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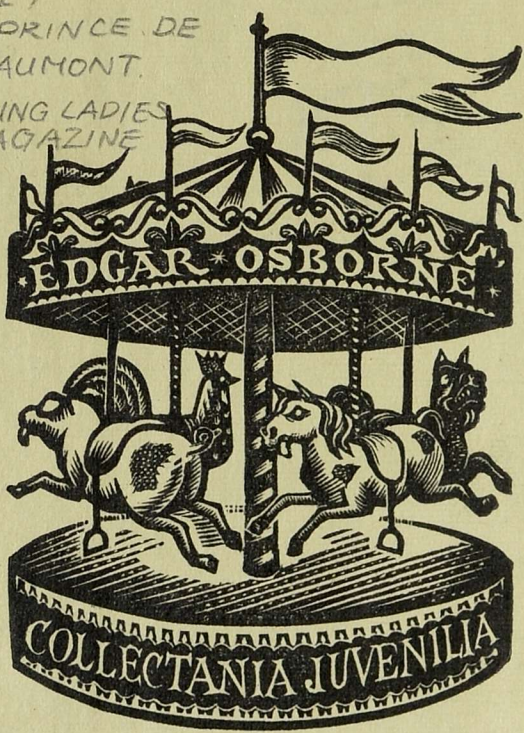
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LE PRINCE DE
BEAUMONT.

YOUNG LADIES
MAGAZINE

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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 III.

L O N D O N,

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

MDCCLX.

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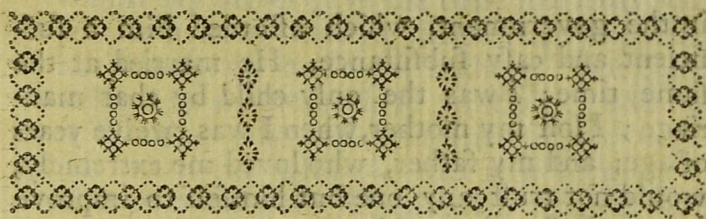
Mrs. AT PRINCE DE BERNMONT.

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Printed for J. Murray, at the Lane, opposite
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M DCC L X



THE
YOUNG LADIES
MAGAZINE.
DIALOGUE XVII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

WE begin ladies with the story promised at our last meeting; it is taken from the ADVENTURER, but I give you notice, that the translation is not very exact. I left lady *Sensible* at liberty to add, or take off as she pleased, and I was very well satisfied with what she did. The heroine, or the chief character in the story speaks herself.

The History of FIDELIA.

I am a younger brother's daughter of a gentleman's family; my father had a middling fortune; his inclination to pleasures, when he was young, hindered all thoughts of increasing his worldly substance, by taking to some honorable profession. When he advanced more in age, he spent the remainder of his fortune in the purchase of a place

in the government, which afforded him a sufficient and easy subsistence. He married at the same time; I was the only child by that marriage; I lost my mother, when I was twelve years of age; and my father, who loved me extremely, would not trust any one but himself to improve my understanding; his great affection for me, which undoubtedly blinded him, persuaded my father, that I had an uncommon genius, and beyond what usually appears in our sex; and to correspond with the intentions of nature, this was his manner of expression, he thought he must give me a different education from that, which is commonly given to other children. He had studied well, and did not want wit, and so was well qualified to take upon him the quality of my tutor and governor; but, very unhappily for me, he was without any religion; he believed the soul as mortal as the body; this pernicious Idea had corrupted his morals, and made him a great libertine. He would not for millions have wronged any man of a shilling, and had no scruple of an intrigue with another man's wife, because, as the fine fashionable gentlemen say, it is no shame to have mistresses; though the very same persons will tell you, that a woman, who is not modest, deserves to be scorned. My father had too much sense not to be convinced, that what was a crime in a woman, could not be without guilt in a man; however as he was against my incurring the contempt of others, he was resolved I should be imbued with his principles with regard to religion, as well as to morals. He would repeat incessantly, that virtue was so easy, and afforded so much contentment to its votaries, as to be their reward.

Whilst

Whilst my father gave me these fine ideas with respect to morals, though diametrically opposite to his principles, he forgot nothing, that could contribute to fix me in these principles, without ever thinking that this contrariety could never subsist in a mind, which he was now forming to a habit of reflection. All revealed religion with him was superstitious, and only proper to enslave vulgar souls, insomuch that his main care was to clear my mind of such prejudices. Though he constantly recommended the avoiding of vice, and the practice of virtue, his advice was supported by motives, that had no relation to the immortality of the soul, which he never once mentioned to me. Though he was silent on this important article, an interior feeling, to the cause of which I was a stranger, did not suffer me to look upon the moment of death as a total annihilation; I could not think of what was to happen after death without sentiments of hope or fear. Now and then I put the question to my father on this matter; his answer was, that the immortality of the soul, whether true or false, was not to influence my actions, or give me any inquietude, since virtue, which could make me happy here, was certainly sufficient to make me so hereafter, if any hereafter was

Miss Fivulous. Let me interrupt you. I always took that to be an infallible maxim; it has been frequently repeated to me; is it possible it should be a mistake?

Lady Tempest. And I think, *Mrs. Affable*, you have often said the same to us.

Mrs. Affable. I have so ladies, but not altogether in the same sense. Had we, to make an impossible supposition, been created to be annihilated at the moment of death, we should certainly be

most miserable, as every situation in life is thick sown with troubles and vexations, which, only, the thought of the immortality of our soul can alleviate. A wise man in this case would examine among these different sorts of miseries, which was the most tolerable. Reason would convince him, that, the trouble of overcoming our passions being less, than the pains taken to gratify the same, there can be no doubt about the choice. I know, that it is to no purpose for any one to attempt an absolute conquest over our passions, as the arduous work is above our natural power, and that it can only be perfected by religious principles under the influence of divine grace; but if this person could not succeed in the attempt, the difficulties might be something less, which still would be a great point gained. The virtue of a heathen is to be preferred to abandoning one's self to vicious inclinations; this is the best colour that can be put upon it; but this is far from being sufficient to procure the happiness, which this gentleman promised to his daughter; and the sequel of her history will shew what the consequence was of her losing the hopes he had given her in relation to this article.

FIDELIA goes on.

I mentioned the sensible impression, which I had at first of the immortality of the soul; but this grew imperceptibly weaker and weaker, and at last disappeared entirely. Though my father had not expressly opened his mind on the subject, yet it could be easily guessed. I was satisfied, that he believed his being would end with his life, and that, if he did not speak plainly upon that head, he wanted terms to declare his thoughts clearly

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to me. I had a very high opinion of his knowledge, and a great respect, as well as a tender love for my father; this was enough, and very cogent to adopt his sentiments. On the other side he had supplied me with all the authors, that had appeared against Christianity; what need of more to turn the brains of a young person only eighteen years of age, and without any help to stand against the authority of a parent, on whom she doted? I lost him, when I was twenty; I lost my poor deluded father, whose pernicious lessons were at last so fatal to his daughter. His death brought me to a condition, wherein I stood in need of all my philosophy. The place, which had yielded us a subsistence till that time, was only for life, and with my father I lost not only the superfluous, and the convenient, but all that was necessary to subsist. An uncle of mine did not suffer me to continue long in the fear of want; he took me home, and protested he would always look upon me as his daughter. This uncle by my mother's side was very wealthy, and had by trade got his great substance, which had taken up the whole of his attention. He had only that sort of wit, or rather instinct necessary to advance his fortune by trade; and his education had been extremely neglected. He saw, but with a good deal of trouble, that I spent most of my time in books; his trouble was much increased, when he read their titles, which appeared in his thoughts downright blasphemies. He said, that sort of books were only proper to make me an Atheist. I offered to explain my sentiments; for, as I thought myself in the right, I esteemed it a crime to disguise my way of thinking; but the extent of his capacity could not reach the difference between a Deist and an Atheist. The arguments I urged had no effect,

but to convince him, that I was a wicked woman, who, as he said, neither believed a God or a devil. Being as he really was, a true honest man, and a zealous Christian, though more by habit and prejudice of education, than by conviction and reason, my principles gave him unexpressible concern. I had very great obligations to him, my dependance was wholly upon him; still I was less sensible of the danger I was in of forfeiting his kind relief, than of the grief, which afflicted his honest heart upon my account. My comfort was the testimony of my conscience, which reproached me nothing. Where was the fault, thought I, in being above vulgar errors? My father's principles gained ground daily with me, and the impression made grew stronger and stronger, not so much by the arguments by which they came recommended to me from him, as by the behaviour of my uncle. This is, I said interiorly, being a good christian; I shall soon be hated by him; his inborn good nature would have preserved me from any such danger, but superstition has got the better of his amiable dispositions, and will soon smother the calls of nature and humanity; I shall be quite forsaken.

I was for several months in this most melancholy plight; for nothing is so intolerable to self-love, as being under a necessity of receiving continual favours from a person, who has ceased to have any affection or esteem for one, and a person, that I could not forbear despising. My uncle came one day to my chamber; he looked more chearful than usual, and after he had said several things, which I looked upon as forerunners of happy tidings, he signified, that he had a very advantageous match to propose, and which, he thought, I should have too much sense

not

not to accept. This was a merchant I had sometimes seen at dinner with us; he was neither young nor old; his means were very considerable, and he was very good humoured. Upon this bottom my uncle conceived he had great reason to be sure of my consent, and so much the more, because I did not at all dispute the good qualities he mentioned; but, good as they were, I did not think them sufficient for a man designed to be a partner for life, and a master, and director of my actions, a man, whom it was my duty not only to obey but to love; and I found that he was not a man, that would raise those sentiments; he had but a mean capacity, no delicacy of thought; his behaviour was coarse and unpolite. My uncle was in the greatest surprise, when I laid before him the motives, that induced me to refuse this match. What do you mean, said he, interrupting me with your delicacy of thought, and unpolite behaviour? Ah child! had you read only books, that would have taught you moderation and prudence, you would talk more reasonably. But, very unhappy for you, your favourite reading has been in books, which are the readiest way to turn your brain, and perhaps, at last, to ruin your soul. Now, indeed, I fear I should wrong my conscience in accepting the kind offers of my friend in your behalf, and helping him to a wife so silly, and almost a heathen; but I still hope the best, and that the unbelieving wife may be sanctified by a believing husband. Your objections to the match are so ridiculous, that I cannot think you are serious, when you make them. Don't think to impose upon one, that has lived so long as I have in the world. No, niece, never promise yourself, that you can do it; I see the true motive of this refusal; some libertin has struck your fancy, and you intend to

match with him, that you may take your full course without any restraint in the broad way of perdition; but, if the advice I give you does not rescue you from danger, I can at least dismiss all care of you for the future, and shake off the burthen of answering for your person and your soul. You shall either accept the kind offer of a worthy man, who will be answerable for your behaviour, or you shall e'en dispose of yourself, as you please, for I am determin'd not to be farther concerned about you. Here I leave you; think seriously on the happiness offer'd you by a kind providence; remember the affectionate and tender manner of taking you to my house; this ought to give me some power and influence over you, and determine you to follow my counsel.

He left me after this harangue, and I consider'd very seriously the choice I had to make upon this declaration. I look'd upon it, as a kind of prostitution, to deliver myself up to a man, to whom I could not give my heart; all my oaths and protestations of love would have ended in perjury. On the other side, in case of a refusal, I was to face all the horrors of poverty, and to remain without any protector, friend, or relief. After deliberating some hours I was determin'd not to accept the offer, truly, more from a principle of conscience than inclination. It is true, I must have offer'd some violence to my niceness, in accepting a husband, for whom I had the greatest indifference; but still as my affection was not preingag'd, and I had a mild easy temper, I certainly thought I should be less unhappy in following my kinsman's advice, than exposing myself to be abandoned by him; but I also thought I should be cruelly tormented with remorse for doing what I could not in my opinion justify. I was brought up, as I said before, with the notion, that

that virtue only could make us happy; and that such things, as are generally looked upon as evils, could not affect the happiness of a soul governed by its duty, and enamoured with the charms of uprightneſs. Theſe principles were certainly true, if we talk of real virtue, and not of that, whereof I had conceived falſe Ideas. I reſolved therefore to run all hazards, rather than act contrary to ſuch noble and praiſe-worthy principles; I was even glad of an occaſion to ſhew the contempt I had of the frowns or favours of fortune; my pride was flattered by my ſteadineſs; and thus I ſacrificed all the conveniencies of life to a paſſion; but I made a bubble of myſelf, and was ſtrongly perſuaded, that I had no other view, but to teach men, that the virtue of a ſtoic ſufficed to bear up againſt the greateſt difficulties.

I imparted the reſolution I had taken to my uncle, and aſſured him withal, that it ſhould never hinder my continuing to ſhew him all the gratitude, and the greateſt reſpect, that lay in my power. I ſolemnly declared, that my reſuſing to comply with his deſire was not owing to a weak paſſion for another perſon, but to the fear of hurting my conſcience by an engagement, which it could not approve; that the match propoſed offered me great advantages, but that riches were not ſo much eſteemed by me, as to let them have the preference to virtue, and to ſacrifice the laſt to the purchaſe of the former; that a promiſe from the lips, and not from the heart, muſt be attended with guilt, and that I could not without great injuſtice enter upon a contract of ſuch importance, whilſt I found that I was unable to diſcharge the duties conſequent to the engagement; that I was not miſtreſs of my affections; and, in ſhort, that no one ſhould have my

hand, who had not before obtained the first place in my heart.

I was amazed, that my uncle's passion gave me room to make so long a speech; but observing his countenance I soon perceived, that his passion with-held his tongue. He began at last to speak, but it was to load me with reproaches; my reasons he condemned as romantick fooleries, which he believed I gave no credit to myself; he added, that my only intention was to impose upon him, that I might have leisure, and meet with less difficulty to make some unhappy match. It was in vain for me to protest, that I was not then in a mind to marry the person he proposed, or any other. He continued to think, that a young woman at my time of life could not so obstinately reject a husband, with whom she was to come into so great a fortune, unless she had some other person in view. He called God to witness of the just reasons of his anger, and of my ingratitude and want of duty; and giving me a bank note of fifty pounds, as the last token of his compassion he bid me be gone out of his house, and never to appear in his sight again. I called all my courage to my assistance to thank him for all past kindnesses, and with a low court'sy I left his chamber. I made what haste I could to get my clothes together, and about an hour after went to a man's, who had been formerly my father's servant and let lodgings. The next day I paid a visit to a cousin of mine, he was son to my father's elder brother; he had inherited the greatest part of the family-estate, and increased his fortune considerably by marrying a rich heiress. As we had been very intimate in my father's life-time, and knowing besides, that he had been brought up in the same principles that I was, I hoped I should

should meet there with some comfort and friendship, if not relief. I gave him a minute account of my adventure, and expected, that he would have applauded my conduct; but the air of scorn, which appeared in his looks, and increased gradually as I was speaking, convinced me how much I was mistaken. What evil spirit, he said, interrupting me, has made a fool of my poor cousin? I always took her before for a woman of good sense. What nonsense to lose your uncle's favour, and to be reduced to beg for refusing so advantageous a match? and why, pray? because forsooth you had no love for the man you was to marry. Who are they, I want to know, that consult their own good liking in the case of marriage? I have fifteen hundred pounds a year, and that leaves me more room to humour my inclinations, than you have, that are not worth a shilling. I would not have you to imagine, that either my heart or my eyes had any share in my marriage, I only thought of her fortune, thirteen thousand pounds, which I had with her; as to her face and humour they never once came into question. Would I have given two pence for my wife? No faith! but her fortune can procure me a seraglio of beauties, and satisfy my inclination to whatever may be my pleasure. What matters it, whether a husband or a wife be amiable, as long as money can supply what is wanting? You, dear cousin, had an opportunity; you might have been mistress of as ample a fortune as mine, and have procured yourself whatever you wanted. Could you fancy, that, being married, no one durst make warm addresses to you? Quite contrary; now that you are single, you will scarce find a lover, whereas being married you would find a score with ease, in as much

as they are out of danger of being engaged farther than they desire. You were for making a considerable figure in the world, and picking out such a lover as romances describe; for, indeed, I do not think you would have had any difficulty in managing, as you pleased, honest *John Trott*, that was intended for you.

My indignation could not suffer this strain of conversation any longer. I got up with a disdainful look, and was leaving the room, when my unworthy relation, taking me by the arm, my pretty little cousin, said he, put off those scornful airs, I know you, and have known many others. Leave to such, as are brought up by priests and nurses, the fear of everlasting fires, and the dread of being carried away by the d—v—l, if they listen to the calls of nature, which invites them to lead an agreeable life. Let those women enjoy the liberty of being foolishly virtuous; you have too much good sense to follow their example. You know, that the period of your being is of a short duration; it is but reasonable to make your advantage of time, and to divert yourself without scruple.

He would undoubtedly have gone on, but my passion and rage was raised to the highest pitch, I flung out of his hands, and went out, assuring him, that he should never have another occasion to insult my distress, and to sully my imagination with his filthy discourse; in effect, I resolved never to come near his house, and I stood to my resolution.

Lady Louisa. An unworthy man! *Mrs. Affable.* How came *Fidelia* not to fly in his face? I should certainly have struck the villain.

Mrs. Affable. I should have been tempted to do so; but the story is too long, what remains
of

of it, to go through it this day. We will have the continuation of it the next time we meet.

Lady *Lucy*. Oh you are very hart-hearted, Mrs. *Affable*. I just long to know what will become of poor *Fidelia*. Hitherto, setting aside a little pride, she is faultless. I must own she had a wrong way of thinking with respect to religion, but that was the father's fault and not hers.

Miss *Friivolous*. For my part, I must side with her in opposing her uncle's will. Oh! it is the saddest thing that can happen to marry a man one don't love. Are not you of my opinion, Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. Far from it, my dear; on the contrary I am persuaded, that the love-matches run the greatest hazards of proving very unhappy.

Lady *Lucy*. Why, Mrs. *Affable*? Would you have me marry a person, that I don't love, or one for whom I have an aversion?

Mrs. *Affable*. You must not confound one thing with another. There is a wide difference in not loving, and positively disliking a person. I would rather advise a young woman to beg her bread, than marry a man, to whom she is quite averse; but if she has an esteem for him, that is grounded upon her knowledge of his good humour, that suffices to determine her to give her hand to him; and experience has shewn, that more matches succeed in this way, than those that are made by inclination.

Miss *Friivolous*, I assure you, Mrs. *Affable*, that I will never marry, unless I have a very great love for the person I shall take to be my husband.

Lady *Lucy*. I am of the same mind, and I must join with *Fidelia*; marriage includes a vow, or promise to love a husband. He is a companion

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we chuse, a master, a guide, that we take. The subjection would be intolerable, if we did not love the person, to whom we consent to grant all the authority comprehended in those titles.

Mrs. *Affable*. Yes indeed, ladies, marriage would be an insupportable slavery, unless you loved your husband; but I will maintain, that a young woman, who has made a proper inquiry into the character of her future husband, and has conceived an esteem for him from the character she has discovered, will infallibly love her husband. I do not pretend she shall fall in love with him; no, that is not necessary for the happiness of a married state; but she will love him as a friend, that deserves her confidence; she will make her happiness consist in obeying him, and making him as happy as it shall be in her power to do. Miss *Frivolous*, you will be sure to be to morrow at our private conference, which I am to have with these ladies, and where this point shall be thoroughly discussed.



D I A L O G U E XVIII.

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

Mrs. AFFABLE.

I Did not think proper to speak more fully of the necessary dispositions to make the marriage state happy. The younger set of little ladies will not want instructions on that head this long

long time; but as the time draws near for most of you to be married, and two of you will very soon be disposed of, I am highly pleased with this occasion to give you my thoughts upon this subject.

Miss *Frivolous*. You cast a look towards me; has any one told you I was going to be married?

Mrs. *Affable*. Yes, my dear. I am generally one of the first, that knows what concerns you all, as many as you are. They know I love you, and that I am interested for your welfare; your general confessions are made to me, and I know the next morning what has happened to any one of you the day before.

Miss *Frivolous*. Pray, what do they say about me? Do not keep any thing from me.

Mrs. *Affable*. But how shall I know, that you will not take it ill of me, particularly, if I should perhaps say any thing, that may be disagreeable to you before these ladies?

Miss *Frivolous*. They are all my intimate friends; I hope so at least; you are free to say what you please before them. Besides, if the public has informed you concerning my behaviour, they very likely know already what you have to say.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are much in the right, my dear; perhaps you are the only person in town, that is not acquainted with what I am about to tell you.

Miss *Frivolous*. You frighten me, Mrs. *Affable*; then it must be very public.

It is indeed, my dear friend, and among so many that wish you well, not one has had the courage, not one has had the heart to give you a friendly notice of the town-talk. I must in all likelihood have a greater friendship for you than the rest, since I take the disagreeable task
upon

upon me, and run the hazard of forfeiting your esteem, and love of me, by what really should make me more worthy of it.

Miss Frivolous. No, *Mrs. Affable*; you shall not lose my friendship; to be sure I have many faults, but I am not guilty of taking amiss the advice given me by friends with regard to my behaviour, when I have reason to believe, that it is done out of kindness and affection.

Mrs. Affable. I am persuaded you will do me the justice to believe, that it is out of no other motive, that I venture to put you in mind of things, that may be disagreeable for you to hear.

No sooner was it known in the world, that you honoured me with your company at our lessons, but people made themselves very busy in acquainting me with your character. You was not at all flattered in your picture; and if I had been so inclined, I should have formed a most disadvantageous opinion of you; but as I am no stranger to this malicious world; I suspended my judgment, and I have observed you very strictly to find out how I was to form it.

Miss Frivolous. Well! what have you discovered *Mrs. Affable*?

Mrs. Affable. That for the most part you was not concerned in their imputations; but that withal you had given too much room by imprudence, and a less guarded conduct for their framing such a judgment of you. I have come out with it at last, dearest miss; I must justify what I have said. I beg you will hear me with attention.

You are pretty, and you are not unacquainted with it; you will be very rich, and all the world knows it. This is enough to let loose a crowd of jealous young women against you, and to excite

cite them to the most rigorous and severe inquiry into your behaviour, and endeavour to bring you into disrepute. A very little reflexion would have taught you, that the advantages you have must naturally produce this effect; and this would have engaged you to confine your conduct within much narrower bounds, than many others, that no hold might be left for malice to take any advantage. No, instead of this, you seem to have entered into a combination with your enemies, as if you had laid a wager, that you would slip no occasion, which might give them room to discredit you.

Miss Fricolous. But my good God! *Mrs. Affable*, what is there so very extraordinary in my behaviour?

Mrs. Affable. You shall hear. To begin, you are extremely giddy; next you are a *coquet* of no small degree. Your head is stuffed with dangerous romances; I have observed them among your books. Your thoughts running upon nothing but amorous adventures has made you conclude, that all the gentlemen must be struck with your charms. I will go farther, you have wished it, and been so imprudent, as to let them discover this weakness. Last summer you happened to be, where a great many foreign officers were. They are sparks by profession; they vied with each other, who should make you the finest and most amorous compliments; you believed, that profusion of sweet words from those gentlemen was attended with the greatest sincerity. Well! dear miss, when they were by themselves, your simplicity became a jest with them, and they diverted one another with making you very ridiculous. A fortnight ago I fell into company, where two of those gentlemen visited; I named you as a person
with

with a great share of wit and merit; this was received with great shouts among the company, as if I could not have said any thing more extravagant. Really, said a lady to me, you are strangely prejudiced in behalf of your scholars; and nothing but the greatest prepossession could find any wit in the person you have mentioned. The other day I was with a very deserving young lady, who takes pleasure in reading, and is provided with a good library; miss *Friivolous* came thither, and seeing so many books, burst out a laughing like a mad creature, and asked the lady what she meant with all those volumes. I read them with pleasure, the other answered; then she redoubled her peals of laughter, and the animal, you have been praising, protested, that the sight of her library was enough to give her the *megrin*.

Miss *Friivolous*. Is it possible this story should be taken up thus and carried abroad? Mrs. *Affable*, I really was guilty of this folly. But you know I love books, and I was then with a lady, who ridicules all that understand something, besides dressing and detracting; I did this to mock her.

Mrs. *Affable*. You see what it is to be in bad company. Half of your faults are owing to that cause, but to return to the conversation, of which you was the principal subject,

I know that she is very silly, said one of the officers; but for all that, she would suit me very well; she is beautiful, and moreover very rich; it would do wonderfully well for me.

But, his companion replied, you must be uncommonly bold to venture on such a match. A coquet at seventeen seldom lays down that character; probably you may not be very jealous.

I'll tell you, says the other; she is modest in the main; but, if she goes on, she is not to be trusted. A woman, that seeks to please will some time or other meet with a person, that will please her; I would spare no pains to make her sensible of this important maxim by frequent repetitions; but, if I could not succeed, I should very soon determine what I had to do. Madam should be at liberty to *coquet* it away as she pleased with a separate maintenance, the least, that could be allowed; and I would take my pleasure with her fortune.

Miss *Friivolous*. I could cry with vexation, Mrs. *Affable*; I guess the person who set me off with this fine speech. False man! he applauded all my follies; one would have thought he was passionately in love with me.

Mrs. *Affable*. Perhaps he was, my dear. Men are daily in love with women they despise. Love and contempt often meet in the same person; the first, it is true, seldom lasts long. But let us make an end of what was said concerning you. I stuck to it, that you had wit, and it is very true. Nature has endowed you largely in that respect, but her gifts have yet availed you nothing. You are still ignorant, and grossly so; you love reading, but your reading lies in trifling silly books. You have never applied to any one thing; if you can but gad from morning till night with ladies of your own way and humour you are satisfied. This should make you tremble, my dear; those mean despicable women, who, notwithstanding their rank, are become the butt of all the low jests of the meanest rabble, all of them set out into the world as you do.

Miss *Friivolous*. Rather than ever to resemble them, I chuse to die on the spot.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. I am persuaded you do my dear; your will is good, and comes from a heart, that is sincere; and consequently you will submit to the directions I shall give you for avoiding so great a misfortune. The first, and the most important, is to shun bad company.

Miss Trivolous. I do assure you, *Mrs. Affable*, that among the ladies I frequent, I do not know one, but what is very modest, and of unfulled reputation.

Mrs. Affable. You are certainly mistaken; the ladies you see are very modest; I am willing at least to believe it; but they have not the fairest character; they are, like yourself, unsettled young ladies, who mind nothing but pleasure, and have their heads full of a desire to please; and that is more than sufficient to bring the modestest woman into disrepute. On the other side examine yourself. What is the topic of conversation, when you meet? Your dress, the gentlemen of your acquaintance, the intrigues of one, and the lover of another. All this vain talk keeps up and feeds that inclination to trifles, which you must absolutely lay down. Providence has thrown in your way a very easy means for that good purpose; it has helped you to a very agreeable acquaintance with these ladies; you have for some time slighted them, but they will forgive your neglect, I am sure. Make haste, and without affectation, break off absolutely with the others. Let it be done forthwith, I say; you have not the least minute to lose; you are within a very little of losing your character; and as much your friend as I am, principles of conscience will oblige me very soon to forbid these ladies any farther correspondence with you.

Miss Frivolous. I have heard all the rest with patience, but cannot bear this last stroke. It should seem, by what you say, that I am a loose young woman.

Mrs. Affable. To disguise the truth would not be acting the part of a friend. No, my dear, you are not a loose liver; you abhor the guilt; but let me repeat it, you are in the road, that leads to flagitiousness. I could name half a score ladies, who are become infamous in the same way. Coquetry, as well as unsettledness, brings you to the same; who escape those dangers, can only escape by miracle. Let us speak our minds freely. You are scarce eighteen, and you have already had two several inclinations. Very fortunately for you, your first was for a man of honour, who never thought once of making an improper use of the passion, which you had inspired to him; now you have a second; the match is undoubtedly suitable; but you know as well as myself, that it does not very much please your father, and that he will very probably refuse his consent, by which you will be exposed to an infinity of disagreeable reports.

Miss Frivolous. As we speak with open hearts, and great sincerity; there should be no dissembling. I desire to be married, and for very good reasons. I have lost my mother; and my father, who is not in a condition to train me up in the world, is of course under a necessity to leave me now, to the care of one lady, then of another, and these two ladies are not equally suitable to my temper. Go out less, you will say; that is mighty well, but I find a good deal of trouble and vexation at home; my younger sister is my father's idol; she is most tedious company. This makes me wish I was settled; this is the real cause

cause of my coquetry, for I am determin'd not to marry a man unless he love me, and a man, whom I can also love.

Mrs. *Affable*. Extremely well! it is very fitting, that you should marry a man, that you can love, but there is no necessity of loving him first; nay, that is really dangerous. I look upon you to be too generous to marry without your father's consent. What will become of you, if your inclination and his pleasure should not agree? You meet in company with all the rattle-headed coxcombs in town. You may find in the crowd one of these, that shall not only amuse, but really affect your heart. What is to be done then? You must either be married to this rattle-head against your father's will, if he refuse his consent; or, sooner or later, tear him from your heart under the greatest rack and torture, with the most sensible violence to yourself. However we will suppose, that you may overcome your father by repeated importunities, and that he will let you have your fancy; you will marry without knowing the man. It requires serious reflections, and a great presence of mind to look into a man's character and conduct; and thought and presence of mind are not the allotment of lovers. You will look upon your spark, as the eighth wonder of the world; you will suppose and imagine perfections which he has not, you will excuse the real defects he has. In your sight he will be all love and submission; you will fondly conceit this will continue always; and I could safely swear all these appearances will vanish in a short time after the nuptials. This is certain, that nothing can last always, but such sentiments as take their rise from a well grounded esteem. Your person is such as may inspire a
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passion; but your behaviour hitherto has not been at all fit to raise a great esteem of you; whence I am very positive, that you can only fix a giddy-headed, or vain superficial thoughtless man; and how can you depend upon such a character?

I had a friend a most lovely person about sixteen years of age. A young gentleman, that saw her accidentally, fell in love with her, and she with him. As he was much richer, and his father excessively covetous, despair was the first and the only relief he found in this misfortune. He locked himself up in a remote closet, and was three days without meat or drink; by mere chance they found him; he had swooned away, and he was with very great difficulty brought to himself; this was being in love indeed. His father, to cure him of his passion, sent him upon his travels for two years, but perceiving his inclination was stronger than ever, obtained an order for him to be sent to the *Indies*. He contrived to see his mistress before his departure, made the strongest protestations of an eternal love, and begged, that she would not dispose of herself before three years were expired, and told her, that if she did not hear from him within that term, she might conclude he was no more. Five years passed without the young lady's hearing from him; she was known by the name of *beautiful Fanny*. Meantime a man of great worth courted her, and her consent to this match was extorted by the importunities and teizing of her family. She had no inclination, but a great esteem for him, and she could not forbear declaring, that he was every way qualified to make her very happy. The day before she was to be married, she received a letter from her lover, who had wrote several, that never came to hand. There needed no more

to turn her head; she broke off her match, and her suiter having found means two years after to come back to *France*, they were married. They adored, but did not know each other. Half a year's time proved abundantly enough to open their eyes. The *beautiful Fanny* had made sure, that her husband would always be her lover; she thought him very unjust, when the transports, which she had been accustomed to, began to disappear; she complained, she wept; the first time he wiped off her tears, and promised to revive all the warmth of his first passion. But as I have declared to you before, love is a transient affection, too violent to last; and the happiest thing that can befall lovers engaged in marriage, is to find a tender friendship springing up from the ashes of departed love. This commonly happens, when a well grounded esteem is the forerunner of love, and scarce ever is the case, where love and esteem have not joined to make their union agreeable. It was in vain for the husband to promise, and to attempt keeping up to the raptures of a bridegroom; the inutility of his endeavours to please, disheartened him, and he grew weary of her complaints. At last he hated her; he brought in rivals, to whom he shewed the same passion he once had for her. His behaviour had the effect, which might be naturally expected; she hated him in her turn, and looked upon the day of his death as the happiest day of her life. Some years after she met by chance with her lover, or rather the friend she was upon the point of marrying; and which she was frequently sorry she had not done; he was then about forty, and being out of conceit with the bustle and boisterous pleasures of the world, was in quest of a rational partner for the remainder of life. The *beautiful Fanny* had disappeared, and

and could not be known again, so much she was altered. Guess at her surprisè, when her former lover proposèd to bring on again the match which she had broken off. Madam, said he, I must not deceive you; I am not in love, and very likely never shall be. I make you a tender of my friendship, esteem, and an intire confidence; if that will please you, and if you are at liberty, and willing to make me the same offer, I hope to make you amends for all that you have suffered. *Fanny*, who had fared so ill with love, was determinèd to try the effects of friendship; she gave her hand to her friend; and they are now actually happy beyond expression. Not the least cloud has ever darkened the sereneness of their days; their mutual affection increases continually, and their constant prayer is, that they may end their lives the same day, not to feel the torture of a life, which, after separation, neither could bear.

Miss Frivolous. I cannot understand how a young woman can be happy with a man older than herself.

Mrs. Affable. A man that is only eight years older than his wife, is as young as she is, if things are well understood, or young enough for her; and this should be a standing rule. If a friend should ask my advice, I should caution her against a man, that was not at least twenty eight or thirty year old. Before that age a man's character is not come to a consistency, it is not formed; passions are still in their full force; and one can frame no idea of what may happen.

Lady Lucy I agree with you in opinion, *Mrs. Affable*. When I said, that I would not chuse to marry without love, I wanted terms to explain my ideas. By love I meant a friendship arising

from a just esteem, and, to use *Fidelia's* words, I will never give my hand to any man, that has not the first place in my heart. I also join with her in regard to a delicacy of sentiments or passions, and unpolite behaviour. That coarse roughness to me appears intolerable in a person, with whom I have chosen to spend my life. That defect breaks out on all occasions, and I cannot blame *Fidelia* for refusing a husband so unpolished.

Mrs. *Affable*. Observe, miss *Frivolous*, the difference, which different sorts of books produce in the mind. Lady *Lucy*, who only reads serious books, has not even the idea of the foolish passion, which incessantly takes up your thoughts, because your romances represent it agreeably, and set it off to advantage, though not as it is in itself. A modest and prudent young woman, far from seeking the occasions of admitting the silly weak passion into her heart, avoids it with care, and spares no pains to keep herself free to receive a husband from the hands of her parents without repugnance.

Now I must answer lady *Lucy*. Providence has placed you in a situation, where you can marry as you please, and as you wish. You are in the midst of plenty under the eyes and care of affectionate parents, who love you, and whose aim is chiefly to make you happy. Nothing presses, that you should be in haste to marry; you have time and leisure to chuse according to your mind; and you will do wisely not to enter upon an engagement, till you meet with a person who reunites in himself both the amiable and esteemable qualifications. Providence seems to give you that liberty by the situation you stand in, so much to your advantage. *Fidelia's* case, and of

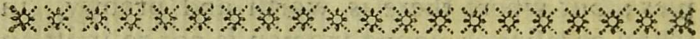
a thousand others, differs widely from yours. How many young women are by their circumstances obliged to other laws, and cannot follow the same rules? and not to depart from our example, prudence, her condition, and the certainty she had, that she could live contentedly with a man, who only wanted some exterior accomplishments, shewed plainly, that providence pointed out this match for her. The qualities, that are worthy of esteem are never to be overlooked; better a thousand times to starve with hunger; than be married to a man without honest principles; but where there is worth and probity, in many occasions a young woman is not to insist on the rest.

Can you think in good earnest, my dear, of finding a man, that is entirely perfect, and with whom you can never have any cross to suffer? You mistake greatly, if you flatter yourself with such hopes. The best suited, and the happiest matches are not without trouble and pain; and here the ease and satisfaction of married persons depends upon a mutual sacrifice of their humours, and a reciprocal patience with each others defects. *Fidelia* should have concluded, that providence required her accepting the match offered, since it offered her no other means of support in her distress; by which she would have avoided the misfortunes, wherein she afterwards found herself involved. I only say this in general, for numberless circumstances frequently alter the case.

We must make an end. Miss *Frivolous*, I hope, will find some benefit from our conference, and I shall speedily hear from the public, that she is reformed.

Miss *Friivolous*. The public will take care enough to repeat my follies, but I may become so much a saint as to be quite out of farther notice.

Mrs. *Affable*. Pardon me, my dear; I must say with madam de *Sevigni*; the world is neither silly nor unjust. It abates of the good, it makes large additions to the bad part of characters. But persons acquainted with the world, may make a tolerably exact calculation; and in the main you may rely on the judgment of the public, making some allowance either way.



DIALOGUE XIX.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

YOU may remember, ladies, that we had no time for geography when we met last. That omission must be made up. Begin lady *Sensible*.

Lady *Sensible*. I am now to speak of the land of the *Amazons*. The air is hotter than in any other part of *America*; and yet there are fruitful fields, especially near the rivers. It is thought they have gold-mines, as the savages often bring some with them. Hitherto no one has found his way to the interior parts of the country. Here are no towns. The river of the *Amazons* crosses the country, and the inhabitants, who live without chiefs or laws, are canibals, that is, as we have observed before, man-eaters.

As to *North America*, it is uncertain whether it is a continent, or a vast *peninsula*, as no person has gone quite through the country. The limits,

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as far as is yet known, are these. It is bounded on the north by *Hudson's* streights, and a bay of the same name; or the *Christiana*-sea; what lies beyond is not known; on the east by the North Sea, and the Isthmus of *Panama*; in the South by the gulf of *Mexico*, and the South-Sea, the same sea is the western boundary.

Lady *Witty*. But why not get farther up into the country as they are there?

Mrs. *Affable*. This has been attempted several times; and many pretend, that *America* is continent to *Asia*, or is only separated from it by streights. Several have endeavoured to find this passage through *Hudson's* bay, but were stopt by mountains of ice. The passage by land is as difficult; as the extreme parts of *North America* lie within the Frigid Zone.

Lady *Charlotte*. When I was a very little one I read a book, I have forgot the name, but I think it was a *Voyage* of the *Hollanders*. Their voyage was to the North of *Europe*, if I remember well, about or near the streights of *Weygatze*. All on the sudden their ship was hemmed in with ice on all sides; there were heaps of it like mountains, inasmuch, that there was no getting back or forward. They were of necessity to quit the ship; they came into *Nova Zembla*, and took with them what they could carry out of the ship; they even cut their ship in pieces, and brought off the planks. Now in that country there are very large white bears. One of these carried off a *Hollander*, and tore him to bits in the presence of his companions, who were not in a condition to defend him from the cruel beast. They saw very well, that they must wait for the melting of the ice; they made a hut in the ground, and covered it with planks, in form of a house.

The cold was extreme, and they kindled a coal-fire, which had like to have smothered them; they got out as fast as they could to breathe a little air; after this they contrived a large chimney, and lived several months under ground. They killed some bears and foxes, which they eat, and made themselves clothes and caps with the skins, which they wore with the furr inward. They were some time without a visit from the bears, who very likely took the opportunity of crossing over to another country upon the ice. What was most terrible during their stay, they had one continual night; the sun was on the other side, and only gave them a few hours of twilight, that is, a sort of light, such as we call the break of day. Winter now drawing near to an end, the bears returned, and attempted to come down their chimney, which made them dispose several guns in such manner within the chimney, that the bears trying to go down, made them go off and kill themselves. At last when day came after this long night, they came out of their burrow, and built a boat with the planks of their ship. Before they left this wretched place they set down the history of their adventure upon a large post of wood, that it might be of service to any one, that should come by the same misfortune. After that, they went on board; several died in the voyage, being overfatigued; the rest arrived very safe, I think, at *Amsterdam*, where they made their entry in their furs.

Lady Mary. Oh dear! this is quite frightful, *Mrs. Affable.* Do you think there is any human creature there?

Mrs. Affable. There may, my dear. Formerly the *Torrid Zone* was thought to be without inhabitants on account of the excessive heats; yet

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it is very populous. If God has placed inhabitants under the *Poles*, he has provided them bodies able to stand the cold. But we must defer the explication of *North America* to another time, and set about our stories. Lady *Mary*, begin.

Lady *Mary*. *Cyrus* being now master of *Babylon*, governed that country with his uncle *Cyaxares*, who had very great confidence in *Daniel*. This last shewed him the prophecy of *Isaiab*, which was conceived in these terms.

Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to *Cyrus*, whose right hand I have holden to subdue nations before him : and I will loose the loins of kings to open before him the two-leaved gates, and the gates shall not be shut.—I will go before thee, and make the crooked places streight, I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in funder the bars of iron.—And I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know, that I am the Lord which call thee by thy name, am the God of *Israel*, for *Jacob* my servant's sake. *Cyrus* was astonished, when he saw, that the prophet had foretold the things that had happened to him, and, consequently to the prophecy he issued the following decree.

Thus saith Cyrus king of Persia, The Lord God of heaven hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth, and he hath charged me to build him an house at Jerusalem, which is in Judah.—Who is there among you of all his people? His God be with him, let him go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judah, and build the house of the Lord God of Israel. (He is the God) which is in Jerusalem —And whosoever remaineth in any place where he sojourneth, let the men of his place help him with silver, and with gold; and with goods, and with beasts, besides the free-will offering

for the house of God, which is in Jerusalem. Besides, Cyrus the king, brought forth the vessels of the house of the Lord, which Nebuchadnezzar had brought forth out of Jerusalem, and had put them into the house of his gods and numbered them unto Sheshbazzar, the prince of Judah. Thus by his orders all concurred to the execution of this great design, the treasurers furnished all they desired to this end, and the Jews were to offer sacrifice for his, and all his royal family's prosperity.

Immediately after the publication of this edict a great number of Jews resorted to Jerusalem, and laid the foundations of the temple, but notwithstanding the care and application of Ezra, who was a scribe, and a very holy man, the work went on very slowly. The Samaritans, who were declared enemies to the Jews, had brought the ministers of Cyrus over to their interest; nay the work was interrupted, and was not resumed till the time of Darius, the son of Hystaspes. Nehemiah, who was his cup-bearer, obtained a new order to finish the work, and to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, and the gates of that city. When the building of the temple was perfected he summoned all the people to solemnize the dedication; some wept for joy, seeing the temple rebuilt; others, who remembered the magnificence of the temple of Solomon, and compared the two structures, shed tears of sorrow; but the prophet Haggai to comfort them, *The glory, said he, of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts: and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts.*

Lady Witty. I don't understand this prophecy,
Mrs. Affable.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. This is the sense, my dear; and it cannot bear an other properly. What is the peace between God and man? *Jesus Christ* no doubt; he reconciled us to his eternal father. The prophet gave to understand in those words, that however great the splendor of *Solomon's* temple was imagined, it could never come up to the glory of the latter, which was to be honoured with the presence of the *Messiah*, and of God made man.

Admire with me, ladies, how clear and distinct the prophecy is. God not only declares his name, but foretells his actions. This will appear still more, when lady *Witty* gives us an account of *Cyrus's* life. Lady *Violent*, favour us with what relates to *Daniel*.

Lady *Violent*. *Daniel* was a celebrated prophet, who, from his tender infancy, observed faithfully the precepts of the Lord. *Nebuchadnezzar* had given orders to pick out among the children of the *Jewish* captives the handsomest to wait upon him in person. They had a governor appointed, who was to teach them how they were to discharge their several employments about the king. Whilst they were instructing, they had a provision assigned them of the king's meat, that they might appear fat and fair, when they came into the king's presence. *Daniel* and three other *Jewish* youths, who, like him, had the fear of God, applied to their governor, the law of the Lord, said they, forbids us to make use of your meats; it will be a favour, if you will permit us to live upon pulse. Their governor answered, I wish it lay in my power to grant your request, but if you are only fed with roots and greens, you will appear pale and thin, and I shall be severely punished. Try us, said *Daniel*, for ten days; and if you find us altered in that

time, you shall be at liberty to act as you think fit. The governor carried his complaisance so far, that he agreed to their proposal, and seeing that they looked better than the others, he left them to do as they pleased. When all the captive youths were brought before *Nebuchadnezzar*, he fixed his eyes particularly on these four, who were more agreeable to him than any of the rest.

Some time after the king had a dream, which gave him a good deal of inquietude; he thought on this, some part of the night, and fell to sleep again. When he awaked in the morning, he endeavoured to recollect his dream, but to no purpose; it was what he could not now remember. Upon this he called together all the learned and soothsayers, to give him the explication of a dream he could not possibly call to mind. They represented, but in vain, that they could not explain a dream, without knowing what it was; their excuses were not admitted; in short, they were to be put to death, unless they divined the dream, and its meaning. The sentence was on the point of being put in execution; and *Daniel*, with his companions, were included among the others. They fell to their prayers, after which *Daniel* waited on the king, and declared to him his dream, which he also explained at the same time. The king with astonishment fell upon his face to the ground, and ordered, that *Daniel* should be furnished with all necessaries for a sacrifice to be offered to his God, who was the God of gods.

Lady Charlotte. *Nebuchadnezzar* was mad to insist upon an impossibility, and to condemn those persons to death on that account.

Mrs. Affable. 'Tis a pernicious consequence of the education given to princes and great ones, and

and which was worse in those days than it is now, though it is still bad enough. Flatterers persuade them, that all the rest are only made to obey, let what will be commanded; it is an unpardonable fault not to comply. Many are so used, never to meet with any contradiction, that they will be obeyed, even in most ridiculous things. Parents in this respect have weaknesses that cannot be forgiven, and will not see, that they effectually spoil and ruin their children, by using them to have their will in every thing without control. I must divert you with a little adventure, that I saw with my own eyes.

A lady of great sense in all other respects, had an only son, and was so tender of contradicting him in the least, for fear of master's being out of order by it, that he became a mere little tyrant, and broke out into downright fury upon the least opposition made to his whimsical out-of-the-way fancies. Her husband, her relations, her friends, remonstrated, that it would be the ruin of her darling; all this was without any effect. A whimsical adventure had more weight with the lady, than all the reasons they could alledge. One day as she was in her chamber, she heard master crying in the court; he scratched his face from an excess of passion and spite, because, you must know, a servant had refused something, that he would absolutely have. Saucy fellow! said she to the servant, to refuse the child what he asks. Faith! madam, said he, he may roar till morning before I give it him. At this the lady was quite in a rage, and just falling into fits; away she runs, and going through a parlour where her husband was, she begs of him to come with her, and to turn off the impudent footman, who refused to obey. This gentleman,
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who had as great a weakness for his lady, as she had for the child, followed her, shrugging up his shoulders; his guests got to the window to see what was the matter. Insolent varlet! said he to his man, how durst you disobey your lady and refuse the child what he asked. Really Sir, my lady may do it herself; master, a quarter of an hour since, saw the moon in a bucket of water, and must needs have me give him the moon. The gentleman and his company hearing this, broke out into loud peals of laughter; the lady herself, though heartily out of humour, could not forbear smiling; and grew so much ashamed of this odd scene, which made her sensible of her mistaken fondness, that she took another and better method with her son, whom she made a very hopeful youth of a sad spoiled child. How many mothers are there, that stand in need of such accidents, to be taught not to use their children to be allowed what they crave and desire in that absolute and over-bearing manner?

Lady Mary. I begin to think, that as you told us two years past, poor fare contributes to the preservation of health; for *Daniel* and his companions were in better health with their roots and greens, than those, who were at a grand table.

Miss Rural. Was that instance necessary to believe *Mrs. Affable*? I am so much persuaded, that she will not impose upon me, that I allow without farther inquiry all that she says.

Mrs. Affable. I am much obliged to you, my dear; but you have forgot our agreement. We are not to take any thing that is said upon trust, without good proofs.

Lady Mary. Can there be any satisfactory reasons to shew, that we shall enjoy better health
by

by living temperately, or even very poorly, than by plentiful and sumptuous eating.

Mrs. *Affable*. That can be easily done, my dear. Let us suppose, that the King makes a present to all his subjects, of a load of coal to each, with this charge, and that he should say, husband this coal well, you are to have no more, as long as you live to dress your eatables, and you shall eat nothing but what is dressed with this coal. How would you contrive, Lady *Mary*, to make your fuel go as far as possible?

Lady *Mary*. I would live upon such things as are readily dressed, and require not much fire in the dressing; but what relation is there Mrs. *Affable* between a load of coal, and living poorly?

Mrs. *Affable*. There is a connection, and it is this: God allots to every one that comes into the world a certain proportion of fire. This fire is the heat of the stomach, which, as our common fire is used to dress victuals, digests our meat, and serves as I may say, to dress and prepare what we eat and drink for interior nourishment. The temperate man husband this fire; and you justly observe, that less is required to digest greens, and such light food, than for concocting beef, and other flesh meats. Besides, moderate people not only eat meats of easy digestion, but stint their appetite to a small quantity, and only such as suffices to support life. Your gluttons on the contrary never spare this fire, they put a great deal too much to the pot; they are perpetually stuffing and cramming. When the fire is spent, death comes on courie, and the devourers spend their share of fuel very soon. An Epicure is seldom long-lived, and those few who reach to old age, with temperance would have prolonged their lives to a farther term. The greatest part
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are old at forty, few exceed sixty, and if they pass those years, you find them heavy, dull, and insupportable to themselves and to others. And this is the first reason to prove that a temperate life conduces to a long life, and a good state of health.

Miss Rural. I can safely say, *Mrs. Affable*, that I am not greedy; I could live very well on pulse. If it was otherwise, the argument you have brought, would engage me to curb a craving appetite for the preservation of health; but if one could die in an instant without sickness or infirmity, the advantage of living to an old age, is not such as to make it worth the while to submit to any constraint. Life is even long enough already.

Mrs. Affable. I thought so at fourteen years of age. Sixty years appeared to me at such a distance, that I never thought of living so long; and now they draw near, and the great number of years I have lived, looks but like a dream, and nothing is left but the few good actions I have done, and the regret of having lost so much time unprofitably. Time grows more and more in request as it slips from us; and we are more desirous of life at fifty, than at fifteen.

Miss Rural. That is beyond my capacity of understanding. Could I have known, before I came into the world, the particulars of this life, which are to be gone through, and it had been left to my choice I should not have found, I think any very pressing temptation to exist.

Miss Frivolous. In my life, I never heard the like. You must be very unhappy, *Miss*, to be so tired with this world.

Miss Rural. I do not believe there is any one person in the world so happy as I am. My father
and

and mother are the kindest of parents ; they prevent and are beforehand with me in every thing that I can wish in reason, and by the special grace of God I wish for nothing out of reason. I am not rich enough to be cumbered with wealth, nor in danger of being poor ; I am satisfied I shall never be constrained to marry against my inclination, and if I desire to be married, I am very sure I shall find no obstacle to a match from either of them. Such is my happy situation, and yet, desirable as it is, not of sufficient weight to make me so fond of life.

Lady *Louisa*. But after all, my dear ; what reason have you to be disgusted with it ?

Miss *Rural*. Give me leave to ask, Madam, what should move me so particularly to desire it ? But don't imagine, that I have an aversion to life ; no, it is a very indifferent object to me ; and I would not give a pin to chuse between a longer and a shorter life.

Mrs. *Affable*. To keep up to the regulations of our society, Miss *Rural* must acquaint us with her reasons for this extraordinary manner of thinking.

