

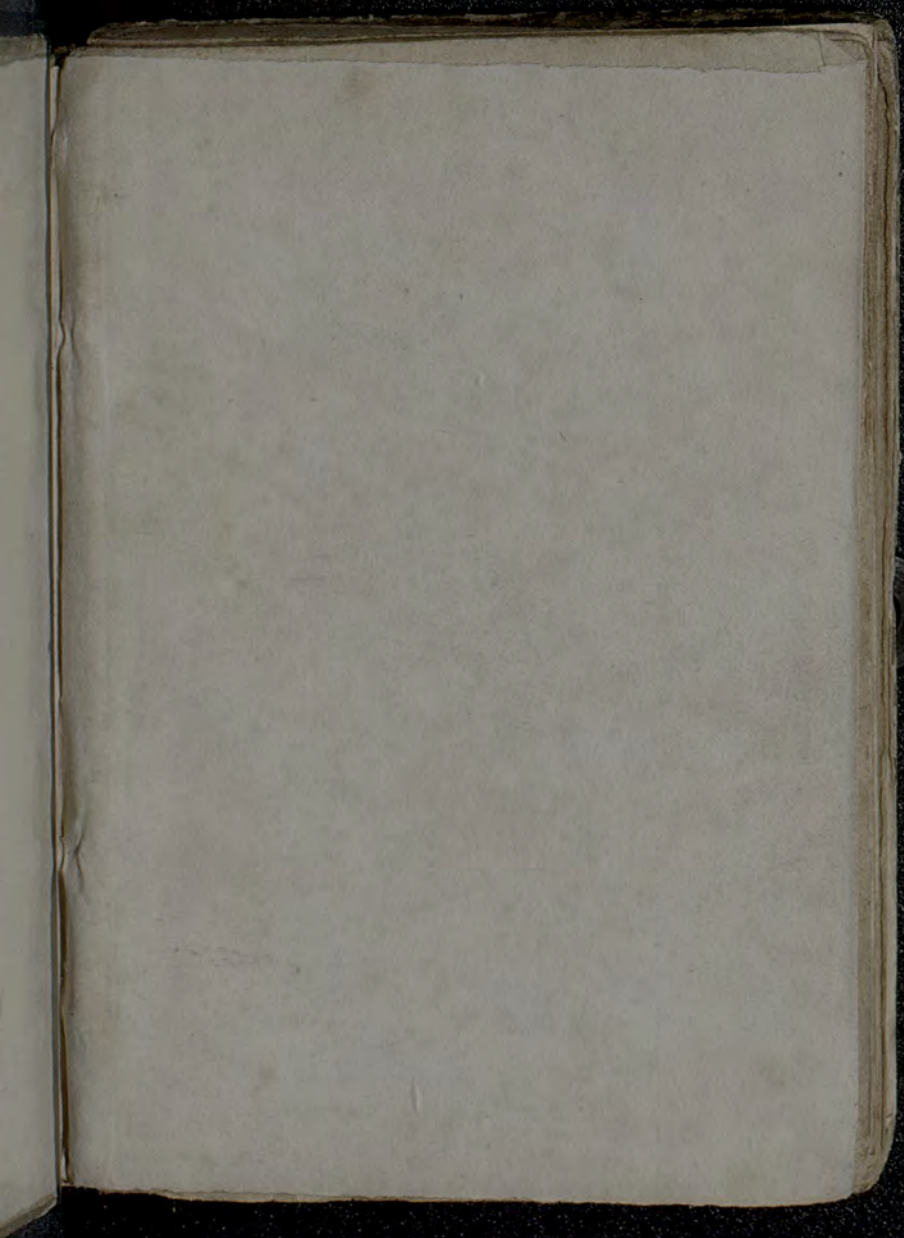


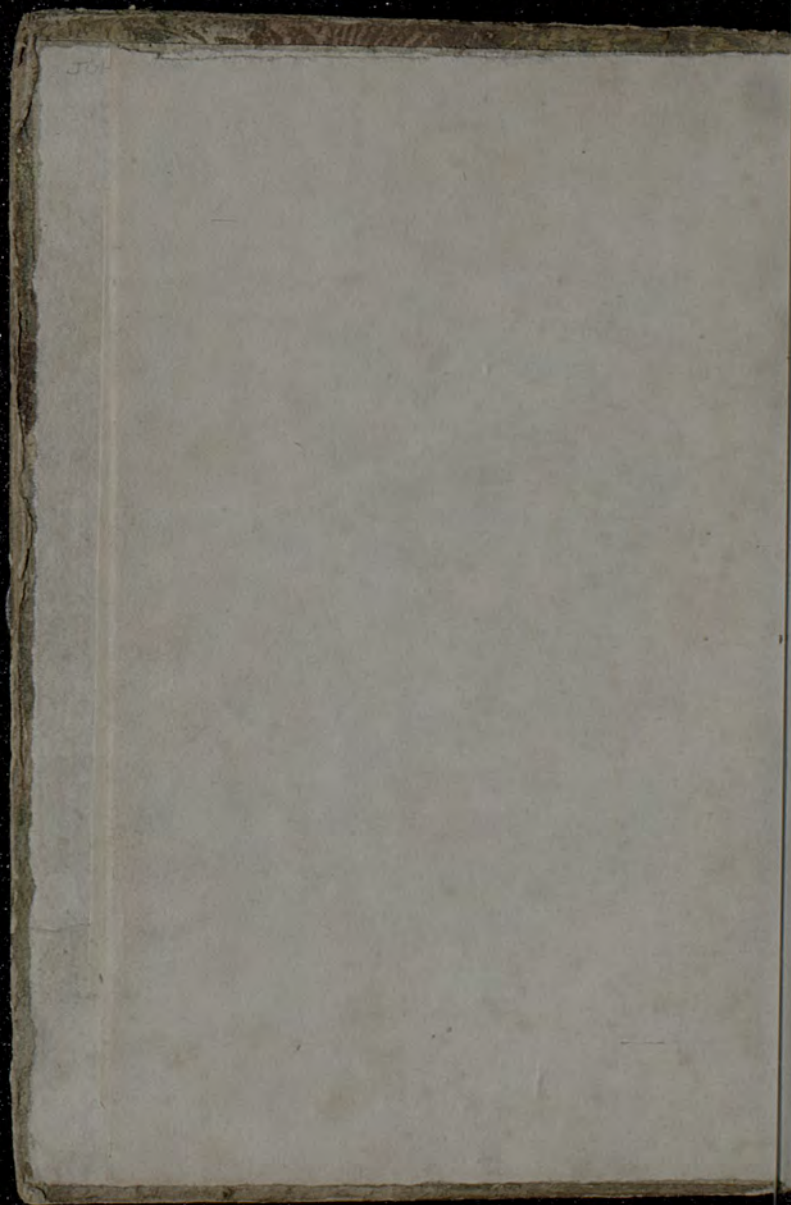
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THE
LITTLE FEMALE ORATORS;
OR,
Nine Evenings Entertainment.
WITH
OBSERVATIONS.

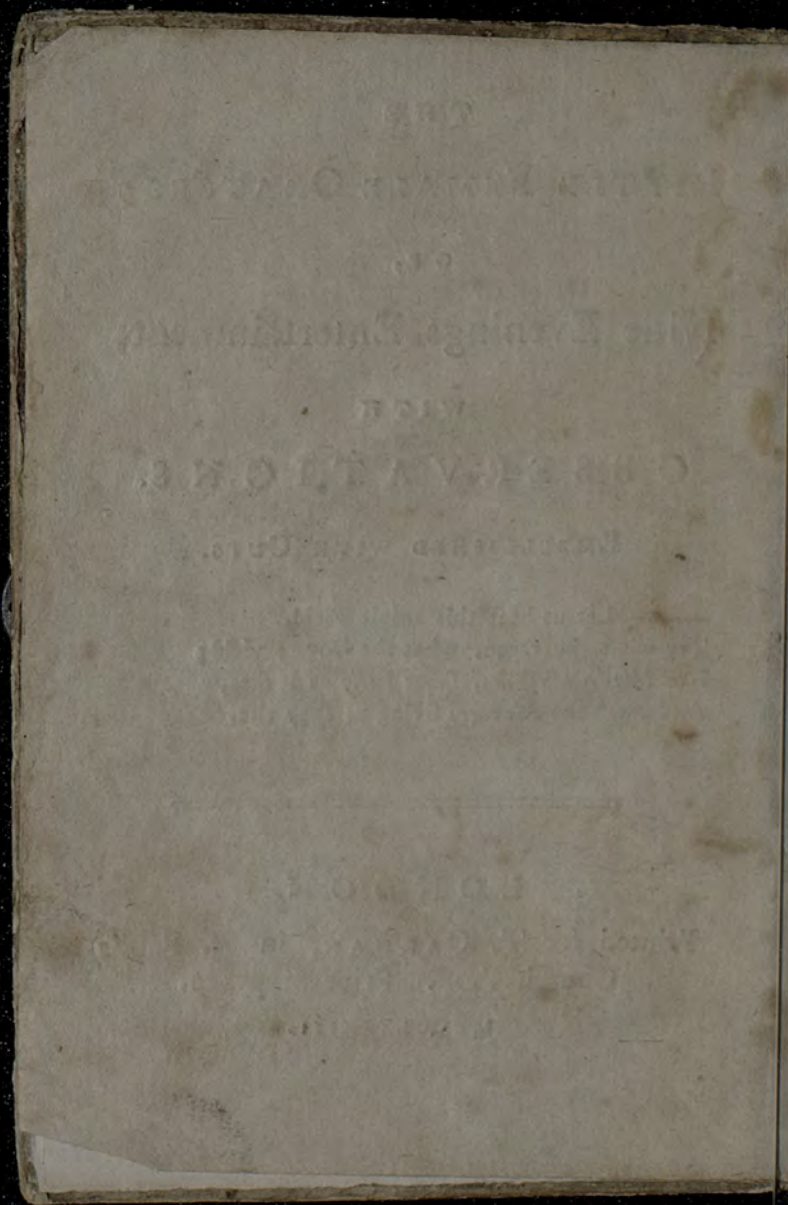
EMBELLISHED WITH CUTS.

Let us beat this ample Field,
Try what the Open, what the Covert yield;
Eye *Nature's* Walks, shoot *Folly* as it flies,
And catch the *Manners* living as they rise.

L O N D O N.

Printed for T. CARNAN, in St. Paul's
Church Yard. Price Sixpence.

MDCCLXXXIII.



P R E F A C E.

AT a Boarding School for young Ladies, some Miles distance from *London*, it has been the constant Custom of the Governess to make her little Scholars, just before Breaking-up, undergo a Kind of Examination, that she might thereby be enabled the better to judge what Improvements they had made. One Time, in particular, she issued her Orders, that the whole School should assemble every *Saturday* Night, till the Holidays, when they should choose from among themselves one, who should address the rest on some moral and entertaining Subject. Such, as had not had Experience enough to make Observations of their own, were permitted to repeat, from their Memory only, whatever useful had occurred to them, as worthy of Notice, in the Course of their Reading. It is easy to foresee, that the Advan-

P R E F A C E.

tages arising from such a Conduct must be considerable and pleasing, since it raises among them an Emulation to exert every Faculty of their little Minds, to acquire Credit and Reputation.

Miss *Deborah Grace* was the first appointed, who, after having had a Week allowed her to consider of the Matter, on the next *Saturday* Night, in the Presence of her Governess, and the whole Assembly of little Females, delivered herself as follows.

T H E

THE
LITTLE FEMALE ORATORS;
OR,
Nine Evenings Entertainment.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

My Little Schoolfellows,

THE best Method I can propose for filling up those empty Spaces of Time, which are tedious and burthensome to idle People, and which we little Ones often employ in the Pursuit of Trifles, is to apply ourselves to the Acquisition of useful Knowledge. I remember my Papa, speaking of some Mineral, told me, that a Person may consume their whole Life in the Study of it, without arriving at the Knowledge of all its Qualities.

