who will not let us fall unless we will ourselves. He is at hand always with his graces to support us. He constantly offers his help, his inspirations, and frequently stirs up good thoughts in us. We can

can do nothing in the natural or supernatural order without him; with him all things; and we may depend upon his assistance. I wish I could inculcate these great truths and convey them in a thousand different lights. This is a fundamental point of christian religion; and the solid basis of every virtue rests upon a mistrust of our weakness and an unbounded confidence in God.

Lady *Mary*. How Mrs. *Affable*? Did all the good actions of my life require a particular assistance of God?

Mrs. *Affable*. They did, my dear; and all your bad deeds you might have avoided with the succour of his grace. He offered it that moment you was going to offend him; he spoke aloud to your soul, *take care, he said, thou art going to sin, thou wilt be wicked.*

Lady *Mary*. Now I protest, that, very often, I did not hear him.

Mrs. *Affable*. It was not for want of his speaking, my dear; but you were so distracted; your passions were so tumultuous, that you could not hear. And for that reason, I said just now that we must love silence and retreat, which are not to be found in the hurry of the world.

Lady *Tempest*. This doctrine is very severe, Mrs. *Affable*. At this rate we must never go from home, nor have any diversions.

Mrs. *Affable*. Less gadding would be no hindrance to diversion. Do you think, ladies, that there is no diversion out of what you call the *grand monde*. Can you imagine that the small number of ladies, who are wholly taken up with minding their duty have no share of pleasure and content? If so, you are much mistaken. I have known those, who, to attend the education of a numerous family of children, have  
given

given over plays, shews, assemblies and balls with all such amusements. I can assure you, that they never would have changed their condition for that of giddy women straggling from one party of pleasure to another without the least satisfaction: besides I must repeat what I have said before, that it is not I, that am severe, but the Holy Ghost. At our next meeting, lady *Sensible* is to give you the character of a *virtuous* woman drawn by that divine spirit; you will find me rather mild than severe in comparison. But you seem to be frightened, ladies.

Lady *Lucy*. I am indeed, Mrs. *Affable*. But I must deal candidly with you, and tell you what I think. I am satisfied that all you say is true; I am a Christian; I would not go to hell; but if it be necessary to lead the life you have described, it shall be done; yet I cannot but think it a great constraint for ladies of our age to renounce all pleasure.

Mrs. *Affable*. Pray, my dear, who says you must renounce all pleasure to be a Christian and to go to heaven? Did not you hear me say, that ladies who renounce such pleasures are infinitely happier than others? I only advise you to renounce false for real and solid pleasures. The pleasures I declaim against are real troubles, disguised under the appearance of pleasure. My design is to strip them of the disguise, and to shew them to you such as they are. You remember my saying that philosophy was the art of being happy by living virtuously. You desire to be happy, Madam; don't you? Well! if I find speedy and easy means to lead you to happiness, will you be content?

Lady *Lucy*. That I will, Mrs. *Affable*; alas! 'tis all I want.

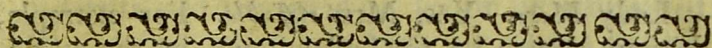
Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. Trust me then; I will make you happy. I will do more; I do not desire to be believed, without I prove what I advance. And I take upon me to make it appear that there is no other way to happiness, but that, which I shall teach you.

Lady *Louisa*. I am quite curious to hear the proof; I have, I confess, a prodigious desire of being happy.

Mrs. *Affable*. That desire is common to all. We are made to be happy; we seek happiness throughout the course of our lives; and never once think of inquiring where it is to be found. The first meeting we have concerning this true philosophy, we will spend some time in this important search after happiness. And now for a little geography to make an end.

Lady *Sensible*. We are now upon the Western provinces of *France*. We have spoke of *Britany*, on the South of which lies *Poitou*. The capital is *Poitiers* upon the river *Clain*, a very large, but very ill built city. Here is also *Chatelleraud* a town famed for knives and false stones made there. Besides the *Clain*, three other rivers the *Vienne*, the *Sevre* and the *Charante* have their course in this province. It had formerly the title of a county and came to Henry II. of England by his marriage with *Eleonor* of *Aquitain*.



DIALOGUE V.

*The Morning Lesson.*

Lady LOUISA.

I Assure you, Mrs. *Affable*, I have not had a wink of sleep this night. I thought of every thing you said at our last meeting, but was most struck with these words, *all seek happiness*; our days are spent in this search; and death comes on without any proper inquiry, where happiness is to be found. I am now seventeen years of age; I have been in quest of happiness from the beginning; I have gone several ways to be happy; nay I have fancied that I was happy; and a few days ago I have discovered that I was not.

Mrs. *Affable*. Take courage, my dear, when once we begin to make serious reflections we are not far from the term we propose to reach. I told you when we met last, that we are made to be happy; but I said so without any proof. You know our agreement was not to believe me or any person upon a bare assertion. Can any of you, Ladies, give the proof that is desired?

Lady *Witty*. As God is infinitely good, he cannot create us but to be happy. God, no doubt made us to be happy. The light of nature only points out a *natural* happiness; we only know the *supernatural* by revelation. And he was at liberty to create us for a *natural* or *supernatural* state of beatitude.

Mrs. *Affable*. An excellent proof, my dear; do you take it, Lady *Mary*?

Lady



*Lady Mary.* Yes, *Mrs. Affable.* For example, I know you to be the best woman in the world, and that you love me dearly; upon which I am persuaded that you will do nothing but for my advantage; and if you did, I should say, that you ceased being good to me. But God, who is a great deal better could not have the intention of creating me to be unhappy; with that intention he would cease to be good.

*Mrs. Affable.* Prodigiously well! But I am ignorant, my dear; and I might, with the best intention <sup>to</sup> do you good do you a great deal of harm.

*Miss Molly.* That cannot happen to God, *Mrs. Affable*; you are sure, that he knows all things, and that he cannot be mistaken; and that as he is both wise and good, he must undoubtedly have made us to be happy.

*Mrs. Affable.* This is beyond reply, my dear; but suppose that I knew all that is necessary to make you happy, and wanted power to bestow it.

*Lady Charlotte.* Neither can that be the case with God; he is all powerful and can give us all that is good.

*Mrs. Affable.* Well said, children. This is really talking like great scholars. Let us now take up the whole argument. We know that God is infinitely good, infinitely wise and infinitely powerful. We may from thence be sure; that it is in his power to provide us all the necessary means for arriving at the happiness, for which he created us; because he is all wise and good. But there is another argument to shew, that he has made us to be happy; and this is taken from the desire we have to be happy. God is too wise to give us such a desire to no purpose; he has power enough to procure for us all the means to satisfy  
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our wants and too good to let us be tormented with a desire, which we have not means to content.

Lady *Louisa*. I admire the connexion between this truth, *man is made to be happy*, and the existence of a God. It is so essential, that the former cannot subsist without the latter.

Mrs. *Affable*. The reason is that the former is a consequence of the latter. Hence when a truth, a principle is absolutely true, the consequence is so likewise and one cannot be destroyed without overturning the other.

Lady *Witty*. I don't understand the meaning of those words *principle* and *consequence*.

Mrs. *Affable*. They must be explained. 'Tis certain, that naturally speaking you cannot live without air? Don't you think so?

Lady *Witty*. Undoubtedly, I cannot live without air. That is out of all question.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is a truth, a *principle*. If I was to say, *I will stop your mouth and nostrills till tomorrow morning*, what would you object to it?

Lady *Witty*. That, if it was only done for a quarter of an hour, it would be the death of me.

Mrs. *Affable*. Why?

Lady *Witty*. That *why?* comes in without any manner of reason, Mrs. *Affable*. We were agreed this very moment, that air was necessary to live, and that one must die without it.

Mrs. *Affable*. But if after your mouth and nostrills had been stop't a whole day, you should live still, what would you think.

Lady *Witty*. That air was not necessary to live; and that I was quite mistaken in believing the contrary.

Mrs. *Affable*. *Air is absolutely necessary to live*, this is a *principle*; therefore *I cannot live without air*,  
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is the consequence. You see plainly, that the *consequence* cannot be destroy'd without ruining the *principal*. I said very lately, as you may remember ladies, that I would make you all *geometers*, that is, I would bring you to a *geometrical* way of thinking. By this method of reasoning the mind grows what I call *geometrical* by deducing one truth from another. This, my dear children, is of the last importance. I am now acquainted with persons in town that have no small share of wit, who for want of being used to this method talk most wretchedly out of the way. They will admit a principle, maintain it stoutly, and as stoutly deny the consequence.

Lady *Lucy*. Why was you not so charitable as to shew, that it was both impossible and ridiculous as you have done to us?

Mrs. *Affable*. No, my dear; they were persons that I must respect; that I had no obligation to teach; and who moreover would not be pleased if I had convinced them of a mistake.

Lady *Charlotte*. Can any person be so far void of sense as to be offended at their being let into the knowledge of truth?

Miss *Bella*. Yes, madam I am one of those fools. When I have got a thing in my head, I cannot bear being convinced, that I am mistaken.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well! I must confess, my dear, that in a thousand years thinking I should never have had such a thought of you. Why; my dear, you have a great deal of wit; what purpose could your wit serve but to be more out of the way and all reason than others, to forfeit all the advantages of a good capacity, and to be deservedly esteemed a very silly person?

Miss *Bella*. I will correct this fault, not that I fear being taken for a fool; for I, really give my-

self no trouble about what any one thinks of me, except such as I love. I despise all the rest.

Mrs. *Affable*. Hark'ee my dear; this is a disposition that may have the worst effects. We will talk upon this subject another time, not to interrupt our lesson too much.

We have advanced, we have even proved, that man was made to be happy. It remains to shew in what this happiness consists, and where it may certainly be found.

Lady *Sensible*. If I might have leave to repeat to these ladies, the letter we had t'other day in the *Petites Lettres*, I think it would be extremely pat to the present purpose.

Mrs. *Affable*. With all my heart, my dear; but may be the ladies have read the *Petites Lettres*. The book is very common in town.

Lady *Sensible*. I have mentioned them to several, who had never heard of them; but if the ladies have, they will tell me, and I will give over.

*The History of the Marchioness D . . . . .*

There was a lady of quality and very great fortune; she had many good qualities, but they all suffered from a great defect she was remarkable for. She was extremely scrupulous, and the most innocent actions, in her way of thinking, were sinful. With this turn of mind, she turned the brains of her servants, and made them go distracted. Common diversions were crimes; to laugh or sing a great offence. She had an only daughter *Marianne* by name, whom she loved entirely, and teized as much. The poor child was under the greatest constraint, and forced to keep her mind to herself, and to conceal her inclination to any thing whatever; for the mother thought herself in conscience

bound to thwart her daughter from morning till night. The young lady was allowed no sort of diversion; but, to indemnify herself in some kind, she amused her mind with longing earnestly for the fashionable pastimes. When she came to the age of fifteen, her mother declared her intention of marrying her to a very rich man; *indeed, says she, he is not very young, but an extremely religious man; at your age, child, you want a guide more than a husband; and the marquis I intend for yours, as he lives very retired, will have all the leisure necessary to instruct and guard you against the dangers of the grand world.* Miss, accustomed to obey without reply, made a very low court'sy and withdrew; the next morning she was presented with this precious husband; not to wrong the gentleman, he was barely sixty, but had more distempers, colds, defluxions, and ill conditions than any person of a hundred. No sooner were they married, but this jewel of a lord and master took the bride down to a great distance in the country, and lock'd her up with himself in a melancholy forlorn seat, built no doubt in the days of *Clowis*, if a judgment was to be formed from it's antique appearance. All the amusement the happy marchioness had in this charming retreat, was nursing her old husband, and long and tedious harangues against the corruption of the age, which were never interrupted but by fits of coughing, that would last three hours. *Marianna* lost her mother the first year of her marriage; by her death she came to a considerable fortune; and the old gentleman's estate devolved to her by the marriage settlement. She had a prospect of being extremely rich; and the day came when she was but eighteen. Our marchioness spent the whole year of her widowhood in musing with herself

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On the ways and means to recover lost time. In the melancholy stage of life she had gone through, she was a good deal more sensible than others of her want of happiness under the scruples of her mother, and the tedious morality of her husband and tutor. She set out for *Paris* with a resolution to go in quest of this happiness she just longed to meet with; but she committed a great fault for want of a Mrs. *Affable*, to advise her; and never thought of putting the question to herself, *in what this happiness chiefly consisted, and where it was to be found*. She saw, that all her acquaintance desired to be happy, and, to that end, gave themselves up to plays, gaming, great company and entertainments. She thought very candidly that happiness consisted in such things in as much, as she observed that persons of great accomplishments sought it in these amusements; and she very heartily followed their example. In the beginning she was so pleased, that she scarce knew where she was; she rather devoured in a kind of rapture, than enjoyed the pleasures. After some time, these pastimes lost their novelty, by custom, and grew tedious. A ball seemed to be a childish amusement, and very prejudicial to health, as well as grand entertainments. The conversation was trifling, or not modest, or, by detraction, very injurious to the reputation of many; gaming, she thought was a kind of rage, and contrary to a humane disposition, since the pleasure arose from another's loss. *Is this, said she, the pleasure I have so long and so eagerly desired? Am I content at last? Not at all; I am tired outright, and shall soon be quite disgusted.* The marchioness judged well; pleasures became intolerable, because they did not afford the happiness she expected. She happened one day to be at an assembly, where time hung

very heavy on her hands, when she saw a lovely young gentleman come in. Her heart began to beat, she knew not why, at the sight of this stranger; she immediately inquired of the lady of the house, who he was. She was informed by the lady, that he was a younger brother of a noble family, who for want of a suitable fortune had entered amongst the knights of *Malta*, and was shortly to make his vows and profession in that order. *What a pity,* said the marchioness to herself! *Fortune must be blind to be so regardless of such an amiable person.* The lady never once thought of love, and was persuaded that her sentiments in favour of the young stranger, were but the effects of a generous compassion. The knight on his side was struck, when he saw the marchioness. The company went to play, and he contrived so well as to be of the same party at cards; he was too much taken up with her charms to mind his game; he committed the greatest blunders, and lost all he played for. He bore his losses so genteelly, and with so good a grace, that the marchioness conceived a very favourable opinion of his temper. It is generally said, that you may know men by their behaviour at play; and besides she plainly saw that she had been the cause of all his mistakes, and found a pleasure in her mind, she could not account for. When she got home and examined her heart, she found the greatest alteration; the idea of the young knight had banished all uneasiness, and all she desired was to see him again. *Am not I in love,* said she? *I think, I am, and very much mistaken, if I have not inspired him with the same passion for me.*

It was not long before the marchioness's doubts were removed; the knight begged leave to wait

on her; he came as soon as it was proper, and though he did not venture to speak of his passion, he left her no room to doubt of it. This discovery put the marchioness into high raptures; the knight was a person of noble birth and great distinction; and as she had a sufficient estate for him and herself, she found an exquisite pleasure in the thought of making his fortune. But though she was very sensible, that her inclination was very great, and strongly in favour of the knight, she was determined not to be in haste. *Marriage, said she, is for life; it is necessary we should know the person with whom we are to spend our days; The knight is very amiable, that is not enough; his character and temper may not be without their defects; I must take time for an inquiry of this importance.* She kept her resolution, and could not in the space of half a year discover the least defect in her lover. She concluded that she had now found the way to happiness; she had made him a declaration of her being resolved to marry him; the transports of joy, wherewith he received this assurance of being so happy, convinced her still more of the excess of his passion, and the marchioness was fully persuaded, that she should be perfectly happy, when she married so accomplished a person. Nine months were now passed, when she thought, that she discovered some coolness in her lover; yet he repeated the same things he had said from the beginning; but his addresses were no more animated with the same life and fire. Here the poor marchioness began to feel the torments of jealousy, and the exquisite pains, which a tender and refined passion is sure to cause upon a suspicion of being slighted. *Is this, she put the question to herself, is this happiness? What must become of me, and what happiness can I have, whilst I am under*



*this apprehension?* She disclosed her inquietude to a lady, a friend of hers, and communicated a scheme she had formed to clear up her doubts.

She pretended that business, not to be dispensed with, called her to *Lyons*, and promised the knight their marriage should take place at her return. He seemed so inconsolable, when he took his leave, that she began to blame her suspicions, and was on the point of declaring them to her lover. But her friend dissuaded her, and her advice determined the marchioness to prosecute her scheme. The marchioness's woman had a great deal of wit, and moreover a great love for her lady; she sent her woman to *Lyons*, with instructions to answer the knight's letters, who might easily have this artifice passed upon him, as he had never seen the marchioness's hand-writing. In the next place, she went to her friend's and confined herself at her house. This lady had given orders to one of her servants to watch very narrowly the knight's motions. This was about the beginning of *Carnaval*; and the ladies imagined he would go from the *Opera* to the *Bal*, a diversion he was extremely fond of. They were not mistaken, they masked themselves, and were disguised like *Griseetes*, that is, ordinary women. A mask naturally alters the voice; besides the knight had received that day a letter from the marchioness dated at *Lyons*; guess, how he could find her out. She entered upon a gay and lively conversation; the knight was charmed with her wit. He begged she would meet him at the next *Ball* in the same disguise; she not only promised that, but that she would be there as long as the *Carnaval* lasted. At the third *Ball* he made her a declaration, and begged of her to unmask. She refused to take off her mask for fear, she said, her want of beauty should over-

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throw the favourable opinion he had of her ; but, she added, *I am resolv'd never to see you again ; you protest you adore me, and you are engaged to marry another person.* Madam, says the knight, *I will not deceive you ; this match makes a fortune for me, which I am without, and consequently cannot offer you. Let this marriage go on, and be assured that I shall only value my fortune in as much, as I can share it with you.* Hark'ee, says the marchioness, *I am more tender hearted, than interested ; who knows but at last you may be enamour'd with your lady ? They say, she is a charming woman . . .* That is all over, says the knight ; *I must own I was passionately in love with the person, I am to marry ; but there has been an end of that long since ; and now I can only be grateful. I never will be wanting in the respect due from a man of honour to a wife ; and in my opinion 'tis all she can expect :* The marchioness with great difficulty kept in her resentment ; she had that very day received a letter from the false wretch with promises of unalterable love. This perfidy cured her of the passion he had inspired to the lady, and now she only wanted to be revenged, and to put him to the greatest confusion. To compass what she intended, she yielded in appearance to his intreaties, and promised to unmask, if he would see her home ; he consented chearfully, and stept into the coach with the lady and her friend. The knight was surpris'd with the magnificence of the apartments, through which he was conducted ; he had taken these two women for adventurers, who were upon the catch, to make a fortune ; and now (as men are quite fond of their dear selves) imagining he had the good fortune to be agreeable to a person of great distinction, he made repeated instances to her, that she would be

pleas'd to take off her mask. The loudest clap of thunder could not have affected him more than the sight of the marchioness; he stood motionless; she broke out into a loud fit of laughter; he was then convinced that love was withdrawn, where no other mark of resentment appeared; he had not the courage to say a single word, but made a low bow, and retired with confusion in his countenance, and rage in his heart.

Here the marchioness came again to herself, and was convinced, that happiness was no where to be found, since all her endeavours and inquiries to that purpose had been without effect. Several months pass'd under the greatest uneasiness; and nothing had yet taken place in her heart to succeed that blustering passion, which had seiz'd her, allow'd her no rest, and kept her under the greatest trouble of mind. One day as she went to church, at the entrance, she observ'd an old woman with two children that begged an alms. The marchioness was struck with the beauty of the children, she ask'd the old woman, whether they were her's. *No, Madam; she answered, they were born to be my masters.* This answer rais'd the marchioness's curiosity; she acquainted the old woman where she liv'd, and desired her to come that afternoon, and bring these pretty children with her. She came at the time appointed, and the marchioness desired a fuller account of what she had heard in the morning, which the good old woman gave to this effect.

*Thirty years are now past, since I came servant to a worthy honest man; he died, and I continued a servant to his son. My master was not rich, but in a way to live easily; an unfortunate law-suit, which he lost, has been his ruin; 'tis now about half a year since; he owed me all my wages, and besides*

*besides was now unable to pay them; he begged pardon with tears in his eyes for the injustice he had done me, though he could not help it; he advised me to look out for another service, promising withal to satisfy my just demands, whenever it should be in his power. I must confess, the woman continued, I could not find in my heart to leave my master and mistress, and these poor children in that melancholy situation; I forgave what they owed me, and offered to stay and help my mistress in washing linnen. We lived for some time, though not without great difficulty, of our work, for my poor master being struck with a palsy, one of us must of necessity be his nurse. Within these three or four days, my mistress is fallen sick with so much fatigue; and I, not knowing how to prevent their starving, resolved to beg for their subsistence. Providence has blessed my endeavours; and I have been in a condition to find them necessities. I hope in a few days to see them quite recovered. They are, thank God, both much better.*

Whilst the worthy good woman's tears accompanied this melancholy account, those of the marchioness ran down in streams. *I really pity you, said she, when the other had made an end; with that noble and great heart, you don't deserve to be so unhappy: Indeed Madam, she replied, I don't think myself so; and as long as it shall please God that I shall be a means to relieve my master and mistress, and to rear these sweet babes, I shall esteem myself quite happy. Can there be a greater happiness, than to do good, and to practise virtue.*

This was a ray of light darted from heaven on the marchioness; the good woman had now taught her, where that happiness was to be found, which hitherto she had so uneffectually sought, and she was resolved to make a trial of this new

path, to which she was directed. She took the woman and the children into her coach, and ordered to drive to the house where the people were. When she came to the place, she desired to be shewed to the garret where the father and mother were lodged; she was struck, when she came in; a little straw was all the bed they had, and the garret so low, that there was no standing upright. The marchioness would not suffer them to continue there a night longer; she had a litter brought to convey them immediately to her house, there she found them beds and all necessaries. The gratitude of these poor people was greater than their infirmity and distress; their constant prayer to God was, that he would reward this lady's great charity.

It was past midnight, when the marchioness retired to her apartment, half dead with the fatigue and pains she had gone through, and to which she had till then been a stranger. She threw herself into an arm-chair, and turning her thoughts to herself found so much ease, and her mind in such a calm composure that she had never experienced the like before; the relief provided for this afflicted family redounded upon her, and made the marchioness happy. Former pleasures were attended with trouble and fear, disgusts, and sometimes with remorse. What she felt now was of a different nature, her content was without any mixture, or alloy; her satisfaction was intire, and raised to a greater degree, by the success which blessed her good offices, in behalf of that distressed family. They recovered their health, by her charity, and their circumstances were better'd, by a genteel post that she procured for their benefit, she was too well pleased to stop here; she added greatly to the number of her good works,  
and

and her great fortune appeared very moderate with regard to the benefactions, which her new passion dictated. To give her self up still more to it, she retrenched all the expences that used to be made for pomp and state; she parted with her jewels, laid down her equipage, renounced gaming, plays, opera's, public shows, and barely allowed herself necessaries. Hitherto a desire of content and satisfaction was the only motive; her charity wanted a superior motive, and that with respect to God; you shall hear what turn this took. All were not grateful that she relieved, she was hurt by their ingratitude; and as she reckoned upon their being pleased, and making their acknowledgments, she was very disagreeably frustrated of her hopes, and began to mistrust her not having found the way to that content and satisfaction, she had so earnestly desired. She had however sacrificed and abandoned all for that purpose; and now her heart void of all other desires, was disentangled from all obstacles to a virtuous and holy life. There remained only one farther step to take, and that was, to do every action with a view of pleasing God. At last she was quite sensible of it, and by that means arrived at the possession of an unalterable content of mind, which lasted as long as life, and accompanied the marchioness beyond the grave.

*Lady Lucy.* We are mightily obliged to lady *Sensible*; it is the prettiest story I ever heard. I am fully resolved to be happy, now that I know wherein happiness consists.

*Lady Louisa.* Why should you, my dear, after the example of the marchioness, be without jewels, keep no equipage, and renounce every thing to do good?

Lady *Lucy*. Very good, Madam; but I desire to be happy; am I to blame for wishing to be so, as much as possible?

Lady *Louisa*. Is there no other way to happiness, Mrs. *Affable*. Must I follow this lady's example, whom though I really admire, I have not the courage to follow, nor forsake all things, as she did?

Lady *Charlotte*. If I may speak as I think, the lady was something extravagant. Could not she, if she had a mind, bestow part of her means on the poor, and reserve the other to live like a person of quality; that would have been better judged. But you smile Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. I do my dear; you plead your cause with warmth; and I can but smile on lady *Lucy's* account, whom I must beg leave to contradict. She has forgot, that a philosopher must always go upon a solid proof, and take nothing upon trust; and yet she blindly believes this story of lady *Sensible's*. Who knows but that it is a made story; or that the lady was mistaken when she thought herself happy, or in fine, that perhaps she was extravagant, as lady *Charlotte* says?

Lady *Charlotte*. Oh good! how pleased I am! I have Mrs. *Affable* of my side.

Mrs. *Affable*. Hold, hold. I said *perhaps*; I have not decided the matter; it should be first examined. Let us then see what a happy and contented mind is.

Lady *Mary*. That is a happy and contented mind, which is perfectly easy.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very true; but what must be done, to be perfectly easy? What do you think lady *Lucy*?

Lady *Lucy*. To tell you the truth, Mrs. *Affable*, I stick to what I said at first; I am persuaded I shall

shall be perfectly easy, when I have done all the good that lies in my power.

Mrs. *Affable*. And after that you would desire nothing farther?

Lady *Lucy*. No indeed, Mrs. *Affable*; at least I think I should not.

Mr. *Affable*. But if any one should tell you, whilst you are in this situation of mind, *It is in your power to be a great queen*. Could you not wish to be so?

Lady *Lucy*. That is a strong temptation, Mrs. *Affable*; for after all, were I a queen, I could do a great deal more good. . . . But stay, had it been necessary for me to be a queen, that I might be enabled to do more good, I should have been a queen; the almighty Lord would have given me a crown; for I always think, that he does all things for the best; but as such a state is not wanted, or necessary to do more good, (for what need of a throne to be more virtuous) cannot I be as good in the station allotted by providence? I am now resolved, Mrs. *Affable*; I do not desire to be a queen; perhaps it would not be so well, I am content to be as I am, and I only wish to do all the good I can, in the station God has assigned for me.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is then a clear point, you do not desire to be a queen, but if this happened without your being concerned in bringing it about, would you fear being a queen?

Lady *Lucy*. I am not clear as to that; though I fancy I should not, for if I had no hand in such an event, I should conclude it to be the work of God, and that it was his will; so that upon the whole, and every thing considered, I neither would desire nor fear any thing.

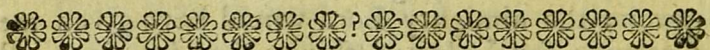
Mrs. *Affable*.



Mrs. *Affable*. And then you would be quite happy and content; for this is the true definition of happiness, *a state in which one is so satisfied as to be without any desire to exchange it for another.*

Miss *Rural*. If one is so happy, that he would not change his condition for another, he must fear losing that state. Now, Mrs. *Affable*, you told us, that a contented mind fears nothing.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are in the right, my dear; the definition is really defective. We must have another. He is happy, *who neither fears, nor desires any thing.* Another time we will make an inquiry about such things as conduce to this happy situation; for now it is time to part.



## DIALOGUE VI.

MRS. AFFABLE.

**I** Promised you lately the character of a virtuous woman. I must keep my word. Lady *Sensible* knew it by heart when she was only six years of age. She shall repeat it.

† *Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.*

*She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants ships, she bringeth her food from afar.*

*She riseth also, when it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her mai-*

† Prov. 31. ver. 10, &c.

*dens.*

*dens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.*

*She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandize is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.*

*She stretcheth her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.*

*She maketh fine linnen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in the time to come.*

*She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.*

*Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.*

*Lady Witty.* What a character! now-a-days a lady would be laughed at that worked, and gave her work to tradesmen for sale.

*Mrs. Affable.* No, my dear, she would not be so much a jest as you fancy. The dauphiness of France, and her ladies of honour, spend some time together by way of diversion in spinning silk. It is sold, and the price goes to the poor. I have known several ladies of great quality that worked all the year round to purchase an alms for the poor.

Among

Among others, I knew one as beautiful as an angel, and of a very delicate, tender constitution; her poor small fingers were almost raw with working up coarse linnen. But, ladies, we must suppose in thort, that fashions are much altered since the Holy Ghost dictated this character. It is no longer the custom for ladies to be concerned in coarse work; but this does not intitle them to eat the bread of idleness. They must now, as they did in former days, take the rule of the house into their hands, and not depend altogether upon their servants. I am now acquainted with some ladies in town, who will not scruple going to an assembly, when civility requires it, and who at the same time greatly resemble the virtuous woman described from the sacred writ, and are quite unconcerned at the weak jests of silly people.

Lady *Sensible*. For a wager I could name one. Shall I tell the ladies, Mrs. *Affable*, what I heard from her own mouth in relation to a ball?

Mrs. *Affable*. With all my heart, my dear, but without naming the lady.

Lady *Sensible*. She was invited to a ball, that was given for the birth of the hereditary prince of Russia. She refused to go, and being asked, whether she thought it a sin; *no*, the lady answered, *there are balls where only creditable persons meet; and I am persuaded, that one may be at such assemblies without offending God; but all go merely for diversion; and I am sure to find very little there. And pray, why so, madam, said they? If I go to this, I must be one at all the other balls I shall be invited to; and, instead of taking any notice of what passed, I could only think of my family affairs, which must suffer the next day for want of attendance during the time I should allow for my natural rest. I find, that life is too short, to satisfy our respective duties; should not I be an extravagant*

gant woman to sacrifice real and useful pleasures to frivolous amusements, which would be disagreeable, tedious, and perhaps be attended with remorse?

Lady Witty. I don't understand, where the pleasure can lie in forsaking all things to be buried in your own house, and to have nothing to mind but family affairs.

Mrs. Affable. Surely, madam, you will not question, that there is a pleasure in doing your duty, after the Holy Ghost has given such a character of a virtuous woman. But let us see what the same divine spirit dictates concerning giddy women, tho' some may be looked upon as reputable persons.

Wisdom shall deliver the just and righteous man from the strange woman, even from the stranger which flattereth with her words: which forsaketh the guide of her youth, and forgetteth the covenant of her God. For her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead: none that go unto her, return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life †.

A foolish woman . . . . sitteth at the door of the house on a seat in the high places of the city (is much at her window) to call passengers, who go right on their ways. She dresseth to entice them, is clamorous, loveth noise, assemblies, and to appear in the most publick places. She is simple, and knoweth nothing ‡.

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman, which is without discretion. A foolish woman is always ready to laugh, amuses herself with men, but those whom she amuses lack understanding ||.

As the climbing up a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man. An evil wife is like a yoke shaken to and fro, where the

† Prov. ii. 16.

‡ Ibid. ix. 13, &c.

|| Prov. xi, 22. and from several parts of the same book.

oxen draw each to his side. *A drunken woman and a gadder abroad causeth great anger, and she will not cover her own shame. A shameless woman shall be counted as a dog . . . a loud crying woman, and a scold shall be sought out to drive away the enemies; † she is enough to frighten whole armies.*

Put together all these different parts of a foolish woman's character; she is affected, has forgot her education the guide of her youth, she shews herself at the window, appears at all public meetings; she is vain in her dress to look better, and to please, always upon the giggle; she is a talkative gossip and quarrellome; she loves wine and strong liquors, she has lost all shame, and says, *I am not at all troubled for what the world says.* Chuse, ladies, which you would resemble the *virtuous* or the *foolish* woman; and carry this with you, that the characters are not of my drawing.