Miss *Rural*. That is easily done, Mrs. *Affable*. Suppose a man has lived an hundred years ; what has he been doing all this time ? He has slept thirty whole years at least. If he has been under a necessity of allowing an hour every day to converse with people, for whom he has the greatest indifference, this will amount to four tedious years, spent in disagreeable company, from a regard to the common rules of civility. Add to this, an hour past every day in undressing to go to bed, with getting up, and dressing, you have four years more to swell the account, whereby thirty eight years of life are truly lost. How-
ever

ever well in health he may have been, we may moderately compute for so many years, as many moments of pain, and ailing, as put together will come to two years; and now forty years are gone. Mrs. *Affable* agrees, that there happen in life several troublesome and perplexing affairs; and I dare advance, that, one day with another, the most independant and most happy man spends two hours a day contrary to his inclination, which adds eight years of trouble and makes up forty eight. The six first years of life must be reckoned with these, and are summ'd up, fifty four. Without being a glutton, it is very tedious and a great constraint to a person if he is obliged to make several meals in the day; however I will reckon two hours spent in this subjection to nature, which requires daily refreshment and cuts out eight years more, which added, completes sixty-two; so that a man who has lived as happy, as most can pretend, for one hundred years, has only had thirty eight years leisure in so long a race. But how much less must be allowed, if he had laboured under infirmities and misfortunes, or any person, for whom he had any value or concern.

Mrs. *Affable*. Have you any thing to object ladies? Don't you think Miss *Kural* much in the right?

Lady *Lucy*. I don't, Mrs. *Affable*, and I must beg the lady's pardon for the liberty I take of contradicting what she has said. We do not lose our time by sleeping, eating, minding our affairs; no, not even whilst we suffer and are in distress. They are necessities to which we are made subject by providence; and we must not think it a hardship to comply with such duties, though they appear troublesome to nature. I

say

say to myself, I obey God, I perform his holy will, and this thought has a sufficient efficacy to procure us very great pleasure, even in the most tasteless and insipid occurrences incident to nature.

Mrs. *Affable*. Miss *Rural* has given her opinion like a heathen philosopher, and lady *Lucy* like a christian philosopher. Take this with you however, my dear, that life is a gift of God; and that being disgusted with, or indifferent to it, has an air of ingratitude. When we reflect, that life is bestowed on us as a means to arrive at happiness in heaven, every moment must be thought very precious. That indifference for life, which appears so favourably at first sight, loses that aspect when thoroughly considered. We must enjoy the gift with pleasure, as we receive it from God; then as we have no attach to it, but as coming from him, we shall have no repugnance to yield it up to it's author, whenever he is pleased to take it away.

Lady *Charlotte*. You have given us a reason which proves, that temperance conduces to a long life. Are there other proofs of this truth?

Mrs. *Affable*, Yes, my dear; I fear I shall tire the ladies with so much natural philosophy.

Lady *Violent*. I am the least in company, and consequently must have less wit; and yet it does not tire me; therefore it will not tire the other ladies.

Mrs. *Affable*. So, so, lady *Violent*! You begin to talk like a geometer. You lay down a principle; you draw your consequence from it. You are getting into an excellent method.

Lady *Violent*. This is very pleasant; I am sure, I have spoke without any reflection on what I
said.

said. Pray, Mrs. *Affable*, let me know what it is I have done.

Mrs. *Affable*. You suppose, first, that a person of wit cannot find it tedious to acquire knowledge; and the supposition is very just. You go on to suppose, that wit must be proportioned to our age; it is not always true, but, in short, it should be so. You have formed your principle on these two suppositions. I am the youngest and consequently have less wit. This consequence from your supposition serves by way of principle to a farther consequence. I am not tired with the lesson, I, who have less wit, than the other ladies; therefore, by so much a stronger reason, they, who have more wit, must not be wearied with the lesson; for wit will never suffer the acquiring of knowledge to be tedious to witty persons.

Miss *Friivolous*. Then I have had very little wit hitherto; these fine things have always been very tiresome, so that wit must be coming now, that they begin to amuse me.

Mrs. *Affable*. Rarely well, ladies. If we go on thus, those must be very cunning, that will pretend to impose upon you. As it will amuse you, ladies, I offer another physical proof upon the principle fixed by lady *Violent*, that temperance prolongs the term of life.

Take notice, ladies, that you grow every day; you not only grow taller but fuller. The bones increase in length and thickness, and will do, to a certain time. Your little arms, lady *Violent*, that are now so weak, will, as years come on, be good, stout, plump arms, like mine. You know that this growth comes from your food. What you eat, and drink is let down into the stomach, after it has been prepared in the mouth.

Miss

Miss *Bella*. How is it prepared? please to tell us.

Mrs. *Affable*. You eat frequently in the day, children, and have never reflected upon the various instruments providence has supplied you with, and which help you to deal with your nourishment. You observe first the teeth, formed two different ways, the fore-teeth with an edge like a knife; the others without such an edge with a larger surface. This is not the work of chance. The fore-teeth were necessary to cut your meat into bits; but if you had only these, you would be under great difficulties. The bits would be too large, and could not pass into the stomach; besides the danger of choking, and moreover the large size of the bits would spend in the digestion too great a quantity of the fire, or heat of the stomach which we have mentioned. To remedy these inconveniences, you are provided with other teeth called grinders, and which have not so sharp an edge, and meeting each other, crush and grind your meat, and reduce it to less particles, which, if dry, would be a kind of dust, and pray take notice, ladies, would choak you in the swallowing; but to make this easier, it was necessary these small particles of meat should be made into a soft and clear paste; and to that end providence has prepared many receptacles of water in the mouth, which is supplied from what they call the *salival* glands. Whilst the jaw-bone is in motion to grind the meat into small particles, this humour, or moistness, which is the *saliva*, or spittle, is furnished from those glands. It is salt, and not only helps to make that paste of your food, but to dissolve and alter it.

Miss *Sophia*. What is the meaning of *dissolving* the food?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. All the parts of our eatables, are not proper nourishment, and would not have that effect, if we swallowed them, such as they are. Swallow hazel nuts, pease, and several other things whole, they will pass whole, and far from being sufficiently digested; for the stomach has not heat enough to dissolve, to alter them and to separate all the nutritious parts from others, which nature throws off as useless. The *saliva* or spittle begins that work in the mouth, which the stomach perfects. But to reduce your meat into the paste we have spoken of, it must be often turned and turned again in the mouth; and after it is well prepared, it must be brought near the gullet. To finish the work, providence has allotted a shovel, your tongue, to convey the meat so far in it's way. But this is not all. Your nourishment would go no farther, but for another agent that steps in to forward your food. There is a muscle commissioned to this purpose, and which by its action sends the meat down. There is a dangerous pass, in the way that our food takes, and is to be carefully avoided; mistakes are of great consequence and may endanger life.

Please to observe, ladies, that, every moment, nature makes two several motions absolutely necessary for the preservation of life, and which if they once ceased, life must also cease. First, you take in fresh air which cools your lungs, and next, you part with the air lodged in the same. There is a passage for the air going out and coming in; and, if any thing obstructed or shut up this passage, death is the immediate consequence.

Lady *Mary*. That was like to have been my case, t'other day at dinner; I drank in haste, I suppose; my breath was gone all on a sudden; I

was black in the face; I thought I was dying, to be sure, some water was got into the passage for respiration: it must be very near the channel, through which our food is conveyed; if so, I wonder we can eat without being choaked.

Mrs. *Affable*. God has provided against such an accident. There is a little valve or flap, which shuts and opens every instant with the air we respire; and this kind of trap-door always shuts when we eat, or rather when we swallow our meat. By this means our victuals go safe, and reach the stomach, which we may call the house-kitchen. Here a good fire is ready to dress and reduce them into a kind of jelly. The whole of our food is not altered in this manner, but only the parts that are fit to join with other parts of our body; the rest which is useless, goes into the bowels and passes off, after having gone a great way.

Lady *Louisa*. A great way! how can you say that Mrs. *Affable*? To me it seems to be very short.

Mrs. *Affable*. Persons of a middle stature have near twenty five ells of bowels in their body; the superfluous part of the nourishment goes through that extent, which you will not judge very short. When we consider the inside of a human body it is not easy to imagine, that there is room for so many different parts, but the whole machine is so well disposed, that every part finds proper and sufficient room.

Lady *Violent*. You speak of this matter, Mrs. *Affable*, as if you had seen it.

Mrs. *Affable*. I certainly have, my dear, and examined it with the greatest attention.

Lady

Lady *Louisa*. The very thought shakes me with horror; but to what purpose the sight of such a dreadful object?

Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Sensible* will tell you; she was with me, when I examined this matter.

Lady *Sensible*. I would not for a good thing have missed the sight. I trembled at first, and found a great natural reluctance, for I have a good share of self-love. I could not reflect without horror, that one day would bring me to that terrible condition: but, at last, by degrees I took courage again, and examined that wonderful piece of God's workmanship. What various springs and numberless parts compose this frame, all wonderfully fitted for their respective uses by a transcendently wise and powerful being! If the whole world should attempt to persuade me, that a human body is the work of chance, they could not make the least impression on my understanding. Next, I wondered how it was possible for vanity to find a place amongst us. I observed the face covered with a dried and withered skin, and then looking at myself in the glass, take care, said I to myself, to dress out that head, look upon that face with pleasure, with for praise, seek to be admired; thou wilt become very lovely in a short time. Another reflexion, I made, was suggested by Mrs. *Affable*. I considered the exquisite delicacy of so many pieces of stupendous mechanism in the structure of our body, which is such, that it is beyond conception, how we can live twenty four hours an end. If the creation is wonderful, our conservation cannot be less so; and it is easy to imagine, that God watches over us in a very particular manner, that no part of this structure be put out of order. If comparisons can be allowed in this matter, the work is
far

far beyond the nicest watch, and you know, ladies, how easily they go out of order.

Lady *Lucy*. I could never have thought, that so melancholy an object could be of such useful advantage; and though I have a natural repugnance, yet I should, I think, be glad to see it.

Mrs. *Affable*. You may spare yourself a part of the difficulty. They shew wax-work in town, that exactly resembles the human body. But let us see what becomes of our nourishment.

The jelly we have mentioned goes several different roads. One part goes into the veins to form the blood. It is white at first, and does not take a red colour, till it has got through a certain passage, the name of which I have forgot. The rest is wisely distributed into the other parts of the body, in so much, that they all have their share. The bones, the muscles, the fibres, the nerves, each receive their necessary portion of nourishment.

All the parts I have just named are hollow. Have you never seen some of the streets where the pavement is taken up? You must have observed large trees in the ground; they are hollow in the middle, and serve to convey water into every house. 'Tis the same with our bodies; the bones, the muscles, the fibres and nerves are hollow trees, some larger, some less, through which a liquor flows, that is respectively thicker or thinner. Whilst we are young, they are very soft and tender, and grow wider and longer. Part of our food takes that course and finds room there; but by crowding daily thither, they grow hard, and come to their consistency, so as not to bear stretching farther; and upon this our growth properly ceases.

Lady *Louisa*. But we go on eating still. What becomes of the food, which can no more be lodged in those parts, since our growth is now over?

Mrs. *Affable*. Tho' our growth be over in that respect, we grow interiorly. Our veins, which are the channel, thro' which the blood stream's, the nerves and that, wherein the spirits flow, that give us motion; all these parts fill, and by degrees are stopt up. When they are quite obstructed, dreadful accidents happen. If the veins are choaked up, and the blood flow no longer, an apoplexy and death is the consequence; if the nerves are obstructed in the hand, arm, or leg, the limbs become paralytic, that is, motionless, and seemingly without life.

You see plainly, ladies, that your plentiful feeders must shew others the way to the grave, who send a greater quantity of nourishment to those parts, which ought to remain hollow, and of course fill the faster, the more they are stuffed.

Now, do you understand, that gluttony brings on disorders, and shortens our days? Do you see the advantage of an early temperance from your youth?

Miss *Molly*. I understand it so well, that I will break off the ugly custom I have of eating every moment. I am resolved not to be so lavish of my fire for the future, nor put so much meat to the pot; for, to speak the truth, Mrs. *Affable*, I eat much more meat than bread.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are quite in the right to promise you will eat no longer such a quantity of meat. Did every body take the same resolution, the scurvy would not be so common in *England*. It is very rare in *France*, where they eat more bread and less meat.

Lady *Lucy*. I assure you, Mrs. *Affable*, I have never heard any thing with greater pleasure. How many wonders are placed by the Creator in our frames, that pass unobserved by us?

Mrs. *Affable*. Let this suffice to day on this subject. Miss *Molly*, give us your lesson.

Miss *Molly*. *Nebuchadnezzar* ordered a prodigious great statue to be set up, and commanded all to fall down, and adore it the moment they heard the signal given by the sound of a trumpet. The three young persons, who were brought up with *Daniel*, refused to adore the statue, and were brought before the king, who asked the reason of their refusal. They answered with respect and resolution, that conscience would not suffer them to adore his gods. *Nebuchadnezzar* enraged at their constancy, commanded the fire of the furnace to be greatly increased. It was a dreadful place, where a prodigious fire was kindled, and the flame rose forty nine cubits higher, than the furnace. In obedience to the king's orders the three young men were thrown into the fire. How great was their surprize to see them walk among the flames with as much ease and tranquillity, as if they had been in a delightful garden! The king observed, that there were four in the furnace, for God had sent an angel to protect, and comfort his champions. They composed a canticle in this place of horreur, and when the king commanded the gates to be opened, they came out unhurt without any damage to a hair of their head, or to their garments.

Nebuchadnezzar having seen this miracle and raising his voice, blessed, said he, be the God of these three youths, who has delivered them, because they yielded their bodies to the flames, that they might not offend him. But if any one shall blas-

pheme against their God, he shall be cut in pieces, and his house shall be destroyed, because he only can work these wonders for the deliverance of his servants. Then he promoted them to great and honourable employs, as he was persuaded, that those who, chuse to die rather than forfeit their fidelity to God, will never be traytors to their sovereign.

Mrs. *Affable*. Take particular notice of this. It is a misfortune but too common among princes to neglect men of worth and honour; but if affairs of consequence are to be managed, that require a trusty and faithful person, they will never employ their partners in debauch or wickedness. They look out then for trusty and honest men, for they are satisfied, that, although they have used them ill before, their fidelity and worth will remain unaltered. Lady *Sensible*, give us some account of *North America*.

Lady *Sensible*. It is divided into nine parts, *Mexico*, *New France*, *Florida*, *New England*, *California*, the country of the *Cristinals* or *Kistinons*, those of *Anian*, *Quivira*, and *New Albion*. Three large rivers cross the country, the *Mississippi*, the river *St. Lawrence*, and the river *del Norte*. There are many others, that are not so considerable. Here are besides several lakes known by the following names, the lake *Michigan* or fresh water sea, the upper lake, that of the *Hurons*, another called *Erié*, the lake *Ontario*, called by the *French Frontenac*, and several others.

Mexico is divided into the old and new. The first takes its name from the capital, and is also called *New Spain*. Though it is nearly all situated under the *Torrid Zone*, the air is notwithstanding very temperate and wholesome, and where you find a shady place as cool as in *France*. The soil

soil is very fruitful, and abounds in gold and silver, and yet instead of money they make use of the almonds, which are found in the fruit of the cacao-tree. The river *del-Norte* partly separates this country from *New France*, and disembogues itself into the gulf of *Mexico*, under the name of *Rio Bravo*. The city of *Mexico* passes for one of the finest in the world. An author says, that it was situated upon two lakes, one of fresh, and the other of salt water.

Ferdinand Cortez discovered this part of the world. The inhabitants were idolaters, and sacrificed men whom they afterwards eat up out of devotion. They lived in well built cities, and were not without their arts and sciences. They made admirable pictures with feathers of different colours, that resembled very exactly what they desired to represent. They said, that certain oracles had foretold, that foreigners would come by sea, and seize their country. When the *Spaniards*, landed they were under the greatest surprize; they sent notice to their emperor, that these strangers had houses that floated on the sea; that they carried thunder, and rode tame and docile monsters. Such were the ideas they formed of shipping, cannon and horses. The emperor sent them very rich presents, that he might induce them to return home; but *Cortez* was determined to wait upon him at his court, and was graciously received. The author of this adventurer's life pretends, that the *Mexicans* had formed a plot to destroy the *Spaniards**; and this he says

* The *Mexicans* had certainly laid a scheme to destroy the *Spaniards* entirely; but even this cannot justify cruelty and barbarity. V. The conquest of *Mexico* by *De Solis*. The more sensible and conscientious part of the *Spaniards* are not comprehended

says no doubt to cloak their cruel actions in that country, which are more suited to the fury of devils than the passion of rational creatures. This has given me so great an aversion to *Spaniards*, that I would prefer living in a desert to a life among such cruel people.

Mrs. *Affable*. I am much of an opinion with lady *Sensible*; and my reason is, the poor people were so good natured. The inhuman behaviour of their invaders has been a great obstacle to the advancing Christian Religion amongst them. I have heard, that one of the inhabitants in a dangerous sickness was upon the point of becoming a Christian; but he asked on a sudden the person who was going to baptise him, whether the *Spaniards* went to heaven. To be sure answered the other. If it be so, said the dying person, I don't intend to go thither, and chuse rather to keep company with the devil in hell, than with *Spaniards* in heaven.

prehended here, who abominate the cruelty of their countrymen in the conquest of *America*; nor the court of *Spain*, which has enacted wholesome and good laws for the advantage and protection of the natives, but many of the adventurers, persons of mean birth, and no principles, who went to make their fortune, and whose malice and cupidity supported by their distance from a power to correct them, and sometimes countenanced by the example of wicked governors, who joined in, and had the greatest share of the spoil, whose malice and cupidity, I say again, has lain very heavy on the original *Americans*. A misfortune not to be imputed to the nation and government, but to unhappy circumstances, against which human prudence could not guard the natives sufficiently from wicked and avaricious men. And this is generally the case in remote parts of the world, to which the attention of a government cannot so well reach, and where the underparts of the administration too often swerve from their instructions, and others from the laws they have enacted among themselves, for the publick weal, and for the benefit and advantage of the ancient inhabitants.

Lady

Lady *Louisa*. So the *Mexicans* at this time are not Christians.

Mrs. *Affable*. Few remain of the *Mexican* families they being almost totally destroyed by the *Spaniards*, and the nations that joined *Cortez*. Those that are born in *Mexico* are *Creols*, that is, of a *Mexican* woman and a *Spaniard*, and they are such Christians as their fathers.

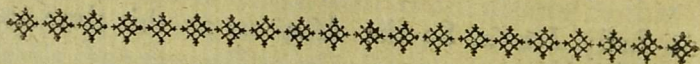
Lady *Lucy*. Are the *Spaniards* a different sort of Christians?

Mrs. *Affable*. They are so superstitious *, that they dishonour Christian Religion as well as their neighbours in the continent. But we shall have occasion to speak of this, when we treat about *Spain*.

Lady *Mary*. You look angry, Mrs. *Affable*, whilst you are talking of this.

Mrs. *Affable*. I am, my dear. A robber, a libertine, nay, an atheist, I do not know how, is less odious to me than a superstitious Christian, or a person of counterfeit piety. That is my aversion. Farewell, ladies. The next lesson in the morning shall continue the history of *Fidelia*.

* We must except those that are well instructed, and have been brought up with some education, of whom there are great numbers. These have superstition in the utmost abhorrence, but ignorant persons are the most subject to that degree of irreligion, which is too common among many other nations with the meanest rabble. Hypocrisy is a refined wickedness, and, as superstition is the share of the ignorant, this belongs to the detestable impostor, who conceals a lurking villain under the mask of godliness. They are too many, and every nation has some cheats, as well as *Spain* and its neighbour.



DIALOGUE XX.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

YOU know, ladies, that *Fidelia* speaks herself; we broke off where she left her unworthy cousin.

I came home so dejected and disconsolate, that I spent several days locked up in my room without speaking to any person. At last however I resolved to try once more, whether poverty and friendship were absolutely incompatible.

I had a friend; her company had been the greatest comfort and pleasure of my tenderer years; and I pitched upon her to make a second experiment. *Amanda*, for that was her name, was very compassionate, and susceptible of the most generous sentiments. I did not apply to her to be relieved in my present distress; I only wanted comfort, and desired to be encouraged in the sacrifice I had made, as I thought, of all considerations to virtue. My former friend had a middling fortune; her beauty over and above supplied that defect, and she was a woman, that might hope to be settled very honourably; but she sacrificed all advantages to love. She married a young officer, whose whole dependance was the income of his commission. A choice so widely distant from all appearances of human prudence, as it is called, seemed to insure her approving my conduct in the refusal of a mercenary match, and emboldened me to make her a visit.

Amanda was a stranger to my misfortunes; she had been in the country, where she had spent some months; she heard me with great attention,
and

and answered civilly enough; but under this outside of good breeding I observed a coldness, that chilled my heart. My dear *Fidelia*, said she, you have so much wit, that I never pretended to compare with you; your understanding is greatly superior to mine; and that is undoubtedly the reason, why your way of thinking appears very strange and singular in my opinion, so that if I may be allowed to give my thoughts upon the matter, your behaviour to a kind uncle was quite wrong, particularly for a young woman in your circumstances. First, you offended him by maintaining a doctrine, which, tho' you may think it good, is very contrary to the received opinions we all have been brought up to. Secondly, you offended him in a most sensible manner in throwing up all claim to his friendship and protection, and chusing the greatest misery and distress, rather than marry a man he had singled out for you; a person you had no aversion to, and to whom you could not reproach any material fault. Good God, replied I, my dear, there are many degrees, and a considerable difference between loving and honouring a man preferably to all others, and having a horror of, with an utter aversion, to his person. In my opinion the first is the duty of an honest woman, a duty to which she submits voluntarily, by marriage, and in the most solemn manner. I found this duty more, than I could comply with; and conscience would not permit my engaging in this contract. It is true, that I am thereby exposed to all, that is disagreeable in want and poverty, but as this will be the consequence of a virtuous action, it cannot be a real evil, nor able to take away that happiness, which virtue procures. 'Tis the greatest pleasure to me. *Amanda* took me up, to find, that the strength of imagination supplies you with means to be truly

happy; may this enthusiasm continue, and may experience ever convince you, that poverty, and being despised, are not real evils!

I was touched to the quick with *Amanda's* inhumanity, who dared to jeer me in this cruel manner, and was just upon reproaching her the harshness of the advice she gave me under a shew of friendship; but her husband came in. He brought a gentleman with him, who seized all my attention, though my heart was overwhelmed with bitter grief; but if his appearance fixed my eyes, his civil behaviour and agreeable discourse soon prevented me in favour of his understanding. The captain presented him to his lady, as a deserving gentleman, and the best of his friends; and *George*, so the gentleman was called, did all in his power to shew, that he merited the commendation his friend had given of him. He succeeded so well, that *Amanda* was persuaded, the gentleman had a mind to please her, and she willing in return to appear amiable enough, grew very good humoured again, to keep up the fancy, she thought this gentleman had taken. I was got up to take my leave, but she insisted so pressingly I should stay at dinner, that it was impossible to refuse the offer without giving her occasion to think, that I resented her rough and harsh behaviour to me, which I would avoid. I flattered myself, that I proceeded upon this motive; but I believe in the main, the true reason of my yielding to her importunities was a desire of observing more particularly the lovely stranger, for whom I found, that my heart in secret was already much prevented. The conversation brightened up extremely; I forgot nothing, that could without affectation shew my wit in an agreeable point of view; and *George's* attention persuaded me I had not missed my aim.

The

The desert was brought on; and *Amanda* took an occasion of giving my history with an account of my sentiments and melancholy situation. *George* heard the whole with the greatest attention; pity and admiration alternatively took place in his countenance; and I plainly saw that he was particularly affected. We broke up very late; *George* made the most pressing instances, that he might have leave to see me home; I absolutely refused him, but more like a woman, than a philosopher. I must own I condemned this new born passion; but, alas! it was not less real upon that account; I could not deceive myself, and I found, that there was more art than regard to decorum, in not accepting his offer. Our acquaintance was of too fresh a date to let him have my consent to see me again; besides this might have given him a worse opinion of me. I sent for a chair, but got nothing by it; *George* and his servants waited at a small distance from the house. It was in vain to beg most earnestly he would let me go home by myself; he would accompany me with his attendants, which gave me the greatest confusion I had ever met with, and mortified me extremely, for I was obliged before all that crowd to creep into a miserable little room, to which there was no way but through a shop. My poor lodging however did not hinder him taking his leave of me with as much respect, as if he had conducted me to a palace.

I soon got to bed, but had not power to close my eyes. *Amanda's* rough behaviour had made a deep impression upon me; I grieved that now she was only an acquaintance; she no more deserved the name of a friend. My heart was cast down and quite disconsolate. The deplorable situation I was in added to my distress. I knew not what

course to take for a subsistence. The excessive uneasiness I suffered on seeing, that I was despised, convinced me that pride still had a very great influence, and that I only help't to deceive myself, when I vainly imagined, that I had overcome all passions, and brought them under the yoke of reason and philosophy. What miseries remained for me to go through, in the extreme indigence to which I was very soon like to be reduced! The result of all these reflections was, that I must apply my thoughts to subdue pride, and call to my assistance the examples of those ancient sages, who generously despised honours and riches, and who had preserved peace of mind, under all the seeming difficulties of poverty.

After I had raised myself to be above the applause of the vulgar, and, as I hoped, to meet with indifference the smiles and the frowns of fortune, I thought I should be able to take a little rest; but *George* came into my head and put an end to all this fine reasoning. I was then in a mind, that I could despise the opinion of the whole world, but I was not at all indifferent to his thoughts with regard to me, and to imagine, that ever he should condemn me, was above my strength to bear. I compared my situation with that of the ancient philosophers, most of them old men, who perhaps only sacrificed the pleasures and ease of life to pride, and to purchase the respect of others; and I judged the case to be very different. My thoughts, and desires, I found were not such as philosophy inspired. I could not forbear thinking, that I had made the same impression upon his heart, which he had on mine. What reason could I have to keep off the good fortune, whereof I presumed I had an offer? I took no wrong method to de-
ceive

ceive him as to my circumstances; he saw what they were; if they gave him no disgust, was it my business to oppose an inclination, which might at the same time procure me the pleasure of an agreeable match, and the conveniencies of life. This was in substance all that then occurred to me; for the thought of belonging to him in any but an honourable manner, was of that nature, as I imagined at that time, I could never comply with.

George surprised me that morning in the midst of all my reflections. He began with the most polite excuses for taking that liberty. He added, that he had been informed of the extremity, to which I was reduced by the hard heart of an Uncle; he was rack't with the thoughts of my misery, and could not bear seeing a most lovely young lady, and well deserving of all possible respect, in such circumstances. He designed, he said, to repair all the wrongs I had suffered by adversity, and in short assured me, that I might dispose as I pleased of all that he was worth.

I interrupted him, and let him know, that there was only one thing I could accept in honour; that, I could think with pleasure, that his regard and compassion due to a gentleman's daughter, had made him transgress the common rules of decency, which will not allow a young woman to accept of any relief in this kind, but from a known and tried friend of long standing; that my present situation could not admit any friendly intercourse, or receiving any visits, which in other circumstances might have contributed to my being very happy; and that I must beg leave not to accept his kind offers, and desire him not to give himself the trouble of any farther visits.

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I had no sooner made this declaration, but he fell on his knees, and with all the art of a skillful seducer, he attributed the liberty of offering his service in that manner to the passion I had inspired him with; he conjured me with tears not to punish him with that rigour; that the greatest torment he could suffer would be, not to see me any more, and to deserve my esteem by following my advice. A weak heart was sensibly affected with these artful proceedings; I had however courage enough to persist in refusing farther visits, and I was so earnest in begging of him to retire, that he obeyed. He shewed as he was going, so much respect, grief, and affection, that I could not for some time summon reason to my assistance to form a proper judgment of his behaviour. The result of my reflections, was a very rational doubt, whether his intentions were honourable; they appeared quite the reverse to me, and I fully determined never to see him again. After giving my landlord the strictest orders to refuse me, whenever he came, I lock't myself up in my room. Reason applauded this resolution, but my heart was rent to distraction, and followed the dictates of reason with reluctance and regret. I hoped at least to find interiorly the recompense of this sacrifice; that satisfaction so much cried up by my father, which springs from virtue, and which virtue only can give. I sought it in vain; instead of that internal content, which I had promised myself, I felt new passions, new desires; to speak more properly, the passion, to which my heart was become a prey, called in the help of all the others to complete my ruin. Riches which hitherto had been mean and contemptible, appeared worthy of my esteem, as they might have conduced to this match. This
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made me very unhappy, and yet I was surpris'd; for I was not conscious of any action that I could reproach to myself; and on the contrary the deplorable situation, I was in, was owing to what I took to be the love of virtue.

Notwithstanding this melancholy experience, I was determin'd not to leave the road, which my father had pointed out to happiness, and to wait with patience, till virtue should reward my endeavours. Oh! I was dreadfully mistaken. I had not the least idea of these violent struggles I was to go through, to put this design in execution. *George* too well acquainted with the foible of our sex, to be dishearten'd with the refusal he had met with, made daily attempts to come and see me; he wrote affectionate letters, which came to hand from persons I no ways suspected; I opened them without mistrusting the hand they came from, and which I could not deny myself the satisfaction of reading; I could not step out but I found him still in my way. How eloquent was he then to demonstrate the height and excess of his love!

All his attempts, though they did not stagger my virtue, robb'd me of that peace of mind, which was the only reward I expected for all the sacrifices I made to my duty. When *George* could meet with an opportunity of speaking to me out of my lodgings, I mustered up all the courage I had, to remonstrate to him the horror I had of his unworthy addresses; and without any attention or regard to the opposition I found from my heart, my eyes shew'd a great deal of passion and anger, which in effect was caus'd by the knowledge I had of my own weakness; but I was no sooner alone, and in my solitude, but I paid dearly for the seeming

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victories I had obtained. I detested my state, I murmured without reason against the author of nature, who had made me subject to the violence of these passions, and had not provided me with means to satisfy them without departing from my duty. I thought him unjust, when I felt any remorse. Must I suffer, thought I unavoidable torments, whether I resist or yield? I compared my condition with my wicked cosen's, whose pernicious maxims had given me such horror. He gives full scope to his desires, I said, his house is a rendezvous of pleasures; smiles sit on his countenance, and cares and troubles have no access to his heart. He says, he is happy. What power has virtue to please? To virtue I have sacrificed my fortune, my friends, the inclinations that were dearest to me; will virtue indemnify me? What must I expect for the rest of my life? Poverty, humiliations, sufferings, my heart must be refused all it can wish; those passions, which are the most pressing, must be resisted, and without a sufficient strength to obtain a victory. Is this the blessing, which heaven bestows on favorites? Are weak creatures designed to be a prey to their grief? This would not become the Divine Being; I cannot believe it, and yet I cannot but think, that the condition of the virtuous is more disadvantageous, than that of the wicked; I find it by my own sad experience. The time to come affords no better prospect; were my miseries to end with life, and a happy eternity to make me amends, I could suffer patiently; but 'tis vain to harbour such a thought; the end of all, will be a total annihilation.

But what makes me say, that the future promises no better. Love offers me the disposal of a fair fortune, a rich, lovely and generous suiter,
 who

who will prevent me in all that I can desire; he will be a friend, a lover, and my protector. Shall I refuse the advantage offered under so many qualifications that meet in the person I adore; is not the condition and state, which I avoid, far preferable to the circumstances, to which I am reduced by virtue? But, after all, what is that virtue, to which I have sacrificed hitherto the happiness of my days? Is it not an airy phantom, that subsists in imagination? What must be called virtue in a person, who reckons but a few years of existence? Surely the making herself happy. I just now complained of the Creator, who formed me with passions, that they might be my torment; but if I can trust my new knowledge, I am the author of my misfortunes. He that placed me in this world for so short a time, intended undoubtedly, that I should partake of the good things he has bestowed; he has fixed me between pleasure and pain, and has left me at liberty to chuse. Pain is the evil, pleasure is virtue. What I have called virtue, is my evil, as it is the cause of my misery. What need of fearing remorse of conscience? Am I troubled with them, after eating and drinking? No. God, who is the cause of all these desires, cannot be offended, if I seek to satisfy them; and to be happy is the chief object of my wishes. I could not be happy in resisting my passions; let me try, whether gratifying them will have that effect.

In spite of these specious arguments, a secret voice spoke interiorly to me, and endeavoured to recal me to the honourable principles, I was about forsaking. But the Divine Justice was pleased to punish my pride by a most disgraceful fall. I had never loved virtue truly; the inclination, I had
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to moral good, was only grounded upon hopes of being happy. I sought myself only, and I was the idol which I adored. This worship of an idol deserved the punishment; which I was upon the point of suffering. The education I had, could be no apology; reason taught me, that God being the principle, and the end of all things, all my actions were to be referred to him. Had I done this faithfully, I should not have wanted farther helps.

Lady *Lucy*. For God's sake, don't make an end of this sad story; *Fidelia* will certainly run headlong into vice.

Mrs. *Affable*. She has just now owned her crime; and has told you, she was always guilty. Pride, and self-love bring down those, who appear most upon their guard, to a degree below the unhappy wretches, who raise the public indignation. But, ladies, the story is so long, that we cannot think of going through it to day, and so must be put off to another.

Lady *Louisa*. I am very angry with *Amanda*, the worthless friend.

Mrs. *Affable*. True friends are very scarce, ladies, and no wonder at it. The name is given to acquaintances, tho' there is a wide difference. You can never meet with a real friend unless virtue brings you together. But please to observe, that what she said to *Fidelia* carries very good sense with it, but the offence was in her manner of speaking the truth.

Miss *Zina*. For my part, I think *Fidella's* uncle was very hard-hearted; the more he was persuaded, that she was in a dangerous way, the greater motives he had for compassion; he look'd upon her, as standing on the edge of a precipice,

cipice, and instead of using means to hinder her falling, he helps to hurl her down to ruin.

Mrs. *Affable*. Your reflexion, my dear, is very judicious; and it was that, which confirmed *Fidelia* in her unhappy dispositions. Nothing is a greater prejudice to religion and devotion, than the ill conduct of those that profess it. Let me suppose, for example, that I have never believed a word of the gospel, in a word, that I am no Christian; you know, ladies, that a Christian is a disciple of *Jesus Christ*, who believes what he has said, and practises what he has commanded. You strive to convert me, and to prove the truth of the gospel; and whilst you take great pains to convince me, you don't practise it yourself. It is but natural to think, that you believe the gospel no more than I do; for I should reason thus in my mind; if you were really persuaded of the divinity of *Jesus Christ*, and that he has spoke the things contained in that book, which you look upon as sacred, you would certainly practise that doctrine, which you judge to be true.

It appears by the gospel, that *Jesus Christ* was exceeding compassionate to poor sinners; he would not condemn the adulterous woman; he spoke to the *Samaritan*, he eat and conversed with persons of irregular lives.

Miss *Friivolous*. And you have expressly recommended to me to avoid persons of bad repute.

Mrs. *Affable*. I was going to make the same reflexion. All virtues have their place, and they don't interfere with each other. A young lady may be charitable, but must be prudent withal. Prudence forbids her all occasions of corrupting her morals, or blemishing her reputation, by connections with vicious persons. How is charity to be observed in relation to these? how must

she

the imitate *Jesus Christ*? She must pray for them, never make their bad actions the subject matter of conversation, and take particular care never to shew any contempt of them. In a word, my dear, their faults must be hated and detested, and their persons treated with the utmost charity and compassion. Such is the duty of young ladies at your years. But I, for instance, and others as old, or older, may go farther. Our character and reputation is formed and established, and besides we are not of an age to have any intrigue ourselves. Hence we may venture to be acquainted with persons, whose lives are not very regular, and endeavour to gain their friendship and confidence, that we may bring them into a right way. But we must not forget, that we cannot meet with success, without a great deal of mildness, much patience and charity, such as may be proof against disappointments.

Lady Lucy, What is meant by charity, that is proof against disappointments?

Mrs. Affable. We are often disappointed, where we have the best intentions. I shall endeavour to reclaim a score of persons from their evil courses, and they make me a return of the blackest ingratitude for my charitable attempts in their behalf. Another comes in my way of the same manner of life. I think to myself, the twenty first will be like the rest; I shall lose my labour; I had best leave her to take her own bad way. You see, that my charity is not proof against want of success; and it is a very sure mark, that it was not very warm. Had I spent all my days in reclaiming poor sinners, my pains would be abundantly recompensed by one only being brought back to a virtuous life, nay, if I had only prevented one sin being committed. More-

over

over, if I am truly acted by charity, that is from a motive of the love of God, I shall really grieve, but only for those unhappy persons, who have refused my kind offers; for my part I shall rest contented, that I have done what God required of me; this will make me easy.

Lady *Lucy*. What did you mean, Mrs. *Affable*, by persons of counterfeit piety? Did you mean hypocrites?

Mrs. *Affable*. And a great many more. The true hypocrites are those, who know their guilt and affect to appear virtuous, though they continue in their disorders, they are monsters; and I shall pass them over in silence. I mean sincere hypocrites, if the expression is allowed, who do not deceive others, till after they have deceived themselves; and who, because they commit no great crimes, go to church, and give a few charities, think they are saints, and have right to say with the pharisee, *God, I thank thee, that I am not, as other men are.* I shall have a great deal to say on this head, and it will be a proper opportunity when we are come to speak of the holy Gospels. There we shall find all the distinctive marks of true and false piety. Adieu, children! Miss *Frivolous* may come to our private conference, if she desire it.





DIALOGUE XXI.

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

Lady LOUISA.

YOU know Mrs. *Affable* was to inform us how she spent the day; she was got no farther than her morning prayer.

Mrs. *Affable*. She will go on, ladies, where she left off.

Lady *Lucy*. Indeed, Mrs. *Affable*, I cannot account for your requiring this of me; I think it very silly to entertain these ladies with what only concerns me.

Mrs. *Affable*. If I was a polite flatterer, I would desire these ladies to observe, how humble you are, since you are so unwilling to speak of yourself; but that is not my business, my dear, and to acquit me of the promise I made you never to disguise my thoughts, I take this to be self-love with a mask of humility. You are not so much afraid of being, as of appearing silly in talking of yourself; 'tis this has made you before hand with us. To punish that little artifice of pride, which has stole upon you, I insist upon your satisfying the ladies about the matter in question, without one single word of reply.

Lady *Lucy*. I obey, but first give me leave to thank you, Mrs. *Affable*. You do me the greatest piece of service, by helping me to see into my own heart. How many things lie concealed there,

there, which it is important for me to know, and which, with your assistance, I shall discover?

Lady *Sincere*. Let me interrupt you for a moment. To what purpose is this continual examen of our selves? You would have us live, as they say nuns do in their convents; but Mrs. *Affable*, we are born to appear in the *grand monde*, what should we rack our brains from morning till night, to discover the secret motives of our actions? let us do it honestly without all this ado.

Miss *Friivolous*. Lady *Sincere* is for me; I had the very same thought this moment.

Lady *Sincere*. Give me leave, my dear, to explain my meaning. When I object to Mrs. *Affable*, it is in obedience to her orders; she will not have us take her word; hence I must insist upon a proof; not but that I am really persuaded, that what she says is true, and that she can ground it on very solid reasons; and I am always ready to give up my own opinion, as soon as she has shewn, that it is wrong.

Mrs. *Affable*. This is an admirable disposition; and I am convinced you will fall in with my opinion, that we must not allow nuns to be the only persons, that are to make this constant and diligent examen of their hearts.

You desire to be happy; we have found out, that the source or spring of happiness is within our hearts, that irregular passions are the main obstacles to happiness, and particularly mistaken self-love. As we pluck up some roots of self-love, and other passions, we pluck up an obstacle to our being happy. To discover, and to eradicate these obstacles, requires constant attention, and watchful care; and hence all that would be happy must be very vigilant to discover
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an enemy, which, when they know him not, it is not in their power to overcome.

Lady Sincere. I am now fully satisfied, that it is necessary to search incessantly into the inmost recesses of the heart. And I beg lady *Lucy* to go on with what she had to say to us.

Lady Lucy. I spend, as I had the honour to tell the ladies, half an hour at my morning prayer, and read some book of devotion till breakfast, which is brought up about an hour after.

Mrs. Affable. What do you do to make your advantage of this reading?

Lady Lucy. Suppose that it is a sermon against vanity. Before I begin, I beg the light of the Holy Ghost, that I may be advantaged by this reading; I am persuaded, that God is about to instruct me, and this puts me into that respectful situation of mind, which his words require. If I find, that this sermon takes notice of any faults, which vanity has made me commit, I beg pardon of God, and seek out the means, by which I may avoid them for the future. I reflect upon other faults, to which vanity would expose me, if I suffered it to get ground in my heart; and this encourages me to take good resolutions for my whole life, and particularly for that day; but as I am conscious of my weakness, I beg of God, through the merits of *Jesus Christ*, the strength necessary to put my good purposes in execution. I conclude with giving God thanks, who has inspired those thoughts whilst I was reading. I practice the same method when I hear a sermon.

Mrs. Affable. Miss *Friivolous* has promised to correct her failings, and to live like a Christian. This is the way to go about it; you must own, my dear, that you had not so much as the idea of

of a proper disposition to hear the word of God with advantage.

Miss Frivolous. Now I will give you an account, how I hear a sermon; as to good books I am quite a stranger to that sort of reading, to my shame be it said. My first care is to be dressed in the exactest and nicest manner; I look upon the church as a place of public shew; and, as I divert the tedious hour with examining and criticizing the dress of others, I suppose they are employed in the same manner about me. When I think, that gentlemen of my acquaintance will be there, I make myself so much finer in dress; but it seldom happens; it is very rare to see those at church, if you except some old gentlemen, for whom it is not worth a young lady's while to dress.

Mrs. Affable. Formerly, my dear, more young gentlemen appeared at church; not that they were more devout on this account. A desire to see the ladies invited them to church; for the ladies then kept their houses, and only went out to prayers. At present the case is vastly different; they are to be found in all places, at all meetings; you need only go to *St. James's* park in a morning, and to all public places; you may observe whole clouds of them; and it is no difficult task to discover, that they do not come so much for the benefit of a wholesome exercise, as to see and be seen. In the evening they swarm at the theaters, all public places and assemblies. You may gather easily from what has been said, that it is quite idle to look for them at church. Be pleased to go on, miss *Frivolous*.

Miss Frivolous. If the preacher is but very indifferent at his trade, I yawn and fall asleep. If he characterizes vice, I am very ready in applying

the description to Mrs. or Mr. such-a-one; but never did it come into my head to look at home, and to see how the discourse fitted me. Between the applications I make of the sermon, I bow to some body on the right, cast an eye upon some other at the left. I am taken up with the play I shall go to next, or the last night's assembly; in a word, I do all I can to pass away the time, and to make that short, which at church appears so long.

Lady Louisa. I cannot say, that I do the same, but what I do is really tantamount. I hear the preacher with great indifference; and yet now and then I feel some impulse to virtue, but which slips away like lightning; and the distractions I freely admit coming from church make me forget what I have heard, unless I remember it to criticise the preacher.

Mrs. Affable. Hence you may judge, ladies, what benefit may be received from the word of God; however the Scripture teaches us, that his word is never pronounced in vain; it hardens those, whom it does not convert. The word of God is like the Sun, which produces very different effects on different objects exposed to its rays; it bleaches wax and tanns the face, melts snow and hardens clay. How do you go on after reading?

Lady Lucy. I go down to breakfast; in the way I beg of God, that he will not suffer me to forget taking care of my soul by too much attention to the nourishment of the body. When I sit down to table, I thank him for providing me with food and appetite to take it with pleasure.

Miss Zina. Is it allowed to offer one's pleasures to God, as well as the pains one suffers?

Mrs. *Affable*. All must be offered, ladies. Besides, the innocent pleasures we find must excite our gratitude. You may loath all sort of food; to eat in that case would be a torment; how unhappy were our condition, if that disgust continued? Since God has saved us this trouble, and has given us a pleasure in satisfying the cravings of nature, the least we can do is to return him thanks. Go on, my dear.

Mrs. *Affable*. After breakfast I take an hour of relaxation, that is, I take a walk in the garden, or I sing at my work, or play upon the harpsichord. From time to time I reflect, that God is present, I offer him all my actions, or, I say some very short prayers to myself.

Lady *Louisa*. But this seems to take off all relaxation. These and such like thoughts are mighty serious for a time allotted to diversion; it is moreover very troublesome thus to recollect one's attention.

Lady *Lucy*. Not in the least, madam. To think of the divine presence is a great comfort. I then look upon myself as a favourite child, who takes his diversion under the eyes of an indulgent and kind father; his tender parent looks upon him with complacency, and is pleased to see his mirth; and as the prayers are then very short, they are only quick motions or pious breathings of the heart towards God. When I began with this method, I stood in need of all my attention to call to mind these good thoughts; now they offer themselves without the least constraint on my side. At eleven I go up to my chamber, and read some history, I study geography, and I write down what has struck me, and seemed most material in my reading. The time is spent in this manner till half an hour past three, when

my woman comes to dress me; it goes so fast, that I always fancy she comes an hour too soon. When we are in the country I leave off reading an hour sooner; but I pay dear for it, particularly, where the subject is important, and engages my attention.

Miss Frivolous. What makes you lay your book aside, if it is a more agreeable pastime, than walking out?

Lady Lucy. The desire of doing the will of God, and to avoid an ill habit of acting merely by fancy.

Miss Frivolous. Does God concern himself, whether you read or walk? I take it, that he is very indifferent to either. And then, I don't see where the necessity lies of putting our fancies under this constraint, particularly innocent ones and not prejudicial to any person.

Lady Lucy. God, who gave me a body intrusted me with the care of its health; and if, through my fault, I either neglected or wronged my trust, I should fail in a point of that duty, which I owe to his divine majesty. Now, exercise is necessary for the preservation of health; and if I confined myself at home, I should fall into some distemper by my own fault. You say, that there is no harm in indulging our whims, when they are harmless; I don't dispute it, and it is purely from self-love, that I check mine. What I may do hereafter I cannot say. Perhaps I shall marry, and, in spite of all precautions, it may easily happen I shall light upon a husband, whose whims will not tally with mine. Were I accustomed to humour mine, we might possibly quarrel from morning till night, or I must indure a great deal from the necessity of meeting with perpetual contradictions.

traditions. Is it not much better to take an early habit, and be used to contradict one's self?

Miss Frivolous. Now I love you for the resolution you take of making yourself uneasy for a husband; oh! you will quite spoil him, lady *Lucy*. I don't pretend to say, I will never yield to a husband; but, I assure you, he shall teach me to do it by his own example; he shall be upon that footing, before I marry him; and I will enter a very solemn declaration, that I never will be a slave to his maggots.

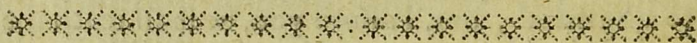
Mrs. Affable. You will cut yourself out a great deal of fine work. A lover will promise to fetch down the moon from the skies; but these gentlemen's promises are written upon the leaves of trees; beware of the first high wind. You put me in mind of a lady; no, positively; she would not marry, unless her husband bought her a coach. Her spark promised, and put his hand to the promise; he kept his word, but the devil a horse would he buy.

Lady Sincere. Could I imagine I should ever meet with such usage, I would continue single all the days of my life. I have been under subjection since my birth, and have obeyed either ill or well; I am so tired with it, that I will in my turn be obeyed by others and cease to obey.

Miss Zina. My opinion, dear lady, is very different from yours. I am persuaded, that when I take a husband, I take a master; and I am fully resolved, that all my endeavours shall be used to make his will in great or less matters the rule of mine; and this I shall esteem to be my duty.

Mrs. Affable. If so, ladies, 'tis no hard matter to tell your fortunes. *Lady Sincere* will meet with more contradictions, than any woman, and will of course be the unhappiest of her sex by following

lowing her principles. Miss *Zina* will get an absolute power over her husband; complaisance is the only means to engage and to master hearts. Within a few years, ladies, you may give me some account of these predictions.



DIALOGUE XXII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

LET us begin with lady *Mary's* story. Lady *Mary*. *Cyaxares*, uncle to *Cyrus*, and who is called *Darius* in the scripture, appointed a great many princes or *Satraps*, that is, governors of the several provinces in his empire; and placed three presidents, of whom *Daniel* was the first, over them, to have an eye on their conduct. *Daniel* was in the highest favour with *Darius*, which raised great jealousy among the lords and princes of the court. They longed, and watched for an opportunity to ruin him; but *Daniel* was so faithful in the execution of his high employ, that he left no hold for any accusation. Upon which they resolved to lay a snare for him, in regard to his punctual observance of the law of his God. To this end they prevailed upon the king to issue a decree, by which it was forbidden, during the space of thirty days, to ask any petition of any God or man, excepting the king under pain, for the transgressor, of being cast into the den of lions. This decree did not hinder *Daniel* praying three times every day with his face towards *Jerusalem*. These men informed the king, and represented to him,

him, that according to the standing law of the *Medes* and *Persians* the royal decrees were irrevocable. *Darius* did all he could to save *Daniel's* life, but in vain; he commanded *Daniel* to be brought and cast into the den of lions, he said to him with tears in his eyes, *Daniel, the God, whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee.* As he feared the rage of his enemies, more than the fierceness of the lions, he put his own seal to the stone, which covered the den, that it might not be removed. The king retired to the palace in great grief; supper was not brought in, as usual, he fasted, and sleep departed from his eyes. The king arose early in the morning, and went, in haste, to the den of lions, where he cried out with a lamentable voice, *Daniel, he said, has the God been able to deliver thee from the lions? Yes, Daniel answered, my God has sent his angel, and I am free from all hurt amongst these dreadful animals.* The king was overjoy'd, he commanded *Daniel* to be brought out of the den, and his accusers to be cast in, whom the lions caught and broke their bones in pieces, before they reached the bottom of the den.

Mrs. Affable. If the wicked, and jealous, and slanderers, were punished in this manner, we should not have so many among us.

Lady Mary. If I may speak my opinion, *Craesus Darius*, was a base weak man, to expose an innocent person to death, and not to punish his envious informers.

Mrs. Affable. This happens to weak princes. They are tools of the passions of all those, who come near them. Their foible stands them in lieu of all manner of guilt. What this passage of the sacred writings suggests to us, with regard to princes, is applicable to all mankind. A

weak man is ready for any fault, to which he suffers himself to be persuaded. I had rather deal with a wicked person, than one of his character; I am sure I think so; for you cannot rely upon such-a-one, for a quarter of an hour together.

Lady Sensible. You gave me leave to repeat to the ladies, the historical passages that regard *Cyrus*; I am now going to prove, that *Cyaxares* had a small share of sense, because he was jealous.

Mrs. Affable. Very right, my dear; there is not a more certain mark of a low-rated genius, than jealousy. But before we enter upon this article concerning *Cyaxares*, we should know who *Cyrus* was. *Lady Witty* shall begin, and you will be pleased to go on.

Lady Witty. *Astages* king of *Media*, had a daughter called *Mandana*; she was a grown young woman, when his son *Cyaxares* was born; her father gave her in marriage to *Cambyfes* the *Persian* and heir to that crown. The *Persian* dominions were of no great extent, but yet very considerable, as being inhabited by a virtuous people. Their virtue was not owing to their having different inclinations from others; they had not more worth and honour by birth than other nations; but the good education they received, corrected their defects, and made them appear a different nation. They had not this beneficial education from their parents; a father was not allowed to keep his son at home; and all the children, whom they desired to forward in the world, were to be sent to public schools. They had three sorts of academies. The first was for little children; here they eat nothing but bread with cresses, and only drank water. Their bed, was a carpet laid on the ground,

ground, and however cold the season might be, no fire was ever allowed. They were taught in this first school, to respect, to love, and to practise religious duties; they brought them up to a habit of obedience, and after several years passed in this school, they were sent off to another at fifteen years of age.