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Qualities. The Truth of it is, there is not a single Science, nor any Branch of it, that might not furnish a Person with Business for Life, tho' it were much longer than it is.

I shall now endeavour to shew how those Parts of Life, which are exercised in Study, Reading, and the Pursuit of Knowledge, are long, but not tedious; and by that Means discover a Method of lengthening our Lives, and at the same Time of turning all the Parts of them to Advantage. I shall not engage on the beaten Subjects of the Usefulness of Knowledge, nor any of the Pleasures and Perfections it gives to the Mind, nor on the Methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular Branch of it, all which have been often told us by our Governess; but shall indulge myself in a Speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

Do not be frightened, my little companions, if I mention the Name of Mr. Locke: I am only going to quote an Observation of his, which I have somewhere met with in my little Library. He intimates, that Time appears longer or shorter in Proportion to the
Number

Number of Objects we think on ; that for this Reason, when we sleep soundly without dreaming, we have no Thought about Time, or the Length of it, whilst we sleep ; and that the Moments wherein we leave off to think, till the Moments we begin to think again, seem to have no Distance. We see those, who fix their Thoughts very intently on one Thing, so as to take very little Notice of whatever may offer to amuse them, whilst they are taken up with that earnest Contemplation, let slip out of their Account a good Part of that Duration, and think that Time shorter than it is.

I might carry this Thought further, and consider a Person as, on one Side, shortening their Time by thinking on nothing, or but a few Things ; so, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing their Thoughts on many Subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant Succession of Ideas. My Governess once gave me a *French* Book, in which the Author tells me, that it is possible some Creatures may think Half an Hour as long as we do a thousand Years, or look upon that Space of Duration, which we call a Minute,

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as an Hour, a Week, a Month, or an whole
Age.

I remember reading a famous Passage in the *Alcoran*, which I happened to dip into one Time, when my Papa was called from his Study in his Library to speak to a Gentleman. This Passage (which made such an Impression on my Mind, that, I believe, I never shall forget it) looks as if *Mahomet* had been possessed of the same Notion I have been speaking of. It is there said, that the Angel *Gabriel* took *Mahomet* out of his Bed one Morning, to give him a Sight of all Things in the Seven Heavens, in Paradise, and in the Place assigned for wicked People, which the Prophet took a distinct View of ; and, after having held ninety thousand Conferences with *God*, was brought back again to his Bed. All this, says the *Alcoran*, was transacted in so small a Space of Time, that *Mahomet*, at his Return, found his Bed still warm, and took up an earthen Pitcher, which was thrown down at the very Instant that the Angel *Gabriel* carried him away, before the Water was all spilt.

We

We are told, my little Schoolfellows, that Ambition is natural to our Sex, and that we shew it in our very early Years. My Ambition is to shew you how much I have read, and that what I have read has not been in vain, Thanks to those, into whose careful Hands it has been my Lot to fall. After this Digression you will permit me to proceed, and further elucidate my Subject.

There is a very pretty Story in the *Turkish* Tales, which relates to this Passage of the famous Impostor, and bears some Affinity to the Subject I am now upon.

A Sultan of *Egypt*, who was an Infidel, used to laugh at this Circumstance in *Mahomet's* Life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd. But, conversing one Day with a great Doctor in the Law, who had the Gift of working Miracles, the Doctor told him, he would quickly convince him of the Truth of this Passage in the History of *Mahomet*, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him.

Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himself by an huge Tub of Water, which he accordingly did; and, as he stood by the
Tub,

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Tub, amidst a Circle of his great Men, the holy Man bid him plunge his Head into the Water, and draw it up again. The King accordingly thrust his Head into the Water,



and at the same Time found himself at the Foot of a Mountain on the Sea Shore. The King immediately began to rage against the Doctor for his Piece of Treachery and Witchcraft ; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think of proper Methods to get a Livelihood in this strange Country. Accordingly he applied himself to some People, whom he saw at Work in a neigh-

neighbouring Wood. These People conducted him to the Town that stood at a little Distance from the Wood, where, after some Adventures, he married a Woman of great Beauty and Fortune. He lived with this Woman so long, that he had by her seven Sons and seven Daughters. He was afterwards reduced to great Want, and forced to think of plying in the Streets, like a Porter, for his Livelihood.

One Day, as he was walking alone by the Sea Side, being seized with many melancholy Reflections upon his former and his present State of Life, which had raised a Fit of Devotion in him, he threw off his Cloaths with a Design to wash himself, according to the Custom of the *Mahometans*, before he said his Prayers.

After his first plunge into the Sea, he no sooner raised his Head above the Water, but he found himself standing by the Side of the Tub, with the great Men of his Court about him, and the holy Man at his Side. He immediately upbraided his Teacher for having sent him on such a Course of Adventures, and betrayed him into so long a State of Misery
and

and Servitude; but was wonderfully surpris'd when he heard that the State he talk'd of was only a Dream and Delusion; that he had not stirr'd from the Place where he then stood, and that he had only dipped his Head into the Water, and immediately taken it out again.

The *Mahometan* Doctor took this Occasion of instructing the Sultan, that nothing was impossible with God; and that he, with whom a thousand Years are but as one Day, can, if he pleases, make a single Day, nay a single Moment, appear to any of his Creatures as a thousand Years.

I shall leave you to compare these Eastern Tales with your own Notions of Things; and shall only, by Way of Application, desire you to consider how we may extend Life beyond its natural Dimensions, by applying ourselves diligently to the Pursuits of Knowledge. The Hours of a wise young Lady are lengthen'd by her Ideas, as those of a thoughtless Girl are by her Follies. The Time of the one is long, because she does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because she distinguishes every Moment of it
with

with useful or amusing Thoughts; or, in other Words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

OBSERVATIONS.

MISS *Grace* having thus finished her Oration, much to the Satisfaction of all the little Females, her Governess who attended on this Occasion, in order to direct their Ideas, should they be misled by Infant Prejudice, thus addressed herself to them.

“ I have listened, my dear little Ladies, with the utmost Attention to Miss *Grace's* very pretty Tale. I am as much charmed with the delicate Choice of her Words, as I am with her graceful Manner of delivering them. I can speak from Experience, how different is the View of past Life, in the Woman, who is grown old in Knowledge and Wisdom, from that of her, who is grown old in Ignorance and Folly! The latter is like the Owner of a barren Country, that fills her Eye with the Prospect of naked Hills and Plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful

tiful and spacious Landscape, divided into delightful Gardens, green Meadows fruitful Fields ; and can hardly cast her Eye on a single Spot of her Possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful Plant or Flower. But, while I am thus commending Miss Grace, it is my Duty to find Fault with her where there is Occasion. I can by no Means commend the Manner in which she got a Sight of the Alcoran : She took the Advantage of her Papa's Absence, which implies she was sensible she was doing what she ought not. Though the Consequences have turned out to her Advantage, yet even that does not justify the Transaction. It might have been a Book of bad Morals and Principles, in which, it is not at all unlikely, she might have met with something new, which might have equally dwelt on her Mind, much to her Prejudice. Ideas impressed on the Mind in your early Years, are very difficult ever to be totally removed ; and hence it is evident, how much young Ladies ought to be looked after, and permitted to read those Books only, which may tend to rivet on their Minds the Practice of every social Virtue."

If

If the little Females were delighted with the Entertainment Miss *Grace* had afforded them, they were much more so, when they found the former Part of their Governess's Opinion agreed so nicely with their own; but, when she came to the Reproof, Miss *Grace* hung her Head, and the beautiful Lilly, which Nature had so lively painted on her Cheeks, was for some Time lost in the Dye of the Vermillion. Indeed, the whole Assembly were in the utmost Consternation. Their Governess, however, knew how to take proper Advantage of this; and ordering a Basket of Cakes and Sweetmeats to be handed round, they soon recovered their natural Chearfulness. Having appointed Miss *Dolly Goodchild* to entertain them the next *Saturday*, they broke up in the greatest Order and Decorum.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

My dear Schoolfellows,

YOU are very sensible, that every one is ready to give Advice, how much soever they may stand in Need of it themselves. I have often listened with Pleasure to the Conversation of my Parents, when they have been discoursing on the Follies inseparable from human Nature. I have heard them say, "That every one pities the Weakness of his Neighbour, and that, if he was in his Place, how he would act; that, though in former Days there were said to be only *seven* wise Men in the World, this Age may be supposed to produce as many as there are human Beings; for where shall we find that Person, who suspects his own Understanding?"

I may undoubtedly be deserving of the same Censure, were I to endeavour to set up for a Reformer of the Conduct of little Females, and attack them on a Matter in which I must expect no Quarter. But pray, young Ladies, look at this Picture, and tell me, if
you



you think this is the proper Employment of a young Lady ; seated in the Chair of Indolence, she is viewing with Admiration a preposterous Head-dress, while her darling Monkey seems to be forgotten, and her favourite Cat purs but in vain. But, that I may not offend, by prescribing Rules of Conduct for others, I will devote the short Time allotted me this Night in repeating an Oriental Tale, the Perusal of which has afforded me singular Pleasure.

In the Reign of Quoutbeddin, King of Aad, there lived near the City a poor Pea-

fant, named Aouge, who, with the hardest Labour, found it scarce possible to support himself. One Day, as he was quite overpowered with bearing a Load, he threw himself upon the Ground, and uttered this Exclamation: "Why was I sent into the World where I can never hope for Happiness? Thirty-eight Years have I lived in constant Labour and Distress, and have every Night prayed to God, and his holy Prophet *Mahomet*, to take me out of this Vale of Misery; yet still I live a Life altogether insupportable." Quoutbeddin, who was hunting, happened to pass by at the Instant with his Courtiers and Vizier, and was struck with the poor Man's plaintive Voice. Aouge was so oppressed with Grief, that he perceived not the King or his Retinue, who had stopped to listen to him; but continued to invoke the Angel of Death, and lament his hard Lot in Terms as hard as the former.

The King rode on, having ordered one of his Servants to present him with a Potion of Bueng, which the Peasant very thankfully accepted; and, having drank it with the utmost Greediness, was immediately seized with

with a profound Sleep. Such is the Effects of this Liquor, that it immediately benumbs the Faculties, and generally causes those who take it to sleep, without even dreaming, for twenty-four Hours. Quoutbeddin then ordered some of his Retinue to carry him to his Palace, and lodge him in a magnificent Apartment, which was accordingly done.

Great was the Surprise of Aouge, to find himself, when he awaked, lying on a Velvet Sofa, washed and perfumed, and clad in a rich Robe, which sparkled with the choicest Jewels of Golconda. At first he thought himself in a Dream; but two Musicians having touched Instruments that uttered a most exquisite Harmony, his Attention was further roused; and his Surprise was greatly increased, when he beheld, seated upon several Sofas around him, Circassian Damsels, with whose Beauty he was dazzled to such a Degree, that he took them to be the Houri's of Paradise, and thought himself already arrived at that Place. He immediately returned Thanks to Alla, and his holy Prophet Mahomet, for having at length delivered him from all his Afflictions. Whereupon one of the
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Damfels informed him, that he was still upon Earth, that they were benevolent Fairies, who took a Pleasure in consoling Mortals in Distress, and that they had caused him to be conveyed thither by Enchantment.

Soon afterwards, several Courtiers entered, who, having been instructed by the King, saluted him, and gave him to understand, that they had been, like him, delivered from their Afflictions by the Kindness of the benevolent Fairies: Whereupon a Conversation ensued, in which all present discovered equal Joy and Satisfaction; and soon after they sat down to a Repast, consisting of Viands of the most exquisite Flavour, and a Desert of the most delicious Fruits. During the Repast, their Ears were delighted by a Concert so harmonious, that it raised the Soul to Heaven; and, when it was grown late, they retired to their Apartments with the utmost Serenity of Mind.