*Lady Louisa.* This makes me tremble; I resemble the *foolish* woman in some things, the *virtuous* in none.

*Mrs. Affable.* Get these two characters by heart, children, and examine at night which you have imitated. Now for our stories.

*Lady Mary.* But first, *Mrs. Affable*, give me leave to ask a question. Before your journey to *France*, you promised to tell us what things metals were; and you have never thought of discharging your promise. A gentleman dined with us yesterday; he spoke of vegetables, metals, and many other things that I don't understand. *Papa* said the gentleman had talked finely of several things. It was all thrown away upon me.

† *Ecclus.* ch. xxv, 20. ch. xxvi. v. 7, 8, 25, 27. *N. B.* The author does not reckon *Ecclus.* among the *Apoc.*

Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Sensible*, I beg you will save me the trouble, and explain this to the ladies.

Lady *Sensible*. I take it that all things on earth are reduced to three classes, or three kingdoms, as they are called, the *animal*, the *vegetable*, and the *mineral* kingdom.

Lady *Witty*. Does not mankind come into the account? do we go for nothing?

Mrs. *Affable*. Mankind is part of the animal kingdom; they are as to the body animals, as a fly, a worm, and all other animals that are either bigger or much less. Animals have life and motion.

Lady *Violent*. I begin not to dislike your lessons so much, Mrs. *Affable*; I love to distraction all that relates to natural philosophy. Pray, tell me, what is the vegetable kingdom.

Mrs. *Affable*. Now, madam, have a good heart; I shall win the wager; but, in answer to your question, *vegetables* are all such things as live and have no motion.

Lady *Violent*. That is very singular. I always thought, that, where there was life, there was motion also.

Mrs. *Affable*. Trees, plants, roots and flowers live and are without motion. Minerals which are of the third class or kingdom, have neither life nor motion, as gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, mercury, tin, &c.

Miss *Sophia*. I know them all except mercury.

Mrs. *Affable*. I have a little vial of it in my pocket. 'Tis a mineral very like you, lady *Mary*, always in motion, and can never lie still.

Lady *Mary*. That is the reason, I suppose, why it is called quick-silver. Dear, how heavy it feels!

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. I'll pour it upon that tea-table with a rim round it; otherwise it would run away and be lost.

Lady *Charlotte*. How it flirs! What is it good for, Mrs. *Affable*?

Mrs. *Affable*. For an infinity of uses. The physicians put it into several medicines; it is put at the back of looking-glasses; boys at schools play tricks with it; it also serves in barometers, &c.

Lady *Mary*. I see no quick-silver or mercury about the looking-glass; where is it; what do they do to keep it from running away?

Mrs. *Affable*. It is behind the glass and stops the sight, which otherwise would pass quite through. The quick-silver is fixed by a composition of tin with other ingredients laid on the back of the glass in a very thin leaf; and this is called *foliating* the glass.

Miss *Bella*. You said that they play'd tricks at schools with quick-silver. How is that done, Mrs. *Affable*?

Mrs. *Affable*. For example, if you threw some quick-silver into a pot, where pease were boiling, the pease would come out one after another; but let this suffice for the article of quick-silver. Let us return to the class of animals, whereof there are many sorts; the animals endowed with reason, and those are men; those *of the air*, that is, the fowls of the air; the terrestrial animals, that live on, or in the earth; the *aquatile* that live in the water; and lastly, the *amphibious*, that live in the air on this earth, and in the water, as ducks, swans, otters, and many more.

Lady *Tempest*. I have often heard of persons, whose character was doubtful, that they were amphibious, and neither fish nor flesh. I did not take the meaning, which I do now perfectly.

Miss

*Miss Bella.* I am very sorry, *Mrs. Affable*, that we were not acquainted sooner; I am so ignorant, that it makes me quite ashamed. I am determined to recover lost time, and inform myself of a thousand very common things, which I don't understand.

*Mrs. Affable.* Besides the shame of being ignorant, which you justly observe, there is another great reason, why you should desire to be instructed. You are all to be married, ladies; you will be contracted to gentlemen of great study, who have travelled much, and are persons who have read a good deal. If you can only talk of dress to a gentleman who has made a proper advantage of his education, you will soon tire your husband, who will understand nothing in such a conversation, and reduce him to seek other company; whereas, if he find your mind improved by knowledge, home will be dear to him; and he will be charmed when he hears you discourse so well, and not only on entertaining, but interesting subjects. Now, lady *Charlotte*, your story, if you please.

*Lady Charlotte.* *Abab* being about to enter upon a war, consulted his false prophets, who assured him, that he should obtain victory over his enemies. Now the king of *Juda* was a prince, who feared God; he had brought his troops to *Abab's* assistance. This prince was called *Jehoshaphat*; he asked *Abab*, whether there was no prophet of the Lord to be found. *Abab* answered, there is one *Micaiah*, but *he doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil.* *Jehoshaphat* desired he should be sent for. Those who went for *Micaiah*, said to him, *Behold now the words of the prophets declare good unto the king with one mouth, let thy word, I pray thee, be like the word of one of them, and speak that which is good.*

*Micaiah*



*Micaiah* answered, he should not give himself any concern about what others said; but that which God prompted him to say, he would speak. Then *Micaiah* foretold to the king, that he should fall in the battle. Did not I tell you, said *Abab*? let him be carried to prison, and when I come back in peace, he shall be treated as he deserves. I consent, *Micaiah* answered, and *if thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me.* *Abab* was slain in the battle, and when they washed his body dogs licked his blood. His son who succeeded him was no better than the father. He fell sick, and dispatched messengers to consult the false Gods. *Elijah* stopt them, is there no God in *Israel*, said he, that you go and consult idols? Tell him from God, that, in punishment of this heinous offence, he shall never rise from his sick-bed. When the king understood, that *Elijah* was the prophet, who foretold his death, he sent off a captain with fifty men to take him; but fire came down from heaven, and destroyed them all. The same happened to a second company ordered to bring away the prophet, which yet did not hinder the wicked prince dispatching a third. But the last were good men, and the captain, instead of threatening the prophet, fell on his knees at his feet; and he and his men returned without hurt.

Then *Elijah*, by God's special command, followed the captain, and when he came to the king he repeated the former menaces, which were also fulfilled. After this the prophet said to *Elisba*, "I beg of thee stay here and leave me not." *Elisba* answered, *as the Lord liveth, and thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee.* For he knew that the Lord would take away his master that day. Several sons of the prophet's followed at a distance. The master and the disciples came to the banks of the river

river *Jordan*. The prophet having struck the waters with his mantle, the river divided and opened a free passage for them. *Elijah* said, *ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken from thee.* *Elisba* answered, *let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.* It shall be *Elijah* said as thou desirest, *if thou see me when I am taken from thee.* They went on and talked. But on a sudden God took up *Elijah* in a fiery chariot. *Elijah* cried out, *my father, my father: the chariot of Israel, and the guide † thereof* He saw the prophet no more, but his mantle that was fallen to the ground and taken up by *Elisba*.

*Mrs. Affable.* You may observe, ladies, in this passage of the scripture history, the character of princes and the great ones. They are willing enough to consult prophets, that is to take advice, but if the answer is contrary to their inclinations, the adviser is looked upon as an enemy. By this means they are invested with flatterers, who keep truth at a distance, and out of reach. Consider this, children attentively; though not born princesses, you are ladies of noble birth; that suffices to bring in crouds of flatterers; and, if you listen to their vain discourses, it must prove your ruin.

*Lady Charlotte.* I must tell you, *Mrs. Affable*, what has happened to me. Our house-keeper, as arrant a coaxer as ever was has never forgiven your penancing me, and making me wait on my maid at supper. When she heard of your being returned to *England*, she talked very oddly, and the rest of the servants followed her example. She says, that you are mighty ridiculous; that *Mama* is quite in the wrong to let you use me so

† *The guide thereof*, as it is read in the vulgate Interpreter.

ill, and that the children under your care are greatly to be pitied.

Mrs. *Affable*. And what did you say, my dear?

Lady *Charlotte*. I told her she talked like a *fool*; that you was as meek as a lamb, and never found fault, but for our good.

Mrs. *Affable*. I am much obliged to you for appearing in my defence, but you might have done so without any harsh language to the poor woman, that knows no better. To shew you that I have a true sense of your good will towards me, I condemn you to make your excuse to her for calling her a *fool*. You should have respected her years and spoke civilly.

Miss *Sophia*. This is a singular method of thanking lady *Charlotte*. I dare say, Mrs. *Affable*, she would have been very willing to dispense with thanks of that nature.

Lady *Charlotte*. No, upon honour, my dear. As I have taken a resolution to be a good child, how could I be such, if Mrs. *Affable* was not so kind as to tell me of my faults.

Mrs. *Affable*. Dear lady *Charlotte*, I cannot forbear tears of joy; with these sentiments you will soon be an accomplished young lady. What would I give to see all these ladies in the same disposition! I hope the time is not far off.

Miss *Sophia*. See, Mrs. *Affable*! I am not so silly but I can perceive, that you are very well satisfied with all these ladies; and that your mentioning them is a mere civility; so that I conclude you can only mean me.

Lady *Violent*. Come, come, madam, I believe myself entitled to a very good share of the compliment. To speak the plain truth, I am very much of a hasty dragooning temper; and I own, that I half craze my poor governess.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well ladies! I am content to have you think, that I looked a little that way. You know your foible; that is not a small point gained; it is the beginning of a cure, and please God it will be soon complete. Now, miss *Bella*, favour us with your story.

Miss *Bella*. *Elisha* returned to the *Jordan*, and with the mantle he had inherited from *Elijah*, smote the waters, which divided a second time to let him pass. He came to another place, where the inhabitants represented to him, that their lands were barren, and the water naught. *Elisha* ordered a cruise to be brought, and after he had put some salt into it, he cast it into the spring, and healed the water.

Then the prophet went up to *Bethel*, and some little children coming out of the city, mocked him for his baldness, and called him *bald-head*. *Elisha* cursed them in the name of the Lord; and at the same time two bears came out of the wood, and tore in pieces forty two of these wicked children.

The king of *Israel*, who was going to war against the *Moabites*, called the kings of *Juda* and *Edom* to his assistance. The three princes came to a place where there was no water; and *Jehoshaphat* asked whether there was no prophet of the Lord thereabouts; and as soon as they named *Elisha*, he desired him to be sent for, saying, *the word of the Lord is with him*. When *Elisha* came, he said to the king of *Israel*, *What have I to do with thee? Get thee to the prophets of thy father and thy mother*. If thou wert alone, *I would not look towards thee, nor see thee*, but for the regard I have to *Jehoshaphat* king of *Juda*. And after this he promised him plenty of water and victory over the *Moabites*. He had ordered the valley to be made full of ditches; and he foretold, that they should

neither wind nor rain, and that the valley would be fill'd with water. The Lord performed what the prophet had predicted in his name; the ditches were fill'd with water; and the next morning when the sun shone upon the water it appeared to the *Moabites* as red as blood. With this they were persuad'd, that the *kings* were *slain*, and *had smitten one another*. Then *Moab* halted to the spoil of the camp, and as it were threw themselves rashly upon the swords of the *Israelites*. They were defeated, their cities and their country destroyed, which so enraged their king; that he brought his eldest son, that was to succeed him, and offer'd him upon the wall a burnt-offering and sacrifice to his false Gods in the sight of all *Israel*.

Mrs. *Affable*. 'Tis but a moment since I was telling lady *Charlotte*, that old age was to be respected; take notice, ladies, how the wicked children were punished, who mocked the prophet.

Miss *Molly*. I must own, Mrs. *Affable*, I have that ugly way of laughing at old people. *Mama's* nurse comes to see us now and then; She has never a tooth left in her head; this affects her speech so very oddly, that I burst out a laughing, as soon as she is gone; and I can mimick her so exactly, that I make all the servants in the house laugh at old nurse.

Mrs. *Affable*. A fine thing, indeed, for a young person of quality to play the ape before servants! How can you think they will ever respect you, after they have seen you come down to such mean and unworthy actions? no, my dear, there is nothing so low as making a jest of old people, or of those, who have some natural defect. The former must be respected, the latter pitied. I should be very sorry, my dear, if I thought you would not get the better of this sad fault; it betrays a bad  
and

and malicious heart. Lady *Witty*, pray tell the ladies how they behaved to aged persons at *Sparta*.

Lady *Witty*. The *Spartan* commonwealth was thought to be governed by the best and wisest laws, though in my opinion, ladies, it was far otherwise; for I find that the greatest part of their laws were ridiculous and prejudicial. But I approve greatly of the laws they observed in their behaviour to elderly persons. Young people were not allowed to sit in their presence; and when they appeared in public meetings, they gave them the best places. The *Athenians* did not shew the same respect. Some ambassadors from *Sparta* happened to be at *Athens*; they were much offended to see some poor old men pushed about in the crowd, and at a loss for want of a proper place in the theatre, where the public shews were exhibited. The ambassadors, who were placed very honourably, could not bear this regardless behaviour to persons advanced in years; they forced the old men to sit in their places, and gave in their example a very proper lesson to the *Athenians*.

Lady *Violent*. I am never pleased to hear any thing, that is misbecoming, placed to the account of my *Athenians*. I am like lady *Witty*, and prefer them far before the *Lacedemonians*, whose laws, in my opinion, are very barbarous.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are very bold, ladies, that you dare to blame the *Lacedemonian* laws, which the greatest men admire. I would willingly ask, why you like the *Athenians*, and dislike the others. Love and hatred must not go by fancy, but upon good and solid grounds.

Lady *Violent*. Mine is founded upon very good reasons. I hate the *Lacedemonians* for their cruelty, their obstinacy to continue ignorant, and their women for want of modesty. I love the *Athenians*;

they were learned, and enemies to sloth and ingratitude. They had, I must own, very great faults; but still I love their faults better than the virtues of the *Lacedemonians*. Pray let me tell the ladies, how they used the children at *Sparta*.

Mrs. *Affable*. With all my heart, lady; but when you expose the faults of the *Lacedemonians*, you ought in justice to say something of their virtues.

Lady *Witty*. I find none, I do assure you.

Mrs. *Affable*. How can you say so, my dear? was not their exact obedience to the laws a virtue?

Lady *Witty*. No, indeed, my dear Mrs. *Affable*, I beg pardon for being of a different opinion. You will always have us speak the truth; and really I should not, if I said it was a virtue. Now, Mrs. *Affable*, I am obliged to obey you; should you command me to kill lady *Mary*, would that be a virtuous action? Is it not then very wicked to obey bad laws.

Lady *Violent*. That is just what I think. For example, one of their laws at *Sparta*, was that children must be brought up to the contempt of pain. Why! that is very well; but that they might get this good habit, there were certain solemnities, on which the children were brought to the temples, and, without any fault, whipt, till they were all over blood; besides this, they were not suffered to shed a tear. To cry was a certain loss of reputation; and more than once children have expired under this exercise without dropping a tear; but what is still more horrible, their fathers and mothers assisted at the execution; they were quite easy to see their poor children torn in this cruel manner, and exhorted them to suffer without complaining.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. This reason leaves no room for a reply, and fully justifies the young ladies aversion to the *Lacedemonian* laws. Obedience to laws, to be a virtue, requires them to be good and just; if they are bad, the greater our obedience is, the more guilty we are. That is a geometrical demonstration, my dear.

Miss *Bella*. I am not so nice about the matter. What pleases me is good; what does not, I say, is good for nothing.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is a sure way to judge quite wrong. I hope this will be no rule with you for the future. You have a great share of wit, dear miss, and even a superior genius. Nothing is wanting but a just way of thinking; and if you, miss, will join with me, we will set to work, and I am sure of success. Lady *Violent*, you said that the *Athenians* punished ingratitude; if I remember right, I gave you a pretty story to that purpose about two years ago. Would you favour us with it?

Lady *Violent*. Very willingly, Mrs. *Affable*. I remember it very well. At *Athens* there were judges appointed to punish ingratitude, but the case happened so seldom, that they had nothing to do. They thought it very tedious to go to the court of judicature without any cause laid before them; and at last hung up a bell for those to ring, who should have any case in their way to be heard: the bell hung a long time before any body rung, so long, that some grass that grew on the side of the wall took hold of the bell-rope, and clung about it. About this time a man, who found his horse was grown too old to work, turned him out of the stable to save his keeping. The poor horse walked very sad about the street, as if he had guessed he should starve very soon. Chance brought him by



the house of these judges ; he spied the grass growing on the side of the wall, and reared on his hind feet to nibble it, this was to no purpose, for he only caught hold of the rope, and rung the bell several times. They perceived the horse must have rung the bell ; they inquired whose he was. Some of the neighbours said he was nobody's, his master having turned him off. This is really a case, said the judges, that lies before us. It is a great piece of ingratitude for this man to cast away a poor animal worn out in his service ; it must not be suffered. Accordingly they sent for the master of the horse, and obliged to pay as much money as would keep the old horse the rest of his days.

Lady *Witty*. It must be owned, ladies, that *Athens* was a charming place, where so few ungrateful persons were to be found ; and where ingratitude, even to poor animals, was punished. Persons are punished for bad actions in *London*, and elsewhere ; but at *Athens* those were punished, who missed doing good.

Mrs. *Affable*. We shall talk that over another time, my dear ; it is late now, and we have still a story from the scripture with something of geography to get over.

Miss *Molly*. A prophet's widow came to *Elisha* ; thou knowest, said she, that my husband was a servant of God ; he died before he could pay his debts ; and his creditor is come to take unto him my two sons to be bond-men. *Elisha* asked her what she had in the house ? nothing but a pot of oil, the widow answered. Go, says the prophet, borrow of your neighbours a great many empty vessels. Then thou shalt shut the door upon thee, and pour thy oil into those vessels. The widow obeyed ; and for all she continued pouring on, the oil came still as if the

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vessel had no bottom. She called to her son, bring another vessel, said she. They are all full, answered the son; and the oil ceased to flow; the widow, by the direction of the prophet, sold the oil, and satisfied the creditor.

One day the prophet passed to *Shunim*, where a very rich woman invited him pressingly to eat a bit with her; and so she did every time he came that way. At last she said to her husband, *I perceive, that this is a holy man of God.* Let us make a little chamber for him, when he thinks proper to come hither. *Elisba* had a grateful sense of all these favours, and was desirous of making some acknowledgment to his benefactors. His servant said to him, *Verily, she hath no child.* The prophet sent for her, and foretold, that she should have a son at the year's end. The prediction was punctually verified. Some years after, this child going to the field, where his father was looking after the reapers, was taken so ill with a sore head-ach, that his father ordered him to be carried home to his mother, who took him upon her knee; and the child expired very soon. Upon this, the woman full of a lively faith, carried the child, and laid him upon the bed of the man of God; and mounting an ass, she went to mount *Carmel*, where she threw herself at the feet of the prophet. *Elisba's* servant offered to hinder her. But the man of God said, let her alone; she is under great grief, and the lord hath concealed it from me. The *Shunamite* gave him an account of what had happened; and *Elisba* said to his servant, go to her house, and lay my staff on the child. But the *Shunamite* declared she would not leave him, till he consented to go with her. The prophet followed her, and put up such fervent prayers

to

to God, that he obtained the child's return to life in behalf of the charitable *Shunamite*.

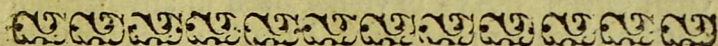
Mrs. *Affable*. You see, Children, that a charitable action is never lost; and moreover, observe that, though charity extends to all that are poor, care must be had to relieve chiefly those, who fear the Lord. He has a singular regard to the prayers of the poor; and they obtain mercy for their benefactors. Admire the unbounded liberality of God to the virtuous; he seems to have bound himself to comply with their requests. There is an exceeding pleasure in serving so good and so generous a master. Whereabouts do we stand in Geography, *Lady Sensible*.

*Lady Sensible*. We spoke last of the province of *Poitou*, but said nothing of *Aunis*, a little country, southwest of *Poitou*. *Rochelle* lies here. This city was given as a cautionary town to the Protestants of *France*, and was besieged by *Lewis XIII*, who took it after a year and a months siege, during which the inhabitants eat, for their subsistence, things, whereof the very thought strikes us with horror.

*Rochefort*, is another town in the *Pays d'Aunis*, and is one of the stations, for the *Royal Navy* upon the ocean.

*Saintonge*, is south of *Poitou*. *Saintes*, upon the river *Charante* is the capital. The *Garonne*, another river has its course through this province.

Mrs. *Affable*. We will go no farther to day, ladies, if you please.



DIALOGUE VII.

Lady LOUISA, Lady LUCY, Mrs. AFFABLE.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

YOU are here betimes, ladies; our young ones will not come till noon it is but just nine o'clock. Pray, ladies, what brings you thus early?

Lady *Louisa*. We wanted a little private talk with you, and hoped you would allow us an hour of your time.

Mrs. *Affable*. Speak your minds freely, ladies; you may depend upon me as you would upon the sincerest friend you have.

Lady *Lucy*. We relied much upon your kindness and friendship, which has determined us to take the liberty of consulting with you. What we have heard, since we frequent you, makes us tremble. I must own, as to myself, that I have had no rest since. Ah! Mrs. *Affable*, I am satisfied, that I neither live nor think like a christian; I perceive, but under the greatest terrors, that those words of the prophet, *How long will you halt between two*, are directed to me. This is my situation, between God and the world; but I fear I may say with more truth, that I am quite taken up with the world and its pleasures, and that I have scarce thought on God, my soul, my salvation and eternity.

Lady *Louisa*. That is my case, Mrs. *Affable*, though I hear myself commended for piety, and even was within a trifle of making myself that

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compliment. As I have not been in any occasion of committing great faults, I really fancied myself virtuous; but upon a close examination of my behaviour, I must say with this lady, that I had not so much as an idea of what it is to be a christian. I have gone farther; I have till very lately made jest of all that thought better and more judiciously on this subject. *They are Methodists* has been my constant answer, whenever the conversation has turned upon persons wholly taken up with the grand affair of salvation.

*Mrs. Affable.* This readiness to correspond with the pious motions which the Holy Ghost is pleased to excite in your hearts is very edifying. The best must work their salvation with fear and trembling; but take care that even this fear, though it come from God, do not break in upon the confidence, the tranquility and content, which possesses the heart of the just and righteous.

*Lady Louisa.* Very right, *Mrs. Affable*; but are we in the number of those just and righteous persons? Have we not on the contrary much reason to fear, that we may be reckoned among the idolaters, you mentioned t'other day?

*Mrs. Affable.* Hark'ee ladies, I am to observe two things with regard to your present situation of mind, and must prevail on you to observe the same, in relation to yourselves. You are between two dangerous rocks, equally to be avoided. The first is remissness in your duty, the second is a truly scrupulous anxiety. Your course must be between the two, declining neither to right or left. The knowledge I have lies in a small compass, but God is pleased to proportion the lights, which we receive, to our respective employs, and may enlarge my understanding in such a manner, that I may be more clear sighted in your case, than I should be in my own. In hopes that it will be so,  
I am

I am ready to hear, and to answer you ; but, to advise as I ought, I must first know you thoroughly. You must be sincere and free with me. Now lady *Lucy*, tell me what is your idol ?

Lady *Lucy*. Myself. I will now draw myself to the life, and you will find that the terrors, which alarm me, are but too well grounded.

Mrs. *Affable*. Remember however that in justice to yourself and to me, your good as well as bad qualities must come into the account.

Lady *Lucy*. Good qualities ! I assure you I know of none ; I should be very vain, if I thought I had any virtue ; there may perhaps be something of a deceitful resemblance, a kind of likeness ; but Mrs. *Affable*, such virtues are but like base and counterfeit money.

Mrs. *Affable*. On this head you owe the same justice to yourself, that you do to others. Were you mistress of every virtue, still there would be no room for vanity. Virtues would be natural, or acquired ; if the first you have no reason to boast of what God has bestowed upon you, without any concurrence of yours ; and the knowledge of your good natural qualities, can only excite your gratitude, to be thankful to your benefactor ; if you acquired these good qualities, it is not by your own strength, but by the succour and assistance of God, as the author and nature of grace. Such good qualities as are merely natural, cannot produce any *Christian* actions truly such, but require the influence of God's powerful grace, that the virtues and the actions may be truly *Christian*. All that is evil in you is your own ; never forget it, that you may do yourself justice, that is, treat yourself with contempt. All that is good in you comes from God ; never lose the sight of this great truth, that you may bless him, who has bestowed it, and be encouraged to love him

him incessantly. There is no need of informing me, concerning what you naturally are, but what you are, as a christian through God's mercy.

*Lady Lucy.* I am to tell you sincerely *Mrs. Affable*, you have now extricated me, out of a very perplexed situation of mind, and have cured me of an insupportable racking scruple. I have naturally tolerable good dispositions, were they not tainted with self-love; I have been brought up in a very christian family, where I have seen nothing but good example; and by that means have, as I may say, got good habits mechanically. When these come into my mind, I avoid all reflections upon them as bad thoughts, for fear of imitating the proud pharisee.

*Lady Louisa.* For my part I have got into the other extreme. I am satisfied and quite convinced, that I am not so good as I should be, but then I think I am much better than others. And I am pleased with the thought, as if I was obliged to myself for the good qualities I may have.

*Mrs. Affable.* Both excesses are very faulty, and consequently to be avoided. Let us hear lady *Lucy*, the good and bad you have to say of yourself.

*Lady Lucy.* To finish my picture, and to give you an idea of the situation I have been in, I need only desire you would remember the account of the lady, who was so earnest in her search after true happiness. I was in hopes of meeting with it in the world, and its pleasures. I found nothing but disgust and trouble. My heart loaths every object, and seeks in all places what it finds nowhere.

*Lady Louisa.* Here I must differ from lady *Lucy*. The world promises, and really gives me pleasure. I am diverted at a ball, a play, some assemblies; not that I would be taken up with such diversions from morning till night; but I  
look

look upon them as innocent, and such as may be allowed at my age. I love to dress and put on fine cloaths; nor did I ever think it an offence, provided a proper regard to modesty was observed. To be short, Mrs. *Affable*, I am resolved to work my salvation, and go to heaven; but as to this particular, I have set bounds to my ambition; I don't aspire to the first place, and would be beforehand with all the pleasures, that can be without offending God.

Mrs. *Affable*. Before I answer you, madam; let me ask lady *Lucy*, what hinders her relish of the pleasures, she seeks after. Let us know, my dear. Do the pleasures themselves disgust, or something that steps in, and hinders your taking full satisfaction in those amusements?

Lady *Lucy*. You shall know, Mrs. *Affable* how it is. I am, we'll suppose, invited to a ball; I accept the invitation, in hopes of being diverted; I go with the greatest eagerness, and banish all thoughts, that can hinder me taking the same pleasure with others. In the height of the diversion comes a thought which makes so strong an impression on me, that I cannot possibly remove it out of my mind. It seems to me as if I heard a voice, that says: *Is it for this, that God has placed thee in this world?* If every vain and unprofitable word is to be severely accounted for, can I imagine, that God will not make me accountable for the moments lost here? You easily conceive, that with such thoughts, I cannot enjoy the satisfaction I proposed to myself. I remember the first ball I went to; I perfectly longed for the day. Three nights passed without a wink of sleep; so impatient was I for the moment I was to set out on this party of pleasure. I was dazzled with the glittering shew; all the court was there, and I really wished for more eyes than I had, to enjoy  
the



the prospect. All on a sudden, I had this thought, How many persons among these I have now before me will die e're this year is ended? Could they have the heart to divert themselves, if they knew their term was so near? But who can assure me, that I shall not be one of the number? And yet for this week past, I have minded nothing but dress and trifles; this has caused many distractions at my prayers; and I have had neither God nor my salvation sufficiently in my thoughts.

This, Mrs. *Affable*, took up the whole time of the ball. Some thought of this nature still lurks in the mind, and only waits for the moment I have chose for diversion, to break out and engross all my attention.

Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Louisa*, what do you think of your friend's situation?

Lady *Louisa*. Think? That she is too scrupulous. At this rate, we may as well be buried alive. Does God forbid innocent pleasures? Tell me sincerely, Mrs. *Affable*. If you think we must give them up to secure heaven, in reversion, I will do it, but that will give me the greatest uneasiness, for I must tell you once more, that I love pleasure and diversions.

Mrs. *Affable*. 'Tis natural at your age, madam; I must not make a crime of this inclination, neither can I flatter nature. If I dissembled on this occasion, I should not deserve the confidence you are pleased to repose in me.

It is no offence, I must tell you, at your time of life, to desire some diversion, but this must be stated in a more proper light. To divert yourself without any prejudice to conscience,

First, The diversions and pleasures must not be evil of themselves.

Secondly, Though not evil in themselves, they must not be such, as may bring you in particular into any danger.

Thirdly

Thirdly, They must not prejudice any essential duty.

Fourthly, Let your diversions be a relaxation, but not your profession, and only business; let them take up a small part, not the whole of your time; that is, you must not give yourself up as a slave to pleasures. You may, if I may be allowed the expression, for a short while lend, but not abandon yourself to diversions.

Fifthly, The intention of a little amusement must be good. The end you propose, must be only to unbend the mind, to recover the fatigue of your daily duties in your respective callings, that you may resume them with greater alacrity.

Lastly, Take this rule, whereby you may discover, whether your pastimes are innocent. Before you take any diversion, consider whether you dare say, O God, I take this diversion for thy sake.

Lady *Lucy*. May one offer to God his relaxation and amusements? Now I should have thought it a want of respect.

Mrs. *Affable*. Have you never taken notice of what St. *Paul* says, *whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God*; he does not say whether you pray or give alms; he singles out the most animal actions of life to shew, that there is none, which ought not to be done for the glory of God. This is the true secret of holiness, I suppose, that the actions are not criminal; let the actions be never so common; such as they are, let them be done freely, without constraint, not out of a motive of vain complacency to ourselves, but to the glory of God.

Lady *Louisa*. But what is it to God, whether I take diversions or not?

Mrs. *Affable*. When God put a soul into your body, he charged the first with the care of the latter. Hence, to take a reasonable care of the  
body,

body, is to obey God, and to give him glory by a respectful submission to his commands. To feed the body with moderation, to watch with care, for the preservation of your health, to refresh and unweary the body by suitable recreations, are duties, which it were sinful to neglect. Where God commands, your compliance must be agreeable, and you may offer this act of obedience to his divine will. For example, it would be very unbecoming for a person that is very intemperate, to say: *My God, I eat thus in obedience to you.* His conscience must immediately reproach him: *How darest thou presume to think, that thou obeyest his divine Majesty, by destroying the health, which he charged thee to preserve.*

By observing these directions, you may divert yourselves as much as is proper. I shall give you them in writing; and you will consider whether hitherto your diversions have tallied with these rules. Lady *Lucy* will then enjoy for God's sake, and without scruple, the pleasures that are suitable to this doctrine; and lady *Louisa* will generously resign all such as are not consistent with these maxims.

Lady *Lucy*. I have learned more this day, than ever I understood before; and if you will favour us with such useful conversations, from time to time, I shall be the happiest creature in the world.

Mrs. *Affable*. I am entirely at your service, ladies, but, be sure, let our conferences be very secret. They would appear very ridiculous to your fine ladies. . . . . But here are our young ladies for the lesson of philosophy. This will give us very great lights for confirming what we have begun to explain, and which we will examine thoroughly the next time we meet.

*The End of the first Volume.*

THE  
YOUNG LADIES  
MAGAZINE,  
OR  
DIALOGUES

Between

A DISCREET GOVERNESS

AND

Several YOUNG LADIES of the first RANK  
under her EDUCATION.