Lady *Mary*. You know I am not greedy, and I am satisfied, that living hard lengthens our days; and still I cannot approve this method of dieting poor children. What, always cresses? Would they have been less robust, if from time to time they had been treated with other food, a coarse sort of pudding, and some boiled mutton? I am hearty and well, though this is frequently my food.

Mrs. *Affable*. The *Persians*, my dear, were still in better health than you. They might indulge the girls with these dainties; but their boys were to be brought up something harder; they found the advantage of this diet, when they took the field for warlike operations, and were very happy, if they could meet with bread and water.

Lady *Violent*. What, to lie on the ground with only a carpet, is not that a great hardship?

Mrs. *Affable*. I assure you, Madam, that, as lady *Sensible* was saying t'other day, the body may be accustomed to any thing. I lay, when I was very young, on a bed as hard as the floor, and I have found it, of very great service to me. I sleep well every where, and I meet with people, who if they change their beds, cannot get a wink of sleep; that, you must say, is extremely inconvenient. Lady *Mary* wishes the *Persians* such meat as she knows, and likes; a child born in the mountainous parts of *Ireland*, would wish them to have potatoes; and if the *Persian* aca-

demy had been kept up to our time, they would imagine you had poor sort of diet, for want of cresses. What relates to the body, does not deserve the attention of a rational being; it is an animal you may bring up as you please. Go on, *Lady Witty*, tell us what was done in their second academy.

Lady Witty. They finished, as I may say, the education of the body, by painful and laborious exercises. In the third academy the youth were taught the sciences, suited to the conditions of life they were to follow. *Mandana* had a son called *Cyrus*; he was brought up at these public schools; but when he was twelve years of age, his mother took him with her to pay a visit to his grandfather *Ashyages*. This was a dangerous journey for *Cyrus*. In *Media*, they lived in great state and magnificence; and it was much to be feared, that profuseness and their grand entertainments would bring a youth of twelve years to a disgust of the plainness and rigour of the *Persians*. *Cyrus's* good sense rescued him from danger; and, when his grandfather asked him, what he thought of the sumptuous feasts of the *Medes*, they, he answered, take much pains and fetch a great way about to satisfy the calls of nature; the *Persians* take an easier way, a little bread and water, with some cresses, satisfies their appetite.

Mrs. Affable. *Lady Violent*, if you remember *Ashyages's* feast, pray favour us with the account of it.

Lady Violent. *Ashyages* took it into his head to surprise *Cyrus* with the magnificence of his court; to this effect, he invited the great ones to a superb entertainment, and gave them instructions to appear as richly apparelled as possible.

fible. Towards the end of the feast, I give you, said *Astyages* to his grandson, all that is upon the table. You may dispose of it, and make presents to those you like best. *Cyrus* gave a great dish to one that seemed the most willing to obey his grand papa's orders; he bestowed another upon the person, who waited on *Mandana* his mother; the riding master had a present also; in short he gave nothing but what he could justify bestowing with very good reasons. The king's cup-bearer *Sacas*, waited at the door of the presence-chamber, and had refused him admittance, when his grandfather was about business. *Cyrus* bore him a grudge on this account, and gave him nothing. Since you are for rewarding merit, said *Astyages*, you should have made a present to *Sacas*, who fills out so handsomely to drink. That requires no great skill, said *Cyrus*; I am but a child, and I will undertake doing it as well, as your cup-bearer. Let us see, said *Astyages*. Upon this, *Cyrus* took all the proper implements, and acquitted himself very handsomely of the cup-bearer's office. As he could see, that he had pleased his grandfather, he fell a laughing; poor *Sacas*, he cried out, thou art ruined, I shall have thy post. Hold there, replied *Astyages*, you forgot the main point, you did not taste the wine. I did not forget that, *Cyrus* answered, but omitted it on purpose; I am not yet mad enough to taste poison. How comes wine to be poison in your opinion, said *Astyages*? *Cyrus* answered, that those, who drank it, lost their senses. I took notice t'other day, that, with drinking wine, you forgot that you was a king, and the others, that they were your subjects. All talked at once, laughed without reason; and when you were for a dance, every one reeled. But, *Astyages* went

on, does not the same happen to your father *Cambyfes*? When my father has drunk, his thirst is quenched, and that is all that happens.

Miss Bella. I am of opinion, that it would have been as well, if, instead of bringing up *Cyrus* to live on grass like a brute, he had been formed to a habit of curbing his passion, and not seeking to be revenged. It was not handsome to find fault with the cup-bearer; after all, he had only done his duty. These *Persian* virtues were not unlike those of the *Lacedemonians*.

Mrs. Affable. I must own Madam, your reflection is very proper. *Cyrus's* displeasure could not be justified, and the revenge he took was very mean. A generous person scorns to be revenged of one, who cannot defend himself. But in the main, it may be, this fault it is not to be imputed so much to the *Persian* education, as to *Cyrus* himself. Has none among you, ladies, never failed in observing such things, as I have recommended? We shall speak again of *Cyrus*, the latter end of this lesson, if we can have time; but we have some stories out of the scripture to go through, which must take place. *Lady Violent*, it is your turn.

Lady Violent. The Lord spoke to a man named *Jonah*, saying: Arise, go to *Nineveh*, and acquaint the inhabitants, that their city shall be destroyed forty days after thy prophecy. *Jonah*, instead of obeying, went on board a ship bound to another place. For he said to himself, I know that the Lord is good and merciful; and that he is ready to forgive, and as slow to punish. If the people of *Nineveh* repent, they will be forgiven, and I shall be looked upon as a false prophet. Whereupon *Jonah* went on board to flee from the presence of the Lord, as if there was

was some place out of his sight, and out of his power. But when they were out at sea, the Lord sent a great wind; the pilot, the crew, and the passengers, each put up their prayers to their God, to be preserved from this imminent danger. *Jonah* alone was in the hold, where he lay, and was fast asleep; and the master finding, that he fled from the presence of God, awaked him, and said, what shall we do to thee, that the sea may be calm? 'Throw me into the sea, answered *Jonah*, for I know, that for my sake, this tempest is come upon you. They were very loth to come to this extremity; but, as the tempest grew more violent, they took *Jonah*, and cast him into the sea. Now the Lord had prepared a great fish, (a whale no doubt,) and *Jonah* was in the belly of the fish, that swallowed him, three days and three nights, where he composed a canticle, or prayer, to the Lord; and, after this time was expired, the fish cast up *Jonah* upon the shore, whence he took the road to *Nineveh*. This was a vast city, of three days journey; and *Jonah* went through it, crying out aloud, yet forty days, and *Nineveh* shall be overthrown.

The king, and the inhabitants hearing this dreadful prophecy, fell prostrate on the ground, and covered themselves with sackcloth and ashes. The king proclaimed a rigorous fast to be observ'd, and said, who can tell, if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his anger, that we perish not? God saw their works, that they were humbled before him, and penitent; and he forgave the *Ninevites*, which was a cause of great displeasure to *Jonah*, who thereby saw himself exposed to be thought a false prophet. He left the town, and was exceeding angry, and he besought the Lord to take his life from him. He lay that

that night on the ground, and the Lord God prepared a shrub to protect him from the heat of the sun by its shade. The growth of the shrub was some comfort to the prophet, but the next day, God sent a worm, which smote the shrub, so that it withered away. In the morning, before the sun rose, God raised a vehement east wind, and the heat was so excessive, that the prophet, who was now left without a shelter, fainted and wished a second time for death. Then God spake unto him; thou didst not plant, nor water that shrub; and yet the withering of this plant afflicts thee, so as to make thee hate thy life; thou couldst wish it had been spared. How much more did I wish for the repentance of *Nineveh*, that my justice might find room to spare more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand, and their left.

Lady Mary. Oh fie! It was very unbecoming in a prophet, to be angry, because God was pleased to forgive the poor *Ninevites*.

Mrs. Affable. We must forget the fault of *Jonah*, since God wrought miracles to make him sensible of his mistake, and to justify his proceeding, with regard to *Nineveh*, that guilty but repentant city. *Jonah's* excuse for not obeying, is very singular, because the Lord, said he, is ready to forgive, and slow to anger. But he will punish at last, if we persist in the abuse of his manifold graces. Now is your turn lady *Charlotte*.

Lady Charlotte. There was a man in the land of *Uz* whose name was *Job*; he feared God, and served him so faithfully, that he deserved to have blessings heaped upon him, and his family. He had seven sons and three daughters, was very rich, and one of the greatest men in the *East*.

His

His sons went and feasted in their houses, every one his day, and called for their three sisters to eat and drink with them. And, when the days of their feasting were gone round, he assembled them all at home, and offered sacrifices for them, to beg pardon of God for the offences, they might possibly have committed.

One day the sons of God, came to present themselves before the Lord, and *Satan* came also among them. The Lord said unto *Satan*, hast thou not admired the virtue of my faithful servant *Job*? *Satan* made answer: Thy servant doth not fear God for nought; thou hast given him all good things in plenty; it is very easy to love thee, and blest thy name in prosperity; but put forth thy hand, and touch all that he hath, take from him the good things of this world, and he will curse thee to thy face. Behold, saith the Lord to *Satan*, all that he hath is in thy power, only upon himself put not forth thine hand. At the same time, *Satan* came down upon earth, fully resolved to do *Job* all the hurt possible, and force him to murmur against providence. One day, that his sons and daughters did eat and drink wine in their eldest brother's house, a messenger came to *Job*, and informed him, that the enemies had fallen upon his oxen, and his asses, and had carried them off, and slain his servants, and that he was the only one escaped to come with the news. While he was yet speaking, another came and said, the fire of God is fallen from heaven, and has burnt up the sheep, and the servants, and I was the only one that escaped. This had no sooner done, but he heard from a third, that the *Caldeans* had seized his camels, and put his servants to the sword, all but himself. This last had not done speaking, when another brought the

the account, that a furious wind had blown down the house, where his sons and daughters were at dinner, and that they and their servants were buried under the ruins. Upon hearing these melancholy accidents, *Job* rent his robes, to shew that he was not insensible to all these losses, but at the same time, he broke out into these memorable expressions, which denoted his virtue and his constancy; naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. These were the only words, which this prodigious trial drew from the afflicted *Job*, and he never impeached the dispensations of providence with regard to his sufferings.

After this *Satan* desired, that he might be permitted to touch his bone and his flesh; and having obtained it, he smote *Job* with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown; and *Job*, having now nothing left in the world, took a potsheard to scrape off the matter, that ran from his ulcers, and sat upon a dunghill. To complete his misery, *Satan*, who had taken from him all that he possessed, left him his wife, because she was a vexatious creature; and no greater punishment can befall a man, than a wife of a perverse temper. This wicked woman endeavoured to cast him into despair; she reproached him his integrity, which had been of no service to him, and came to that height of impiety, that she told him his resignation to the will of God was downright extravagancy. *Job* had some friends, who came under a pretext of administering comfort, but in reality to load him with reproaches; and yet in the midst of all these trials the holy man's patience continued the same and unaltered. It pleas-

ed

ed God at last to reward his submission to the appointments of providence. His health was restored; he had more beautiful children than those he lost, he was blessed with more wealth and worldly substance, than before; he possessed it during a long time, and died very old and full of days.

Mrs. *Affable*. This part of the holy writ gives us room to make many reflections. Let us have those that have occurred to you lady *Sensible*.

Lady *Sensible*. It excites me to a great confidence in God. It seems to some, that accidents, which are looked upon as disastrous, are the work of chance. Here I see, that God directs those events, proportions them to his designs; and likewise enables us to proportion our patience to these trials. Nothing in my opinion can be matter of greater comfort.

Mrs. *Affable*, Very true, my dear. All the hair of our heads is counted; not one falls without the permission of our heavenly father. All the powers of hell may combine against us; nothing is in their power without the especial consent of God, who, if he grants it, only grants it for our benefit, that is, either to punish our faults, and to induce us to return to him, as we find by the history of *Manasseh*, or to give us an occasion of practising the greatest virtues, as it is proved by the history of *Job*.

Many other points may be learned out of the scripture; what you know is sufficient for your education; what remains requires some more years to pass over your heads. As to the books of the prophets, for instance, those you will read yourselves, and I will explain to you what you don't understand in the best manner I can.

Miss *Molly*. I have, Mrs. *Affable*, among my books a tragedy called *Esther*, and said to be taken from the holy writ, by the author monsieur *Racine*, and you have never mentioned her

Lady *Violent*. And papa has a fine picture of *Tobit*, you have never named him neither.

Mrs. *Affable*. To tell you the truth, ladies, I have not mentioned them, that I might avoid disputes. There are different opinions concerning those historical books and others *. In *England*, and several other protestant countries, they are not received, as written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and consequently not allowed as canonical scripture; for which reason they are placed among the *Apocrypha*, in the protestant versions, and have no greater credit given them than other histories written by men subject to mistakes. In *France*, *Spain*, *Italy*, and other countries they maintain, that those books were wrote under the influence of the Holy Ghost, and because it is impossible, under that influence, that any falshood can be penned, those books, and parts of books, must in course be believed. But as you are not in the way, to judge of the arguments on both sides, and of the merits of the cause, I thought it was better not to enter upon any dispute.

Miss *Bella*. There is a way left to wave all controversy. Give us the passages contained in those books. You need not mention what your opinion is. Our opinion will be

* In the *Geneva Bible*, and the *English Protestant Version*, the ten Chapters of the Book of *Esther*, are not disputed, but allowed to be Canonical Scripture and contain the whole Matter of *Monsieur Racine's* celebrated Tragedy of that Name.

left to ourselves, and no one can take any offence.

Mrs. *Affable*. You judge right, my dear; I will follow your advice the first opportunity that offers. But lady *Mary* yawns. Yawning is an effect, and a symptom of weariness. Our conversation I fear, has proved tedious.

Lady *Mary*. What is the meaning, that yawning should be a symptom of weariness?

Mrs. *Affable*. This requires an ample explanation, my dear; and will make our lesson very long.

Lady *Violent*. Well, we shall only break up so much later; it rains, you see; and we cannot go to any place; give us leave to spend with you the time intended for our visits.

Mrs. *Affable*. I am very willing it should be so, my dear; but upon condition, that those, who are tired shall be at liberty to go, when they please. But first, you must know, that there can be no effect without a cause.

Lady *Mary*. I don't understand that neither, Mrs. *Affable*; let us have an example; with that I am able to understand what, at first sight, seemed very difficult.

Mrs. *Affable*. It is really so. Now it is night with us, because the part of the earth, which we inhabit, is not turned to the sun, or to make use of geometrical terms, because the sun is no more upon our *Horizon*. To morrow at ten, we shall have day-light, for then our *Horizon* will be turned to the sun. We observe two things in this return of light; the sun, who causes this light, and the light caused by the sun. Now, lady *Mary*, tell me, what is the cause of this light?

Lady

Lady *Mary*. The sun is the cause of the day.

Mrs. *Affable*. And what is the effect, produced by the sun?

Lady *Mary*. The effect produced by the sun, is, day-light. Now, Mrs. *Affable*, I understand it, and will repeat it. The sun is the *cause*, and light the *effect*.

Mrs. *Affable*. No body can answer better, my dear. Are not you all satisfied ladies, that no *effect* can be without a *cause*?

Lady *Violent*. I am quite convinced. It would be very ridiculous to say for example, that *nothing* is the cause of light. A mere *nothing*, can be a cause of nothing, for then it would give what it has not, which is impossible.

Mrs. *Affable*. I will give you an instance, that will explain what you say, lady *Violent*. I find that you are out of order, I feel your pulse, and perceive, that you have a strong fever. You tell me, that your stomach is not right, you have an inclination to vomit, and that this morning you was perfectly well, and that your appetite was so extraordinary, that you eat double the quantity of what is your usual stint. I gather from this, that you suffer under an indigestion; this is an effect, and therefore, this indigestion must have a cause, and this cause I know, for lady *Violent* has certainly eat something, that has disagreed with her.

On the other side, lady *Mary* has the same distemper, and I put the question to her, what is the cause of your indigestion, my dear? She answers and says, nothing, Mrs. *Affable*, for I have not eat any thing for several days. You see plainly, that I have reason to believe, you tell an untruth.

Lady *Sensible*. Certainly; for, what is an indigestion? 'Tis a disorder of the stomach, which not having a sufficient heat to concoct the food, that is taken in, that food continues too long in the same condition, that it was first received. Wherever an indigestion happens, the aliment is indigested; the *term* imports it. And therefore, the aliment, not well digested, is the cause of the disorder, called an indigestion. The disorder we feel, is the effect of that meat not being digested. One goes with the other. To be too long without eating, would produce another effect called *hunger*.

Lady *Lucy*. By what you have said, I understand not only, that no effect can be without a cause, but that we can moreover arrive at the knowledge of a cause by effects.

Mrs. *Affable*. We certainly may, when we have as certain a knowledge of the effects. I am not at all afraid of multiplying examples, ladies; they conduce very much to illustrate things, and make a strong impression on the mind. Let us suppose, that I have never heard any mention made of God. I open my eyes and contemplate the universe. I observe, that the motion of the sun, as I apprehend it, is not by fits and starts, but extremely regular, that his place is neither too high, nor too low. I perceive, that the seasons duly succeed each other; that the autumn rains burst the corn, the winter's cold makes it strike the root deeper into the ground, the gentle warmth of the spring brings it out, and the greater heat of the summer carries it to maturity. From time to time, I perceive, that great winds rise to purify the earth. Then I take a view of the sea, and I am surpris'd, that it does not overflow this earth, as the only fence it has consists in a few
grains

grains of sand; I am charmed with the beauty of the moon, the stars, and an infinity of other objects, surpassing each other, in their respective excellencies. If I am not more stupid than a brute beast, what thoughts must arise, in my mind, from this contemplation?

Lady Sensible. You will certainly say; as it is impossible, that all this should be formed by nothing, I must infer, that they proceed from a cause of which they are the effect; and that, as all these things are disposed in a most perfect order, I must conclude, that the cause, which has produced them, acts with the greatest wisdom; for we must judge of the workman by his work.

Miss Sophy. Here is a very nice ring, and of exquisite workmanship. I may call the ring, an effect, and by the workmanship, I judge that the maker, whom I look upon as a cause, is an artist.

Mrs. Affable. Very well, lady; you seem to understand it very well. Now to resume our example. The light is an effect caused by the sun. I may conclude with certainty, that the sun is a luminous body; were it not luminous, it could not give us the light, which in the last supposition, it has not.

Lady Louisa. We may also say, that heat is caused by the sun, and consequently the sun must be a body of fire.

Mrs. Affable. Observe, ladies, that I said that the cause could be known by the effect, when we had a perfect knowledge of the effect; but if I can prove, that heat is not always produced by the sun, or that there are places, where the sun shines without causing any heat, you cannot then think, that the sun is a body of fire; for, was it so, heat must be a necessary effect of his presence.

Lady

Lady *Lucy*. You will bring in the *Cordillera* mountains in *America*, where the air is very cold, tho' they are under the *Torrid Zone*.

Mrs. *Affable*. 'Tis what I intended. A fire that gives no heat is an imaginary being; that is, which has no real existence. I know, that fire must give a heat, this is an essential quality; and so it must be ridiculous to assert, that what gives no heat is fire, since an essential quality cannot be taken away without destroying the being from which we remove an essential * quality.

Lady *Louisa*. Excuse my dulness, Mrs. *Affable*; I do not take the meaning of what you call an *essential quality*.

Mrs. *Affable*. I thought I had explained it before to the ladies, but I will not be sure of it; however whether I have or not I will explain it. These particulars are so necessary, to speak with any exactness, that there is no harm in repeating them frequently.

The ladies must know, that there is no being without good or bad qualities; but some of these qualities are so inherent to such beings, that they cannot be separated without destroying it; and on the other hand there are qualities, that may be taken away without the destruction of the subject from which they are removed. An example is very necessary to clear up this point.

It is an essential quality of matter, that is, of whatever consists of many parts to be, when in a natural way, of some figure, square, round,

* The author makes use of the terms *essential quality* to signify the essence, or the very being and nature of a thing; because *essence* is a philosophical term, and the idea is easier conveyed to the young Ladies by *essential quality*, or *qualities*, which appears in the explication given a little farther on by Miss *Bella*.

sharp, large, crooked, no matter what the figure is. Where there is no figure naturally there is no matter. It is essential to a mountain to be raised above the valley. It is essential to cloth to require breadth in a natural state; a thread which has length without breadth is no cloth. You would laugh at me, and not without reason, if I pretended to say the contrary.

But a green, red, or white colour is accidental to this cloth. To day it is white, to-morrow I shall dye it of a rose colour, and it will continue a cloth, though the colour be changed. A mountain, though smooth, and without flints, or rough and rugged with them, will not be less a mountain, if I should carry off the flint stones, that make it so uneven and difficult of ascent. Do you take me, ladies?

Miss *Bella*. I am a rational being composed of body and soul, and of the human species. If body or soul be taken away, I should be no more a compound of that species, as the body or soul are both essential to mankind. But my being good or wicked will alter nothing in that respect. I am still of the same kind to day, that I am virtuous, as I was yesterday, that I was wicked. 'Tis only a change of qualities not essential. How must those qualities be named, that are not essential, and which may be altered without destroying the very being of the subject.

Mrs. *Affable*. They are called *accidental*, and are carefully to be distinguished from the other qualities. When you desire to know any particular object, the qualities must be examined with attention; the essential qualities must be separated from the accidental. Tell me what is an essential quality of fire.

Miss *Bella*. To burn, or to warm at a greater, or less distance.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. You see that picture; there is a ship, that appears to be all in flames. If I said it was not a picture but real fire, what would you answer?

Miss *Bella*. I would hold my hand near it, and say, my dear, here is no fire, it does not heat my hand; and you assure me, that *heat* is a quality essential to fire.

Mrs. *Affable*. And if we were on the *Cordillera* mountains, much nearer the sun than we are here, and found it very cold, what would you think?

Miss *Bella*. Think? That the sun was not a body of fire; if it was, it would warm; it would even burn me, in a place so much nearer to the sun, than the sea-shore, where it is smothering hot.

Lady *Louisa*. This perplexes me extremely. If the sun is not fire, how comes it to warm me? Nothing but fire can warm.

Lady *Violent*. Pardon me, madam; Mama will never let me come near the fire, and I find I am very warm without any. When I find it cold, I skip about, dance, and run, and I grow so warm, as to break out into a sweat.

Mrs. *Affable*. Can you tell me what is the cause of that warmth?

Lady *Violent*. The motion of the whole body; if I rub my hand hard and for a long time together; tho' it was very cold before, it will grow very warm.

Mrs. *Affable*. Here you see the effect of motion. Undoubtedly it causes heat, that is very plain; but I don't know ladies, whether you are disposed as I was at your age, I could never rest, till I knew the cause of a cause. If I had been told, that motion caused heat, I would never have given over teasing those about me, till I had been informed how, and why, motion produced this effect.

Miss *Rural*. I will answer for the ladies and myself, that we have the same curiosity now, you had then.

Mrs. *Affable*. I shall do it the more willingly, as it will answer the objection started by lady *Louisa*.

Do you remember, ladies, that I told you, our bodies were made up with many fibres, &c. The fibres, that form our flesh, are not very closely joined together, for you see, the flesh is soft, and flexible. The flesh is covered with a skin, and the texture of this is something closer, but with an infinity of little apertures, called *Pores*.

Miss *Sophy*. Look at my hand Mrs. *Affable*; here is no opening at all, on the contrary, it is quite smooth and even.

Mrs. *Affable*. Look at those little points as they seem to be, and are very near imperceptible, they are *pores*; and when you are very warm, a moisture comes from these pores, which they call sweat. You are satisfied, ladies, that the air is composed of many parts, we proved it some years ago. Now this air insinuates itself continually into the pores, and sets the fibres in motion, and thereby causes a motion in all the humours, and keeps them from a chilly stagnation. When it is inteniely cold, still water freezes, and all the parts join closely together; if the water had been kept in a constant and violent motion, those parts would never have stuck together. But, if the air, that moves the fibres, is very subtil and thin, that is, if the parts are too small, it makes its way through the pores, and the fibres, without affecting them, the passages being wide enough to allow them free ingress, and egress, without any resistance. If on the other side, the parts that compose the air, be gross, they

they come with violence upon the fibres, to force their way, they cause a motion of the fibres and heat, in consequence to that motion.

In proportion to the coarseness, or smallness of the parts of the air which penetrate the pores, the motion of the fibres is greater or less; cold, or heat, depends on the qualities of the air we breathe? The learned author, from whom I have taken this remark, discourses in this manner.

The sun, says he, puts the air in motion; but moves it as it finds it. On the sea-shore in *Peru*, the air is extremely thick; here the sun impresses a very strong motion, and so strong is the pressure upon the fibres to force a passage, that the motion sets all the humours afloat. At the bottom of the mountains, the air is neither too thick, nor too thin; the motion is moderate, neither too great, nor too little; hence there is neither heat nor cold. Upon the top of those high mountains, the air is so thin, and penetrating, that it passes almost imperceptibly through the fibres and the pores, without affecting them, or causing any agitation, whereby the humours are at rest; their parts cleave to each other, grow cold, by this state of inaction; and as our life depends upon motion, it ends, where that fails.

This is difficult, ladies, is it not? Do you understand it?

Lady *Lucy*. I think, I do very well, if it be certain, that motion is the cause of heat. But, to be sure, it is so. Whenever I am in motion, I find warmth; when at rest, I am less warm. Pray Mrs. *Affable*, is the air thinner, and more subtiler in winter, than in summer?

Mrs. *Affable*. I should fancy it is, but as I have never examined this point particularly, I cannot bring any strong arguments to prove it.

so I can say nothing to the matter; much less can I be positive on this head. But, granting that the air is as thick in winter, as in summer, the rays of the sun, not coming perpendicularly but obliquely upon it, must have less effect.

Lady Mary. I must make use of your arguments, in my own vindication; for you have really accused me falsely. You thought and declared, that I was not pleased with our conversation, why? Because I yawned. Now, *Mrs. Affable*, without any why's or wherefores, answer me directly, is yawning essential to a dislike of the discourse, or company, or can it proceed from any other cause?

Mrs. Affable. It may, my dear, be owing to a want of sleep.

Lady Mary. That was really the cause of my yawning. I did not close my eyes of all night. I was just lost for want of sleep.

Mrs. Affable. Then I must send you home quickly, poor child.

Lady Mary. Oh no; you have quite awaked me with the pretty things you have said; I will stay till the ladies come; you know you promised not to send us home till eight o'clock.

Mrs. Affable. Well! in the mean while, *lady Witty* will give us something about *Cyrus*.

Lady Witty. *Mandana* soon quitted the court of *Astyages* to return into *Persia*, but *Cyrus* begged her consent for a longer stay in *Media*, but not with any design to sit at a plentiful table, or for more diversion; this was the least of his care. The true reason was as follows.

Persia was a mountainous country, where the cavalry is under great difficulties in an engagement. The *Persian* armies consisted of infantry, and they did not concern themselves with
the

the other part of the military science, which related to the horse. *Cyrus* asked leave to stay in *Media*, for an opportunity of learning this science. Here he began his apprenticeship of war; the war did not continue long; the king of *Armenia*, who was *Astyages*'s enemy being defeated, promised to pay a tribute, and obtained peace on that condition.

Cyrus having learned to ride, came back to *Persia*, and passed on to the second school. His school-fellows imagined, he would find very great hardship in living with them, under poverty and subjection, after living so many years in pomp, and independance; they were disappointed; and *Cyrus* was always before-hand, where the example of any virtue was required.

In the mean time *Astyages* died, and left his kingdom to his son *Cyaxares* *Cyrus*'s uncle, though not much older than his nephew. The kings of *Babylon* and *Lydia*, looked upon this conjuncture as very favourable, for the conquest of *Media*, and declared war to *Cyaxares*. The young king sent for succours to his brother in-law *Cambyses*, who sent him an army, whereof he gave the command to *Cyrus*, notwithstanding his youth.

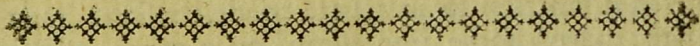
Before *Cyrus* set out on this expedition, *Cambyses* his father asked him what measures he would take to be respected and obeyed by the officers, and the soldiers. *Cyrus* answered, I will, said he, reward those that do their duty, and punish those that neglect it. That is a very proper means to be used, but there is another much less subject to difficulties. All that are under your command will obey you readily, and respect you very much, if you can persuade them that you have more knowing than they. But Sir, *Cyrus* replied, how shall I bring this about? Nothing

easier, *Cambyses* replied; make yourself so. You will effect it, by a constant application to the duties of a general; by assiduous conversation with old officers, hearing their advice, and receiving it with pleasure, and if you will not neglect the counsel even of a common foldier.

Cyrus followed very punctually the instructions of his father; he endeavoured to gain the hearts of the soldiery, and to give them example; this behaviour met with the desired success.

Miss Molly. The very same I have in my *Universal History*. *Cyrus* loved his soldiers wholly upon that account. They respected him, because he was a skillful commander, and he was obey'd, because he commanded nothing, but what they had his example for doing the same.

Mrs. Affable. *Cambyses's* answer teaches an assured method, not only to be a great general, but a good master, a good mistress of a family, and even a good and great king. If an officer wishes to be loved by the troops under his command, a king to be adored by his subjects, a head of a family to win the hearts of his children and his servants, they must love and will be loved again; the receipt is infallible. If you desire to be respected, improve your mind, be more virtuous than others; respect will come of course. If you would have the persons under you meek, righteous, just and endued with the fear of God and a close attention to their respective duties, require nothing of them, but what they see you practise. Adieu, my dear ladies, at our next meeting, you shall have the conclusion of *Fiducia's* history.



DIALOGUE XXIII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

LADIES, I am about to give you, no, *Fidelia* herself shall give you the end of her adventures.

My mind was taken up with the wretched arguments I have mentioned, which however were not quite absurd, with regard to the principles I had received with my education, when *George* who had bribed a servant-maid of the house, came into the room, and was upon his knees before me, almost before I perceived him. I will not repeat the vain discourses he held to complete my ruin, which yet he could not bring about, without many more attempts; but he prevailed at last, to make me as mean, and as despicable as he wished, though he feared my repentance, and the remorse of conscience, which he suspected would succeed this misfortune; and for that reason, engaged me to take an apartment in his own house, so apprehensive he was that I should make my escape from him. Here my deplorable situation put me to the rack; I felt torments, and punishments, to which I had before been a stranger. The unhappy seducer, strove in vain to reconcile me to shame, and infamy, with his caresses, flatteries and profusion. His wealth was spent in procuring tasteless pleasures for me; and every thing that was magnificent but aggravated my shame, by making it public; nothing could calm my distracted soul. It was to no pur-

pose to recal to mind the arguments which had given a sanction to my base condescension; they made indeed some impression on a mind, whose light was darkened; but the *sense* of my conscience, if I may use the term, that inward feeling was not lost. Pride, and a sort of delicacy were most exquisite torments, in this state of affliction. To talk of delicacy in a woman delivered up to guilt, as I was, is an abuse of terms; however there was enough left, not, indeed, to rescue me from shame, but to feel all the horrors of the fault. What I suffered, and what I express very weakly was terrible, but still something more sensible was to come over my head.

His passion for me continued about eight months, and was some alleviation of my distress. As there was no object to divert my attention, no relation or friend, who took up any share of my affection, the sentiments of a heart naturally tender did center in him. By degrees, his flame, and love of me went out, and this abatement of his passion, grew at last so sensible, that I could not flatter myself, with the thought of being mistaken. Now I became a prey to jealousy, vexation and despair. The fear however of losing him intirely gave me courage enough to smother my grief in his presence, for some months, but having had an account, that he was to marry very soon a lady of prodigious fortune, I resolved to leave him; but could not, in the cruel circumstances I saw about me, could not I say forego the satisfaction of reproaching him, as he deserved, which raised his passion to a degree, that he forgot the regard due to a woman; not content to treat me with all the opprobrious language, thort indeed of my deserts, he struck with barbarity the unfortunate woman,

man, whose ruin he had completed before. I was not used to this treatment, which from any other person would have been intolerable. How much more did it affect me, from a person to whom I had sacrificed all, and whom I thought I had fixed unalterably! Senseless creature that I was! Never to reflect, that love can never continue, where one has lost her right to be esteemed; and that the disgust of a lover, follows closely on the heels of the weakness, which a frail creature betrays for him.

I fell into a downright rage with the blows *George* laid on so inhumanly upon me, and after throwing in his face the wages of iniquity, that is, all the presents he had made, I left his house quite enraged. I returned to my former lodgings; but found it impossible to calm the tumult, and hurry of my soul; the late scene I had gone through called to my mind all the circumstances of my guilt, with the mortifying consequences it had, and would still have, with regard to me; I was so ashamed, I could not look at the persons, who had known me innocent. On a sudden, I conceived some hopes of a little rest, in withdrawing to a great distance, from the persons, who were conscious of my disaster; I got into a post chaise, at two o'clock in the morning, and ordered the postillion to drive till night, and whither he pleased.

This whole day was spent in a state of insensibility, without any thought on what was passed, or to come. In the evening, the postillion would have stopt in a town, and was going into a great inn; I begged he would go to a village not far off; and I alighted there, at a sorry ale-house, without any reason I could give for so doing. I locked myself up in a room, where I

sat all night in my cloaths, and went from my lodgings, and the village, at break of day.

Chance led me to the side of a river shaded with willows, which I followed some time, without reflecting what I was about. At last the cool air restored my senses, and with them my reason and memory, and put me upon thinking of my situation and despair. The circumstances of my past life crowded into my imagination, and appeared under the most dreadful colours. But what a cruel fright was I in, when in the midst of horror and despair, I discovered that love still kept possession of my heart! My perfidious lover had it all to himself; and what I looked upon as an abhorrence of my offence, I found to be only the despair of repeating the crime. This disposition made my distress complete; it could not be carried farther, and I thought it past all remedy.

Sinking under the weight of affliction, I fell on the ground, and had not strength to rise again. By a kind of mechanism, I lifted up my eyes, and hands to heaven; alas! without any thought of relief from God, on the contrary, to accuse him, to murmur against his providence, and to utter blasphemies. I say to *utter*, for I spoke and articulated my thoughts, and what I said, though unconnected, shewed an excess of despair. Immediately, I cast my eyes towards the river, what hinders me, said I, putting an end to all trouble? Life is become an insupportable burthen; I must shake it off. The moment of death, being that of my utter annihilation, will be the beginning of my rest.

This thought gave me some relief, and strength enough to rise and haste to the river, which was at no great distance; I was almost come to it, when I heard a loud cry very near me, which
made

made me look back, and at that instant I found, that I was held fast by a clergyman, who had heard my complaints, and discovered my design.

The shame of being seen in this condition was the first thing that came into my thoughts; but gratitude soon took place of the former. He spoke with that sweetness, pity, compassion; benevolence appeared so expressed in his countenance, that my heart in the height of distress could hold out no longer, and admitted a moment of ease, and respite. Alas! Since I came from my uncle's, this was the only person I had found, who took a real interest in my welfare.

Ah! madam, said he, what thanks are due from me to the Almighty, who has guided my steps hither? I have watched you some time, I heard your complaints; you accuse God on account of your sufferings; a certain sign, that he has not forsaken you, is, that he has permitted me to be here so opportunely, to prevent the loss of your soul. Dear madam, compose your mind, and call reason to your assistance, that you may return to a due sense of yourself. However wretched and miserable your situation may be, be not discouraged, it may change, and mend; and if my advice, friendship, and the little relief I am able to afford, can contribute to this happy end, be assured they shall not be wanting.

How ensnaring is charity? Excuse the expression. The sincere offers he made pierced my heart. I could not reject the hopes I grounded upon the good offices he promised; a great change was wrought in me, which soon broke out, and appeared in a deluge of tears. They hindered me, from making due acknowledgments to my deliverer; but he understood their meaning.

Dear madam, said he, uncommon, and probably the greatest of misfortunes have brought you to the deplorable situation I found you in, but if you will be pleased to come with me; you shall be satisfied, that sufferings and happiness are not incompatible. With this, he took me by the hand, and I accompanied him without reluctance. We entered into a poor house, where he introduced me to his spouse, who was a-bed. She was a middle-aged woman, pale, and emaciated; and appeared to be much out of order. She did not look as if she had an acute distemper, but more in a languishing, than a suffering state. Serenity, peace, and even joy were seen in her countenance, and spoke the tranquility of her mind. My situation was very visible, despair shewed itself in my eyes, and tears run down in streams. This gentlewoman kindly mingled hers with mine; this manner of comforting an afflicted poor creature was readier, and had a greater effect, than what is usually practised in such occasions. After this, she intreated me to be pacified, but with that softness in her voice, that tenderness and affection, that I could not stand out any longer. I have often heard of civility and good breeding; 'tis an art, they say, to be learned by application; who had seen my comforter, would have altered his opinion. As she had been brought up far enough from the *grand monde* and a stranger to its customs; her politeness was the effect of charity, which possessed her heart; in reality, she might have passed for an example in this kind. Despair could not resist these comforters; I began to breathe, and after taking some refreshment, I even had courage enough to relate my adventures.

My

My dear, said she, your faults are a necessary consequence of your education; and God has been pleased to shew you more mercy on this account, and to provide you a cure from the excesses, to which you had given yourself up. No motive of less force, than the distress you have gone through, could have discovered to you the inconsistency and falshood of your father's principles. He was not in the wrong, when he advanced, that virtue was sufficient to happiness; and that poverty, suffering, and being despised by the world could not discompose a virtuous mind. The virtue of a stoic is not equal to these wonderful effects, but that virtue only, which flows from the knowledge and the practice of christian truths; that virtue, which conscious of its own weakness, has a continual recourse to God, to obtain the helps which he never refuses, and which raises the weakest above all the difficulties that occur in life. Give me leave to instance in my own self; it will strike you the more, as I have no pretence to much virtue.

'Tis now ten days since I lost my only son; he is the eighth, God has been pleased to take from me, in three years. This last has suffered such pains, as would rend the heart of a tender mother; what aggravated my trouble was, that I often was in no condition to procure him any relief, suitable to his situation, and the torment he suffered, though I was quite spent with hard work to maintain him; for my husband, though a gentleman well born, has no fortune. Hard labour and toil, with a tender constitution, and the want of necessaries, at last corrupted my blood. I have a cancer that eats me up alive, attended with pains beyond expression. Nothing can save my life; I might indeed alleviate and
make

make the torment some little easier, had I the means, which poverty keeps out of my reach. With this she shewed me her breast, a sight which went through my heart, and chilled me with horror. How can you bear being punished thus, said I? Why don't you seek relief from death? How is it possible, that under this insupportable rack, the tranquility and peace should continue, which appears so evidently in your countenance and discourse?

This tranquility and ease springs from faith and religion, said this woman; faith is the ground of that hope, which produces a pure and unaltered cheerfulness, banishes all dread, vexation and despair. I would not have you imagine, that these dispositions are natural to me; no, I was by nature, weak, impatient and touchy. Take this book, said she, and read it. She put the Holy Bible into my hands. That, she went on, has been the great master, and has taught me to be happy. There I found, that everlasting glory is the end of all sufferings, which are gone through with resignation; I was informed what power I was to apply myself to, for obtaining resignation and strength. I was convinced by the perusal of that book, that the hand which strikes me, is the hand of a parent, who knows what is best for me, and loves me too much to refuse that favour. Yes indeed, madam, want, infirmities, the loss of my children, even death, are favours, blessings, I should say, of the most high, who of his gracious goodness, rewards this submission to the appointments of his providence from his creatures the work of his divine hands, and recompenses us with that gladness and satisfaction, which we feel, but cannot express.

Whilst

Whilst she spoke, her eyes sparkled with a divine fire; the satisfaction, she was mentioning, appeared spread over an extenuated face, and amazed me. I determined then to examine a religion, which had power to work such miracles; miracles I say, and don't think the expression overstretched. Raising the dead to life is not more above the strength of nature, than this satisfaction and content, in such a deplorable state. The good couple applauded my resolution, and intreated me so kindly to stay with them, till I could be fixed, that I accepted their offers; and, with the help of the clergyman, I applied myself to the study of the scriptures. But, first I repeated the Deists objections, which had formerly taken up too much of my attention; and he answered them with such strength and solidity, that I was intirely satisfied, and well disposed to read, with awe and respect, books that came from divine authority, as I was persuaded by the inquiry I made into the grounds, for believing their divinity. Before we entered upon our lectures, we always put up a fervent prayer to God, that he would vouchsafe through the merits of *Jesus Christ*, to give us the good Spirit, which he has promised to those that ask him. The result of meditating the scriptures was a discovery of former errors, and a firm purpose not to omit any thing that could possibly repair the past, by a new life.

During the stay I made at their house, I was present at the death of the worthy gentlewoman, who had shewed her hospitality to me, in this charitable manner. Let no one hereafter boast the firmness of philosophers, at this decisive moment; 'tis only a stupid tranquility that proceeds from an ignorance of the consequences of death.

Here

Here I saw her in the greatest pleasure ; 'twas all rapture and extasy. One could not grieve for, but rather envy this happy person in her agony, and wish to be in her place ; I could not forbear crying out, *O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?*

Immediately after, I took leave of my generous benefactor, who had procured me a place in a neighbouring family. Living in service was at first very mortifying, but became much easier by the abatement of my pride, to which only my present condition was insupportable. Christian religion soon overcame an enemy, that had been proof against all the strength of philosophy, and mere reason. As a penitent, it was my duty to submit to every inconvenience of my present situation ; but as a christian, I found that nothing ought to humble me, and to give me trouble, but the remembrance of past offences. This indeed broke in upon me, and was the only object that disturbed my quiet and ease ; but the express command which we have received to hope for pardon, from a merciful God, restored a calm and tranquility to my soul. I have been many years in this happy situation, always satisfied, poor and contented, and ever ready to depart this life, when it shall please God to call me to a continuance, and increase of happiness.

Lady Louisa. How affecting is this history of *Fidelia* ? I could not forbear tears, whilst it was repeating.

Mrs. Affable. Please to remember ladies, what was the motive to introduce this account. We were to prove, that without Christian religion, there was no real permanent virtue. You may defy the world to produce a Deist more affected to moral virtue, than poor *Fidelia*. Yet that af-
fec-

fection and attachment, could not hold out against the fatal circumstances, to which she was reduced, nor the violence of passion. If all that think like her on the article of religion, were to give a sincere account of their lives, we should discover very plainly that their virtues are counterfeit. Lay this up carefully, ladies. You enter, or are soon to enter into the world, where you will meet with too many persons in this road of thinking; you will hear a great deal of fulsome raillery bestowed on the religious and valuable simplicity of persons, who submit with all humility to the word of God; libertines will batter your ears with stupid nonsense, which those fashionable gentlemen call argument, and will intice your curiosity to the perusal of books only distinguishable by profaneness, and impiety. Look upon such as affect this language, or offer to lend books, as persons that endeavour to give you poison, and are public pests. You may safely look upon them, as persons void of honour; and could you know their hearts, your judgment of them would not appear at all ungrounded.

Lady Lucy. *Fidelia* said, that her reason convinced her of the scriptures being divinely inspired? Can that possibly be? I always thought, that faith only could command our submission to things seemingly contrary to reason.

Mrs. Affable. You don't reflect, my dear; have you forgot, that God is the chief and sovereign reason, and that all his works are performed with infinite wisdom and reason?

Lady Lucy. I am convinced of it *Mrs. Affable*, but still there are many things in the scriptures, that seem contrary to reason. For example, I cannot conceive, that the incarnation should be necessary; could not God be reconciled to man,
with.

without sending his son on earth? Faith makes us believe these articles; I repeat them, but that is all.

Mrs. *Affable*. I could answer your question directly, with regard to the incarnation; but this is not a proper time, and it will be in our way hereafter. I speak now in general of all truths, contained in the holy writings. You maintain, they are contrary to reason, and this is wrong in you; but at the same time, it is true, that there are many things, which human reason cannot comprehend. Tell me, my dear, can any thing at first sight, be more absurd, than to imagine, that, on the opposite side of this earth diametrically opposite to where you stand, there are people whose feet should meet yours, could you pass from both sides to the center of the earth?

Lady *Lucy*. Before it was explained, I thought this very odd, but since that it looks to me as quite a natural thing.

Mrs. *Affable*. But before you had this explained to you, could you have thought, there was such a country, as *America*, or, as the common expression is, any *Antipodes*?

Lady *Lucy*. I believed it without farther inquiry; for I could not be persuaded, that so many travellers, would enter into a combination to impose upon me.

Mrs. *Affable*. So, you had good reason to believe, that there were such people as are *Antipodes* with regard to us. Pray tell me if you met with one that never had set his foot out of *England*, and that should obstinately contend with you; that this island was the whole world; that all beyond it, is sea, and that such as pretend to return from foreign voyages, are a set of impostors, who put off nothing but mere fictions

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to the public? What would you say of such a person?

Lady *Lucy*. Say? That he was mad, and that if he would believe nothing but what he had seen, it would be a ready way to believe little or nothing.

Mrs. *Affable*. Was I to tell you, that there are many worms, and even serpents in a cup of vinegar, though very clear in all appearance?

Lady *Lucy*. With your leave Mrs. *Affable*, I would examine it very narrowly, and if I discovered nothing, I should make some doubt of what you said.

Mrs. *Affable*. The experiment is easily made. I have white wine vinegar in the closet. I will put some out into a coffee-dish. . . . Now look at it well.

Lady *Lucy*. I may look long enough; there is nothing but a little dirt, and that almost imperceptible. There are some grains of dust, which are so little, as not to be easily discerned. One cannot suppose that worms, or serpents are less than that small dust; were there any, I could not but see them; I see none; therefore there are none.

Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Sensible* seems to smile at the inference, your *therefore*; but let her tell you what makes her smile.

Lady *Sensible*. Excuse me, dear Lady *Lucy*; I have not vanity enough to pretend to a greater share of understanding; but I have been so long a time under Mrs. *Affable*'s instruction, that it can be no matter of surprise, if I should suspect you was mistaken. Your *inference* rests upon, or rather is the consequence of a false principle. You may make hundreds of inferences in that nature, with-
out

out proving any thing solidly. But I hope you will not take it amiss.

Lady *Lucy*. But I really do, that you should think I am offended. I am not quite so weak; I desire to be informed; this you may do without ceremony, particularly when you undertake it so genteely, and with that agreeable circumspection. I beg you will shew the falsity of my principle.

Lady *Sensible*. You supposed, madam, that no animal could be less than those grains of dust.

If Mrs. *Affable* will favour us with her microscope, you will see little animals, in comparison to which the grain of dust you have observed, will appear like a huge mountain; and I have heard the learned say, that there are much less animals, which the most perfect microscopes cannot help us to see.

Mrs. *Affable*. Here is the microscope, ladies; now look into the dish.

Lady *Lucy*. Bless us! Here is a swarm of all sorts of shapes. I yield; Mrs. *Affable*, the fault was in my eyes, that could not discern those objects. I am not sharp sighted enough.

Mrs. *Affable*. And so it fares with your reason, when it cannot comprehend what seems unintelligible in the holy scripture; it is too weak to reach those hidden mysteries.

Lady *Louisa*. I am as desirous of being instructed as lady *Lucy*, and this makes me propose a question, which may be thought much out of the way. If God require of me to believe the mysteries contained in the sacred writings, why did not he bestow as much reason and understanding, as was sufficient for that effect. The understanding he has given me becomes useless, and of no service in things of extreme consequence to my well being,

ing, and at best, is so very weak, as to reach merely some few trifles, wherein I have little or no interest.

Mrs. *Affable*. Reason is a great help to believe what you don't understand. I must beg you will give me all your attention, Ladies; it is a point of the greatest importance.

God cannot contradict himself in his works. He has given us an understanding; and that is an undoubted proof, that he intended it to direct us in what regards our faith and our morals. There are two ways of being christians and believing the scriptures. The first by submitting our understanding, because our ancestors have done so, without examining, whether they had just motives for it; this is a common method and which multiplies many bad, or very weak christians, who thereby are never acquainted with their belief, or their duty.

Lady *Witty*. I have often heard men of wit say that they are Christians, because they were bred up christians; that if they had been brought up Mahometans they would continue so, for, say they, a man of principles should never change his religion.

Mrs. *Affable*. Those that talk so are not Christians in London, nor would they be true *Musulmen* at Constantinople. Such a belief dishonours God and these gentlemen are really of no religion at all. I repeat it; God gave us reason only to make a proper use of it. Lady *Lucy*, why did I recommend so particularly to you never to take my word only or any other person's?

Lady *Lucy*. Because you made us observe, that all men are fallible themselves, or may endeavour to deceive us, whence it is very reasonable to examine narrowly what they say.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well! But if you was assured that I neither could deceive nor be deceived myself

self would it be necessary to make any such examen?

Lady Lucy. No certainly; I should believe you at the first word and think myself very unreasonable, if I did not.

Mrs. Affable. Now, Ladies, to know whether reason allows us to be christians; if you are implicitly to believe the word of God one thing only needs to be inquired into and it is this. Have I sufficient grounds from reason to convince me, that these books are the word of God. If reason furnish me with a convincing proof, that they are, the same reason will put a stop to all farther inquiries, as I am well assured that God, who commands me to believe his word, cannot deceive or be deceived. This is the other way of being a christian by conviction and by this *Fidelia* became one. Her faith was blind and implicit with respect to the mysteries, which are incomprehensible; but the motives of her belief were rational and satisfactory, since by considering and examining them strictly she was convinced of the divine truth of the word of God revealed to man.

Lady Louisa. What a pleasure would it be to me, were I in a condition to make that same inquiry!

Mrs. Affable. We will go upon it, when we repeat the history of the New Testament; that is, the Life of Jesus Christ. Nothing has a greater efficacy to make us sincere Christians. A Christian, who is without any rational motives for his professing Christianity, is in great danger of being only a nominal Christian. On the contrary nothing is easier than to make the trial I recommend; the word of God need only to be considered and weighed with some attention. Now let

us return to *Fidelia* and to the reflections her history has occasioned among you Ladies.

Miss Frivolous. For my part I am so angry at *George*, that I would make an end of him, were it in my power. What a base creature to strike a poor young woman!

Mrs. Affable. 'Tis very shameful indeed; but, Madam, men think themselves at liberty to deal as they please with a woman that has lost her credit, particularly such as are of *George's* character.

Lady Witty. I was sadly deceived in him; I was quite sure there could not be an honest gentleman.

Mrs. Affable. Could you think so my dear? Every man that attempts to seduce a woman from her duty is a deceitful villain, and no more to be trusted, than a high-way-robber. Tell me, my dear, what is most valuable to us, our fortunes, our lives, or the grace of God and a clear reputation?

Lady Witty. The two last without doubt; and I am fully persuaded, that whoever would attempt to deprive me of innocence and credit must be wickeder, than one that robs me of money or even life.

Miss Zina. I must own I was greatly affected with the constancy and charity of the poor gentlewoman with the cancer. How many necessitous creatures have fallen into despair and ruin for want of such friendly comforters!