The Life of Pleasure was varied and heightened by the most exquisite Contrivances to gratify the Senses, and new Amusements daily invented to prevent that Satiety which arises from a Repetition of the same
Enjoy-

Enjoyments. But Aouge, who carried in his Breast an Enemy to Peace, was at length tormented by the Reflection, that he must some Time or other be deprived of all his Happiness by Death, and carried his Impiety so far, as to renounce in his Heart the Paradise which the holy Prophet promises to the Faithful. His former Gaiety almost entirely forsook him, and his Mirth was forced and constrained. The Courtiers observing this, informed the King thereof. The Monarch then commanded them to give Aouge a second Potion of Bueng, and, cloathing him in his former Habit, carried him to the Place where he had been found.

The Peasant, upon waking, was astonished to find himself in his former Condition, and the Comparison of his transitory Happiness with his present Misery made him so frantic, that he ran to the Top of an Hill, which overlooked a neighbouring Pool, and was just going to precipitate himself therein, when a Lion, which rushed upon him from the opposite Side of the Bush, terrified him to such a Degree, that his desperate Resolution was immediately converted into Fear.

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He ran down with more Rapidity than he had ascended; and, as one Extreme generally produces another, he was glad at having escaped the Death he had sought.

A calm Serenity of Mind is always the Result of an Escape from a great Danger: Aouge returned to his Cottage, and renewed his Toil with the utmost Resignation. Sometimes, however, he could not help sighing after his past Felicity; and, as he one Day fell into a profound Reverie in reflecting thereon, he was all on a sudden surpris'd with the Appearance of a glorious Vision. There stood before him an angelical Figure whose graceful Looks were irradiated with a dazzling Splendor. The Mildness which beamed in his Eyes having dispell'd the Fears of Aouge, the Angel thus address'd him. "Know, Aouge, that I am the Angel of Peace, and that my Delight is to appease the violent Passions, which the Angel of Discord raises in the Bosoms of Mankind. It was I who sent the Lion to prevent you from committing an Action, which would have caused your eternal Perdition. Depart in Peace, labour

hour with unceasing Industry, and the holy Prophet will not let you go unrewarded."

This said, the Angel disappeared, and Aouge continued to labour with a perfect Resignation to Providence. He now found himself more happy than when in the midst of Luxury and Pleasure; which evidently proves, that it is not so much the Circumstances of Mortals, as their Sentiments concerning them, that render them happy or miserable.

The King passing again by the Hut of Aouge, was surpris'd to observe this Change in his Disposition, and offer'd to carry him to his Court, and receive him as one of his Domestics. Aouge now felt no Joy at the Promises of such an Elevation: He answered Quoutbeddin, " O King, may the holy Prophet lengthen thy Days, and pour upon thee all the Blessings you have deserved. I have been us'd to an humble Station, and I fear I am incapable of bearing Prosperity."

This Answer determin'd the King to receive him into his Service. Aouge was never elated by his good Fortune; but acquitted himself so much to the Satisfaction of his Master,
that

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that he conferred upon him a considerable Place of Trust. Having experienced the Extremes of Prosperity and Adversity, he was not to be shaken by the one, or dazzled by the other; but, by his prudent Conduct in all the Offices he occupied, at last rose to the Dignity of Vizier.

OBSERVATIONS.

As soon as Miss *Dolly* had finished, the Governess thus addressed the little Females, "Take Care, my young Pupils, how you suffer yourselves to be deluded by the Love of Gaiety, Luxury, and Pleasures. Let the first Instance of *Aouge's* Grandeur remind you, that Pomp, Indolence, and even gilded Palaces, are but empty Sepulchres, when Virtue is wanting, and that all human Parade fails infinitely short of those Pleasures which arise from Industry. Splendor and Magnificence, acquired by Care and Toil, are indeed to be permitted; but even here, Indolence and Inactivity often become a grievous Burthen, and by bringing on various Disorders, frequently hasten the Period of human Life"

The

The whole Assembly, having thanked Miss *Dolly*, in the kindest Terms, for the Entertainment she had afforded them, appointed Miss *Penelope Lovebook*, Instructor for the ensuing *Saturday Night*.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

My dear Schoolfellows,

YOU are all sensible, that I have not the Pleasure to say I have been long among you; and, while I lived at home with my Parents, my Life was too much confined, denying me even the Pleasure of a Visitor, to make any Reflections on the common Occurrences of Life. I will not, therefore, attempt what I know myself incapable of performing; but, since you have chosen me to furnish you with Instruction and Amusement for this Night, I will repeat to you the Vision of *Mirza*, which I have frequently read with singular Pleasure.

On the fifth Day of the Moon, (says *Mirza*) which, according to the Custom of my Forefathers, I always keep holy, after having
C washed

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washed myself, and offered up my Morning Devotions, I ascended the high Hill of *Bagdat*, in order to pass the rest of the Day in Meditation and Prayer. As I was here airing myself on the Tops of the Mountain, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Vanity of human Life, and passing from one Thought to another, Surely, said I, Man is but a Shadow, and Life a Dream. While I was thus musing, I cast my Eyes towards the Summit of a Rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the Habit of a Shepherd, with a musical Instrument in his Hand.



As I looked upon him, he applied it to his Lips, and began to play upon it. The Sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a Variety of Tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any Thing I had ever heard. They put me in Mind of those heavenly Airs that are played to the departed Souls of good Men upon their first Arrival in Paradise, to wear out the Impressions of their last Agonies, and qualify them for the Pleasures of that happy Place. My Heart melted away in secret Raptures.

I had been often told, that the Rock before me was the Haunt of a Genius, and that several had been entertained with Music who had passed by it, but never heard, that the Musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my Thoughts by those transporting Airs which he played, I wished to take the Pleasures of his Conversation. As I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the Waving of his Hand, directed me to approach the Place where he stood. I drew near, with that Reverence which is due to a superior Nature; and, as my Heart was entirely subdued by the capti-

vating Strains I had heard, fell down at his Feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a Look of Compassion and Affability that familiarized him to my Imagination, and at once dispelled all the Fears and Apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the Ground, and, taking me by the Hand, *Mirza*, said he, I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies, follow me.

He then led me to the highest Pinnacle of the Rock, and placing me on the Top of it, Cast thy Eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see said I, a huge Valley, and a prodigious Tide of Water rolling through it. The Valley that thou seest, said he, is the Vale of Misery, and the Tide of Water that thou seest is Part of the great Tide of Eternity. What is the Reason, said I, that the Tide I see rises out of a thick Mist at one End, and again loses itself in a thick Mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that Portion of Eternity which is called Time, and measured out by the Sun, and reaching from the Beginning of the World to its Consummation. Examine now, said he this Sea, that is thus bounded with Darknefs at both
both

both Ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge, said I, standing in the Midst of the Tide. The Bridge thou seest, said he, is human Life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely Survey of it, I found that it consisted of three Score and ten entire Arches, with several broken Arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the Number about an Hundred. As I was counting the Arches, the Genius told me, that this Bridge consisted at first of a thousand Arches, but that a great Flood swept away the rest, and left the Bridge in the ruinous Condition I then beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see Multitudes of People passing over it, said I, and a black Cloud hanging on each End of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the Passengers dropping through the Bridge into the great Tide of Eternity that flowed underneath it; and, upon further Examination, perceived there were innumerable Trap Doors that lay concealed in the Bridge, which the Passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the Tide, and immediately-

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disappeared. These hidden Pit Falls were set very thick at the Entrance of the Bridge, so that Throngs of People no sooner broke through the Cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the Middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the End of the Arches that were entire.

There were, indeed, some Persons, but their Number was very small, that continued a Kind of hobbling March on the broken Arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a Walk.

I passed some Time in the Contemplation of this wonderful Structure, and the great Variety of Objects which it presented. My Heart was filled with a deep Melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the Midst of Mirth and Jollity, and catching at every Thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the Heavens in a thoughtful Posture, and, in the Midst of a Speculation, stumbled and fell out of Sight. Multitudes were very busy in the Pursuit of Bubbles that glittered in their Eyes, and
danced

danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the Reach of them, their Footing failed, and down they sunk. In this Confusion of Objects, I observed some with Scimitars in their Hands, and others with Urinals, who ran to and fro upon the Bridge, thrusting several Persons on Trap-Doors, which did not seem to lie in their Way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

The Genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy Prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. Take thine Eyes off the Bridge, said he, and tell me, if thou yet seest any Thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great Flights of Birds that are perpetually hovering about the Bridge, and settling upon it from Time to Time? I see Vultures, Harpies, Ravens, Cormorants, and, among several other feathered Creatures, many little winged Boys, that perch in great Numbers upon the middle Arches. These, said the Genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like Cares and Passions that infect human Life.

I here

I here fetched a deep Sigh: Alas, said I, Man was made in vain! How is he given away to Misery and Mortality! Tortured in Life, and swallowed up in Death! The Genius being moved with Compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a Prospect. Look no more, said he, on Man in the first Stage of his Existence, in his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine Eyes on that thick Mist, into which the Tide bears the several Generations of Mortals that fall into it. I directed my Sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural Force, or dissipated Part of the Mist, that was before too thick for the Eye to penetrate) I saw the Valley opening at the further End, and spreading forth into an immense Ocean, that had a huge Rock of Adamant running through the Midst of it, and dividing it into two equal Parts. The Clouds still rested on one Half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast Ocean planted with innumerable Islands, that were covered with Fruits and Flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining Seas that ran

ran among them. I could see Persons dressed in glorious Habits, with Garlands upon their Heads, passing among the Trees, lying down by the Side of Fountains, or resting on Beds of Flowers; and could hear a confused Harmony of singing Birds, falling Waters, human Voices, and musical Instruments: Gladness grew upon me on the Discovery of so delightful a Scene. I wished for the Wings of an Eagle, that I might fly away to those happy Seats; but the Genius told me, there was no Passage to them, except through the Gates of Death, that I saw opening every Moment upon the Bridge. The Islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole Face of the Ocean appear spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in Number than the Sands on the Sea-Shore: There are Millions and Millions of Islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine Eye, or even thine Imagination, can extend itself. These are the Mansions of good Men after Death, who, according to the Degrees and Kinds of Virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several Islands, which
abound

abound with Pleasures of different Kinds and Degrees, suitable to the Minds and Perfections of those who are settled in them: Every Island is a Paradise, accommodated to its respective Inhabitants. Are not these, O *Mirza*! Habitations worth contending for? Does Life appear miserable, that gives the Opportunities of earning such a Reward? Is Death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an Existence? Think not Man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him!

I gazed with inexpressible Pleasure on these happy Islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the Secrets that lie hid under those dark Clouds, which cover the Ocean on the other Side of the Rock of Adamant. The Genius making me no Answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second Time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the Vision, which I had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling Tide, the arched Bridge, and the happy Islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow Valley of *Bagdat*, with Oxen, Sheep, and Camels grazing upon the Sides of it.

O B S E R-

OBSERVATIONS.

MISS *Penelope* now resuming her Seat, the Governess thus address'd her little Pupils, Tho' you are to consider this Tale only as the Flight of a happy Fancy, you are nevertheless to look on it as a true Picture of the Uncertainty of human Life, which teaches you to reflect how little you ought to seek after those Things, which are only momentary and fleeting. Playthings and Gewgaws, for such I may venture to call the greater Part of the Pursuits of those of your Ages, pall and grow insipid, even the Moment you have obtained them. Pursue, my dear Children, the Paths to Knowledge and Science: These will afford you solid Employments, of which nothing but Death can rob you. You will then live respected, for a sensible Woman will always command Respect; and, when the Enemy of Mortality shall call you hence, as you have lived respected, so you will die lamented, and Posterity will mention you to future Generations, as an amiable Example of Virtue and Piety. On the other Hand, the Woman who foolishly neglects these Advantages,

36 *The Little Female ORATORS; or,*
vantages, dies, and it is happy for her if she
is forgotten. Waste not your leisure Moments
in little party Quarrels, but endeavour to
improve each other, and strive to excel, not
in the little Arts of Dress, but in the Im-
provement of the Mind, and in the emula-
tive Practice of every Virtue.