BY

Mrs. LE PRINCE DE BEAUMONT.

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VOLUME II.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for J. NOURSE, at the *Lamb*, opposite  
*Catherine-Street*, in the *Strand*.

MDCCLX.

ИССОЛЪ

СВЯТЫЙ ДУХЪ ИЛИ ТРИ ЛИЦА

СВЯТЫЙ ДУХЪ ИЛИ ТРИ ЛИЦА СВЯТЫЙ ДУХЪ ИЛИ ТРИ ЛИЦА

СОИДОМЪ

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ДОГМАТИИ

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ИЗЪ СЪВѢЩАНІЯ СЪВѢЩАНІЯ

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ВЪ

ДИАСКОЛА

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МАСЛУИ

ДОКЛАДЪ

ВЪ



## DIALOGUE VIII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

**L**ADY *Sensible*, pray tell us, where we left off at our last meeting.

Lady *Sensible*. We were upon the definition of happiness. You said, that he was happy, who desired nothing, nor had any thing to fear.

Mrs. *Affable*. Did I give any proof of this definition being exact?

Lady *Sensible*. I think not, Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. If so, ladies, we must examine this point and observe the method, which we have obliged ourselves to follow. You know, that we are not to assent to any proposition, that is not an *axiom*.

Lady *Louisa*. Give me leave to ask what is meant by an *axiom*; 'tis a term I don't very well understand.

Mrs. *Affable*. I ought indeed to have explained it first, as well as several other terms peculiar to sciences, which you will meet on many occasions, and for want of understanding them be at a loss to comprehend many things that are very entertaining; besides, I intend to enliven our lessons with some touches of natural philosophy, but very few as I understand very little of it; the little I know I shall communicate, were it only to make my court to lady *Violent*.

Lady *Violent*. I am obliged to you for your complaisance; and I will in return make my court to you; and I must tell you, that you have got above half your *wager*.

Mrs. *Affable*. So, dear lady *Violent*, now you neither hate me nor my lessons.

Lady *Violent*. Oh! I am advanced much farther; I begin to love you very much; but I must not interrupt you; pray tell us what is the meaning of this word *axiom*.

Mrs. *Affable*. 'Tis a truth so clear, that you must renounce the light of reason to call it in question; a truth that a child of four years can understand. This is an *axiom*. *No one can give what he has not*. You see it is quite evident. *What is contrary to truth must be false*. Do you take it lady *Mary*?

Lady *Mary*. Perfectly well, Mrs. *Affable*; that grand word, *axiom*, frightened me; and now I find it is the easiest matter to be understood. If it be true, that you are in the room, it is false that you are out of it. That you are present is a truth; that you are absent, which is contrary to that truth, is a falsehood.

Lady *Louisa*. Is it not also an *axiom*, that if a principle is true, it's consequence cannot be false?

Mrs. *Affable*. Yes, madam; that was explained the other day. This is another *axiom*. *The whole is bigger than a part*.

Miss *Molly*. I don't take it, Mrs. *Affable*.

Lady *Charlotte*. Lord, how dull you are? don't you see, that this bit of wood, which is the foot of the table, and only one part of it is not so big as the whole table, there need not . . . . . Oh, Mrs. *Affable*, how you look at me; I have done wrong, I see; I have been very rough to my dear

dear miss *Molly*. I beg pardon, dear friend; I spoke without reflection.

Miss *Molly*. You do so very often, and you think you make up all things by asking pardon.

Mrs. *Affable*. Indeed, my dear, you scandalize me; is it not a shame to see so much resentment shewn to a good friend; I really thought you had more wit.

Miss *Molly*. You don't see all, Mrs. *Affable*; she is at it ten times a-day, and at last I can bear it no longer.

Lady *Charlotte*. She is really in the right, Mrs. *Affable*; and yet I could take my oath, that I never meant to give any offence; it is a bad custom I have.

Mrs. *Affable*. You must correct this fault, my dear, and I hope, that miss *Molly* will get the better of this wrong turn of mind. Come, my good girl, embrace your friend: and if you think seriously on the matter, you will be much ashamed of what has happened; it is very ugly indeed.

Miss *Molly*. I knew you would always take that lady's part, because you love her better than me.

Mrs. *Affable*. Come hither, poor *Molly*; you say that I love lady *Charlotte* better than you; it is very true. I love her now better; she is more amiable, and this is but natural. Make the case your own; you will do the very same. She has committed a fault, I own. But it is a blunder, a mistake, she never intended any offence; as soon as she perceived her mistake by my looking at her, she was very sensible, that she had done wrong, and immediately begged your pardon. Now consider the fault you have committed, compare it with hers, and you must find yours much greater. She said that you was dull; you might easily have convinced her of a mistaken judgment, and shewn



that you was mistress of more sense and wit by not taking any offence at her injurious language; instead of this you would shew, that you was really dull and stupid; one is no better that is angry without cause. After that you was very rough with her, you returned worse language, than she had given, whereas lady *Charlotte*, instead of following your example, owned herself in the wrong; and now, because I do her justice, you fall foul on me, you accuse me of being partial, you pretend, that I act by whim and fancy, in short you tell me, that I am unjust. Would not it be right in me to take pet in my turn, to pout as you do, and to continue out of temper like you. But I freely pardon you; why will you not forgive your school-fellow?

Miss *Molly*. You are in the right, Mrs. *Affable*, I am a foolish girl; I beg your pardon, and lady *Charlotte's*, and as a farther favour, I beg that neither of you will be angry with me.

Mrs. *Affable*. Why should I be angry with you? You have done me no harm, but much to yourself; I am mortified on your account, dear child, but it is a comfort to me, that you own your fault. Let us say no more about it, but go on with our lesson.

By this time you understand what an *axiom* is, and we advanced, that we were not to give our assent immediately to any proposition, that is not an *axiom*. Lady *Louisa* observed, that a consequence drawn from a true principle was also an *axiom*, and so that we could not doubt of man's being created to be happy, as this truth is a consequence of this other, *God is infinitely perfect*. We have also defined what it was to be happy, and said, that happiness was a state, in which we feared nothing, and had nothing to desire; but this has not yet been

been proved; let us try whether we can do it; and lady *Witty*, let us examine, whether you have hitherto been happy, and what has hindered your being so.

Lady *Witty*. I am not very unhappy at present, Mrs. *Affable*, but was very much so, before I was acquainted with you; for I was passionately desirous of being praised and esteemed; and I found that I was generally hated and despised. And now I still find an inclination and some desire of praise, but not much; so that I feel but some little uneasiness, when I am not praised; but there is something else that gives me much trouble. I want to be older, that I may go to assemblies, balls and plays. I shed some tears by myself, when I hear *mama* talk of a fine tragedy she has seen, and say to myself, when shall I be at liberty to see plays as I shall think proper.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well! you was quite satisfied last week, when you was at the playhouse.

Lady *Witty*. Not I, Mrs. *Affable*; to speak the truth I was pleased with being there; but the play in my mind did not last long enough; I was concerned, that I could not come the next day; and then I was so heavy and under so much disquiet, that I could not be pleased with any thing I did.

Mrs. *Affable*. But if the lady, your *mama*, took you every day to the playhouse, do you think that would content you?

Lady *Witty*. I wish for many more things, Mrs. *Affable*, I would willingly go to Vaux-hall; in a word, I entertain so many different wishes, that as soon as I have obtained one, another wish begins to teize me.

Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Louisa*, were you like lady *Witty* at her age?

Lady *Louisa*. Exactly, Mrs. *Affable*; I made no doubt of being happy as soon as I should go with my lady to every place.

Mrs. *Affable*. And now very likely you are quite happy, that you have compassed what you desired so much.

Lady *Louisa*. Far from it, Mrs. *Affable*; I am often tired with those things I have so long wished for; and there are others, which I cannot reach, that I desire to be in my power.

Mrs. *Affable*. Pray madam would you tell me, whether you don't think yourself unhappy in not being queen of *England*?

Lady *Louisa*. No, Mrs. *Affable*, for I never desired it.

Mrs. *Affable*. Are not you sorry that you have not a gown all set with diamonds?

Lady *Louisa*. No, I never was for such a quantity of them; but I own that my sister in law has an *aigrette* which quite pleases me. This unlucky *aigrette* runs constantly in my head; and I am seriously concerned, that I cannot have such another.

Be pleased to observe ladies, that it is not the things of the world, but the desire which occasions all your trouble. You no more want the lady your sister in law's *aigrette*, than you want all the diamonds in *London*. Why does this trouble you, and why are you perfectly easy at the others? Because you have taken it into your head to wish for the first, and thought no more of the second, than you did of the crown of *England*. To be satisfied, you don't want that particular sprig of diamonds; you would, if you had it, soon look upon it with great indifference; the main point is to shake off that desire; it is that, and that only which torments you.

Lady

Lady *Louisa*. Allow me, Mrs. *Affable*, to make a supposition. If our desires torment us, when we cannot content them, he would be happy, that could obtain every thing as he desired it. This makes him master of all that he wishes; he cannot desire more.

Mrs. *Affable*. *Alexander* an ambitious prince proposed to conquer the whole world, and made himself sure of the conquest. You may perhaps imagine, that the prospect satisfied his desires. Not at all, ladies! he took up his thoughts with grieving that the world was of so small a compass, and wished he had more worlds to subdue. I will suppose however, that he could not wish for more; still that state of inaction would be tedious, and the danger of losing what he had gained would be a cause of extreme trouble.

Lady *Louisa*. This is a flat contradiction, Mrs. *Affable*; our desires, you say, are the occasion of our misfortunes. You say farther, that a man, who desired nothing, would be uneasy, because he had nothing to desire. Putting these two together, a person with and without any desire is equally unhappy. And hence may be concluded, that it is false, that man was created to be happy; and that it is even impossible he should be happy.

Mrs. *Affable*. This we call proper and close reasoning, Madam; but let me see, whether I cannot get out of the briars.

To begin, we have no business to doubt of an axiom; that would be ridiculous. It is an uncontested truth, that man was made to be happy; it is a consequence of this principle: *There is a God infinitely perfect*. We must then examine my other propositions.

I said that our desires hinder us from being

happy; and I repeat it, because it is impossible for us to obtain all we desire.

I go farther, and say, that though we could satisfy all our desires, we could not be happy, since the heart would be wearied out with having no more to wish in this world.

Lady *Lucy*. This is very clear; were man content with what he possesses, he would desire nothing farther. I begin to think, that I can guess at the reason, Mrs. *Affable*. It is not, because the heart is of that capacity and extent, that, altho' all the good things of the world were put together, it could never be filled or satisfied. I fancy my heart to be like a child, that cries and wants to have every thing it sees. If any thing is put into it's hands, it lays fast hold with great eagerness, looks at it, turns it of all sides, then casts it away with a kind of scorn, begins afresh to cry for the next thing, and when it has got it, treats it with the same ceremony as the other.

Mrs. *Affable*. The comparison is really excellent, my dear, and a true representation of the heart.

Lady *Louisa*. I grant, that the heart is like that child; but you must also grant, that we are not made to be happy since nothing can make us so.

Mrs. *Affable*. No, madam; we can never be happy till we find an object of greater extent, than the heart of man, an object which we may possess if we please; and in which during this life, we may every moment find something new to raise new desires, and such as it is in our power to gratify; in so much that we cannot form a wish, but what shall be fulfilled instantly, and succeeded by others with the same facility and success.

Lady

Lady *Louisa*. I find nothing but God, that is greater than the heart, since the heart is so much above the whole world.

Mrs. *Affable*. Truly God only can make us happy in another life; and to possess him here is, even in this life a commencement of that future happiness.

Lady *Tempest*. But how can we possess and enjoy him now?

Mrs. *Affable*. That God may fill your heart, you must make room for his divine presence, by casting out every thing that possesses it. Drive out ambition, pride, covetousness, and all the other passions that incumber the soul and hinder God from fixing his residence there. To banish all irregular passions that give birth to irregular desires is to remove all obstacles to happiness. And hence we must conclude that our definition of happiness was not complete, and that we must reform it once more by saying, that happiness is a state, wherein the heart forms no desire but what it can satisfy, without any danger or apprehension of being cloy'd.

Lady *Lucy*. I could have taken my oath that the other was a perfect definition, but I find it was not. Now I see how necessary it is to examine what appears to be most certain, and nothing pleases me more than the thought of being sure it is in my power to discover the truth.

Mrs. *Affable*. Truth is the food of the understanding, and the pleasures, which flow from the discovery of it, go infinitely beyond those which are so eagerly sought in the childish amusements of the world; you will find it some day by experience, my dear; and you will be greatly surpris'd, that you could ever lose so much time in trifles, when a pastime so becoming a rational

creature was in your power. But our lesson has been vastly serious; let us spirit up a little. Lady *Tempest*, I beg you will tell us the story you took out of the *Adventurer*.

Lady *Tempest*. Ladies, it is a gentleman that gives an account of himself, I will introduce him telling his own adventures.

I was born in a certain county of *England*, about 150 miles distant from the metropolis. At twenty years of age, I came to an easy fortune; and thought immediately of settling in the world. I found a lady of my rank, and of my temper with a fortune equal to mine. I have been blessed with three children by her, I am extremely fond of my little offspring, and with my small family I found myself happier than a king. I had a good library; and when I was not with my wife and children, my time was spent in reading. Though I had a general taste for all sorts of books, my inclination was chiefly to the poets, and particularly those, who were concerned in dramatic poetry. I had a strong passion for *Shakespeare's* tragedies: I read them over and over again without ceasing; and sometimes I thought, how happy they must be at *London*, who had opportunities to go to the playhouses, where those excellent pieces were exhibited. This thought which came frequently to my mind, grew up to a desire, and that a violent one. Now when one earnestly desires what he cannot compass, all diversions grow insipid; what is in your power, is distasteful; in short, I was quite miserable. I was at liberty to go to town, when I pleased: no one would have hindered me; but in reality, when I considered the matter seriously, reason opposed this excursion; and it would have been quite a shame to ride a hundred and fifty miles.

miles merely for the pleasure of seeing a play acted. I continued two whole years, in this distressed condition; my friends found me so altered, that they could not have known me again; so melancholy and pensive I was grown. At two years end, I received a letter from town with an account, that an aunt of mine was dead there, had left me her heir, and that I must of necessity come up to settle matters with regard to this succession. I was overjoyed with the news, which surpris'd all my acquaintance. Till that time, I was esteem'd a disinterested person; they could not conceive how an increase of fortune could occasion such raptures. I was really uneasy, that I was thought a covetous person; but I could not bring myself to declare the true cause of the satisfaction I had. A *French* author observes very judiciously, that we are more jealous of the opinion which others form of our understanding, than we are with respect to what they think of our morals, and we chuse rather to be thought immoral, than ridiculous, and persons of weak capacities. At least I acted that time upon this principle. I left all the world at liberty to determine as they pleas'd; and my whole care was in hastening every thing for my departure. I scarce allowed my wife time to put up a few shirts in a cloakbag; and though I had the tenderest love for my family, the tears they shed when I took horse, were not minded by me. I rode night and day; I cannot say that I saw any thing upon the road; I was wholly taken up with the shew I was to see; when I alighted, the first question I asked of my landlord was, at what o'clock they opened the play-house. He answered, *about five, 'tis but eleven; you have six hours good to rest.* Tormenting villain,



lain, thought I to myself! This brute talks of six hours as he would of six minutes, and cannot think one has any thing to do, but to rest. I think I could have fallen foul upon mine host; and I was not without some suspicion, that he was accessary to the opening of the house so late. However I found it necessary to follow his advice; but I dined in as great haste, as if they of the playhouse had only waited for me to draw up the curtain. As the time drew nearer my impatience increased; I quarrelled with the barber I sent for to be shaved, I told him he would be the cause of my not being at the opening of the playhouse; I took my watch out every moment nor could I be persuaded that the slowness of its motion was natural. In fine, I behaved in all respects like a madman; and left the people of the inn quite persuaded that I had had a knock in the cradle. It was exactly four, when I came to the playhouse door; as it was only to be opened at five, I had full leisure to champ the bit, whilst I walked about every way. I was heartily enraged at the porter; I was sure that he was at the bottom of this mischief, and delayed on purpose coming to open the door. However it was set open at last, I went in; no, I rushed in; but was forced very soon to abate of my mettle; there was no light, and I was in danger of breaking my neck; for coming out of the day-light into a dark place, I could not absolutely see before me. In a short time I recovered my sight; and I surveyed with eagerness the place I had so long and earnestly wished to see. My next business was to pitch upon a place, where I might most conveniently see the play. I was at last determined, not because I was pleased, but because I was tired with strolling  
from

from one side to the other in quest of a place. Mean while the company crouded in, and seemed to share with me in impatience; some by bawling, others drumming upon the benches with their sticks, others with their feet, and some shewed their uneasiness by whistling. In fine, the noise was enough to stun any common mortal, and was over and above so disagreeable, that if an uncommon desire of seeing a play had not brought me thither, I would certainly have made my escape. At last the long wished for moment comes, the curtain is drawn up, and what do you think, but a man of enormous size comes in and claps down just before me; as he was taller by the head than myself, I had nothing left for it but to lean all on one side; it was really worth my while to come so early, and to try so many places as I had done. However this inconvenience was not very sensible; one of the actors had opened the scene, and my soul was only in my eyes and ears; the rest of my faculties were almost gone.

I only came again to myself at the close of the first act. And then I called myself to an account of the pleasure I had found in this novelty. It was really great, but far from answering my expectation. This disappointment occasioned a dislike; however the dislike left me a sufficient presence of mind to examine the play, and to remark its defects; so that at last I found fault with the author, the players, the decorations, I even observed upon the taylor's, and found every particular short of that perfection, to which they might have been carried to make the whole complete.

The farce was much more disagreeable. This was a pantomime, and very pretty, but the subject, as far as the gestures of the actors gave

us to understand, was extremely undecent. I could willingly have given more attention to the shew; a thousand ill thoughts crowded into my mind; I did not chuse to be damned with harbouring these dangerous guests; I was wholly taken up in resisting and denying them admittance; I could not see half of this pantomime, where conscience obliged me almost every moment to close my eyes. At last the performance was at an end; and I got back to my inn in a very dull and pensive mood. Many a thousand times I had been alone without the least discontent; but after I left that tumultuous croud, my lodging appeared to me an unsupportable desert. Whilst I was fretting, I made the following reflection.

My case is very common. A young lady at fourteen or fifteen, hears of what I may call the grand play or comedy of the world; she longs to be seen at this public spectacle, and endeavours to hasten the long desired hour; at length she appears at assemblies. What forecast! what care is had to be in a proper place to see and be seen in a manner the most likely to sooth and flatter her vanity! But when she fancies she has succeeded, and that she is fixed to her content, in comes a taller person, that is a lady of greater beauty, a finer shape, more wit, and possessed of talents which she wants; she seizes and fixes every eye in the company, and eclipses the young person, that thought herself so happy, and who, in order to catch a side glance, and some share in the admiration of the spectators, is forced to be upon the rack, and in the most uneasy posture, where this dangerous rival shines with superior endowments. Though the constraint is greatly troublesome, she keeps up her heart, and bears her present situation with the prospect of the pleasure she hopes to find

in this meeting. How great is her surprize, and how affecting her concern to see, that the pleasure does not answer her expectation; she is frustrated, she does not meet with half, no, not a quarter of the satisfaction she proposed to herself; she grieves, she begins to loath the world, that requires so much, and returns so little; but this disgust fails too often of bringing a love of retreat, and ends in being out of temper with the faults of the play, and the performers; that is, the incidents of life, the perfidiousness of indifferent persons, and the ingratitude of those, who were thought friends. One is deceived on all sides, obliged to take a share in the trouble of this person, and to suffer the unjust proceedings of that other; this is not all. This comedy, or universal pantomime, which is not very entertaining, is very scandalous; what is heard and what is seen disposes generally to evil. Who has the holy fear of the Lord dreads being sullied with this filth; he must be ever on his guard, always resisting, and engaged in an endless struggle. Here the eyes must be constantly shut and the ears; the tongue must be almost under a perpetual restraint. What a pity! In fine, the play draws to an end, night, that is, old age comes on. What remains but very little pleasure, great uneasiness, unprofitable desires, and tormenting remorse? happy those, who like myself, disgusted with the first representation take a handsome resolution, and follow my example. I had not the least temptation to see another play. I left my affairs to the care of a friend; and the next day I made the best of my way homeward with as much speed, and came back to my family with as much joy, as I felt at my setting out.

Lady

Lady *Lucy*. You know that is exactly my case, Mrs *Affable*; I am very much inclined to follow this gentleman's example, and give up this pageantry at the first representation.

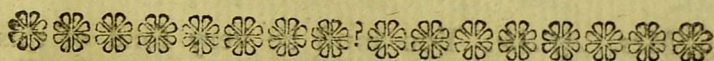
Mrs. *Affable*. Fair and softly, lady. Sloth is often disguised under a pretext of despising the world; this must be considered; we will do it the first private meeting we have.

Miss *Sophy*. Pray, Mrs. *Affable*, do you ever admit these ladies to private visits?

Mrs. *Affable*. What makes you ask, my dear?

Miss *Sophy*. I have earnestly longed for some time to have a little private talk with you, and I durst not propose it.

Mrs. *Affable*. I could really be angry at you, my dear. Have you forgot, that I am your friend, and that you must be free with me? You *durst not*, they are words not to be used, more particularly among friends. Let me know without ceremony what you desire of me; when I cannot comply I will lay my reasons before you very candidly. Once for all, ladies, I desire you will be persuaded, that I can have no greater pleasure than that of condescending to all that you desire, when you are good. Remember this well, Miss *Sophy*; let it be very early when you come, and I will hear what you have to say with all my heart.



## DIALOGUE IX.

Mrs. AFFABLE, Miss BELLA, Miss SOPHY.

Miss SOPHY.

**Y**OU will be pleased, Mrs. *Affable*, to let my sister be one of the company; she is acquainted with what I have to say.

Mrs. *Affable*. As you please, my dear little ladies.

Miss *Sophy*. The matter in question is concerning two friends of ours, young ladies, who have not the happiness of being acquainted with Mrs. *Affable*, and have desired to have her opinion about them by our means. The eldest is the most unhappy person in the world; the servants in the family have taken it into their heads, that her mother loves her preferably to her other children; upon this account they hate her, and do her all the mischief they can. This gives her the greatest uneasiness, and were it not, that her sister is a great comfort to her, she must die of grief.

Miss *Bella*. You must observe, Mrs. *Affable*, that this younger sister is extremely impertinent; and when she finds, that her maid or other servants will be out of the way, and not hear reason; she without more ado sends them about their business with a good deal of scorn. She frequently tells her eldest sister, that she is very stupid to be vexed at what such folks say; but it is in vain to argue the point; nothing will comfort her; and most of the night is spent in tears.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. You must be very fond of this young lady, my dear miss *Sophy*; you actually weep for her sake . . . . may I beg leave to guess the names of the two ladies?

Miss *Sophy*. By all means, Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well, I guess their names to be *Sophy* and *Bella*; but pray inform me, why I was not to know that you spoke of yourselves.

Miss *Sophy*. I was ashamed, that you should know I was not loved in the family; it appears to me to be the greatest of misfortunes. But how could you guess, that we meant ourselves?

Mrs. *Affable*. That was no very hard matter. I know your character so well, that I cannot be easily imposed upon in any thing that relates to you.

Miss *Bella*. What would I give, Mrs. *Affable*, to know my own character! I shall take it as the greatest favour if you would describe me to myself such as I am.

Mrs. *Affable*. You have very pressing motives, my dear children, to wish for this knowledge; of all sciences it is the most necessary; how can we without it correct defects which we know not? Now, dear *Bella*, I will draw your picture.

Miss *Sophy*. Why not begin with mine, Mrs. *Affable*? you well know I am the elder.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well! I could have laid a wager you would have entered your claim, my dear. You are always at it with your birthright among your sisters; you let your governess and others see very clearly, that you think yourself sure of your mama's heart, and that you have a title to superiority, and rule over them. How can you think any one will be fond of you, whilst you have such a temper?

Miss *Sophy*. You speak of me as a person of a very bad temper; I assure you, Mrs. *Affable*, that I have a very good heart; and that I love very much even the persons that give me so much vexation; I am only miserable, because they don't love me.

Mrs. *Affable*. I am obliged not to disguise the truth, my dear, since you do me the honour of asking my advice; and I hope, that you will have good sense enough not to take it amiss. You say you love those persons; for my part I fear that you only love yourself.

Miss *Sophy*. You are mistaken, Mrs. *Affable*; I will give you a convincing proof, that my heart is good. For about these two years we have had a governess that scolds me from morning till night; and yet I love her, and cry like a fool, when I think she is angry with me.

Mrs. *Affable*. That don't shew you love her much, but that you desire to be loved yourself; and that you will have it with a high hand. Do you remember that cap you chose t'other day, and which you thought so pretty? You was in the saddest humour the whole day for my finding your sister's much prettier. To please you one must always think as you do, love what you like, and hate what you dislike.

Miss *Sophy*. I cannot allow this for truth; I am not of that character.

Miss *Bella*. Take care, sister. Mrs. *Affable* knows us better than we know ourselves; and only that I don't care to vex you —

Miss *Sophy*. Pray sister, who asks your advice; when Mrs. *Affable* is upon your character, I shall not put in a word of my opinion.

Mrs.



*Mrs. Affable taking out a little pocket-glass.*

You would have people to be fond of you, my dear; look and tell me, whether you appear so very engaging; your countenance is quite altered—— You turn your eyes: you are afraid of seeing yourself. And instead of once thinking of shewing your gratitude for my kindness, you are quite angry with your friend. Were I like you, I would let you e'en pout it out at your ease. Come, kiss me this very minute——that will not do; I must have a good humoured kiss, such as you give me when you are a good girl, or else——take care what you do,——I shall come out with a terrible threat——or else, I shall love you no more——So——this is right now, and you are grown quite pretty again.

*Miss Sophy.* Lord! what a fool I am, *Mrs. Affable!* had I continued in this ugly temper, I should have struck both you and my sister.

*Mrs. Affable.* Had this been the case between you and your governess, what would have happened then?

*Miss Sophy.* Why, we should have had a whole day's scolding, that is certain; she would not have had your patience, and would have endeavoured to make me yield by dint of chiding. Really, she is not to be borne, *Mrs. Affable.*

*Mrs. Affable.* Do you think she don't love you?

*Miss Sophy.* Excuse me, *Mrs. Affable,* I believe she does; she is very careful, when any thing ails me, and very uneasy at the least thing that can happen; yet I think she loves my sister better.

*Miss Bella.* Sister, you know very well that she finds as much fault with me as with you, though she certainly loves me better. Do, as I do. I tell her my reasons quietly; when she is not disposed to  
mind

mind them. I step into another room, and leave her to mutter by herself, without being in the least angry at her. It is her way, she must chide; she don't do it to make us uneasy; poor creature she thinks herself assuredly in the right.

*Miss Sophy.* It is very happy for you, that you can take that course; for my part, when I am chid, I must cry.

*Miss Bella.* I don't tell you that I have not as much mind to give way to tears as you have; but I don't care she should know the impression her chiding has made; I look chearful out of spite, I smother my passion for a whole day unless I can vent it in tears in some corner, where I am not seen.

*Mrs. Affable.* That is, *Miss Bella* has as much pride as her sister; but of another kind.

*Miss Bella.* Very true, *Mrs. Affable*; I will endeavour to explain the nature of this pride; I am well acquainted with it, and wish my sister had the same; her's makes her quite miserable. Suppose that each of us has a new gown; my sister shews her's to somebody, that is pleased to find fault with it; she is immediately off the hinges, quarrels with a good gown, finds it very ugly, is loth to wear it any more; it is very plain, that she can't have a moment's happiness, when it depends on the fancies and whims of others. On the contrary, when I have pitched upon a gown that pleases me, if it does not please another, I conclude the fault does not lie in the gown, but in that *other's* want of taste.

*Mrs. Affable.* These two characters are complete, my dear *Bella*; your pride is very solid; your sister's falls very short in value of it. But, my good little ladies, it is not enough to know, we must also correct ourselves.

*Miss*

Miss *Bella*. But how shall we shake off these defects?

Mrs. *Affable*. You are mistaken, my dear; the defect is not so much in your characters. Were I to decide in this matter I should say, that the characters are neither good nor bad, or that they are rather good than bad; and that if you will make a right use of that turn of mind, you may both of you be very perfect, and very happy.

Miss *Sophy*. Is it possible, Mrs. *Affable*. Oh! how obliged should I be to you, if you would teach me to make a good use of the disposition and bent which I find I have! To speak the truth, I find it is to very little purpose to think well of myself, I have great reason to think, that I am not very agreeable, and yet I could wish to be so.

Mrs. *Affable*. That will be easily brought about, my dear. You have told me your faults with great sincerity; I will acquaint you with mine. When I was very young I had, like you, the misfortune of being my father's favourite; I call it a misfortune, my dear, because it is very easy to make an ill use of it, which I effectually did. You recal to my mind what I was at your age; I was truly a little tyrant. It is true I loved my brothers and sisters, but then I insisted upon their shewing me a very particular respect without taking on my side any trouble to deserve being respected. I thought them extremely faulty, when they took the liberty to contradict me; I always claimed the preference, and, as you do, I would tell them at least twenty times a day, *I am the eldest*. What was the consequence? All hated me; the servants out of pure compassion took my brothers and sisters part on all occasions, I chid the servants; I got them severely reprimanded by my father; all this  
only

only contributed to increase their hatred and detestation of me. I was at length tired of being hated, and put the question to myself, *How comes it, that no one can abide me? Am I ill-tempered? No, I certainly have a good and kind heart; but then I am much out of the way. How should I like one, that always endeavoured to get the upper hand of me? Not at all. I need not then wonder, that others cannot suffer me; this is quite plain and natural.* After these reflections I was determined to get the better of this turn of mind; but this was a hard task; I did not so readily perceive, when I was out of the way. I very luckily found a friend, who took upon her the charitable office of putting me in mind, whenever she observed that I was extravagant, and acted the tyrant. I took it well of her, when she was so kind, though at first it gave me great uneasiness. In a twelve month's time I was so much mended, that I was not to be known for the same person, and my sisters, brothers, and all the servants doted on me.

*Miss Sophy.* You are very sly, *Mrs Affable*; you have taken a method of reproaching me with my faults, without leaving me at liberty to take it amiss. Under the pretext of describing your character, you have drawn mine.

*Mrs. Affable.* 'Tis no pretext, my dear; I assure you, that I was then what you are now.

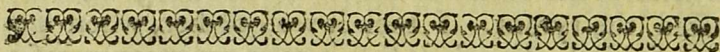
*Miss Sophy.* But where shall I find the true friend, that will put me in mind of my faults?

*Mrs. Affable.* Your sister will do that kind office; and I know you will take it in good part. If you can prevail so far upon yourself, you will become extremely agreeable; to do you justice your inclinations are quite good, and you have a great share of wit. I discovered your kind temper in your affection to your sisters, though you maltreat

them sometimes. On the other side your being desirous to please, and to be loved is a hopeful disposition, and may be a means to correct such defects as hinder your being so amiable as you might be. You must begin with a promise, that you will allow your dear sister to remind you of your faults; and if you keep your word I promise to teach you the way of becoming quite amiable.

Miss *Bella*. And what must *Bella* do to overcome her pride.