Mrs. Affable. Very well judged, my dear; but I must repeat what I have said before; such acts of charity are not to be undertaken by persons of your age; they would be dangerous. The time will come that you may follow the impulse of your zeal in this respect; mean while, if you should

should be in a condition to dispose of some money, the greatest charity will be to prevent poor young women falling under this extreme misfortune. Many brought up to no business and destitute of a livelihood are exposed to the same danger with *Fidelia*. Alas! a very small disbursement would enable them to get a subsistence, by learning work. How great is the pleasure to be conscious, that you have put a livelihood into the hands of a deserving young woman, and perhaps preserved her virtue by this small, but seasonable relief! I am acquainted with a merchant, who about half a year since, was concerned in a charity of this nature; the young woman's friends, whom he had rescued from ruin, sent a letter of thanks last week, and at the same time acquainted him, that she behaved very modestly, and decently. The good man burst into tears of joy, whilst he read the letter, far from regretting the few guineas he had laid out on that account. We must part, ladies, for the present; we shall meet again by and by.



DIALOGUE XXIV.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

MISS Molly, give us the beginning of the history of *Esther*.

Miss Molly. There was a king of *Affria*; his name was *Abasuerus* and his queen was called *Vostbi*. At a time, that the king gave a magnificent entertainment to the grandees of the court, he sent his chamberlains to desire the queen would come to the banquetting hall. The queen refused it, as being contrary to the custom of the country. The king was extremely incensed; upon which his great princes addressed the king, Sire, said they, if the queen is suffered to go unpunished, our wives will follow the pernicious example, and refuse the obedience they owe to their husbands. The king dismissed his consort, but as he found, that he could not so easily forget her, the most beautiful among the young women were sought out in all parts, to be presented to the king, for his choice of another queen.

The *Jews* at that time were in captivity among the *Affrians*; and among them was a *Jew* by name *Mordecai*, who feared God and faithfully observed his holy law. He had a niece, who was called *Esther*; she was extremely beautiful, and put into the number of the young women who were to appear before *Abasuerus*. The king was charmed with the striking beauty of *Esther*; he scarce cast an eye on the others, but immediately declared his choice of her, to

succeed the disgraced *Vashti*. Now we have *Esther* on the throne ; but she was not dazzled with her exalted state ; in the midst of grandeur she sighed and grieved, that the temple of *Jerusalem* lay yet in ruins ; for you remember, that the orders, which *Cyrus* gave for rebuilding the temple, were not put in execution.

Ahasuerus had a favorite minister, a most malicious man, who was known by the name of *Haman*. All the dispositions to mischief centred in this unhappy man, but pride was his predominant passion. *Ahasuerus*, who was to a degree of blindness prevented in his favour, had issued a decree, by which all his subjects were ordered to fall prostrate on the ground in *Haman's* presence. All complied with the new decree, except *Mordecai* who would only pay that honour to God. He was daily at the palace-gate, covered with sack-cloth and ashes, and neither bowed nor revered *Haman*, when he came to, or went from court. The favorite minister, who was not apprised of *Mordecai's* being the queen's uncle, was highly provoked and much dejected ; his wife and his creatures inquired, and asked him the cause of his trouble, he answered, that *Mordecai's* obstinacy in refusing to conform to the others in the respect, which the king had commanded his subjects to shew him, was the occasion of his inquietude. You are much in the wrong, his friends replied, to be under any concern for this act of contempt from a single person, when all *Assyria* joins in paying you the honours commanded by the king's decree. I would have you to know, *Haman* replied, that I am less pleased with the honours paid me by all the *Assyrians*, than I am provoked by the scorn of this one man, and that I shall

shall never be easy, till I have been the ruin of him.

Mrs. Affable. We have here a lively representation of an ambitious mind, and of all, who are under the slavery of a violent passion. The least trifle palls their pleasure, and the same trifle is always in their way. I told you not long since, ladies, that with the grace of God we may moderate our desires, but that in this world we cannot arrive at full contentment and satisfaction. Go on, lady *Charlotte*.

Lady Charlotte. *Mordecai* was not to be forgiven by *Haman*, who was resolved to bring him to the gallows. To this end, *Haman* rose early in the morning and waited upon the king, to obtain his leave for hanging this *Jew*; but as no one could then be admitted to the presence, he was obliged to wait in the antichamber.

A conspiracy had been formed some time before against the life of the king; *Mordecai* had discovered the plot; but as good actions are easily forgot at court, particularly such as are done by persons, who have no friends or protectors there, *Mordecai's* important service had hitherto been unrewarded. By a special providence of God, *Abasuerus* could take no rest the night, that *Haman* resolved to destroy *Mordecai*. The night proving very tedious, *Abasuerus* ordered one of the officers in waiting to read the journal, where the most memorable events were written, as they happened. When the reader came to the conspiracy, the king interrupted him, and asked what recompense had been given to the discoverer. None, O king, the officer answered; and he appears every day at the palace-gate in a most despicable condition. This is very unjust, the king replied; is any body in

the arms of her maids. The king, alarmed with the danger, came in haste from the throne and held out the golden scepter in his hand; *Esther* drew near and touched the top of the scepter with reverence. The queen recovered of the swoon, and begged of *Abasuerus* to come to a banquet she had prepared for him that day, and to bring *Haman* with him, if it was agreeable to him. The invitation was repeated to the king to honour the banquet with his presence the day following, and if he approved of it, with the company of *Haman* a second time. At this second feast, when the king and his minister came in to the queen's apartment, *Esther* fell at *Abasuerus's* feet and begged her life, and that of all the *Jews* in his dominions. The king did not understand the meaning; he knew not that *Esther* was a *Jew*. The king was struck with the information; he went into the palace garden, where he walked and took several turns very pensive. In the mean time *Haman*, terrified with the imminent danger he was in, begged the queen's interest in his behalf, and fell upon the couch, where the queen lay. The king returned, and was afraid that an insult had been offered to *Esther*; he broke out into a most violent fit of passion, and ordered *Haman* to be carried off, and dispatched immediately; but one of *Abasuerus's* chamberlains informing the king, that he had prepared a gallows fifty cubits high, to hang up the faithful *Mordecai*, Hang him thereon, said the king, which was punctually executed.

Lady *Witty*. It is past my understanding, that *Haman* should have the daring insolence to think of destroying *Mordecai*, after what had past? He must be sure, that the king would be highly exasperated, whenever the account came to him.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is very good indeed! Do you think, my dear, that all kings have eyes? No; many never see any thing besides what favorites will shew them. They are often waited upon only by pitiful slaves; no one dares to be under the lash of those petty tyrants, who neither serve their sovereigns, nor are concerned for the advantage of the subject.

Lady *Charlotte*. And he that put the king in mind of the gallows got ready by *Haman* was he his enemy?

Mrs. *Affable*. 'Tis ten to one, that he had prostrated before *Haman* an hour before and made him a tender of all the service in his power. You don't know, ladies, what kind of a country the court is; there many kiss the hands they wish to see cut off: If a man be in favour, he receives incense and praise from all hands; but let the favorite fall into disgrace, he is avoided like an infected person, and his professed friends, if they offer no indignity to the departed favorite, think they act a generous and honorable part.

Miss *Rural*. A strange country indeed! were I obliged to live there, I could never be brought to act or speak against my own thoughts.

Mrs. *Affable*. At least, I hope, you would not; but you would find greater difficulties than, you imagine. The air breathed at court is contagious; and it is very hard to escape being infected; 'tis however possible. Sometimes there are persons of unblemished worth in courts, but they are a sort of *Phænomenon*; they have not the honour of pleasing much, but they are sure to be more esteemed.

Lady *Mary*. Pray, Mrs. *Affable*, what is a *Phænomenon*?

Mrs. *Affable*. A *Phænomenon* is an appearance, tho' not so common, yet natural and subject to the inquiries of Philosophers, a comet, an eclipse, the electricity or any thing that cannot be so easily reconciled with the laws of nature.

Lady *Mary*. I am just as wise as I was before. I am no stranger to eclipses, but as to comets and electricity, they have never come in my way before.

Mrs. *Affable*. In truth, my dear, I cannot be sure, that I can give you an exact definition of these particulars. I know what a comet is, but not sufficiently to give you a clear account of it; trust me till tomorrow for farther satisfaction on this point; and you shall know what I have learned in that regard.

Lady *Witty*. There is one thing pleases me greatly, and I hope to be the better for it. When I have the slightest idea of any thing, I talk as confidently on that subject, as if I had a great extent of knowledge, particularly when I am in company with persons, whom I suspect to be more ignorant than I am; I am very unwilling to own my ignorance, when questions are put to me about different matters. And you, that know infinitely more than I do, are pleased to say very candidly. This I don't know or I have but an imperfect knowledge of it. How have you contrived to be free from vanity? I am sure of this, that vanity and pride puts me upon talking well or ill upon all subjects.

Mrs. *Affable*. To the contrary this shews more pride on my side than yours. Nothing can mortify self-love more, than to hear it said, that such a person has very little judgment; she talks of all matters, and most of her discourse is upon subjects she does not at all understand.

They

They will not say so before me, I know very well, but they will not think the less so, and it is much the same. This shews, that your prattle and my silence are from the same cause, from pride and self love; and, all things considered, the pride on my side will be greater and more circumspect than yours. Moreover, there are two sorts of knowledge, and consequently, to answer these, two sorts of ignorance. The first science or knowledge takes in all that is necessary or suitable to our condition. In these particulars 'tis very shameful to be ignorant. The other is what I may call ornamental knowledge; it is very agreeable, but at the same time it is no shame to be without this accomplishment. If it was in my power, I would possess all languages, the whole compass of mathematics; and yet, I am not ashamed of not understanding Hebrew, Astronomy and an infinity of other fine things, to which I shall always continue a stranger, whereas should I not know to read and write, I should die for mere shame; as it would be naturally supposed, that I had masters to teach me what was suitable to my condition; and the ignorance of these things would only shew, that I must needs have been a slothful lazy girl that would not apply myself when I was young.

Not very long ago an officer, no youth, asked in company, whether the way to England by land was not through Holland. Old ignorance did not know that Great-Britain was an Island. The company laughed at him and not without reason; for Geography is a science absolutely necessary for officers, and without which they are not in a capacity to acquit themselves of the duties required of them by their employs.

Lady Sincere. Will you tell me, *Mrs. Affable*, what is necessary to be known by a young lady of birth.

Mrs. Affable. You have put a very proper and sensible question, *Lady Sincere*, and I answer it. First, she must read extremely well; she must write clearly, without blots, and correctly, that is her hand must be legible, and the writing true and well spelt. Nothing is so mean and low bred, as failing in these two articles of writing and reading. There came to a town, where I was, a lady who put herself off for a person of great quality; she was believed to be so by all but myself. After some time it appeared, that I was not mistaken. Can you guess how I discovered, that she was meanly born? She read most wretchedly and wrote so ill, that she could hardly write her name. On the other hand it has frequently happened where I was not known, that people would of necessity have it, that I was a person of distinction. I often told them, but to no purpose, that they were mistaken; they could not believe me; I was, they thought, too well brought up for a person of low rank.

Miss Bella. Why! are not you a Gentlewoman, *Mrs. Affable*.

Mrs. Affable. Not I indeed, my dear; I am by birth a commoner; my father was what we call in France a merchant, not one of your wealthy London merchants, who go in their coaches and with as much state as Lords, but an honest shop-keeper; he lived comfortably and had wherewith to provide me a handsome education.

Lady Lucy. This is the first time that I have heard a foreigner disclaim being descended from a great family. I have had several governesses; they all had a pedigree ready to prove their noble

extraction; and, if I could form a judgment from their ignorance, they were mean low-bred creatures.

Mrs. *Affable*. I must repeat here what we have had frequently before. Nobility is an advantage, for it is supposed to have been the recompense of worthy actions. What nobility is of another origin is of no value; but tho' I respect much the former, yet I only do so, where the sentiments and virtues of worthy ancestors have passed with their titles to their descendants. And, whatever respect is due to ancient families, I am still of opinion, that it is far more glorious to be the first noble person and the founder of nobility in a family, and, if we cannot rise to it, to deserve at least to be made noble. Let us now go on and see what other accomplishments it becomes a gentlewoman to acquire.

A young gentlewoman should know her mother-tongue groundedly and by rule, that she may speak well. She must learn to come handsomely into a room, and, as she comes in, to pay her respects in a proper manner to the company; she must have a dancing master some time for this purpose. She ought to understand Geography and have at least a general idea of history, and know how to indite a letter. I cannot excuse any young lady's ignorance of these articles. I must add the French language, which is absolutely necessary being now the language of all the Courts. I am daily in company with ladies of a certain age, who are extremely mortified with their want of French, as they are often obliged to see foreigners of several nations, who all talk French.

Besides these there are other sciences I would recommend to young ladies, as music, design or

the art of drawing, as also what relates to ladies small work of hand. No precautions can be too great against disgust, uneasiness of mind and sloth, which occasion the greatest misfortunes of our sex.

Please to observe, ladies, that these are only agreeable and convenient accomplishments. There are others more essential. As a christian you must study religion and know it groundedly; as you are designed to be mothers and heads of families, you are to learn oeconomy, the manner of governing your house and educating your children.

Lady Louisa smiling. One essential thing you have left out absolutely necessary to ladies, and which takes up a great deal of their time. This is the noble science of playing at cards, for want of which they frequently lose their money.

Mrs. Affable. It is certainly an important article; but I would not advise young ladies that I have a great value for to spend much time in this sort of study.

Miss Frivolous. I must own, *Mrs. Affable*, I love cards extravagantly; and it would be the greatest trouble to me to forbear a diversion that is grown so general. No, I must absolutely learn to understand gaming, or, as lady *Louisa* observes very well, I am sure to lose all my money.

Mrs. Affable. Now ladies, I confess my weakness, I love gaming, and I have been the better for it, when I have fallen into company, who understood little of the matter. I have played every day of my life some hours; I have not indeed had any very particular application to the nicety of play; and yet I could venture a wager, that I have never lost two guineas, since I knew what a card was.

Lady

Lady Louisa. You always win, I suppose.

Mrs. Affable. Were that the case, I would never play. Oh! it would tire me to death.

Lady Louisa. That is beyond my comprehension. I am ever pleased, when I win; if the cards have a great run against me, I cannot forbear some motions of displeasure.

Mrs. Affable. In this particular all the world is like you, dear lady. If pins only were at stake, to lose constantly is provoking. Now I ask you; put the case, you and I played together, and I always won, would that put you out of temper?

Lady Louisa. Undoubtedly, but you that won must be greatly delighted.

Mrs. Affable. You must suppose then, my dear, that I have a very small share of humanity; why? can you think that I can take pleasure in what gives so much concern to others? that would be barbarous indeed. Tho' we played only for pins, I must not wish to be pleased at so cruel a rate.

Lady Louisa. The reflection you make is very just, and hitherto has escaped me. Barbarity attends gamesters, makes them hard-hearted, and as they are only pleased in proportion as others are displeased, that article only is sufficient for me to be disgusted with all game. But *Mrs. Affable*, how came you, who had made this reflection, to go on playing?

Mrs. Affable. Before I answer the question, permit me to make some farther remarks. We supposed pins to be the stake; in this supposition pride puts us out of temper; but if, which is very common, we play for considerable sums, or sums at least, which it would be very inconvenient for us to lose; if we lost constantly
there

there would, you will allow, be some grounds for being out of humour. Would not there?

Lady *Louisa*. When we cannot bear the loss without fretting, the only way is not to play at all; that would not be such a great hardship. If I have ill luck, when I am grown a woman, I vow, I never will meddle more with cards; in that case, play, instead of being a pastime, would, at least with me, cause a great deal of bad blood.

Miss *Sophy*. But, Madam, no-body plays without hopes of winning.

Mrs. *Affable*. Give me your attention ladies. It is certain that ladies, who play for considerable sums, commit very great faults, which I will now particularize. It is a thing of the last importance, as the passion of gaming is become universal. You sit down to a carding table, either in hopes of gaining or out of complaisance to the company. If the first motive makes you play, it is barbarous; your intention is to divert yourself with the trouble and uneasiness of others, and not only that, with their unhappy circumstances. The lady you have stript of her money with so much pleasure, might want that sum to satisfy the demands of unfortunate tradesmen, who have long waited to receive their just debts for the subsistence of their families. You deprive her farther of a thousand small conveniences she will be very sorry to want. You take from her a sum, which could she spare it, she ought to have given to the poor. You will be the occasion of her venturing the next day farther sums to recover her losses, when perhaps she may lose a great deal more and be forced to run the risk of her husband's displeasure by pawning or selling
ing

ing her jewels, or which is greatly worse, she may be disposed to listen to a liberal lover, who will offer her money to redeem her jewels, and to conceal her debts from her husband.

Lady *Louisa*. That is not my fault ; I dont concern myself about her money ; I play purely to oblige the company. Would not this be a sufficient answer, Mrs. *Affable* ?

Mrs. *Affable*. No, my dear ; it is cruel to take an advantage of her foible to leave her bare of money ; it is quite low and unworthy, but her money you don't mind ; you only play out of complaisance ; for naturally speaking, you grow uneasy with playing. And if this weak person should borrow your penknife to cut her own throat, would you be under any obligation to lend it ? You play out of complaisance ; gaming is no pastime, does not amuse you ; you must be a slave to your complaisance, which brings you to do evil without pleasure, and with repugnance. For you expose yourself to all these inconveniencies, if you lose. Don't pretend you may do it, because you are rich ; that overplus, if I may call it, is not yours ; it is the substance of the poor. You rob them of that money, and you must give a very rigorous account of that money so ill bestowed.

Lady *Louisa*. Did not you assure us, that we were allowed genteel diversions, nay, that it was a duty to take some diversion ? Cannot I, in conscience, spend part of that money, which is my own, for this use ?

Mrs. *Affable*. Pray mind, ladies ; I am not for so severe morals ; undoubtedly you may, with a safe conscience, spend some money in proper diversions ; but if you game very high, we have
shewn

shewn it to be no proper diversion ; if you dislike play, it is no diversion.

Lady *Lucy*. I am intirely of your mind, Mrs. *Affable*, but, for all that, I act quite contrary ; when I am engaged with ladies, who play high, and I am invited to make up a party, must I disappoint them for want of complaisance ?

Mrs. *Affable*. You certainly must. Complaisance may be carried too far. But begin upon this bottom, they will soon be accustomed to your way. Fix a trifle to play for ; those, who are only for a pastime, will be charmed to be of the same party with you ; and let me tell you, that several ladies only wait an example being given to follow it willingly. I know, those, who make a shameful trade of play, will not be pleased. They will ridicule you, and tell you, that you are good for nothing in society. But what signifies all these empty speeches ? One must be as silly, as they that make them, to mind their outcry.

Lady *Louisa*. But allowing all this, I come back to the old question, how can Mrs. *Affable* play every day ?

Mrs. *Affable*. This is my answer. I look upon play as a relaxation ; and therefore I make it no study, I am not for sitting at cards without daring to look off them. That is not play, but hard work. That I may be diverted with play, I chuse to be at liberty of talking and laughing. You must think, I play for very little ; no one cares to laugh, when they lose a great deal ; neither is it handsome to laugh, where others lose great sums. Hence I never play any games of hazard, and only venture a bagatelle at games of skill. And I have kept to this method very constantly ;
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all endeavours to the contrary, though very pressing and many, have proved ineffectual; my answer has always been, when I have been teized upon this account. You are fine players; you would lose your ears sooner than your temper; I am a very poor gamester, and will avoid all occasions of looking sour for losing much money. Jesting in this manner, and putting the jest upon myself, I have given no offence to any person, and found a way to keep the purpose I made.

Lady Lucy. Well, I make a very firm one, of following your example. If the great players will have me make up a party, they must be so kind as to come down to me; for I am absolutely determined never to rise to their high gaming.

Lady Sensible. You said, that pride and self-love, were the causes of our displeasure, when we lost at a small game. If you please to explain it, I shall be obliged to Mrs. *Affable*. I always thought interest was the cause of our uneasiness, at a high or low game.

Mrs. Affable. Any lady or gentlewoman must be very pitiful and covetous to be vexed with the loss of a few shillings, and yet the most generous find some motion of resentment at the loss of those shillings, though little valued; self-love will always be uppermost. If a walk is proposed, every one pretends to be the best walker, when they ride out, all must be the best at leaping over a ditch. If the conversation turn upon dress, every one's taste is the best and nicest, a piece of silk is brought in; the lady, that has purchased it, would be taken by standers by, for the maker, so fond she is of having the design, and the shades admired. If game comes up, one understands it much better than another, and the heart,
will

will privately accuse chance of favoring another to our prejudice. To win is a small superiority of fortune and luck; and we desire to outdo our neighbour in every thing, and every where, in great and little matters.

|| Lady *Lucy*. The heart, it must be owned, is a labyrinth, a maze full of turnings and windings, where self-love lies so artfully concealed, that it is not to be discovered without extreme difficulty.

|| Lady *Louisa*. You bear a prodigious grudge, madam, to poor self-love. Mrs. *Affable* and you seem to have made an agreement to persecute it together. Mrs. *Affable* has no sooner fallen foul upon it, but you take up the cudgels and will have another blow at it. I am something more complaisant, and for coming to a little composition in this matter.

|| Mrs. *Affable*. You don't know self-love thoroughly; were you to be intimately acquainted with the passion, such as it is in its nature, you would be struck with horror.

|| Lady *Louisa*. But what is there so frightful in self-love?

|| Mrs. *Affable*. Self-love is inclined to evil, cruel and barbarous, it feeds on the adversities, the troubles, and sufferings of others.

|| Lady *Louisa*. I think I have a good share of self-love; and I can assure you it has no resemblance to the portrait you have drawn.

|| Mrs. *Affable*. We have hit the mark. You don't know it; self-love appears to you under an agreeable disguise. Shall I prove that it makes you barbarous and cruel?

|| Lady *Louisa*. With all my heart; but I am persuaded you can never bring that about.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. You have a great number of diamonds; you wear them with pleasure. Examine your heart closely; try to find out the cause of this pleasure; does a cap of diamonds fit better to your face, than a set of flowers? You must own, that the former is attended with great inconveniencies, it is heavy to the head; the danger of losing some stones requires some sort of care, and always causes some uneasiness.

Lady *Louisa*. I will answer with the utmost sincerity. No question is to be made, but a flower, feather, or some such trifle answers, and looks better than a diamond. Besides diamonds are very heavy, and cannot be fixed properly without great difficulty. But many small-roll citizens daughters can afford a flower, an *aigrette* a feather, that cannot go to the expence of diamonds. A set of diamonds distinguishes me from them; and that is what I like. I own this is self-love, but, where the mischief and cruelty lies, I don't understand.

Mrs. *Affable*. You don't imagine, that those girls are more void of self-love than you are, and that they are free from all desire of such means, as may distinguish them from others. Were diamonds as common as flowers, would you ever wear any?

Lady *Louisa*. I own I should not, for there would be an end of all distinction.

Mrs. *Affable*. What do you mean by distinction, dear lady, but to be raised above others, to appear, I may say over their heads and to place them at your feet? The pleasure, you have in being decked out with diamonds, arises from the displeasure and uneasiness of those, who cannot purchase such ornaments. You delight in making a parade with them to mortify others, to shew
that

learned many years since; and before the date of these disputes. I don't think any of the ladies will pretend to decide the point in question, but remain satisfied with knowing the situation of the places.



DIALOGUE XXV.

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

Lady LUCY.

MISS *Frivolous* desired me to make her apology for coming something later to day to our meeting; she is gone a shopping with a lady of her acquaintance.

Mrs. *Affable*. Why truly, this is a matter of consequence; we must begin without her. But, tell me, Ladies; I am informed, that she is not near so giddy as formerly, and that she applies her self very commendably.

Lady *Lucy*. 'Tis really true, Mrs. *Affable*. She has no harm in her: and indeed the public is to blame for the severity of their censures about her behaviour.

Mrs. *Affable*. You do her justice, when you say that she has no harm in her; I pretend to know her better than any body, and I know her to be perfectly modest; she has a great sweetness of temper and don't want wit; but all this will not secure

secure a good reputation. Young ladies, who have lost their mothers, must be infinitely more careful, than others to establish and fix a good name. This care and precaution has escaped the thoughts of our poor friend. I really pity her as she wants so much to be helped: it is very unfortunate, that she is linked with a parcel of young girls, that furnish all the world with discourse about their mistakes and unguarded flights. Dear ladies, it will be the greatest of charities in you to give her all possible demonstrations of the tenderest friendship, that she may be rescued from that dangerous company. If we can succeed, she will turn out a most valuable person. It is said she will be married soon; I heartily wish her a sensible person for her husband; if he knows how to manage her, he may bring her to be as good a wife as he can wish.

Miss *Zina*. I am sure, Mrs. *Affable*, I know a young lady, who has the good luck of having fixed her mind on a person of great worth; they are to be married in a short time; and he has already found means to make a total change in her behaviour.

Mrs. *Affable*. The greatest happiness one can meet with in this state, is to fix upon a person whose character deserves esteem. As soon as one finds, that his disposition engages him in the interest of virtue, a desire to please a man of this character puts us upon our best endeavours to correct our failings and to be virtuous. I hope, my dear, you are quite satisfied with Lord _____'s character.

Miss *Zina*. I am indeed, Mrs. *Affable*. He has a great idea and esteem of true virtue; and if any thing is an obstacle from his side to the practice

practice of it, it can only be his age; for he is very young.

Mrs. *Affable*. If Miss *Friivolous* were in the way, I should think it a defect, she wants a husband of a fixt and settled character, and qualified to guide her with prudence, and without creating any suspicion. Heaven has favoured you with a right understanding, and designed you to form the character of your husband.

Miss *Zina*. How is that possible; am not I on the contrary to conform mine to his, and will not obedience be my chief and first duty?

Mrs. *Affable*. I would not for the world say the contrary; obedience and complaisance are to gain his heart. This point once gained, you will lead him to all the virtue you can wish without his being aware of any design on your side. When you are got so far, we shall talk the matter over more particularly. Go on lady *Lucy* with your distribution of time and the performance of your daily actions.

Lady *Lucy*. After dinner, I go up to dress, and whilst this goes on, I endeavour to take up my time with some good thought. If I am to make or receive any visits, I spend half a quarter of an hour in prayer, that God will vouchsafe to preserve me by his holy grace from offending him in the company I shall meet that day. If it be my misfortune to fall in among people, who allow themselves too much liberty of speech, I endeavour to banish such thoughts as I would do distractions, and God is pleased to bless me with success. It is true, that this looks, as if I did not mind the conversation that is going on; and this some will have to be pride, and others dulness; but in the main

is

is what I am not greatly concerned about. If they are upon some childish talk, I offer up to God the constraint I am under to talk like the rest. When charity is broken by the discourse of persons about my age, I take the liberty with all the respect imaginable to beg they will call another cause and a new subject of conversation.

Lady Louisa. How dare you do so? Are not you afraid of offending the ladies?

Lady Lucy. That happened only once. A lady, to whom I represented how tender we must be in regard to our neighbour, said I was a methodist; and that was all. At other times I have been amongst ladies, who had a good turn of mind; they returned me thanks for the great care I had, not to give them any offence. And sometimes they have thanked me for the occasion I offered them of reflecting on what they said, because it was mere inadvertency, that threw them upon that topic.

Miss Zina. I come into that number. Our neighbour is so frequently the subject of conversation, that we detract often before we think of it; I am particularly obliged to lady *Lucy*, who has been of great service and help towards my correcting that defect.

Mrs. Affable. These are the particular advantages of true and real friendship. Friends put us in mind of the faults we are subject to, but then it is done with kindness, true affection and with the best good manners. Continue, dear ladies, and cultivate those sentiments, which form the friendship and value you have for one another. Your mutual friendship will prove a singular pleasure of life. But when persons

above your own rank detract from their neighbour, do you find fault with them also, lady *Lucy*?

Miss *Zina*. I can inform you, Mrs. *Affable*, how lady *Lucy* behaves then; I have been in the occasion frequently; she puts on such a cold and serious look, that the company discovers very plainly lady *Lucy*'s displeasure, and how disagreeable the subject of the conversation is; and if her opinion is asked about the sufferer, she never fails to say all the good she can to his or her advantage.

We were t'other day at a lady's, where a young person very well known was, as we call it, taken to pieces. She was represented to be covetous, mischievous, quarrelsome, and a thousand other things were laid on; they did not charge her with want of virtue, to be sure; for, said they, she is too ugly to miss it in that way, and, indeed, she has never been in the occasion. You know, how backward, lady *Lucy* is; she was far from it that day, I assure you. Every story that was brought in to confirm the bad character of this young person was refuted by another, which lady *Lucy* had ready to justify her. At last lady *Lucy* took her leave; and the mistress of the house said, this lady *Lucy* is a very warm friend; did not you observe, how zealously she took Miss *D*——'s part; surely they are two intimates. I assure you, Madam, I answered, that lady *Lucy* has never seen her. Friendship has no share in the zeal, that prompted her to defend Miss *D*——'s character; it is mere charity; she cannot bear any thing that is said to the disadvantage of another; and always has twenty stories or more to offer in behalf of the absent.

That

That must be owned, said the lady of the house, to be a most valuable part of a character. I always took lady *Lucy* to be a very amiable young person, and now I take her to be a lady deserving of the highest esteem. However she has given us all our own; but in the main can we find fault? did not we speak ill of every body?

Lady *Lucy*. But Miss does not inform you, that I am too often subject to that fault and many others; I must not go on, but take care of humility with a hook. Sometimes I play and lose, I must own, with regret, for I have not half the money I want for more essential concerns. I retire at ten, and before I go to bed, I examine my conscience, I accuse myself of my faults in the presence of his divine Majesty, I beg pardon for all offences, and to obtain it, I offer up the merits of Jesus Christ. Then I make some resolutions and good purposes for the next day, and so to bed.

Mrs. *Affable*. What takes up your thoughts, my dear, whilst you are undressing?

Lady *Lucy*. Sometimes one thing, sometimes another; but generally, I think the day will come, when I shall undress for the last time, and only leave my bed to be carried to the grave.

Lady *Louisa*. Don't this thought hinder your sleep?

Lady *Lucy*. Not at all, my dear, but gives room to many more good thoughts, which take me up till I sleep. I have performed the task you imposed, Mrs. *Affable*, and, I think, spoke enough of myself.

Lady *Louisa*. Give yourself no uneasiness about it, my dear; what you have said, will not be unprofitable; I have already begun to imitate you

in some things, and I hope God will give me the grace to follow your example in all the rest ; but here is lady *Friivolous*.

Miss *Friivolous*. I beg pardon, Mrs. *Affable*, for coming so late ; a lady, a friend of mine, desired me to accompany her to her mercer's. Lord ! what rich things I have seen !

Mrs. *Affable*. Might not you go on, and say, Lord ! how many have I wished for ? How miserable have I been, with the thoughts of being stinted by my father, and not having money sufficient to satisfy my fancy in that respect !

Miss *Friivolous*. You might have guessed worse, Mrs. *Affable* ; but I assure you, I begin to find some benefit by your lessons. I had all the thoughts you mention ; but then the desire was not by half so violent, as it would have been last year ; the passion for dress will wear out at last. But, Mrs. *Affable*, I have a particular favour to beg of you. My father dines here to day, pray don't tell him, that I came very late, he will be very angry with me, if you do.

Mrs. *Affable*. Why should he, my dear ? What great matter in going to see some shops ? Is this all ? there will be, I fear, a great deal more to excuse.

Miss *Friivolous*. That is not all, Mrs. *Affable* ; he does not like I should be in company with that lady, who is however very prudent and discreet. I love her much, and to tell you the truth, I am frequently with her, when I pretend to visit in other places.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is very wrong, my dear. You are very undutiful in not obeying your father. Though he gives no reasons, why he dislikes your frequenting that lady, he may have
very

very good ones. But suppose, it is only his fancy, you certainly ought to comply; he must, if ever he should discover this, be troubled that you have so little regard for him, and a thousand circumstances may concur to this discovery; your woman, the servants that attend you, and many other accidents.

Miss Frivolous. I am sure of the servants; they will never betray me whatever happens; and when I have once told them what they are to say to my father, they stand in it to the last.

Mrs. Affable. That's my thoughtless girl! excuse the harsh expression. Have you ever considered the consequences of this way of behaving?

Miss Frivolous. Pray, what harm is there in it, my dear? It is no matter of importance, they are mere trifles which yourself would allow, and I never imagined to be dangerous in the least. If there be a fault, truth indeed suffers a little, but they are untruths to no one's prejudice.

Mrs. Affable. Though there was nothing else, that is bad enough. An untruth is an offence of God; that suffices to make it odious; but setting that aside, it is attended with most pernicious consequences; if this come to your father's knowledge, he will never trust you; and this may be of extreme prejudice to you. Moreover you get a habit of deceiving those you are acquainted with, which may have very fatal effects in the course of life. Put me in mind of telling you a story, which I have taken from the *Adventurer*; I intend it for the benefit of my young ladies, at our first general meeting; and when you and I have an opportunity, I will be more particular on the inconveniences of that manner of behaving.

Miss

Miss Frivolous. Pray be so now, *Mrs. Affable*; though it is something late, surely you may allow me a small quarter of an hour.

Mrs. Affable. I am very willing to do it, but upon condition, that, without any reply, you shall comply with what I require of you.

Miss Frivolous. That may be very difficult, but, notwithstanding, I give you my word I will; I find; that I stand in great need of your advice, and I am resolv'd to follow your directions.

Mrs. Affable. Nothing is more dangerous, than being at liberty and in power to do mischief. You tell me, all the servants are in your interest, and that you can depend upon their fidelity. I know, that you try them only in matters, of no consequence, but you may perhaps, some day, desire to take a trial in matters of more weight and moment. We cannot have too many checks to keep us from evil, and, instead of removing them out of the way, we should rather increase the number of those obstacles to our being ruined. The dread of servants coming to reveal actions, that we wish to be kept secret, is a very proper curb; but to prevent servants and the like having it in their power to hurt us, we are under a necessity of behaving ourselves commendably, at least, blamelessly. You have broke thro' this restraint, and it will be so much the easier for you to commit a fault, if you should be so inclined. But there is still something more; the servants, upon whose secrecy you depend so particularly, will think all such obligations to be at an end, as soon as they quit their service; one of them, you cannot have forgot it, betray'd you last year, and, instead of representing matters as they really were, made them worse. They are
sure

sure to break in upon the respect due to you as soon, as they perceive you are short of that due to your father; they will look upon you as a liar, an untractable, deceitful young woman. The maid, whose indiscretion gives you such concern, will grow saucy and impertinent. She will serve you only as she pleases, without any dread of a reprimand, or losing her place. There would be no end, if I was to go through all the dangers you stand exposed to; but what I have said is enough to make you pass over, and set aside all considerations whatever, that you may put your conduct upon a better footing.

Miss Frivolous. I must own, I have nothing to object, with regard to what you say. I have already had a sample of my maid's pertness. She talked to me yesterday at such a bold rate, that I could not forbear threatening her with being turned off.

Mrs. Affable. You have promised to follow my advice. I will put you now to the proof. I absolutely insist upon your declaring this very day to your father all the faults you have committed in this kind.

Miss Frivolous. Surely, you don't think on what you say; my father's severity is such, that he will never forgive me.

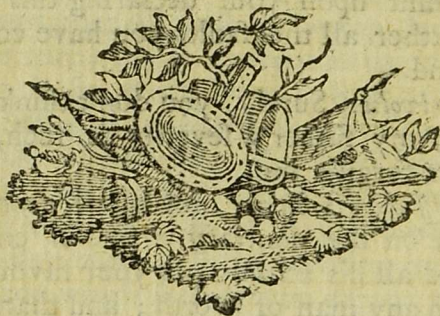
Mrs. Affable. I know him better than you do, my dear; on the contrary you will engage his heart, and all his affection in your favour. This must gain any man of worth; and that, I know, your father is.

Miss Frivolous. I'll do it *Mrs. Affable*; but if my father is exceeding angry, I will come directly hither, I tell you beforehand.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. I tell you once more, my dear, I take it upon myself. I should not advise this step, if I was not well assured, that it cannot any way turn to your prejudice. God will bless your following this advice; offer your compliance to God in satisfaction for all the untruths, you have been betrayed into by your past conduct.

The End of the third 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.

VOLUME IV.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Nourse, at the *Lamb*, opposite
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MDCCLX.

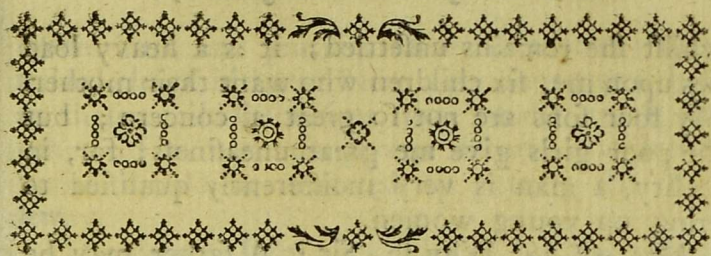
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THE
Y O U N G L A D I E S
M A G A Z I N E.

D I A L O G U E XXVI.

Miss FRIVOLOUS's Father, Mrs. AFFABLE.

The FATHER.

I was informed, Madam, that you wanted to see me; and I am glad of the opportunity to thank you for all the pains you take with my daughter. What you have done to her I don't know, but she would willingly be with you from morning till night. She is a good child, and does not want wit. Am I mistaken, Mrs. *Affable*?

Mrs. *Affable*. No, indeed, Sir. She has, besides the advantages of a charming person, an extreme sweet temper; and I have reason to hope, that you will always be very happy in your daughter.

The *Father*. I am very desirous of settling her; a handsome young woman, as she is of her person, leaves a parent exposed to great hazards,

whilst she remains unsettled; it is a heavy load lies upon me, six children who want their mother. My four sons are not so great a concern; but the poor girls give me great uneasiness; for, in reality, a man is very indifferently qualified to bring up young women.

Mrs. Affable. Why so, Sir? A father may be a very proper guide to his daughters, if he act the part of a friend, and more of a friend, than a parent, and gain their confidence by that means.

The Father. Very good indeed! A father is the very last person, his daughter would chuse for her confident. 'Tis in vain to be kind; the silly girls will make an ill use of the favours they receive from a parent, and that is all you get and no way to arrive at their confidence.

Mrs. Affable. It is not always the daughter's fault.

The Father. So, so, *Mrs. Affable*; you have a mind to give me a lecture.

Mrs. Affable. I would receive one from you, Sir, on any other article. The experience of many years, it is true, has given me lights on this head, which are not easily obtained by speculation; and the affection I have for your charming daughter induces me to communicate what I have learned to her father; you seem to think and look upon a young lady's making her father her confident as a thing quite unheard; if you will give me your word of honour, to try only once the method I shall propose, I will insure for you all Miss *Frisvolous's* confidence.

The Father. If that be all, I give you my word of honour; and you may depend upon me.

Mrs. Affable. See however that you do it; it is of the last importance to the young lady; she has a very bad person about her, her maid; she
comes

comes into, and gratifies all miss's fancies; these indeed, have hitherto been very innocent; but, as these childish whims may make room for others of a more dangerous nature, that temptation should be removed by putting the maid away.

The *Father*. I am very willing, but don't think that a very proper measure to gain my daughter's confidence. You must know, she dotes on this woman; and many tears it would cost, did I offer to discharge her maid.

Mrs. *Affable*. I don't intend you shall be the person to do it; Miss *Friivolous* shall persuade you to it. I must tell you a secret, which, if you please, I beg, may be kept very religiously; all would be over, if Miss came to suspect our correspondence. You have forbid her seeing Miss — and for very good reasons; she is a giddy-headed creature, and only fit to spoil your daughter. You thought she observed your orders, and you have been deceived every day. Her maid, the coachman and footman, are in a league, to impose upon you. I have made Miss quite sensible of the consequences, which may be expected from such behaviour; and have prevailed upon her to make a candid declaration to you of the faults she has committed in this particular. Now Miss's future good carriage to her father will depend upon your manner and way of receiving this confidence.

The *Father*. Faith, Mrs. *Affable*, you are sharper, than I am; I guess whereabouts you are; go on; you will find me a very tractable scholar.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are welcome, Sir, to laugh at me; but keep your word. When Miss makes this confession, you must, I beg it of you, not shew any resentment. On the contrary you shall

embrace her, and commend her sincerity. Then lay before her the motives you had to forbid her seeing that acquaintance of hers, and assure her, that you will not require any thing more of her, before you have satisfied her, that it is both reasonable and necessary. Desire her to look upon you as the best friend she has, and who wishes her best. Intreat her to let you know with confidence what she likes or dislikes, her inclinations and aversions and that you do not design to rule with a high hand or whim. Acquaint her with the trouble and anxiety you find in house-keeping; and that you only submit to the difficulty for her sake, and your other children's; and that your tenderneis and affection has been the sole cause of your not entering upon a second marriage. Tell her, that she must take up her mother's place; and that you propose to yourself the satisfaction and pleasure of finding in her an assistant, a comforter and a faithful adviser in things that relate to domestic affairs. In fine . . . shall I say all, Sir, have not I exceeded already?

The Father. Not in the least, Madam; nothing can be more prudent than the advice you have given me. I beg you will go on.

Mrs. Affable. I will, since you are so good as to allow it. You have a very great love for your younger daughter, who I dare say, deserves it; but the preference you give her above her elder sister is something too glaring.

The Father. I understand you, and I honestly own my fault in that respect. And yet I really think, if the elder would behave so as to please me, I should love her as much as I do the younger. She is very good humoured, but for all that, she is not the more tractable, and has given me many a melancholy hour. I hope she will make

me

me amends; at least nothing shall be wanting on my side, and I shall owe the happy change to Mrs. *Affable*. G—d--b--w--y. *Madam*. I must never forget this important piece of service.



DIALOGUE XXVII.

Miss FRIVOLOUS embracing Mrs. AFFABLE.

AH! dear Mrs. *Affable*. How greatly I am obliged to you! but for you, I was entirely ruined in my father's favour; but let me give an account of this happy turn to the ladies; it will be a beneficial lesson to them.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are at liberty, my dear, to do as you shall think proper.

Miss *Frivolous*. To begin, ladies, I must first charge myself with very great faults. I had a friend, whom my father laid me under an injunction never to see. I am now convinced he had great reason for what he did; but before, I thought it very unjust; and so did not obey his orders. I continued visiting this lady unknown to my father, and at the expence of a thousand lies, over and above those, which came to the account of the servants, who only told him what I pleased. My maid encouraged my undutifulness and urged that a young person of eighteen was not to be governed like a child. I was silly enough to believe she loved me, since she flattered my inclination; and indeed she had all my confidence. But she abused this intimacy to such a degree, that I could not bear

her insolence any longer; but I durst not speak to her as she deserved, for fear of a thousand little things coming to my father's ears, which I was very desirous to keep from him. Mrs. *Affable*, being informed of this, convinced me that I was highly to blame, and insisted upon my laying the whole of my conduct before my father. This cast me into such frights and terrors as a most dreadful thing to me, so that the night before last I never slept a wink. However I took a firm resolution; Yesterday morning I went up to my father's chamber; I threw myself at his feet, and declared all particulars. I made no doubt of his breaking out into an excess of passion; no, not at all, he raised me from the ground, he embraced me in the most affectionate manner, spoke with all possible kindness, and used me more like a friend than his daughter. I wept for fear, when I came in, and now the tears flowed in abundance, for having disobeyed so good a parent; and I promised, that for the future I should think it an offence to conceal any thought from him; and I am fully resolved to keep my promise.

I was pleased beyond thought after this, and went out with an aunt of mine, till dinner time. Whilst I was absent, my unhappy maid, to be revenged of me, for chiding her t'other day, went to my father, and not only declared all I had done, but swelled the account with an infinity of lies. Had not I prevented her, you see, that I must have lost my father's favour and good will for ever. He said nothing to her, but sent for her after dinner. He then took the occasion of reproaching her, with her malice; told her I had acquainted him with those particulars, and had begged of him to turn her off, that she might be punished for the bad advice she had given me.

me. After this, he ordered her to go immediately, for that she should not stay a night in the house. This was not all; my father to shew, that all resentment was at an end, took me to his mercer and made me a present of a very handsome suit of cloths. I am so affected with his kindness, that I would lay down my life, rather than offend him or keep any thing secret from him hereafter.

Mrs. *Affable*. It is to me the greatest satisfaction to see, that experience has shewn you the great advantages of sincerity. Truth has rescued you from danger, my dear; your father, 'tis certain, would never have placed any confidence in you, if he had received the information from your maid. Lady *Sensible* has read a story in the *Adventurer*, which is very well adapted to shew the fatal effects of lies and imprudence; she is going to tell it, ladies.

Lady *Sensible*. *Charlotte* and *Mary*, two young ladies, were brought up at the same school. Their personal qualities were near alike, and their rank equal; but, *Charlotte* being an only daughter, their fortunes were not to be compared. When they were taken from school, they continued their friendship, and a day seldom passed that they did not see one another. *Charlotte* had not been long returned, when captain *Freeman* came to make his addresses. He had inherited a moderate estate from his father, which with his commission made it a pretty handsome match; but the great wealth, which *Charlotte's* father could give in marriage with his daughter, stood in the way of the Captain's addresses; the father desired him to forbear farther visits, and declared to his daughter, that she must think no more of the Captain. She begged and prayed, she wept, but all to no purpose,

pose; and she was convinced that she must obey. She determined to do so, and the deep melancholy and trouble that was observed in *Charlotte* persuaded the father it would be convenient to send her for a time, to some place at a distance. He took her to an aunt, about an hundred miles off *London*, who lived with her daughter, in a very solitary retreat.

Charlotte had staid half a year at her aunt's, and was quite weary of her confinement; and as her fancy for *Freeman* was more an effect of youth, than a real inclination, she soon forgot him, and was displeas'd with herself for betraying an attachment that had brought her to this disagreeable solitude. Her father came about that time to see *Charlotte*, and brought with him an amiable young gentleman, whom he design'd for his son-in-law. His name was *James*; his deceased father was a *Baronet*, to whose title and large estate, he had just succeeded. As he was a very handsome person, of an agreeable behaviour and one, who desired to please, he met with no obstacle to his pretensions, and the more as *Charlotte's* heart was free from all other impressions; besides she was very desirous to return again to town, and she loved her father, who solicited her earnestly to accept the young *Baronet*. Vanity had a share in the merit of her compliance. She was flattered with the title of *Lady*; and all these considerations engag'd her to marry Sir *James*, for whom she had conceived much esteem and a certain liking, which though it could not be called love, yet sufficed to ground her hopes of being very happy with him; in effect, he carried so handsomely to her, that he gain'd her heart; and well pleas'd she was, that she had come into the match propos'd by her father.

Freeman having heard, that *Charlotte* was married, found by the ease of his mind not affected with the news, that he was cured of the sort of passion, which he once thought she had inspired to him; and as he was resolved on being settled, he cast his eyes towards *Mary*, whom he had often seen at *Charlotte's*. His addresses were well received, their marriage was soon concluded; and, *Mary* being quite amiable, he loved her only and entirely, without any farther thought of *Charlotte*.

Our new *Lady* came to town, and Mrs. *Freeman*, as soon as she heard of her return, made haste to pay her a visit. They renewed their former friendship; the husbands came acquainted by this means, and were such friends, that the four were inseparable companions. This good understanding kept up for half a year, when the evil spirit of jealousy stepped in to interrupt their friendship. Sir *James* and Mrs. *Freeman* without communicating their thoughts to each other, had the same suspicion. Both looked upon the occasion as very dangerous to their dear partners; and they imagined there was room to fear that the former love between my lady and the captain would revive, by the daily opportunities of seeing each other. Each was rack't with these tormenting suspicions; the more so, because they knew them to be very unjust. My lady's and *Freeman's* behaviour was strictly irreproachable, and sufficient to remove all uneasiness, if jealousy was a disorder that could admit any cure from reason. All the use Sir *James* and Mrs. *Freeman* made of thought, on this head, was to conceal their sentiments, wherein they were certainly wrong. The married state requires confidence, which had they

not wanted, they would have escaped the great misfortunes, which they suffered afterwards.

Sir *James* was obliged to go twelve miles out of town, and told my lady he should not come home till the next day. My lady went to her friend's to spend the evening with Mrs *Freeman*, who was alone, because her husband supped in town; and they fell to play at piquet. The time passed insensibly without their taking any notice, till Mr. *Freeman* came home, where they were in the greatest surprize, that they had play'd so long. My lady begged of her friend to send for a chair; but the other told her, that as she was alone, she might as well stay and take a bit with her; day breaks very early, she said; we may chat the remainder of the night, and your ladyship will get home early in the morning. The lady consented; at five o'clock in the morning a footman was sent out for a chair; none could be found, and the servant returned with a hackney coach. *Freeman* thought it would not be handsome, to let my lady go alone in a *hack* at that unseasonable hour, and offered to wait upon her home. She made some difficulty, but Mrs. *Freeman*, who was not at all pleased with the proposal, was resolved to get the better of her jealousy, and told Mr. *Freeman* that he was in the right; but as my lady was still loath to leave her alone, Mrs *Freeman* assured her, that she longed impatiently to sleep, and would go to bed directly.

It was as fine a morning as possibly could be seen; my lady tells Mr. *Freeman*, it was a sin to go to sleep in such fine weather, and that it would be extremely pleasant to walk in the park, which he might very well do, without giving Mrs. *Freeman* any uneasiness, who very likely was then fast asleep. He consented; but as it was not so

pro-

proper she should go alone with him to the park, she desired to be taken to a relation of hers; and she would beg the favour of her company to take a turn about the park. *Freeman* staid in the coach, my lady went up to her cosen, who excused herself, because her brother was out of order, and desired her to breakfast with her. She accepted the invitation, and told *Freeman* she would breakfast with her cosen.

Freeman left her, and determined to take a walk by himself, since his lady was gone to sleep. My lady, who thought him gone home, after she had got her breakfast, was again for a walk, and went to the park, where, to her great surprise, she found *Freeman*. They walked about for an hour; after this, *Freeman* waited upon her to the door of a celebrated coffee-house, where was a great number of chairs, and, after he had seen her in one, he retired.

Mean while, Sir *James* did not stay the night in the country, as he proposed, and at his return, wondered much, when he found my lady was not at home. The servants told him she was at Mrs. *Freeman's*; but he could not forbear some motion of jealousy. He recovered however with the thoughts, that Mrs. *Freeman* was as much interested as he was, in this matter, and went to bed. All endeavours to sleep were uneffectual; it was four before he could close his eyes. He waked about eight, and hurried away to Mrs. *Freeman's*, who was as uneasy as Sir *James*; and his suspicions were aggravated, when he was informed by her, that her husband, and my lady went out at five in the morning. He staid some time, and knew not what to think, and during the interval in comes a physician, that had just been visiting a cosen of Mrs. *Freeman's*, his patient.

tient. You are not very ill off, he said very merrily, with being a widow; you are in very agreeable company; and so has your husband; I saw him just now, with a charming lady, at the door of coffee-house, where he handed her to a chair.

Every word, spoke by this indiscreet Doctor, struck Sir *James*, and Mrs. *Freeman* to the heart; and when he observed the impression he had made upon her, to mend the matter, he added very gravely, that the lady to be sure was no common woman, that she looked like a very modest person, and a lady of birth. To persuade the more, he described her, so that it was impossible to mistake the lady.