A profound Silence reigned through the
whole Assembly; and it is much to be
doubted, had not their Governess imme-
diately ordered in a Basket of Apples to their
Relief, whether they would have thought of
choosing Miss *Betsy Thoughtful* Orator for
the next Night.

THE FOURTH NIGHT.

My kind Schoolfellows.

THE little Experience I have had in the
World will hardly enable me to say
any Thing of my own Knowledge, and I
am sorry to find myself pitched on to afford
this Night's Entertainment; but, as I find
no Excuse is to be admitted, I will endeavour
to repeat, what I have somewhere read, a
Satire

Satire upon Ladies Fans. I hope I shall not fall under the Censure of this august Assembly for so doing; for it must be remembered, that while I censure the ridiculous Use of it, not in my own Words but those of another, I equally censure myself. The History comes from a Gentleman, who, I find, has long been accustomed to teach Ladies the Use of the Fan.

Ladies, says this Gentleman, are armed with Fans, as Men are with Swords, and sometimes do more Execution with them. To the End therefore, that Ladies may be entire Mistresses of the Weapons they bear, I have erected an Academy for the training up of young Ladies in the *Exercise of the Fan*, according to the most fashionable Airs and Motions that are now practised at Court. The Ladies who carry Fans under my Direction, are drawn up twice a Day in my great Hall, where they are instructed in the Use of their Arms, and exercised by the following Words of Command: Handle your Fans. Unfurl your Fans. Discharge your Fans. Ground your Fans. Recover your Fans. Flutter your Fans.

D

By



By the right Observation of these few plain Words of Command, a young Lady of a tolerable Genius, who will apply herself diligently to her Exercise for the Space of one Half Year, shall be able to give her Fan all the Graces that can possibly enter into that little modish Machine.

But, to the End that you may form to yourselves a right Notion of this Exercise, I beg Leave to explain it to you in all its Parts. When my female Regiment is drawn up in Array, with every one a Weapon in her Hand, upon my giving the Word, *Handle your Fans*, each of them shakes her Fan at me

me with a Smile, then gives her Right hand Companion a Tap on the Shoulder, then presses her Lips with the Extremity of her Fan, then lets her Arm fall into an easy Motion, and stands in Readiness to receive the next Word of Command. All this is done with a close Fan, and is generally learned in the first Week.

The next Motion is that of, *Unfurl your Fans*: In which are comprehended many little Flirts and Vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate Openings, with many voluntary Fallings asunder in the Fan itself, which are seldom learned under a Month's Practice. This Part of the Exercise pleases the Spectator more than any other, as it discovers, on a sudden, an infinite Number of Cupids, Garlands, Altars, Birds, Beasts, Rainbows, and the like agreeable Figures, that display themselves to View, while every one in the Regiment holds a Picture in her Hand.

Upon my giving the Word, *Discharge your Fans*, they give one general Crack, that may be heard at a considerable Distance when the Wind sets fair. This is one of the most difficult Parts of the Exercise; but I have se-

veral Ladies with me, who, at their first Entrance, could not give a Pop loud enough to be heard at the further End of a Room, who can now discharge a Fan in such a Manner, that it shall make a Report like a Pocket Pistol. I have likewise taken Care (in order to hinder young Women from letting off their Fans in wrong Places, or on unsuitable Occasions) to shew in what Cases the Crack of a Fan may come in properly. I have likewise invented a Fan, by which a young Lady of sixteen, by the Help of a little Wind which is enclosed about one of the largest Sticks, can make as loud a Crack as a Lady of fifty with an ordinary Fan.

When the Fans are thus discharged, the Word of Command in Course is, *Ground your Fans.* This teaches a Lady to quit her Fan gracefully, when she throws it aside to adjust a Curl of Hair, replace a falling Pin, or apply herself to any other Matter of Importance. This Part of the Exercise, as it only consists in tossing a Fan, with an Air, upon a long Table which stands by for that Purpose, may be learned in two Days Time, as well as in a Twelvemonth.

When

When my female Regiment is thus disarm-
ed, I generally let them walk about the Room
for some Time, when upon a sudden, like
Ladies that look upon their Watches after a
long Visit, they all of them hasten to their
Arms, catch them up in a Hurry, and place
themselves in their proper Stations, upon my
calling out, *Recover your Fans*. This Part
of the Exercise is not difficult, provided a
young Lady applies her Thoughts to it.

The fluttering of the Fan is the last, and
indeed the Master-piece of the whole Exer-
cise; but if a Lady does not mispend her
Time, she may make herself Mistress of it
in three Months. I generally lay aside the
Dog-Days, and the hot Time of the Sum-
mer, for the teaching this Part of the Exer-
cise; for, as soon as ever I pronounce, *Flut-
ter your Fans*, the Place is filled with so many
Zephyrs, and gentle Breezes, as are very
refreshing in that Season of the Year, though
they might be dangerous to Ladies of a ten-
der Constitution in any other.

There is an infinite Variety of Motions
to be made Use of in the Flutter of the Fan:
There is the angry Flutter, the modest Flut-

the timorous Flutter, the confused Flutter, and the merry Flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any Emotion in the Mind, which does not produce a suitable Agitation in the Fan, insomuch that, if I see the Fan of a disciplined Lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a Fan so angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent Person, who provoked it, to have come within the Wind of it. I need not add, that a Fan is of the same Disposition with the Person who wears it. To conclude my Letter, I must acquaint you, that I have compiled a little Treatise on the Passions of the Fan, which I will soon give to the World.

O B S E R V A T I O N S.

MISS *Betsy* had no sooner finished, than one began saying, she was sure it could no ways affect her, for that her Mamma had never given her a Fan; another excused herself, that, though she had a Fan, she seldom used it; a third said, she had lost her's a long while. In short, Matters were likely to run high, when their Governess interfering, said,
The

The Fault does not lie in the Fan, my little Pupils, but in the young Ladies that use it. It is a useful Ornament, of which I would by no Means deprive you; but this, as well as the most useful Part of Dress, may be subservient to Affectation, where it is not used with Prudence and Discretion

I remember being in Company with a learned Divine, who entertained us with a short Discourse on the Deformity of Affectation. I had once an Opportunity, said he, of observing a great Deal of Beauty in a very handsome young Lady, and as much Wit in an ingenious young Gentleman, turned into Deformity in the one, and Absurdity in the other, by the mere Force of Affectation.

The Fair one had something in her Person, upon which her Thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to shew to Advantage in every Look, Word, and Gesture. The Gentleman was as diligent to do Justice to his fine Understanding, as the Lady to her beauteous Form. You might see his Imagination on the Stretch to find out something uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her, while she writhed herself into as many different

ferent Postures to engage him. When she laughed, her Lips were to sever at a greater Distance than ordinary, that she might shew the Whiteness of her Teeth. Her Fan was to point at something at a Distance, that in the Reach she might discover the Roundness of her Arm: Then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own Folly, and is so wholly discomposed, that her Tucker is to be adjusted, and the whole Woman put into new Airs and Graces. While she was doing all this, the young Gentleman had Time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or make some unkind Observation on some other Lady, to feed her Vanity. The unhappy Effects of Affectation leads us into the grossest Absurdities.

As the Love of Praise is implanted in the female Bosom, as a strong incentive to worthy Actions, it is a very difficult Task to get above a Desire of it for Things that should be wholly indifferent. Young Ladies, whose Hearts are fixed upon the Pleasure they have in the Consciousness that they are the Objects of Admiration, are ever changing the Air of their Countenance, and altering the Attitudes

tudes of their Persons, to strike the Hearts of their Beholders with a new Sense of their Beauties.

This apparent Affectation, arising from an ill governed Consciousness, is not so much to be wondered at in loose and trivial Minds; but when you see it reign in Characters of Worth and Distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some Degree of Contempt. It creeps into the Heart of the wise Woman, as well as the Thoughtless. When you see a Woman of Sense look about for Applause, and discover an Inclination to be praised; when you see her lay Traps for a little Incense, even from those, whose Opinion she values in nothing but her own Favour, who can help pitying her? Who is safe against this Weakness? or who knows for Certainty whether she is guilty of it or not? The best Way to get clear of such light Fondness for Applause, is to take all possible Care to throw of the Love of it upon all Occasions, that are not in themselves laudable. Of this Nature are all Graces of the Person and Dress, which will be naturally winning and attractive, if you think not of them,

46 *The Little Female* ORATORS; or,
them, but lose their Force in Proportion to
your Endeavours to make them such.

The Moment their Governess had done,
the Assembly rose, and by the young Lady in
the Chair, assured Madam, they would en-
deavour to improve from that Night's Con-
versation. Miss *Betsy* having next received
their Thanks, they appointed Miss *Polly*
Telltruth her Successor, and then adjourned
till the next *Saturday* Evening.

THE FIFTH NIGHT.

BE not surprized, my little Schoolfellows,
when I tell you, that the savage and
wild Americans believe, that all Creatures
have Souls, not only Men and Women, but
Brutes and Vegetables, nay even the most in-
animate Things, as Stocks and Stones. They
believe the same of all the Works of Art, as
of Knives, Boots, Looking-Glasses, &c. And
that as any of these Things perish, their Souls
go into another World which is inhabited
by the Ghosts of Men and Women. For
this Reason they always place by the Corpse
of

of their dead Friend, a Bow and Arrows, that he may make Use of the Souls of them in the other World, as he did of their wooden Bodies in this.

There is a Tradition among the Americans, that one of their Countrymen descended in a Vision to the great Repository of Souls, or, as we call it here, to the other World; and that upon his Return he gave his Friends a distinct Account of every Thing he saw among those Regions of the Dead, the Substance of which is as follows:

The Visionary, whose Name was *Marraton*, after having travelled for a long Space under an hollow Mountain, arrived at length on the Confines of this World of Spirits, but could not enter it by Means of a thick Forest made up of Bushes, Brambles, and pointed Thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a Passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some Track or Path Way that might be worn in any Part of it, he saw an huge Lion couched under the Side of it, who kept his Eyes upon him in the same Posture as when he watches for his Prey.

The



The *Indian* immediately started back, whilst the *Lion* rose with a Spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other Weapons, he stooped down to take up a huge Stone in his Hand; but, to his infinite Surprise, grasped nothing, and found the supposed Stone to be only the Apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this Side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the *Lion*, which had seized on his Left Shoulder, had no Power to hurt him, and was only the Ghost of that ravenous Creature which it appeared to be.

He

He no sooner got rid of this impotent Enemy, but he marched up to the Wood, and, after having surveyed it for some Time, and endeavoured to press into one Part of it that was a little thinner than the rest, to his great Surprise he found the Bushes made no Resistance, but that he walked through Briars and Brambles with the same Ease as through the open Air; and, in short, that the whole Wood was nothing else but a Wood of Shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge Thicket of Thorns and Brakes was designed as a Kind of Fence or Quickset Hedge to the Ghosts it enclosed; and that probably, their soft Substances might be torn by these subtile Points and Prickles, which were too weak to make any Impressions on substantial Beings.

With this Thought he resolved to travel through this intricate Wood, when by Degrees, he felt a Gale of Perfumes breathing upon him that grew stronger and sweeter in Proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further, when he perceived the Thorns and Briars to end, and give Place to

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a thousand beautiful green Trees covered with Blossoms of the finest Scents and Colours, that formed a Wilderness of Sweets, and were a Kind of Lining to those ragged Scenes, which he had before passed through.