Mrs. *Affable*. We will talk of that another time, my dear. The ladies are come; I hear them in lady *Sensible*'s chamber; we must not make them wait any longer.



## DIALOGUE X.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

WE read a story yesterday, ladies, which made us all shed tears. Lady *Tempest* has desired leave to repeat it to you.

Lady *Louisa*. Before we begin, give me leave, Mrs. *Affable*, to beg a farther favour. We have two ladies friends of ours; we have often talked to them of Mrs. *Affable*; they have an earnest desire to be acquainted with you; they are gone into lady . . . . . 's, and wait for your consent to let them be presented to you.

Mrs. *Affable*. I shall see them with great pleasure, and I beg they may come . . . . . Are you acquainted with them, lady *Lucy*?

Layd

Lady *Lucy*. One of them has been an intimate with me many years; her name is *Zina*, and I am sure she will be your favourite. I know very little of miss *Frisvolous*, the other lady; I am persuaded she is in great want of your lessons as well as myself; and I believe they will be of great service to her. But here they are.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are very good, ladies, to think that I can be useful to you in any respect; pray sit down ladies, and give us leave to begin our lesson. But I must previously observe to you that it is rather a conversation, than a lesson. We are a small society of friends, who amuse ourselves in chatting together; we discourse freely without any disguise; each speaks what she thinks. It is hoped that you will not fail to copy the example, which these ladies will give you in delivering their thoughts, with becoming freedom.

Miss *Zina*. For my part I promise not to be wanting in due attention; that is really the most I am fit for.

Miss *Frisvolous*. I will follow Miss's example, for besides the difficulty I have as yet of expressing my thoughts in French, I am very backward and timorous.

Mrs. *Affable*. I hope you will not be long so in our society. When we are only friends that meet, you must take courage. Begin with your story, lady *Tempest*.

Lady *Tempest*. A lady of quality, but very young, was married to a gentleman extremely rich, and as old as he was rich; the young Lady, who was very virtuous, behaved with the greatest complaisance to her husband; and he was so sensible of her kind behaviour, that in gratitude he made a will, by which he settled his whole real and personal estate upon her. She was not yet come to

twenty years of age; she had the beauty of an angel; she was mistress of a most excellent wit, but what is above all she had the deserved reputation of being a most discreet and prudent lady. With all these advantages you may imagine she was not without lovers, and many made their offers, who looked upon the happiness of marrying so complete a person as the greatest of advantages. She singled out the marquis of Ganges a very amiable person for the happy man. It was generally agreed, that it was a most suitable match, and that this couple would be quite happy. They were so at first, but by degrees they began to be less complaisant to each other. I said before, that the marchioness *de Ganges* was young, beautiful, and very ingenious; these advantages were attended with every accomplishment. She sung charmingly, she had an excellent hand for all instruments, she danced to admiration; such a person, you may be sure, was desired to be at all honorable meetings; if a ball was given, if there was a feast or an assembly, she was always invited, and as she loved diversions, she freely accepted their invitations. Her husband, who was something jealous, represented, that this dissipated and distracted life of her's injured her reputation, and gave him a good share of uneasiness, upon which he begged of her not to gad about so much, and to stay more at home. The marchioness thought this a very extraordinary lesson; she knew herself to be very discreet, and was persuaded that sufficed; she only desired to skip about, to be merry, and to divert herself with persons of her own age; and as she thought no harm, she was surpris'd to find this construed into a crime. Upon this she made this answer to her husband, that her conscience reproached her nothing, that she neither

was

was of an age nor a mind to be buried alive on account of the silly discourses of detractors; that he was at liberty to frequent all those assemblies, and to observe her behaviour; that to deprive a woman at her age of all innocent and decent diversions was a thing never heard of; he chid, she did the same; in fine the good understanding, that had hitherto subsisted between them, vanished away, and left room for quarrels and discord, reproaches, coolness, and at last for hatred. The marquiss looked upon his lady as a conceited woman, and perhaps something of a *coquette*; she considered her husband as a jealous man and a tyrant; in short they could no longer suffer each other. You remember, that the marchioness's first husband left her a great fortune by will; she was at liberty to dispose of it as she pleased; but from a desire of being revenged of her husband, she resolved he should have no share in the administration of her fortune, if he survived her. She had two children by the marquiss that she loved entirely; she made a will of all in their favour; this was very just; but she added, that if she died before they were of age to enjoy her fortune, it was her will, that her mother, who was not very old, should be their guardian in exclusion of their father. She added the following words at the bottom of the will, as if she had foreseen the misfortune that was to happen.

*I declare in the presence of God, that this is my true and last will, which I am resolved never to alter, and if it should happen hereafter, that I make another will, I give notice, that it will be contrary to my will, and forced from me, and I declare that other will so made void, and of no effect.*

The marquiss, by what means is not known, discovered this will, where he was so ill used; he



reproached her with it, and remonstrated how much it disgraced him; common friends, for whom the marchioness had the greatest deference, represented the same, and undertook to reconcile her to her husband, which they at length compassed by their good offices. The marquis promised to be more complaisant, she engaged to be more at home; she was as good as her word, and began to have a real disgust of the world. The marquis seemed to recover of his odd humours, grew extremely fond of his lady, and endeavoured to prevent her desires by procuring every thing he thought could please her. As she was good and sincere she was affected much by seeing him so much altered, and generously forgetting all past ill usage, she took a resolution to make him quite easy, and to shew that she forgave him freely, and without any remains of her former animosity, she made her will in such manner as was agreeable to him.

The marquis had two brothers, one a clergyman; his stile was *Monsieur L'Abbé*; the other was a knight of *Malta*; it is thought they contributed greatly by their ill-natured discourses to make a difference between the marquis and his lady. However it were, the marchioness who was of a meek mild temper, behaved very handsomely to them, particularly to the knight, who having no fortune, could with great difficulty have supported his rank without her benefactions. Summer came on, and the marchioness went down into the country to one of her estates at no great distance; and was accompanied by her two brothers-in-law. Her husband promised he would follow her very soon, but that he had pressing affairs, that required his staying at *Avignon*. The poor lady had the greatest difficulty to resolve on this journey, though she had made it several times in the same company,  
and

and had a sort of misgiving of what was to happen, that warned her not to go. Before she set out, she distributed considerable alms to obtain from God her preservation from a sudden death, and sufficient time to beg pardon, and cry mercy for her sins. She had been but some days in the country, when she found herself extremely disordered after eating a cream-tart; it appeared that poison had been mixed with the tart, but the cream had hindered the full effect of the poison. One would have thought this was a sufficient warning to leave the country; she did not, but fancied it was a mistake of the cook's. One Sunday she thought a little physic would be of service to her; a black and nauseous draught was sent in that she could not prevail upon herself to take, but made use of some pills she had brought down with her. After dinner she found herself extremely well; she invited some young ladies in the neighbourhood, and a very handsome collation was served up; the pills had given her a good appetite, and she eat heartily. In the evening the young ladies took their leave, and the marchioness's brothers-in-law waited upon them home. The marchioness de *Ganges* was fatigued; the weather was extremely hot; she put off her gown, and threw herself on the bed with a petticoat and a thin quilted waistcoat, without any thing on her head, but her beautiful hair all in tresses. She had scarce lain a quarter of an hour, when she saw her brother-in-law the clergyman come into her room; his eyes started out of his head; in one hand he had a pistol, in the other a glass of poison. You must die, madam, said he; take your choice. Ah! dear brother, said she, joining her hands; what have I done to you? why will you kill me? as she said this, in comes the other brother-in-law, the

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knight,

knight with a drawn sword. At first she fondly imagined he came to her assistance; she was deceived; he held the point of the sword to her throat, and forced her to take the poison. As the thickest part of the draught lay at the bottom of the glass, these brutes took a stick to bring the dregs to the top of the glass; she was under a necessity to take what was left; but she did not swallow this last; she seemed to sink into her bed, and spit it out between the sheets. The unhappy victim, seeing now the evil past all remedy, begged of the inhuman executioners, that they would have mercy on her soul, and let her at least have a confessor to assist her; they consented and took care after they went out to lock the chamber door.

The marchioness being now alone, endeavoured to make her escape, and as the window from her apartment, that opened towards the stables, was not very high, she threw herself into the court. Had she waited a moment longer it would have been too late. The clergyman sent for to assist her in quality of a confessor, and who undoubtedly was in the plot with the two barbarians, her brothers-in-law, came soon enough to catch hold of her petticoat, which helped to keep her up strait, so as to light on her feet without hurt. This wicked man threw a flower-pot after her, which had it reached must have mashed her head to pieces.

The first thing the poor marchioness did was to cram her hair down her throat in order to vomit, and to cast up the poison, which she easily did, having eat so plentifully before. The poison was so quick and active, that a pig died of eating what she had cast up. She then begged of a young man, that belonged to the stables to save her life, by letting her out at a back door that opened into the street,

street. He took her up in his arms, and set her down out of the door, whence she ran quite dishevelled, and half naked through the village to the parsonage, where she found all the ladies that had been at collation with her at the manor. They all screamed out at the sight of the marchioness in this distressed situation. She had but just time to tell them, that she was poisoned, and that her brothers-in-law were in pursuit of her. The clergyman stood at the entrance with a pistol, and said, whoever offered to come in he would blow their brains out; the knight went up stairs, saying, the marchioness was gone distracted, and that he would not suffer her to be seen in that condition. This had an air of probability with it; meanwhile one of the ladies, who had some *Venice-treacle* about her, gave the marchioness very large bits of it from time to time. The poor lady, whose bowels were all on fire with this hot poison, asked for a little water to drink, and the knight carried his cruel barbarity so far as to break the glass between her teeth. Notwithstanding this last instance of inhumanity, she resolved upon a last effort to move him to compassion, she desired to speak to him in private. She crept into the room next to that where the company were; here she threw herself at his feet; *dear brother*, said she, *it is yet time to repair your fault; I promise, as I hope to be saved, never to reveal what has happened; no one is yet informed of it; and I will say with you, that I have had a fit of madness.* Whilst she spoke, he looked at her with eyes full of rage and fury, and instead of answering, he fell upon her, run her through and through with his sword, and would not have given over, but for his sword being broke in her body. The cries of the marchioness alarmed all the ladies in the next room; they ran to her, but not

one had the courage to stop the knight, who told his brother, that all was over, and nothing remained but to provide for their own safety.

In the mean time some of the ladies endeavoured to assist the marchioness, whilst others cried out at the windows, *help and murther*. The magistrate of the township ordered a score of men to take arms, and placed them before the house; this precaution proved a very proper measure; for the knight hearing that his sister-in-law was not yet dead, came back to give her the finishing stroke, but retired on finding the house so well guarded. Whilst they waited for a surgeon, the women endeavoured to get the stump of the sword, that was lodged in her shoulder, the brave marchioness advised one of them to rest her knee against her back, and to pull away, which succeeded. The surgeon, who came that instant, searched all the wounds, and declared none of them mortal; and if the poison could be overcome, gave hopes of saving the unfortunate lady's life. But the poison was too violent, and antidotes came too late; a violent fever and exquisite sharp pains in her bowels shewed clearly, that the evil was past all remedy. Several messengers were dispatched to acquaint her mother, her husband, and her children, with her present situation. The marquiss her husband, instead of setting out immediately, loitered a whole day at *Avignon*, telling every one, he met the sad accident, as if he had been in real concern. When the marquiss came, the marchioness's mother, who had some reason to judge him an accomplice in the crime with his brothers, would not suffer him to come into her dying daughter's chamber, but the injured sufferer had sacrificed her life to God and all resentment; she would see her husband, she held out her hand  
to

to him, and did all that was possible to persuade the world by her behaviour, that she thought him innocent. She survived some days, and spent them in earnestly recommending to her mother and her children, not to harbour any thought of revenging her death, assuring them withal, that she freely forgave her murderers. With these truly Christian sentiments, she gave up her soul to her Creator. The body was opened, and the bowels were found quite destroyed by the force of the poison.

Lady *Mary*. But, Mrs. *Affable*, can this be a true story? I cannot believe, that there could be men capable of such wicked actions; I should sooner think they were fiends from hell.

Mrs. *Affable*. It is very true, ladies, that these excesses of barbarity are not easy to be imagined. But be pleased to reflect on the first cause of this ill-fated lady's misfortunes. Her inclination to the world and diversions, her want of complaisance to her husband, the contradictions, which followed of course, brought on the hatred which the husband conceived against his wife. Hatred spirited her up to revenge, and to make a will that reflected shame on her husband; he on his side apprehending, that she might alter the second will he had prevailed on her to make, without doubt formed the design of employing his brothers, as proper instruments to make away with a woman, who had forfeited his friendship; for it was generally believed those two brutes acted under his orders. However, I don't pretend to vindicate his behaviour; he was a monster; all I pretend to say is, that she might perhaps have avoided these misfortunes, had she condescended to the terms he proposed to her. A husband is in the wrong, where he requires too much of a wife; but a wo-

man is certainly to blame, who will not condescend to the oddities of a husband. When she marries she must be thoroughly persuaded, that she gives herself up to a master, and must sacrifice to him all her humours, fancies, and the most innocent inclinations, if he is brute enough to require it.

*Miss Frivolous.* You were saying, madam, that you loved people, that gave their opinion on points in conversation; give me leave to tell you, madam, that at this rate, a young lady with a share of common sense can never think of marrying. To me it should seem, that in a married state the duties and obligations are reciprocal; and that a husband is as much obliged to complacency with regard to a wife, as a wife to a husband.

*Mrs. Affable.* It should be so indeed, miss; but generally speaking is not. In this case a wife must take to her share all the burthen of complaisance, or resolve to be unhappy for life; perpetual contradictions must end in hatred; and what can it be but an anticipation of hell to be tied for life to a man you detest?

*Lady Louisa.* Pray, *Mrs. Affable*, would she be happier with a husband, to whose freaks she must every instant give up even what is most innocent?

*Mrs. Affable.* Yes, she would, my dear; lions and tygers are tamed at last; a man must be of a fiercer nature, than those animals not to be gained by a complying, prudent, and discreet wife. But let us suppose such a brute in nature of that odd and excentric turn, as not to be affected by the kind and friendly behaviour of a good wife, she has this pleasure left, that she cannot reproach herself on any account. Believe me, ladies, no one can be unhappy, that knows he has discharged his duty.

Lady

Lady *Witty*. But, Mrs. *Affable*, where was the harm of the poor marchioness's taking very inoffensive diversions? Did not she tell the marquis he was at liberty to frequent the same assemblies, and to observe her conduct?

Mrs. *Affable*. It is not enough for a lady to be, she must appear, virtuous. The public inspects and examines the behaviour of a young person; and if she be handsome and beautiful, she cannot be too much upon her guard. She may depend upon no friendship from all the women, that are not so agreeable as herself; jealousy turns them into so many enemies, always attentive to every step that is taken, and which is sure to be perverted by the most unfavourable construction. If they remark a particular bent to the world and diversions, and discover, that it is not agreeable to her husband, their tongues are immediately let loose. They decide that a woman, who is indifferent to please her husband, is not unwilling to please some other person, and is assiduous at all assemblies in quest of that other. This is frequently a great piece of injustice; but it is the world; and since it is above our skill to reform it, we must submit to that way of life, which will be out of the reach even of malice.

Miss *Rural*. Oh blessed retreat! I can, without any apprehension or fear of weak and silly talk, enjoy all innocent pleasures. Pardon this exclamation, Mrs. *Affable*; but all that I hear of what is called the *grand monde* gives me such a dread, that but for the desire I have to make an advantage of your lessons, I would this moment return to the solitude of the country, there to spend all my days.

Lady



Lady Lucy. I am very much of your opinion; miss; but there are some points of duty, which must take place of our inclinations.

Mrs. *Affable*. Much may be said, ladies, on this subject; but, besides that it is very late, several lessons are yet to be repeated. We will resume this conversation some other time; and now we must go about our stories.

Lady Mary. My lesson, Mrs. *Affable*, to my thoughts was quite comical. Whilst I was getting my task, I laughed like a mad creature; however I will endeavour to be very serious. There was a great dearth in the land of *Israel*, and the sons of the Prophets came to mount *Carmel*. *Elisba* said to his servants, *set on the great pot and seeth pottage for the sons of the prophets*. One of the servants in obedience to his master went into the field to gather herbs with a son of the prophets, who handsomely offered his assistance. He was but a poor gardener, and brought in his lap full of gourds, which he shred into the pot; this wild gourd is as bitter as you can imagine. When the pottage was ready, those who were the sharpest set fell on; they had no sooner tasted it, but they made very ugly faces, and spit it out, for they could not eat this sort of mess. They cried out, *O thou man of God, there is death in the pot*. *Elisba* ordered his servant to bring some flour; he threw some into the pot, and the pottage lost all its bitterness, and was thought very good. As they were about the pottage, a charitable person brought twenty loaves of barley to *Elisba*. The prophet bid his servant distribute this bread to his guests, but he replied, *What should I set this before an hundred men?* Give it as you are bid, said the prophet, *for, thus saith the Lord, they shall eat, and they shall leave thereof.*

*thereof.* The event verified the prediction; they were all satisfied, and some was left.

*Lady Charlotte.* Pray, what is barley bread? is it better than what we eat?

*Mrs. Affable.* No, my dear! It is made with barley, is very coarse, and is only eaten by the poorer sort.

*Lady Charlotte.* It must be owned, that the prophet treated very meanly those that came to see him. Bitter pottage! Barley bread! As he might have what he wished, why did he not pray to God for a better dinner to regale his company.

*Mrs. Affable.* This is really pleasant and singular. Can you imagine, my dear, that God would have wrought a miracle to please their palate? No indeed; but he employs his almighty power to provide the poor with necessaries; and will not make use of miracles to bestow on them, that plenty, which would turn out so much to their prejudice. Dainty fare, fine clothes, treasures are only esteemed as good things by the proud, the vain, the greedy and the slothful. God sets so little a value upon this sort of good things, that he frequently allots them to the wicked; he reserves for his friends patience in their poverty, sicknesses, and under many affronts, faith, hope, and charity, and all virtues which are the wealth of the soul.

*Miss Molly.* Nevertheless he bestowed very great riches on *Abraham*, who was his friend.

*Mrs. Affable.* Because *Abraham* had made a generous sacrifice of them to God, by leaving his country, and the house of his father. A man so faithful to God as to sacrifice at his command what was most dear to him, his only son, would hardly fix his heart on perishable wealth. Upon this account, God who foresees all that is to come, and  
knows

knows it as well as what is present gave him riches, which he foreknew *Abraham* would not misuse but employ in good actions.

Lady *Sensible*. Then it often is very happy to be born poor.

Mrs. *Affable*. It is certain, my dear, that the poor have not so many occasions of sinning as the rich; but these on the other side, if they please, are in the occasion of practising many and great virtues. But besides you may be poor with a hundred thousand pounds a year, and a wicked rich man with ten pounds, nay with ten shillings.

Lady *Mary*. How so, Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. Mind what I am going to say, ladies. One day a young man asked of *Jesus Christ* what he should do to inherit eternal life. Keep the commandments, our Saviour answered. *All these*, said the young man, *I have kept from my youth up.* *Jesus* beholding him, loved him, *Sell that thou hast*, our Lord said, *and give to the poor; and come and follow me.* When the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful; instead of following this advice; for he had great possessions. Then said *Jesus* unto his disciples. *Verily I say unto you, that . . . . it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.* Now as a camel, who far exceeds an ox in size, cannot go through the eye of a needle, in the same manner a rich man cannot enter the kingdom of heaven; this is certain for *Jesus Christ*, who cannot deceive us, has declared this truth with the strongest assertions.

Lady *Lucy*. You frighten me so, Mrs. *Affable*, that were I of age, and could dispose of my fortune and estate, I would immediately sell all, and give it to the poor.

Mrs. *Affable*. It is not I, but the gospel, that frightens you, my dear. But take courage, whilst you continue in this disposition, that is, whilst you find yourself ready to sacrifice the wealth of this world to the safety of your soul, you will be truly poor in the sense of the gospel. When our blessed Lord declares, that a rich man cannot enter into his kingdom; he means the rich, who have a greater value for their wealth, than for him, and would not upon occasion sacrifice the good things of this world to their duty; and who would not stick at very evil actions, either to increase, or to keep their substance. A man with a fortune of an hundred thousand pound a year, who is disposed to lose all, rather than commit an injustice, such a person is poor in spirit, and may hope for the kingdom of heaven. On the contrary, he that is worth ten pounds only, or ten shillings, or as many pence, would sooner be perjured, or see his neighbour starve, than run the hazard of losing this money. Such a person is a wicked rich man, and a camel will pass easier through the eye of a needle, than the other shall enter the kingdom of heaven.

Lady *Witty*. That explication, Mrs. *Affable*, was quite necessary; otherwise the words of *Christ* would have drove me quite distracted; for you know, madam, that I fall sole heiress to *papa*, who is extremely rich.

Mrs. *Affable*. Covetousness will never be imputed to you; a generous temper has been your share from your birth. Oh that you were as free from vanity, as you are from a disorderly attachment to riches. But is every one of us clear of that passion?

Miss *Molly*. I fear I am not, Mrs. *Affable*. *Mama* gives me here and there some shillings; I am very

very choice of them, and keep them together in a little box; I believe I have got together some three guineas.

Mrs. *Affable*. Take care, my dear, of a vicious inclination to riches. The three guineas have taken possession of your heart. You must not let them get the better of you, if they should you will contract a bad habit of loving money; when you grow up, you will grow hard hearted to the poor, you will wrong yourself and others, and lock heavens gates against you. Though covetousness were no sin, yet it would be an inclination, which you ought carefully to reform; it is something so very mean, and a dishonour to persons of rank. The greater we are, the greater our generosity should be. Besides to love money in order to lock it up, is a degree of madness. What purpose does it serve under lock and key in a strong box. Take care, ladies, not to forget this important point. I have read *Robinson Crusoe's* adventures in English. He was shipwrecked, and came ashore on an island, where he lived twenty seven years. He had been there some years, when a ship was cast away near the shore, so that *Robinson* could go to the ship at low water. He found some gold in the captain's cabin; he threw it down in a rage, *what good, said he, will this gold do me? I can neither eat, nor drink it; it will not cloath me, nor could it cure me, were I out of order; a good provision of biscuit, or half a dozen shirts would be greatly more to the purpose.* Pray, *Lady Sensible*, give us the story of *Pythius*; it comes admirably pat to the present subject.

*Lady Sensible*. *Pythius* was a prince of *Lydia*, who had many gold mines in his small dominions. His poor subjects were used like slaves; he made them work night and day in the mines, without allowing them the least respite. His princess, who had a  
very

very great share of good sense, was very desirous of reforming this passion in the prince. For tho' he possessed such quantities of gold, he was loth to spend any part of it even in necessaries; and his only pleasure was to hoard it up. It happened one day, that *Pythius* had taken the diversion of hunting, and returned from the chase with a very craving appetite. The princess took care to have great chargers full of wedges of gold served in for dinner. The prince was much pleased with the sight, and gazed sometime at the gold with satisfaction. But this did not content his appetite; and he begged of the princess, that he might have something he could eat. Now, says the princess, *is not this what you like best? You jest*, says the prince, *I cannot feed on gold, and I might starve, though I had in possession all the treasures of that rich metal, which the world can afford.* Therefore, says the princess, *it must be a great folly to have so strong a passion for a thing that lies useless in your chests. Be persuaded, my dear prince, that sums locked up are not wealth, and are only of service, when they are properly exchanged for the necessaries of life.* *Pythius* took the hint given him by his prudent princess. He was so altered, that he became as generous, as he had been covetous before.

*Lady Louisa.* But the young man mentioned in the gospel had made a good use of his substance, since Christ loved him, who would not have loved him, had he been avaricious. He could not then be a wicked rich man; and yet by the words of *Jesus Christ* it should seem as if he had lost heaven, by not renouncing his fortune. It is then necessary for salvation, that we sell all we have and give it to the poor.

*Mrs. Affable.* Endeavour, my dear, to understand clearly what I have to say to you on this head.

head. In the holy gospel we meet with *precepts*, and with counsels. Love your enemies, do good to them, share your substance with the poor, be modest, do not do that evil to others which you would not have them do to you; these are *precepts*. They regard all men; not one is excepted in the whole universe from the observance of these laws, nor can any one be admitted into heaven, that does not practise these commandments. But as I have said before, besides the commandments there are counsels which are not for all, but only for persons, whom God calls to a state of the greatest perfection. *Sell all that you have and give to the poor; whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also; if any one . . . will take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.* These are called evangelical counsels, and many of them are read in the holy gospels.

Lady *Louisa*. But, Mrs. *Affable*, the persons whom God calls to the practice of these counsels are under much greater difficulties to work their salvation, than others. Are they not?

Mrs. *Affable*. Quite otherwise, lady. But philosophy, I mean, reason must make that out; and this point shall be discussed in our first morning's lesson.

Lady *Lucy*. And why does God call only some, and not all to the practice of the evangelical counsels?

Mrs. *Affable*. It is not the part of such poor diminutive mortals as we are to dive into the secrets of the almighty. We may, however, form some conjectures when we call to mind the words of the sacred text.

The young man had kept the commandments from his youth upwards, and upon this account *Jesus* loved him. What greater proof of his love could

could this divine favour give, than this call to the greatest perfection? This was the reward of his fidelity in the observance of God's commandments. Besides our favour discovered perhaps some disposition in this young man to covetousness, and which might incline him to commit some offence in that nature. Hence the favour was very great from our favour, who advised him to part with worldly wealth, that he might be perfect, and more out of danger.

*Miss Zina.* Good God! *Mrs. Affable*; since this youth had not courage enough to renounce his possessions, why did not God strip him of this worldly substance against his will?

*Mrs. Affable.* This young man in that case might have offended by lamenting his losses, and murmuring against providence. God who created us without us will not save us without our concurrence with his grace. He called this young man, and *St. Matthew*, who was also rich. The first rejects, the second obeys his call, and quits all things. Both had the same vocation, but as they were both free, they were at liberty either to comply or to reject it as they did. But we must stop here; we have not time to go on with this subject.

*Lady Lucy* with a whisper to *Mrs. Affable*.

*Mrs. Affable*, *Miss Zina* begs of all things to come to the private conversation you are so good to allow us.

*Mrs. Affable.* Let her come with you, my dear; I shall receive her with pleasure.





## D I A L O G U E XI.

Lady LOUISA, Lady LUCY, Miss ZINA, Mrs.  
AFFABLE.

MRS. *Affable*, I gratefully acknowledge the singular favour you do me in admitting me to the private conference you have with these ladies. They have favoured me with an account of the subject of your last conversation. It is of the last importance, and I propose the greatest pleasure to myself in making an advantage of your useful instructions.

Mrs. *Affable*. As these ladies have informed you with what was discussed in our last conversation, we will go on if you please. Has Lady *Louisa* examined how she employs her time, as well as how she amuses and diverts herself according to the rules which I prescribed her?

Lady *Louisa*. I have, Mrs. *Affable*. The diversions I commonly take are the public shews, I mean the plays and the *operas*, balls, assemblies, gaming, taking the air, sometimes a little reading. What need of examining such things? I don't find they have any harm in their nature.

Mrs. *Affable*. What is your opinion, lady *Lucy*?

Lady *Lucy*. I cannot be of lady *Louisa's* opinion. In comedies, I find, they talk very idly. 'Tis not so in tragedies; but the best of them deliver sentiments very opposite to the spirit of christianity. There revenge is commended and approved, ambition meets with the greatest applause; in a word, Mrs. *Affable*, after the finest tragedy, I observe, that the things of God leave my heart, and are succeed-  
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ed by worldly maxims, which I renounced at baptism. Moreover the very *modestest* tragedy has at the beginning some episode not altogether so, and ends with a farce, which, commonly speaking, is downright infamous.

Mrs. *Affable*. If lady *Lucy* judge right, ladies, we must conclude, that comedies, such as are exhibited now a days, are very bad, and that the tragedies are at least dangerous. I say such comedies as are acted at this time. If the gentlemen authors would introduce proper comedies to the stage, it might become a fit school for youth. The French have several pieces, that are very well adapted to instil good morals. Such plays may be resorted to with a good conscience; but I am bold to maintain, that a person who regards his salvation, cannot be present at the other performances. I saw t'other day a company of young ladies, who went to see *Amphitryo* acted. Well! it is a scandalous play, and for my part I cannot conceive how any woman dares to appear there.

Miss *Zina*. I own, Mrs. *Affable*, I am determined never to go to any play, without knowing precisely what is to be exhibited. I was at the play-house lately with my sister, I had like to have died with shame and confusion, I was twenty times in a mind to quit the house.

Lady *Louisa*. Very probably, ladies, you are more susceptible than I am of an impression. First there are several things that may have a bad tendency, which I don't understand; in the next place those I understand are without any consequence; they come in at one ear and go out at the other.

Mrs. *Affable*. Let us be sincere, my dear. Can you persuade us, that such idle stuff as you hear at a comedy never comes into your thoughts?

Lady

Lady *Louisa*. I don't say that, Mrs. *Affable*; I should offend against truth, if I did; 'tis only driving those thoughts away, and turning one's attention to something else.

Mrs. *Affable*. Can you imagine, madam, that it is in your power always to resist bad thoughts by your own strength? can you do this without particular helps from God, and do you think, that these particular helps will be always at hand, when you expose yourself without any necessity to danger? Would you chuse to take poison daily because you have some time or other taken an antidote with success? Is there no reason to apprehend, that this antidote, which has been often of service, may fail upon some occasion, which would cost you your life? at least might not you justly apprehend that so long a habit of taking poison must affect your constitution, and bring on death? Have you ever considered seriously, that a thought only, to which you give consent, is the death of the soul? You may tell me, that you see a comedy with pleasure; but, dear madam, put this pleasure in a scale, and the trouble of resisting dangerous thoughts in another; I am sure you will find there is no comparison. You tell me moreover, that you don't understand the greatest part of that vile language; this, if so, must be very tedious; but don't you see the gestures, and the loose actions of the performers. Besides, the gentlemen, who see you at such plays, can they believe, that you don't understand what is said? Will they not on the contrary pretend a just right to entertain you with such discourses as you hear with pleasure from the actors. We are surpris'd with the insolent behaviour of men, and their loose conversation. Comedies make this stile too familiar and common. I am not for giving you any ridiculous scruple upon

on this matter; speak freely. Have I exceeded in any thing I have said?

Lady *Lucy*. I think not, Mrs. *Affable*; and I am quite willing to renounce a diversion, which sooner or later may make me offend God.

Lady *Louisa*. I have not quite so much courage, but my resolution is taken; I will only go to tragedies, and leave the house before the farce begins.

Miss *Zina*. Mrs. *Affable*, we are sometimes at liberty to do as we please; but this does not always depend upon us. If mama will have me at a play she likes, must I make a preachment, and tell her, that she is in the wrong, and that I cannot in conscience accompany her to such a representation? If a gentleman will have his lady to the playhouse on a day, for which he has engaged a party, or set of company, must she get another play acted, or must she quarrel with her husband, and refuse complying with him?

Mrs. *Affable*. I am really surpris'd, ladies. Differences between husbands and wives seldom happen upon such occasions; it is commonly otherwise; even those mothers, who appear the least religious, are not displeas'd with their daughters being greatly so; it is only to please them, that they bring them to these shews. A reasonable woman may deal with her husband as she pleases. But, in short, I will suppose, that he insists upon her accompanying him to parties of pleasure, that are dangerous (if they should be absolutely evil, there is no doubt but she must disobey) in this case a young person, a christian, instead of going with pleasure to such meetings, would appear there under the greatest terror; she would have recourse to prayer, and solid reflections for obtaining strength from heaven; and God, who knows the heart, would give her great

and powerful graces to preserve her in dangers, to which she had not voluntarily exposed herself.