When the Doctor was gone, Sir *James* and Mrs. *Freeman* looked at each other, without speaking a word; perhaps they would have laid open their uneasiness, and trouble of mind; but the Captain came in, and acquainted Sir *James* that he had left my lady at her cosen's, where she got her breakfast. Sir *James* went out to be satisfied about the truth, and Mrs. *Freeman* acquainted the Captain with the account given by the Doctor. The Captain, aware of the consequences, confessed to his spouse, all that had happened; and as truth has certain marks, which cannot be counterfeited, she was convinced of his innocence, and my ladys; she wrote in all haste to the last, informing her of the whole matter, but the letter came too late to hand. Sir *James* found by his cosen, that my lady left her in very good time, and now he made no doubt of her going to some place of ill repute; he returns home in a fury, but he composed himself, and asked his lady very calmly what she had done, from the time he left her. My lady was in great trouble, for not being

at home when he returned. Though every thing was innocent in her behaviour, she plainly saw, that she had been imprudent, and that her conduct was subject to a much worse construction. Upon this, she resolved to conceal the truth, in part, and told Sir *James*, that the Captain had waited upon her to her cosen's, and that she came home from her house. My lady was not used to tell an untruth; and her face, with blushing, was all on a blaze, which confirmed Sir *James's* suspicions. He left her abruptly, and went to a famed tavern, where he wrote to *Freeman*, that he wanted to speak to him. Very unluckily for *Freeman*, the note came to hand, and he went immediately to the place appointed. Sir *James* seeing him, so, said he, very calmly, you did not see my wife, after you left her, at her cosen's? What need of this question? I thought my first answer, very sufficient to be believed. No, perfidious wretch, said Sir *James*, drawing his sword, stand upon your guard. *Freeman* wanted to tell him the whole truth, but Sir *James* was in that excess of rage, that he would hear nothing, and the other found it necessary to put himself upon his defence, which he did without success; and a mortal wound laid *Freeman* upon the floor.

The bustle and noise in the room, alarmed the people of the tavern; they cried out for help. A constable came in the crowd, ordered the door to be forced open, and secured Sir *James*. *Freeman*, who found his end was very near, desired to say something in private to his friend. Upon this, all went out and the constable staid at the door, on the outside, to prevent the prisoner's escape. Here *Freeman* declared all that had happened, and assured him under the strongest protestations, that my lady was innocent. The words

words of a dying man meet always with full credit, and his evidence is never called in question. Sir *James* under the conviction he had of his friend's, and his lady's innocence was in a dreadful agony; and *Freeman* seeing that Sir *James* relented and was softened to pity and grief, for the situation he had brought him to, reached out his hand to him, and in an expiring weak tone of voice, I forgive you, said he, taking my life; it is the consequence of an untruth I have told. Live, Sir, to protect my wife, and my poor lad. You have only one way to save your own life; make your escape out of the window.

Sir *James* took his advice, and got out; he did not so much as call at home; but went off that instant, for a port, whence he could pass into Holland. Before he went on board, he wrote to Mylady, and reproached her with dissembling, and the sad extremity to which she had reduced her husband. My lady, in despair, was getting every thing ready, to follow him; but she had not time, being informed shortly after, that the ship he went in was wrecked, and Sir *James* lost.

Miss Frivolous. Well might you say, that it was a dreadful story. What misfortunes may not an untruth occasion?

Miss Molly. I think, I am cured of telling any as long as I shall live. Yes, indeed, Mrs. *Affable.* I had rather venture being chid a thousand times, than ever fib again.

Mrs. Affable. One can scarce have the heart to chide a person, who sincerely owns his fault; but you judge very right, that it is better running the hazard of being chid, than to tell an untruth. *Bella* is now to begin the story of *Tabit*.

Mifs *Bella*. At that time, when the Jews were captives in *Nineveh*, there was a holy man amongst them called *Tobit*, who employed himself and all he was worth to relieve his brethren and fellow sufferers in captivity. He took care of the sick, he fed the poor, and buried the dead. It happened one day, that being quite wearied out with toiling at these good works, he sat down to rest a little, and fell asleep. Whilst he slept, something from a bird's nest, fell into his eyes, and took away his sight. Very near, at the same time, he lost all his substance, and became so poor, that his wife was forced to take in work for their subsistence.

Once they gave her a kid over and above the wages of her work. *Tobit*, hearing the kid cry, suspected it had been stolen, and asked so many questions about the kid, that he put his wife out of all patience, who gave him several hard words and reproached him on account of his good works, as if they had been the cause of their misfortunes, which *Tobit* bore very patiently.

He had an only son, whom he brought up in the fear of the Lord; he wished to be in such circumstances as could enable him to settle his son in the world; and having this thought much in his mind, he spoke to his wife; when I was rich, said he, I lent a considerable sum to a very honest man, who lives at a very great distance. I have his note, and I am persuaded he will pay the money upon the spot. The wife, hearing all this, broke out into pitiable outcries; what, said she, I have only this son to be my comfort, after the loss of all my substance, and yet you would take him from me, and put him upon a dangerous journey, perhaps never to return? Fear nothing, said *Tobias*, (that was the son's name) the
angel

angel of the Lord will guide me thither, and back again.

The journey being now resolved upon, *Tobit* bid his son go and find out some young man, that was proper to be his guide. *Tobias* went out in obedience to his father, and met with a young man habited like a traveller, and with a staff in his hand ready to set off. *Tobias* was quite charmed with the countenance of this beautiful young man; and really well he might, for this was the Angel *Raphael*, whom God had sent in the figure and resemblance of a man to conduct *Tobias*. He goes up to him; and after he had told him his design, *Raphael* consented to go with him to his father's. The old father acquainted him with his intention; they made an agreement what he was to have at his return; and after the father and mother had desired the guide to be most particularly careful of their son; they wished all blessings to attend them, and so dismissed them, to take their journey.

They were near the river *Tigris*, in the evening, *Tobias*, was fatigued, and the weather being very hot. He went down to wash himself, when a large fish leaped out of the river, and made towards him, as if he would have devoured him. *Tobias* in the fright, called to his guide, who bid him take the fish by the gills, and drag him to land. The fish after struggling and tossing about vehemently, died soon after, and then the angel spoke to *Tobias*; open the fish said he, take out the heart and the liver, and the gall, and put them up carefully. The gall is a cure for the blind, and restores lost sight, and by burning the heart and the liver, the smoak will drive away the evil spirit.

Miss Sophy. *Tobit's* wife was not unlike *Job's*. But *Mrs. Affable*; do, tell me, why women are more impatient, and less courageous than men?

Lady Witty. That is an old calumny, men have always ready to throw out against women. I am persuaded women are as good as they in all respects. Is it not so.

Mrs. Affable? Here is cause for me to try. I could wish to give it in favour of lady *Witty*; but alas! truth obliges me to join in opinion with *Miss Sophy*. I am sorry for it, my dear; but it is however too true.

Lady Witty. But why, *Mrs. Affable*? Are their souls more perfect than women's.

Mrs. Affable. I don't think they are. On the contrary, I am persuaded, that all our souls being formed to the image and likeness of God, are absolutely like.

Lady Louisa. That is hard to conceive; for how will you account for the prodigious difference that is observed in the characters and tempers, a difference much greater than is seen in so many faces, tho' the last is also very great.

Mrs. Affable. I don't pretend to any particular knowledge of this matter, but will tell you what I think. Yet you are not to believe me any farther than what I say, seems to stand with reason, and till more knowing persons shall satisfy you, that I am in the wrong.

Do you remember, ladies that not long since, we maintained that there was such things as essential qualities. We concluded, as I thought, that an essential quality of matter is to require a figure, or form, whatever it is, to be in a natural state.

Lady Louisa. I remember it perfectly well, but in my opinion, something of an explanation will not be amiss.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. This table is square, that other is round; this pen is different in figure, from the table; in one word, ladies, I defy you to shew any one thing, that has not some figure or other.

Lady *Witty*. I offer a wager that I do. I have now a thought come into my head, and I defy any one to tell me, whether is square, or round, or crooked; I am sure, I cannot tell myself.

Miss *Bella*. That is pleasant enough; is a thought nothing, because it has no figure, and every thing has some or other? But I talk at random, for it is impossible for me to know what is not, and yet I very well know my own thought.

Help us out, Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. We are very certain, that there is nothing of matter, naturally, without some form. We are sure that our thoughts, which have a real being, have no figure or form; we are consequently certain, that our thoughts are not material or made of any matter.

Lady *Mary*. What can it be then, Mrs. *Affable*?

Mrs. *Affable*. Something quite opposite to matter, since it has contrary qualities.

Miss *Sophy*. This is beyond my comprehension, Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. Nothing is without its contrary. Heat is contrary to cold; what is big to that which is little. Contraries have quite opposite qualities, and can never meet in the same subject. Therefore matter has its contrary, and that is found in spiritual substances.

Lady *Lucy*. What do you call spiritual substances; how can we know them.

Mrs. *Affable*. They are such as have qualities opposite to matter, and without any figure or form, as for example, the soul.

Lady *Lucy*. I take it. Whatever has figure or form, I shall rank with matter, what has not, shall be a spiritual substance.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very right, lady. But observe, withal, that every thing which has a figure or form is composed of many parts from which you may take off, or to which you may add. I can take off a part of this table; what I have taken off, is a part which I have separated from the table. On the other side, I can make the table larger, by adding a piece to the table; the same I can do with that chair, or that bed. Nature does it daily; our bodies increase every day, exteriorly, or interiorly in proportion to the accession of new parts. Trees grow in the same manner. A stone is a collection of small parts, or atoms, closely joined, and put together. Thus matter which has a figure, naturally requires a greater or smaller extension, and this extension and parts are qualities naturally inherent to matter. Do you understand it, ladies? I desire, lady *Sensible* to repeat it.

Lady *Sensible*. Here is one of the dice to play at tables. It is square every way, and composed of several parts, I could, with a hammer, break it into a thousand pieces. The parts separated in this manner, will not be so much extended as the dice is, but still they will have some extension.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very right. But if you find any thing, which, to be in its natural state, does not require extension, figure and parts, this will be contrary to matter, and must be a spiritual substance. We find that the soul has neither length nor breadth, nor figure, and consequently must be a spiritual substance. Tell me what is the cause of your thoughts; is it the hand, or the foot?

Lady

Lady Witty. That is impossible. The hand and the foot are parts of a body, and material, and, as matter is of a contrary nature, to that of a spiritual substance, it cannot produce any thing that is spiritual, for then matter would give what it has not.

Miss Bella. I always imagined, that the head produced our thoughts; but I find, I was mistaken; the head is a body, as well as the hand or foot.

Lady Lucy. Does not the soul cause all our thoughts, and may not we conclude, that the soul is spiritual, because we find that our thoughts which are as it were the offspring of our soul, are spiritual. The soul and the thought shew and prove each others spirituality. The thought as a spiritual effect demonstrates the spirituality of the cause, which produces it, for if the soul had not been a spiritual substance, a spiritual effect could not have been produced, by such a principle.

Mrs. Affable. *Lady Lucy's* conclusion is very just. As you know, that a spiritual substance has no parts, and consequently nothing can be added to or taken from it. Why can't I then be assured, that the soul of a child newly born, is the same, that it will be at twenty years of age, since it cannot receive any addition, or suffer any diminution?

Lady Louisa. This appears not to admit of any dispute. But daily experience contradicts this truth, and there is reason for saying, that the souls of children grow with their bodies.

Mrs. Affable. I explained this, I think, some years ago, to our young ladies; but you was not here, madam, and, besides, things of this nature, should be repeated more than once; no doubt,

doubt, ladies, you are all apprised, that *memory*, considered as to that part, which retains the ideas caused by a former application of the mind to the *phantasm* or *image* of corporeal things, is in some sort a corporal faculty, and depends upon corporeal beings, the impression whereof on the brain is very ingeniously accounted for by philosophers.

Lady *Louisa*. I never heard this before; and I beg it may be farther explained.

Mrs. *Affable*. The two essential faculties of the soul, as a spiritual substance, are the understanding, and the will; that is, the soul has power and capacity to understand and determine itself, by its will. It is provided, with a sort of paper, where it writes down all the different thoughts, judgments, and decisions; this paper, is the brain lodged within the skull. You have undoubtedly seen the brains of several animals; none of you but have some time or other eat of a calf's head. The brain is a white and soft substance; ours is also white and soft. The soul is not only provided with this paper, but also with pens to write; these are the fibres, that is, a prodigious quantity of small filaments, adapted to touch the brain, and to write, or make an impression thereon.

But this is not yet enough. Something more is necessary to set the fibres in action, and motion; which is done by the more subtile parts of the blood, called the *animal spirits*, which by their continual ascent to the brain, put the fibres in play. Do you take it, lady *Violent*?

Lady *Violent*. I do Mrs. *Affable*. The brain is the paper, the fibres are the pens, the animal spirits a sort of fingers to guide the pens.

Mrs. *Affable*. Tell me my dear; could you write upon blotting paper?

Lady

Lady Violent. I have done it sometimes, but what I wrote was not legible; the letters were quite spread out, as large as my finger, without any shape, or figure of a letter.

Mrs. Affable. Do you know the reason?

Mrs. Bella. The paper was too thin.

Mrs. Affable. Besides that, there is not size enough to give it strength. I must ask another question. Could you write with a hair?

Miss Sophy. No, that is too weak.

Mrs. Affable. Well ladies! a child's brain is extremely soft, and by consequence, very like blotting paper; it cannot bear any legible character; what is written, is no more than a blot. You may as soon write upon water. And moreover the fibres are so weak that you might as well pretend to write with a hair. The soul, in the infancy of the body, unprovided with means to set down the ideas, so as they may be retained, cannot read them in the memory; and as many ideas must be compared to form rational judgments and desires, we may conclude, that the soul cannot form any judgment. As the brain grows harder, thoughts are written down, they are read, compared, the soul proceeds to a resolution, and acts consequently to it, and continues in the same way, till old age has quite hardened the brain, and the fibres are grown so stiff, that they cannot be of farther use, by which one is reduced to another infancy.

Lady Lucy. I now perceive how it may happen, that men whose souls are alike, have quite different geniusses. That depends on a soft or hard brain, the flexibility of the fibres, and the quantity of animal spirits, which the blood sends to the brain.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. Yes, my dear, from thence comes also the difference between men and women; but we must leave this for our next lesson with several important matters relative to this subject, to say something of *Cyrus*. That concerns you, Lady *Witty*.

Lady *Witty*. *Cyrus* being come into *Media*, at the head of the forces, which he brought to his uncle's assistance, found *Cyaxares* in a very perplexed situation. The king his father and predecessor had obliged the king of *Armenia* to be his tributary; and it looked, as if the *Armenian* proposed to take advantage of the war, that was coming upon the *Medes*, as a favourable occasion to shake off the burthen. *Cyrus*, after taking all proper measures to be informed of the state of affairs in *Armenia*, found his uncle's suspicions were too well grounded, and promised to extricate him in these critical circumstances.

The kingdom of *Armenia* was contiguous to *Media*; *Cyrus* hunted frequently upon the borders, and the chase very often brought him into that neighbouring kingdom. The *Armenians* grew accustomed to see him upon their frontiers, without any suspicion.

But one day he took a considerable body of troops with him instead of hunters, and was very near the king of *Armenia*, when that prince had notice, that he had no time to lose, if he meant to save himself by flight. Immediately he sent off his queen, his daughters, with all the treasures, and ordered them to retire into the narrow passes of the mountains, where a small number sufficed to make head against a greater. *Cyrus*, who thought of all things, and foresaw, that the king of *Armenia* would take this step, had sent off troops to possess themselves of the passes where

they took all the family, and the treasures of this unhappy prince.

This sad accident had not yet come to his knowledge; and having got together all the forces he could, he placed them upon an eminence, to attempt something of a defence; but seeing he was invested on all sides, he was necessitated to submit to the victor's discretion; and thus *Cyrus*, by his prudence, began and ended the war, the same day.

The prince of the *Persians* assembled together the principal officers of both armies, and the carriages, where the princesses rode, were also brought very near the place. In the presence of this numerous assembly, *Cyrus* spoke to the king, his prisoner, I have, said he, some questions to ask you, and I hope you will answer me with truth, for if an untruth is odious in a man, it is still more infamous in a great personage, and in a king, and must dishonour him for ever. Now tell me, why you would not pay the tribute imposed upon you by *Ashyages*?

The king of *Armenia* made this answer, because, said he, I desired to leave my kingdom free to my son, as I received it from my father. The thought, said *Cyrus*, is noble and worthy of a prince, who has made no promise; and it became you to think so, before you was overcome by my grandfather. You know, that he conquered your kingdom, and only restored it to you, on condition of paying the tribute he required. Had you given a province to any person, on certain conditions agreed to mutually, what would you do to him, if he did not perform the articles?

I know, said he, that I shall pronounce sentence against myself; but I have promised not to depart from truth, and whatever it cost me, I will speak it out; I would put that man to death. The prin-

princesses, who were there in their coaches, hearing the king, broke out into as loud cries, as if they had seen the king that moment brought to the scaffold. He had a son, named *Tigranes*, whom *Cyrus* had known in his youth. He came up to *Cyrus*, and, being allowed to speak, delivered himself in the following terms :

Lord ! I will not pretend to excuse my father ; I know he deserves to die ; but I hope, you will consider, that it is much more glorious to pardon, than to oppress an enemy you have overcome. What is more, your own interest will be a motive to use him with mercy ; since you gain by this means an ally, whose attachment to you will be a greater advantage, than it has formerly been. I don't at all understand that, said *Cyrus*. How will you persuade me, that your father's friendship will be more beneficial after, than before his revolt ? I will shew it, said *Tigranes*. What is a king that has never met with adversity ? Generally speaking, a man without wisdom, or prudence, and tyrannized by his passions. Adversity is the school of princes ; here they learn, that they are no more than men, as the meanest of their subjects are. My father has had a full lesson from that wise mistress ; and your ally is become both wise and prudent. I would know, what ally can be more valuable ? And more than that, what may not be expected in return, from a grateful and generous heart, from one that will owe you every thing, you leave in his possession ?

I yield, said *Cyrus*, I grant you life, and leave you your kingdom. But what ransom is my uncle to have for your family ?

Ah! cried out the king in an extasy of gratitude, what can I give him? All I have is his and yours. I am content, said *Cyrus*, with this declaration. You confess, that you owe my uncle more, than you can ever pay; and therefore you will be the most ungrateful of men, if ever you cease to be in his interest. In his name, I restore your family to you, and the only penalty I impose, shall be an increase of the tribute formerly paid; the only article, that shall remind you of your fault. Now that we look upon each other as friends, please to consider with yourself, what you can do for us in the war, that we are shortly to have upon our hands.

The king of *Armenia*, promised auxiliary forces to *Cyrus*, and, for the present, offered large sums of money, which the young prince accepted, only by way of loan, and which afterwards, he actually repaid.

The princess, wife to prince *Tigranes*, was among the prisoners. They had not been long married, and he loved her intirely. *Cyrus* smiling, asked *Tigranes*, what he would give to redeem the princess? A thousand lives, if I had them, *Tigranes* answered with great sprightliness. The purchase would cost me too much, *Cyrus* replied; I should lose a friend, upon which I chuse to let you have her again for nothing.

Then *Cyrus* ordered the large tables, which were prepared by his orders, to be covered; he gave a grand entertainment to the royal family and the officers, after which he re-conducted them; upon the road he spoke to *Tigranes*; what is become, said he, of your governor? I knew him in my first journey; and I took him for a man of great worth. Alas! *Tigranes* sighed and answered, flatterers found means to misrepresent

sent him to my father; innocent actions were construed into crimes; he was condemned and put to death. A few hours before the execution, he recommended to me most earnestly, never to depart from the duty, I was bound to pay to my father. Excellent man! *Cyrus* cried out, remember his worthy lessons; particularly, never forget the last.

Cyrus took leave of the king of *Armenia*, and left him charmed with his prudence, and other shining qualities, so that the *Persian* prince, was the common subject of conversation at the *Armenian* court. The princess *Tigranes's* spouse was the only person, that made no mention of the generous conqueror. The prince took notice of her silence in this respect, and asked the reason. What would you have me say of him? I never looked at the prince. How can that be? *Tigranes* replied, you spent several hours in his company. What took up your thoughts? He, she readily answered, that said he would freely lay down a thousand lives for me, if he had them.

Mrs. Affable. A rare example, but seldom followed by the fine modern young ladies! You are sure to be informed very exactly of the persons of all young gentlemen; and though they may have seen them but once in their lives, the description will be so accurate, that not a feature shall be missed. This is not a little contrary to that modesty, which ought to be the finest ornament of the fair sex.

Miss Rural. I admire the artful turn, used by *Tigranes*, to dispose *Cyrus*, and engage him to spare his father. He does not plead the king his father's innocence; he does not offer even to extenuate the fault; this might have provoked the young conqueror; he owns the guilt, for he is per-

suaded, that a reasonable person is much sooner appeased, when the offender says, I am in the wrong.

Mrs. *Affable*. Miss *Rural's* reflection is admirable. If a person is displeas'd with you, as being persuas'd, that you have done amiss, guilty or not guilty, you must take care of contradicting; this would only heighten the displeasure into downright fury. Last year, I was with a lady, who had been serv'd so many ill turns, that she lost all patience, and vow'd she would be revenged. A sensible man, but who had forgot to bring common sense abroad with him that time, undertook to demonstrate, that the lady was in the wrong to put herself in a passion, and, that the resolution, she had taken to be revenged, was not to be maintained. This unseasonable remonstrance threw her into an extravagant rage. She swore, that she would sooner burn the house, and stab her enemy to the heart; she was almost choak'd with passion, and going into convulsions. That instant, comes in another person, and inquires into the quarrel, and very calmly pronounces, that there was no bearing such an injury; in a word, he espouses all the resentment of the provoked lady. As he took her part, the passion began to subside, she grew calmer, and at last was perfectly so. What, says the gentleman? You are quite appeas'd; have you forgot, that we have a house to burn down to the ground, and the lady your enemy to be run through the heart? I would not bate an inch of either. The lady, lately so furious, smil'd, and my gentleman, with his ill-timed reasoning, was taught, that a torrent is not to be oppos'd, but a way made for it to pass, unless one desire to raise the swell higher, which at last will overflow, with the most

most dreadful consequences. Lady *Sensible* please, to go on with *America*.

Lady *Sensible*. Though *Canada* is but a small province, yet under that name is comprehended all that country, which is bounded to the south, by *New England*, and *Louisiana*; but they say, that there is a very great contention between the *English*, and the *French*, both nations pretending to a property in that part of the country; God send them to agree. Mrs. *Affable* tells us, we are not qualified to judge of the merits of the cause, so as an *English* woman I content myself, with wishing *England* well. The principal towns are *Quebec**, *Montreal* and *Trois rivieres*. There are, besides, a great many forts.

The capital river *St. Lawrence*, is an hundred and fifty miles over, where it opens into the sea, and in several places is above three miles in breadth. The navigation is very dangerous, on account of so many rocks that are found there. There are great falls in the river, which the *French* call *Saults*, to express the fall of the river, from a rock. The two greatest falls, or *Saults*, are those of *Niagara* and *St. Louis*. Imagine, ladies, a rock two miles in length, that of *Niagara* is such. Well! the whole river falls from the top of this prodigious high rock, and in the fall forms a sheet of water, that makes a frightful noise, and is heard many miles off.

Lady *Louisa*. How can they go up this river? There is no likelihood of any ships coming up.

Mrs. *Affable*. Large ships go no farther than *Quebec*; to come up to *Montreal*, they have vessels of a different fabric. They only use canoes to get up higher.

* Taken last year by the *English*.

Lady Mary. I don't know what a canoe is.

Mrs. Affable. Some canoes are made of the bark of trees, stitched together very dextrously with a sort of thread, made of the same bark. The largest will hold eight men. The savages are very expert and adroit, in conducting their canoes among the rocks, and when they come to difficult passages, they put the canoe upon their heads, and carry it by land, till they can find an easier water-passage. These places, are called carrying places. Pray, lady Sensible, give us the names of the chief savage nations, that inhabit the country.

Lady Sensible. They are the *Hurons, Algonquins, Iro-quesse, Illinois, the Outaouais, Assinipoils, Sioux,* and many more.

Lady Violent. Does corn and other things grow in the country?

Mrs. Affable. Yes, since *Europeans* have settled there; before that, the savages never took any pains to till the ground.

Miss Bella. What did they live on, if they had neither corn nor pulse?

Mrs. Affable. They lived on what they got by hunting and fishing. The country is full of mountains, and lakes, which provided them abundantly with victuals. The savages in those parts, are great gluttons, and very temperate, according as they find their provisions, great or little. People, that pass most of their time in hunting, must be used to fast.

Miss Molly. Papa hunts very often; he either comes home to dinner, or eatables are carried out for him. Why can't the savages do the same?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. Their hunting and ours is very different. Please to consider, my dear, that the whole country is almost, one may say, an immense and continued forest. In some places you meet with woods, nine hundred, twelve hundred miles in length. The savages meet here, in bands or companies, to plan and concert their schemes, for hunting about the beginning of October. Formerly they had only bows and arrows, now they have fuses or light guns. All their provisions are powder and shot, and every one carries on his back a bag of Indian wheat flower. This is all for a hunt of three months at least.

Miss *Sophy*. But how can they subsist so long with that small quantity of flower? Where do they lie in those vast forests? Have they no change of cloths, when they happen to be in the rain, at least a few shirts?

Mrs. *Affable*. I will answer your questions in order. They shoot several beasts in the forest, they flea them to carry off the furr, and they eat the flesh. Sometimes ten men will eat as much in a day, as would serve fifty here. The flower is kept to have recourse to, when they have had no luck, and killed nothing. In these occasions, they take a handful of flower, which they temper with a little water; and that is their whole and only meal for the day. At night, as they have wood in plenty, they make a large fire and lie about it. Others soon make up a hut with boughs of trees. Lastly, others make deep holes in the snow, and sleep there. It is said, that it keeps them very warm. When their cloths are wet, they dry them by the large fire they have kindled. Their shirts they change very seldom, and commonly wear them, till

they drop off piece-meal. If you give them a clean shirt, they put it over the foul one; and some have four or five on, in this manner.

Lady Louisa. Nasty people! they are not very neat, I think. At least, one cannot say, that they have any vanity in their dress.

Mrs. Affable. I must beg your pardon, my dear, tho' they may not be vain in dress, they have a great share of vanity; and, to set themselves off, they colour and paint their bodies and faces. A considerable ornament, they delight in, is to have the figure of a large serpent drawn on their faces; this, they think, makes them terrible to their enemies. Some paint with red lead, others employ other colours, but those, who desire the paint to last, use this method.

They make scratches with the point of a pin, and draw the design, by tearing the skin; then they put gun powder into the lines drawn by the pin, set the powder on fire; and the figure remains for life.

Lady Charlotte. Surely they must be possessed with an evil spirit to put themselves knowingly to this torture.

Mrs. Affable. You may e'en put to the number the fine ladies, that pinch themselves up so prodigiously in their stays, for a fine shape, and those, who raise plenty of corns by forcing on a little shoe, to be thought mistresses of a nice, pretty, little foot; those that have their head of hair plucked for three whole hours, by a *friseur*, that are in danger all that time of having their ears burnt, and cannot take their natural rest for the papers, to which their curls are confined. Pray, wherein are our ladies less extravagant than the savages?

Lady *Louisa*. This is very singular. I was struck with the extravagancy of these nations without ever observing, that mine is greater; for, in fine, they, the last at least, paint once for life; and the trouble, I submit to, comes every day. Do the savage women paint or dawb themselves?

Mrs. *Affable*. No, but they have a sort of ornamental dress. I have seen a petticoat, such as they wear on their great solemnities or festivals. It had the appearance of a leather sack, without any plait, and adorned with a fringe at the bottom, made up of several little cases not unlike the shape of a bell. This is the *rattle*, which is found in the serpent's train, who takes from it the name of the *Rattle-Snake*.

Lady *Louisa*. I dare venture a wager, that the poor wretches are as proud of that garb, as I am of gold-stuffs and diamonds.

Mrs. *Affable*. To be sure, Madam, dress is altogether fancy.

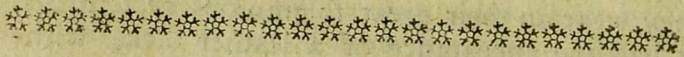
Lady *Mary*. I understand very well, that the savages were forced to undergo the trouble of those terrible hunts before the Europeans taught them tillage; but what need of such pains now? Would it not be easier for them to live like our farmers?

Mrs. *Affable*. To be sure, my dear, the Europeans would not let them have the necessary implements and other things to that purpose for nothing; to come at them, they sell the skins of wild beasts they have killed. This obliges them to continue hunting. But the Canadians are moreover very lazy; they take prodigious pains, for a quarter of a year, to idle away the rest. They would live independant and are

happy, when under no obligation to any person whatever.

Lady *Louisa*. Here they are quite in the right. I think that person, who wants to no body, is perfectly happy.

Mrs. *Affable*. That must be discussed some other time; to day it is too late.



DIALOGUE XXVIII.

Lady LOUISA.

AT our last meeting, you was pleased to say, Mrs. *Affable*, that you would examine into the proposition I advanced. I have often thought on it since. Liberty of all good things is the most precious, and the person, who wants none of those things that are about him, has in my mind the most liberty.

Mrs. *Affable*. Yes, but, in some measure, like the Lacedemonians. Their commonwealth was all the world to them. There they found all they wanted; to the rest of the world they were extremely indifferent; and the ruin of it would have given them very little concern, as they took no interest in its preservation and safety.

Lady *Louisa*. Did their spirit of independance make them void of all fellow-feeling and humanity?

Mrs. *Affable*. I think so, at least; and I am intimately persuaded, that the continual want we are in of each other gives birth to a thousand virtues and, among others, to humanity.

Lady

Lady *Louisa*. But we are real slaves to those we hope for any thing from. But as I have said before, I esteem liberty as the best of good things. In this case, we exchange our liberty, a valuable treasure for conveniences and fancies, which, tho' small advantages, are trifles in the main. Is it not as clear as the day, that the exchange is to great disadvantage?

Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Louisa* grows a formidable adversary; she lays down principles, and deduces consequences. But some endeavours must be used to contradict her argument. In my way of thinking, dear lady, we should have begun with a true definition of liberty, otherwise you may mean one thing, and I another. When a dispute is entered upon, we must first agree about terms, and understand each other.

Miss *Bella*. What makes you think, lady *Louisa* has a mind to dispute? Indeed I take her to be too well bred to do so.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is just what I was saying, my dear; it is of the greatest consequence to understand the meaning of terms. For example, to dispute and to quarrel are very different. To dispute, is to maintain a different opinion from the person's we speak to, there's no harm in it; you know very well, that we are to take no one's word, that we must examine his reasons, and we have right to give ours. This we call disputing, and when it is done with temper, modesty, and good manners, it is so far from any harm, that it is a diversion, and a pastime. But if instead of alledging reasons, they grow hot, and break out into hard words, this is called quarrelling, and never done or allowed by well bred persons. I will put some questions to you, lady *Louisa*, which you will be pleased to answer.

Does

Does liberty consist in doing all the evil actions that may come into one's head?

Lady *Louisa*. Some may think so, but that is not the liberty I mean, and which I look upon to be so precious. The other would be no loss, I think, on the contrary, it would be happy to be without it.

Mrs. *Affable*. May it consist in going to rest, or rising sooner or later, or putting on a green or blue silk, or in a thousand such things?

Lady *Louisa*. There is something agreeable in that, and it pleases, to be at discretion, to chuse according to fancy and humour. But it is too much of a trifle, to be the foundation of happiness, or the contrary, for a rational person.

Mrs. *Affable*. Pray, tell us then, what you mean by liberty?

Lady *Louisa*. I cannot say, that I know it very well myself; but I will give you the opinion of men in that respect. The *Romans*, to give an instance, were free, and enjoyed liberty, whilst the common-wealth continued, and lost it under *Julius Caesar*.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very well! A nation enjoys liberty, when it is not governed by an absolute master. I stick to the example of the *Romans*; but, I must tell you beforehand, it will turn out quite contrary to your expectation, and, upon a closer examination, you will find, that the *Roman* common-wealth, instead of being the center of liberty, was the seat of despotism, and tyranny. I wish we could go immediately upon the proof of this; but as the younger ladies are not acquainted with the *Roman History*, they would not understand half of what is said.

Miss *Bella*. But, if you would teach us the *Roman History*, we might.

Mrs. *Affable*. But how can we undertake more, since we have so much work upon our hands, really, already more than we can do?

Lady *Witty*. There is a way to reconcile all this. In the afternoon, we will repeat the stories out of the scriptures and ancient history, with some little diverting tales from time to time, and a little natural philosophy, when you please. In the morning lesson, the *Roman History* shall take place, and this will teach us to discourse consequently. Does not the art of discoursing belong to natural philosophy?

Mrs. *Affable*. No, but to *Logic* a part of philosophy, though indeed natural reason is the groundwork, without which all rules and methods would be uneffectual. I accept the plan you propose; but I must once more tell you, it is too extended, and takes in too much work.

Lady *Violent*. Your lessons need only be longer. You see Mrs. *Affable*, you have won your wager; you might keep me here all day, and I should never be tired. I only could wish the lesson longer; I have so many things to learn, that I don't think I shall know half of them, when I am twenty.

Mrs. *Affable*. I have nothing to object. Lady *Sensible*, give us the history in short of the foundation of *Rome*.

Lady *Sensible*. It is said, that *Æneas*, a Trojan prince, landed in *Latium*, a part of *Italy* inhabited by the *Latins*, and married *Lavinia* the daughter of their king. *Ascanius* succeeded to his father *Æneas*, and was followed by several kings of the same race. One of them left two sons, *Amulius* and *Numitor*; the first, after he had dethroned his

is elder brother *Numitor*, confined his daughter, and made her a vestal, one of the priestesses of *Vesta*, who, by the institution, were to continue thirty years in the service of the goddess, before they could marry. *Rhea Sylvia*, so *Numitor's* daughter was named, would not wait so long, she had two sons at a birth, who were ordered to be thrown into the *Tyber* by *Amulius*; a shepherd found them in a trough left on dry land by the waters of the *Tyber* retired, after the flood, to the bed of the river, and brought them up. When they were grown men, they slew their great-uncle *Amulius*, and re-instated their grand-father *Numitor* on his throne. After this, they set about building a town, near the place, where they were discovered by the shepherd. The two brothers *Romulus* and *Remus* quarrelling about some thing that related to the new town, *Romulus* killed his brother *Remus* and gave the new-built city the name of *Rome*.

Lady *Mary*. But Mrs. *Affable*, who helped *Romulus* to build that city?

Mrs. *Affable*. Some say, three hundred shepherds, who were the first inhabitants.

Miss *Bella*. This was more a village, than a town; I had quite another idea of *Rome*, and thought it extremely large. We have a history-piece at home, that represents the rape of the *Sabines*. *Rome* appears with noble gates and stately houses.

Mrs. *Affable*. Your painter was a blockhead, and very ignorant in the *Roman History*. *Rome*, in the beginning, was neither magnificent nor populous. Indeed it did not continue long in that state, and *Romulus* found means to increase the people. Lady *Sensible*, tell the ladies, how he brought this about.

Lady

Lady Sensible. He opened an asylum, or a place of refuge, or sanctuary in a consecrated grove, and gave public notice, that all persons, who had reason to fear any prosecution, should be safe in this place, and protected by him, and his shepherds. Upon this, thieves, murderers, debtors under apprehension of being confined, persons reduced to indigence crowded from all parts, and *Romulus* found himself three thousand and three hundred strong.

Miss Sophy. You must own, he might as well have made himself chief of a band of robbers. What safety could there be in *Rome*, more than in a dangerous forest?

Mrs. Affable. This leads us to admire *Romulus's* capacity, and great endowments, who brought such people under obedience to salutary laws, which they observed punctually.

Lady Louisa. It does not appear, that they quitted their former professions; they had been thieves, now they are become public robbers. For after all, they had no right to the country round them; *Numitor* had only allowed *Romulus* about four miles and a half of our measure; consequently, the overplus they had, they stole.

Mrs. Affable. Be pleased to mind what I am about to say. All wars, and all conquests are not unjust. I don't find, that *Romulus* attacked any neighbour; he stood upon the defensive; and surely self-defence must be lawful. It is also just to insist on being indemnified, when a prince is attacked without reason. *Romulus*, would be indemnified in land; where is the harm?

Lady Charlotte. And pray, who maintained them, before they had these lands?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. You have just now been told, that *Numitor* gave *Romulus* an extent of about four miles and a half in land. He divided this land into three unequal parts; the largest he distributed equally to his men, for tillage, in such manner, that all might subsist by their work.

Lady *Charlotte*. I easily understand, how a man may live by his labour; but how did those, who had large families, find a subsistence for their children?

Lady *Sensible*. The first *Romans* had neither wives nor children; they had either never been married, or had forsaken their wives.

Lady *Violent*. How came the city of *Rome* to subsist so long, without the inhabitants being married, and having children?

Mrs. *Affable*. They soon provided themselves with partners, as lady *Sensible* will tell you.

Lady *Sensible*. *Romulus* observing, that the greater part of those, who had joined him, were unmarried, deputed ambassadors to all the neighbouring towns, with proposals for marrying their young women to the inhabitants of this new-built city. His deputies were rejected in all places; the *Sabines* were not satisfied with refusing the offers made; they even insulted them, and answered, that if *Romulus* would set up an *Asylum* for all worthless women, as he had for wicked men, he would be soon supplied with sufficient numbers. *Romulus* was nettled, and advertised a grand solemnity to be held in honour of *Neptune*, which was to continue three days. The inhabitants of all the adjacent towns flocked to the feast, but particularly the *Sabines*. After the first day, the *Romans* invited the strangers very civilly into the city. They entertained them handsomely, and lodged them in their houses, and took this

oppor-

opportunity to make some acquaintance with the young women, that curiosity had brought to see this solemnity. The next day, *Romulus* gave the signal agreed on; every *Roman* seized a young woman and carried her home; the gates of the city were locked upon the spot, and *Romulus* ordered the nuptials to be celebrated, according to the custom of the country.

Lady Lucy. Oh, *Mrs. Affable!* I cannot abide that same *Romulus*; it would have been much better for the poor young women to be slaughtered, than forced to marry men, utter strangers to them, and whom of course, they could not love.

Mrs. Affable. Not long ago, I was telling you, that prudent matches were generally happier, than matches hurried into by inclination. This shews it; some time after, these young women had liberty given them to leave their husbands, and to go home; two only accepted the offer; and the rest declared unanimously, they were so contented with the behaviour of their husbands, that, rather than part with them, they would part with their lives.

Lady Lucy. The *Romans* must have carried very handsomely to engage their affections; and I don't well understand, how such men, as they are represented, could be so much altered in so short a time.

Mrs. Affable. They became other men, as soon as they took to work, and submitted to the wise laws established by *Romulus*. That you may have an idea of his humane disposition, I will give you but one instance. It was customary among many heathen nations to make away with weak and deformed children, as the *Lacedemonians* did; but *Romulus* more prudent and humane than *Lycurgus*,
did

did not consent to the establishing of this law, without great repugnance, and to render it useless, he ordered, that the parents of these unhappy infants should not lay violent hands upon them, till three years were expired, not only because it was possible for them to grow in strength, and be changed in other respects, but also because he thought it impossible, for a father or mother to go to that excess of barbarity, as to kill a child, they had brought up three years, and who had shewed his gratitude to them with his little innocent caresses. But as monsters of barbarity and cruelty are to be found, that is, fathers and mothers, who hate their children, *Romulus*, who was a prince of great fore-cast, provided, that, before they proceeded to the execution of this cruel law, they should previously assemble the chief relations on the father's and mother's side, and take their advice on this matter.

Lady Lucy. You have reconciled me to *Romulus*; I forgive the rape of the *Sapines* on account of his kind laws, in favour of the little children.

Lady Violent. Pray tell us, what was the government of the *Romans*? Was not *Romulus* their first king?

Mrs. Affable. He was, my dear; he brought together all the first inhabitants of *Rome*, and asked them what government they would chuse; they answered, the monarchical, and appointed him their first king; but yet his authority was not absolute; he had chosen a hundred men to form a parliament, which they called the *Senate* and which *Romulus* was obliged to consult in matters of importance. The people also had authority to decide in some particular affairs.

Lady

Lady *Louisa*. That is my favorite government. A king, whose authority is limited by the authority of his parliament and of his people.

Mrs. *Affable*. This is very right, in an elective kingdom, but very dangerous, and not proper, as I think, in hereditary kingdoms.

Miss *Rural*. 'Tis happy, that you have not obliged us to depend altogether upon your opinion. I can never come into yours, in this respect. Arbitrary power, and too much liberty are my aversion. A mean between the two, is what I like, and what, I think, appears in the primitive government of *Rome*.

Mrs. *Affable*. I join with you in the love of liberty, equally removed from arbitrary power, and licentiousness; liberty is my idol, I own; and that makes me fonder of a monarchical government. This may seem extravagant; I don't yet insist upon your believing it, but only beg, that you will suspend your judgment, till the sequel of the *Roman History* decide, whether I am right or wrong. Go on with it, lady *Sensible*, if you please.

Lady *Sensible*. The *Sabines* spent two whole years in preparations, to be revenged of the *Romans*, as most of the young women, carried off by the *Romans*, were of that country. They drew near *Rome*, to form the siege of that place. The citadel was built upon a vast rock; *Tarpeius* the governor of the citadel had a daughter called *Tarpeia*. The unhappy creature was very fond of gold, and, as the *Sabine* soldiers wore bracelets that resembled this rich metal, she longed for them. Upon this, she sent word to *Tatius* their king, that she would deliver the gate to them, if they would give her the fine things they

they wore on their left arms, for she did not know they were called bracelets.

Tatius promised upon oath, she should have the things they wore on their arms without farther explication; but when the gate was opened for the *Sabines*, they threw their bucklers upon her, under which she was smothered and buried. Mean time, the *Romans* being awaked ran to arms, and the engagement was so furious, that there was great reason to fear, it would end in the total destruction of the combatants on each side. But the *Sabine* women could not bear the sight of their husbands slaughtered by their fathers and brothers, they took their little children in their arms, and threw themselves disheveled between the two armies, which obliged the parties, to whom they were equally dear, to lay down their arms. Here they assured their relations, they were so well satisfied with their husbands, that they would lay down their own lives, before they would suffer any attempt to be made upon theirs, and by this means brought them to give their consent to a peace. It was agreed, that for the future the *Sabines*, and the *Romans*, should be one and the same people, and that *Tatius* should reign jointly with *Romulus*.

Miss Bella. You said, not long since, that women were not so courageous as men; but you see here, that the *Sabines* exposed their lives, stepping in among so many swords, and running the hazard of being wounded or killed.

Lady Lucy. This reminds me of your promise to give us proofs from natural philosophy of the superiority of men above women, which you have not yet done.

Mrs. *Affable*. I never said men were superior to women, but that the last were not so strong and courageous as the former. Now strength, courage and valour are not good qualities.

Miss *Sophy*. Indeed, Mrs. *Affable*, your way of thinking is very odd in several particulars. For instance, I never heard from any one, but yourself, that strength, valour and courage were not good qualities.

Mrs. *Affable*. To determine, whether I, or others judge right, the different opinions must be examined, and I promise to give up my way of thinking, as soon as it is made clear, that I am mistaken. Lady *Louisa*, who do you think, was the more courageous of the two, *Cyrus* or the Highway-man, that suffered yesterday?

Lady *Louisa*. There is no comparison; *Cyrus* to be sure.

Mrs. *Affable*. I shall not depart from the method I have used; it is a troublesome, but a sure one. I must have nothing under definitions. What is meant by courage?

Lady *Louisa*. A man is said to be a man of courage, when he exposes himself without fear, to the greatest dangers; hence I say, that courage is a contempt of danger, and of all that men commonly dread most, as death, torments, being despised, &c.

Mrs. *Affable*. I stand by this definition, and will shew from it, that the Highway-man has more courage, than the hero and the conqueror. Of a hundred high-way-men, fourscore and ten, at least, come to their end at the gallows; of as many heroes or conquerors, above half escape the death they have dared in battle. Immortality, glory, honors, rewards, and now and then duty encourage heroes; and the glittering prospect is very well

well adapted to raise mortals above their natural timidity. The high-way-man, what does he expect but shame, ignominy and punishment? You must own, he ought to have a greater strength of mind, than the hero, because he has little to hope and all to fear. Hence courage of itself is no commendable quality, and is generally the offspring of ferocity or despair. The motives, which determine it to act, are to fix the idea, under which this quality is to be considered. Women therefore are not to be esteemed inferior to men, because a tenderer constitution of the body does not commonly suffer their souls to admit the same contempt of death and pain, as appears in men.

Lady Lucy. I have a question to propose. Where can the connexion be between such a disposition of the body, and courage, which is a quality of the soul?

Mrs. Affable. This may be in part owing to the difference between men and women, I have seen skulls of both; there is a difference in the bones, that form the skull; and I think, that there are more sutures and seams in a woman's than in a man's skull.

Lady Mary. Are there seams in their skulls?

Mrs. Affable. The head is composed of several bones, that have an edge formed like a saw or a comb; they are so nicely and exactly divided, that the teeth of the saw or the festoons, if you chuse to call them so, lock fast in the hollow part, of the opposite bone, and join very close. But, besides this difference, a woman's bones are generally less, and not so hard as men's; their fibres are more delicate, and the brain is tenderer. All this contributes to their being not so strong as men, but more sensible of pain, and less able to bear it. Add to this, natural want of strength,
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the difference of education. Men, from their youth, are used to more violent exercises, than women, and the tenderer manner of their breeding up contributes but too much to the weakness so remarkable in our sex.

You ask me, how the weakness of the body can influence the mind; surely you have forgot, that the body is the instrument, whereby the soul comes acquainted with all external things about us. A woman's brain, being of a tenderer and softer substance, receives a livelier, but a less durable impression, and indeed, not firm enough to be of any long standing. And this accounts for women, in general, having meaner and narrower ways of thinking, than men, believing dreams, being afraid of spirits, and inclined to superstition; as these several objects make a livelier impression upon them, than commonly they do on men. Whence they are, moreover, less fit for sublime and abstract sciences, because their fibres are too nice and delicate to bear that tension, or stretching, and are in danger of breaking, if they are not frequently slackened and relaxed.

Lady Louisa. That is, in plain terms, they would be in danger of going mad, if they followed the same studies with men; 'tis very mortifying.

Mrs. Affable. Not at all, lady! Were you ever ashamed, that you could not fly?

Lady Louisa. No; I am made by nature to walk, and not to fly.

Mrs. Affable. Well! You are formed by nature, with a capacity for agreeable sciences. Here ladies generally succeed better than men. Believe me, my dear, the advantages are very equal; and, if men have some advantages we have not, women have several, which nature has

not bestowed upon them, and which they seldom possess.

Lady *Lucy*. Mrs. *Affable*, a reflection occurs to me. Hitherto I have had very wrong ideas concerning several things, and I find they are the effect of ignorance, with respect to the meaning of words, even in my own language.

Mrs. *Affable*. This is too often the case. We take in, with the language, the prejudices of our teachers, and masters, who are commonly stupid beyond imagination. One would think, that parents designedly pitch upon nurses without a grain of common sense; they are succeeded by maids, no better than the nurses; and hence it is of high importance to weigh, and examine carefully the signification, and import of words, to be sure, that they signify the object, whereof they give us an idea; otherwise we are exposed to continual mistakes. Now let us return to *Romulus*; how did he distribute the inhabitants of his new city?

Lady *Sensible*. Into two classes, the *Patricians* and the *Plebeians*, that is, the nobles, and such as were not noble. And he appointed at the same time, that the *Nobles* only should enjoy offices, and employments; that is, the dignities were reserved to the smaller number, and the greater were precluded from them, for ever.

Mrs. *Affable*. How do you reconcile this with liberty, lady *Louisa*?

Lady *Louisa*. It was unjust, but did not affect their liberty. *Romulus* obliged no one to live in *Rome*; those, who disliked this institution, were free to leave the city, and to settle elsewhere.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very right; but do you think, that parents, fathers and mothers, can bind their posterity to such disadvantageous terms? Suppose I was born two hundred years after the found-

foundation of *Rome*; my father is a *Plebeian*; I must be so of course; I am qualified for the greatest employments, and have not liberty to aspire to them. With all my fine talents, I must pass my days in inglorious obscurity, and see above me, a set of men inferior to me in merit and capacity, who can plead no merit, but being born *Patricians*. If I am not pleased, you tell me, I may go into voluntary banishment; the receipt is really incomparable. All the liberty of a *Plebeian*, is reduced to the free choice of forsaking his country, or living in a low condition, without any hopes of ever seeing it mended.

Lady *Tempest*. This can but have very bad consequences. 'Tis like two different nations settled in *Rome*, and whose interests were so much separated, that it was impossible they should have any regard to each other.

Mrs. *Affable*. *Romulus* was aware of the consequence, and thought he had found proper means, to obviate all inconveniences by allowing the *Plebeian* families, the choice of a protector or a patron, from among the *Patricians*. Those, who chose a patron, were called *clients*, and they had reciprocal ties to one another.

Lady *Sensible*. The ladies will be pleased to suppose, that twenty *Plebeian* families put themselves under the protection of a *Patrician*. He was called their *Patron*, they his *clients*. If a client had an action at law against another, the patron was to plead the cause, and recommend his client to the judges. If the client was attacked, the patron was to undertake his defence. If the patron was engaged in a cause himself, all the clients put on mourning, and accompanied their patron in a body, to shew him respect; if he put in for any employment, they gave him their votes

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and interest. They were obliged to give him their assistance on all occasions. If the patron's house was burnt down, they helped him to rebuild it; if he could not give his daughters fortunes, the clients were to raise their portions among themselves. No action was allowed between the patron and the client; nor were they suffered to appear as evidence one against the other; that is, if a patron had killed a man in presence of his client, the administrators of justice could not compel the client to depose against, and to accuse his patron. All these respective ties between patrons and their clients were sacred, and could not be violated without infamy and sacrilege; but it was free for any one to kill with impunity the person, who had broke through these obligations.

Mrs. *Affable*. Ladies, we don't learn history merely for curiosity and pastime. Our principal view is to form our moral conduct, and to better our understanding. I desire your thoughts about the means taken by *Romulus* to unite the *Patricians* and *Plebeians*. What do you think, lady *Witty*?

Lady *Witty*. I should think, that the *Plebeians* were mere slaves to the *Patricians*; and that they lost more than they got by the bargain.

Lady *Lucy*. I find but one single advantage on the *Plebeians* side. The vanity and interest of the *Patricians* consisted in having great numbers of clients; the *Plebeians* had free liberty to choose whom they pleased for their patrons; and, no doubt, but they pitched upon the person, who, they thought, had most worth, with a great share of goodness and humanity. This of course obliged the *Patricians* to the practice of these virtues in favour of the *Plebeians*, who were almost

most sure of meeting with a good treatment from their patrons, and those, who desired to have them for clients.

Lady *Witty*. That is to say, their slavery is mutual. The *Plebeians*, at the expence of their wealth and personal service, carried the protection of their patrons, who on their side, requited the attachment of their clients, by their good offices, and virtuous example.

Lady *Louisa*. Lady *Lucy* is quite right; if there was a sort of slavery, it turned out to their advantage, who were under subjection.