As he was coming out of this delightful Part of the Wood, and entering upon the Plains it enclosed, he saw several Horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the Cry of a Pack of Dogs. He had not listened long, before he saw the Apparition of a milk white Steed, with a young Man on the Back of it, advancing upon full Stretch after the Souls of about an hundred Beagles that were hunting down the Ghost of an Hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable Swiftnes. As the Man on the milk-white Steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince *Nicharagua*, who died about Half a Year before, and, by Reason of his great Virtues, was at that Time lamented over all the Western Parts of *America*.

He had no sooner got out of the Wood, but he was entertained with a Landscape of flowery Plains, green Meadows, running Streams,

Streams, sunny Hills, and shady Vales, such as were not to be represented by his own Expressions, nor, as he said, by the Conception of others. This happy Region was peopled with innumerable Swarms of Spirits, who applied themselves to Exercises and Diversions, according as their Fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the Figure of a Coit, others were pitching the Shadow of a Bar, others were breaking the Apparition of a Horse, and Multitudes employed themselves upon ingenious Handicrafts, with the Souls of *departed Utenfils*; for that is the Name which, in the *Indian* Language, they give their Tools when they are burnt or broken.

As he travelled through this delightful Scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the Flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest Variety and Profusion, having never seen any of them in his own Country. But he quickly found, that though they were Objects of his Sight, they were not liable to his Touch.

He at length came to the Side of a great River, and being a good Fisherman himself, stood upon the Banks of it some Time to look

52 *The Little Female ORATORS; or,*
at an Angler that had taken a great many
Shapes of Fishes, which lay flouncing up and
down by him.

I should have told you, that this *Indian*
had been formerly married to one of the
greatest Beauties of his Country, by whom
he had had several Children. This Couple
were so famous for their Constancy to each
other, that the *Indians* to this Day, when
they give a married Man Joy of his Wife,
wish that they may live together like *Marraton*
and *Yaratilda*.

Marraton had not long stood by the Fisher-
man, when he saw the Shadow of his beloved
Yaratilda, who had for some Time fixed her
Eye upon him, before he discovered her:
Her Arms were stretched out towards him,
Floods of Tears ran down her Eyes; her
Looks, her Hands, her Voice, called him
over to her, and at the same Time seemed to
tell him, that the River was unpassable.

Who



Who can describe the Passion made up of the Joy, Sorrow, Love, Astonishment, that rose in the Bosom of the *Indian* on Sight of his dear *Taratilda* ! He could express it by nothing but his Tears, which ran like a River down his Checks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this Posture long, before he plunged into the Stream that lay before him ; and finding it to be nothing but the Phantom of a River, stalked on the Bottom of it, till he arose on the other Side. At his Approach *Taratilda* flew to his Arms, whilst *Marraton* wished himself disencumbered

54 *The Little Female ORATORS; or,*
of that Body, which kept her from his Em-
braces.

After many Questions and Endearments on both Sides, she conducted him to a Bower, which she had dressed with her own Hands, with all the Ornaments that could be met with in those blooming Regions. She had made it gay beyond Imagination, and was every Day adding something new to it. As *Marraton* stood astonished at the unspeakable Beauty of her Habitation, and ravished with the Fragrancy that came from every Part of it, *Yaratilda* told him, that she was preparing this Bower for his Reception, as well knowing, that his Piety to his God, and his faithful Dealings towards Men, would certainly bring him to that happy Place, whenever his Life should be at an End. She then brought two of her Children to him, who died some Years before, and resided with her in the same delightful Bower, advising him to breed up those others, which were still with him, in such a Manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy Place.

The Tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a Sight of those dismal Habita-
tions,

tions, which are the Portion of bad Men after Death; and mentions several molten Seas of Gold, in which were plunged the Souls of barbarous *Europeans*, who put to the Sword so many Thousands of poor *Indians* for the Sake of that precious Metal.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE whole Assembly was mighty well pleased with this Story, and their Governess took Occasion to remind them, that they ought to be very cautious, in both hearing and reading Stories of this Kind, and not to look on them as Realities, but as Matters of Amusement, which, if properly digested, could not fail of the most salutary Effects. The State of good and bad People hereafter is far beyond the keenest and most penetrating Idea to conceive, much less to describe.

THE SIXTH NIGHT.

THE little Assembly were so taken up with their various Opinions on their last Night's Entertainment, that, when they met

56 *The Little Female ORATORS; or,*
met this Evening, to their great Consternation, they found they had appointed no one Speaker for the Night. A knotty Point of Law, started at the Bar of any of our Courts of Judicature, could not have occasioned more Pleadings, than did this unfortunate Mistake, among them. However, not being able to settle it themselves, they agreed at last to appeal to a higher Power; accordingly, their Governess pitched on Miss *Deborah Mindful*, who, without the least Hesitation, obeying her Governess, rose up, and thus addressed herself to the Assembly.

My dear little Schoolfellows,

I am happy to see Matters thus amicably adjusted, and though I am badly prepared for the Task thrown on me, yet as it has fallen to my Lot, I will execute it to the best of my Abilities. I am going to give you the History of two young Ladies, whose Conduct are too much open to Censure, and from which, I doubt not, you will draw some useful Lessons of Prudence and Moderation, just as Bees are said to extract Honey from the most poisonous Herbs.

In

In the Year 1688, and on the same Day of that Year, were born in *Cheapside, London*, two Females of exquisite Features and Shapes, the one called *Brunetta*, the other *Phillis*. A close Intimacy between their Parents made each of them the first Acquaintance the other knew in the World: They played, dressed Babies, acted Visittings, learned to dance, and make Courtesies together. They were inseparable Companions in all the little Entertainments their tender Years were capable of. This innocent Happiness continued till the Beginning of their fifteenth Year, when it happened that Miss *Phillis* had on an Head-Dress, which became her so very well, that, instead of being beheld any more with Pleasure for their Amity to each other, the Eyes of the Neighbourhood were turned to remark them with Comparison of their Beauty.

They now no longer enjoyed the Ease of Mind and pleasing Indolence, in which they were formerly happy; but all their Words and Actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every Excellence in their Speech and Behaviour was looked upon as an Act of Emulation to surpass the other. These Beginnings

58 *The Little Female ORATORS ; or,*
ginnings of Disinclination soon improved into
a Formality of Behaviour, a general Cold-
ness, and, by natural Steps, into an irrecon-
cilable Hatred.

It is much to be lamented, that none are
more inveterate than Friends when they quar-
rel, and that their Quarrels frequently owe
their Rise to the most trifling Causes.

These two Rivals for the Reputation of
Beauty were in their Stature, Countenance
and Mien, so very much alike, that, if you
were speaking of them in their Absence, the
Words in which you described the one, must
give you an Idea of the other. See, my little
Schoolfellows, their Pictures, and judge for
yourselves.



They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, though very different when together. What rendered their Enmity more entertaining to all the rest of their Sex was, that, in Detraction from each other, neither could fall upon Terms, which did not hit herself as well as her Adversary. Their Nights grew restless with Meditations of new Dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new Devices to recall Admirers, who observed the Charms of the one, rather than those of the other, on the last Meeting. Their Colours failed at each other's Appearance, flushed with Pleasure at the Report of a Disadvantage, and their Countenances withered upon Instances of Applause.

The Decencies, to which Women are obliged, made these Virgins stifle their Resentment so far, as not to break out into open Violence, while they equally suffered the Torments of a regulated Anger. Their Mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the Quarrel, and supported the several Pretensions of the Daughters with all that ill-chosen Sort of Expence, which is common with People of plentiful Fortunes and mean Taste.

The

The Girls preceded their Parents like Queens of May, in all the gaudy Colours imaginable, on every *Sunday* to Church, and were exposed to the Examination of the Audience for Superiority of Beauty.

During the constant Struggle it happened, that *Phillis*, one Day at public Prayers, smote the Heart of a gay *West Indian*, who appeared in all the Colours, which can affect an Eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This *American*, in a Summer Island Suit, was too shining and too gay to be resisted by *Phillis*, and too intent upon her Charms to be diverted by any of the laboured Attractions of *Brunetta*.

Soon after, *Brunetta* had the Mortification to see her Rival disposed of in a wealthy Marriage, while she was only address'd in a Manner that shew'd she was the Admiration of all Men, but the Choice of none. *Phillis* was carried to the Habitation of her Spouse in *Barbadoes*. *Brunetta* had the Ill-nature to enquire for her by every Opportunity, and had the Misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous Slaves, fann'd into Slumbers by successive Hands of them, and carried from

from Place to Place in all the Pomp of barbarous Magnificence. *Brunetta* could not endure these repeated Advices, but employed all her Arts and Charms in laying Baits for any of Condition of the same Island, out of a mere Ambition to confront her once more before she died.

She at last succeeded in her Design, and was taken to Wife by a Gentleman, whose Estate was contiguous to that of her Enemy's Husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many Occasions on which these irreconcilable Beauties laboured to excel each other. But, in Process of Time, it happened, that a Ship put into the Island, consigned to a Friend of *Phillis*, who had Directions to give her the Refusal of all Goods for Apparel, before *Brunetta* could be alarmed of their Arrival. He did so, and *Phillis* was dressed, in a few Days, in a Brocade more gorgeous and costly, than had ever before appeared in that Latitude.

Brunetta languished at the Sight, and could by no Means come up to the Bravery of her Antagonist. She communicated her Anguish of Mind to a faithful Friend, who,
F by

by an Interest in the Wife of *Phillis's* Merchant, procured a Remnant of the same Silk for *Brunetta*. *Phillis* took Pains to appear in all public Places, where she was sure to meet *Brunetta*; *Brunetta* was now prepared for the Insult, and came to a public Ball in a plain black Silk Mantua, attended by a beautiful Negro Girl, in a Petticoat of the same Brocade with which *Phillis* was attired. They drew the Attention of the whole Company, upon which the unhappy *Phillis* swooned away, and was immediately conveyed home. As soon as she came to herself, she fled from her Husband's House, went on board a Ship in the Road, and has not since been heard of. The Reason of this Disaster being soon spread abroad, the indiscreet Fugitive, and the no less ridiculous *Brunetta*, were equally the Contempt of the whole Island.

OBSERVATIONS.

THEIR Governesse, without waiting to hear what the Assembly might think of this Story, thus addressed them.

My

My dear little Pupils,

Your last Night of Meeting was broke up, through Forgetfulness, without appointing any one to amuse you this Evening; I have often observed, that such Things as have proceeded from mere Accident, and which can be considered only as *extempore*, have frequently exceeded the most studied Harangues. Miss *Deborah*, without Hesitation, has furnished you with a Story, well worth the nicest Consideration.

You here see two young Ladies rocked in the same Cradle, if I may use that Expression, contract for each other, in their early Infancy, a mutual Friendship, which had it been properly cultivated, might have been productive of the noblest Effects; but, by the misguided Zeal of their Parents, is made Use of only as the Instrument of their Ruin; For, incapable of thinking for themselves, their former Friendship, as soon as they began to conceive a Disgust for each other, only served to rivet their mutual and implacable Hatred.

It was an unfortunate Circumstance for these wretched Girls, to live in a Neighbourhood

bourhood which took Delight in the early Appearance of their Jealousies and Animosities; but it was still more unfortunate for them to be born of Parents, so indiscreet, so thoughtless, and so totally incapable of exerting their proper Authority. Instead of encouraging, nay principally supporting their blind and ambitious Views, they should have taught them, that mutual Love and Friendship were the principal social Virtues, and that, if any Dispute ever arose between them, it should have been only, which should have shewn the other the greatest Kindness. It is a Fault with many Parents, to laugh at the Follies and Absurdities committed by Children in their early Years, under a Supposition, that they will know better when they grow older. I have now experienced for Truth, from your six Nights Amusements, what I had long before in my Mind, that Children begin to think much sooner than we generally imagine; and, if those Thoughts are not timely directed into a proper Channel, they will soon disperse themselves in such a Manner as will make it difficult, if ever possible, properly to collect them again. Though the generality of People,

People who pay Visits where Children are, will plead for the Indulgence of Infant Errors, it is, mostly speaking, more out of Complaisance than real Sincerity; and who, in any other Place, will wonder at the Folly of the indulgent Parent. The proper Education of Children is a nice Point, and a Concern of the last Importance.