*Lady Louisa.* It is a sad thing to be under a necessity of giving up almost all our comedies by their fault, who have the ordering of the entertainment. I am almost in a mind to join with a good many ladies, that we may go in a body to Mr. G—rr—k, and declare, that none of us intend for the future appearing at any of his best tragedies, unless he take care, that the farce, or whatever entertainment is exhibited, be modest and innocent. He has indeed, for some time had a *pantomime*, where there is no idle language; for nothing is said, but, to make up matters the subject is immoral, and the actions are suited to the subject. But what do you say of a ball, *Mrs. Affable*? Is that also evil in itself? For my part I look upon it as a wholesome exercise.

*Mrs. Affable.* I am against balls, but you may dance as much as you please; you have my consent to dance a whole day every week, provided you dance only among you, ladies, without any gentlemen.

*Lady Louisa.* That would be extreme tedious, *Mrs. Affable*, for ladies to dance together; we are got into a habit of dancing with gentlemen (a).

*Mrs. Affable.* *Lady Louisa* has forgot, that a ball is a necessary exercise for health. She must own, that health is only a pretext, and I must tell you, that I had rather see you at several of our comedies than at a ball. Give me your attention, ladies, and let me speak my mind freely and plainly. We come into the world weak and inclined to evil. Those only, who have not examined their hearts, and are of course strangers to their inclinations,

(a) This answer has been made to the author very frequently, and was repeated no longer ago than last year.

will dispute this truth; but it does not follow that they are without this bent to evil, because they have not discovered it in the heart, which they have overlooked; and this bent or bias of nature is a ready disposition to evil, and which does not want any help to break out. Of all the corrupt inclinations, which reign in our hearts a desire of pleasing is without dispute the most violent. Hence arises in the ladies love of dress, jealousy, pride, and sometimes there appears among these vicious fruits a vying one with another, a desire to excel, and the amendment of some grosser defects. A ball is an occasion, where this predominant passion gathers fresh strength and vigour. If we examine this desire thoroughly, we only go to a ball to satisfy this passion. But where is the harm, you will say, in desiring to please? the most circumspect person of the sex may go in pursuit of this advantage, if she has not any particular person in view, that she seeks to please. Let it be so, though even this is far from truth. Can you, ladies, tell me sincerely, can you think, that among a crowd of gentlemen, whom you desire to please there will be none that shall please you? Still you will urge this is no crime. We are of age to settle in the world, and it is very proper, that some one please us to enter upon a married state.

Well and good, ladies! and for that very reason, were it in my power not one of you should ever go to a ball.

Lady *Louisa*. I don't very well understand this way of arguing, Mrs. *Affable*. You agree with us, that, to enter upon a married state, we must find a person that pleases us. You would do better if you owned, that a ball is the only occasion, where one may discover and know the tempers of

persons; there is commonly less restraint at a ball, and there generally begin acquaintances, which end in a marriage. Pray don't think, that I am at all desirous of being married. I am very happy as I am, and, if I may determine for myself I don't think of settling, till I am two and twenty years of age. I talk in general only, and in favour of a diversion, which I am pleased with.

Mrs. *Affable*. Now tell me, my dear, who are they that are constantly at balls?

Lady *Louisa*. All that are fond of diversions.

Mrs. *Affable*. But is it among this set of men, that you are to find rational persons?

Lady *Louisa*. Why not? am I not rational, tho' I am fond of balls?

Mrs. *Affable*. If I said you was not, my dear, you would look upon me as very unequitable; but if I prove it, what will you say then? Consider yourself, first as a christian, and next as a rational being; and you will see, that in both those points of view you must of necessity condemn balls.

Miss *Zina*. I confess, Mrs. *Affable*, that a ball does not appear in my judgment to carry with it any opposition to christianity.

Lady *Lucy*. To me it seems very contrary to reason. For instance, I spend a night at a ball, and during the whole time the mind is taken up with my eyes and feet; I make no use of my reason, and I become a mere piece of mechanism, that looks about and dances. Reason has no share here, and the whole night is lost. The day that preceded the ball was employed no better. The whole time was taken up in dressing. If I consider next the time after the ball is over, that is still worse. I get home so much tired and spent, that there is no talking of prayer before bed-time; but if I de-

fire

fire to say my prayers, I either fall asleep, or am taken up with what I have seen. The morning is spent in sleeping, or I awake with my head full of the diversion of the night past; my morning prayers are affected with the same thoughts, as well as every other exercise; and I am two or three days, before I can recover the ball. It does not end here. If I get into a habit of loving balls, when I come to be my own mistress, I shall be for frequenting them, as often as I can. If I yield to this passion, reason has no part in above half my life, the blood will be heated, and health destroyed by the unseasonable hours of rest. Whilst I sleep, my children, if I have any, the servants are under no rule, I cannot keep any order in the family; that must be left to a housekeeper; and I must take upon me the guilt of all the faults committed at my house. If I should take a resolution to keep from balls, I shall be quite miserable upon those days I am absent, or rather in spite of my resolution I shall go to avoid that distress; for a bad habit is almost sure to prevail.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very little can be added to what lady *Lucy* has said; but the little I have to say is of the last importance. Gentlemen at balls take the liberty to say many things, which they would not care to do elsewhere. The gentleman, who is your partner, looks upon you as an acquaintance, though he has never seen you before. He must keep you company, when you would rest after the fatigue of dancing. What must the conversation turn upon? your charms, his happiness in such a partner, and your graceful manner of dancing? a fine conversation indeed! but yet it is modest. The tumult of a ball, which keeps you at a distance from the ladies your mothers, exposes you to something still worse; it may happen, that your ima-



gination, heated by that exercise, will not be so much guarded against surprize, as to perceive immediately the indecency of the language you hear. Do not flatter yourselves, ladies; a young person at a ball loses some part of a becoming timidity or bashfulness. There she gives her hand to a gentleman, she skips and figures with him; to perform genteelly she must look him in the face, and be affectedly precise, when she gives her hand. She cannot find fault, if he fix his eyes on her, and even in the boldest manner. Have I exaggerated, lady *Louisa*? Are lady *Lucy's* remarks unjust?

*Miss Zina.* I was at a ball last year, and so tired when I got home, that I fell asleep, whilst I was undressing. The next morning a brother of mine came to my room. Dear sister, he said, I very much fear you went to sleep without saying your prayers. I owned, I had not so much as thought of that duty. Oh! dear sister, he said, is it possible a christian shall go to bed, uncertain, whether she shall rise again without examining, whether she shall be in a state and condition to appear in the presence of God, without recommending her soul to her creator, and without begging pardon for the offences incurred that day. His words made such an impression, that I have never fallen into the same fault since. Let me be never so sleepy; that thought keeps me awake.

*Mrs. Affable.* You give me a great idea of your brother. I dare say he is an enemy to balls, and such assemblies. . . . . But what ails you lady *Louisa*? you look very sad.

*Lady Louisa.* I am really as I look; I still repeat what I said lately; it is very disagreeable to give up all pleasures; you promised me other pastimes in lieu of those; pray point them out with all  
the

the dispatch that is possible, I want to be acquainted with those better diversions.

Mrs. *Affable*. Pray ask lady *Lucy*, whether time has hung heavy on her hands for these two months past, that she has forsaken most of these frivolous amusements.

Lady *Lucy*. No indeed, Mrs. *Affable*, and I may venture to assure lady *Louisa*, that I have never been so happy in my life.

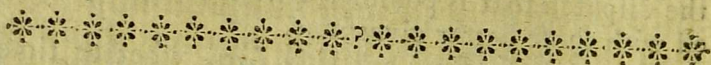
Lady *Louisa*. Do, my dear friend, tell me out of charity how you spend your time. When I have renounced all these diversions, I shall certainly find the days intolerably long.

Lady *Lucy*. And I, my dear, find them so short, that I have not half the time I could wish and employ. I rise some time before eight; half a quarter goes in dressing. At eight I say my prayers, and make some reflections, or a sort of meditation.

Lady *Louisa*. What are these reflections, or this sort of meditation?

Lady *Lucy*. I will tell you, ladies, but don't imagine they are mine. They were suggested by Mrs. *Affable*; she put me into a method of spending my time which makes me find it so short.

Mrs. *Affable*. You tell my secrets, my dear; that is not fair. But I hear the young ladies coming; this conversation must be put off to some other time.



## DIALOGUE XII.

MRS. AFFABLE.

WE did not go through with our stories last time, and we forgot geography. We must begin with those.

Miss Molly. The general of the king of Syria's armies was called *Naaman*. He was very dear to his sovereign as being an expert commander, and a person of great worth; but he laboured under a great misfortune; he was a leper, that is, he was covered with a horrible scab from head to foot. There was an *Israelite* maid at *Naaman's* house, that had been taken and brought off a captive; as she met with very good usage, she wished her master well, and very much compassionated the melancholy condition to which she saw him reduced. I am sure, said she one day to her mistress, that the prophet *Elisha* would cure my master, if he would go to him. *Naaman* acquainted the king with this; that prince gives him a letter, whereby he begs of the king of *Israel* to cure *Naaman* of his leprosy. The king of *Israel* upon receiving the letter rent his garments, as it was then the custom, when persons were under great trouble. Am I God, said he, to have power of healing the sick? It is very plain, that the king of *Syria* only seeks a pretext for a quarrel. *Elisha* hearing this sends a message to the king of *Israel* to this purport, Why hast thou rent thy clothes, let the man come to me and he shall know, that there is a pro-

prophet of the true God in *Israel*. *Naaman* came to the door of *Elisha's* house, the prophet sent him word by a messenger to go and wash seven times in the *Jordan*. *Naaman* was greatly provoked, and said, I thought he would have come out to me, and called on the name of his God, and touched the leprosy. Have not we as good rivers in *Syria* as the *Jordan*? He was going off in great wrath, when one of his servants said, Father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing thou shouldest have done it. Why wilt thou refuse to do a thing that is so easy. *Naaman* thought his servants judged well, and having bathed seven times in the *Jordan*, was cured of his leprosy. Then he came to give thanks to the prophet, and brought him most noble presents, and made a promise that he would worship no other gods but the god of *Israel*. *Elisha*, though very poor, as you have seen, would not receive any gift from *Naaman*, which displeased the prophet's servant. After *Naaman* went, the covetous servant followed him, and said, Lord, two sons of prophets, that are very poor, are come to my master's, who bid me run after *Naaman*, and beg some money, and two changes of garments for them. *Naaman* gave him what he asked, and the prophet's servant concealed the money and garments in a secret place. When *Elisha* saw him, whence comest thou, said the prophet? thy servant, he answered, went no whither. Went not mine heart with thee, when thou receivedst the money and the clothes? keep them. But the leprosy of *Naaman* shall cleave to thee, and thy posterity for ever, and the servant went from his presence immediately, covered with a leprosy in punishment of his covetousness, his thieving and lying.

Mrs. *Affable*. You see what an ugly vice covetousness is. The prophet's servant, for the sake of money, becomes a thief and a liar. It is a passion of a different character from others; and instead of abating, as they do, encreases with age. Go on, lady *Charlotte*, and after our stories I will relate to you the disastrous death of two misers in our days.

The king of *Syria*, who designed to ruin the kingdom of *Israel*, frequently sent troops that way upon enterprizes against the *Israelites*, but for the most part they were not attended with success; for the prophet *Elisha* gave notice of their designs to the king of *Israel* to be upon his guard. The king of *Syria*, seeing all his designs discovered, thought he was betrayed by some of his subjects. His servants assured him of their fidelity; but don't you know, said they, that the prophet *Elisha* knows every word you say, though even to yourself in your apartment. The king, to be revenged of *Elisha*, sent a great number of soldiers to take him in a town where he was. The sight of such numbers threw *Elisha's* servant into great frights, but don't you see, said *Elisha*, that those who defend us, exceed them greatly in number? With that he begged of God to open the eyes of his servant, who, that instant beheld the mountain covered with horses and flaming chariots. At the same time God at the instance of the prophet dazzled the eyes of those who came to take him; and *Elisha* speaking to them, follow me, said he, I will lead you to a place, where you will find the person you seek. They followed; he brought them to *Samaria*, the capital of the kingdom of *Israel*. There their eyes were opened, and they were struck with the greatest dread to see themselves among their enemies, and in their power. The king of

*Israel*

*Israel* advised with *Elisba*, shall I, said he to the prophet, smite them? No, answered he; but set meat and drink before them. These servants of the king of *Syria* returned to their master, and reported the kind treatment they had met with; which affected him so much, that the *Israelites* continued some time unmolested.

During these transactions the sons of the prophets, who had gathered in great numbers on mount *Carmel* to *Elisba*, and were streightened for lodgings near him, begged that he would accompany them to cut down timber for the building of some huts. The prophet consented, and one of them having dropt his axe-head into the water, came under a great deal of trouble to acquaint him with his misfortune. What grieved him more was, that the axe did not belong to him, but had been borrowed. The man of God comforted him, and asking him where it fell, he cut down a stick, which he cast in, and the iron swam.

Mrs. *Affable*. Please to take notice, ladies, that the best way to disarm our enemies is to return good for evil. Had *Elisba* consented to the destruction of those persons, he would have failed of procuring that respite of war for the *Israelites*.

Moreover, pray remark the providence of God over his servants. Were our eyes opened we should perceive, that God incompasses us on all sides with his helps to guard us against infinite dangers, which threaten us from all quarters. How many dreadful accidents have we escaped under his protection? This will appear at the day of judgment.

Lady *Mary*. Mrs. *Affable*, you promised us a story.

Mrs. *Affable*. It is about one *Monsieur Tardieu*, who was a magistrate and a judge. I make free with

with the man's name, because the story is publickly known. He was covetous to excess, and desired to be married. Beauty, youth and virtue was not thought on by him; he wanted a woman that was rich, and as griping as himself. He found one to his mind; for there never was, I believe, such a pinch-penny; the husband compared to her might be thought a generous person. With this wife he was absolutely ruined; a volume would not suffice to describe their fordidness and dirty actions. She began with turning all the servants out of doors; and then contrived all sorts of means to get or to save money. Instead of administering he sold justice; the guilty, if they were but rich, were sure to be acquitted. His temper was well known, and whoever had a bad cause made him handsome presents. She had once two turkeys brought her; she kept the less; the larger and heavier was sent to market to be sold; but guess at the excess of her despair, when she was informed, that the counsel, who sent her the turkey she had sold, had stufft it well with gold; she was like to have gone quite distracted. She stole whatever she could lay her hands on, and could not go into a pastry-cook's without carrying off some biskets at least. The pastry-cook to come even with her, saving your favour, put a vomit into a bisket, which he took care should be left in her way. It had its proper effect, and made her very sick. She contrived petticoats for herself out of the *Satin-theses* \* presented to her husband. I have

\* The following note may be of service to the young ladies in England for the understanding of what is meant by *Satin-Theses*. In public disputes whether on points of philosophy or divinity, which are frequent in universities, colleges, &c. abroad, the heads or articles of sciences, that are to be maintained and made good by a young scholar, or candidate to shew

have told you already, that she had parted with all her servants, and lived alone with her husband; she had secret locks to every door, which they only knew how to open; an useless precaution, which did not prevent their disastrous end. Thieves found their way into the house, and murdered her and her husband: but, as they were unacquainted with the locks, could not get out. They were found in one of the chimnies, where they endeavoured to conceal themselves, but their punishment did not restore life to those wretched misers, whom no one pitied.

Lady *Mary*. Mrs. *Affable*, you told us in our last lesson, that prince *Pythius* had mines of gold. Pray what is meant by mines?

Mrs. *Affable*. You see, my dear; on the upper visible part or surface of the earth, trees, fruits, flowers, and grass growing. Well! within the earth metals are formed, among which gold is the most precious and most perfect.

Lady *Mary*. How, Mrs. *Affable*, are guineas found in the ground like cabbages in a garden!

Mrs. *Affable*. Not quite so, my dear, at first the gold is found mixed with earth. When a discovery is made of a gold mine, or when there is

shew his proficiency, or to be admitted to some degree, the points to be debated are printed, and distributed to the persons invited to the dispute, but for choice friends, whom they desire to distinguish, they are printed on *satin*. They are called *theses*, and out of the presents of this kind *Monsieur Tardieu's* notable wife found herself petticoats. The language of the *theses* is generally latin. *Boileau*, who also relates this story, says, Satyr X.

. . . . . son jupon bigarré de latin  
Qu'ensemble composoient trois *theses* de satin,  
In English.

And *Theses* three printed on *Satin*  
Made her a petticoat of *Latin*,



a probable guess, that there is one to be found, deep holes or pits are made, where they let down men, who are often buried under the earth, that shrinks down upon them. They draw up several baskets of the earth, that is mixt with gold, which they understand how to separate from each other. The gold is carried to the mint to be coined into guineas.

*Miss Bella.* Lord! *Mrs. Affable*, the poor people employed in the mines are greatly to be pitied.

*Lady Witty.* Those that go to the bottom of the sea for pearls have still greater hardships. I read some time ago, that they meet with large fishes, that devour them.

*Lady Mary.* That must be a banter, madam; can there be a fish big enough to devour a man?

*Mrs. Affable.* There are such indeed, my dear; there are fishes as large as this room, others as big as a house; those are whales; but they do no mischief to the poor fishers for pearls. There are many others not near that size, but extremely dangerous. The shark, for instance, is not bigger than a calf; but his teeth are as sharp as razors, and at once bites off a leg or a thigh of a man. 'Tis very happy that they are seen coming at a distance. A friend of mine, who has been a great traveller, told me, that being at sea in a great calm, he took a fancy to bathe. He was let down into the sea, and held by a rope. He descried immediately one of these cruel animals; he just had time to give a sign to be hoisted, that is, to be drawn up by the rope. When he was out of the water, and almost on board, the shark sprung up into the air to catch his leg, which very luckily he missed.

*Lady Charlotte.* I used to be concerned for the fish taken by fishers. 'Twas a pity, thought I, to kill them poor creatures, that did no harm; but now any one has my consent to destroy them; it will not give me the least trouble.

*Miss Rural.* We have large ponds about us at home, and they often fish there. The first time I saw this sport I burst out into tears with seeing the poor fish struggling and tossing about in the grass before they died; but this thought came into my head. They fish with a line and hook, baited with a worm, or a little fish; well! thought I, if the larger fish had spared their small neighbours, they had a chance to escape; their cruelty to their fellow creatures is the cause of their being taken; they don't deserve pity. From that time I learned to fish without any concern for those I catch. The larger sort, who prey upon the less, deserve to meet with those, that will eat them in their turn.

*Lady Witty.* That is but just; but to return to our fishers for pearls they are brought up from their youth to hold their breath, and are called *divers*. After they are used to bear being sometime under water without breathing, they are provided with a basket that hangs before them; they slip a rope under both their arms; a cord is tied to one hand; the other end of this last is fixed to a bell on the side of the boat. Thus equipt they are let down into the bottom of the sea, where they make all the dispatch they can to fill their baskets with oysters. When they are full, or when they cannot hold their breath any longer, they ring the bell, and are drawn up, after which they go down again. What is very particular, is that, as some say, they can tell by feeling, whether there be any large pearl within, and that sometimes they open the oysters and swallow the pearls.

*Mrs.*

Mrs. *Affable*. I have been told the same, but I think it is hardly credible; or, if true, the folly of men is beyond imagination, who set no value on life, when they are bent upon enriching themselves; it is certain they run a very great hazard of being smothered whilst they are opening the oysters. Miss *Sophy*, we shall be glad to hear your story.

Miss *Sophy*. The *Israelites* after a short-lived peace with the *Syrians*, saw the war break out afresh; and the king of *Syria* laid siege to *Samaria*. Provisions were so scarce as to bring on an incredible famine; the head of an ass sold for fourscore pieces of silver, and a small measure of pigeons dung for five.

As the king of *Israel* was passing by one day on the wall a poor woman begged of him to do her justice. What wrong has been done to you, says the king? Lord, she answered, this woman my neighbour, and I agreed to eat our children. My son was boiled yesterday, and I gave her half; she has hid her son to day, and refuses to give me the half of him, as we had agreed. The king, struck with horror, rent his garments; and the people saw that he had a sackcloth within upon his flesh, to deprecate the just severity of an offended God. He ought, instead of wearing sackcloth, to have renounced his evil ways; but this was far from his thoughts; on the contrary, he fell into an excess of rage, and vowed under the strongest imprecations against himself, he would take off *Elisha's* head. As he was about to execute his wicked design, *Elisha*, who sat at home with the elders, said to them, do not you know, that this son of a murderer has sent to take away mine head? the king followed the person he sent, and the prophet spoke in the name of the Lord to this effect. To-  
morrow

morrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, at the gate of *Samaria*. A lord who waited upon the king, said to *Elisba*, unless God should make windows in heaven to pour down provisions, it is impossible. *Elisba* took him up with this prediction, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof.

Mean while God alarmed the *Syrians* with the noise of many chariots and horses, upon which, as they concluded, that a powerful army was coming to the relief of *Samaria*, they retired with great precipitation, and abandoned their baggage and ammunition. Not one remained in their camp; but this event was not yet known in the town. In those days lepers were not permitted to live in towns, but were obliged to stay without the gates. Four lepers, almost famished, took a resolution to deliver themselves up to the *Syrians*; it was better they thought to be dispatched by the *Syrians*, than to die of hunger. Their surprize was great, when they found the camp forsaken by the enemy; and after they had eat and drank they took what pleased them most, and laid it by privately. They soon began to feel a remorse for not imparting this agreeable piece of intelligence to the people of *Samaria*; they returned to the town; and as it was night it was thought proper to wake the king. He thought at first this might be a flight of the *Syrians* to draw them into an ambuscade, and to be better informed, he sent off two men on horseback. No more could be spared, the rest having been eat up, so that only five horses remained alive. The two men that were dispatched found the roads entirely covered with cloths, and other things, which the *Syrians* had thrown away to fly the faster, and brought  
this

this account to the king. The people crowded from *Samaria* to the enemies camp; but to prevent disorders at the gate, the king commanded the lord, who doubted of *Elisba's* prediction, to take his post there. He saw the great quantity of provisions that was brought in, and sold very cheap, but never tasted of it, for the people trod upon him in the gate, and he died. Thus was accomplished the prophesy which the lord had made by his servant.

*Miss Bella.* This story makes one's hair stand on end. What? a mother eat her child?

*Miss Sophy.* I have heard, *Mrs. Affable*, that there are nations who kill their parents, when they are aged, and then eat them; is it true?

*Mrs. Affable.* The *Iroquese*, a nation of *North America*, had that custom, but have now laid it aside. Don't think children, that this was done out of any ill-will. Far from it; when the Europeans came amongst them, and they were informed, that we let old people live, and buried them after their death, they thought us very cruel. What barbarity, they said, to let those suffer the infirmities of age, and then to put them into a hole for a prey to worms? We have, they went on, a far greater affection for our parents; we spare them all the inconveniencies of a decrepit old age; and we find them a grave in our stomachs. Eating our parents recalls to us the memory of their celebrated actions, we transfuse their courage into ourselves and our posterity.

*Lady Mary.* When I was a very little one, *Mrs. Affable* would joke with me, and propose my being a queen among those good people.

*Mrs. Affable.* It was never meant to laugh at you, my dear; I was endeavouring to discover how you was disposed in mind, and I was a good deal

deal edified with what I observed. Yes indeed, ladies, I told my dear little *Mary*, that the queens in that country were only cloathed with skins or hides, their necklaces were strings of shells, they often lay in the snow, and were over and above very poorly fed. I assure you, that all this did not in the least put her out of conceit, and she was willing to take up with all these inconveniencies, provided it would be a means to make the true God known among those poor people, and to bring them to live in society among one another.

*Miss Molly*. Don't they know, that there is a God; don't they behold the heavens and this earth, can they think, that all these fine things were made without a God?

*Mrs. Affable*. You reason very well, my dear; the most barbarous nations are struck with the sight and consideration of this beautiful universe, and have perfectly understood, that men not being in any capacity to construct this admirable fabric, there must necessarily be some superior being man, to whom their respect and adoration was due. Every nation has framed different ideas in this regard. The *Peruvians*, as well as *Mexicans*, adored the sun. The *Iroquese* and other savages of *North America* agree, that there is a great *genius*, that has made all things, and him they adore. They believe that there are several other inferior *geniuses*, whom they call *Manitous*, among whom some are good, others bad. But, which is very singular, they honour much more the evil *geniuses*, than the good, and make many presents to the former.

*Lady Violent*. That is mighty ridiculous; what reason have they for it, *Mrs. Affable*?

*Mrs. Affable*. The same reason as some people in *Asia*, who pray to, and honour the devil much more

more than God, though they have an idea of a deity. God is so good, they say, that he does not want our prayers to be very good to us; it is his nature to be so. Whereas the devil being extremely malicious, he must be kept in temper, and disarmed by our prayers and presents, without which he would certainly follow his predominant inclination, which always disposes him to mischief us.

Miss *Bella*. Do the *Iroquese* believe a hell and a heaven?

Mrs. *Affable*. They believe the soul to be immortal, and that after death the soul goes into a large and extended country, where it is to be treated as the works of this life have deserved. Their souls, who have led good lives, will find in this country all sorts of animals and fish, so that they may hunt and fish at pleasure. Here they are to have very great entertainments and feasts, with much singing and dancing. They are passionately fond of music and dances; and as they spend their days in hunting and fishing, all these things constitute the happiness of another life. When an *Iroquese* dies, his bow and arrows, with other particulars, which they think he may want in another world, are buried with the deceased. They have a sort of priests\*, who are called jugglers; these

\* Charlevoix in his 6th Vol. 25th letter, says thus, " Ils ne sont pas néanmoins (les jongleurs) les ministres de ces dieux prétendus, que pour annoncer aux hommes leurs volontés et pour être leurs interprètes: car si l'on peut donner le nom de sacrifice aux offrandes, que ces peuples font à leurs divinités, les prêtres parmi eux ne sont jamais les jongleurs: dans les cérémonies publiques ce sont les chefs, et dans les domestiques ce sont ordinairement les pères de famille, ou à leur défaut le plus considérable de la cabane. Mais la principale occupation des jongleurs . . . c'est la médecine, &c. They (the jugglers) are not how-

these are sent for, when any one is sick, to drive the evil *manitou*, or genius from the patient. The juggler uses many contorsions, makes wry faces; and if the sick recover, the poor people are very grateful, and make the juggler many and great presents.

Lady *Violent*. You can't imagine, dear Mrs. *Affable*, how desirous I am to be informed of the manners of all these nations. Pray let us hear all that you know about them.

Mrs. *Affable*. They live in villages, that is, a certain number of savages build cabins near each other. After this they chuse a chief from among those, who have distinguished themselves in the wars.

Miss *Sophy*. Whom are they at war with?

Mrs. *Affable*. *North America* alone is of a prodigious extent, and no one has yet seen the end of it. This great and vast country is full of woods and lakes, and inhabited by an infinity of nations, all different from each other in their looks and appearance. Some are white as we are; others have an olive complexion. Some have their heads flat, others sharp and pointed. They are continually at war, and carry it on so cruelly, that it ends in the destruction of their nations. They kill their prisoners, but they don't wait for death to roast them, which they do whilst they

however ministers of those pretended deities, only to declare their will to men, and to be their interpreters, for if the name of sacrifice may be applied to the offerings made to their gods, the jugglers among them are not their priests: but in public ce emones, their chiefs; in private, the head of the family; or for want of such-a-one the most considerable person of the cabin. The chief employ of the jugglers . . . . . is the practice of physick.

are



are yet living, and by a slow fire, where they suffer a long time before they die.

Lady *Mary*. How can they have the heart to hear the cries of those poor wretches so cruelly tormented?

Mrs. *Affable*. Those that are roasted make no outcries, my dear; they would disgrace themselves, and be esteemed cowards. On the contrary they make an *extempore* song (this they call their *death-song*;) wherein they set forth all their exploits, and how many they have roasted of the same nation, who have now brought them to the stake; they continue singing as long as life remains, and the women and children take a pleasure in adding to their torment, as if the fire was not a sufficient pain. Sometimes there are prisoners, who have the good luck to avoid this barbarous usage. A savage woman, that has lost her son in battle, is at liberty to chuse one among the prisoners, who is looked upon as her son, who has adopted him.

Lady *Violent*. They that sing whilst they are roasting, were certainly brought up by the *Lacedemonians*. Do you remember, Mrs. *Affable*, the child that stole the fox-cub.

Mrs. *Affable*. I remember it perfectly well, but as some of these ladies may not have heard that story, I beg you will favour us with it, and as often as you call to mind any such, that comes pat to the purpose, it will be of great use to perfect you in speaking French.

Lady *Violent*. Had I known as much I would now and then have thrown in a story; for instance, when you talked to us of the *broquese*, who kill their parents to prevent their suffering the inconveniences of old age, it put me in mind of that excellent receipt for the colick you taught me

two years ago. I will begin with the child at *Sparta*, and then repeat the other.

In *Sparta* the children were allowed coming into publick eating houses, and to carry off what they pleased, if they could do it without being discovered; if they were caught they were sure of being despised, which they dreaded more than death. One day a youth stole a fox-cub, and hid it under his garment. The animal, being very uneasy under his confinement, tore the lad's belly in a most dreadful manner. You can easily guess, ladies, that he must be under the greatest pain; he never once cried out, and fell down dead without the least sign of any complaint.

Miss *Molly*. A pretty country that of *Sparta*, where children were brought up to thieving; no one could be secure in his own house, and the rich were exposed to be reduced to poverty.

Mrs. *Affable*. At *Sparta* there was neither rich nor poor, as we shall let you know the first time ———— What ails you, lady *Violent*? you make a sad sour face, what is the matter, my dear?

Lady *Violent*. Don't you see, that miss *Molly* interrupted me? I had another story, that I was to bring in; why could not she let me tell it before she spoke?

Mrs. *Affable*. Ha-kee, my dear! if this had happened last year, it would have passed without chiding; you was then a little silly girl, that wanted flattering; but now since you are grown a sensible lady, and a great wit, I must tell you, that you are proud, and that it is a wrong turn of mind to pout for such a trifle? Miss *Molly* would indeed have appeared better bred had she waited till you had done. One must never interrupt another; but must you shew your want of sense, because she has betrayed her want of manners?

ners? Can any thing be fillier than to be angry with a person, who never intended to offend? Be persuaded of it, my dear, and instead of being displeas'd with your school-fellow, think, that, on the contrary, it would be happy for you to meet often with such occasions. This, and particularly being thwarted, or contradicted, would accustom you to get the better of all passions. This is disagreeable my dear——— but yet you smile.

*Lady Violent.* I do, and I cry at the same time, and when I reflect, that you begin with compliments, that you may chapter me with greater freedom, I cannot forbear smiling at the cunning way you take to that purpose. You are very crafty, *Mrs. Affable*, and like *mama*; when I am to take physic she laps it up in sweet meats.

*Mrs. Affable.* Where is the harm in this, my dear; if she can get you to take your physic, what matters it how it is lap'd up? Do you take it amiss, that I should sooth you with some flattery, to make you relish the correction better, which I thought you deserved?

*Lady Violent.* I am very well contented, and at the same time uneasy on this account. I am contented, because without that reprimand I might have broke into a passion; but I am grieved, that I am so silly as to make such precautions necessary. This indeed makes me quite ashamed.