Mrs. *Affable*. Slavery therefore, subjection, restraint, are not always evil. The clients lost their liberty, in several respects; as for example, they were not free, to refuse assistance to their patrons. It was not in their power to plead against them, and to accuse them in a court of judicature; and this sacrifice of their liberty, this subjection was to their advantage. Let us go on, we shall find many farther proof of the truth of my opinion, and the fallhood of lady *Louisa's*, which I shall now remind you of,

A man to be said truly free, is he that stands in no want of any thing about him. Of all good things, liberty is the best.

You see, my dear, that the *Patricians* and *Plebeians* stood in mutual want of each other, and that a reciprocal dependance and connection procured them advantages, which were far greater than liberty.

Miss *Sophy*. Lady *Sensible* said, that the *Plebeians* were obliged to give their votes to the *Patricians*, their patrons, when they put up for places, or employs. I don't very well understand the meaning.

Mrs. *Affable*. For the understanding of this particular, I must explain a little more the nature of the *Roman* government. *Romulus*, having called the *Romans* together, left them the choice of a government. They pitched upon a mixt government; that is, they divided the supreme authority; and gave it to the king, the nobility and the people; you are not ignorant, ladies, that a state governed by a king, is a *Monarchy*; a state governed by nobles, is an *Aristocracy*, and that, where the people rule, is a *Democracy*. The three governments subsisted at *Rome*. Some affairs were decided immediately by the king, but, in the far greater number, he was to advise with the senate, that is, the nobles. Lastly, other things depended on the people in general, as the choice of a king, and of persons to dignities, and places. *Lady Sensible*, tell us how *Romulus* came to his end.

Lady Sensible. I said, when the *Romans* made peace with the *Sabines*, that the two were only to be one nation, and *Tatius* was to reign jointly with *Romulus*. *Tatius* was murdered about three years after; and *Romulus*, who found his authority well fixt, began to govern arbitrarily, without giving himself any uneasiness about taking advice of the senators. The senate, highly provoked, were upon means to make away with *Romulus*, which could not be compassed without great difficulty, as *Romulus* was the idol of the people. It is pretended, that they entered into a conspiracy, and dispatched *Romulus* in the senate; and to prevent a discovery, they cut him into small pieces, which they carried off, under their senatorial robes.

In the mean time, the people were greatly uneasy, that *Romulus* had disappeared; great search was made in all parts, and alarmed the senators.

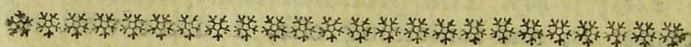
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But one of that assembly lighted on a means to stop farther inquiries. He assembled the *Romans*, and, *Romans*, said he, look no longer after *Romulus*. I saw him shining with glory; and he assured me that *Jupiter* had taken him from this earth, to place him among the gods. The people gave credit to this fable, and just about the time a *Comet* was seen, which helped the senators to impose upon the people, whom they assured this was *Romulus* himself, who was pleased to appear in this new form.

Lady *Witty*. You promised to explain what a comet is, and something else, I don't well remember. Oh! Electricity, I am sure it was.

Mrs. *Affable*. That shall be the first meeting. But now something farther we must have about the *Romans*. *Romulus*, being very prudent, considered by himself, what means were fittest to increase, and to perpetuate his new city. He had grounds to suspect, that the neighbouring cities would be jealous, and endeavour to ruin *Rome*, which made it necessary to have troops for its defence. That this should not be wanted, he determined, that every *Roman* should be a soldier, that is, obliged to carry arms till a certain age. Upon this condition, he gave every man a parcel of land. The *Romans*, when engaged in no war, were employed in husbandry; when they were attacked, they left the plough, to take up the sword. This often happened, whilst *Romulus* lived; and they were constantly victorious. Their enemies finding, that they were always worsted, begged for peace; but which *Romulus* only granted, on condition, that they would allow him such an extent, and tract of land. He then would speak to the prisoners he had made during the war, and say, if you are willing to stay with

us, you shall be citizens of *Rome*, and I will give each of you a patch of land, that shall be your property. The generality of the prisoners, who had no being in their own country, willingly accepted these terms; thus, whenever he was invaded, he acquired an increase of dominion and men; and in effect *Rome* was greatly increased before the death of *Romulus*. Farewell, ladies, the comets shall be remembered, and with them we will close the first lesson.



DIALOGUE XXIX.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

LADY *Violent*. Go on with the Book of *Tobit*.

Lady Violent. *Tobias*, and his guide were to pass through a town, where one *Raguel* lived, a friend of his father *Tobit*. *Raguel* had one only daughter named *Sarah*, very beautiful, and very rich, but withal very unhappy. She had been married seven times, but all of them were killed by the evil spirit the night, they were to have bedded. One day, that *Sarah* chid a servant maid for some fault, the maid to be revenged, reproached her with the murder of seven husbands. *Sarah* was sensibly afflicted with the reproach; but, instead of taking revenge, and correcting her servant, she retired to her apartment, and there, upon her knees, bathed in tears, she put up this prayer to God. O Lord! Thou knowest, that I never coveted a husband, and have kept my soul clean from all

con-

concupiscence. If I consented to take a husband, I did so in obedience to my father. Mean while thou punishest me severely, by leaving me exposed to the cruel reproaches of a servant. If it is thy will, that I be married, send the husband thou hast designed for me, and protect him against all attacks of the evil spirit.

God heard graciously the prayer of the distressed *Sarah*; and the angel of the Lord, who came with *Tobias*, we are, said he, arrived at the town, where *Raguel* lives, and I have a great desire to bring on a marriage between you and his daughter, the virtuous, beautiful, and wealthy *Sarah*. Your father will approve of the match, for *Raguel* is both a friend, and a relation, and the right of inheritance appertaineth to you, more than to any other, by marrying his daughter, according to the law of *Moses*. I have heard, *Tobias* replied, that she has had seven husbands, all of whom died in the marriage chamber, by means of the evil spirit.

The angel answered and said, they came to that end, because they were not worthy of her. You must know, those who have not virtuous intentions to be married, fall under the power of the devil. As soon as *Sarah* shall be your wife, you shall lock yourself up with her, in your chamber; and both of you shall spend the three first nights in prayer, without any body's privacy. You must not forget burning on the coals the liver of the fish you killed.

Tobias resolved to obey the angel's advice, and when he came to *Raguel's*, he desired his consent to marry his daughter. *Raguel* was in great concern at the proposal; he knew *Tobias* was an only and well beloved son of his parents, and he dreaded his meeting with the fate of his former

sons-in-law. However after many difficulties made, he gave him his daughter, and that night he rose, to make a grave, for a private interment of his son-in-law, supposing him dead, as the others were found. *Tobias* spent the whole night in prayer, with his bride, and in the morning *Raguel* with fear and trembling, called at their chamber, and was transported with joy, to see *Tobias* alive, and well. He pressed him to stay some time with him, but *Tobias* answered; it is impossible, he said; my father and mother reckon every moment of my absence; if I don't come back within the time appointed, they will believe some sad accident has happened.

Then the angel spoke to *Tobias*. Stay here, said he, and I will go for the money due to you, by which means your stay at *Raguel's*, will not make your journey longer. *Tobias* accepted the proposal; the angel came back with the money. *Sarab's* father and mother took leave of their daughter, gave her, and their son-in-law their blessing, with a great and rich fortune, and a promise of all they were worth, at their death.

During these transactions, *Tobias's* mother was very uneasy, she went out every day, and got upon an eminence, in hopes of discovering her son coming home; she came back discontented, and teized her husband with reproaches. At last she spied him, and was all in raptures, when she found he returned in good health.

Tobias came into the house, and first did what he was ordered by the angel. He took of the gall of the fish, he had killed, and stroaked his father's eyes. Immediately the whiteness pilled off, and the holy man recovered his sight. After *Tobias* had given an account of the many favours received from his guide, *Tobit* was at a loss, how

to make a grateful acknowledgement, and offered him half of the wealth and substance, his son had brought home.

Here the angel stopt him. I must, said he, let you know who I am. I have appeared by God's special command, as an *Israelite*, but I am the angel *Raphael*. All these days I did appear to you, but I did neither eat, nor drink, but you did see a vision. With this, he disappeared, and left the whole family overpowered in transports of joy and gratitude, to the Lord. *Tobit* lived to an extreme old age, and to see the offspring of *Tobias* and *Sarah*. Before his death, he desired his children to leave *Nineveh*, that they might not be overtaken by the punishments hanging over the heads of the sinful inhabitants.

Lady *Lucy*. How could the smell of the broiled fish's liver put evil spirits to flight? The devil is a mere spirit, how can he be affected by a good or bad smell?

Mrs. *Affable*. Your reflection is much *a-propos*, lady. But God might require this proof of *Tobias's* obedience, and reward it with the success we have heard bestowed on his fidelity. But the account I shall now give you, seems to me something probable. Take this always with you, that God, who is wisdom itself, does nothing but what serves to some good end or other. He does not multiply miracles needlessly; and the common course of nature takes place more generally, than means, which are apprehended by us, to exceed the power of created nature.

For example, where it was said that the devil had strangled seven former husbands, it may not be understood literally. Hands are necessary, which the evil spirit has not, for that work, but

Power only, with the particular permission of God.

God has sometimes permitted the devil to enter into a body, but that was not necessary here. He was at liberty to cause a distemper in the persons whom God had abandoned to his power, and the distemper, occasioned in this manner, might have all the appearances and effects, as if they had been strangled. Now very possibly, the smoak of the fish's liver broiled on the coals was a remedy to prevent the fatal consequences of that distemper; and as I have said before, we cannot be sure, that the effect was caused by means within, or above the order, and power of created nature.

Miss Frivolous. But is there any truth in the spirits having power to give us disorders, and to take away our lives. I tremble to think on't; the devil is so malicious, that, at this rate, one could not be safe a quarter of an hour.

Mrs. Affable. Surely you have not already forgot the history of the suffering *Job*? The devil covered him with ulcers from head to foot, but he had to this effect an express permission of God, without which he could not have touched a hair of his head.

Lady Lucy. I take it, that we have nothing to fear, being, as we are, under the immediate protection of God, but I would gladly know how the devil could bring on such an ulcer, even with the permission of God. Did God give him power to work a miracle?

Mrs. Affable. There was no need of any such power, my dear. The devil, who is a spirit, is of a nature far superior to ours, and if God left him at liberty to exert his malice, he could work very strange effects, by the knowledge he has of the structure of our bodies. The whole frame may be
put

put into utter confusion, by stopping or disordering one single spring. And this might be the means employed by *Satan*, against *Job*; but, ladies, we are got into a strange kind of an age, where the fashionable world all set up for wits. Many would make a jest and ridicule of me, were our conversation to get abroad; for my part, I will stick to the holy writ; whatever is there, I believe without any doubt. I find there, that the devil struck *Job*; far from calling this in question, I should look upon myself, as a mad, foolish, extravagant creature, if I suspended my belief, even for the shortest moment, of those things, which God has been pleased to reveal.

Miss Fricobus. There is another frightful thing in that story, the devil's power over those, who marry without a good intention.

Miss Zina. Pray, *Mrs. Affable*, tell us what intention a christian must have in marrying.

Mrs. Affable. Marriage must be undertaken with a deference to the will of God, who destines the greater number of mankind for that state, to have children, which are to be brought up in the fear and love of God, to give children to the church, subjects to the state, and citizens to heaven. But of this more amply hereafter, for I am resolved not to slip any one remark, that can be made, on what I have just now said.

I promised to say something of *Electricity*. It is a natural phenomenon, which the ignorant will always look upon as a miracle. Imagine, ladies, that there is upon the table a long hollow piece of glass, called a tube. Rub this with a bit of cloth, or which is better, with your hand, if it is quite dry. Put the tube near small pieces of leaf-gold, or near a peacock-feather. The leaf-gold will be seen flying about, and will at last

fix on the tube, and the feather will move to the glass, and return to its former place.

But this is nothing to what I am going to say.

If you rub the tube a little more, the leaf-gold and the feather will go up with a smart and quick motion, and touch the tube, then it will be repelled violently, and keep pendulous in the air, of themselves, without the appearance of any thing like a support. When you rub the tube in the dark, sparks appear betwixt the hand and the tube; the same happens where an iron bar, or a wet cord is placed near the tube.

If the tube be turned about by means of a wheel, and you touch the tube slightly with your fingers, there will appear sparks of fire under them, which make a noise like hair that is burning, and is also attended with a smell.

If an iron-bar is suspended horizontally by two silken strings, at a certain distance from the tube, two continued lights will appear at one end of the bar, and flashes of fire at the other. But if you place your finger within an inch of that end, a flash of fire will come and prick your finger smartly. If drops of water are thrown all along the bar, and the hand be carried along near the bar, every drop will produce a flash.

All this is very surprising, but nothing to what follows.

Stand upon a cake of rosin, and take hold of one end of the bar; your body will then have the same qualities with the iron-bar; sparks of fire will be drawn from every part that is touched, which will cause a pricking pain in yourself, and others. If with the other hand, which does not hold the bar, you put your finger into a spoonful of spirit of wine, you will set it on fire; or if you give the spoon to another, if that person has
hold

hold of you, and put his finger to the spirit, it shall burn in the same manner. And if thirty persons standing on rosin cakes, hold one another by the hand, one whereof has the bar in his hand, all of them, when and where they are touched, will likewise cast out fire.

Lady *Mary*. In good truth, Mrs. *Affable*, are not you now making game of us? Why? what you have been talking of is downright impossible.

Miss *Bella*. I believe the first part easily, for I can take up straws with a stick of sealing wax very well, and consequently the tube may draw leaf-gold or feathers.

Lady *Witty*. But have you seen the fire coming out on all sides without burning those persons; or have you only read in it some book?

Mrs. *Affable*. I have seen it, my dear, and felt it, and many other things which I could say, but must put off to another time for fear of being quite tedious.

Lady *Violent*. Oh no! Mrs. *Affable*, if that be all, pray go on, pray tell us what you have seen.

Mrs. *Affable*. If a man be placed so that his heels be near the glass globe, or the tube, and that many hold their hands above his head, his hair will stand on end, flashes of fire will come out, and form as it were, a crown of rays.

Miss *Sophy*. They should not have my head for the experiment. I am for no crown of fire.

Mrs. *Affable*. It does no harm at all, but there is another thing which is very sensible, and which I had the courage to try. And I have ventured upon the tonitruous or fulminating *spark*.

Miss *Molly*. What is that, Mrs. *Affable*? Is it like thunder?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. What is strictly called the tonitruous or fulminating spark, or flash, has a great affinity to thunder and lightening, as it has strength enough to kill several animals. I did not venture that, but something like it.

It happened in the country, and for a little sport all the servants were called up, from first to last, we all took hands, as if it were for a round dance. Chance placed me next to an overgrown country girl, who laughed heartily at the ceremony, and who could not guess, where all this hurry would end. When we were all in rank and file, the lady at the head of us touched the glass-globe with her finger. At that very instant we all felt as it were a rap on the elbows with a cudgel. My neighbour the over-grown servant maid turned about very hastily, and seeing her lady that was not far off; indeed, madam, she said, this is not at all pretty, to be called up for a drubbing bout. All that could be said was to no purpose, she would not be persuaded, but that some one of the company had struck her; and getting with her back close to the wall, she desired to have this over again. She found that she was struck in the same manner, and as she knew that no one was behind her, she concluded the *old gentleman* was at the bottom of this, and could never be brought to believe otherwise.

Lady *Lucy*. In truth, Mrs. *Affable*, the country lass was not so much out of the way. You say that you have felt, and seen all these things; I undoubtedly believe it; but at the same time, it is really extraordinary. I would give the world to know the natural causes of these prodigies.

Mrs. *Affable*. I shall the next time talk about this fulminating *spark*, and explain in the best manner I can, what a learned friend of mine has

writ,

writ, concerning the causes of these prodigies of nature. This is enough for to day. *Lady Witty* will now go on with the stories, that relate to *Cyrus*.

Lady Witty. *Cyrus* was hunting one day, when some *Indian* embassadors came to his unkle. *Cyaxares* had sent for succours to their nation; the king of *Babylon* had done the same; they like a wise and prudent people dispatched these embassadors, to be informed about the occasion of their difference, that they might support him, who had justice on his side.

Cyaxares immediately sent an express to *Cyrus*, and desired him to come with speed, and at the same time, to put on the magnificent apparel, which the messenger took with him. *Cyrus* observed, that he could not comply with those orders at once, chose that, which most suited his humour; and setting out instantly, without any loss of time in dressing, he came all in a sweat, and covered with dust. His unkle inquiring, why he had not put on the dress that came with his express, I thought *Cyrus* answered, I should shew a greater respect for you by my prompt obedience, than any magnificence in dress.

Miss Frivolous. Had I been *Cyrus*, I would have put on the fine clothes, and found good reasons for so doing. I find, *Mrs. Affable*, that we have a strong propensity to do our own will, and to follow our inclinations.

Lady Sincere. But where is the harm? Nothing is more natural.

Mrs. Affable. There occur a thousand trifles, wherein you may follow your own fancy; but a young lady of good sense, and who would be happy in the world, accustomes herself early to oppose her own inclinations, to meet with fewer difficulties, when

when the time comes, that it will be necessary to sacrifice her will and pleasure to another's. You remember the tale about *Fatal*; he was never happy, till, by dint of contradiction, he ceased to have any will of his own. Ask lady *Tempest*, what benefit she has found from being thwarted; she went home, where she had the best woman in the world for her governess, with this small fault, only that the good woman, makes her from morning to night do every thing contrary to her own will. Three years ago, lady *Tempest* would have scratched her face off, and died of vexation, to think she must be ruled by her; and now this gives her little or no uneasiness.

Lady *Sincere*. But that is detestable, to use a grown up young lady, as she is, like a child. Tell me, my dear, how could you contrive not to be quite miserable, when you are contradicted and crossed? I am sure that receipt would be of great service to me.

Lady *Tempest*. I will with Mrs. *Affable's* leave give you an account of myself, and, I tell you before hand, not much to my commendation.

To begin, I was sadly spoiled, and that very early; it was not my mother's fault; she would by her own good will, have brought me up very well; but I had an unfortunate distuxion on the eyes; and the Doctors were pleased to say, that I should lose my sight, if any one made me cry. I understood this perfectly well, and gave myself up to every whim and maggot; and now I cannot but wonder, that persons could be found patient enough to bear with me. My eldest sister suffered prodigiously by my ill temper, and I made her a martyr of patience. At last mama finding, that my eyes were cured, but pride and a cross temper continued still, took a resolution to put

put

put me in Mrs. *Affable's* hands. These ladies remember my insolent behaviour and language to her in the beginning; I heartily beg her pardon; but had it been in my power, I think, I could have killed her. She was so kind, that she made herself a match for me, and never would suffer any disrespect from me. She endeavoured to persuade me, and make me listen to reason; and then, to tell the plain truth, I was much affected with the good example of these ladies. I began to mend, but very slowly. Mrs. *Affable* commended this small amendment, as if it had been much more. She praised, caressed, and rewarded me. Insensibly, she gained my heart, and I resolved to mend for her sake, not to give her farther trouble. She afterwards made me understand, that I had greater obligations to God, than to her, and therefore must do more to please the Creator, than to please any creature. When the love of God became the motive of my actions; every thing was so easy, that I was quite astonished. God gave me daily new strength. And finding that with God's assistance, I had brought my will to desire nothing but what was reasonable, I took a resolution, by Mrs. *Affable's* advice, to take a step farther. She certainly foresaw, as I believe, the dreadful governess, into whose hands I was to fall. I began with contradicting my own inclination in indifferent matters, and am now disposed to prefer without repugnance another's will to mine.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are a very faithful historian, your account of your self is nicely exact. Follow this example, lady *Sincere*, you will find it of great service. But, lady *Tempest*, you will not find the terrible governess at home this evening; your mama is too much pleased with your behaviour,

not.

not to endeavour to do what she can to make your life easy, and has discharged her. Nothing is got by crossing young ladies in their innocent diversions; it is very proper for them to have such command over themselves, as to forego such pastimes; but it is best, when they form themselves to such good habits. This may be recommended without insisting upon it so severely. *Lady Sensible* will be pleased to go on with something relating to *Cyrus*.

Lady Sensible. *Cyrus*, after many advantages obtained against the *Babylonians* and their allies, obliged them to return to their country. *Cyaxares* judged the war to be at an end, and told his nephew he must go back to his own kingdom; *Cyrus* replied, that there was no standing still in so fair a way; that the enemy was only retired to come back with greater forces; and that, to prevent their thinking of any such expedition, it was necessary to attack them at home. This undertaking was above the reach and courage of *Cyaxares*; and he refused following his nephew's advice. That evening at supper, *Cyrus's* design was brought on board; and *Cyaxares* who according to the custom of the *Medes*, had drunk too much, gave his nephew leave to take with him all the *Median* troops that were willing to accompany him in the expedition. He gave his consent more to make a jest of *Cyrus*; than out of any other motive; because he was satisfied the officers and soldiers in the *Median* army were fonder of their lives and their ease, than of being exposed to the dangers and fatigues of such an expedition.

Cyaxares was not apprised of the esteem and affection *Cyrus* had inspired to the *Medes* in his favour; his example and his soldiers had changed them into other men. When the king's consent, came

came to be known all unanimously were for following *Cyrus*, and the troops, which he obliged to stay, were under the greatest concern.

Cyrus set out very early in the morning, and was advanced at a good distance, when his uncle awaked. Surprised to see so few about him, he asked what was become of his army; he was very angry, when he was informed what had happened, and sent off an express to his nephew to send his forces back. *Cyrus* wrote to him very respectfully, but with becoming courage, that he had his word and promise, which he could not acquit him of with honour. He marched on, entered upon the *Babylonian* dominions, and took several of their places. The soldiers under *Cyrus* avoided committing any disorder. And the gracious young prince was so humane to those he had overcome, that he intirely gained their hearts. Several great lords dissatisfied with the king of *Babylon* offered their interest and the strong places, where they commanded; but his behaviour to the princess *Penthea* was what completely determined the public in his favour, and fixed him in their esteem.

Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Violent* I know has read that story, and will relate it.

Lady *Violent*. The troops under *Cyrus* made *Penthea*, a most beautiful princess, prisoner. As he was informed the princess had a husband, he would not see her, for fear love should soften his heart. A young lord and a friend of *Cyrus* (for that prince had an advantage unknown to most monarchs) rallied *Cyrus* for mistrusting himself. How comes it, Sir, that you, who face the greatest dangers without changing your colour, tremble with fear and apprehension of seeing two beautiful eyes. I have more courage than you; how-

however beautiful a woman may be, I am not afraid she will overcome me, contrary to my inclination; and, if you will trust me with the care of the princess, I promise you to get the better of the fair enemy, who appears so dangerous to you.

Cyrus smiled at his temerity, and, to teach him an important lesson, committed the charming prisoner to his care. At first, the young lord found her extremely beautiful, was delighted with looking at her, and thought it a satisfaction, wherein he might be indulged without any consequence. But, insensibly, and without perceiving it, he grew quite enamoured with *Penthea*; ashamed of having failed in his promises to *Cyrus*, he resolved he would at least keep his love to himself, as if a person, abandoned to a violent passion, could be master of his own actions. He soon found the impossibility of executing this scheme, and, after he had laboured hard a long time to smother this inclination and keep it secret, he concluded he could not be in greater misery, than he was at present, and ventured to declare to *Penthea* the passion which she had inspired.

Penthea, who was virtuous, to the greatest degree, was much offended at this declaration; and, not to be longer exposed to addresses of this nature, wrote to *Cyrus* and complained of the audacious presumption of his favorite. *Cyrus* was not at all surpris'd, it was what he expected; he ordered an old lord of his court to tell *Penthea's* young guardian, that he was not satisfied with his conduct. The old nobleman, who was of a rough turn and austere virtue, aggravated matters so, and reproached him with such severity, that he threw him into despair.

Cyrus

Cyrus, informed of the melancholy situation of his favorite, sent for him, and very mildly represented to him, that he had only met with what his presumption deserved; he advised him to be, for the future, more circumspect from the remembrance of his fault, and he added this great truth, that those, who exposed themselves on set purpose, seldom escaped the danger. The young lord was so affected with his prince's goodness, that he threw himself at his feet, and, out of a desire of repairing the past offence, offered himself to go over to the enemy, and be a spy for *Cyrus*.

Cyrus accepted the offer; and his favorite, under a pretext of withdrawing from the displeasure of an irritated master, made his escape to the king of *Babylon's* court, who gave him a handsome reception, as he thought him dissatisfied with *Cyrus*.

Meanwhile *Adrastus* hearing, that the regard, which *Cyrus* shewed to his *Penthea*, had alienated a faithful servant from him, thought himself obliged to make up that loss, and came with a considerable body of troops to offer his service to that Prince. Within a few days, a great battle was fought; and *Penthea* helping her husband on with neat quilted armour, which she had wrought with her own hands; this, said she, is an opportunity to pay the obligations you have to my generous guardian. He has respected me as a sister, and guarded me, as a sacred deposit: convince him by your behaviour in fighting for his service, that we are not unworthy of the kind regard he has had for us.

As *Penthea* said these last words, she could not hold her tears, as if she had a presentiment, that they were the last, she should ever speak to her husband. In effect, she never saw him after.

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He fought with courage and deserved to be admired by *Cyrus*, for he had not contributed a little to the victory that was obtained, and there lost his life. *Cyrus* bestowed his tears on that brave person, and sent his remains to the unfortunate *Penthea* and ordered a pompous funeral. The faithful *Penthea* washed with her own hands the wounds of her beloved husband; and her grief rose to that degree, that she expired in paying this last and sorrowful duty to *Adrastus*. The Prince of *Persia*, having no other way to shew his gratitude and esteem, commanded a magnificent *Mausoleum* to be erected, where he deposited their ashes.

Mrs. Affable. There is not a single circumstance in this story, which does not offer very proper and useful reflections. What are yours, *Lady Louisa*?

Lady Louisa. I am not unlike *Cyrus's* favorite; I think myself invincible, and have often laughed at those, who, with more sense than I have, always tremble at the least appearance of danger. I thought the honour of our sex required more courage, and true virtue was that, which had been tried in the occasion.

Mrs. Affable. 'Tis true, madam, but take notice, that you must not venture into the occasion. I will dwell longer upon this article; it is of the greatest consequence. Do you know the difference I make between the modestest and the loosest woman? What do you say, miss *Friivolous*?

Miss Friivolous. The first is well inclined, and the second's inclinations are not corrected by education.

Lady Lucy. For my part, I am of opinion, that one has more religion, and the other none.

Mrs. Affable. And I am very sure, that these are only distant causes of the virtue or irregularity of women. Put all the *Lucretia's* in the universe together,

together, let their inclination to virtue be never so great, I maintain, that they cannot persevere, if they expose themselves to the occasion. Lady *Louisa* pretends, out of respect to the ladies, that they are to be supposed more steady and resolute; she little knows the sort of courage requisite in the war, that is to be waged against dangerous passions. *Cyrus* behaved like a hero, when he declined the engagement; he knew, the only way to overcome was to fly. But it must be also owned, that lady *Lucy* is very right, when she says, that a great fund of religion secures the virtue of women in as much, as it recommends the avoiding dangerous occasions.

Lady Louisa. Here is something, that bears very hard upon my pride; you must have, I think, an extreme bad opinion of women's virtue.

Mrs. Affable. Not at all, my dear, I esteem them in general; but I judge like a geometer, and a philosopher. I weigh, on one side, the power of human virtue, and on the other, the principle of corruption, whereby original sin has infected our hearts; and I find already, that the scale inclines horribly to vice. It is true, I am not left without help. I can throw into the scale, that rises, the divine assistance, which we have grace to obtain by fervent prayers, and a watchful attention over ourselves. This, indeed, put into the scale opposite to corruption, may prevail; but if, by the greatest of misfortunes you add, to the weight of corruption, dangerous occasions, to which you freely expose yourselves, you will certainly fall; you are morally sure to fall: and if you escape with virtue in such occasions, I shall think it a greater miracle, than the preservation of the three children in the burning furnace.

Lady *Lucy*. But what is understood by those dangerous occasions, where we must certainly fall, if we expose ourselves willingly to them? To avoid, we should know them.

Mrs. *Affable*. Occasions are twofold, some remote, and others, which I may call more immediate occasions, and near to sin. The more remote, or distant occasions, are sloth, which makes us fond of dissipation, shews, balls, assemblies, reading romances and amours. The more immediate occasions, and disposing nearly to sin, are immodest plays, bad books, as for example, the letters of *Ninon l'Enclos*, which I have seen at the house of one among you ladies, that shall be nameless; a ball, where you are to meet a gentleman, whose company you affect, preferably to others; a loose and irregular female friend, too free in her discourse, and unreserved in her conduct; company, where chaste ears are offended by indecent discourse.

Be pleased to observe, that you cannot under a grievous offence, venture into these more immediate occasions, though you should not sin, because it is really tempting God.

Miss *Molly*. What does that mean, Mrs. *Affable*, tempting God?

Mrs. *Affable*. Tempting God, is asking a miracle without necessity. We suppose, that you say thus to yourself, Jesus Christ has declared, that if we have faith, we can remove mountains. It is as easy for me to live without food, as to remove mountains; and I will begin and live without eating.

You see clearly, that in this case, you would expect a miracle without necessity, and merely out of curiosity. Now to expose yourself to an immediate, or very near occasion of sin, and to
think,

think, that God will save you from falling, is to depend upon a miracle being wrought in your favour. Had you not sought the occasion, it would be another matter; you might then promise yourself the divine assistance, but not otherwise.

Lady *Lucy*. Alas! Mrs. *Affable*, when we rise in a morning, we ought to think ourselves in the condition of a person, who has a great forest to travel through, and infinitely dangerous.

The idea strikes me much, Mrs. *Affable*; give me leave to represent it, as it appears to me. I imagine a wood cut into many delicious green walks, enamelled with flowers, and tables, on both sides the walks, decked and served up with a delicious variety of all that is agreeable. I am eager to enter into this agreeable and delightful place, and am stopt by a charitable personage, I really pity your fate, says he: you must of necessity pass through this forest

But, I reply, why do you think this necessity so terrible and dreadful? The forest appears so full of delight, that I am in haste to get in.

One may see, says the charitable stranger, that you are a stranger to the country. That fine green turf covers many precipices, which you cannot avoid, unless you go very slow, and examine carefully the ground you step on. The fine dishes, which cover the tables, are so infected with a subtle poison, that the steam is enough to poison those that pass by. One side of the forest is full of thieves and murderers, who delight in decoying the travellers, and murdering them inhumanly. They are ready to offer you their assistance, they will pretend to be your guides, and tell you they dwell in charming palaces, where you will find infinite pleasures. Their

figure imposes upon strangers, their behaviour is easy, their conversation bewitching; they are sure to please you, as you are to be lost, if you hearken to them. On the other side the forest is full of wild beasts; *Africa* is not so crowded with monsters; and you are in danger of being a prey to them.

This is the idea, ladies, which strikes me. This is the forest, I am to travel through, till life is at an end; I shudder at the thought.

Lady Louisa. The prospect is so dreadful, that to be out of these dangers, the only means, we have, is to retire within four walls in some remote solitude.

Mrs. Affable. You cannot be under too great apprehensions and dread, my dear; this fear is salutary; but remember, that you cannot avoid going through the forest. The way to the mansion of your heavenly father lies through it; infinite glory will meet you at the end, and will recompense the labours, you have undergone in this laborious and painful course.

I now resume lady *Lucy's* allegory, which I admire; her heart is full of what she has said; it is the language of her heart; and therefore it has affected you; for the heart, they say, moves that other, to which it speaks.

Let every one suppose herself the person obliged to go through this forest; what would you do? Tell me, Miss *Zina*; you are to begin your journey very soon; the danger is near at hand.

Miss Zina. The first thing I should do, I think, would be to take advice from the charitable stranger, and be directed by him in avoiding the dangerous places.

Mrs. Affable. So you would not give yourself up to mirth and dissipation?

Miss *Zina*. On the contrary, I should be under the greatest terror, and would use my best endeavours to drive away all uselefs ideas, and to give all my attention to his good counsel.

Mrs *Affable*. In my opinion, he would advise you to be very circumspect in every step, to stop your nose and ears, neither to be allured by the smell of the meat, nor seduced by the discourses of those wicked persons, he had described. I am moreover persuaded, he would provide you with arms to keep off the monsters, that swarm in the forest, and that, with those weapons, you would be enabled to make your way happily through this dangerous stage.

Lady *Lucy*. So that, to avoid the dangers, that frighten me, I must be taken up with the thought, where I may with safety set down my feet, that is, the places whither I may go with safety, and those, which I am to avoid. I must keep away not only from the precipices, which are the more immediate and direct occasions of sin, but I must also keep from the edges, for fear of the ground shrinking away under me, which will be eschewing the more distant occasions. I will also stop my ears, that is, I will keep an exact guard over my senses, and use the arms put into my hands, which are, as I take it, the grace of God, prayer, confidence in his mercy, and a great mistrust of my own weakness.

Mrs *Affable*. With these precautions you may travel in all security; my dearest, I take upon me to insure the success of the journey, and dispense with lady *Louisa's* confinement to a prison.

Miss *Zina*. I shall be no longer surpris'd with what I have heard, that in *France*, and other countries, many young persons get into convents;

these reflexions are quite calculated for retreats of this nature.

Mrs. *Affable*. It happens but too often, that they take the world with them into those convents, where, in this case, far from finding a refuge, they meet with many more dangers, than in the terrible forest, just described.

Lady *Louisa*. I can't conceive, how any can have the courage to confine themselves for life. I would chuse a house separated from the world, without being engaged for ever. That would be an honourable retreat for young women of a small fortune, or for others, who chuse to retire from the *grand monde*.

Mrs. *Affable*. My lord R., who you, know, is one of the wealthiest peers in *Ireland*, had the same thought. In his travels, he saw such a house, as you desire, in *Denmark*, and was so affected with the advantages the public received from this institution, that he made a will, whereby he left all his estate for such a foundation, if he happened to die, before he was married. He is married, and has children; but it is to be hoped, that God will inspire some rich person, with the same design. I have heard, that they have several such houses in *Holland*; where pious young women, widows, and well behaved persons, may retire.

Lady *Tempest*. Has not the story of *Penthea* suggested some other reflexion?

Lady *Tempest*. Yes, Mrs. *Affable*. It has occurred to me, that the person, who corrects harshly, does more harm than good to the person corrected.

Miss *Zina*. And I thought, that princess was very courageous to exhort her husband to do his duty, with the hazard of his life.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is true courage, and real love. It determines us to sacrifice all to our duty. No one, in effect, can charge *Penthea* with indifference to her husband, since she died of grief for losing him; tho' she chose to hazard a life extremely valuable to her, rather, than he should be wanting in point of courage and gratitude to his benefactor.

What ails you, lady *Witty*? you cry, my dear friend.

Lady *Witty*. Nothing at all, Mrs. *Affable*. I beg you will not take any notice of it; I will tell you after the lesson is over.

Mrs. *Affable*. I beg you will, my dear; for you give me a good deal of concern. Lady *Sensible* will tell us another story of *Cyrus*, which will put an end to the lesson.

Lady *Sensible*. The fame of *Cyrus's* exploits, being spread abroad, raised *Cyaxares* to an excess of jealousy. He thought, and not without some reason, that his officers and soldiers must despise him, when they compared the uncle and the nephew. The last returned into *Media*, and as soon as he saw his uncle, made all haste to embrace him. *Cyaxares* turned his head, and looked another way to avoid his nephew's endearments. This alarmed all present, and, in general, it was thought, this would come to a rupture between them. It would certainly have happened, but for the prudence of the latter, who earnestly begged his uncle to allow him a private conference. When they were alone, *Cyrus* represented to him, that all his past labours were only for his glory, and safety; and that he brought him back troops, that had the greatest affection, and respect for his person; in short, he spoke so modestly, and with that deference, that all jealousy was at an

end. They came back to the army with so much content and satisfaction in their looks, that the soldiers received them with the most joyful acclamations; and all the *Medes*, as they had been directed by *Cyrus*, took their place about their king, who discovered in their respect, that *Cyrus* had only inspired to them the greatest attachment to his person. At the same time, all that was most valuable in the booty taken from the enemies was brought out, and the conqueror had ordered it should be laid up for his uncle. The king of the *Medes* found fault with himself, for harbouring these unjust suspicions; and to make amends offered his daughter, who was his only child and heir, to *Cyrus*, who notwithstanding the great advantages, that would accrue from this marriage, would not consent to it, unless his parents approved the proposal.

Lady Mary. *Cyaxares* was but a mean character, to veer about so, like a weathercock.

Mrs. Affable. You judge well, my dear. Jealousy is a certain sign of a low, pitiful spirit.

Miss Molly. I am at this present very jealous myself, *Mrs. Affable.* It is but half a year, since my younger sister has begun to learn on the harpsichord; and she plays better than I do, that have been two years at it. I hate her upon that account.

Mrs. Affable. As if it was her fault to have a better disposition, or more application to music, than you have? That is really unjust, you must own. You put me in mind of a most sad thing, that happened some years ago, and which you shall hear the first time we meet. Adieu, ladies. *Lady Witty*, you will be pleased to stay a little longer.

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DIALOGUE XXX.

MRS. AFFABLE, Lady WITTY.

Lady WITTY.

I Can hardly speak, Mrs. *Affable*, I was like to have died with checking my tears. I have something very terrible to say; you will despise me, and hate me, I am sure on't.

Mrs. *Affable*. Dear lady, you think me very unjust; have you forgot, that I am your friend?

Lady *Witty*. No, Mrs. *Affable*, I know, that you have a real kindness for me, and I am under so much more trouble on that account. You will think, that I have not reposed that confidence in you, which I ought; tho' indeed the reason I had for not speaking to you sooner, was, that I had been expressly forbid.

Mrs. *Affable*. And who should forbid you? Had it been my lady, you must not disobey your mother on any account.

Lady *Witty*. No, Mrs. *Affable*. It was lady *Mischief*. You know, that, for some time past, we go into the country every saturday, and stay there till monday evening; she was the fondest of me, that could be; and I took her to be the best friend I had in the world. I must own, I was very stupid. I had very good reasons to think she was no friend; but I dare not tell you why.

Mrs. *Affable*. What should hinder you my dear? In the first place, you may depend upon the strictest secrecy.

Lady Witty. I do not mistrust your keeping my secret; but it reflects injuriously upon Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. Affable. Is that all, my dear? Have a good heart, and make yourself perfectly easy. Speak your mind, as, if what you have said regarded somebody else.

Lady Witty. One reason, I had to suspect lady *Mischief* not being my friend, was, that she endeavoured all she could, to put me out of conceit with you; she was ever telling me, that you was an old cross woman, who, being past pleasure, would not allow any to others; she said farther, that, as you was not a person of noble birth, and had never lived in the great world, you could not be a judge of the behaviour, that became young ladies of rank; in short, she said a thousand things more, which I can assure you, I never believed.

We have always a great deal of company in the country; and as the gentlemen are very polite, they always say the most civil and agreeable things to me. I began to suspect, that my new friend and acquaintance looked upon these civilities with some jealousy; for, as she is very ugly, no one makes her any compliments. I let her see what I thought on the matter; upon this, she kissed me, and told me, that, as I was both younger and prettier, than she was, it could not be wondered, that I had the preference; but, said she, to shew you that I am not jealous.

I have a cousin, a most amiable person, who dotes on me, as ugly as I am; for my part I don't love him; and another gentleman has my heart. But, for all that, I am greatly pleased with being loved by the other. It flatters my vanity, and, besides, he is so good humoured, and

complaisant. All his endeavours are to please me, and he makes me presents of all the trifles, I can wish. A lover of this temper, you see, is not to be slighted; and yet, I will make him over to you; I have desired him to be here to morrow; you are a charmer; he must love you, as soon as he sees you; I shall lose him; but, if you have him, that is comfort enough.

I own, Mrs. *Affable*. I was not a little pleased with my friends favorable account of my beauty; I was however shock't with her entertaining two lovers, and asked her, if her mother knew it.

That is a good one with all my heart, answered my friend. Can you think me so stupid, as to let this come to her knowledge? But, now I think on't, won't you go and declare this to your Mrs. *Affable*? I can tell you, I shall never forgive you, and will cease being your friend, unless you promise faithfully never to speak the least word about it to her.

I should not have made her this promise, but I was so apprehensive of forfeiting her friendship, that I came into her terms. Can you forgive me, Mrs. *Affable*?

Mrs. *Affable*. Yes, very freely, dear lady. Every fault, that is owned, is forgiven; but go on.

Lady *Witty*. I continued, and told my friend, that I always looked upon it as very dangerous, to listen to men, unless they came with honorable proposals.

Hark'e, said she, I love thee and will make thee happy. There is not a greater pleasure in the world, than numbers of adorers; there's no harm in it; one hears them talk, and that's all. Promise me now to love my cousin; if thou likest him.

To what purpose would it be, said I? He must also please papa and mama; without that they never will give their approbation of such a marriage; and, I am sure, I never will marry without their consent.

Then lady *Mischief*, to encourage me, fell upon all her adventures. She has already had five lovers; and told me, she would go on changing, till she could light upon a proper person to be her husband.

Mrs. *Affable*. Indeed, she bids fair for waiting a long time. Young women of that stamp are too despicable, and too much contemned ever to find husbands. Good God! dear child! into what sad hands are you fallen! But continue your account. Did the cousin come?

Lady *Witty*. Yes, Mrs. *Affable*; and a charming young person he is; but that was not the motive I had to love him; 'twas my wretched pride. He praised me so much; and I am so fond of praise, that I loved him, I thought, out of gratitude.

Mrs. *Affable*. Did you tell him so, my dear?

Lady *Witty*. No, Mrs. *Affable*. But my friend did; and I had not the courage to disown her; I even went so far, as to tell him, that he would please me much, if he would make a proposal to my parents.

Mrs. *Affable*. What was his answer?

Lady *Witty*. That he would do it with pleasure, but that he must wait some time; that he had no fortune, and he hoped to prevail with a rich uncle to do something for him. He was very earnest with me not to mention it to any one; it would hinder him seeing me any more; and got a promise from me, to give him now and then the meeting at lady *Mischief*'s. I was there yesterday morning; she had the other lover with her; and,

as we were in her apartment, she pretended she had something to say in private to that other gentleman, and hoped, I would have patience to wait a moment for her. But I would not stay in the room with this cousin of her's; and away came I, I longed to inform you of all, that had passed; but durst not, for the promise I had made. But, when lady *Lucy* spoke of that terrible forest, I thought she spoke purposely upon my account. Those agreeable murderers, I imagined, were my friend and that gentleman. What do you think, Mrs. *Affable*?

Mrs. *Affable*. Let me embrace you, my dear; and let us give God thanks for the favour he has shewn you. You stood on the brink of a precipice, my poor dear child; for, after all, if these things should be known in the world, your character would be lost. Can you conceive, how dreadful the loss of reputation is, at your age, at sixteen, to be pointed at, to be a topic of conversation, and the subject of ballads?

Lady *Witty*. Should it happen, I must die of grief. But, as no one knows it, but my friend and you, it can never be publicly known.

Mrs. *Affable*. How can you call that infamous creature, your friend? She will be the very first to publish it, unless you will follow my advice in this matter.

Lady *Witty*. You need only command, Mrs. *Affable*; I am so sorry for my imprudence, that I will submit to every means, you shall propose for repairing past mistakes.

Mrs. *Affable*. I hope you will, dear lady. The first thing, you have to do, it to declare the whole matter to my lady.

Lady *Witty*. O, good God! if ever she know it, she never will look on me more.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are mistaken, my dear; you have certainly been very imprudent; and this will trouble her ladyship extremely; but she will take your confidence in good part, and will be pleased with your giving her timely notice. But, suppose she should chide you, which I don't apprehend, have not you deserved it; and is it not very proper you should undergo some penance for this fault? Remember, miss, *Friivolous*. She had no reason to repent the confidence, she reposed in her father.

Lady *Witty*. But, suppose she should forbid that young gentleman ever seeing me, because he has no fortune?

Mrs. *Affable*. His want of honour, and not of fortune, will be the reason to forbid him.

Lady *Witty*. You will have it, that I excuse him, because I love him. No, Mrs. *Affable*, I assure you, it is only to give him his due. He has a great deal of worth; and that is the grounds, on which my inclination rests. Lady *Mischief* has entertained me with an infinity of good things, he has done; he is very charitable; and, in the country, he gave great alms to the poor.

Mrs. *Affable*. And, if I convince you, that he is a knave, will you still love him?

Lady *Witty*. No, on the contrary, I will hate him and despise him.

Mrs. *Affable*. Don't you see plainly, that he is engaged in a plot with your unworthy friend to ruin you? Open your eyes to see the disastrous consequences of their conspiracy. All the world knows, that you will be extremely rich. Your lover is, and always will be a beggar; what he says of his uncle is a tale of a tub, trump up to gain time, and which time he will make use of, to dishonour you, and force your friends to come
into

into this match. He would have continued, as long as possible, meeting you privately; he would have engaged you to write to him; and, when he thought you was quite enamoured, he would have procured his intrigue with you to be made public, shewn your letters, and contrived matters so well, that you must have been the whole town-talk, and by that means not one man of honour would ever have thought of you: Then your afflicted parents must of necessity have consented to the unhappy match, and perhaps died of grief. This the recompense of the care, they have had in your education, this the grateful return for the tenderness, which you have always found from the kindest of parents? Had he been a man of worth and honour, instead of coming into lady *Mischief's* scheme, he would have warned them of the danger you was exposed to, in his shameful cousin's company; that would have been an instance of honour and affection, and might have interested, in his favour, both my lord and my lady, who value virtue more, than all the wealth of the Indies.

Lady Witty. Say no more, Mrs. *Affable.* My eyes are open; that gentleman and his cosen are monsters, I am determined never to see again; and, this very day, my mother shall know all.

Mrs. Affable. You must besides, but, with my lady's leave, write a thundering letter to lady *Mischief*, and tell her that you were so scandalized at her offering to leave you alone with that gentleman, that you immediately acquainted my lady your mother with it, and begged as a favour of her ladyship never to let her come within her doors. Farewell, my dear, and prosper; make haste, and put your good resolutions into execution; above all things, remember to thank God, who
in

in his goodness has been graciously pleased to stop you on the brink of ruin.



DIALOGUE XXXI.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

WE have, I think, gone through all that relates to *Romulus*. *Lady Sensible*, tell us, who was his successor.

Lady Sensible. After the death of *Romulus*, great differences arose at *Rome*; the *Romans* and *Sabines* each pretended to have a king of their nation. In the end the *Romans* elected *Numa Pompilius*. He was a *Sabine*, who lived retired in the country, and only accepted the crown, because, he was told, it was in his power to do much good in that high station. He made it his study to soften the manners of the *Romans*, by teaching them to respect religion. He ordered a temple to be erected in honour of *Janus*. This *Janus* formerly reigned in *Italy*, and his subjects were so happy, that the poets feigned, that, when *Saturn* was banished heaven by his son *Jupiter*, he retired into this prince's dominions, and brought with him the golden age, as it was called. As this prince was extremely noted for prudence, he was represented with two faces, to signify, that he did not forget the past, and that he looked forward to the things, that were to come. *January* for the same reason took its name from *Janus* with a respect to the past, and to the following year. *Janus's* temple was to be kept shut in time of peace, and continued so during *Numa's* reign, which lasted forty three years.

Miss

Miss Bella. The other day, a gentleman was saying, that he would erect a statue for the person, who could shut the temple of *Janus*. I did not understand it then; now I do. He meant the man, that could bring about a peace.

Mrs. Affable. Yes, my dear, and I would say the same. Please to go on, lady *Sensible*.

Lady Sensible. *Tullus Hostilius* succeeded *Numa*, and opened the temple of *Janus* on the following occasion.

Rome, increasing in power, pretended to carry it above *Alba*, its mother city. Whilst the two armies were in sight, and on the point of engaging, some persons of both nations, with a view to spare the effusion of blood, proposed a choice to be made of three persons on each side to represent their respective nations, and agreed, that the city, whose champions should get the better, should command the other.

The terms were accepted. The field of battle pitched upon was a spot of ground, between the two armies, and railed out. The *Romans* chose three brothers, called *Horatij*, to fight their cause; the *Latins* left theirs to three brothers, called *Curiatii*. At the first onset, two of the *Horatij* were slain, but the three *Curiatii* were wounded; and the remaining *Horatius* was unhurt. Notwithstanding this advantage, he thought he could not undertake by himself to kill three men, who fought like *desperadoes*; upon which he had recourse to craft, and pretended to fly. The *Latins*, seeing this, filled the air with joyful and loud cries, whilst the camp of the *Romans* was under consternation. Mean while, the *Curiatii* pursued their enemy; but as they were not disabled alike, they could not keep together, and were soon separated. This was what *Horatius* hoped for. He then

then faced about, and killed them one after another. He immediately stript them, to adorn himself with their spoils, after the custom of those times. Among other things, was a very rich sash, which his sister had embroidered for one of the *Curiatij*, to whom she was betrothed. When the conqueror entered *Rome*, deck't out with this sash, his sister, who was apprised of the death of her lover, by the sash she had worked, was overcome with grief, and loaded her brother with reproaches: *Horatius* stung to the quick with his sister's insensibility to the interest and glory of his country, and carried away by a rough and brutish zeal, run his sister through with his sword, and said, if thou valuest thy lover, more than thy country, and thy brothers, this will send thee to him. All were struck with horror, at this barbarous action; he was seized and carried before *Tullus Hostilius*, who, as he desired to save *Horatius*, left the cause to the people of *Rome*. The father pleaded for the son, and, with ease, moved the people to compassion, and obtained his pardon.

Miss Frivolous. I could not have pardoned this inhumanity; his poor sister would have reproached her lover, had he appeared before her in the spoils of her brother.

Mrs. Affable. Very likely; one is more sorry for the distressed, than those in prosperity. Go on, lady *Sensible*.

Lady Sensible. *Alba* was obliged by this victory to yield the superiority to *Rome*, and *Tullus* pretended, that twenty five *Latin* colonies should follow the example of their capital. This occasioned new quarrels and wars, wherein the *Romans* were always successful: in a very little time *Alba* took measures to shake off her subjection to *Rome*; and *Tullus*, being informed of their design, destroyed that

that city and carried off the inhabitants to *Rome*. This king is supposed to have been killed with lightning.

Ancus Marcius succeeded. He united in his person, all the warlike qualities of *Romulus* with the pacific and religious virtues of *Numa*. His neighbours imagined, that a man, who professed so much religion, must want courage; but he convinced them, that, tho' he loved peace, he understood the art of war, and always came off with advantage, whenever he was attacked.

There was at that time, in *Hebruria*, now called *Tuscany*, a man of great talents, but in little esteem with his neighbours. His wife *Tanaquil*, said to him one day, why do you loiter here? go and settle at *Rome*, where all strangers, who have any merit, are respected. *Tarquin* took his wife's advice. It was pretended, that when he came near *Rome*, an Eagle took off his hat and after flying up very high, came and set it again upon his head. *Tanaquil*, who pretended great skill in auguries or foretokens, told him he was to reign in the city, into which he was entering. *Tarquin* was persuaded of the truth of his wife's prediction, and immediately took proper measures to arrive at the throne, which he would never have thought on, without this, his wife's prophecy.

