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THE
VIRGIN UNMASK'D:

OR,

Female Dialogues

Betwixt an Elderly

Maiden LADY and her NIECE,

On several

Diverting Discourses

ON

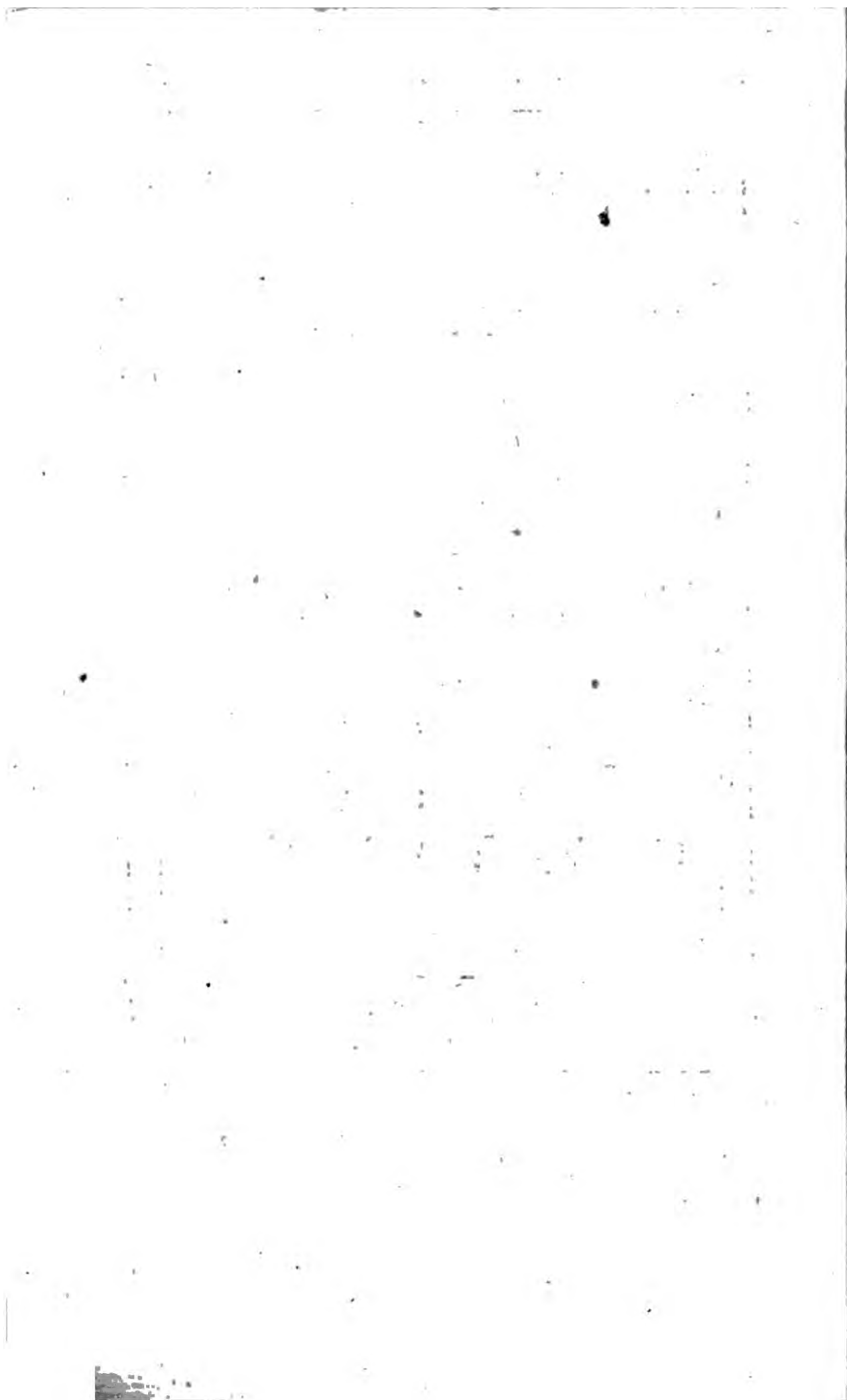
LOVE, } MEMOIRS,
MARRIAGE, } AND
MORALS, &c.

Of the T I M E S.

The Second Edition.

By BERNARD MANDEVILLE,
Author of the Fable of the BEES.