*Mrs. Affable.* These are most excellent dispositions. On the other hand I find, that I have not express'd myself at all properly, when I said I began to flatter you; it was no flattery, and far from exaggeration. You are so much amended, that you are no longer the same person; there remains still a great work to be finished, which I take upon me to say you will bring to perfection, which how-

however shall not hinder me taking all such measures as I shall think proper to give you no uneasiness; good breeding and a humane disposition make this necessary. I should have the greatest satisfaction, if I could teach you by giving example how you are to behave hereafter to those who shall depend of you. Your story shall take place at our next meeting, and we shall say something about the laws of the *Lacedemonians*; as it is now, we have but just time to repeat our lesson of geography.

Lady *Louisa*. You have said much of *America* to day; would you be so kind as to give us an idea of that part of the world?

Mrs. *Affable*. With pleasure, ladies; pray lady *Sensible* tell them what you know of *America*.

Lady *Sensible*. *America* is called the *New World* from its having been discovered so late as the year 1493. It is however thought the ancients had some knowledge of it, and that this vast continent was called by them the *Atlantick* island. Though *Christopher Columbus*, a *Genoese*, was the first discoverer, *Americus Vespucius* has the honour of it, and this part of the world takes its name from him. *America*, being situated in three zones, has very different climates. In some there are excessive heats, in others excessive cold, and other climates are temperate. It is divided into *North* and *South America*. The latter is a large peninsula 3990 miles long, and 2820 broad.

Lady *Lucy*. I beg pardon, madam; may it not be a mistake? Is that part of the world of such a prodigious extent?

Mrs. *Affable*, No mistake at all, my dear; that part of the world exceeds the three others. I remember to have heard, that Mr. *Penn* and lord *Baltimore* had a law-suit concerning their lands in

those parts, and their difference was about the two and thirtieth part of the world.

*Miss Rural.* Land is not so very considerable there as it is here. I am heiress of an island in that part of which they report strange wonders, and which would make me a very great lady, if I had it here.

*Lady Louisa.* Well, dear madam, as you are so fond of retirement, why not go to your island? and, as you are sovereign there, you might exclude all men, and be as solitary as you pleased.

*Miss Rural.* You are pleased to banter, lady; but I can take a jest. And I am glad of the occasion to assure you, that I am neither a man-hater nor a savage; I love society, and were I so happy as always to have the opportunity of such company as this, I protest I should never miss the solitude, which engages me so agreeably. I must acquaint you with the reasons, why I am so pleased with our woods in the country; the trees are dumb, and entertain me with no impertinences, whereas in town I must spend half my time in hearing nothing else. They are, I am told, got into a method of drawing conversations; I am sure, that I could bring into the compass of a page, all or most of those I have heard; they run upon a score of very foolish things, that are repeated a thousand different ways.

*Mrs. Affable.* You surprize me, miss; I am acquainted with most of the ladies you visit, and they are really persons of the first rank in point of merit.

*Miss Rural.* Very true, *Mrs. Affable*; it is a real pleasure, when mama takes me with her to go in a morning, and take tea with those ladies; they are then alone, their conversation charms me, and is of very great service for my improvement. The scene is much altered after dinner.

These

These very sensible ladies are forced to admit others not much so, and to talk of all the impertinences, that stuff the poor heads of the ladies their visitors.

Mrs. *Affable*. I esteem them the more for it. It shews great good sense to conceal it in such company, and to keep the conversation within their reach.

Miss *Rural*. Oh! I both admire and esteem them; but I could not be pleased with an occasion of following their example. I find life is too short to lose time, and to suffer this constraint. There are thousands of persons, to whom these tattlers may communicate at leisure all the fiddle-faddle they wish; it is not necessary I should increase the number; who knows but at last I may become as silly as any of those women?

Mrs. *Affable*. That is, you think you can do very well by yourself, and don't intend to be put out of your way for any one. That is not reasonable, my dear; society cannot subsist without a mutual sacrifice of our inclinations; if you should continue in this way of thinking, I must dispatch you to your island.

Miss *Rural*. Hear me out, I beg, Mrs. *Affable*; I am quite willing to be under constraint for my friends. I promise, when there shall be an occasion, to submit to the same for others, but it will be against my will, and at the same time I am resolved as far as it is consistent with good manners and civility, to keep out of such occasions. Are you satisfied now, Mrs. *Affable*?

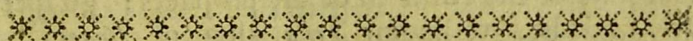
Mrs. *Affable*, Yes, my dear, or very near the matter; to be quite so, I would have you pleased and happy even in those things, which you cannot avoid doing. That will come in time. Let us trip back to *America*.

*Lady Sensible.* South America is divided into seven parts, viz. Peru, Paraguay, Chili, Terra Magellanica, the Land of the Amazons, Terra Firma, and Brazil.

Peru is the richest country in the world; and belongs to the king of Spain. It was discovered by Francis Pizarro. Lima is the capital of Peru. Though there are few rivers, the country is fruitful. There is a great chain of mountains, called Cordilleras, and they are of a prodigious height. This part of the world has at once the four seasons of the year. Near the sea it is smothering hot. After this by an easy ascent you walk up a mountain of a great length, which brings you to a plain, where the city of Quito is built. Spring and autumn, fruits and flowers, and weather, that is neither hot nor cold, continue the whole year in this plain, which is raised far above our highest mountains. This plain is terminated by the Cordilleras, on the top of which it is so intensely cold as to endanger one's life.

*Lady Lucy.* Is it possible, Mrs. Affable? Peru stands in the torrid zone, and those mountains, that rise so high, are much nearer the sun, than the sea-shore. How can the cold be so intense?

*Mrs. Affable.* Some *Virtuosi* have concluded from this, that the sun was not hot. This shall be spoken of some other time. To morrow, ladies, we go into the country, and shall not be back till Thursday, nor then time enough for the lesson, so that I shall not have the pleasure, of seeing you in the morning.



## DIALOGUE XIII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

**L**ET us begin with our stories. Lady *Charlotte*, give us that which you have learnt.

Lady *Charlotte* All the prodigies, which God wrought in the sight of the *Israelites* and their king, proving ineffectual to bring them off from the worship of idols, he would not bear with them any longer. The king of *Juda* adored *Baal*, as well as the king of *Israel*; he had married a daughter of *Jezebel*; and as the whole family was abandoned to wickedness and idolatry, this impious woman brought her husband to sacrifice to her false gods. At last came the hour, designed by the Lord, to put in execution the threats he had denounced to *Ahab*. It happened thus. The king of *Syria* fell sick, and sent a servant to *Elisha*, to know whether he should recover of his disorder. The servant (his name was *Hazael*) asked of the prophet, whether his master's disease was mortal. No, says he, *but he will surely die.* *Hazael* perceived, that the prophet looked steadily at him and wept; he inquired of him why he wept. *Because, Elisha* answered, *I know the evils thou wilt do unto the children of Israel, when thou shalt be king of Syria; they will never find a greater enemy.* *Hazael* left the prophet, and soon after smothered his master in bed, and being recognized king of *Syria*, declared war to the *Israelites*. The king of *Juda* came to succour his brother-in-law the king of *Israel*, upon which *Elisha*



sent one of the children of the prophets; go speedily, said he, to anoint *Jehu* king of *Israel*; for him the lord hath chosen to accomplish and execute his threats to *Ahab*, and he shall call *Jezebel* to an account of the blood she has caused to be shed. The young prophet took a vial of oil, and performed his commission. *Jehu's* companions being informed, that he had been anointed king, proclaimed and followed him. With these attendants *Jehu* met the kings of *Juda* and *Israel*, who were both slain. When *Jehu* returned to the city, *Jezebel*, who had put on paint, and dressed her head, appeared at the window, and loaded him with reproaches; he cried out, is there no one above, that is willing to take my side? her servants made answer, that he was free to command, and they ready to obey. If so, said *Jehu*, throw that woman out of the window. This was done instantly, and the blood of that unhappy and wicked woman was sprinkled on the wall, and on the horses, and he trod her under foot. The next day the king ordered the body to be interred, but no more was found of her than the skull and the feet, and the palms of her hands, the dogs having devoured the body. *Jehu* soon after ordered all that remained of the house of *Ahab* to be destroyed; then he declared in public his design to sacrifice unto *Baal*, and summoned all the prophets of that false deity to meet. All, not one excepted, appeared upon the summons, and *Jehu* put them all to death.

The new king, who had put an end to the worship of *Baal*, was not more faithful in the service due to God, than his predecessors, and kept up the golden calves, that had been cast by *Jeroboam* to be worshipped by the *Israelites*.

Mrs. *Affable*. This passage of the sacred history furnishes us an admirable lesson. What was the cause of the king of *Juda's* misfortune? His alliance with the daughter of *Jezabel*, as wicked a woman as her mother. A young lady, to whom a match is proposed, examines with care the appearance of the person, that is offered as a suitor. She may perhaps carry her attention so far, as to take some information about his temper. She is content, when she hears, that he is a cheerful person, loves diversions, and sees a great deal of company. Mean while the parents are busy in inquiring after the estate of the person, who proposes to have their daughter; if he is rich, that is some and all; it must be a very good match. But the young gentleman is of a family, that has no regard to any religion, and has in great probability taken in with his milk the principles of his parents; he is a worthy gentleman they say; by a man of worth, they only mean a person, that is not subject to your coarse unpolite vices. How many young ladies contracted to such gentlemen have lost sight of the principles of religion, that they were brought up with, and have at last been ruined? Avoid the danger, ladies, and take this for a certain rule, that a man without religion cannot be a man of worth, and is sure to make you very unhappy.

Lady *Louisa*. I assure you, Mrs. *Affable*, that I am acquainted with several gentlemen, that have no religion at all, and yet are persons of great worth and honour.

Mrs. *Affable*. They may seem such, my dear, but are not really so, or are in immediate danger of departing from worth and honour. Religion is the only means by which we are supplied with motives to overcome our prevailing passions; without

religion we shall be destitute of necessary helps to stand against our inclinations. Philosophy is here of little service. If we get our lesson done in time, lady *Sensible* will entertain you with a story out of the *Adventurer*, and which is very proper to back what I have said. Your story, miss *Molly*.

Miss *Molly*. *Athalia* was the daughter of *Jezabel*, that married the king of *Juda*. As soon as she received the news of her husband's death, she made away with all the princes of the royal blood without any exception even of the grandchildrer, out of the desire she had of reigning alone. But a sister of the late king found means to save one of them in the cradle, and concealed him with his nurse in an apartment within the precincts, or the dependance of the temple, where he was brought up till he was seven years of age. The high priest having assembled some troops, made young *Jeboash* (it was the young prince's name) be crowned at the expiration of the seven years. *Athalia* surprized with the noise and acclamation of the priests came to the temple, and was struck with horror, when she saw *Jeboash* on the throne. The high priest did not allow her time to vent her rage, but ordered her to be taken out of the temple, and put to the sword. *Jeboash* being but seven years old, when he began his reign, served the lord faithfully, whilst the high priest lived, and followed his advice. He lost (and it was a great misfortune) this faithful friend, and putting his confidence in a set of flatterers, he became so wicked, that he ordered the son of the high priest, who had preserved his life, and had been a second father to him to be killed. His successors inherited his crimes; yet some served the lord, but not like *David*, for they let the groves, consecrated to false deities on the mountains, stand, and suffered the people to offer incense

incense there. The *Israelites*, like their kings, continued idolaters, and God, to punish their blindness, delivered them up to the kings of *Assyria*, who carried them off to their dominion, where they remained a long time in bondage.

Mrs. *Sophy*. O dear! how sorry am I to hear this sad account of *Jeboash*. Monsieur *Racine* has made a tragedy, where he appeared so good, that I loved him to excess. How could a prince, so well brought up, and who had so charming a character, come to be so wicked, and so ungrateful?

Mrs. *Affable*. Flattery is the bane of virtue, though seemingly established on a solid foundation; it is pestiferous, children, and if once your ears are open to the deceitful discourse of flatterers, you may be led into all sorts of guilt. . . . Lady *Violent* you had a mind to tell us a little story. You are at liberty to do it now.

Lady *Violent*. About two years ago, Mrs. *Affable* told me very seriously, she was going to write a pretty story for me; at the top of the paper she set down by way of title, *A cure for the colic*. This was only to raise my curiosity to read the story; for at that time I did not at all like the French language. She succeeded in her design; and I was much pleased with the story I am about to repeat.

When *Alexander* the great was in the *Indies*, he found a sect of philosophers called *Bracmans*. *Calanus*, one of these philosophers, begged leave to follow him, and having obtained it, accompanied him in his expeditions. *Calanus* was of a great age, and had never been under any disorder. Sometime after he was seized with a violent fit of the colic; as he had not been accustomed to suffer, this made him excessively impatient. When the fit was passed, he waited on *Alexander*, and re-

quested his permission to be burnt. The monarch thought he was out of his senses, and would not hearken to his proposal. *Calanus* was not discouraged with the refusal; what have I done to your majesty, said he, that should move you to reject my petition? I am old, and find that I can expect nothing but ailments and disorders. The horrible fit I suffered yesterday is now past indeed; but will soon return with a cough, the gravel, a want of appetite and restless nights; give me leave to prevent all these evils, and do not condemn me to lead a miserable lingering life, which at best can be only esteemed a tedious torment. *Alexander*, who was not more in his senses, than the philosopher, yielded to this fine argument, gave leave to *Calanus* to make an end of himself by fire, as he proposed, and granted a farther favour, which the philosopher sued for, to make a grand entertainment for solemnizing his obsequies. *Calanus*, highly pleased, ordered the funeral pile to be erected, he laid himself down as calmly as he would have done in a good bed, and let himself be burnt without making the least motion. The entertainment that followed was quite agreeable to the occasion; and many drank so excessively, that they soon overtook the philosopher in another world.

Now, ladies, is not this a charming receipt for the colic?

*Miss Frivolous*. I am the doctor and his prescription's most humble servant, but I do not think the fancy will ever take me to try his remedy; no, I have not so much courage as *Calanus*.

*Mrs. Affable*. What do you call courage, my dear? I assure you, that none but cowards destroy themselves. The courageous person bears sickness

ness and losses; only faint hearts, I repeat it are overcome by pain.

Lady *Louisa*. You are in the right, Mrs. *Affable*; I am convinced now, but I own, that I was mistaken; before, I always took the killing of one's self to be a sin, but not an act of cowardice.

Miss *Zina*. We have a book at home, called the *Persian Letters*. 'Tis said to be written by a great man, and he maintains it to be lawful. He says, that life is a gift of the creator, which he obliges us to preserve no longer than it shall be agreeable to us; and that if a man was past all possibility of ever being extricated from evils, in which he finds himself engaged, God could not without cruelty require him to keep a present, which has proved so disastrous to him. Something interiorly tells me, that I must not yield to this argument, but really 'tis what I cannot answer\*.

Mrs. *Affable*. As you have not yet been accustomed to examine principles, upon which arguments are grounded, give lady *Sensible* leave to discuss the proposition advanced by this gentleman. This was the famous *monsieur de Mont-squieu*; he heartily repented, the last years of his life, his having been the author of that work, and died like a good christian.

Lady *Sensible*. *Life is a present from the creator, which he obliges us to preserve no longer than it shall be agreeable to us.* I am persuaded, Mrs. *Affable*, that the author would have spoke better if instead of *agreeable* he had said *advantageous*. The proposition would then have been true. He adds, that *God,*

\* Some may find fault with my inserting this here. But the conversation is a real fact. A lady of great penetration made use of the terms, which I have copied above faithfully. The answer was given by a young lady of twelve years of age, Miss *Munskbausen*,

without being cruel, could not require of man to keep a present, which had proved so fatal to him. After this he explains what this fatal or disastrous present is; a life, he says, where a man should labour under all sorts of evil without a possibility of relief. Here the argument rests upon a false supposition. There is no evils, which exclude all possibility of relief; consequently there is no situation that can make life an unhappy present from the creator; whence there is no situation, wherein man can be allowed to put an end to that life, which it is his advantage to preserve, because God continues it to him, and which besides, it is very certain, God would take away, if not advantageous to him.

Miss Zina I admire lady *Sensible's* examen of this proposition, and her manner of shewing that it is false. But, Mrs. *Affable*, if there were persons, who maintained, that a man under the loss of his fortune, health, reputation and friends was unhappy beyond recovery, what answer would she make.

Mrs. *Affable*. This shall be discussed in our philosophical lesson. As we speak of happiness, it is essential and necessary to discover what is the cause of unhappiness, which is its contrary. I must keep my word with these ladies, and we must talk over the laws of *Sparta*. Lady *Witty*, tell what you know of them.

Lady *Witty*. I must first tell the ladies, who *Lycurgus* was, that made those laws. He was in my opinion a well-meaning man, very desirous of practising virtue, and recommending virtuous practices to others, but had never examined well, wherein virtue consisted. For want of this he was quite wrong in his method of governing the *Spartans*.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very soon said, my dear! You have nothing to do now but to prove this.

Lady *Witty*. I will do it with pleasure, Mrs. *Affable*. I will give these ladies a plain account, first of the steps he took to have his laws received, and after that I will refer the matter to their judgment.

*Lycurgus* was brother to a king of *Sparta*, who died without issue, but left his queen with child. The *Spartans* offered the crown to *Lycurgus*. Here indeed he behaved like a man of honour. I am, said he in answer to this proposal, greatly obliged to you for this proof of your good will; but if the queen chance to be delivered of a son, you are very sensible the crown will be his right and not mine. *Lycurgus's* sister-in-law was a very bad woman, and very desirous to continue queen of *Sparta*; if you will marry me, she said to *Lycurgus*, I will destroy the child, and you shall be king in your own right. If *Lycurgus* had not curbed his passion, he would certainly have punished this unnatural mother; but as the life of the child continued in her power, he pretended that he was very willing to accept of this match, and that he had ways and means to make away with the child, after he was born. As soon as the queen was delivered, it proved a son; *Lycurgus* took the child from the mother, had him recognized king of *Sparta*, and consented to take the regency into his hands, till his nephew came to age to reign by himself, and seized this opportunity to change the *Spartan* laws.

Here, as, in effect, there is every where else, was a great number of poor, and some few rich. *Lycurgus* thought this unjust, and was of opinion, that all the people in the same country should be equal. Convinced as he was, that this equality was but just and equitable, he got together a good number



ber of soldiers, and acquainted those who had great possessions, that they must absolutely allow a share of them to those who had none, and that he would not suffer any one to be master of more land than another. Well, ladies, what do you think of this proceeding?

Miss *Molly*. Think? that he was very charitable to make a provision for all the poor.

Miss *Bella*. But, my dear friend, pray consider, that this charity was at other's expence, and that this can't be allowed. What would you think, my dear, if I took a knife and said, miss *Molly*, I'll cut your throat, if you don't deliver your money. Here are poor, that are not worth a farthing; that is not just, you must divide your money with them, and only keep your equal share?

Miss *Molly*. Indeed, madam, I should think you a robber; that you might give your own as you pleased, because it is your own; that mine did not belong to you; that it was an injustice to compel me to share it in that manner. Why did not he do like Mrs. *Affable*? I had three guineas, and to be sure was very fond of them, till Mrs. *Affable* made me ashamed of this covetousness, upon which I distributed the money very freely among the poor. *Lycurgus* should have endeavoured to bring the *Spartans* by good reasons to divide their lands, but ought not to oblige them to it by force.

Mrs. *Affable*. Alas! poor *Lycurgus* is condemned without hopes of a reprieve. I really think, ladies, as well as you do, that this was a wrong step. The law of nature is the first of laws; it forbids taking what belongs to another; and this law it is never lawful to break through. *Lycurgus's* favourite object was that equality, and he thought

thought he might be indulged in every thing, provided that all the *Spartans* were rich alike.

*Lady Charlotte.* Had I been there I would have come even with him; he might have taken my lands; but should have missed of my gold, silver, and jewels. I would have buried them in the ground first.

*Mrs. Affable.* You would only have come even with yourself, my dear, for he found means to make gold and silver quite useless.

*Lady Charlotte.* How so, *Mrs. Affable*?

*Lady Mary.* Give me leave to account for it, *Mrs. Affable*; for I have read it this winter. You know, ladies, that you cannot be fed nor cloathed with gold or silver; money is only useful to purchase the necessaries of life. *Lycurgus* forbad under pain of life selling any one thing for gold or silver. Those, who had laid their money by, were a good deal disappointed, and looked very silly, as they did not know what to do with what they had kept so carefully. *Lycurgus*, instead of the common money current before, made iron-money, and distributed it equally to every family. This made every one equally rich, having an equal share of land, and the same quantity of money.

*Miss Frivolous.* That might serve for a time; there was then a perfect equality, but this could not last long. No doubt but there were at *Sparta* some who had a better appetite than others, some who desired to be better dressed. These must spend their money sooner, which must speedily have ended in numbers of poor.

*Lady Witty.* *Lycurgus* was aware of the same difficulty, and had provided against it in this manner; no one eat at home. He erected great halls, where fifteen families could conveniently mess together. All found their respective shares of wine, oil, flour, and meat, so that no one  
could

could lay out more than his neighbour, and if one did not eat heartily, he was called a glutton and accused of eating at his own house, before he came, which was a great reproach.

*Miss Sophy.* Who paid the cook, and the other servants?

*Lady Witty.* There were no servants at *Sparta*, ladies. What servants we have only wait upon us, because they have no other way to subsist; but where every particular was found in all necessaries, you may easily judge, that they would neither be servants nor workmen. All sorts of work was done by their prisoners of war, who were slaves, and besides them there was many of the *Ilotes*, a people of the territory of *Sparta*, used as slaves, which gave the others the name of *Ilotes*.

*Miss Rural.* A strange sort of a country! I always was told, that the *Spartans* were temperate, disinterested, and virtuous, but far from being such, they were not at liberty to be otherwise. To be temperate, it is my opinion, I ought to have liberty to chuse between a plentiful and moderate meal; he is temperate, who prefers the latter to the former.

*Mrs. Affable.* You judge quite right, my dear. To be virtuous we must be at liberty to do the contrary, and forbear the use of that liberty; but I find something still more shocking in the laws of *Lycurgus*; and this was the disorderly love of their country inspired by those laws. Their country was the idol, to which they must be ever ready to sacrifice fair dealing, credit, humanity, and all other virtues. Others become wicked, because they give themselves up to passions, arising, it is true, from a false interest, but very pressing and cogent. The *Spartans* were unjust and cruel by principle.

Lady

Lady *Louisa*. But, Mrs. *Affable*, I must, with your leave, assure you, that I know very learned, and as virtuous persons, who differ from you in opinion. They look upon *Lycurgus's* laws as a master-piece, and the *Lacedimonians* as the greatest nation in the world. Have not you conceived some prejudice against them?

Mrs. *Affable*. I must say, as lady *Witty* has done. I will give you my reasons for my way of thinking, and submit them to your decision. But previously I must acquaint you, that things may be understood as physically or morally fit for the end proposed.

Lady *Lucy*. I beg you will explain this, Mrs. *Affable*, for it is above my understanding.

Mrs. *Affable*. The end proposed may be very honorable, and ought to be kept in view by the legislator; but the means employed for the same end may be different in nature, though conducive to the same effect. Considered under this light they may appear proper means, and suited to the lawgiver's intention, by which he may arrive at the end proposed. The different means may be thought *naturally* proper, inasmuch as they naturally cause the same effect. To make an odd supposition, however not more inconsistent, than some of the *Spartan* laws, and which may be of service to demonstrate that inconsistency, put the case of a person suffering under a violent fever; and that another to relieve him from his anguish, dispatches him by immediate death, which puts an end to his disorder, as well as to his life. Taking away his life has a connexion with the end of the fever, as a cause, and may be called a *natural* cause to it; and *naturally* productive of that effect, but as murder cannot by any means be reconciled to the known and received  
princi-

principles of humanity and morality, notwithstanding it naturally causes the said effect, it is morally unfit, and consequently criminal. And hence we must only keep in view the moral fitness resting on moral principles, as a solid foundation, and the true basis of well established governments.

Lady *Lucy*. Excuse my want of capacity, Mrs. *Affable*; I take your meaning perfectly with regard to *natural* and *moral* fitness, but am still at a loss what relation they have to *Lycurgus's* laws.

Mrs. *Affable*. It may be my fault in not being clearer; I will endeavour to throw more light upon this subject. But pray, tell me, what did *Lycurgus* intend by the laws he gave to the *Spartans*?

Lady *Lucy*. To form a warlike nation, that should be invincible, and add nothing to their dominions by conquest; that is, to establish a commonwealth, that should always continue the same without increase or decrease.

Mrs. *Affable*. And what were the means he used to succeed in this project?

Lady *Lucy*. He endeavoured in general to inspire the people with the greatest love of their country, and taught them, as an essential point of their duty, that they must sacrifice whatever was most dear to them, their parents, their children, and their lives to the advantage of their country.

Lady *Louisa*. I have been informed, that this point of duty is still in force every where, so, that *Lycurgus* was not so much to blame. But I think we were told besides, that virtue was to be sacrificed to the interest of the country.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are in the right, madam, and I undertake to prove it. *Lycurgus* to render *Sparta* invincible would have all the *Lacedemonians* to be complete soldiers. To this end it is necessary to  
have

have a strong and robust body; not to fear fatigues or pain, or even death. He maintained, that these qualities were to take place of every other, and that nothing was to be spared for acquiring these accomplishments. The parents in consequence of this scheme were only to wish for children, which they could bring up to be soldiers. When a child was born weak and deformed, he could never, said they, be a soldier, he can be of no service to his country, who only wants soldiers. As we are not to regard any thing, that is not beneficial to *Sparta* we must not have any affection for this mishapen creature; he must be sacrificed to the interest of the nation. This unserviceable child would live at the public charge, and eat as much as would bring up and maintain another able to bear arms. By this singular method of reasoning, a weak and disfigured child was killed, not to be a burthen; and from a principle of obedience to the laws of *Lycurgus* they became cruel, inhuman, unjust, and transgressed the laws of nature. Now you understand me.

Lady *Lucy*. Yes, Mrs. *Affable*, this law was naturally adapted to keep only such as were proper to be soldiers, but was morally unfit, as contrary to the laws of nature.

Lady *Sensible*. Mrs. *Affable* will think me extremely bold; the law in my mind is neither naturally or morally fit for the end proposed. Why did *Lycurgus* design to form a nation of soldiers? That *Sparta* should be invincible; but one should think, that heads are more necessary for this purpose, than strength of body. What advantage could they obtain from robust able bodied men, without wise heads to command them? The strength of body is not so necessary for generals; a brave and courageous soul may be placed in a feeble

feeble body; among the children they destroyed many of them might have turned out good officers, who were by this barbarity lost to their country. It was happy for the *Lacedemonians*, that this cruel law was not observed by the father of *Agefilaus*. He was king of *Sparta*, and paid a forfeit for having married a little woman; his son *Agefilaus* was very little and lame, but this child born lame and doomed to death by the laws of his country, became a most famous commander, and the greatest king of *Sparta*. Perhaps many an *Agefilaus* has been barbarously killed in the cradle, and the commonwealth has been deprived of great and able persons to the great disadvantage of the state.

Mrs. *Affable*. 'Tis an excellent remark, my dear; besides that, as Mr. *Rollin* observes in his history, it happens generally, that a child who was very weak at his birth grows up to be robust.

Lady *Sensible*. I beg I may be allowed to shew, that all the bad actions of the *Lacedemonians* are originally owing to this law of *Lycurgus*. Give ear, ladies, to a most dreadful account, that will prove what I say.

The *Ilotes* were, as you know, treated as slaves at *Sparta*; they were very numerous, for, as it was observed before, the *Lacedemonians* followed no profession nor craft. They were neither butchers nor tailors, nor bricklayers. They only minded the *military*; the rest was left to their slaves. A war fell out, wherein the *Lacedemonians* were in want of troops on account of the superiority of their enemies. They made their slaves into soldiers, and promised to give their freedom to those, who should distinguish their bravery by some gallant action. The situation of the *Ilotes* in *Sparta* was very miserable; and their desire of free-

freedom from their heavy bondage, put them upon making the greatest efforts to serve the public. The war being brought to an end, all the slaves, who had performed some extraordinary exploit, were summoned to appear before the magistrates, that their names, with their military achievements, might be registered, and they rewarded. Several thousands appeared, who had well deserved their freedom. Can you doubt of their being made free? Far from it, ladies! The *Spartans* reasoned thus upon the point.

These men, who have behaved with so much bravery, have noble minds, and too great, not to leave the commonwealth room to apprehend, that their courage may prove fatal to *Sparta*. They will certainly some time remember the bad usage they have found among us, and it is possible they may desire to take their revenge. The interest of *Sparta* makes it necessary they should be destroyed. But what is their crime? Pray, where is the guilt of the children, that come weak and deformed in the world? We sacrifice our children, that ought to be dearer to us, from patriot principles; what reason can make us fear sacrificing upon the same motives slaves, who are of so little concern to us. In effect, ladies, these unhappy wretches were all destroyed, whose only crime was too much merit for persons in their station.

Lady *Louisa*. There is an end of it! I have done with *Lycurgus*, and his *Lacedaemonians*; they are bears, they are tygers, or rather monsters beyond comparison; for the fiercest animals don't hurt their own species, and love their young ones.

Lady *Violent*. I have another instance, which is not much to their credit. A commander of theirs seized the city of *Thebes*, though the *Thebans* and  
Spar-



*tans* were in full peace. The former complained of the injury; the *Spartans* condemned the proceeding; the commander was fined in a certain sum; but that was all; the *Spartans* kept possession of *Thebes* against all right and justice.

Miss *Bella*. Just as if I had a thief brought before a judge for stealing my watch, and he should condemn him to be hanged, and put my watch into his own pocket.

Mrs. *Affable*. Exactly right, and an excellent comparison. Much more might be said of the *Lacedemonians*. I beg, ladies, you will read in your abridgment of universal history, and after that in monsieur *Rollin* what relates to them; then you shall each of you tell me the remarks you have made. At present lady *Sensible* will go on in her account of *America*.

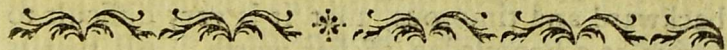
Lady *Sensible*. We have said, that *South-America* is divided into seven parts; and have spoken of *Peru*, the first. The second is *Paraguay*, also called *Rio de la Plata*, from a large river into which many others fall. *Rio de la Plata* signifies the silver-river, from the great quantity of that metal found in it by the *Spaniards*. This country is subject for the most part to the king of *Spain* nearer the sea and the rivers; farther from land, and where the *Spaniards* have no settlements, the inhabitants are reported to be of a gigantic size, and cannibals, that is, man-eaters. The air is temperate and healthy, and provided plentifully with all necessaries of life. The *Assumption* is the capital of that province of *Paraguay*, which goes under the name of *Rio de la Plata*.

The third part of *South-America* is known by the name of *Chili*; which signifies a cold country, and indeed the winters are so rigorous, particularly towards the mountains, that the lives of  
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the inhabitants are in danger. The rivers are frozen up in the night, and the ice melts in the day. They have a large sort of sheep, that serve instead of horses. This part is under the king of *Spain*; the capital is *S. Iago*.

*Magellan* gave his name to *Terra Magellanica*. The air is cold, and the land only abounds with pastures and forests. The inhabitants give themselves the name of *Patagons*, and are said to be ten or twelve feet in height. They are very little known; the *Spaniards* have no town in those parts, but *Nakuelbuapi*.