He set out with great professions of worth and honour, which endeared him to the people. The report of his behaviour reached the king, who desired to be farther acquainted with him, and, seeing his capacity, made him his confidant. *Tarquin* acted the part of an honest man so naturally, that the well meaning *Marcus* was deceived, and at his death, left him guardian to his two sons. *Tarquin* made a very ungracious return for the trust reposed in him by his benefactor; he engaged his pu-

pupils in a party of pleasure to go a hunting; and whilst they were at this diversion he convened the people, and prevailed upon them to recognize him as their king.

Miss *Sophy*. What can be the meaning of that science and knowledge of auguries. The *Romans* and almost all nations were very superstitious in those days. They pretended to foretell what would happen by things, which lay open to every man's sight. If a bird flew more to the right or left; if the heart or the liver of a beast offered as a victim was found, if nothing extraordinary appeared in the entrails, they concluded several future events, and formed their predictions.

Lady *Louisa*. But in process of time, the *Romans* grew learned; and then, I suppose, they saw the folly of auguries.

Mrs. *Affable*. I believe, there were always men of sense, who made a jest of this science; but they had not courage to declare their minds, for the reason I am about to tell you.

Be pleased to remember, that the people had some authority at *Rome*; and, in time, it increased, to that degree, that there was a kind of continual contest between the *Patricians* and the *Plebeians*. The senate's determination, in any point, was a sufficient motive for the people, to oppose the senate. This imperious people, had a great veneration for the religious laws and rites, established by *Numa*; the *Auguries* were no inconsiderable part of his institutions, and were intirely in the hands of the *Patricians*, who only were qualified to be *Augurs*, or sooth-sayers. So, that this was a sure means to bring in the people, and to make them conform to the resolutions of the senate. Let us suppose, that the people of *Rome* were for
a war,

a war, and the senate for a peace; they examin'd the entrails of victims, or beasts sacrificed; and very gravely reported to the people, that the signs, or presages, were not at all favourable; if they engaged in battle, they should certainly be routed. This sufficed for the *Romans*, to lay aside expeditions, which they had shewn the greatest eagerness and desire to undertake. You see very plainly, that it was the interest of their nobility, to maintain and encourage superstition, as a means to secure the people's obedience.

Miss *Bella*. For all that, you see *Tanaquil's* prediction proved true.

Miss *Rural*. When *Tanaquil* foretold any thing, she was extremely desirous it should happen; she also knew very well, that she could take very proper measures to compass her wishes, as the ladies will see in the case of *Servius*.

Miss *Friivolous*. I own, Mrs. *Affable*, that, among many silly fancies I have, this should be one, to know beforehand, all that is to happen; if God left any favours to my choice, I would beg to know all the future events of my life.

Mrs. *Affable*. What would you be the better? You would only have the advantage of fretting, and being under continual vexations, and dread of the cross accidents of life, that you had to go through?

Miss *Friivolous*. But could not I prevent, what I foresaw.

Mrs. *Affable*. In answer, I shall give you a little tale taken out of the French *Magazine*. There was a man, as mad as yourself, in this way. A fairy told him, that every first day of the month he should know all that was to happen to him in the course of it. Mightily satisfied he was; but the satisfaction was not long lived, he

understood on the first day of the year, that he was in danger of breaking both legs and arms, and going mad, into the bargain.

God be praised, said he; since I know it, surely I can guard against the misfortune. I need only keep my bed all *January* long, at least, I shall save my arms and legs. There he lay, and being a shopkeeper, left the care of the shop to his wife and children, and nothing in the world could have got him out of bed. But, one blest day in the morning, being alone in his chamber, the ceiling fell in, and he was near being crushed to death with the ruins. He was so affected, that he fairly went mad, and continued so, that whole year. Being come again to himself, by dint of physic, he had a visit from the fairy, who had bestowed on him this gracious gift. Very angry he was, and cast the whole blame upon her, and to her he imputed all his misfortunes. Impute them, says she, to your foolish curiosity; your wise precautions brought this upon you. Had you been, where you should, that is, in your shop, the ruins of your room would not have done you more harm, than they did to your wife and children. This should teach you, friend, that those, who would know what is to come and guard against accidents, draw misfortunes upon themselves by their wisdom and precaution, which otherwise would not have come to pass.

Miss Bella. It appears very odd to me, that an eagle shall take off a man's hat, and after a while set it again upon his head. I don't think it natural.

Mrs. Affable. And, in effect, it is not. But one must not give absolute credit to the *Romans*, nor the *Grecians*, in these particular events, unless they were very public. Here, for example, there was

no witnesses, but *Tarquin* and his wife, and perhaps a few slaves, who absolutely depended of them, and durst not say to the contrary. A bird of prey could possibly take off *Tarquin's* hat, and, not finding it eatable, let it drop. *Tanaquil*, who made the most of every thing, might embellish the story, and, when she was placed upon the throne, the *Romans* had the good manners to take her word. Generally speaking, ladies, a fact is not to be so easily credited, when it rests upon the authority of persons, who have an interest in advancing a false story, more especially, if they are not persons of strict honour. In such cases you may be a *Pyrrhonian*, or sceptic.

Lady *Violent*. What is it to be a *Pyrrhonian*?

Mrs. *Affable*. *Pyrrho* was an ancient philosopher, who being fully convinced, that our senses, for the most part, impose upon us, took it into his head, to doubt of all things.

Miss *Bella*. Are we deceived by our senses? I have, I think, exceeding good eyes.

Mrs. *Affable*. Not so good, as you imagine. If you stood upon a high rock, I should not appear taller, than your arm is long. Your eyes would deceive you, if you had nothing but the eye to judge by; but reason rectifies that defect, and shews, that the distance is the cause of my seeming so little.

Lady *Lucy*. You are a *Pyrrhonian*, Mrs. *Affable*; you will believe nothing, unless it be proved.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is a demonstration, I am no *Pyrrhonian*; for he believed, that nothing could be proved. He denied nothing; and he would only say, *it was possible, perhaps it was so*. The *Pyrrhonians* have been humorously burlesked in one of our plays. *Harlequin* waits upon a *Pyrrhonian* philosopher, to take his advice; the philosopher

sopher continually answers with a *perhaps*, and does so by principle, thinking it a wise part, because our senses deceive us; and we frequently imagine, that we see, hear, and perceive things, which really are not. *Harlequin*, who grows out of all patience with this stuff, falls heartily on board the philosopher, and gives him a sound drubbing. The philosopher was strongly inclined to believe, he had been beaten, and expostulated with *Harlequin*, who answered with great composure, *perhaps so, perhaps not*. What, said the philosopher, do you make a fool of me? I am very sure, I felt the application of your cudgel. But pray, says *Harlequin*, don't you know, that our senses misinform us? You imagine, that you have been cudgelled; for my part, according to your doctrine, I cannot see any thing in the matter, that can be depended upon with certainty.

Lady *Lucy* I take that, to be the best method, to refute those wise gentlemen; one must keep a mean between stupid credulity and ridiculous prepossession. But, Mrs. *Affable*, give me leave to observe upon what you lately said. You advise us, to examine strictly into extraordinary facts, when they have only such witnesses, as have some interest in their relations obtaining credit. May not it be said, that the apostles were the only witnesses of *Jesus Christ's* resurrection? This was a singular event; and it was their interest to have it believed.

Mrs. *Affable*. And it is very allowable to inquire into the truth of it; the first christians must have been great noddies to believe the apostles on their bare word. We will examine the proofs, when we go through the evangelical history; the proofs are clearer, than the sun.

We

We have only one or two stories of the Old Testament left, which, if you please, we will conclude to day. *Lady Violent*, tell us that of *Darius's* God.

Lady Violent. *Darius Cyaxares* asked *Daniel*, why he did not worship his God. I only worship the living God, answered *Daniel*. I can assure thee, said *Darius*, that mine is a living God, and stands me in prodigious sums to keep him so. I order large tables, that are in his temple, to be covered every evening with meat; and, in the morning, not a scrap is to be seen, tho' the temple-gates are safely lock't.

Daniel loved his master *Darius*, and was sensibly affected with his infatuation, but withal offered to prove, if the king would give him leave, that his priests were impostors. *Cyaxares* consented, and, having sent in the usual provisions for his God's supper, ordered the gates to be lock't, and sealed them up with his own signet. Now *Daniel* had commanded his servants to bring ashes, and those they strewed throughout all the temple, whereby he made no doubt of discovering the imposture. The next morning *Darius* repaired with *Daniel* to the temple, and was in great delight, when he found the seal had not been taken off. But *Daniel* stopt him at the entrance of the temple, and desired him to observe very particularly the ashes, that had been strewed the day before in his presence. *Darius* looking with attention took notice of several plain footsteps of men, women, and children left in the ashes. The king was in the greatest surprisè; he took up the priests, their wives and children, who shewed him their private subterraneous passage into the temple, which they made use of with all their families to go and feast at the king's charges.

Darius ordered the impostors to be punished with death, but he was a person of such weak judgment, that he never could get the better of his folly. He had the weakness to worship a monstrous overgrown serpent, and would gladly have persuaded *Daniel*, that it was a God. I am stronger and more powerful, than he, said *Daniel*, and will slay him, if you give me leave. The king consented; and *Daniel* took pitch, fat and hair, and made a large ball of this mixture, which he gave the dragon, and which he attempting to swallow was choaked.

Lady Mary. Now this goes beyond comprehension, that there should be people so void of sense, as to adore such monsters. But is this all we are to have out of the Old Testament?

Mrs. Affable. There are still very fine things left in the scripture, as the psalms, and the prophetic books; but as those are not historical, I am afraid of wearying you, were we to repeat them now; for, indeed, I find we are chiefly for stories.

Lady Mary. And now and then a pretty tale; we have been long without any, *Mrs. Affable*. And yet you promised, we should have those *Lady Sensible* has composed.

Mrs. Affable. Well, my dear, I must acquit my promise. We have time enough, and the lady will now tell you one.

Lady Sensible. There was a young lady, *Emilia*, by name, who, at twenty years of age, was her own mistress. She was a lady of high birth, possessed of great wealth, and so beautiful, that the sight of her threw the beholders into admiration. She had, besides, the most agreeable temper, and wit far above other persons of her age and sex. But yet many thought, she wanted good sense and
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was very cross; she had, indeed, some faults, that affected her head and her heart. Her pride was such, that she must always be in the right; and, when any took the liberty to contradict her, she broke out into the greatest excesses of passion; all that were not of her opinion were stupid, conceited and arrogant, as if wit and knowledge had been confined to her head only.

I told you *Emilia* was rich; I must add, that she was as generous; she made noble presents to the persons she liked, but she liked only those, who were of her opinion; those, to be sure, were persons of wit and merit. It must be owned, that, if, after you had for a year together come into, and applauded every thing she said and did, you had ventured to give her a bit of advice, it sufficed to lose all favour that moment. She had a sister by the same father, but not the same mother. Her name was *Eliantha*. She was a most sensible young lady, and had an unfeigned love for *Emilia*, and could not suffer the flatterers, who corrupted that natural fund of happy dispositions and endowments. *Eliantha* was not rich; the great fortune came by *Emilia's* mother; but she who, as I said before, was kind hearted, let *Eliantha* want for nothing, and even invited her to come, and live with her. The sisters did not agree long together; *Eliantha* was too sincere, to continue in favour with a person, who would hear nothing but what answered exactly to her way of thinking.

Do as we do, said *Emilia's* friends and relations to *Eliantha*; as you want to live with your sister, flatter her and the rather, because you are sure by that means to obtain all you wish. She is silly enough to think herself perfect; let her have her

way; her folly can only hurt herself; be so complaisant, as to conform to her fancy.

I should be sorry to do it, answered *Eliantha*. I love my sister too well to be assisting and aiding, to complete her ruin. This good young lady went on admonishing *Emilia* of her faults, who was so provoked, that, after using her very ill, she turned her sister out of doors.

Emilia, being in the country, saw one day a country-man abuse a poor old-woman, that had broke a pail full of milk, as she was walking along. The poor creature protested much and more, that she had not done it on purpose; that she was very short-sighted; and that she was extremely grieved for the accident. Nothing could appease the brute; instead of giving ear to the poor woman's excuses, he fell on her with the most injurious language, and, it was thought, would have gone on from words to blows. *Emilia*, who always judged well, where her pride was not concerned, spoke to the passionate churl, how can you, said she, abuse the poor woman, who begs your pardon? She is sorry for the milk that is spilt; you ought to forgive her, it is a shame to scold people for accidents, and what they never intended, particularly, where it does not mend the matter. Here's a crown to pay for the pail and the milk; let me hear no more of it.

The old woman gave *Emilia* many thanks for her great charity; and she asked the poor woman several questions about her age and circumstances; she really pitied her, for she appeared to be special poor. Whilst the old woman answered her questions, she happened to tread upon poor little *Cupid's* foot, an extreme favorite of *Emilia's*. Immediately *Cu* yelled most piteously; the air rung with his cries; he saves himself in
his

his mistress's arms. She, poor lady, all in tears for her little dog, fell into an extreme passion, and was more abusive a good deal, than the country-brute with the pail. The afflicted old woman was all in a tremble; Madam, I beg pardon, she said, I did not really do it on purpose. *Emilia*, instead of being satisfied with the poor wretch's excuses, lifted up her hand to strike her; when the old woman appeared in an other figure to *Emilia*, and looked like a lady of a majestic aspect, and, with a sort of sneer and scornful air, repeated *Emilia's* words to the rough country-man.

Nothing is so ugly, you said not long since, as quarrelling with a person, who begs your pardon for a fault committed by mere accident, and without any premeditated offence, particularly, when the damage cannot be repaired. Let this open your eyes, the lady continued. The passions, to which you are absolutely given up, hinder and perplex your understanding, which is naturally good and sound. Their influence makes you unjust, capricious, peevish and silly, tho' God has blest you with the best dispositions, which you will not fail discovering as soon, as you go seriously about subduing your passions.

Ah, Madam! said *Emilia*, are you an angel, or a kind *genius* sent to undeceive me? I am neither angel, nor fairy, the lady answered. I am known by the name of *Reason*. I was intended to govern all mankind; and had they continued subject to my authority, I should have guided them to true happiness; but unruly passions, my mortal enemies, have disputed my sovereignty, and have prevailed upon most to cast me off. I am forced into banishment out of my own dominions, and have very few subjects

left. Would you be one and make an addition to my empire?

With all my heart, *Emilia* replied; but I fear my passions will get the better; they are so noisy and tumultuous, that I shall not hear your voice. I talk very loud, *Reason* answered; but, as you say very well, the passions raise a great uproar; and this inconvenience must be guarded against. You will find in your closet a looking glass; it is the mirror of *Reflection*; when you desire to know your situation of mind, to discover the disorders it lies under, and find out the proper remedies, retire to your closet. Lock the door carefully, and consider your self in the glass with attention. I am very sure, you will not do this long, before you find strong impulses to correct your faults.

Here *Reason* disappeared, and *Emilia* not to lose a moment, went home and ran immediately to the closet. She found the glass mentioned by *Reason*; but it was so dim, that she could distinguish nothing. She remembered the instruction, she had to lock the closet door; she began to see something, but so very imperfectly, that she could not make out the objects, that seemed to present themselves to the sight. Now she was tempted to give up all thoughts of farther trials; however she gave a check to the motion, and was determined not to leave the place, till she had seen what *Reason* had promised her. Upon this account she sat down quietly, and used all possible efforts to keep off useless thoughts, that she might only attend to the glass. On a sudden she discovered a hideous monster; the sight had like to have frightened her; that is you, said a voice to her, which she found out to be that of *Reason*. Perhaps you will think, she was very thankful for the information. No, not at all;
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on the contrary, she was so enraged with the comparison between her and the monster, that she got up in a fury to break the cursed glass, which presented that ungracious object. The same voice called again very loud, what need, it said, to find fault with the glass? 'Tis not the glass, makes that ugly figure, but your soul, the object, which it represents faithfully. Tho' you should break it, the object will still be the same. If you will act rationally, the only way is to deface that resemblance by a change of manners.

In effect, *Emilia* said, all I have to do is to take and follow the advice of *Reason*. I am resolved; I will moderate those unruly passions. Undoubtedly I shall go through great difficulties; but the greatest may be overcome with the assistance of *Reason*.

Miss Bella. Begging pardon for interrupting you, I don't well understand, how the looking-glass came to be so dull, when *Emilia* came into her closet.

Mrs. Affable. Don't you see, that the mind unsettled, and taken up with what is seen, and what is said, is not so well disposed to make serious reflections? Have you never seen yourself in the water.

Miss Bella. Very often, in the country; I can see myself in a pond as well, as in a glass; but the water must be very still. If the wind blow or my brother sling in a stone, then I see nothing distinctly.

Mrs. Affable. The mind, or soul is like that pond, my dear. When it is still and calm, it may by reflection see itself, as you do in a glass; but if it be disturbed, you see nothing. But, ladies, pray, make no difficulty, when you have a mind to ask a question. We are here for amusement and

instruction. Besides, the allegory being a long one, it will be some ease to lady *Sensible*, who must rest from time to time.

Lady *Sensible*. Whilst *Emilia* was in the closet, a servant knocked at the door, and told her, that her aunt was come to pay her a visit. She was a lady of some fifty years of age, but intolerably whimsical. She never was of one mind, and to live in peace with her, you was to have no will but her's. And indeed all avoided her; she wore out the patience of her poor servants, and was forced to keep none. *Emilia* came from the closet to receive her aunt's visit, and, after the usual civilities, her aunt acquainted her, that she came to take leave, and was going into the country. That instant *Emilia* heard the voice, now, said *Reason*, you have the finest opportunity to mend, that can be offered; if you have courage enough to accompany your aunt into the country, you must every moment renounce your own mind to be guided by her's.

Emilia trembled at the proposal; but as she had a great share of resolution, she overcame all difficulties, and speaking to her, Madam, said she, I must take the air, and shall be obliged to you, if you will give me leave to wait upon you. The good aunt was highly pleased with the proposal, and asked her, how they should go down. Just as you please, *Emilia* answered, oh! said the aunt, I am absolutely indifferent about the matter, you shall chuse, my dear niece, and to morrow at eight I will come and take you up. As you have not determined any thing about the carriage, if you please, we will go on horse-back. I am charmed with the proposal, said the aunt, I think it excessively ridiculous to be confined and smothered in

in a post-chaise, and jolted from head to foot. There's an end on't, we'll ride down.

When the good lady was gone; *Emilia* was in a sad taking at the thoughts of the wretched time, she was to pass with her aunt. She composed her mind, and said to herself; as I am resolved upon a change of manners, 'tis best to do it handsomely, and once for all. In reality, I am going to a school of patience for a quarter of a year; but I shall be abundantly rewarded, if I come back with a better temper, and a greater mastery of my own will. With these thoughts she steps into the closet; how great was her surprize, when she saw herself in the glass and so much come into favour! The features of the monster were very near gone. Then *Reason* spoke, and said, the work is half done, when it is undertaken with true resolution.

Miss Frivolous. It is very comfortable, but what, I can scarce believe; I have had a mind this long time to get the better of several faults, and still continue the same.

Mrs. Affable. That mind is not very sincere. Take notice; when you desire any thing earnestly, you take proper means to succeed. Was I to tell you, that, for these ten years, I had been very desirous of making a fortune in trade, but could not bring it to bear, you would certainly say, what hindered you? Have not you the best goods, are not you obliging and civil to the dealers, who send them to you, and to customers, that make use of your shop. Suppose I answered, that has never been in my thoughts; the maid buys and sells, as she pleases; I cannot take the trouble of looking after the goods, nor be confined to the shop, to serve customers.

Oh! then you would certainly tell me, I never intended to make a fortune; if you had any such thought, undoubtedly you would have taken the measures necessary to that effect.

I say the same to you, my dear. Are you for making a fortune, that is, are you for reforming yourself, and for a true amendment, set your hand to work immediately after *Emilia's* example. Don't say, *I would*, but *I will*, and you will soon see the success of your endeavours.

Lady Lucy. This is one of those wishes you mentioned to us not long ago. It is enough to wish, to put us immediately in a way to satisfy our desires (that is, with the grace of God). These wishes continue as long, as we live, for we always find something, that we wish mended.

Lady Louisa. But *Mrs. Affable* told us, that wishes and desires were obstacles to our happiness.

Mrs. Affable. Yes, when we have it not in our power, to obtain what we wish, they must be torments. On the other side, when our wishes are satisfied, and we possess what we desire, we are happy, provided there is something new, that we can still wish for and obtain without the help of creatures, and under the assistance of God, which will never fail us. Go on, *Lady Sensible*.

Lady Sensible. Now *Emilia* was wholly taken up in preparations for her country-journey. She had no riding-habit; but she knew her tailor was accustomed to her whims, and would leave all other work unfinished to satisfy her. She sent for him.

I must, said she, have a riding-habit by eight o'clock tomorrow. It is now eight in the evening; you must work all night; in short, I will have it done. Let it be very rich and handsome; I shall not dispute about the price, if the habit

habit is a very fine one. Madam, said the tailor, that is enough, you shall be pleased; indeed the tailor himself was very much so, when *Emilia* had these crotchets. She never grudged expence. She would pay the bill without looking it over, and he was used to ask twenty pieces, where the work had been well payed with ten.

Emilia could not get a wink of sleep, for the hurry and agitation she was in from the desire of seeing her habit. The tailor came by five in the morning, but, through the greatest misfortune that can enter into the mind of man, this artist, tho' perfectly well acquainted with her shape, had cut the habit so ill, that it puckered on all sides. The first thought *Emilia* had was to tear the habit in pieces, and next to beat the tailor. Immediately, she was struck with the voice of *Reason* calling out with might and main. If you yeild to passion, you will disfigure your soul and not mend the habit; had not *Reason* been extremely loud, she could not have heard the admonition; for anger and vexation made a horrible noise and bustle at *Emilia's*. She silenced them at last, and said to herself, I was on the point of behaving very foolishly; I must take care, and, indeed, it would have been to no purpose. She sat down, and casting her eyes on the ground, she was some time like a statue without any motion. For she was taken up with repressing the fallies of her passion. When she grew calmer, she spoke to the tailor in a soft tone; I have, said she, three hours good, before we shall set out; do you think you could mend the habit in that time? The tailor, who shivered for fear, and expected a drubbing, was astonished to see her in that easy temper. Madam, said he, I shall be back again in two hours, and I don't doubt, but you will be pleased.

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When the tailor left her, she hastened away to her looking glass. The alteration, she observed, encouraged her to go on; she thanked heaven for the graces bestowed on her, to get the mastery of her passion; and tho' she pleased herself with the thoughts of her finery in the new habit, she resolved to be quite easy, tho' that should be spoiled. The tailor came back in two hours. The habit fitted to a nicety, and *Emilia* waiting for her aunt walked about every way across and long a large room, set out with glass pannels and pier glasses to observe her habit on all sides, It seems she had full time for it, for her aunt came not till ten, which gave *Emilia* fresh occasion for a new victory; for she just longed to break out, but checked this desire.

The aunt had a habit of a year's standing, and something soiled; it made a horrible figure near *Emilia's*; and the good lady was so vexed, that she was ready to cry; but as she could not resolve to go in her old habit, she spoke to *Emilia*, indeed niece, said she, it is excessive hot. There is no going on horseback; the sun would make my head ake; I must e'en undress, and make use of my post-chaise.

Emilia saw perfectly, where the shoe pinched; and reason said to her, why should you make the poor woman uneasy? She is really silly to be jealous, because her habit is not so fine as yours, but are not you sillier, to keep several men up all night, to satisfy the fancy you had for a new one? Interest made them sacrifice their natural rest to your whim; why should not virtue prevail with you to sacrifice this habit to your aunt's jealousy? you may make her happy at a small expence.

Emilia, attentive to this advice, tells her aunt, she would also undress, whilst they went for her post-

post-chaise. And indeed, added she, I am, this very minute, fallen out with the new habit I liked so well this morning. The colour of your habit suits my complexion better. I wish mine fitted you, and we would exchange. Try it; we are much of a height; and I think it would do nicely. The aunt agreed with pleasure to the proposal; and when they had put on the habits, nay, said *Emilia*, now you shall keep it; it fits you to a wonder, no one cou'd think, but it was made after your measure. You lose by the bargain, my dear; but, rather than disoblige you, I accept of the offer. 'Tis a bargain, said *Emilia*, let us only think now of breakfasting. Mean while comes up the post-chaise and the aunt, who longed to be seen in this charming habit, thought, so she said to her niece, that the weather was not so hot, the sun was got behind a cloud, a cool breeze refreshed the air; why should not we make use of our horses, she went on, now they are ready? With a great deal of pleasure, answered *Emilia*, whose patience was almost at an end, but who kept in her resentment so, that it could not be observed by her aunt.

Lady Louisa. She had more virtue, than I pretend to; the blood boils in my veins with only hearing the story. What would happen, if it was really my case?

Miss Zina. You have too bad an opinion of yourself, I dare say, you would do as *Emilia* did. After all, what was there in it, a mere trifle? Where is the great matter to go on foot, on horseback or in a coach? You still go, equally, every way. 'Tis a great happiness, when we can, at such an easy rate, satisfy persons we live with. 'Tis even our interest. It makes people good humoured, enlivens conversation, and gives an agree-

agreeable softness of temper to the mind. If *Emilia* had not condescended in that pretty manner, what sad company she would have had of her aunt powting all the way down! In the main she had a better bargain, than the aunt with the new habit.

Miss Frivolous. I make a plain confession; I am a woman every inch. A new suit is, with me, an affair of importance, and takes up my thoughts above a week; guess at the violence I must offer, to myself, had I made a present of it like *Emilia*. Yet I own, that *Miss Zina* is in the right; and I made the experiment yesterday. Several *blonde-handkerchiefs* were brought to our house; there was one far prettier, than the rest; my sister and I both reached our hands, at the same time, to that handkerchief; I was something before-hand with her, and got it. She was so out of humour, that she was picking a quarrel with me, all the long day, for trifles; and I was so out of patience, I had it in my mind twenty times to throw the cursed handkerchief into the fire, that there might be no more words about the matter.

Miss Affable. Could not you have done much better? Would that fine expedient have brought your sister to temper? What do you think, my dear?

Miss Frivolous. I own, it would have put her more out of humour; there was only one means to calm her, which yesterday I would not have employed for the world, but shall to day, and please God. I will make her a present of the handkerchief.

Mrs. Affable. This is, what we call going effectually about business. Had we *Emilia's* glass here, you would find yourself more beautiful by one half. But, lady *Witty*, you say nothing there,
and

and sit mooping. Come, be chearful, my good lady. Tell me what you observed in this story.

Lady *Witty*. The artful manner of *Emilia*, in making her aunt a present of her riding dress. She does it in a way that aims at dispensing, with all thanks. That has not been my way hitherto. When I dispose of, or give any thing, I expect they shall be greatly obligated to me. I set off the present, I praise and talk much about it, and give them to understand very plainly, how I part with it, for their sakes, that they may be the more grateful in expressing their acknowledgments.

Miss *Fricolous*. I should have done the same, but for this sensible reflection of lady *Witty*. I will make my advantage of it; and tell my sister, that I have no manner of value for the handkerchief.

Mrs. *Affable*. This is running from one extreme to another. It is unbecoming to say, I give you this, because I don't care for it any longer. But you have a particular reason not to behave in that coarse manner. *Miss* don't love you; and, in charity, you must try all means to gain her affection. Tell her, you are fond of your handkerchief, but more of her being contented and satisfied; and that you are glad of this occasion to please her, in making her a compliment of this *bagatelle*. Go on with your *Emilia*, lady *Sensible*, you must be delighted with her for being the occasion of so many useful reflections.

Lady *Sensible*. I am indebted to the ladies for their kind attention to this trifling performance. But the reflections they make are more a proof of their solid good sense, than of the merits of this *Tale*. I go on.

Emilia,

Emilia, upon the road with her aunt, compared the peace of mind, the satisfaction and tranquillity she enjoyed, with the difficulty she had to overcome herself, and found there was no comparison. What a fool have I been hitherto, she said to herself! My pleasure before, was to have every body about me, submit to my fancies; and now I find far greater satisfaction in complacency to others; I am happy in their being pleased, and enjoy two pleasures instead of one.

Emilia, is now got into the country, and stands with courage to the firm purpose she had made, never to gain-say her whimsical aunt. By what has been already said, ladies, you will judge what she had to suffer, for so considerable a time. It must however be owned, that only the first month was troublesome; one may grow accustomed to any thing; and, when she came up to town again, she was near deceiving herself into a fancy, that her aunt was strangely mended, so little was she affected with her continual contradictions; she hardly perceived them, so as to take any very particular notice.

The first visit at her return, was to the faithful *Monitor*, the *Mirror of Reflection*, in the closet. How great was her transport. The monster was vanished, her mind amazingly beautiful; and *Reason* appeared to her, under the same figure she did at first; *Emilia*, said she, when the first graces are well employed, we deserve new ones. I here present you with a ring, that will secure you that tranquillity, which you now possess. When you have it on your finger, all those, you shall speak to, will find themselves necessitated to say what they think, and to discover the inmost recesses of their hearts. But as the ring can only serve twice, keep it carefully to make use of it, in the two
most

most important affairs of life. After these last words, *Reason* disappeared, that is, *Emilia* never saw her under that visible form, but she found, that *Reason* had taken possession of her heart, which gave her the most sensible satisfaction. But yet the ring gave her great uneasiness; it was to be used in two of the most important affairs in life, but was not informed what they were. At last she concluded in her own thoughts, that nothing could be of greater consequence to her, than the choice of true friends, and of a man of worth and honour for her husband, and kept the ring for these two occasions.

Some time after, she fell dangerously ill, and as she was brought in appearance to the last extremity, she made her will. Youth, and a happy constitution carried her through this sickness; and, when the recovery was complete, she invited her relations and friends to a grand entertainment. All congratulated with her on the joyful occasion; and the compliments on her present state of health, after the danger she had escaped, appeared so sincere, that she was almost inclined to think, she was happy in a great number of friends. She thought immediately, she could not have a better opportunity to try the virtue of the ring, and discover, whether the affection, which her relations and friends professed, were real. She put on the ring, and instantly a lady, a cousin of her's, who shewed all the demonstrations of kindness possible, changed her countenance. Hadst thou been good for ought, she said, thou wouldest have given the crow a pudding; I am sure, I hoped so, and expected to take possession of all thy clusters and sprigs of diamonds, which came to me by thy will.

Are you mad, child, said her mother, that spoke last? Did ever any one talk so foolishly to others?

others? I had more reason, than you, to wish her death; that would have repossessed me of a considerable estate, which her father stole from mine, and which no doubt she had bequeathed to me, by way of restitution; but I confine those things to my thoughts, and I could have lived a thousand years, without ever mentioning this affair.

For my part, says another, I wished her dead, not out of any interest; she had taken care of that, but out of pure revenge. Would you believe it; I have adored the silly creature above two months? I condescended to applaud every impertinence and foolish thing she could say; I have been a martyr of all her whimsical chimerical fancies, in hopes of getting something by her. And yet she left me but one hundred pound, which, if all was well calculated, is not a penny a lie for all, I have told in her praise.

I should never end, ladies, were I to repeat all that was said by those false friends. It suffices that *Emilia* was fully convinced, these persons, with all their solemn declarations of love and esteem, had imposed upon her, or at least, that their affection, if any such was, rested chiefly upon their hopes of some advantage from *Emilia*.

There now remained after the others had spoke no one but her aunt, with whom she had been in the country, and her half-sister *Eliantha*. As to me, says the aunt, the ring she left me would never have made me amends for her death; she is a good child; and has been infinitely kind and complaisant. She made me a present of her habit, because she saw, I was really jealous of her being so handsomely set out, and very generously seemed to take no notice of my weakness in that respect. Such things must not be forgot; they gain the heart,

heart, she has got such fast hold of mine, by her kind behaviour, that I have left her in my will all I am worth, and sincerely wish her to live and enjoy it long. I must own, I would keep my will a secret. Each of my nieces flatters herself with the hopes of being my sole heiress; this makes them very submissive, and they have all the greatest complaisance for me, which by the bye, I laugh at, because I know what it means. They will be rarely bit, when I die; I could wish to come again in four and twenty hours, and be diverted with their four looks.

Alas! said *Eliantha*, I am pleased, my dear aunt, with your affection for *Emilia*; at the bottom she deserves it, tho' she is so much out of the way. Her faults and imperfections have been encouraged by those vile animals we see here; they were the cause of the difference between me and this dear sister, whom I love more than my own life. I would have willingly laid down mine to save her's, tho' she left me half her substance. I give it up chearfully, and would do the same with the little I have, if she would only repay my love for her with her friendship; but it is to no purpose, she will never love me, because I love her too much, ever to flatter her.

Emilia got up and embraced her aunt and sister with the greatest raptures. She was going to lay before them, how sensible she was of their kind sentiments in her behalf, when the chambermaid came in, who wanted something in the room, and not being able to stand against the virtue of the ring, madam, she said, I wish you joy of your recovery, and very sincerely. If your distemper had taken you half a year ago, 'twould have been quite another matter; I wished you then six foot deep in the ground, for you was as bad as a
little

little devil. And now you are grown so good, so sweet in your temper, that we all wept from the first of your servants to the last of your footmen.

It is high time, said *Emilia* to close this scene; now I know what I must depend on with regard to my friends. As soon as the ring was locked up, the confusion, the company was in, was beyond expression. All were surpris'd with the extravagant discoveries they had made of their own and others thoughts; and at last, as they could no longer bear the sight of *Emilia*, they sneaked away without a word more.

Mrs. Affable. Now, ladies, had I such a ring, would not some here get away in haste for fear of saying too much? I only jest, I don't want any ring to know your thoughts. *Miss Sophy*, what do you think of what lady *Sensible* has been saying?

Miss Sophy. I will learn how to distinguish true friends from others, and shall never forget, that they are not to be found amongst flatterers. I am moreover resolv'd to bear for the future with the humours of one you know.

Miss Frivolous. And I will use all my endeavours to get the better of my sister's aversion; to be sure, I have occasioned it by my own fault, I often jeer her and make her still more obstinate, instead of giving her example, as certainly an elder sister ought.

Lady Louisa. If I could wish for any thing, it should be that same ring. What a pleasure would it be to unmask hypocrites, flatterers, false friends and wicked wretches!

Lady Lucy. I would not take it a gift; and, were I forced to accept it; I would only make use of it in those two occasions pointed out by *Emilia*.

Miss

Miss Rural. I agree with you, madam. Such a ring could only serve to make me hate all the world. I could like a ring better that discovered good qualities, than one that shewed imperfections. I am but too clear sighted with regard to defects, which hinder the esteem and affection, I should otherwise have for them. And I even think, that they affect to appear in their proper colours, as much as *Emilia's* relations and friends.

Lady Louisa. Well! my dear, I never observed that; you would make one think, you had never seen any good company.

Miss Rural. I am inclined to say, as *Mrs. Asfable* does. Let this be explained. *Good company* are words, that are soon spoken. Do you mean, madam, fine talkers, news-paper-politicians, amusing, and agreeable persons? I know a great many of that sort, but they do not come up to what I understand by good company. I have seen a lady come into company, and joyfully welcomed by all. You have, madam, says one, the prettiest chosen gown, I ever beheld; it becomes you wonderfully. For my part, says another, I am quite in love with your head-dress; you should never have any powder in your hair, the curls appear to the greatest advantage without it. The poor lady was in raptures with being admired about a quarter of an hour, and posted away to another set to hear the same compliments repeated. Oh! could the silly creature have crept unperceived into a corner, to hear the conversation, that passed after her back was turned! Really, said a lady, with some malice in her looks, the lady's silk is very well chosen; but, among friends, her age and those glaring colours don't at all agree; she thinks it will give her an air of youth, as if all the world did not know
that

that she is on the wrong side of fifty. 'Tis a pity, she is so ridiculous, otherwise she is really a good sort of woman. I wonder, says another, how she can be so mad, as to go in a dressed gown; it requires the finest shape, why does not she wear a French gown? it would become her better, and save her mantua-maker the trouble of lining part of her gown, which cannot be so nicely done, that the other shall not be seen by every body. I'll tell you a secret, says a third. The other day, she ran great lengths in commendation of *mantilles*, and would I have been persuaded, I was to set up the fashion, that she might take the advantage of that sort of dress; but, God be thanked, I don't want any such things. Let her hump back alone, says a fourth, and only mind her head. She has scarce an inch of forehead; she spends half the morning in plucking the hair to contrive something of a forehead. But it is to no purpose, her work is discovered by all that see her; if she used powder, it would hide the defect something more; and would be of farther service, on account of her staring eyes, and of her skin which is none of the finest.

Now, lady *Louisa*, is not this the conversation of the good company you frequent? Am not I in the right to say, that there is no need of a ring, nor of putting them to torture to discover the malignity of their hearts. What is very singular, these last ladies were no sooner gone, but, in their turn, they became the subject matter of conversation. The lady, who spoke of *matilles*, was very blind, not to see, that she was all awry; the other was too much upon detraction, to be a methodist. She, that blamed her for an affectation of youth, had laid by privately half a score

would not be slow to do so, if she were to see
years,

years, she did not care to own. Have I exceeded madam? Have you not seen this scene repeated twenty times?

Lady *Louisa*. I own it; but what is very strange, I have heard these things so often, that they scandalize me no more. One is tempted to say with a certain person, we must ridicule, and detract freely from people, or the time would be mortally tedious, but then it ought to be done with more moderation. I will stop here; and as there is yet another scene, wherein the ring is concerned, I long to have it represented, and beg of lady *Sensible* to go on.

Lady *Lucy*. But first give me leave, Mrs. *Affable* to pity *Emilia's* case. Is it impossible, that in such a crowd, she could only find one friend. That is very little; she must now confine herself to her aunt and sister; for it was impossible to carry on any correspondance with the wretches, that wished her death.

Mrs. *Affable*. A real friend is a *phœnix*, my dear; and it is very happy if we can meet with one, in the course of life, but this is not to hinder an intercourse with other persons. Besides a friend, one meets with several acquaintances; many connections are brought on, by neighbourhood, being related, or duties of civility. Those sorts of friends are to be treated with all the respect, which humanity and politeness require, with a kind of friendship and inclination. But the true friend only is intitled to an intimacy, a cordial affection; these are, or should be his lot, and his share. Ladies, at your age, often enter upon connections, which they esteem as true and solid friendship; it is of infinite consequence to their welfare; and I have known many ruined by having misplaced their confidence. I stand upon
this

this article, ladies. I really believe, that a large acquaintance with many women is more dangerous, than that of men, and I earnestly advise you to enter into the strictest examination of the ladies characters, where you propose to make an acquaintance. Among the ladies of your standing, there may be some early and premature characters; but, though it is very rare, I would by no means have you put an unreserved confidence in them; for, although they should be endowed with all possible good qualities, they would still want experience, which is absolutely necessary to give good and proper advice.

Lady Sensible. *Emilia* found the ring too useful, not to make the second and last trial. She had a great number of lovers, who all aspired to be happy with such a partner, and who appeared equally affectionate, amiable and virtuous, and made her choice hard to determine. She had them all together one day, and had summoned most of their friends to be at the meeting. She was desirous, in chusing a husband, to try, whether those whom she had hitherto reckoned her friends, had as disadvantageous thoughts, in regard to her, as the relations, she had lately tried. They were all very merry, and in the evening *Emilia* began the experiment.

The first, who felt the influence of this ring, was a young Marquis, the most charming figure of a gentleman, that could be imagined. Do you know, said he, fair *Emilia*, that I began to tire with the part, I have acted in this comedy, and in dancing attendance. I have amused my creditors this half year, with the hopes of our wedding; they reckon on being paid out of your fortune; take a speedy resolution, I beg of you; 'tis a shame to let poor tradesmen wait so long
and

and, indeed, I think you are under some obligation to me for submitting to appear a whole twelve-month in the character of a bashful lover; yes, or no, if you please, that I may take my course, and go in quest of another *dupe*, if you will not be *duped* by your humble servant; thank God, I am of a figure, that may throw several in my way.

I wish you good luck, said *Emilia* laughing. And you, 'squire, said she, do you desire to marry *Emilia*, to pay your debts?

On the contrary, the gentleman, replied, the name of a creditor is enough to throw me into a fever, and I have a mortal aversion to being in debt. To avoid this sad distress, I make obsequious love to you; for, after all, I love expence, living in great state, and am besides the beggarliest younger brother in all *Gascony*. You see plainly, madam, that it is impossible for me to reconcile my love of state and aversion to debts, unless I can marry a rich heiress. My fortune depends upon finding one in your person, which, besides your very great riches, is tolerably handsome. I have therefore very great reason to insist on your giving me the preference above those gentlemen, who have not such good reasons as myself to desire you will accept any of them as a partner for life.

The 'squire had just finished his harangue, when *Orontes*, a young magistrate, began to speak. Of all her lovers, he was the person, she would have pitched upon, had she only minded her inclination; and was under the greatest terrors, for fear he should go upon as unworthy motives as the rest.

Beautiful *Emilia*, said he, with a great deal of respect and affection, if my heart had been at liberty, when I first saw you, you would have found in me, no doubt, another adorer; but my

heart was given away before. A tender and constant affection has engaged me to your sister *Eliantha*; she makes a return of her's; and death only can break through that union, which subsists between us.

But why, *Emilia* took him up, and spoke with some emotion, what need was there to feign, that you pretended to me, when you was engaged to my sister?

Pardon this feint, he answered *Emilia*, in a despairing lover. An unnatural father obliged me to make my addresses to you; I still hoped, that my want of merit, and the coolness of my addresses would determine you to reject me. I dissembled, to keep my inclination from my father; for, as I could not submit to be in a situation never to see *Eliantha* again, your house was the only place, where I could have that pleasure.

Do'st thou pretend to a grain of common sense? said the father of this young gentleman, and interrupted him. Thou art already possessed of a considerable estate; and, far from using endeavours to get as much more by marrying a rich wife, thou foolishly sacrificest this advantage to a figure, that pleases thee to day, and is sure to displease thee half a year hence, when, in all sober sadness, thou wilt remember the foolish step it has made thee take. To be happy here, we only want money; with that, pleasures honours and even reputation and merit are purchased.

But, Sir, *Emilia* said, I am not richer, than my sister *Eliantha*; my design is, she shall share my fortune with me, if you will consent to let her have your son for her husband. I am willing to purchase my sister's happiness, at this rate, and a gentleman's, whom I shall think myself extremely happy to have for a friend. I am much mistaken,

taken, if my sister's beauty has given birth to the noble passion he professes for her.

You do me justice, madam, the young magistrate answered. *Eliantha's* virtues would determine me to prefer the gift of her hand to that of a great queen.

Romantic stuff! cried out the father, but, in short, since *Emilia* is e'en mad enough to give away half her fortune, I am willing thou should'st make thy advantage of her folly, and marry thy princess. I should, I own, be still better pleased, if she would engage herself never to marry, and make thee heir of that moiety she reserves.

I put in a *Caveat*, said a gentleman about thirty, and of a most beautiful but cool and sedate aspect. *Emilia*, he went on, if you will give me your hand, we will solemnize the two marriages at once.

This is really a rarity, said *Emilia*. We have been acquainted these five years, and you never gave the least sign of any inclination you even made interest with me not long ago in favour of the gentleman, who is to have *Eliantha*.

Emilia, this gentleman answered, I am about to make you a sad compliment; I am sorry for it, but upon my word of honour, I cannot forbear; my heart sits upon my lips in spite of me.

You are beautiful, and you know it; you are well apprised, that you have all accomplishments, that can become a young lady; I observed all this, the first time I saw you, and I fell dotingly in love with you. Very happy it was for me, that I took an early habit from my youth to consult reason before fancy; and the faithful adviser laid the case before me; *Emilia*, said *Reason*, is certainly a lovely young person; that is well enough for a mistress, but not for a wife, who

must be a person one may justly esteem. Is *Emilia* so? 'tis more than thou knowest; watch her narrowly in the mean time, conceal thy passion with care; if she suspected it, she perhaps would put on some constraint, not to appear what she is.

Thus *Reason* advised, and I followed her directions. This first examen of your character was not at all to your advantage. I found you was a coquet, very whimsical; as proud, and equally stubborn. These curious discoveries smothered my passion, but still there remained an inclination, which I could not overcome; I was excessively desirous to be your friend, and to have such a share in your confidence, as would enable me to make you sensible of your defects. You remember, I made an attempt of this kind, and you cannot forget, how ill it was taken. I was under a necessity of laying the project aside; I did not visit you so often, as I formerly used to do, and contrived, at last, to get you entirely out of my thoughts. I continued however to take an interest in your welfare; I was pleased with the address *Orontes* made, as I thought, a man of worth might reform those irregularities, and, with that view, I again visited you oftener, than I had lately; you went down into the country, and I was much surpris'd, when you returned. Discretion, a sweetness of temper, moderation and numberless other good qualities had succeeded to your defects. Here I began to be disquieted, and my heart resumed former sentiments; I did however conceal them from you, and determin'd to wait, that I might be satisfied, the change was real by its continuance. Every day you appeared more and more deserving of esteem. Your noble and generous liberality to your sister fully convinces me that

that your mind is still more beautiful, than your agreeable person; for, after all, you had an inclination for *Dorantes*, I saw plainly; you sacrificed it without hesitating a moment; and, who is capable of that violent effort, is able to overcome all difficulties.

I will, said *Emilia*, be as plain with you, and sincere, as you have been. I never loved you, but of all men, you are the person, whom I most esteem and would chuse for a friend; and as I am quite persuaded, that the greatest happiness in life is to spend our days with a friend, I will be yours.

And *Emilia*, who knew the efficacy of the ring was now at an end, instantly threw it into the fire. Her lovers withdrew in great confusion, and left the room to those, who had no reason to be ashamed of their sentiments. Indeed *Orontes's* father staid; there was no need of the ring with respect to him; nor was it the virtue of the ring, that made him speak his own thoughts, he was a public adorer of a great fortune, he stuck to his text and maintained, after the burning of the ring, that money was necessary, and money only was sufficient to make marriage happy. The four lovers let him talk on, as well knowing, an attempt to put him on another way of thinking would be to no purpose. Their nuptials were celebrated very soon after; and not the least cloud interrupted their happiness for the many years they lived together.

Lady *Lucy*. A most charming allegory, in my mind! It concludes just, as I would have it. I can't conceive, that rational beings should sell themselves for money; and I am, moreover, surpris'd, that there are so many peaceable marriages,

since they are generally brought about by interest.

Mrs. Affable. You are much in the right, my dear; nothing is more shameful, than marrying for mere interest. Prudence, however, must have a proper share in the contract. Fine rapturous speeches are of too thin a substance to maintain us, nor will they make up fortunes for children; they are not current coin for the times we live in. It is certain, that it is much better to marry a deserving person without riches, than a wealthy man without merit; but still a competency, must be supposed, and the merit must be unquestionable; a heart, that is prevented, is a very indifferent judge. Prevention bestows all good qualities on object that is loved. There must be a disinterested umpire; and, who more proper generally, than the parents? I say, generally; for there are cases wherein a young lady has just reason not to accept the choice of her parents; but this seldom happens, and it is safer to depend upon them in the choice. God blesses our obedience to those, who have his authority over us. No marriage, at least, ought to be entered upon against their will.

Miss Frivolous. That is very hard, I think. A young lady loves a person, that deserves her affection; and find's, she can never be happy without him; would you oblige such a one to marry another?

Mrs. Affable. No, my dear! I would have her marry no body, but continue unmarried; and this is all the allowance, I can make here. The authority of parents is sacred; wo to them, who shall despise it! But, if parents fail in their duty to their children, this cannot authorize children to fail in their duty to parents. The day will

will come, when you will be a mother of a family ; and, then, you will understand the extent of your obligations with respect to your fathers and mothers.

Miss *Sophy*. I beg pardon, Mrs. *Affable* ; but I believe you are mistaken. You certainly mean, that when this lady has children, she will know her own duty with regard to them ; for what connection is there between her children, and her obligations to her father and mother ?

Mrs. *Affable*. I am not mistaken, my dear ; we never know our obligations to our parents, till we have children of our own. Care and trouble with great sollicitude will put us in mind, what pains our parents have taken upon our account. If you seriously reflected upon this, ladies, the thought only, of disobeying must make you tremble. A most sad accident happened within these three years. I beg your attention, miss *Friwolous* ; it will shew what danger there is in reading romances.

In a certain country there lived a baronet, who had a daughter, an only child. Tho' he was not very rich, he lived handsomely in the country ; the love he had for his girl made him streighten himself to give her a *good education*, at least, what goes under that name. She excelled in music, danced very gracefully, and had cultivated her mind with reading. Very unhappily for the young lady, she was left to her choice as to books, and took the greatest pleasure in romances. The lady, who gave me this account, and was a friend of her mother's, told her, that this kind of reading would spoil her daughter ; but this was not minded ; and *Betsy* went on reading what she pleased. She was bewitched with the adventures of constant lovers, that are not to be met with

any where else, and who sacrificed all to their love. The poetical maxims stuff her weak head; a cottage with her love was beyond a palace.

Her father died; and, as if he had a kind of presentiment, that his daughter would take some extravagant step, he left her three thousand pounds tied down under condition, that she should not marry without the consent of her mother and the trustees. Near the house stood a church or chapel, where the country people pray'd and sung psalms. She took particular notice of a voice, that pleased her above the rest, and found out that the singer, who pleased her so much, was a farmer's servant, tolerably handsome, but a most stupid animal. She found means to speak to him, and formed the noble project of taking him for her husband; her head was full of pleasing rural scenes of a country-life with such a partner. During these transactions *Betsy's* mother takes her up to town; and, as she was very amiable, a wealthy gentleman made his addresses, offered to marry her, and obtained her mother's consent. All was now drawing to a conclusion, when our silly girl, with a view to out-shine all heroines in romance, desired to have a word in private with her future husband. Sir, said she, the great esteem, I have very justly for you, promises me, that I shall run no hazard in disclosing a secret to you; I have for a long time had an inclination to a certain person, and should have a scruple, if I married you, whilst I love another. I hope, you will dispose matters so, as to break our intended marriage, and in such a manner, that I may not seem to be concerned in the affair; it will be a piece of service, which I shall never forget.

In

In these cases a man of honour is soon resolved; the match was broke off, and very artfully, without the least suspicion of *Betsy's* having any hand in it; her mother took her down into the country, where in a few months she married her country-bumkin, and forfeited her inheritance. Her mother was chagrined, almost, to death; she forgave her daughter, and used all sorts of endeavours to put her son-in-law into some way of business, but without any success; he is such a blockhead. At present the lubber drives a cart and earns seven shillings a week. The poor mother strips herself and wants necessaries, that they may be helped out. But this help cannot last long, she pines with grief, and very soon the daughter must reproach her self with her mother's death.

Miss Rural. The young woman was a fool; and such, only can be in danger of the like misfortune.

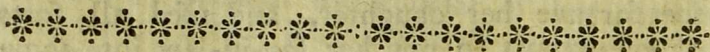
Mrs. Affable. There are two sorts of folly, my dear; one that consists in a woman's being totally out of her senses; and this, as it happens seldom, may be the less fatal. The other disorders the mind, and keeps reason from having its proper influence, which is the case, when a violent passion gets the upper hand. This is the folly you must avoid. How many women of good sense commit greater follies, than *Betsy*?