I cannot conclude without taking Notice of a Passage in this Story, where it is said, *Brunetta* "communicated her Anguish of Mind to a *faithful Friend*, who, by an Interest in the Wife of *Phillis's* Merchant, procured a Remnant of the same Silk for *Brunetta*." A faithful Friend is undoubtedly the most valuable Blessing in human Life, and very rarely to be found; certain it is, *Brunetta* had none: A faithful Friend would have told her, that of all the various Passions of the Soul, Envy and Revenge are the most diabolical, and beneath the Attention of a human Creature. To a Bosom capable of harbouring those two Passions, all the Blessings and Comforts of Life are infid, and they find themselves reduced to a State beneath that of Savages, who never

injure each other, but when Hunger forces them: The false Friend of *Brunetta* hastened her Ruin. Learn from this sad Example, my little Ones, how fatal are the Effects of a wrong Mode of thinking in your younger Years: Learn to cultivate among you the Seeds of mutual Friendship, and fortify your Minds with Knowledge and Learning: Then you will live respected, and never come to the deplorable End of a *Phyllis* or a *Brunetta*.

The little Females were so disgusted with the Characters of these two unfortunate Girls, that, they instantly voted, should any of that Assembly be ever guilty of any unruly Behaviour, they should, for a certain Time, by Way of very severe Punishment, be called either a *Phyllis* or *Brunetta*. Then, having chosen Miss *Susan Goodley* for the next Night, they adjourned.

THE SEVENTH NIGHT.

FOR this Night's Entertainment, my pretty Schoolfellows, I will repeat to you a Fairy Tale, which my *French* Master gave me a few Days ago to translate into *English*. I know you are all of you so much of my own Way of thinking, that I am sure it will not displease you.

Some hundred Years ago, there was a Youth, whose Name was *Rosmond*. He was as beautiful as Nature herself, and as virtuous and discreet as his elder Brother, *Bramintes*, was homely, disagreeable, inhuman, and morose. It is no Wonder, therefore, that their Mother should be doatingly fond of the younger, and think little of the elder.

It could not be long before *Bramintes* discovered it, and, stung with the most violent Jealousy, invented a most scandalous Falshood on his Brother, in order to ruin him. He immediately informed his Father, that *Rosmond* held a Correspondence with a Neighbour, whom he had long before declared as his Enemy; and this with a View to inform him

him of every private Affair that was transacted in his Family. *Bramintes* further insinuated that this Correspondence between his Brother and their Neighbour would certainly end in the Death of him, their Father.

The old Gentleman, highly enraged with *Rosimond*. beat him in a most cruel Manner, wounding him in several Places, and then confined him for some Days without any Kind of Nourishment. At length he turned him out of Doors, threatening to be the Death of him, if ever he returned. His unhappy Mother dared not to say a Word, and could only utter her Complaints in Sighs and Tears. Poor *Rosimond* went away overwhelmed with Grief, not knowing what Course to take.

Rambling through an extensive Wood in the Evening, Night overtook him, just as he was got to the Foot of a large Rock. He laid himself down at the Entrance of a Cave, upon a mossy Bank, near which a chrystal Stream ran purling down, and being quite worn out with Fatigue, he fell into a sound Sleep.

Waking



Waking as soon as it was Break of Day, he saw a beautiful Damsel mounted on a white Horse, with Gold embroidered Housings, and dressed in the Habit of a Huntress. Have you not seen a Stag and a Pack of Hounds pass by this Way? said she. *Rosimond* answered, he had not. You seem much dejected! said she to him: What is the Matter with you? Here, take this Ring, continued she; it will make you the greatest and the happiest Man living, provided you make Use of it properly. As often as you shall turn the Diamond to the Inside of your Hand,

Hand, you shall instantly become invisible; and as soon as you turn it out, that Moment you shall be visible again. When you wear it on your little Finger, you shall personate the King's Son, with a numerous and splendid Retinue. When you wear it on your fourth Finger, you shall appear in your natural Form.

Poor *Resmond* was now convinced, that a Fairy was talking to him, who had no sooner given him the Ring, and these proper Instructions for using it, than she struck into the Woods; and he, on the other Hand, returned immediately home, impatient to make Trial of this invaluable Secret. Here he saw and heard every Thing he wanted without being perceived. It was now in his Power to gratify his Revenge on his Brother, without any Fear of being discovered; but he contented himself with going to his Mother, embracing her, and acquainting her with the Whole of this strange Adventure.

He then put his Ring on his little Finger, and at once appeared to be the young Prince, attended by a hundred Courtiers, Horse Guards, and a numerous Train of Officers richly

richly dressed. His Father was in a terrible Tremor, on seeing the King's Son in his humble Cottage, and in the utmost Confusion, not knowing how to carry himself on such an Occasion. *Rosimond* then asked him, how many Sons he had; and on his Father's replying he had two, *Rosimond* demanded to see them: I will take both with me to Court, said he, and raise their Fortunes. The old Man, for some Time at a Loss what Answer to make, at last presented his eldest to the supposed Prince. Where is your Youngest? says *Rosimond*; I must take him with me likewise. He is not at Home, Sir, said the Father; I corrected him for a Fault he had committed, on which he ran away, and I have not since seen him. *Rosimond* then told him, he ought to reprove, but not turn a Son out of Doors. Let your eldest Son, however, said he, follow me; and do you, still speaking to his Father, go along with these two Officers, who will conduct you to the Place where I have ordered them. Immediately two of the Guards conducted the Father-away; and the Fairy before mentioned, meeting them in a Forest, struck him with

with her magic Wand, and drove him into a hollow gloomy Case, where he remained enchanted. There shalt thou continue, said she, till thy virtuous, but injured Son, shall come to release you.

In the mean Time *Rosmond* proceeded to Court, just as the young Prince had embarked on a foreign Invasion, who, however, was drove by contrary Winds, on an unknown Shore, where suffering Shipwreck, he became the Prisoner of the barbarous and savage Islanders. *Rosmond* appeared at Court as the King's Son, whom all imagin'd to be lost, and all lamented. He assured them, that he was saved by the kind Relief of some Merchants, without whose Assistance he must have inevitably perished. He then received the Congratulations of the whole Court.

The King seem'd so transported, that he could not speak, and immediately folded his Son, whom he thought dead, within his Arms. The Queen felt the Shock of Joy no less than the King, and there were public Rejoicings throughout the Kingdom.

Rosmond, who now pass'd for a Prince, one Day thus address'd his real Brother :

Bramintes,

Bramintes, you know that I took you from the Plough to advance your Fortune, and yet I know that you are not to be believed, and that by your false Accusations, you have undone your Brother. He is here in private; I will have you speak to him, that he may upbraid you with your ungenerous Treatment. *Bramintes*, trembling, fell prostrate at his Feet and pleaded guilty. Your Confession is to no Purpose, said *Rosimond*, you shall speak to your Brother, and ask his Pardon. It will be generous in him, indeed, if he forgives you; you do not deserve it. He is now in my Closet, where you shall see him instantly. In the mean Time, I will retire to the next Room, that you may converse with him without Restraint.

Bramintes went into the Prince's Closet, in Obedience to his Orders. Immediately *Rosimond* altered the Position of his Ring, went cross the Chamber, and then came in his original Shape, through a Back Door, to his Brother, who was perfectly ashamed to see him. He begged Forgiveness, and promised to make Atonement for his Wrongs.

Rosimond, with Tears, embraced him, and
G freely

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freely forgave him, saying, I am entirely in
the Prince's Favour: It is in my Power to
take away your Life, or keep you in Con-
finement all your Days; but I will be as in-
dulgent to you, as you have been unmerciful
to me: *Bramintes*, blushing, and in Confu-
sion, answered with all due Submission, not
daring to lift up his Eyes, or call him Brother.

Not long after, *Rosmond* pretended to go
privately to court a neighbouring Princefs;
but under that Pretence, he made a Visit to
his Mother, to whom he related all his Court
Adventures, and supplied her with what lit-
tle Money was necessary to answer her pre-
sent Occasions; for the King gave him free
Liberty to take whatever he pleased out of
his Treasury, though he seldom made free
with any considerable Sums.

In the mean Time, an open Rupture hap-
pened between the King and a neighbour-
ing Prince, who was treacherous and unjust.
Rosmond went to the Enemy's Court, and
entered invisibly, by Means of his Ring,
into that King's Privy Council. He turned
all their Projects to their own Loss, perverted
them in every Thing, and baffled all their
Measures.

Measures. He commanded the Army against them, he entirely defeated them in a pitched Battle, and soon afterwards concluded a Peace with them on the most honourable Terms.

The King was now determined on marrying his Son with a Princess, Heiress of a neighbouring Kingdom, who was more beautiful than the Graces.

One Day, as *Rosimond* was hunting in the same Forest, where he first met his Guardian Fairy, she appeared to him again. Take particular Care, said she, in a magisterial Tone, not to marry as if you really were the Prince. You shall deceive no one. It is but just, that the young Prince, whom you personate, should return and succeed his Father. Go, find him out in an Island, whereto the Winds, which I will cause to fill your swelling Sails, shall soon conduct you. Make Haste, and pay this Duty to your Master, in Opposition to the alluring Hopes of fond Ambition, and think, like a conscientious Man, of reassuming your own private Station. If you act otherwise, you will be unjust, and unhappy likewise. I will myself abandon you to all your former Misfortunes.

Rosimond, without the least Appearance of

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Reluctance, listened to her just Admonitions. Under Pretence of a private Negotiation with a neighbouring State, he went on board a Vessel, and the Winds soon conveyed him to the Island, where the Fairy had told him the Prince Royal was detained. His Highness was a Captive of the barbarous Inhabitants, who made him tend their Cattle. The invisible *Rosimond* went to release him from the Meadows, where he fed their Herds, and covering him with his Mantle, which was as invisible as himself, he delivered him out of their cruel Hands, and they embarked together. See how the fresh Winds are obedient to the Fairy's Commands.



They are soon waſted back, and come together into the old King's Apartment. *Rofimond* appeared before him, and ſaid, Your Maſteſty has taken me to be your Son: I am not, but here I reſtore him to your Arms; behold, it is he himſelf. The King, very much ſurpriſed, addreſſed himſelf to the young Prince, and ſaid, Was it not you, my Son, who overcame our Enemies, and made ſuch an advantageous Peace? Or is it true, that you have been ſhipwrecked, that you have been a Captive, and been ſet at Liberty by *Rofimond*? Yes, my good Father, replied he, it was he that came into the Iſland, where I was made a Slave; it was he delivered me: My Liberty, and the Happineſs of ſeeing you again, are wholly owing to his Conduct; it is to him, not to me, that you muſt attribute your Conqueſts.

The King could ſcarce believe his Son's Aſſertion, till *Rofimond*, changing the Poſition of his Ring, ſtood before him in the Form and Likeneſs of his Son; and his Maſteſty was ſtartled, to ſee two at once ſo impoſſible to be diſtinguiſhed. Then he offered *Rofimond* an immenſe Reward for his va-

luable Services; but he only requested that his Brother *Bramintes* might be continued in the same Post, which he then was possessed of. As for his own Part, he was fearful of the Fickleness of Fortune, the Envy of Mankind, and his own Frailties. He determined to retire to his own Village, where his Mother resided, and there spent his Time in rural Labour, free from the Cares and Anxieties of a Court.