*Terra Firma* has a good wholesome air, except that part near the *Isthmus* of *Panama*. The country is very fertile and very rich. Here is the river *Orenoque*, whose course is very near 900 miles. This country belongs to the *Spaniards*, and their capital is *Santa Fe de Bagota*. Our next meeting we design to go through the remaining part of *South-America*.



## DIALOGUE XIV.

Mrs. AFFABLE, Lady LUCY, Lady LOUISA, Lady  
SINCERE.

Lady LUCY alone with Mrs. AFFABLE.

IT is so long since I have had the pleasure of a private conference with Mrs. *Affable*, that I lost all patience, and determin'd to stay no longer. And I don't know, that miss *Zina* will come to day; there is a great deal ado about her; they talk of a very advantageous match. I  
am

am quite pleased; she is very deserving; and I look upon this settlement as a reward of her virtue.

Mrs. *Affable*. May one take the liberty of asking what lady *Lucy* means by an advantageous match.

Lady *Lucy*. What all the world means, Mrs. *Affable*, a gentleman of very great fortune, and a good family.

Mrs. *Affable*. You must not consider all things in the same light, that others generally do. One may marry a very rich person, and of great rank, and withal be very poorly married.

Lady *Lucy*. 'Tis very true, Mrs. *Affable*; I ought to suspend my judgment, till I am acquainted with the character and behaviour of the gentleman, who is designed for her. But I must own, that though I am a stranger to her suitor, I entertain a very favourable opinion of him; for after all Miss *Zina* is very agreeable, though not a striking beauty. She has wit and good sense, but this does not appear to strangers, because she is so very backward and timorous, that it is very difficult to arrive at a knowledge of her worth. All that is seen is her particular modesty, handsome behaviour, and a particular care to find out all occasions of doing good. You may easily judge, that a gentleman, who can only know her by these outlines, and is induced to chuse her for a partner in life, must be a person of sound sense.

Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Lucy* concludes very justly; indeed I have frequently heard a very advantageous account of the young lady and her family.

Lady *Lucy*. As to that, Mrs. *Affable*, she has received the best education. Her father, who was a man of great merit, was himself her tutor, and brought her up in the same manner you do lady *Sensible*. She has told me, that when she was but  
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six years of age he ordered several pieces of different stuffs to make her choice out of, and gave her eight guineas; here, dear *Zina*, he said, this is to purchase you a gown. If you take this better piece, you will spend your eight pieces; they are yours, and you may lay them out as you please. If you pitch upon this other, you will not be quite so fine, but you will have a couple left. We have now in our township a poor woman; her husband has been this long time out of order; she is mother to six children, almost naked, and who will be perishing with cold this winter. With the two guineas you save, some warm cloathing may be found for the poor children; they will pray for their benefactress, and at the last day you will hear these comfortable words from *Jesus Christ*, *I was naked, and you cloathed me with your own clothes.* The good little girl was so affected with her father's words, that instead of two she resolved to give four guineas, and took some meaner stuff for herself. He never missed a day without putting in her way some occasion of doing good; her mother, who is as charitable as her husband, gives her the same example, though she is not very rich. Last year she was informed, that a poor woman and four poor children she had, were in a starving condition. Away she sets with her daughters to the place; it was near *Westminster*; they crept up into a garret, found the poor children quite naked upon straw; they packed them all up in their coach, and at their return home cloathed the poor wretches. They did more; they sent the poor woman into the country, and gave her five guineas; this sum enabled her to set up a small shop, which has helped her to an easy livelihood.

*Mrs. Affable.* You give me a prodigious idea of that family——But here the ladies are. How happens it? *lady Sincere* is with them.

*Lady Sincere.* Yes, *Mrs. Affable*, she is indeed, and come with a resolution, if you will give her leave, to quarrel heartily with you. You admit these ladies to see you in the morning; you say the finest things that can be to them, concerning balls and plays, and are so cruel, as to exclude me from your conferences, which I want more than any person, because in short, *Mrs. Affable*, I love those diversions to distraction.

*Lady Louisa.* Make the best of your way from us, my dear; take care to avoid all our conversations. If you mind *Mrs. Affable*, you must of absolute necessity sacrifice those pleasures for the most part; I wish sometimes I had never heard any thing upon that head. I gave myself up very honestly to a distracted life; I wasted time without scruple or remorse; but that is over; *Mrs. Affable's* lessons run in my mind, and break in upon all the schemes I had formed for pleasure and diversion, and troublesome reflections assault me in those places, where I used to meet with nothing but mirth and satisfaction.

*Lady Sincere,* I'll venture however. I told you, that I was fond to madness of diversions; and 'tis true, but I am only in quest of pleasure to be happy and contented. *Mrs. Affable* gives us hopes of another kind of happiness; 'tis all one to me; I am very little concerned by what means I am pleased, provided I am so. On the other side I mean well, and have always found something within me, which suggests to my thoughts, that there is some fault in the attachment I have to pleasure; could I discover such pleasures against  
which

which my reason could not except, those would undoubtedly meet with the preference.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is, my dear, you will put into a scale the satisfaction arising from a religious life against that which the world affords, and chuse which pleases you most.

Lady *Sincere*. I think so, Mrs. *Affable*; I can run no risque; you assured me, that the pleasures, which virtue procures, exceed those of this world. My choice will certainly fall on the former.

Mrs. *Affable*. I spoke to you of virtue, and not of self-love. Virtuous persons are not to do good, that they may be pleased and satisfied here, but that they may comply with the orders and commands of God; and God, who is all goodness, makes amends by numberless pleasures for those, that have been given up in obedience to his orders. If you forego these pleasures to meet with greater here, you become your own idol; and God will not reward what you do more for your satisfaction, than for his.

Miss *Zina*. Mrs. *Affable*, these ladies are my friends; I may tell before them what has taken me up this morning. I am sure it makes me tremble.

Mrs. *Affable*. How? no misfortune I hope?

Miss *Zina*. No, Mrs. *Affable*; it looks more like good fortune, and yet leaves me under great frights. I am to be married soon. *Mama* proposed to me this morning a match a hundred times more advantageous than I could ever think of, as to interest in this world. I know the gentleman, and am pleased with his person and character. This should suffice, and yet I am quite giddy with fear.

Mrs. *Affable*. Pray tell me what it is you fear.

Miss *Zina*. Every thing, Mrs. *Affable*; the duties of the state proposed to me crowded into my

thoughts; they appear so serious, and of that weighty importance, that I very much doubt of my complying with them as I ought. In the next place the gentleman is very rich; this affluence of wealth may perhaps corrupt my heart. It will put me under a necessity of making a great figure, and how can I be sure, that I shall not conceive too great an attachment to the world, and those pleasures, which I actually now despise? You must allow, that my situation is very perilous, and that it will be extremely difficult for me to get clear of so many dangers.

*Lady Sincere.* This would never have come into my head. You fear being rich; well, madam, you may make a good use of riches. This will enable you to follow your benevolent temper, and to do a thousand good things, which now you can only desire to do.

*Miss Zina.* Admirably well said! but have we not seen many examples of persons, who with a middling fortune were both generous and virtuous, and, when raised to a greater degree and means, have departed from those amiable dispositions? Who can insure my not doing the same?

*Mrs. Affable.* I will, my dear miss. When God calls us to a state of life, he gives us sufficient graces and helps to discharge our duty. Some dangers, no doubt, attend your situation; but then you have neither sought nor desired it. This should quiet your alarms. Do you think it will take place very soon?

*Miss Zina.* No, *Mrs. Affable*; I have not yet given *mama* a positive answer, I begged a respite of twenty four hours before I determined, and was resolved to take your advice first.

*Mrs. Affable.* I am greatly honoured with the confidence you repose in me, and I will give you an

an answer. I have already observed, that you have not sought this match; you have moreover great reason to esteem it as a particular dispensation of a kind providence. The match is convenient for your family; you are pleased with the gentleman's behaviour and character. Nothing more can be desired in any marriage. What else you have to do is to observe, whether your tempers will be suitable to each other; you have time for it; mean while be sure to give more time to frequent prayers, and to redouble your attention to the practice of good works, that you may obtain of God, that he will interpose his providence in raising obstacles to this marriage, if he should foresee, that it will prove a hindrance to your salvation.

Miss *Zina*. I will observe your directions, Mrs. *Affable*; but I am very sorry, that I have interrupted your conversation; and I beg, that you will continue the discourse you was upon when I came in.

Mrs. *Affable*. In our last conference lady *Louisa* was to be let into the method of making the day very short and entertaining. And I fancy we were upon the reflections lady *Lucy* made in getting up and dressing.

Lady *Lucy*. But first these ladies must know, that I am a great sleeper, and formerly was very loath to leave my bed. My woman was forced to call twenty times before I could take leave of the bolster.

Lady *Sincere*. That is my daily practice. I do not like going to bed early; I stay up as long as I can without the least compassion for my poor woman, who sleeps as she stands. As I have no inclination to sleep, when I am got to bed, I lay the finest schemes in order to get up betimes, but



fall asleep and forget all; when I am waked in the morning I never want a reason to lie longer. A bad night; an extreme drowsiness; a fancy, that I am not well; I have nothing to do, that requires quick dispatch; in short, I dispute with the pillow, which almost always gets the better. Pray, lady *Lucy*, how do you contrive to get up at a certain hour?

*Lady Lucy.* Mrs. *Affable* says we must leave our beds as if they were on fire. I think to myself I hear the voice of the angel at the last day, when he is to sound the trumpet, and cry out, *arise ye dead, and come to judgment.* This dreadful thought immediately removes all sleepiness and sloth. Then I sit up and endeavour to consecrate the first moment of the day to God, by an oblation of myself, and of all that is mine. In the beginning I found it very troublesome to rise as the clock struck, if I may use that expression; but at present I am quite used to this practice without any manner of uneasiness. Whilst I dress I beg of *Jesus Christ* to cloath me with the new man mentioned by *St. Paul.* After this I make my prayer.

*Mrs. Affable.* Favour the ladies with telling them in what your prayer consists.

*Lady Lucy.* It consists in the acts of religion, which a Christian ought to make at least once a day. The first is an act of adoration, that is, I acknowledge God as the sovereign creator of heaven and earth, my master, my king, and my father, and declare, that I am bound to respect and love him under all those different titles. I rejoice, that I depend upon so bountiful a father, I submit to his divine will, and I excite myself to believe firmly, that whatever he shall determine concerning me this day, and all other days of my life, is for my good, because he is sovereignly good, and loves me.

Miss

Miss *Zina*. Have you a particular set prayer to that purpose?

Lady *Lucy*. No, my-dear! I make this prayer sometimes one way, sometimes another, and as my heart prompts me. After this I make an act of thanksgiving, that is, I return thanks for all the favours he has bleis'd me with, during my whole life, and if any remarkable blessing I have receiv'd occur to me, I am more particularly grateful for that. I thank God for not taking me out of this world at a time I had no thought of working my salvation, and allowing me this day to employ myself to that end. This thought makes me recollect my past life: alas! I think to myself how much of my time have I lost? A fourth part of life is now gone with little or no application to the great work of salvation, the grand affair for which God has plac'd me in this world. I beg pardon for this neglect, and I own myself in his presence so weak, so much distracted, and so inclined to evil, that unless he will assist me particularly with his grace, I shall continue in this sad forgetfulness of my salvation. I earnestly beseech my God, in the name of his son *Jesus Christ* to grant me all helps and graces necessary to promote this important affair. To obtain my request, I offer to him the life and sufferings of this divine saviour, and unite all my actions to his; thus united I offer them to God, and I make a firm purpose to comply this day with all the duties of my state, in obedience to his precepts; I conclude with saying the prayer, which *Jesus Christ* has taught us with all the efforts I can make to fix my mind on the sense of the words; without this violence to myself I should repeat the prayer without any attention.

Lady *Louisa*. Tell me plainly, my dear; this

is a long sort of prayer; don't you find it something tedious? have you never any distractions?

Lady *Lucy*. I assure you, dear friend, that I do not find the prayer long. At first I found some difficulty, my thoughts wandered every way; I had not then got into a habit of fixing my mind properly; now that difficulty is perfectly mastered. Mrs. *Affable* has set me half an hour of prayer; I put my watch upon the table, and I think it goes surprisngly fast; were I to follow my inclination I would make a whole hour of prayer. There is such a pleasure in putting up our prayers to God; my heart is then so content, and in so calm a state, that I could spend my whole life without any uneasiness in that holy exercise.

Lady *Sincere*. How happy you are, lady *Lucy*! I am not so; half my time at prayer is spent without attention, and frequently appears very long; but why does not God favour me with the same graces?

Mrs. *Affable*. I will tell you, my dear; but to speak more properly *Jesus Christ* shall inform you. *No one can serve two masters*, as we are assured by our Saviour. Lady *Lucy* has courageously tenounced this world, she serves only one master, who is *Jesus Christ*; and this liberal master, besides an infinite reward, which he prepares for her in another life, bestows, as he has promised, over and above, the hundred fold in this for what she does for his sake.

Lady *Louisa*. You tell me, that lady *Lucy* has renounced the world, you surprize me, Mrs. *Affable*; she lives in it, as we do. We frequent the same company, and, within a trifle, take the same diversions.

Mrs. *Affable*. I do not dispute it; in outward appearance you are near alike, but the difference is

is in the heart! Lady *Lucy* takes some diversions, but you give yourself wholly up to them. Do you think, my dear, that to arrive at the perfection of a life truly Christian, it is necessary to be buried in a desert, and to lead a life altogether uncommon? This would be a strange mistake. The apostle does not say, leave this world, but *use this world as if you used it not; for the figure of it passeth away*; that is, live in this world as not belonging to it. As the world and its maxims shall leave your heart, peace, gladness, tranquillity, and happiness will succeed in proportion. You see, that I have encouraged miss *Zina* to consent to a match, which will throw her into the heart of the *grand monde*. I don't intend by it, that she shall be of the world, and if it please God she shall live in it as a stranger to it, and by that means arrive at true happiness in this abode and empire, I may call it, of sorrow and the greatest vexation. I don't impose upon you, my dear; the degree of virtue, to which you advance, will always be the measure of your happiness, I will not deceive you, but refer you to your friend.

Lady *Lucy*. Ah! Mrs. *Affable*, I am still at a great distance from true happiness. I own I have never enjoyed so much ease and quiet of mind as I do now, but I find, that there are still many difficulties to overcome, before I can be happy; hitherto I have but made a very little sacrifice to that effect. My heart is entirely severed from tumultuous pleasures; I am free from ambition, and would not give the value of a pin to increase my fortune; and what is this, to be called a sacrifice, as if it was a great matter? Reason, I really think, would have prevailed upon me to do the same without any motive taken from Christian Religion; and where can the difficulty lie to turn one's back

to all these trifles? There are other things which I must root out of my heart, and I find it will bleed sorely.

*Miss Zina.* Pray what can there be in your heart that must be rooted out?

*Lady Lucy.* All created beings, madam, and I must begin with myself. I passionately love myself, my relations, my friends; and this is a stop to my being happy.

*Lady Louisa.* How lady? is it necessary to hate one's self, and all the world besides?

*Mrs. Affable.* No, my dear; you must love yourself, and all the world for God's sake. This I own is much sooner said than done; and as lady *Lucy* observes very justly, the heart must be rent and bleed. It is not yet come to this with regard to you, madam. In this great work we must proceed by degrees, and like the man, who had a large spot of ground to weed. When he surveyed the prodigious quantity of weeds, that covered the ground, he was discouraged from undertaking this excessive task; he afterwards reflected very prudently, that there was no necessity of doing it all in one day, and persuaded himself to act as if he had only the twentieth part of this ground to weed; this did not appear so difficult. He set to work, and easily compassed it; he undertook another part the day following, and in some days time the work was completely finished. Imitate this example. A total change of the heart is not the work of a day. Take it seriously in hand, it will go forward imperceptibly, and you will on a sudden be surpris'd with the great progress you have made.

*Lady Louisa.* Say what you will, my dear friend, this work will always be difficult, and so difficult, that my weakness makes me almost despair of success.

Mrs.

*Mrs. Affable.* You are very right in thinking, that you are weak: it is very true, that if you was to undertake this by yourself only, you could never bring it about. I have read, I cannot tell where, of a woman, *Felicity* by name, who was put in prison to be devoured by beasts. She was very near her time, and was actually delivered in prison. She suffered a great deal, and broke out into loud cries. The gaoler speaking to her, if you cannot bear your pains now, said he, how will you behave when you are tearing in pieces by wild beasts? That will be quite a different case, the woman answered, when I am in the amphitheater, *Jesus* will suffer in me, and communicate his strength to me. Let us say with her, when we shall seriously undertake the great work of our salvation, we shall not work alone, but *Jesus Christ* in us; and he will communicate his strength to us. But here are our young ladies; we will go on with this matter at another meeting.

*Miss Zina.* Please to remember, that you have promised to give me proper instructions concerning the means that are necessary to avoid the dangers of the state, upon which I am about to enter by your advice. I shall at least lay the consequences of this advice at your door.

*Mrs. Affable.* With a great deal of pleasure, miss; we will put up our prayers to God, that he may inspire us, and then inquire into those means, you and I together.



## DIALOGUE XV.

Lady WITTY.

YOU said, Mrs. *Affable*, that we must have recourse to philosophy for a proof, that there was no situation in life, wherein a man could be unhappy past all help and remedy. Now is a proper time to keep your promise.

Mrs. *Affable*. I will endeavour to stand to my word. But previously, ladies, you must call to mind, that we have proved beyond reply, that man was created to be happy.

Lady *Louisa*. I have often had it in my thoughts, Mrs. *Affable*; and if I could shew, that this proposition contradicts another that is true, what would you say then?

Mrs. *Affable*, I would examine into it, for it is certain, that two contradictory propositions cannot be both true.

Miss *Bella*. I don't understand this, Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. It shall be explained, my dear; I say, that *It is day*; you say *It is not*. Here are two contradictory propositions, that destroy each other, for it is impossible they should both be true. If I am right you are in the wrong; if you are in the right I must be in the wrong. I say, that such-a-one is living; you say he is dead. These two propositions contradict each other, and cannot stand together. Death is inconsistent with life, as life is with death.

Miss

Miss *Sophy*. I take it now. When a proposition is true, the contradictory is false. *I am but little*, the contradictory would be *I am not little*. And as it would be ridiculous to say, that *I am little*, and at the same time tall, I can conclude safely, that being *little* I cannot be a tall person.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very well. We laid down for a truth, that *man was created to be happy*. Lady *Louisa* pretends to know a truth as certain, which directly contradicts it. That is, lady *Louisa* will have it, that you may be little and tall.

Lady *Louisa*. No, Mrs. *Affable*, I don't say so: I should be extravagant if I did. I only pretend, that if the proposition I advance be founded in truth, yours must be false. Do you believe, that God has left men at liberty to act as they will, and that he does not force them to do one thing rather than another?

Mrs. *Affable*. That with me, my dear, goes for an *axiom*. It is a consequence of that other truth, *There is a God*. For if God forced the will of man, all the crimes committed in the world must be imputed to him, which would be to destroy his goodness.

Lady *Louisa*. You maintain, that God created me to be happy, But here is my neighbour, a man endowed with free-will, who has taken it into his head to make me miserable; to this end he seizes my estate, takes away my good name, makes me odious and contemptible to all the world, my relations, friends, and to those, whom I have loaded with favours. This man forces me to drink a poisonous draught, and ruins my health. God must either take away from him the liberty of doing me all this mischief; or he has not created me to be happy, since he leaves this man at liberty to hinder my being so.

Mrs.



Mrs. *Affable*. It was you, lady *Sensible*, who maintained before these ladies, that there was no condition in the world, wherein a man could be irretrievably miserable. Get off as well as you can; for my part I won't be concerned, and so I leave you to answer lady *Louisa*.

Lady *Sensible*. I am not at all afraid, Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Louisa* sets out upon a false supposition.

Lady *Louisa*. What is that false supposition, if you please to tell me, my dear?

Lady *Sensible*. You suppose, that every thing in this world can make us happy, or unhappy; and I stand to it, that happiness or misery subsists only in the heart, and that though all the men in the world should use their joint efforts to make me unhappy, they could not effect their intent, unless I had a mind.

Lady *Louisa*. That is really something, if it could be proved; if a man should this moment take away your estate, pray tell me, would it not make you very unhappy?

Lady *Sensible*. It would as far as I had an inclination to my estate; but if I was not at all fond of riches, what great harm would there be in taking from me what gave me so little concern?

Lady *Louisa*. I easily conceive, that a rational person is not earnestly to desire great riches; but that is out of the question, I mean the necessaries of life, so that I should be reduced to beg my bread, or work hard for a subsistence.

Lady *Sensible*. And do you imagine, that to earn a livelihood by labour is a misfortune? Have you never seen in the country numbers of people, who toiled in the fields from morning till night, and yet sung, were merry, and had not the least uneasy moment?

Lady

Lady *Louisa*. They are stupid creatures, that never knew better.

Lady *Sensible*. Therefore hard work is not to be reckoned a misfortune, but your fancy makes the misfortune. If it was really so, it would be a misfortune for the poor as much as for you. Reform your opinion, and it will appear the same to you it does to them.

Lady *Louisa*. But how can this opinion be reformed? I sit by a good fire in winter; I have good warm clothes; when it is fair in summer I go out in a coach; if I walk, it is in the shade; is it a matter quite indifferent to be with or without these conveniencies, to be exposed to the rigours of the seasons, heat, cold, and besides to be in want of very near half the necessaries of life?

Lady *Sensible*. Look'ee, my dear, our bodies will be inured to any thing. I am very sure, that with all your great care you suffer more by heat and cold than they, and that you catch four colds for their one. When you have kept very close in a warm room, you need only come out to the stairs to be seized with a cold, a rheume or defluxion; a sure proof, that you suffer more by cold in one minute than the country labourers in the whole day; and you may reason in the same manner with regard to cold. You go on to say, that the poor creature cannot procure half the necessaries of life. The necessaries are confined to a small compass. Bread and water is precisely the whole of the necessaries. What is beyond this stint is *necessary*, by a sad mistake, for sensuality, gluttony, to go on with a bad custom, and only contributes to many disorders unknown to the poor labourers. They are always employed, time cannot hang upon their hands; they eat with a good appetite; hard work and temperance seasons their meals; they

they sleep foundly, because they are wearied, they have the pleasure of indulging themselves with a little rest, and sometimes to a small degree of sloth. They are strangers to vapours, melancholy, uneasiness of mind, and all the train of miseries, that wait upon sloth and gluttony, and come to a good old age, whereas a soft voluptuous life shortens our days. Now, madam, you are at liberty to say, that a man has it in his power to make me unhappy by taking away my estate, and putting me under a necessity of living by my work, which procures me health, sound sleep, a good appetite, and ease.

Mrs. *Affable*. I was quite in the right to let you plead your cause; you have done it admirably. I will give you an instance of this by way of farther proof. I knew a man, a near relation of mine. He had a good constitution, and was very rich. He lived like a rich man, that is, he kept a very plentiful table, slept half of his time; the other half was spent in diversions. Before he was forty three years of age he had suffered several fits of apoplexy, and every year a sickness, that brought him to death's door. He was troubled with colics, surfeits, indigestions, want of sleep. But at forty three years of age he lost all that he was worth; as he had a numerous family, he was under a necessity to work for a subsistence. He got up at four every morning, drank water only, and many times had only bread to eat. What was the consequence? He saw an end of all his disorders, and now, that he is seventy five years old, is better in health than I am. There is no question, ladies, that, if the pleasures which are obtained by riches, were put into a balance with those, that are the fruits of poverty and hard work, we should not hesitate one moment about  
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the choice, at least, we should make ourselves very easy upon the loss of our worldly substance.

Lady *Louisa*. I give up this article, Mrs. *Affable*; but I still have several others. For example, this poor man reduced to want, loses the use of his limbs, and is in an utter incapacity of doing any work; he must of necessity beg for a livelihood. Now I put the question; can any thing be more wretched than to depend upon others charity, to be exposed to the contempt and scorn of the rich; can there be a more miserable situation?

Lady *Sensible*. Here pride is the misfortune, my dear; but if I know, that pride is the greatest of evils, and if I truly desire to be freed from this evil, shall not I find very speedy comfort in a situation so well calculated to defeat that vice? a rich man despises me, because I beg an alms; so much the worse for him; he is very unhappy, that he is so weak in his understanding. He is an object of contempt himself, but his folly does not affect in the least the nature of my condition, nor take from me the least good quality I may have; nay it may be of service, and put me upon acquiring such as I may want. If I am impartial I may say this man despises me for being poor; he is much to blame; but did he know how great a sinner I am, he would condemn me much more, and very justly. How often have I mal-treated those, who had their dependance on me? 'Tis just I should have it returned. Then I deserved contempt, and met with praise; this is but a just compensation.

Lady *Louisa*. I take it to be very true, that contempt disquiets us merely in as much as we are proud; and we should be glad of an occasion, that  
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is offered to destroy our pride; but if any one should alienate our parents and friends from us?

*Lady Lucy.* Oh! *Mrs. Affable*, this is a most sensible article to me; as to the rest I could have gone hand in hand with *lady Sensible*, but what can she say to this particular misfortune?

*Lady Sensible.* Help me out, *Mrs. Affable*, I am come to the most difficult part of the task I have undertaken.

*Mrs. Affable.* In truth, my dear, I should scruple giving you any help, you have discussed the point too well to want it. Do you think the misfortune is past recovery?

*Lady Sensible.* Not quite so, *Mrs. Affable*; my relations and friends are very reasonable; it may be possible for me to justify my innocence, and regain their esteem.

*Mrs. Affable.* And should they be otherwise, and not admit the proofs you brought of your innocence, would this be a sufficient cause for your being disquieted in mind for the loss of their favour.

*Lady Lucy.* I should not grieve for losing the friendship of persons, whom I could no longer esteem, because they are unjust; but nothing could comfort me for the wrong they did themselves; the evil would light upon them; and I should break my heart for persons so dear to me.

*Mrs. Affable.* You don't reflect, my dear; you say, that you could not esteem those persons, and you imagine, that you would still love them. This does not hang together. Among sensible persons friendship and esteem expire together.

*Miss Zinn.* Then we must hate them; were it my father or mother, or husband, would you advise me in that manner?

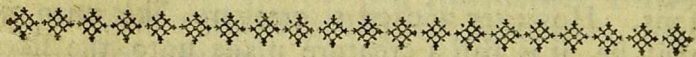
Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. Were it the very last of men, I would not. Mind what I say, and endeavour to take my meaning. When God endowed us with reason, he undoubtedly designed we should make use of that gift, and as he is the supreme and first reason or understanding, he cannot do any thing contrary to reason. Whatever is worthy of esteem is amiable; and there is a natural inclination to love such objects. But as we are corrupt in general, and prone to evil, the love, which we must have for each other, would be very weakly supported, if it only rested upon qualities, that depend of our choice. Hence God has given us qualities independant of our will, and sufficient to ground a just and rational affection in other persons. However wicked a creature like unto us may be, it is still a creature made unto the likeness of God, redeemed by the precious blood of our Lord *Jesus Christ*, and designed as well as ourselves to be eternally happy. No one is without the respectable title of a child of God, and of the object of his love. Can we be so unjust as to hate creatures, whom God still loveth, and who by the conversion of their heart to him may become objects of his complacency? Such are the motives, upon which the love of our neighbour or charity is founded, and such is the love that we owe to those, whom we cannot esteem. This aggravates their defects, and undoubtedly makes them more sensible; but the sense we have of their indignity, however vehement it may be, cannot affect our happiness without our fault; otherwise we must say, that the happiness of the supreme being is not perfect, and that he must suffer by seeing the wickedness of man.

Lady

Lady *Lucy*. This last reason convinces me fully ; with me it is decisive, for it is a consequence of this first truth, *There is a God*.

Mrs. *Affable*. What lady *Sensible* has said, she has spoke as a philosopher. The heathens have discovered by the light of nature, that poverty and other things, that are miscalled *evils*, were no hindrance to happiness. But what is there, that we cannot say, when we speak as Christians? When we begin to discourse on the gospel, we shall be taught by the oracle of eternal wisdom, what is truly good, and truly evil. Adieu ladies. Miss *Sophy*, remember you promised to bring your little sister with you ; I shall expect her by and by.



## DIALOGUE XVI.

Miss SOPHY.

MRS. *Affable*, here is my little sister *Fanny*. She would willingly thank you herself, but, as she cannot speak French, she has begged of me to do it for her.

Mrs. *Affable*. Come, kiss me, my dear ; I hope you will very soon be able to talk the language of our school ; sit down, and be very attentive to what is said.

Miss *Sophy*. We read yesterday a very curious story ; will Mrs. *Affable* give me leave to repeat it to the ladies.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very willingly, my dear, after the stories from the holy scripture. You begin, miss *Bella*.

Miss

Miss *Bella*. Whilst the *Israelites* were captives in *Affyria*, a good king reigned in *Juda*. He served the Lord, as *David* had done, and never departed from his duty. He cut down the groves consecrated to the false gods, and broke in pieces the brazen serpent, which the people adored. He waged a successful war against the neighbouring nations, that attacked him, and undertook to deliver his kingdom from the tribute, that was paid to the king of *Affyria*. *Sennacherib*, king of the *Affyrians*, being informed of his design, came against him with a powerful army, which obliged *Hezekiah* to pay the tribute again. After *Sennacherib* had received this money, he laughed at *Hezekiah*, and, not content with this, sent some of his people to corrupt the *Jews*; by his order these wicked agents spoke blasphemous words to them, the Lord your God, said they, has not power to rescue you out of our hands. These horrible blasphemies came to the king's ears; *Hezekiah* rent his clothes, and was more affected with the injury offered to the Lord, than the fear of losing his crown. Whilst this holy prince put up his most humble prayers to God, he sent to consult the prophet *Isaiab*, now that *Elisba* was dead. The prophet assured him, that he would be assisted by the Lord, upon the hearing of which the impious king of *Affyria* redoubled his blasphemies, and had the audaciousness to write them in a letter he wrote to *Hezekiah*. This religious prince carried the letter to the temple, and presenting it to God, he earnestly begged of him to shew to all the world, that he was the almighty God. His prayer was heard, and God sent his exterminating angel to the camp of *Sennacherib*, where this messenger, and instrument of God, slew an hundred fourscore and five thousand men. The wicked king of the

*Affyrians*



*Affyrans* was taught at his own cost, that it is not safe to try the extent of God's patience. He escaped with shame into his country, where he was murdered by his two sons, whilst he was worshipping his idols.

Some time after *Hezekiah* fell sick, and *Isaiab* came to him, and said to him, *Thus saith the Lord: Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die.* Hereupon the king turned his face to the wall, and prayed to God in the bitterness of his soul. The prophet was going back, and got into the middle court, when God said to him, turn again, and say to the king, the Lord hath heard thy prayer; he will add to thy days fifteen years, and in three days thou shalt go up to the temple. *Hezekiah* took the liberty to beg a miracle in proof of the truth of *Isaiab's* prediction. The prophet put this to the king's option, *shall the shadow go forward ten degrees, or go back ten degrees on the dial? Let the shadow,* said the king, *return backward ten degrees.* Not long after the king of *Babylon* sent ambassadors to *Hezekiah* with his congratulation on the recovery of his health; and the king of *Juda* had the vanity to invite them to a sight of all his treasures. Then *Isaiab* speaking in the name of God, who deputed and inspired him, said, in punishment of your pride all the treasures you have shewn shall be carried into *Babylon*, and your issue shall be there in captivity.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well! lady *Louisa*, will you find fault again with my severe morals, and making sins of what is very innocent? What harm in shewing those treasures? Certainly none, if *Hezekiah* had only meant a civility, or a piece of complaisance to the ambassadors; but as this step, innocent in itself, was taken out of a vain boast of his opulence and greatness, God, who is jealous  
of

of every motion of the heart, would not let the fault pass unpunished.