Lady Louisa. Can there be a greater, than to marry such an oaf?

Mrs. Affable. Yes, lady; a young person that marries herself against the will of her parents to a gamester, a debauchee, a man without morals, makes without all question a worse match, than *Betsy*; her husband is very little above the degree of a mere animal, a wretch without a fortune;

but in his way he is said to be honest, and to respect his wife. There is no doubt to be made but she is happier with such a partner, than with a man of corrupt morals.

It is high time to break up; the lesson has been much longer than usual.



DIALOGUE XXXII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

WE are at length come, ladies, to the history of the New Testament. I must beg of you to redouble your attention and your respect. God will not now make use of his prophets to teach us his commands; his son becomes man to be a Saviour unto us, our master, and our teacher. Let us put up our earnest prayers to him, that he will speak to our hearts, whilst his word sounds in our ears. Lady *Mary*, you are to begin.

Lady *Mary*. There was a young virgin, whose name was *Mary*; she was exceeding virtuous, and none exceeded her in perfection. She was of great quality, as descended from the royal house of *David*, but extremely poor. It was a law among the *Jews* for young women in some cases to be married to a near relation. Thus *Joseph*, who was of the family of *David*, as well as *Mary*, married her. He was a carpenter by trade, and after marriage he left her with her parents. The gospel mentions no reason for it; perhaps on account of her age. One day, that *Mary* was at prayer in her room, she saw an angel, who spoke to her, *Hail full of grace*, said

said he, *the Lord is with thee.* Mary was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind, *what manner of salutation this should be.* Fear not Mary, the angel said, *for thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb and bear a Son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end.*

Then Mary said to the angel, *how can this be, seeing I know not a man?*

The angel answered, *the Ho'y Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. Therefore that Holy thing, which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God, and behold, thy cosen Elizabeth, she hath also conceived a Son for with God nothing shall be impossible.*

And Mary said, *behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me, according to thy word.*

Mrs. *Affable.* Let us make some reflections on this mysterious part of the sacred history. The second person of the Blessed Trinity, determined to become man, chuses himself a mother. He does not make this choice among queens, or the rich ones of the world. Indeed *Mary* was of the blood royal, but her condition was as obscure, as her descent was noble. The angel does not say *Hail*, because thou art of the family of *David*, or because thou art beautiful. Such advantages are mean and despicable in the sight of God and his angels. *Hail full of grace*, says he, full of the love of God, meekness, charity, modesty, in a word, of every virtue. These, these are the only real good things, the only things that are precious in the sight of God, wherewith he blesses

his mother, and those he loves. Hence we are much blinded, when we set a value upon any thing else, and sacrifice these valuable gifts to the purchase of wealth, reputation and other frivolous advantages so much esteemed and prized by a deluded world.

Lady *Lucy*. But why was *Mary* troubled at the sight of an Angel, Mrs. *Affable*?

Mrs. *Affable*. The scripture does not always give a reason for the facts that are related, but we may make use of probable conjectures, and the following offers itself naturally to account for the trouble of *Mary*. She is alone with an angel, in the appearance of a man, and she hears herself praised. This was enough to trouble, and to alarm a prudent and modest virgin. Here, ladies, she gives a charming lesson to all young women. Praises from men are always liable to suspicion; and it is to be feared, that, who sets out with flattery, seeks to deceive. Go on, Miss *Molly*.

Miss *Molly*. *Zacharias* was a priest of the Lord; and both he and his wife *Elizabeth* feared God. They had no children, and being stricken in years were out of hopes of any. One day, that *Zacharias* offered incense to the Lord, and the people, according to custom, stood without, he saw an angel on the side of the altar, who told him he would have a son, who was to be the precursor of the *Messiah*, that is, to announce the coming of *Jesus* and ordered him at the same time to give him the name of *John*. *Zacharias* said unto the angel. *Whereby shall I know this, for I am old, and my wife is well stricken in her days?* Because you have doubted, said the angel, you shall be dumb till the birth of your son.

Mean time the people that stood without, were surpris'd at *Zacharias's* continuing so long within the temple, and much more so, when they found, that he was dumb, and by the signs he made, that he had seen a vision. After the days of waiting in the temple were over, he returned home, where after some time, his wife proved pregnant. *Mary*, to whom the angel had declared the pregnancy of her cousin *Elizabeth*, crossed over the mountains of *Judea* to visit her, and wish her joy. When *Mary*, who then went with the Saviour of the world, entered into the house, as soon as *Elizabeth* heard the salutation of *Mary*, the babe leapt in her womb, and *Elizabeth* was filled with the Holy Ghost. And raising her voice.

Blessed art thou, she said, among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For so, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy. And blessed art thou, who hast believed, for those things shall be performed, which were told thee from the Lord.

Then *Mary* broke out, and spoke these noble words: *My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaid; for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he, that is mighty, and whose name is holy, hath done to me great things, and his mercy is on them, that fear him from generation to generation. He hath exerted the power of his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts; he hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree; he hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away. He hath holpen his servant Israel in remembrance of his mercy,*

mercy, as he spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and his posterity for ever.

Mary abode three months with *Elizabeth*, and returned to her own house.

Mrs. *Affable*. How sublime is this song of *Mary*! I dare say, you have often read and heard it, without particular attention. Let us resume it, if you please, and each of you shall tell me the impression it makes on your minds.

My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. What do you think of those words, lady *Lucy*?

Lady *Lucy*. That transports of joy, are only to be found, in giving glory to God.

Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Louisa*, you see, that true piety may be reconciled with the greatest happiness. To be transported with joy, is to be in an extacy, and an extreme degree of happiness; and this will ever continue in proportion to our piety and virtue. Let us go on.

For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaid; for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he . . . hath done great things to me, &c. What do you say to this, lady *Louisa*?

Lady *Louisa*. I think, that humility is one mark of true virtue. *Mary*, become the mother of her God, recalls to mind the low estate, from which she was raised, and attributes to God, all the great things, that were wrought in her.

Mrs. *Affable*. A very just reflexion. Humility, a mean opinion of one's self, is the touch-stone of virtue. Talk of a woman, that gives her wealth to the poor, spends the day in prayer and good works; and seems to work miracles, if she is conceited of her virtue, if she dare to think, that she is above others, I am bold to say, she is
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an hypocrite; her devotion is false, and her piety, a mere out side.

Lady *Witty*. But, Mrs. *Affable*, suppose that a person is truly virtuous, and does many good works, that person cannot hinder her consciousness, and thinking, that she is better, than robbers, and other bad livers.

Mrs. *Affable*. If that person is truly virtuous, she will say with *Mary*: *The Lord hath done great things to me*. I have said it already, and cannot forbear repeating, that vanity is ever accompanied by folly, for every thing, that is good in us, is from God. If a robber, a woman of bad repute, had been favoured with your lights, and your education, perhaps they would have improved them to greater advantage. This thought, ladies, will preserve us from despising any one; and if we can act on this principle, we shall find, that all have a title to some regard. How happy would society be, if all were so disposed! Let us continue.

And his mercy on is them, that fear him from generation to generation. He hath exerted the power of his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imaginations of their hearts. What is your opinion of this, lady Witty?

Lady *Witty*. It is very terrible to a proud creature, as I am. It looks, as if God parted with mercy, when he meets pride. He exerts his mighty arm to scatter those, who rise by pride in their thoughts, as dust is dispersed without leaving any mark.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are in the right, my dear. God seems to take pleasure in crushing the proud; and the sequel of *Mary's* song shews it.

He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree; he hath filled the hun-

hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away.

Lady Sensible. To be in the dust, is to hold a good place in the sight of the Lord. Those, who are placed there, who have always their nothingness, and their dust before their eyes, are exalted by the almighty, and take room of the proud rich men, whom he puts down from their seats, and divests of their grandeur and plenty.

Lady Louisa. Good God, *Mrs. Affable*, how different are the worldly maxims, to which we are brought up, from those of the gospel! Preserve your rank, remember your title, don't forget, that you are rich, and are to make a great figure in the world. These principles insensibly teach us, that happiness consists in being over the heads of others; and yet we can only be safe, when we make ourselves familiar with the thoughts of our nothingness.

Mrs. Affable. That is our strong hold, ladies, and must be the subject of our serious meditations. Our nothing is, strictly, our place, which however is no hinderance to observing the decencies, to which your rank obliges you in the situation, where you are placed by providence; and indeed, the Holy Ghost speaks only of those, who are proud in the imagination of their hearts. Our endeavours must aim at reforming the heart. Go on with the account of *Zacharias*, lady *Charlotte*.

Lady Charlotte. *Elizabeth* was delivered of a son, and all her relations hearing the great mercy God had shewn her, came and congratulated with her. And when, he was to be circumcised, they would have given him the father's name; but *Elizabeth* opposed it, and said, he must be called *John*. Why so, said they, none of your kindred

is called by that name. They made signs to *Zacharias* to know, how he should be called; he took a writing table, and wrote, *John is his name* to their great surprize. At the same time his mouth was opened, and he uttered his famous canticle, or song, where after giving God thanks for announcing the arrival of the promised *Messiah*, he wishes all men to serve God in justice and holiness, before him all the days of our life. Then he added the following prophecy: *And thou child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Most High, for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord, to prepare his ways, to give knowledge of salvation unto his people, for the remission of their sins, through the bowels of the mercy of our God, wherein this rising sun hath visited us from on high, to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace.*

And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts, till the day of shewing unto Israel, Luke i. ch.

Mrs. Affable. Observe, dear ladies, that the Holy Ghost never ceases reminding us of our misery and weakness. We are mere children, when we are to walk in the ways of virtue, and the Lord must guide our feet.

Miss Bella. Give me leave, *Mrs. Affable*, to ask a question. Why did *Zacharias* speak to his son? He could not but know, that a child of eight days, could not understand him.

Mrs. Affable. Have you forgot, that *John* before his birth, leaped for joy, at the arrival of our Saviour? That transport of gladness must proceed from knowing the dignity of his great visiter. This knowledge, could not be without understanding; and, consequently, we find, that God, who can do all things, had advanced the use of

reason in *St. John*, whereby he was able to understand his father.

Lady Sensible. I have made a farther reflexion, *Mrs. Affable*. *Mary*, in quality of mother of God, was in a very superior degree, above her cosen; however she paid the first visit without standing upon the punctilio's of rank and precedency.

Mrs. Affable. A very good reflexion, my dear! and the example of *Mary* must be esteemed a very useful lesson. Nothing is more disagreeable in life, than a set of people, who are always examining, and weighing what is their due, and what they owe to others. Trifles must be overlooked for a quiet life; and rather more than less respect, than is due, should be paid to all.

Miss Rural. I have another difficulty. *Mary* and *Zacharias* use the same terms, *How shall this be?* The angel says nothing to *Mary*, and foretells a rigorous punishment to *Zacharias*.

Mrs. Affable. The question put by *Mary* proceeds from prudence, and that by *Zacharias* from incredulity. I was saying some days ago, that the Divine inspiration of the Scriptures required a careful examen. 'Tis but prudent and reason alone determines me to give the preference to the law of Jesus Christ above that of *Mahomet*. When I am upon this inquiry, I never doubt of the things, contained in the scripture, being possible; I know, that God is all powerful; the only question is, to know whether he has really said, that he has done those things *Mahomet* assures me, that he was taken up into heaven, in his life time. *St. Paul* affirms the same. I suspend my judgment, and examine the motives, for the credibility of these facts. After strict search, *Mahomet* appears to be an impostor. *St. Paul* on the contrary is associated to the Apostles

tles of that *Jesus*, whom after a serious examination I have discovered to be the Son of God. And hence reason obliges me to believe, that *Mahomet* imposes, and *St. Paul* speaks the truth. All sorts of doubt do not offend the Lord; since he punishes a doubt in *Zacharias* the doubt must be of a different nature from that of *Mary*, which is left unpunished; very likely he might doubt of the almighty power of God, and the holy Virgin only desired to be ascertained, that it was his Divine will, she should be the mother of God.

This, ladies, introduces a very natural reflection. It is very rash to judge our neighbour's actions, since we have no assurance of the motives, by which they acted. I do not speak of actions, that are morally evil. I can say, without any rash judgment, that a robber, a murderer is a bad man; I only mean actions, that bear different aspects, and are good, or bad, by the determination of their motives, on either side.

Miss Sophy. Give us an example of actions, having these two sides, or different aspects.

Mrs. Affable. I shall do it with pleasure I heard a story yesterday, which comes very pat, to understand the several lights, under which the same thing may be considered. There is a lady in town of great quality, who is extremely frugal and saving. She has a watchful eye over her servants to see, that they make no waste; she bargains hard to have every thing, at the lowest price, and does not like unnecessary expences. This lady's proceeding may be on two different motives, a prudent frugality, or covetousness. The world inclined always to interpret on the worse side, has declared her covetous. But nothing can be falser, as I shall tell you.

An Admiral left three fons and a daughter, in a very low condition. Their mother had been a friend of the lady, I am talking about; and some common friends judged it proper to apply to her, in behalf of the unfortunate children. The lady, that had the commission put upon her, was very loth to undertake the affair; she will give me ten or twelve guineas, said she, to herself, and it will look, as if I tore her very soul out. Under this prevention, she waits on the lady, and made use of every motive, that could raise compassion, in laying before her this melancholy case. The lady, that was petitioned, complained much of the great scarcity of money, whereby she was not able to do all the service she could wish to have in her power on this occasion; she said her husband would provide for the three fons, and gave her three hundred guineas for the daughter. She, that received this sum, could with difficulty believe, that all this was not a dream, and heartily repented the rash judgment she had entertained of this lady; and so much the more as she discovered, that charity, only, was the main motive, that influenced this pretended covetous lady to be so frugal and sparing; and that she distributed considerable sums to the poor, which she could not have done, without being particularly careful in avoiding useless expences.

Here you may observe ladies, how much it behoves us not to be overhasty in judging actions, where the appearances may point out different motives.

Lady *Witty*. 'Tis now a long time, Mrs. *Asfable*, since you promised us a story about the dangers of jealousy; won't you acquit that debt?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. Right, my dear, to acquit a promise is paying a debt; I will not delay any longer giving you that satisfaction.

A Gentleman, in *Yorkshire*, had two daughters; the eldest was called *Emilia*, the younger *Betsy*. They were very amiable young ladies, and loved each other extremely, till about fifteen years of age, when there happened a breach between them, which I am going to tell you, how it fell out.

They had both a great genius for the harpsichord, and had made an extraordinary progress in music. The town, where they lived, had no other subject of conversation, but the abilities and skill of the two sisters; and it was much disputed, which deserved the preference; some liked *Betsy's* playing better, and the others declared for the elder. At first this caused a little coolness between the two; they overlooked these beginnings of a passion, which degenerated into jealousy, and soon after grew up to downright hatred.

About this time came an officer to make some stay in the country; he had been all his life in town, and had acquired the reputation of playing perfectly well upon the harpsichord. The sisters, having heard of this gentleman, were very eager to see him, each with hopes, he would decide in her favour. The father, who willingly condescended to what they desired, invited the officer to a dish of tea, and he was to be judge of their performance. At first he said no farther, than that both the young ladies, had exceeding talents for music, but being urged to speak his mind freely, he added, that *Emilia*, had the lighter hand. Nothing could come up to the transport of joy, that seized *Emilia*, but *Betsy's* rage and despair, who from that time thought the officer a very disagreeable person. On the contrary, her sister thought
him

him a most lovely gentleman, and as he offered himself to give her some lessons, she shewed the greatest regard for him. The officer, who was a villain with a great share of wit, soon found out *Emilia's* foible; and as his intention was to seduce her, he ridiculed *Betsy* and her genius for music, by which means he gained her jealous sister's heart. When he was satisfied, that she was in love, he appeared very much dejected, and said he must go up to town again. *Emilia*, almost in despair, pressed him earnestly to declare his reasons for it; but he took care not to be forward with too speedy an answer, and suffered himself to be much intreated, to raise her curiosity. At last one day, they were alone, he throws himself at her feet and declares the necessity he was under to be at a distance, in order to forget her, who was the cause of all his misery. I love you, said he, and, as I am a younger brother without a fortune, I can never expect your father's consent. *Emilia* agreed to the impossibility of a match. If you loved me, the officer replied, it is possible enough. I take my oath in the presence of God, that I will marry you, when we arrive in town, if you will come with me; and when our nuptials are over, your father must consent of course. *Emilia* was highly displeas'd with the proposal at first; then by degrees she began to listen to him with less repugnance, and at last the fear of losing a lover determin'd her. But you must know, ladies, that he was a very rich man, and that the poverty he pleaded was only a pretext, not to marry the unfortunate *Emilia*. When she came to town, she reminded him of his promise; whilst his love continued, he plied her with reasons for putting off their wedding, but the love of a woman, that is not modest, cannot last long, let her be

be ever so beautiful. About three months after, the officer, grown out of conceit, declared to her with haughty scorn, that he would never marry her. Tears, sighs and grieving were to no purpose, and he wearied with her complaints took a proper occasion to run-away, without leaving her a farthing. The ill-fated *Emilia* fell sick out of despair, and was conveyed to an hospital. She was turned out of this place, some months after, but so altered, that she could not be known again; she was reduced to the greatest extremity, and forced to beg. A Yorkshire gentleman saw her; this young person, thought he, has a voice like *Emilia*, and a sort of resemblance to her. He examined her, and found by her answers to several questions, that he was not mistaken; he took a lodging for her, and wrote to her father for some relief; but that came too late. *Emilia* wasted with trouble and shame had made her exit, and died detesting her lover, her pride, and the jealousy, which it had caused.

Lady Witty. You had great reason to call this a terrible story. Who would have thought, that this little jealousy would have ended in this strange manner!

Mrs. Affable. This is the usual progress of passions. Weak at first, they gain strength; and there is no excess to which they will not lead those, who entertain them with complacency. We have something yet to say concerning *Cyrus*, ladies; and lady *Sensible* will inform us, how he made himself master of *Babylon*.

Lady Sensible. *Babylon* in those days was looked upon as impregnable, and not without reason. The *Euphrates*, a great and deep river served as a ditch to the city; and very high walls were a fence to those parts, which the river did not guard.

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The gates were of brass, but no fortification can stand against the Lord; and he guided *Cyrus*. This hero sat down very quietly with his army on the banks of the *Euphrates*; and being unprovided of boats to cross the river, he was jeered by the *Babylonians* and asked, when his soldiers would be fitted with wings to cross the river. *Cyrus* let them have their jest, and in the mean time ordered a large and very deep ditch to be made and carried on behind his army. He waited for a grand festival, on which the *Babylonians* thought of nothing, but feasting and diversions. As night came on, he brought the ditch up to the *Euphrates*; the river finding this new bed, took its course that way and left part of the river quite dry. *Cyrus* passed over with his army; and, as the *Babylonians* after their debauch were oppressed with wine and sleep, they found no difficulty to break into the town and massacre the inhabitants. This happened that night, that *Belshazzar* saw the hand writing upon the wall.

Miss Sophy. Did *Cyrus* make all these conquests for his uncle *Cyaxares*?

Mrs. Affable. Yes, my dear, but, as he had married his only daughter, all those kingdoms came to him. He inherited *Persia*, upon the demise of his father *Cambyzes*, *Media*, as the inheritance of his wife *Mandana*, and got *Babylon* and *Lydia* by conquest from *Belshazzar* and *Cræsus*.

Lady Violent. Being master of all these kingdoms, surely, he gave over waging war; did not he, *Mrs. Affable*?

Mrs. Affable. He did, and spent the remainder of his days now in one kingdom, and then in another.

Miss Bella. And I hope, he behaved with honour the rest of his life.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. Yes, my dear, but for two foolish things, for which he can scarce be forgiven. To humour the *Babylonians*, he thought, he must, on some occasions, dress and live like them. I am willing to believe, he did neither, out of pride or intemperance; but however this did not hinder the bad effect, which his example had. The *Persians*, had an exceeding respect for *Cyrus*, and a high opinion of his virtue. When they saw him magnificently dressed, and that he gave grand entertainments, they began to think, there could be no danger in imitating so wise a prince as *Cyrus*. From that time, they opened a way to pomp and luxury, and corrupted the simplicity of their manners.

A second fault of *Cyrus* gave the fatal blow, and entirely corrupted the *Persians*. He thought he was too much employed to have leisure for superintending the education of his children; and so left the care to their mother *Mandana*, who, as she was brought up in *Media*, had not the least idea of a good education. This Princess was so weakly fond of her children, that she would not let them go to the public schools; other mothers followed the same example; and the *Persians* became as soft and voluptuous, as the nations they overcame.

Mrs. *Affable*. You have here an instance, ladies, of what importance the example of the great is, with regard to the lower set of people. Be well assured, that your children, your domestic servants, those below you, have their eyes open to watch your behaviour, and will think themselves authorized to do whatever you may allow and indulge yourself in. We will put in here one word concerning the *fulminating spark* according to promise, and end our lesson with geography.

As the learned *Cincus* was amusing himself with *Electrical* experiments, he took a fancy to make use, instead of the iron rod, of a gun barrel, to which he fastened a brass wire. After this he dipt the brass wire in one of your *Bohemian* glasses full of water. He had the glass in one hand, and with the other, he endeavoured to draw a scintillation from the gun-barrel. The shock he received was so violent, that he had like to have fallen back, and thought himself struck with thunder. Another *virtuoso*, who tried the same experiment, protested he would not make another trial, no, not for the kingdom of *France*. Mr. *Le Cat* had more courage; he put himself in the way to receive the fulminating scintillation, and resolved not to stir, whatever pain he might suffer. He was nevertheless obliged to depart from his resolution. The shock made him cry out, and take a skip, that threw all the *apparatus* into confusion. He felt a pain in both arms and his breast; and persons, much more robust than himself, have felt a shock from head to foot. It has been observed, that this fulminating scintillation or spark is shorter and blunter, and of a deeper red, than others.

Miss Rural. This is very wonderful, Mrs. *Affable*; and yet effects are but a small amusement, without the knowledge of the causes. You have made us a promise of pointing them out; and I wait with impatience for that happy moment.

Mrs. *Affable*. For my part, I dread it; I fear, I shall not express things properly, and find some difficulty in making you understand what Mr. *Le Cat* has wrote on this subject; however I will try, and, if you don't understand me, we will drop

drop the subject there. *Lady Sensible*, whereabouts were we, with our Geography?

Lady Sensible. I don't know, *Mrs. Affable*, that I have told the ladies, the names of the principal cities or fortresses in *Canada*; I will however repeat them, tho', perhaps, I have named them before. In *Louisiana*, there is *New-Orleans*, in *Saguenay*, we find *Quebec*. I dare not mention other forts, which are disputed between the *English* and *French*. If God is pleased to grant a peace, and something is fixed, on which we may with certainty depend, we will take this article again into consideration.

Lady Louisa. *Lady Sensible* is not for engaging in a quarrel, and chuses to be neuter.

Lady Sensible. No, madam; far from being neuter, I am an *English* woman, and, as such, very zealous for my country. But, as the *English* have not chosen me an umpire in the quarrel, 'tis to no purpose, I think, to break my head for the purchase of such usefess knowledge. If ever it should be the fashion for ladies to sit in parliament, and I have a place in either house, I will study night and day, that I may be qualified for a proper judge; till then I chuse to continue ignorant about the matter.

Miss Molly. Are the members of the house to study night and day, that they may understand these things? That is very troublesome; at that rate, they must not have a moment's diversion.

Lady Sensible. I think, indeed, it is their duty; for, in short, they sit in the house to decide such affairs; and how can they, when they are strangers to the state of the question?

Mrs. Affable. *Lady Sensible* judges quite right. Every state of life, has its respective duties, and it is absolutely necessary to acquire that knowledge,

whereby one is directed in discharging those obligations with credit. It is no fault not to be a member of the house, but a very great one, to fail in the performance of duties incumbent on that state. The nation in a body trust their interest with the deputies, who represent them in the house of Commons. Their interests would be in rare hands, if the representatives preferred their diversions to their duty. Let us make use of the present war to understand this.

The present war is about the limits of *Canada*, contested between the two nations. The commissioners, on both sides, have made their allegations, which don't appear decisive in the point, and which however must be decided; for if the *French* invade the property of the *English* nation, the Commons are obliged, in honour and conscience, to enter into a war. If the *French* on the other side, only claim their own, nothing can be more unjust, than the present war. If the rights of both the nations appear doubtful, equity requires endeavours to clear them up; and to terminate the dispute by an accommodation. The whole lies in the hands of the representatives, and *England* will be concerned in a just or unjust war, according as they shall decide the case. They must tremble for fear of wronging the country by their mistakes, in a matter of this importance. Must they not, of consequence give their whole time up to inquiries after truth, and the merits of the cause, since they are answerable for the interest of the public intrusted to their care?

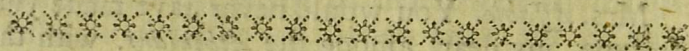
Lady *Louisa*. I thank God for being of a different sex; I hate these disputes, and do assure you, that were I a man, I would not undertake so difficult and nice a commission.

Mrs. *Affable*. You would never have made your fortune, my dear, among the *Athenians*, with this disposition; they allowed no neutrality in the differences, that divided their commonwealth; and it was infamous to appear indifferent. What? they said, you have a share with your fellow-citizens in the protection, riches and all other advantages of your native country, and are so little concerned for the public welfare, that you can sit a cool spectator of *Athens*, torn and maltreated by faction; you are an ungrateful, infamous person, and deserve to be cast out of the common-wealth. This was a very just law, ladies, but only for men, nothing of this kind was expected from women; they had too mean an opinion of their capacities. Continue, lady *Sensible*, instructing us about *America*.

Lady *Sensible*. *Florida* is separated from *Louisiana* by the *Apalacha* mountains; both nations are much alike in manners. The *Spaniards*, have several forts here, whereof the chief are *St. Matthew*, and *St. Augustine*.

New-England takes in, *Acadia*, *New-England*, *New-York*, *Pensylvania*, *Maryland*, *Virginia*, *Carolina* and *Georgia*.

Mrs. *Affable*. As you are to be acquainted in a particular manner, with this part of *America*, we will enter upon a more circumstantial account of it, the first time we meet.



DIALOGUE XXXIII.

Lady Lucy.

YOU will give me leave, Mrs. *Affable*, to remind you, that you still owe us the definition of liberty, which you promised. You said, indeed, that liberty did not consist in a power of doing evil with impunity, nor to do as we pleased, but you proceeded no farther.

Mrs. *Affable*. The question is not very intricate, if you speak of the liberty of a nation in general; it would be much more perplexing, if we spoke of every person's particular liberty. But I am really less fit to handle this subject, than another. I am far from looking upon liberty, as the greatest of all good things; nay, I have a confused notion, which seems to assure me, that it is no advantage, and, that it is not suited to mankind.

Miss *Rural*. Nay, now, Mrs. *Affable*, I must be so free, as to contradict you. Liberty in my opinion, is not only the greatest good, but the only one, that becomes a rational soul.

Mrs. *Affable*. You must then have a very clear and distinct idea of the import of that word; without that you could not even say, that it was a good thing, much less the greatest and best of all good things. Give me a definition of what you mean by liberty, and you will oblige me greatly.

Lady

Lady *Lucy*. Give me leave to put in a reflection. I perceive, that we don't understand half the words we employ. That word *liberty* is used by all the world and with so much ease, that one would really think, all were agreed about the meaning and its advantages. And yet, I think with Mrs. *Affable*, tho' in a confused manner, that, possibly, liberty may not be such valuable ware as it is frequently imagined. I perceive, that it cannot well subsist, without breaking in upon order.

Miss *Rural*. I cannot bear this discourse; it puts me into a ferment. I must tell you, lady, that in this article, I am quite an *English* woman, and more, if possible; and, if I may be allowed to speak with my usual sincerity, I don't understand, how the clearest matter in the world stands in need of the least explication.

Mrs. *Affable*. Admire the strength of prejudice, and a predominant passion. Nature has blessed Miss *Rural* with a geometrical way of thinking; hitherto we have seen her with scales, compass, and rule measuring, weighing and proving her opinions. Now we have hit upon her favorite idea; she is out of all measure, and is almost tempted to break out into hard words. This great stickler for liberty will not indulge us the freedom of our own thoughts, and very arbitrarily, even without a proof, requires our submission to her notions. I am not so tyrannical, my dear; I don't condemn your opinion; I don't give mine, as infallible, I only insist upon examining the matter. Lady *Witty*, I am sure, joins with me in sentiment; but, if I should attack some favorite prevention of hers, her passion, she might prove not less warm, than her friend. I myself, ladies, as easily, as any other, might be engaged in the

same false step, on the like occasion. Thus it happens, that persons, otherwise of excellent endowments, will get into a habit of being out of reason. Let us guard against a defect, that vitiates the understanding. Instruct us, miss *Rural*, give us reasons; you will find us docile, but forbear harsh language.

Miss *Rural*. I am much ashamed, Mrs. *Affable*, you have, as it were, taken a veil from before my sight. My mind is certainly despotic; I would subject all the world to my way of thinking, and, interiorly, I condemn all, that will not think like myself. I hope to be more moderate. I will give you my notion of a nation's liberty in general. And that is, where a nation is governed by good laws of their own making, and no one can with impunity offend against them. I have been informed, it was so amongst the *Romans*, and I think, that this my favorite form of government is the same we have in *England*.

As to the liberty of private persons, it is such, as it ought to be under that government, particularly, since they have liberty to think and write, as they please.

Mrs. *Affable*. I have no longer an imaginary phantom to oppose; I know the liberty, which is miss *Rural's* idol, and should be mine, but that I fear, it is without any real existence, and only subsists in imagination. The continuation of the *Roman History* will inform you, how far they were from even that kind of liberty.

Miss *Rural*. Perhaps, when the authority was lodged in the hands of one only, as in *Tarquin's* time; but in the time of the commonwealth, when it was lodged in the *Consuls* and the *Tribunes*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is the very time, I mean. The proof we shall find in the history; and some day we will discuss, whether that liberty, which the *Romans* never had, was reserved for *England*. What reign was it we broke off at, lady *Witty*?

Lady *Witty*. The reign of *Tarquin* the elder. I will dispatch, in a word, what relates to the kings, to pass to the *Consuls*.

Lady *Violent*. Not so, madam, with your leave. You shall inform us, if Mrs. *Affable* allow it, with all that you know. I am not in such haste for the *Consuls*.

Mrs. *Affable*. Make this reflection, ladies. If every one must have their liberty, we must go together by the ears. Lady *Witty* is for abridging, lady *Violent* is for extending the account. So many heads, as many different minds. Let pistols be brought in; and we shall see, who gets the better.

Lady *Witty*. Good God! Mrs. *Affable*, there is no occasion for fighting. It is but reasonable to satisfy lady *Violent*. I don't much care to repeat this beginning, that I know so well; and at the same time it would be unjust to refuse lady *Violent* the pleasure, I have once had myself.

Lady *Violent*. You are extreme good, my dear; still I would not abuse your complaisance. If it be the least trouble to you, I will read it over by myself.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well! we are agreed without any struggle. Tell me, lady *Witty*; you are going to act against your own will; you are not free now, that you are doing what you have no mind to do. Not to be free in any action, is to be a slave with respect to that action. What do you think of it, my dear?

Lady *Witty*. I see no slavery or force in the case, where I obey the dictates of reason. That

would be, indeed, a great evil to have the liberty of being unreasonable.

Mrs. *Affable*. Then we might define that man to be free, who obeys only right reason.

Lady *Lucy*. And the definition I really believe to be a very good one.

Miss *Rural*. But it may frequently happen, that the opinions, however reasonable, are different. I have, I suppose, a house near yours; reason tells me I ought to make it as convenient as possible. It is but two stories high. I build a third, which takes off your prospect of a large garden. You cannot hinder me, without abridging my liberty; and reason does not forbid you using your best endeavours, to hinder me from the use of this liberty.

Lady *Witty*. You must excuse me, madam. If the prospect of that garden is only pleasurable, I can be without it; if I am resolved to have this view, I can add another story to my house. If my house will not bear another story and yours obstruct my light, I can have recourse to your reason for obtaining justice from you, and, if you refuse this, to the laws, which are so to regulate the liberty and property of particulars, as not to prejudice that of others.

Lady *Louisa*. And yet you might lose your cause. When the city of *London* was burnt, a magnificent plan was offered for rebuilding it. Every street was to be strait as a line. *St. Paul's* was to stand in the middle of a large square opening into noble streets. The plan was not to be executed; particulars would build on the old spot, which they formerly occupied, wherein their liberty could not be constrained, and, out of a regard to that, the city was rebuilt all awry.

Lady

Lady *Lucy*. My service to the liberty of particulars, which tyrannizes over the public. Do you like that sort of liberty, miss *Rural*?

Miss *Rural*. No, madam; I own that there was good reason to force particulars, who took the advantage of liberty to be out of reason.

Mrs. *Affable*. Remember this, ladies; the liberty of the public is always to take place of the liberty of private persons; we shall have frequent occasion for this maxim. Let us now speak of *Tarquin*.

Lady *Sensible*. The ladies have not forgot, that *Tarquin* behaved like a man of honour, to arrive at the throne. As he had acted the part of a virtuous person so many years, he contracted such a habit of doing good actions, that he never lost it, and proved a very good king. The sons of *Ancus* never forgot the trick he put upon them; they endeavoured to give him a great deal of trouble; but their ill will was without success, and he brought matters about so, as to have them banished. He was engaged in several wars, which he always concluded to the advantage of the *Romans*; and in the intervals, which the winter season afforded, his study and chief application was to keep up order, and to provide, that plenty of provisions should reign at *Rome*, and in the territory, that depended of it. In one of his wars he took a lady of distinction prisoner, who was big with child. She was delivered of a son; he was called *Servius Tullius*, and was intended to be brought up, to wait in the service of the royal palace. They thought one day, that the child slept, they saw his head crowned with flames; perhaps he had been electrified, Mrs. *Affable*. I only jest, ladies, no doubt, but this was effected in some manner by the rays of the

fun; however it was, *Tanaquil*, who loved to deal in the marvelous, firmly believed the report, and predicted the child would be the glory of his family. As she had prophesied, she was in honour obliged to see, that the prediction was accomplished; she left nothing undone to bring it to bear, and gave *Servius* the best of education. He took it with such advantage, that he became the delight of the king, and of the people. The king gave him his own daughter in marriage, and, tho' he had two grand sons, *Tarquin* and *Aruns*, *Tanaquil* designed to place him on the throne after her husband's decease; and this was so much the easier to be done, as the people wished it earnestly.

Mean while *Ancus's* two sons, who were exiled, bore it with patience, and with hopes of succeeding the king, who was declining in years. They were in a rage, when apprised of the disposition of the *Romans* in favour of *Servius*; and, to the end that *Tanaquil* should have no time to strengthen his party, they resolved to get *Tarquin* dispatched. Two murderers in the guise of country labourers pretended to quarrel before the king's palace; the good prince, who thought it his duty, to do justice to the meanest of his subjects, ordered them to be brought in, that they might come to an accommodation. Whilst one was laying the case before him, the other fell on the king, and killed him with a hatchet, he held in his hand. *Tanaquil* kept her usual presence of mind in this disastrous circumstance; she ordered persons of assured fidelity to lay the royal corps in bed, and published, that he was only wounded, and not mortally; that he desired the people to allow *Servius* the management of affairs, till he recovered, and he employed his time to so much

advan-

advantage for the establishing of his authority, that the people looked upon him, as their king. The senate was not altogether so favorable to *Servius*, who, finding their unreadiness to consent, pass over that ceremony, and got himself elected by the people.

Miss Bella. I don't approve of elective kingdoms. The election can never be made peaceably; besides, two different interests are set up in the kingdom, one of the state, the other of the reigning family.

Lady Mary. I don't take this; pray, my dear, be so kind, as to explain this point.

Mrs. Affable. You know, that, in hereditary kingdoms, the king is sure, that the succession is his son's inheritance, whereby the good of the state, and the advantage of his son are linked together. An example will let you see what I mean.

The king is pleased to grant you a forest for your self, and your heirs, but he makes the grant of another to me, for life only. In this case, if you will but act rationally, you would be contented with lopping the branches of the trees, and you would keep the wood in the best order, seeing it is the inheritance of your children; and no waste could be made without much prejudice to the family. The interest of your family and the preservation of the wood is the same. I am in a different situation; the love I have for my family, has no connection with maintaining and keeping up an estate, that is not to pass to my descendants; on the contrary, I shall be naturally inclined to make all advantages possible, to cut down the large trees, to pluck up others, and to destroy, without any concern for their interest, who come to possess this estate after me, and who are quite strangers to me. 'Tis

'Tis the same, where a kingdom does not descend to the king's posterity. He makes as much of it as he can, because his family's interest, and that of the kingdom, are two very different objects, whereas, in an hereditary kingdom, they are intimately connected. Please to go on with the history of *Servius*.

Lady Witty. In my opinion, *Servius* was the best, the greatest king, and had the most distinguished talents for reigning, that ever governed in *Rome*; and, to follow *Mrs. Affable's* method, I will now endeavour to prove the truth of this opinion.

Romulus had divided the people into thirty classes, which were called *Curiae*, and answer to the wards in the city. The wards were equal in the number of men. Now, ladies, you know, that in a kingdom the number of the poor exceeds greatly that of the rich. For instance, let us suppose a hundred wards of the poorer sort, and ten of wealthy persons; it was the same at *Rome*, and had very bad effects. And first, they voted by wards, in their general assemblies about public business, elections, peace or war. The poor wards had you see an hundred votes, the rich but ten. Another inconvenience was, that all wards were taxed alike, and the poorest paid as much, as the richest, which was really unjust.

Miss Sophy. I easily see the injustice of the poor paying as high taxes as the rich, but I don't perceive any reason for your judging, that it is not proper for the poor, to have more votes, than the rich; I should rather think, that the poor having less ambition, than the rich, are so much fitter to govern.

Mrs. Affable. The thought seems to be, but is not, good. You say, that the poor have less
ambition

ambition, than the rich. It is a mistake, my dear; their ambition does not aspire so high, but takes in as many objects, as theirs. I am of lady *Witty's* opinion, that the rich are fitter to govern the state, than the poor, and for these reasons.

The interest of most wealthy persons is to preserve tranquillity and peace in the state, that they may not lose in the troubles of a commonwealth the happy state they enjoy. The poor have little or nothing to lose; their condition is frequently such, that it cannot be worse, and of course every change may be advantageous. I suppose, that I am blind, and that your sight is very weak; a quack, or mountebank comes and assures us, that he has a powder, that will restore my sight and strengthen yours; I must not make the least scruple about the use of his powder, why? I can lose nothing, I hazard nothing; I am blind; nothing worse can happen to the eyes; if the remedy has no effect, I shall continue as I am. I have all to hope for, and run no risk. Your case is different. Your sight is weak; however, you see; and it is possible, that you may change your situation for a worse. We may say the same with respect to the rich and the poor. The last may say, what concern is it to us, whether an enemy invades the kingdom or not? They can take nothing from those, who possess nothing; they will plunder *Rome*; so much the worse for the rich; they will not meddle with us; on the other hand, perhaps, we may have some small share in the booty.

Lady *Louisa*. It may be also added, that the rich, having received a better education, are better judges of what is more or less for the public good.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. Yes, madam; and thus I think, I have clearly shewed, that, for the interest of the state, the government is better placed in the hands of the rich, than of the poor.

Lady *Witty*. Consequently *Serwius* was very prudent in placing power and authority in the wealthy part of the common-wealth; but this alteration required an able head-piece, and skillful management; for the common people of *Rome* were very jealous of the privilege, they had to govern the state.

Lady *Violent*. Did he take *Lycurgus's* method, and propose the law with armed soldiers about him?

Lady *Witty*. No madam; he had wit enough to bring about this change, without giving any person reason to complain. He convened the people; he said, that he thought it very unjust for the poorer sort to pay, as much as the rich, and added, that he conceived he could make another regulation, by which the poor would be relieved, and pay very little.

Miss *Bella*. I durst lay a wager, that the majority was for him.

Lady *Witty*. You are sure to win, madam; he had liberty to do, as he pleased; and he begun with an order for every *Roman*, to bring in an account of the value of their estates. He then proceeded to divide them into an hundred and ninety three classes, which he called *Centuries*; but for the better understanding this, I make this comparison. Suppose the same is done here at *London*, and that the first class consists of persons worth twenty five thousand pounds sterling *per ann.* you easily conceive this class cannot be very numerous, it may possibly not reach more than an hundred.

If the second class be made up of persons worth twenty thousand pounds *per ann.* this would exceed the other in number; and there would be still more in a third class of such as had an yearly income of fifteen thousand, and more yet in another, of ten thousand pounds *per ann.* You understand plainly, that the numbers must gradually increase, and that the numbers must be greater, where a less yearly income is required. So that in the last class there might be twenty thousand men, and not above one hundred in the first. The classes being thus disposed, let us imagine an assessment made in this manner; that every class pay one thousand pounds; how much must every one in the first and last class pay?

Lady *Charlotte.* In the first class every one pays ten pounds, and in the last a shilling.

Lady *Witty.* You may guess, how pleased the poor were, when this regulation took place; but at the same time, *Servius* made another, which they did not so fully enter into; and, by which the classes were each to have a vote, that of an hundred equal to that of twenty thousand. Now there was ninety-eight classes of the rich, and ninety-five of the poorer sort. They began with the votes from the first, and so on in order, whereby, affairs being decided by the majority of votes, they could be determined, before they came to the poor *centuries*, whose votes were then taken, only for form's sake.

Lady *Violent.* *Servius*, I must say that for him, was very unlucky, and took in the people of *Rome* very artfully.

Lady *Lucy.* I have read over the *Roman History*, three times without understanding this, which kept me in the dark, with regard to the perpetual disputes between the *Patricians* and the *Plebeians*; the first always desiring the votes to be taken

taken by *centuries*, and the last by the *curia*, or wards. Now I am let into the meaning.

Lady *Witty*. Afterwards *Servius* ordered an account of the *Romans* and of their estates to be taken after every five years. The numbering of the people concluded with a sacrifice to purify the city, which was called *lustrum*, and has also been appropriated to signify the space of five years. His reign was disturbed with wars, that lasted twenty years, and which he always made an end of with success. His wars never diverted his attention from any thing, which he thought would be conducive to make the *Romans* a happy people; and upon this account, as he foresaw, that a very bad successor was next to the throne, he was resolved to abdicate, that the people of *Rome* might be formed into a commonwealth, but had not time to execute his design.

Servius had two daughters both named *Tullia*, but persons of very different characters. The eldest possessed every virtue; the younger was a monster, and more cruel, than bears and tigers, in a word, a fiend, under the appearance and figure of a woman. You remember, ladies, that *Tarquin* left two grand-sons *Tarquin* and *Aruns*. *Tarquin* had the same evil dispositions of mind with the younger *Tullia*. *Aruns* resembled the elder *Tullia* in virtue. *Servius* who had a great deal of probity and worth, observed with grief, the malice of his daughter, and his nephew; he thought, he had hit upon a happy expedient to reform their tempers; he married the aspiring and malicious *Tullia* to the virtuous *Aruns*, and gave the incomparable *Tullia* to *Tarquin*, in hopes, that their good examples would soften their cruel and barbarous dispositions.

The two ill-suited matches ended, as it might reasonably be expected. *Tarquin* poisoned his vir-
tuous

tuous wife; *Aruns* met with the same fate, from his cruel spouse; and the two monsters matched together. From that moment, the execrable *Tullia*, never let *Tarquin* rest. She reproached him, incessantly, his patience, in suffering *Servius* to continue on the throne. But he is your father, said *Tarquin*. No matter, she answered, let him be destroyed, that you may take his place. *Tarquin* needed not to be much invited, to commit a wicked action; he took an occasion to go to the senate, and there represented to the senators, that they had not consented to the election of *Servius*, and that he had, as grandson to *Tarquin* the elder, a better right. With this, he seated himself on the throne; and, *Servius* coming in great haste, upon the news of this attempt, *Tarquin* without any respect to his great age, took him by the middle, and hurled him head long down the steps of the throne. Poor *Servius*, much bruised, got up, and was going home almost alone, but *Tarquin*, sent soldiers after him, who killed *Servius* and left his body in the street.

Tarquin, as soon as he was apprised of his death, sent to *Tullia*, and let her know, she might now come to see him in quality of king. The fury got immediately into her carriage, to go to the senate, and, by chance, came to the street, where the body of her father lay; the driver would have gone another way; the barbarous *Tullia* would not hear of it, bid him drive on, and said, that all the roads, which led to the throne, were good. From that time, the street was named *Vicus Sceleratus*, or the *Defiled Street*, on account of this horrible crime.

Lady Violent. You had great reason to say, that this woman was a fiend. This story looks so much more like some raving fancy, than a real fact, that it is extremely difficult to believe, that any human

human creature can carry perfidiousness and barbarity to this excess.

Mrs. *Affable*. You judge very well, lady. Such monsters are not within the bounds of nature. Lady *Witty*, pray tell us the other regulations set on foot, by *Servius*.

Lady *Witty*. He also impowered masters to give liberty to their bondslaves, who upon this were received into the lowest class of the people. I thought, he had instituted the *Saturnalia*, but looking over his life again last night, I find no mention of those feasts.

Lady *Mary*. What is meant by *Saturnalia*?

Mrs. *Affable*. A solemnity and festival with masquerades. You know, ladies, it was said, that when *Saturn* was turned out of heaven, by his son *Jupiter*, he took refuge in *Italy*, and brought with him the golden age, that is, pure and sound morals. The heathen poets had, undoubtedly, a confused notion of the state of our primitive parents in the terrestrial paradise, and gave that happy time the name of the golden age. Then, said they, the tyger and the lion, without any fierceness, grazed with the lamb, in the same spot of ground. And man, unmolested with cupidity, only wanted the necessaries of life, which he found without labour among the fruits of the earth. The sheep, out of danger of being slaughtered, were secure of their fleece; the innocence of man, and the temperature of the seasons making cloaths unnecessary. *Mine* and *Thine* were terms unknown to the world; all was in common, and all men were equal. To perpetuate the memory of a happy age, which had only a being in the poet's fancy, they feigned that *Janus*, or *Saturn*, instituted the *Saturnalia*, festivals, during which, men disguised themselves under skins or hides of beasts; the masters laid down, for a
while;

while, the authority they had over their slaves, and made it a sort of pastime to wait upon them as servants.

Lady *Louisa*. A festival of that nature would be very proper, even now, to remind us, that originally all men were equal.

Mrs. *Affable*. There are some remains still of this custom. The great ones in *France* are sociable with their neighbours in the country, but then are not pleased to know any thing of them, when they come to *Paris*. I am told, that the *English* behave in the same manner to their *Spaniards* or *Italians* acquaintance.

Miss *Rural*. You told us, that the golden age, existed only in the poets imagination; would it have been real, if *Adam* and *Eve* had preserved their innocence?

Mrs. *Affable*. In this respect, I cannot be sure of any thing farther, than what we know from the scripture; every one is at liberty to form such ideas, as they please, provided they are not inconsistent with the sacred text. God threatened man with death, if he disobeyed; had he not done so, he would have been immortal.

Miss *Rural*. But, Mrs. *Affable*, this state of immortality would have been contrary to the nature of a body. That is composed of parts; those parts, in course, may be separated, and consequently it is not to be said, that the body could have been immortal, since, as you have taught us, divisibility is essential to matter.

Mrs. *Affable*. This shews, my dear, that the body cannot be immortal by nature, but by privilege. In such occasions, the rule, I have formerly given, is to be remembered. We don't conceive how a body, mortal by nature, can be immortal by privilege without a miracle;

acles; but we are thoroughly convinced, that God can work miracles, and, since he assures us, that he would have done it, and we know, that he can neither deceive, nor be deceived, we must stedfastly believe, that this mortality by nature, and immortality, by privilege, are but contrary in appearance; and that our understanding is too much confined, to comprehend these articles. But perhaps this is nothing to the purpose, children, and upon a more serious examen, it would clearly appear not to implicate any impossibility.

Lady *Lucy*. Why don't you go upon this examen, Mrs. *Affable*? Can any thing yield more satisfaction, than this sort of study.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very true, lady; but we have actually so many things to learn, that I think it adviseable to put off this, and several others, to another occasion. I shall employ the leisure hours in reflections, which may give me farther lights, and which I shall be sure to communicate to my dear ladies.

Miss *Rural*. We have at home great numbers of philosophical books, and many relating only to natural philosophy; shall I send you some? Perhaps, you may light upon something, that relates to this point.

Mrs. *Affable*. I am obliged to you, my dear, but do not chuse to seek truth in all sort of books.

Lady *Witty*. Where then will you search after truth? Don't we arrive at truth, by reading and comparing the several thoughts of different authors, in the books they have published?

Mrs. *Affable*. It may be so, my dear, but it may easily happen, that you shall imbibe, instead of truth, errors, and prejudices. We lately said, that since God created us to be happy, his goodness and his wisdom obliged him to provide us
with

with means for compassing that end. He created us in such manner, that we must eat, to repair our wasted substance, and he has found us with all things proper and necessary to prepare our aliments, and to fit them for being changed into our substance.

Lady Sensible. I am aware of the consequence, which is to be drawn from that principle. He has created us to know the truth; consequently, he has provided sufficient means to arrive at that knowledge.

Mrs. Affable. Just so, my dear; truth is the nourishment of the soul. Can you think, that he has less care of the soul, than of the body; and that he has not provided means for it, to take its nourishment?

Lady Sensible. But reading may be a means, and instruction, another. Don't you yourself teach us, how to come at the truth?

Mrs. Affable. I teach you a method of finding the truth in your own hearts; otherwise, we must say, that a blind and deaf man, who is incapable of reading, is created by the Almighty, to be the sport of error and fallhood. A motive very unworthy of God, who is all good, and all wise. What would you think, lady, if I advanced, that one can give what he has not?

Lady Sensible. As I should immediately discover, that it implied a contradiction, and was contrary to our natural ideas, I should say, it was false and shocking to reason?

Mrs. Affable. And if I maintained, that we cannot give what we have not, would you think the assertion ridiculous?

Lady Sensible. I should grant that immediately, as it is conformable to our ideas, and to natural reason.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. I infer from thence, that the rule, for arriving at the truth, is in your soul. You apply that rule to what I say, that you may discover, whether it is agreeable to the rule, and you judge it to be false or true, according to its tallying, or not, to that rule, without any power left, to bend your mind to a complacency in accepting my method of thinking. If I seek to deceive you, I must conceal the falsehood under the disguise of truth.

And this is the only book, I chuse to consult, with respect to natural knowledge.

Lady *Louisa*. That is a troublesome method; it would be a much shorter way, to form our ideas after those of others, and to be enriched with their lights.

Mrs. *Affable*. The insight we receive from others, is a prejudice with respect to us; but this proposition we shall debate, at another meeting.

Lady *Lucy*. I shall beg at the same time to be informed, how a blind and deaf man can come at the knowledge of truth, or one that lives in a desert. To me, I own, it appears impossible.

Mrs. *Affable*. Examining and discussing must decide these points; it will be prudent in you to put off your judgment to that time; perhaps I have judged wrong myself. To conclude, ladies, I desire, you will carry in your minds, the method I have laid down, either to evince the truth of what I have advanced, or to shew, that I am in the wrong.

The End of the Fourth VOLUME.