The Fairy, who again met him in the Grove, shewed him the Cavern, where his Father was confined, and told him what Words to pronounce in order to release him. He pronounced those Words with the utmost Pleasure, and procured his Father's Freedom, which he had long earnestly wished to do, and gave him a sufficient Sum of Money to support him comfortably in his old Age. *Rosmond* was then a Benefactor to his whole Family, and enjoyed the Satisfaction of doing good, even to those who had attempted to injure him. After having done such signal Services for the Court, he asked no other Favour than the Liberty of living at a Distance from its reigning Vices.

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As an Instance of his great Wisdom, he was afraid, lest his magic Ring should tempt him to resign his Solitude, and accept once more of some public Employment. He returned therefore to the Grove, where the Fairy had appeared to him in so friendly a Manner. He visited the Cavern every Day, where he had had the good Fortune formerly of meeting with her, in Hopes to see her once again. At last she came, and he returned her the magic Ring. I give you back, said he, your inestimable Present, which is so dangerous, being so easy to be misapplied. I shall never think myself secure, till I have no Temptation left to quit my solitary State, or Means to gratify my Passions.

While *Rosimond* was thus resigning up his Ring, *Bramintes*, whose natural Temper was still as base and incorrigible as ever, indulged every Passion, and strove to prevail on the young Prince, who was then King, to punish *Rosimond* as a Traitor. Your Brother, said the Fairy, is an ungrateful and abandoned Man, aims to prejudice the new King against you, and undo you. He deserved to be severely punished; he shall inevitably perish.

I will

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I will go this Instant, and give him the Ring
you have returned.

With Tears *Rosmond* deplored his Brother's
unhappy Fate; and then thus addressed him-
self to the Fairy: Which Way do you pro-
pose to punish him by such an inestimable
Present? He will certainly make a wrong
Use of it, to tyrannize over all good Men,
and reign with arbitrary Power.

The same Ingredients, replied the Fairy,
may be a special Remedy for one Man, and
yet perfect Poison to another: Prosperity to
wicked Men is the Source of all Misfortunes.
When we could punish a bad Man, we make
him very powerful, and then he soon precipi-
tates his own Destruction.

Not long after, the Fairy went to the Pa-
lace, and appeared to *Bramintes* in the Form
of an old Woman in a tattered Dress. She
said to him, I have taken away from your
Brother the Ring with which I encrusted him,
and by which he acquired so much Renown:
I now give it you, and consider well what Use
you shall make of it. *Bramintes* answered, I
shall not be so foolish as to hunt out the law-
ful Heir, when I can reign in his Stead.

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He was no sooner possessed of this Ring, than his Thoughts were taken up with prying into Family Secrets, being guilty of Treason, Murder, and other enormous Crimes; listening to the King's private Councils, and plundering his richest Subjects. The Enormities he committed, while invisible, startled all Mankind. The King perceiving that all his Secrets were discovered, could not imagine from whence the Inconvenience could arise; but the boundless Prosperity and Insolence of *Bramintes*, made him suspect that he was possessed of his Brother's Ring.

In order to discover the Truth, he employed a Foreigner, the Subject of an Enemy, and gave him a considerable Reward. This Agent waited on *Bramintes* one Night, and offered him, in the Name of the King, his Master, an immense Sum of Money, and other Royal Favours, if he would give him Intelligence, by proper Spies, of all the King's secret Transactions. *Bramintes* assured him that he would, and went with him to a Place appointed, where he received a very large Gratuity, as Earnest only of future

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ture Favours. He boasted of having a Ring,
which made him invifible.

The next Day the King ſent for him, and
cauſed him to be arreſted ; they ſecured the
Ring, and found ſeveral Papers upon him,
which were incontestable Proofs of his Treason. *Rofimond* came once more to Court, to
ſue for a Pardon in Behalf of his Brother,
but to no Purpoſe. *Bramintes* was beheaded ;



and thus the Ring proved more fatal to him,
than it had been uſeful to his Brother.

The King to make ſome Amends to *Rofimond* for the Loſs of his Brother, returned
him

him his Ring, as a Treasure of inestimable Value: but the disconsolate *Rosimond* thought it no Recompence at all.

He returned immediately to look for his Fairy in the Grove. Take back, said he to her, your Ring. My Brother's Fate now convinces me of the Truth of what you told me, though before I did not rightly comprehend it. Keep to yourself the fatal Cause of my poor Brother's Death. Alas! he might have still been living; he might not have thus overwhelmed his aged Parents with Shame and Grief! He might have been wise and happy, if it had never been in his Power to gratify his Passions. O, how dangerous is it to have Power superior to other Men! Take back your Ring. Unhappy he, to whom it is next given! The only Favour I have to beg is, that you will never part with it again to any Friend of mine.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE Assembly had been so attentive to this long Story, that it was not till it was finished, that each of them found out her little Appetite called aloud for Supper, which

which their Governess perceiving, only observed to them, how dangerous Power was, unless accompanied with Prudence, Wisdom, and Moderation; and that, though every one aspires to acquire it, it oftener brings in her Train, Pain, Misery, and Destruction, than Pleasure, Peace and Happiness.

The Assembly paid the usual Compliments, which Hunger obliged them to, in as few Words as possible; and then, having appointed Miss *Sally Readwell* for the next Night, they flew away, like so many Birds on the Wing, to Supper, which they seemed much to stand in Need of.

THE EIGHTH NIGHT.

I Cannot, my little Schoolfellows, but approve of the just Sentiments, which the last Oration we attended to contained; and yet, when Instances are given of the ill Conduct of young Ladies, something should be said on the other Side of the Question, wherein their Virtues may be set in their proper Light. That this Assembly may not break
up,

cup, without leaving something impressed on our Minds, which may tend to convince us that no human Being is infallible, it shall now be my Business, to give you the Character of *Arietta* (by Way of Contrast to that of *Phyllis* or *Brunetta*) as I find it in the Writings of one of our best English Authors.

Arietta is visited by all Persons of both Sexes, who have any Pretences to Wit or good Breeding. She is in that Time of Life, which is neither affected with the Follies of Youth, or Infirmities of Age; and her Conversation is so mixed with Gaiety and Prudence, that she is agreeable both to the young and the old. Her Behaviour is very free, without being in the least blameable; as she is out of the Track of any ambitious Pursuits of her own, her Visitants entertain her with Accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their Passions or their Interests.

I made her a Visit this Afternoon, (says my Author) having been formerly introduced to her Acquaintance by an intimate Friend. I found her accompanied with one Person only, a common-place Talker, who, upon my Entrance, arose, and after a very slight

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Civility

Civility sat down again; then turning to *Arietta*, pursued his Discourse, which I found was upon the old Topick of Constancy. He went on with great Facility in repeating what he talks every Day of his Life; and, with the Ornament of insignificant Laughs and Gestures, enforced his Arguments by Quotations out of Plays and Songs, which allude to the Perjuries of the Fair, and the general Levity of Women.

Methought he strove to shine more than ordinary in his talkative Way, that he might insult my Silence, and distinguish himself before a Woman of *Arietta's* Taste and Judgment. She had often an Inclination to interrupt him; but could find no Opportunity, till the Larum ceased itself, which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated Story of the *Ephesian* Matron.

Arietta seemed to regard this Piece of Railery as an Outrage done to her Sex; and indeed I have always observed that Women, whether out of a nice Regard to their Honour, or what other Reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general Aspersions, which are cast upon their Sex, than

than Men are by what is said of theirs. When she had a little recovered herself from the serious Anger she was in, she replied in the following Manner :

Sir, when I consider how perfectly new all you have said on this Subject is, and that the Story you have given us is not quite two thousand Years old, I cannot but think it a Piece of Presumption to dispute with you. But your Quotation puts me in Mind of the Fable of the Lion and the Man. The Man walking with that noble Animal, shewed him, in the Ostentation of human Superiority, a Sign of a Man killing a Lion. Upon which the Lion said very justly, " We Lions are none of us Painters; else we could shew a hundred Men killed by Lions, for one Lion killed by a Man."

You Men are Writers, and can represent us Women as unbecoming as you please in your Works, while we are unable to return the Injury. You have twice or thrice observed in your Discourse, that Hypocrisy is the very Foundation of our Education; and that an Ability to dissemble our Affections is a professed Part of our Breeding. These, and
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such

such other Reflections, are sprinkled up and down the Writings of all Ages by Authors, who leave behind them Memorials of their Resentment against the Scorn of particular Women, in Invectives against the whole Sex. Such a Writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated *Petronius*, who invented the pleasant Aggravations of the Frailty of the *Ephesian Lady*; but, when we consider this Question between the Sexes, which has been either a Point of Dispute or Raillery ever since there were Man and Woman, let us take Facts from plain People, and from such as have not either Ambition or Capacity to embellish their Narrations with any Beauties of Imagination.

I was the other Day amusing myself with *Ligon's Account of Barbadoes*; and, in Answer to your well-wrought Tale, I will give you, as it dwells on my Memory, out of that honest Traveller, the History of *Inkle and Yarico*.

Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, of *London*, aged twenty Years, embarked in the Downs on the good Ship, called the *Achilles*, bound for the *West Indies*, on the 16th of *June*, 1647, in order
to

to improve his Fortune by Trade and Merchandize. Our Adventurer was the third Son of an eminent Citizen, who had taken particular Care to instil into his Mind an early Love of Gain, by making him a perfect Master of Numbers, and consequently giving him a quick View of Loss and Advantage, and preventing the natural Impulses of his Passions, by Prepossessions towards his Interests.

With a Mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a Person every Way agreeable, a ruddy Vigour in his Countenance, Strength in his Limbs, with Ringlets of fair Hair loosely flowing on his Shoulders. It happened in the Course of his Voyage, that the *Achilles*, in some Distress, put into a Creek on the Main of *America*, in Search of Provisions. The Youth, who is the Hero of my Story, among others went ashore on this Occasion.

From their first Landing, they were observed by a Party of *Indians*, who hid themselves for that Purpose in the Woods. The *English* unadvisedly marched a great Distance from the Shore into the Country, and were intercepted by the Natives, who slew the

greatest Part of them Our Adventurer escap-
ed among others, by flying into a Forest.
Upon his coming into a remote and pathless
Part of the Wood, he threw himself, tired
and breathless, on a little Hillock, when an
Indian Maid rushed from a Thicket behind
him. After the first Surprise, they appeared
mutually agreeable to each other. If the
European was highly charmed with the Fea-
tures and wild Graces of the *American*, the
American was no less taken with the Dress,
Complexion and Shape of an *European* covered
from Head to Foot. The *Indian* grew im-
mediately enamoured of him, and conse-
quently solicitous for his Preservation: She
therefore conveyed him to a Cave, where she
gave him a delicious Repast of Fruits, and led
him to a Stream to slake his Thirst.

Let not the vain, though polished *European*
imagine, that the tender Passion of Love is
known only to his Cline: It is peculiar to
every Region of the Earth; and, perhaps,
among even Savage Nations, it is more *pure*
and *sincere* than among us.

In



In the Midst of these good Offices, she would sometimes play with his Hair, and delight in the Opposition of its Colour to that of her Fingers: Then open his Bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a Person of Distinction; for she every Day came to him in a different Dress of the most beautiful Shells, Bugles and Beads. She likewise brought him a great many Spoils with which her other Lovers had presented her: So that his Cave was richly adorned with all the spotted Skins of Beasts, and most party-

party-coloured Feathers of Fowls, which that World afforded.

To make his Confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the Dusk of the Evening, or by the Favour of Moonlight, to unfrequented Groves and Solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in Safety, and sleep amidst the Falls of Waters, and the Melody of Nightingales. Her Part was to watch and hold him awake in her Arms, for Fear of her Countrymen, and wake him on Occasion to consult his Safety.

In this Manner did the Lovers pass away their Time, till they had learned a Language of their own, in which the Voyager communicated to his Mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his own Country, where she should be cloathed in such Silks as his Waistcoat was made of, and be carried in Houses drawn by Horses, without being exposed to Wind or Weather. All this he promised her the Enjoyment of without such Fears and Alarms as they were then tormented with.