*Lady Louisa.* God requires us to be so very exact in our ways, that it may throw us into despair. How many such faults should I commit in a day? I am really pleased to shew my treasures, that is, my diamonds, my clothes, and all that I am worth to friends. I am pleased, when they are admired and commended, and never had the first thought of an offence.

*Mrs. Affable.* And perhaps, my dear, there was no offence in so doing; God alone knows your heart, and how far you are attached to such *bagatelles*. The safe way is to clear the heart from all such affections. Go on with our stories, miss *Sophy*.

*Miss Sophy.* After the death of *Hezekiah*, his son *Manasseh* came to the throne, when he was but twelve years of age; and he was the wickedest of all the princes; he made his son pass through the fire in honour of the idols; he re-established the worship of the false Gods, and placed them in the temple of the most high; he dealt in magic and sorcery, and turned out a monster, that drew *Juda* into the idolatry of their sovereign. God, to punish his crimes, permitted him to be taken by the *Babylonians*, who carried him into captivity in their country. During his confinement he lifted up his heart to God, and prayed sincerely to obtain forgiveness. God, who never rejects the prayers of a penitent sinner, however enormously he may have offended, forgave the offender, and permitted his restoration to the throne. His first care was to destroy the idols he had raised, and he continued truly faithful to his God the rest of his days. *Amon*, the son of *Manasseh* imitated the sins of his father, but was not so happy as  
to

to follow the example of his repentance; he was murdered by one of his servants. His son *Josiah* walked in the ways of *David*, and constantly persevered in the fear and love of the Lord. A copy of the book of the law was found and brought to him, to which this religious prince exhorted all his subjects to conform their lives, but after his death they soon forgot the solemn promises they had made upon oath, to renounce the worship of idols. The *Jews* made no account of the threats denounced by *Jeremiah*, who prophesied at that time; and having wearied out the patience of the Lord, he sent *Nebuchadnezzar* against them, who destroyed the temple, and carried them all captives to *Babylon*. This sad event happened in the reign of *Zedekiah*. The *Jews* remained in captivity, till *Cyrus* took *Babylon*, who was employed as an agent from God to punish the sins of *Belshazzar*.

Mrs. *Affable*. If the former passage has alarmed us, this may remove our fears. 'Tis hard to be more wicked than *Manasseh*. And yet as soon as he sincerely detests his crimes, God not only grants him the pardon he begs, but restores him to the crown, for which he had not made any instance. It must be owned, ladies, that the greatest pleasure is to serve a God so good, so merciful. Miss *Molly*, give us your account of *Belshazzar*.

Miss *Molly*. After *Nebuchadnezzar* had destroyed the temple, he took all the sacred vessels with him to *Babylon*. This great city was afterwards besieged by *Cyrus* under the reign of *Belshazzar*, who during the siege, gave a grand feast to the Lords of his court, and towards the end of the entertainment, ordered the sacred vessels to be brought, out of which he drank, and made his courtiers  
and

and concubines drink out of the fame. At the fame time that thefe abominations were carrying on, the king obferved a hand writing upon the wall. His wife men and aftrologers were not able to give an interpretation of this myfterious writing\*. Some of the ftanders-by informed the king, that a man, *Daniel* by name, one of the captive *Jews*, was a perfon of great knowledge and penetration, who had alfo explained fome things to his father *Nebuchadnezzar*, which appeared very obfcure. *Belshazzar* fent for *Daniel*, who very freely explained the writing to him. The words were MENE MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. *This is the interpretation of the thing*, faid *Daniel*, MENE, *God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finifhed it.* TEKEL, *thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.* PERES, *thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Perfians* †.

At the fight of the hand writing upon the wall the king was feized with fuch dread, that his knees ftruck one againft another. The queen his mother hearing what had happened, came down to the banquetting hall, and reproached him with his fears, which encouraged him, though *Daniel* had put him in mind of the chaftifement come upon his father *Nebuchadnezzar*, whom God had condemned, when his heart was lifted up with pride, and puffed up with his power, to become like a brute for feven years, to be fed with grafs, and his body to be wet with the dew of heaven.

\* Because the words might be read with many different vowels to the confonants, for thofe only appeared in the *writing*, but chiefly, for that every word was to be explained by a whole fentence.

† Vide *Daniel's Prophecy*, chap. v. ver. 25, 26, 27, 28.

The liberty, which the prophet took, did not offend *Belshazzar*; but he gave his orders, and they cloathed *Daniel* with scarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck. That very night *Babylon* was taken, and *Belshazzar* slain. *Cyrus*, jointly with *Darius Cyaxares*, his uncle, and his father-in-law, succeeded to the empire, and reigned there.

*Lady Charlotte*. I have long waited for this period of time, as I am brought acquainted with *Cyrus* and *Cyaxares* by the abridgment I have of universal history.

*Mrs. Affable*. 'Tis a real pleasure to fall in with one's acquaintance. You see, my dear, the benefit of an early application from a little one; had you spent your time in playing, whereabouts would you be now,

*Lady Mary*. I do assure you, *Mrs. Affable*, that since I have begun with history, I scarce mind dolls; I should be glad to exchange them for books.

*Lady Charlotte*. There's one thing in that abridgment, that puts me out of all patience. Many stories are mentioned, that are not to be found there. *Mama* has given me several volumes of *Rollin's History*, where she tells me I shall meet with all these stories. I set about reading them, but there is so much reasoning, and such a number of battles; Lord! it is quite tedious.

*Mrs. Affable*. Skip over the battles, my dear; when you are a little older, you will read them over again. You have not all *Rollin's history*; *lady Sensible* shall repeat them to you. She had writ them all out herself, by that time she was ten.

*Miss Bella*. It is very happy for the lady to know all these fine things. I shall be truly obliged

liged to you, if you will give her leave to tell us the stories relating to *Cyrus* and *Cyaxares*; I have a great mind to be acquainted with those princes.

Mrs. *Affable*. She shall, my dear, the first time we meet; we make an end to-day of what concerns the *Lacedemonians*. At our last meeting we said *Lycurgus's* design was to form an invincible people, and that should make no conquests. Lady *Witty*! How did he contrive to make them invincible?

Lady *Witty*. The ladies will please to remember, that the children were brought up to fear no pain; at the same time they were taught to have a greater dread of shaming themselves than of death. Now if a man had run away in battle, or surrendered his arms, he would have been loaded with ignominy. He must not be seen any more at the public halls, where, we said, they took their meals; every one was free to insult him, to spit in his face, and throw dirt at him. They avoided him as they would an infected person, and those that should speak to him were looked upon as infamous. By this means the *Spartans* were a long time invincible; they might indeed have destroyed their commonwealth by killing all, but as long, as one kept alive, he would have defended himself, and never given up his arms.

Mrs. *Affable*. But how did he hinder them making conquests?

Lady *Witty*. If the enemy took to flight, they never were allowed to pursue. Besides they could not make conquests, as long as they observed the *Spartan* laws. They had, you know, nothing but iron-money. Once they were out of *Laconia* their country, how could they purchase necessaries?

Other nations would not have taken up with their iron-money.

Lady *Charlotte*. Yet they went far from their country, when *Xerxes* came into *Europe*.

Lady *Witty*. They did so, and I have made the same reflection; I imagine, that as they fought with other Greeks for the defence of all *Greece*, they were then furnished with necessaries.

Miss *Friwolous*. You said, that the slaves only were concerned in the several arts and professions. Being used so ill they could not have very great trade or commerce. Many of those slaves very probably would never have returned, if they had been allowed to trade abroad.

Mrs. *Affable*. The *Spartans* had no trade; their country afforded all necessaries; what was superfluous they wanted not; but had they desired any thing in that way, they were supplied by foreign traders before *Lycurgus's* days; after his laws, they never set foot in the country.

Miss *Bella*. Why, Mrs. *Affable*? Did *Lycurgus* make any law against their coming into *Laconia*?

Mrs. *Affable*. Such a law was needless. Merchants send their goods about only for money; as nothing but iron was to be brought from *Sparta*, they were sure to come no more. *Lycurgus* had not only banished trade, but arts and sciences, whence proceeded that asperity and harshness, which appeared very conspicuously in their virtues and behaviour. In effect, as I have explained to you, arts and sciences are the cause of luxury, and, with luxury, occasion imaginary wants and necessities; but even these are links, by which we are bound, and engaged one to another, and laid under restraint with regard to those, whose service or help may be of use to us. Miss *Sophy*, tell us the story you  
have

have read. You mentioned it at the beginning of our lesson.

*Miss Sopby.* There was a *Turkish* emperor, who desired to be possessed of the kingdom of *Hungary*, and to this end sent an ambassador to the king, that reigned at that time. The ambassador, instead of coming with presents, brought a considerable number of asses loaded with corn. When he arrived at the *Hungarian* court, he ordered the sacks to be untied, and the corn to be thot on the ground; and addressing himself to the king, if you will not, said he, acknowledge the emperor my master as your sovereign, he will send as many soldiers into your country, as you see grains of corn before you. The prince promised he would give him an answer the next morning; mean while he got together a prodigious number of hens and chickens. They were brought to the place, and eat up all the corn. Upon this the king spoke to the *Turkish* ambassador, tell your master, said he, that my troops will deal by his, as my hens and chickens have done with his corn. As soon as the *Turk* received this answer, he assembled a powerful army, and sent his forces into *Hungary*; but the king, who was forewarned, had full time to prepare for his defence. A narrow and very difficult *defile* was to be passed to enter into *Hungary*; the prince spoiled the road, and filled it up with so many trees, that it was quite impracticable; whereby the *Turk* having put his troops to excessive hard duty, and to no purpose, was obliged to retire.

Was not the *Turkish* emperor a great oaf, *Mrs. Affable*? If he intended to make himself master of *Hungary*, he should never have given any notice of his design to that prince, nor time to be guarded against his attempt. Had he come on a sud-



den without any intimation of his intent, he would have found the road clear and ready; and nothing could have hindered him succeeding in the enterprize.

*Lady Sensible.* You don't reflect, dear cousin; is it lawful to attack a prince without declaring war first?

*Miss Sophy.* Why, my dear? if *Hungary* belonged to him, could not he seize his own without any warning? Where could be the harm?

*Lady Sensible.* That would have been against the *law of nations*, and a criminal breach of publick society.

*Lady Violent.* Pray, what is meant by the *law of nations*? I don't understand those terms.

*Mrs. Affable.* I will explain it to you the best I can, It is the *law of nature*. Before any laws were made, men consulted the law, which God had written in their hearts, to decide what was just or unjust. This law being common to all, was universally known, and is to be observed in all places. I will make it clearer by an example.

Two nations are at war, and consequently have right to destroy their enemies. One of these two desires to make peace with the other; how shall this be signified to the other, when all correspondence is interrupted? A provision is made to this end, by determining, that at all times men called embassadors may be sent, and that their persons shall be sacred, that is, that they shall be safe from all danger, as they are commonly sent either to make, or to maintain peace subsisting between these nations. The law of nature shews evidently, that their persons must be inviolably safe, without which no one would undertake the commission,

mission, and go to the enemy. The interest of all nations requires their persons to be sacred in this manner; and this is called the law of nations. The same law makes it necessary, that the ambassadors shall not abuse the confidence reposed in them by the nation, which receives them; and here we have another branch of the law of nature. We admit you amongst us, says this nation, because you profess coming with a good intention, and for our advantage. On this condition you are allowed to come into our country, and to be secure of all harm; but if you impose, and, instead of endeavouring to concert a peace, and agreement, you come to hurt the commonwealth, you make a bad use of our confidence, and violate the law of nature, that is, the law of nations; and we can justly look upon you as an enemy, and demand satisfaction from your principals, and insist upon your being punished.

The safety and welfare of nations is the foundation of this law; and, from what has been said, the same law enforces the necessity of never allowing any nation to attack another without a previous declaration of war; otherwise there could be no quiet, and we should be no safer at home, than in a forest among a company of robbers. If a prince may fall upon one treacherously, he has the same right to attack all the rest; at this rate no one could be secure in the world. All nations have agreed therefore, and enacted by common consent, that no power shall wage war without declaring their intention first; and who break through this law offend all nations by their contempt of this public and received law, the law of nations. Now you take my meaning, ladies, and you see why the *Turk* could not with honour at-

tack the king of *Hungary*, without previously declaring war.

Miss *Sophy*. I am satisfied, Mrs. *Affable*, and much ashamed of the wrong judgment I made so hastily.

Miss *Bella*. I am very sorry, Mrs. *Affable*, that you are a French woman; otherwise I would have proposed a thought just come into my head.

Mrs. *Affable*. Let us have your thought for all that; you have my free consent. Probably it is something against my country; in that case I must commend your good breeding; nothing more unbecoming than to entertain a person with offensive reflections on his country; that is quite rude and outrageous. But, my dear friend, here the case is altered; we meet to learn, and not to give offence; and so tell me freely what this thought is and all others, provided I am at liberty to contradict, when I shall think you are in the wrong. Are you willing it should be so, my dear?

Miss *Bella*. Oh! to be sure, Mrs. *Affable*; and I will tell you honestly what I thought. I am sorry for your sake, that the *French* have violated the law of nations in *America*, for 'tis generally said, that they began hostilities there without any declaration of war.

Mrs. *Affable*. Indeed almost every body says so in *England*, but what is very particular, my dear, every body says the contrary in *France*; and there they think the fault lies on the side of the *English*, and that they began the war without any declaration.

Miss *Bella*. Tell me candidly, Mrs. *Affable*, who you think are in the right.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. I assure you, my dear, I know nothing of it. I must farther tell you I have never examined the matter. This is a point, where you can never arrive at a certainty; if you were to read all that is written on both sides, and, besides, you must be sure, that there is no mistake on either side. But how can we be sure of this? For this reason I have resolved to suspend my opinion, that I may not be unjust to either nation.

Miss *Sophy*. Since we are upon this subject I must give you my opinion; and I have been in this way of thinking for no short time. I say to myself; poor Mrs. *Affable* must be sadly perplexed; for, in short, you must love your country, and consequently wish *France* may get the better; I am very certain on the other side, that you love *England*, where you have so many scholars, that love you entirely; you must be grieved, when we meet with any disadvantage. How can you contrive to reconcile these things?

Mrs. *Affable*. Nothing easier, my dear; I am glad however, that you have put this question to me, which favours me with an opportunity to teach you, how you are to act on such occasions. But before I give you an answer, allow me to ask another question. You don't know that your mama and I are concerned in a lawsuit. There are in a purse one thousand guineas a lady left me at her death. Your mama pretends that the purse belongs to her. Who do you wish the purse to?

Miss *Sophy*. I am quite puzzled. I am sure neither *mama*, nor you would advance any thing against truth. Still I must love *mama* more than you; so (you will excuse me, Mrs. *Affable*) I must wish her to have the purse.

Miss *Molly*. Well! as I have not the honour to know my lady, I wish for Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. I thank you kindly, my dear; but if after all the purse did not belong to me, but to my lady, you wish very ill for me; there can be nothing worse than being possessed of others goods.

Miss *Molly*. But if that money was not yours, undoubtedly you would not desire it.

Mrs. *Affable*. I trust I should not; but the case is so intricate, that we both pretend to be in the right. My lady locked up a purse of one thousand guineas in her *buroe*. I put in it at the same just such another with the like sum. Thieves stole one of the purses. My lady says, they left hers and that she knows her own purse very well; I say the same of mine, which I think I know as well. How can the difference be composed? 'Tis impossible; we are at law; the judges will determine the cause.

Miss *Rural*. Mrs. *Affable* is quite right in saying, that it is a most pernicious thing to enjoy another's property; upon which I must wish her to be cast if that purse is not hers.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is really wishing like a friend, who loves me well. I love my country, miss *Sophy*, and as nothing can be more unfortunate, than an unjust possession of goods belonging to others, I heartily wish the *French* to be worsted, if they claim what is not their own.

Miss *Bella*. If I am to judge as you do, I must wish the same to *England*.

Mrs. *Affable*. To be sure if you are a good commonwealth's-woman. Remember, ladies, that it is not the extent of, but the title to possessions, which makes the happiness of empires. To make unjust

unjust acquisitions is the greatest misfortune that can happen to commonwealths and kingdoms. As I am not a judge of the justice of the cause between the two nations, I cannot determine to which I must wish success. My prayer is, O God, who knowest which side has a just cause, bless that with victory; never permit me to meet with success, when I shall attempt to wrong my neighbour, either knowingly or thro' ignorance; but rather let my pretensions be defeated. Grant the same favour to my country, my relations, friends, and to all those, for whom I am more particularly concerned.

I intended, ladies, to entertain you with a story, but it is too long for the time we have to day. Lady *Charlotte* has made a very pretty tale, which she will entertain you with. After that we must talk about *North America*, and at our morning's meeting you shall have the story I promised.

Lady *Charlotte*. A merchant sailed to the *West Indies* with his wife; he had good success and grew rich; and after some years he took ship to return to *France*, his own country. He had his wife with him, two children, a boy and a girl. His son was about four years of age, and named *John*; his daughter (her name was *Mary*) was a year younger. When they were half way of their passage, a dreadful storm came unexpectedly; the pilot said they were in imminent danger, as the wind drove them upon some islands, where they must of necessity suffer shipwreck. The merchant upon this took a large and strong plank, and fastened his wife and two children tight to it; he would also have fixed himself to the same, but he had not time; for the ship immediately struck upon a rock, split in two, and all on board fell into

the sea. The plank with the wife and the two children kept the sea like a little boat, and the wind carried them to an island. The woman untied the cords, and made up into the country with the two children.

Now that they were safely landed, the mother's first care was to thank God for her and her children's preservation; but still she was in great grief for the loss of her husband; besides she apprehended, that herself and her children must perish with hunger in this island, or be devoured with wild beasts. She was going on with these melancholy thoughts, when she discovered several trees loaded with fruit. She took a broken bough and beat some of the fruit down, which she gave the children, and of which she also eat. She advanced farther in hopes of discovering some hut; but she perceived, that she was upon a desert island. In her way she found a large hollow tree; this she designed to be her house for that night. She lay there with her children, and the next day walked with them as far as they could; she saw several birds-nests, and took the eggs; but finding neither men nor dangerous beasts upon the island, she was resolved to submit to God's holy will, and do her best for the education of her children. She had in her pocket a new Testament and a common Prayer; she taught them to read out of these books, and brought them up to the knowledge of their maker. Sometimes her son would say, *mama*, what is become of *papa*? what made him take us from home to this island? Won't he come for us soon? Children, the disconsolate mother answered with tears, your *papa* is gone to heaven; but you have another *papa*, that is our good God. He is here, though you see him not; he it is, that  
sends

sends us fruit and eggs; he will take care of us as long as we shall love him with our whole heart, and serve him faithfully. When the children could read well, they were much pleased with their reading, and talked of it the whole day. They were also very dutiful, and quite obedient to their mother.

At two years end the poor mother fell sick, and was aware she was drawing to her end; she was very uneasy about her children, but at last she was comforted with the thought, that God of his goodness would provide for them. She lay in the hollow of the tree, and calling her children to her, I am, said she, at the point of death, dear children, and you will be very soon orphans, and without your mother. But remember, that you are not left alone, and that God will see all that you are doing. Be sure to pray to him every morning and every night. Dear *Jacky*, take great care of your sister *Molly*, don't chide her, never strike her. You are bigger and stronger than she is; you must get fruit and eggs for her; she would have said something to *Molly*, but (there was no time for it) she died.

The poor children did not understand their mother, nor could they imagine what she meant by dying. When she expired they thought she was fallen asleep; they feared making the least noise for fear of waking her. *Jacky* went to provide fruit, and after they had eaten their supper they lay by the hollow tree, and went to sleep. The next morning they were much surprized, that their mother was still asleep; they took her by the arm to get her awake; when they found she gave them no answer, they thought she was displeased with them, they cried, they begged pardon,



don, and promised to be very good and dutiful. All to no purpose; we may imagine, though they could not, that no answer could be had from their dead mother. They continued some days in that place, till the corpse began to corrupt. One morning *Molly* with a great outcry called to *Jacky*, ah brother! said she, here are worms eating up poor *mama*; this must not be suffered; let us take them off; come, help me. *Jacky* drew near, but the stench was so great they could not stay there, but looked out another tree for their lodgings.

The children observed punctually the directions they received from their dying mother; no day passed without putting up their morning and evening prayers to God; they had read their books over so often, that they had them by heart. When they had read their time out, they walked, or else sat on the grass; *Jacky* would say to his sister, I well remember, when I was a very little one, that I was in a place, where was a number of great houses, and many men; I had my nurse, you had yours; *papa* had several servants; and you and I were finely dressed. *Papa* took us all on a sudden into a house, that moved upon the water, and after that, he very hastily tied us to a plank, and went himself to the bottom of the sea, from whence he never came back. This is particular, *Molly* answered; but since it was so, it was God's will; you know he can do all things.

*Jacky* and *Molly* had been eleven years on this island. As they were sitting on the sea-shore one day, they observed several blackmen coming in a boat to the island. At first *Molly* was frightened, and was for making her escape; but *Jacky* cried out, stay, sister, don't you know, that God our  
good

good father is here, and will hinder those men from doing us any harm? The blacks were surpris'd to see these children of a different colour from themselves. They surrounded them, and spoke to them, but to no purpose; *Jacky* and *Molly* knew nothing of their language. *Jacky* took these savages to the place, where his mother's remains lay, and gave them an account how his mother ceased to speak all at once; but they understood as little of his, as he did of their language. At length the black men shewed them their boat, and desired them by signs to step in. I dare not, says *Molly*, these men frighten me. Be of good heart, sister, said *Jacky*. *Papa* had servants of the same colour; perhaps he is returned from his voyage, and has sent them to find us out.

They went on board the little vessel, which carried them to an island not far distant, and inhabited by savages. They all received them very kindly; the king could not give over looking at *Molly*, and often put his hand to his breast to let her know he loved her. *Molly* and *Jacky* learned their language very soon, and understood, that the inhabitants were at war with the people of some neighbouring islands, that they eat their prisoners, and adored an overgrown ugly monkey, who was attended by several savages, insomuch, that the brother and sister were very sorry for being among such bad people. Meantime the king was resolv'd to make *Molly* his queen, who told her brother she had rather die than be wed to this man. Because he is ugly, replied *Jacky*. No, says she, but because he is wicked. Don't you observe, that he has no knowledge of God, our good father, and that, instead of praying to him, he kneels before that ugly beast? But besides our book tells

us we must forgive our enemies, and do good to them; and you see, that instead of this, he, like a wicked man, puts his prisoners to death, and devours them.

A thought is come into my head, says *Jacky*; if we kill this ugly monkey, they will be convinced he is not their God. Let us do better, said *Molly*; our book says, that God always grants what we ask with a good heart; let us go down to our knees, and beg of God to destroy the monkey; then you will not be charged with it, and your life will be out of danger.

*Jacky* thought his sister reasoned well upon the matter. They both fell on their knees, and said aloud, O Lord, who can't do whatever thou pleasest, vouchsafe, if it be thy good-will, to destroy this monkey, that these deluded people may know their adoration is due to thee, and not to that animal. They were yet upon their knees, when they heard a dreadful outcry, and upon inquiring what was the occasion of it, they were informed, that the great monkey leaping off the tree, had broke his leg, and, it was thought, beyond any possibility of recovering. The savages, who took care of the monkey now dead, and who were a sort of priests in his service, assured the king, that *Jacky* and *Molly* were the cause of this disastrous accident, and that the nation could never prosper, till the two white people had adored their God. It was immediately resolved, that a sacrifice should be offered to the new monkey they had just chosen to succeed to the other, that the two white people should assist at the sacrifice, and that *Molly* should then be espoused to the king, but that in case of refusal they should be burnt alive with the books which they used, to perform their enchantments.

ments. *Molly* was informed of the resolution taken, and as the priests reproached her with causing the death of the monkey, she made this answer, had I, said she, occasioned the death of your monkey I must, you cannot dispute it, be more powerful than he; it must be then an extreme degree of folly for me to adore one, that is not above me. The weaker must yield to the stronger, and consequently I should rather be adored by the monkey, than he by me. However I will not deceive you; it was not I that killed him, but our God, who is the master of all created beings, and without whose permission you cannot hurt a hair of my head. These words highly exasperated the savages; they tied them fast to piles of wood, and were prepared to set fire to them, when they heard, that a great number of their enemies were come ashore. They all ran to fight the invaders, and were overcome. The victorious enemy cut the chains of the victims destined to the flames, and carried them to their islands, where they became slaves to the king of the country. They were daily at hard labour from morning till night; they said they must be faithful servants for God's sake, and believe, that they served our Lord, since their book directed them to act in that manner.

Mean while these savages were frequently engaged in wars, and, like their neighbours, they devoured their prisoners. On a certain occasion they took a great number; for they were very warlike and stout. Among the prisoners was a white man, and the savages seeing him very lean determined to feed him, and fatten him for their eating. He was kept chained in a hut, and *Molly* was charged with the care of bringing him what he was to eat. As she knew that he

was

was soon to be eaten by the savages, she had a great compassion for him, and casting her sorrowful eyes upon him, she lifted up her heart to God, my God, said she, and my father, have mercy on him! This white man, who was surpris'd with the sight of a woman of the same colour as himself, was much more so when he heard her speak his own language, and pray to one God. Who taught you to speak French, said he, and to know God? I did not know before this, she said, the name of the language I speak; my mother spoke it and taught it me; as to God we have two books, from which we have learned much about him, and we pray to him daily. O heavens! the man cried out, is it possible? But, pray young woman, could not you let me see those books? I have not them here, but I will call my brother; he keeps the books, and will let you see them. She went out, and soon after came back with *Jack* and the books. The white man opened the books with some concern, and finding on the first leaf, this book belongs to *John Maurice*, he broke out with these words, ah dear children! have I lived to see you once more? come, embrace your father, and I wish you may give me some account of your mother. *Jacky* and *Molly* fell into their father's arms in a flood of tears of joy; at last *Jacky* began to speak, my heart, said he, tells me you are my father; yet I don't know, how 'tis possible; for my mother said you went to the bottom of the sea, and now, by what I understand, I am satisfied, that no one can live there or return thence. It is true, said the man; I actually fell into the sea; but catching hold of a plank I came safely ashore in an island, and concluded you were lost. *Jacky* gave then a particular account of  
all

all that he could remember ; the white man wept bitterly, when he found that his poor wife was dead. *Molly* was all in tears, but for another reason. Alas! she cried out ; what avails it to us to have met again with our father, if in a few days he is to be slaughtered and devoured ? We must cut his chains, said *Jacky*, and escape into the woods. What can we do there, said *John Maurice* ? The savages will soon catch us, or else we must starve with hunger. Leave it to me, says *Molly*, I have an infallible means to save your life.

With this she left her father, and went immediately to the king. When she came into the royal hut, she threw herself at his feet, Lord, said she, I have a great favour to beg of you, will you promise to grant my request ? More than that, the king answered, I swear, I will. Then, said *Molly*, you must know, that the white man you have committed to my care, is my father and *Jacky*'s. You have determined, that he shall be eaten, I am come to lay before you, that he is old and lean, and that he cannot be very good meat ; but I am young and plump, and I hope that you will eat me instead of him ; all the favour I beg besides is, that I may be allowed a week to see, and be with him, before I die. Really, says the king, you are so good a girl, that I would not for the world you should die. You and your father both shall live. Moreover I must tell you, that a ship comes yearly with white men to whom we sell our prisoners ; we expect it soon, and you shall have my leave to depart.

*Molly* gave the king her most humble and grateful thanks ; she also thanked God, who had inspired the king, and moved him to compassion. She ran with the good news to her father, and some days after the ship mentioned by the black king came

came to the road, and she went on board with her father and her brother. They landed in a large island inhabited by *Spaniards*. The governor of the island hearing this adventure of *Molly's*, said to himself, this young woman is not worth a groat, and is extremely sun-burnt; but is so good and virtuous, that she can make a husband happier than riches and beauty. He proposed the match to her father; *John Maurice* gave his consent; the governor was soon married to her, and he made a match between a kinswoman of his and *John Maurice's* son; they lived very happily in the island, and often reflected with wonder on the mysterious and wise Providence of God, who only permitted the daughter to be a slave as a means to save her father's life.

*Mrs. Affable.* I assure you, dear lady *Charlotte*, that this pretty tale has affected me very much. What do you say lady *Lucy*?

*Lady Lucy.* In my opinion of this tale, there is not one needless circumstance, and the whole of it is wonderfully adapted to raise our confidence in God, and to promote in us a true love of our duty. The lady has also found a way to give us a great share of concern for two innocent persons. This, I think, is all that can be expected in a tale.

*Mrs. Affable.* Yes indeed, ladies. *Lady Lucy* has very judiciously placed in one point of view all the qualities required in a fiction, that is, in tales and fables. Remember these well. I would have you follow lady *Charlotte's* example, and compose something. This will form a stile, and accustom you to write your thoughts in some order; but that you may succeed in your compositions, you must at once both instruct and please. Those ladies amongst you, that cannot make a little story must write letters. Nothing is so unbecoming in a lady as not to know  
how

how to express her thoughts in writing; but to have a facility in this way they must accustom themselves early to the practice. Our lesson has been so long to day, that we must put off geography to another meeting.

Lady *Leuisa*. I won't forget the story Mrs. *Affable* has promised to prove, that there is no probity or worth without religion.

Mrs. *Affable*. We will begin our next with that story; but however take notice, that, by a great chance, a person without religion may still preserve his probity and worth. We have a natural love of virtue, and this is seen in those, that are not at all virtuous; but the disordered love of our selves inclines us to depart from virtue, wherever we find it necessary to gratify corrupt nature. But several circumstances may concur, where a man will not find any occasion for vicious actions to obtain the satisfaction he has in view. Here he continues a man of worth, where he has no interest to be otherwise, and because no one is wicked without some view or other. The story I have promised will prove, and shew at the same time, that, if only religion can maintain unalterable worth and probity, nothing but religion can procure true happiness, and such as shall not depend upon the various incidents of life.

The End of the Second Volume.





how to express his thoughts in writing; but to have  
 a facility in this way only and not in conversation  
 is to be a man of letters. (The author has been so long  
 to say, that we shall not be surprised to find  
 that some of the best writers of the age are  
 who have I would think the best of the  
 which is to be found in the works of the  
 to write without a subject.

Alas! I wish we were as well as you with that  
 they have however since noticed that by a great  
 change of fashion without which many still pursue  
 has a natural flow. We have a natural flow  
 of virtue, and this is not to be done, but not as  
 all virtuous; but the abundance of our virtues  
 indicates as to degrees of virtue, which is not  
 it necessary to greatly compare them. The degree  
 circumstances may occur, where a man will be  
 that any or all of the virtues which are mentioned  
 perfection he has to show. Thus the comparison  
 that it will be his duty to be perfect in the  
 of the mind and the heart, which is what we  
 will be perfect. The only I have said, I will  
 prove that there is the same thing that is  
 religion can be a natural consequence of the  
 duty, nothing but we can be perfect in the  
 duty, and such as shall not be perfect in the  
 perfection of the

The End of the Second Volume.