In this tender Correspondence these Lovers lived for several Months, when *Narico*, instructed

frustrated by her Lover, discovered a Vessel on the Coast, to which she made Signals; and in the Night, with the utmost Joy and Satisfaction, accompanied him to a Ship's Crew of his Countrymen, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a Vessel from the Main arrives in that Island, it seems the Planters come down to the Shore, where there is an immediate Market for the *Indian* and other Slaves, as with us of Horses and Oxen.

To be short, Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *English* Territories, began seriously to reflect on his Loss of Time, and to weigh with himself how many Days Interest of his Money he had lost during his Stay with *Yarico*. This Thought made the young Man very pensive, and careful what Account he should be able to give his Friends of his Voyage. Upon which Considerations, the prudent and frugal young Man sold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* Merchant, notwithstanding that the poor Girl, to incline him to commiserate her, pleaded her Condition; but he only made use of that Information, to rise in his Demand upon the Purchaser.

I was so touched with this Story, (says my Author)

Author) which I think should be always a Counterpart to the *Ephesian* Matron, that I left the Room with Tears in my Eyes; which a Woman of *Arietta's* good Sense did, I am sure, take for greater Applause, than any Compliments I could make her.

OBSERVATIONS.

MISS Sally having finished her Character of *Arietta*, the whole Assembly seemed highly delighted therewith, thinking that should either of their Brothers, in their Letters to them, say any Thing against the Ladies, they should now have an Opportunity of obtaining a compleat Victory.

Their Governess suffered them to go on with these, and some other innocent Reflections; but finding their little Larums beginning to cease, she thought it was her Turn to speak, and to give them to understand, that they were to make a quite different Use of what they had heard.

You see, my little Pupils, (said their Governess) in the Character of Mr. *Inkle*, the fatal Effects of early Prejudice: the Love of Gold, which he had been taught to consider

as

as the principal of all human Acquisitions, poisoned in him the Seed of every Virtue; and, what should have sprung up in Love, Pity and Humanity, produced only those pernicious Weeds, Self-Love, Avarice, and Cruelty. Who can read of the hapless *Yarico* without dropping the Tender Tear of Compassion? Who can read of the faithless and perfidious *Inkle*, without recollecting some worse Monster, than *Nero* or a *Bajazet*? The Name of *Yarico* will be pitied and revered by future Posterity; the Name of *Inkle* will never be repeated, but when Mankind are at a Loss for an Epithet to call something by, that is too horrible to be told by its own Name. Take Care, my dear little Pupils, how you steel your Hearts, in your early Years, against the soft Impressions of Humanity, Generosity and Benevolence. The most effectual Way to avoid this, is to preserve among yourselves a natural Friendship, and to make it a Point of your Study, which shall do the other the greatest Kindnesses; this will accustom you in your Youth, to what you will not forget in your riper Years. I have at present nothing further to say, than that,

that, as there will be only one *Saturday* Night more, before your Breaking-up for the Holidays, I would propose to you Miss *Nancy Goodwill*, as a very proper young Lady for your next Night's Entertainment.

Miss *Nancy* bowed her Head and blushed: The Question, however, was put, and carried without a single dissenting Voice.

THE NINTH NIGHT.

My dear Schoolfellows,

THE kind Manner, in which my Governors and you were pleased to appoint me to this Night's Office, however conscious I may be of my Inability in giving Rules for the Conduct and prudent Behaviour of others, is nevertheless a Mark of your Approbation, which calls aloud for my Return of Gratitude. I know not how better to convince you of the Sense of the Obligation, than by my employing this Night to your Advantage. As we shall next Week each of us separately visit our Parents, and consequently have much Time on our Hands,

I will

I will now trouble you with my Opinion, on the Choice of your Diversions.

Young Ladies are perpetually talking of Diversions, and talk of them with an Eagerness which deceives themselves; for these Diversions, which are so eagerly followed, and of which they had formed such pleasing Ideas, often prove much less than they had imagined. The little One returns full of Gravity from a Visit, where she had promised herself a deal of Entertainment; but she hopes to be made Amends at the next Meeting, where probably she may be as much disappointed.

To avoid such vain Fatigues in the Pursuit of Pleasure, young Ladies should form to themselves a right Idea of it, and especially beware of the false and seductive Images suggested by too lively an Imagination. This it is, which continually carries them beyond Reality, and promises Transports and Joys, which are not in Nature: They are splendid Dreams, which, at our waking, leave us chagrined at the Delusion.

What young Ladies see at a Distance, is much nearer than they conceive: Pleasures
I are

are always at Hand; but it is only with a happy Disposition that they can be embraced: They are the Offspring of Necessity, and unless called for by its Voice, all Pursuits is but so much Labour lost.

A Walk, after having been sedentarily employed, gives a sensible Pleasure; and Rest becomes such in its Turn, if preceded by some little Fatigue. Every Thing we do may be made a Kind of Pleasure, by doing it seasonably. This Vicissitude, rightly ordered, is what renders Life pleasing; and those, who know not how to mingle Business and Relaxation, can have but little Relish of it.

Now this is the Fault of most of our fine young Ladies: This excessive Fondness of Pleasure, and their eager Pursuit of it, keeps it at a great Distance from them. They will not be told, that Pleasure must be purchased, that nothing less than Labour is the Price of it, and that whoever declines the one, must go without the other.

They should therefore know, that this Pleasure, which they so passionately adore, to be renewed, must be laid aside. It is, in

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its very Nature, a momentary State, an agreeable Sally of the Mind, recreating and enlivening it, when not frequent; but, if continued, would only fatigue and deaden it. Young Ladies, desirous of perpetuating Pleasures, have endeavoured to diversify and refine them: Their luxuriant Invention has multiplied the Objects of Entertainment, and is daily adding to the Number; yet still they are short of their Views. All these imaginary Pleasures being founded only on Vanity, make but a very faint Impression; indeed, there are so many Proofs, that to fix Pleasure throughout the Whole of Life, as some young Ladies would have it, is utterly impossible.

Besides, is it the Part of a rational Creature to make Diversions its capital Concerns? The young Lady, in whom this Desire predominates, will hardly ever make a good Mother, Wife, or Friend, nor so much even as a Member of Society; for a Party of Pleasure, or a Ball, she forgets every Thing; and it is well if, in the Whirl of her Dissipation, she does not forget herself.

In Reality, Virtue is not always the last Sacrifice offered to Inclination, if I may be-

lieve the Writings of some moral Authors. When the common Pleasures pall by repeated Enjoyment, the torpid Mind must be roused by something more poignant.

The Pleasures we are susceptible of are proportioned to the Extent and Capacity of the Heart, which is not made for Delights and Extacies, transporting it beyond itself: Those are a Kind of Convulsions, which cannot last; but there is an infinite Number of Pleasures, which, if their Impression be less quick, are, on that very Account, the more to be esteemed: The Pleasures daily spring up in various Shapes, and, far from excluding, combine with each other: They produce in the Mind a gentle Warmth, favourable to its Peace, and to preserving it in a happy Equality.

These are the Pleasures, which a young Lady may pursue without Danger, and enjoy without Trouble, without Remorse. I cannot help pitying all those, who are deaf to such Charms, and who look upon a Life, freed from the wild Tumult of Passions, as dull and melancholy. The Pleasures lost by such an Insensibility, are infinitely preferable to

to all they can expect from a dangerous Affection. A young Lady of Wit and Discretion chooses Entertainment, where the Mind is sure to be a Gainer, and that without any Loss to the Heart.

A Person of this valuable Stamp makes all the varying Scenes of Society Matter of Pleasure or Improvement to her. Nature and Art present her with an inexhaustible Fund of Delight: Habituated to Reflection, every Thing speaks and administers Delight to her. Indeed, the Mind, which can indifferently pass over so many Objects, without being affected by them, must be strangely debased; but, where the Generality of the Sex find only an insipid Entertainment for the Eye, the young Lady of deeper Comprehension meets with a new Recreation and Improvement to the Mind.

To know not what to do with oneself, amidst innumerable Objects for Employment and Exercise, betrays a very narrow and confined Way of thinking; and a greater Mark still of Weakness, in the Way in which some divert their Lowness of Spirits.

Our Pleasures, like our Thoughts, take
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their Bent from the greater or lesser Elevation of the Mind. A young Lady of Talents, instead of constantly amusing herself with a Cat or a Bird, enjoys the exquisite Melody of her Harpsichord, heightening it with the accordant Sounds of her Voice; her Mind itself is attuned, and from this Delight she can betake herself to some Book of instructive Entertainment. Paultry Romances, calculated to please and foment the Reader's Depravity, are not the Books she likes. See, my pretty Companions, the Picture of true Felicity, which will afford us Entertainment, when every Thing else fails.



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We have many Plays, which tend to form the Taste, and elevate the Mind; but a young Lady, who knows herself, will hardly be seen at those inferior Kinds of Exhibitions, where indecent Songs excite the loud Laugh of a loose Pit, while her Sex blush with Confusion. Such Plays may give a bad Turn to a young Lady's Imagination, but never can it receive any Good from them; and the Imagination, as being a copious Source of Pleasures, should be carefully preserved from Futility and Depravation. There is not a Moment, in which a brilliant Imagination cannot strike out pure and delicate Pleasures: It is from the Imagination that arises the soft Pleasure we feel amidst Meadows, Groves, Streams, Zephyrs, and the Warblings of Nightingales: It even enriches the splendid Decorations of the Universe, and diffuses over Objects a vivid Tint, which gives them fresh Lustre.

Life to those, who make a proper Use of it, is strewed with Pleasures of all Kinds, delightful both to the Senses and to the Mind; but the latter is never more agreeably recreated, than in the Society of Persons
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of cultivated Understandings, capable of improving and entertaining: Two Qualities which generally go together. Young Ladies cannot be too much exhorted to prefer the Conversations of such valuable Persons to the empty Discourse of some People: One is all Gain; the other, all Loss. The Conversation of the former elevates, and inspires her with a new Way of thinking, diverts her from Passions, and turns her very Leisure to Advantage; whereas the nonsensical Discourse of the other, debases her Mind, debases her, and totally viciates her Heart.

Pleasures, which affect the Soul without agitating it, are not made for the Generality of the Fair Sex, whom Folly hurries on from one Whim to another. These young Ladies must be in a continual Agitation: Any calm Interval would bring them to think and overthrow their whole System of Extravagancy.

All their high-finished Descriptions of their delightful Amusements are in vain: They may laugh as loud, and as long as they please, no Person of Discernment thinks them at all the happier. Felicity detests that
Tumult

Tumult and Confusion, to which they give themselves up: The Hurry of the great World is not its Element: It seeks Privacy, and the Company of a few Persons, whom Nature has qualified for it: It is amidst a small Number of virtuous and polished Friends that it loves to enjoy itself, confining itself to a small Circle: It requires no greater Number of Witnesses, and disregards the Applauses of an illiterate Multitude.

With respect to myself, my kind Companions, you have formed that Circle I have just mentioned: With you I live happily and contented, and enjoy the Pleasures and the Sweets of an innocent and profitable Conversation. May the kind Hand of Providence, when riper Years shall call me forth into the busy World, bless me with a like Ease and Tranquility of Mind, without exposing me to the Temptation of its false Pleasures and Follies. If any Thing more remains for me to ask, it can be only this, that each of you may enjoy an equal Share of uninterrupted Felicity.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE Moment Miss *Nancy Goodwill* had finished, the whole Assembly rose up, and paid her the most respectful Compliments. Their Governess, who attentively watched every Look of them, plainly perceived their little Hearts swelled with a Gratitude, their Tongues could not find Words fore. She therefore thought it needless for her to add any Thing; and after admonishing them to be circumspect in their Behaviour during their Recess, dissolved the Assembly till a future Occasion.

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