LONDON: Printed, and sold by G. Strahan, at the Golden Ball in Cornhill, W. Mears, at the Lamb without Temple-Bar; and J. Stagg, in Westminster-Hall. 1724.
(Price Four Shillings.)



THE
PREFACE.

H Appy is the Man that has no other Acquaintance with Booksellers, than what is contracted by Reading the News in their Shops, and perhaps now and then buying a Book of them ; but he, that is so unfortunate, as to have Business with them about Translating, Printing, or Publishing any Thing to the World, has a Miserable Time of it, and ought to be endewed with the Patience of *Job*.

Some Days after I had parted with this Copy, my Bookseller asked me when I would go about the Preface ;

The P R E F A C E.

the Preface! said I, what do you mean? Mean! says he, I mean the Preface; the Preface to the Reader. I told him, that what he had bought was all I had to say to the Reader, as for my Part; and if he had any Thing to add for himself, he was at Liberty to do at he thought fit. I leave it to any Impartial Judge, if this was not Fair between Man and Man: Yet the Bookseller, far from being satisfy'd with so Reasonable an Answer, seem'd to be very angry, and strenuously insisted upon a Preface; telling me over and over, that he never heard of an Author that deny'd a Preface before; that it was a Folly to dispute it, that he could not sell the Book without; and that, in short, a Preface he must have: Having no Mind to be huff'd, and bubbl'd out of my Labour into the Bargain, I grew angry in my Turn, and told him plainly, he should have none of me; the Book was his own; if he would not sell it, he

The P R E F A C E.

he might stop Ovens with it if he pleased ; at last, seeing me thus resolute, and knowing, that there was no Act of Parliament that obliged People to make Prefaces, in spite of their Teeth, he put on a more obliging Countenance, and came to Perswasions, which having more Influence upon me than his rougher Language, I began to be more tractable ; we went to the Tavern, where talking of Prefaces, I grew very good Humour'd ; and that Prefacing might not be wanting, instead of One, I promised him Two : The next Day considering what a Ridiculous Promise I had made, and yet willing to be as good as my Word, I thought on this Expedient, of letting you know what had happened between us ; and as a Wheel within a Wheel, prefixing it to the Preface.

Is it possible, says the Ingenious Critick, that a Man of any Brains should be such a Coxcomb, as to put down

The P R E F A C E:

such Balderdash, and play the Buffoon without Wit or Sense, in the very Beginning of a Book; thus People judge, when they are ignorant of a Man's Aim. I have a mortal Antipathy against Prefaces; this I had a Fancy to acquaint my Reader with, which being supposed, I'll justify to any Critick's Face, that I have said nothing but what is very much to the Purpose; that is, to my Purpose, because I conceive, that the best Way a Man can shew the Reluctancy of his Mind to an Undertaking, is by being Impertinent in the Execution; but why, says another, should you hate Prefaces? The Reason is plain, because I am Honest, and I never saw any, (those of Saints excepted) but what were full of Hypocrisy and Dissimulation. Does ever People tell you in their Prefaces, that they write for Profit, or for Glory? And yet it is most certain, that they do it either for the one, or the other; but instead of that, with abundance of Impudence,

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pudence they'll protest that they have no other Aim than the Reader's Good, which commonly is an abominable Lie. One would make you believe that he is more Learned and Knowing, than in his own Conscience he knows himself to be ; another points at some of the best Things in the Book, and confesses they are Faults, whilst in profound Silence he passes by those Things which he knows to be really such. I was once with an Author, that was about the same Business as I am now ; he had an occasion for Three or Four *Latin* Words, but not being very well acquainted with one of them, he ran to his Dictionary to see what Gender it was of ; I don't blame him for taking the Benefit of another Man's Labour ; but don't you think he would have been hang'd before he'd have put this in his Preface ; therefore believe me, good Reader, no Man of Integrity can love a sort of Writing, in which hitherto People have not

The P R E F A C E.

thought fit to speak the real Sentiments of their Hearts ; if I had been let alone this would have been the first ; and I'll tell ye how : Since these Dialogues have been made, I found a great many Faults in the Contrivance, the Language, and a great many other Things, which I design'd to have made a Catalogue of, and shew'd you in the Front, with the same Candour as the Printer has own'd his in the Rear. But, says the Earthly-minded Bookseller, what do you mean ? Have you a Mind to damn the Book ? What Mortal that sees so many Mistakes before, and so many Errata behind, will be such a Fool as to give Money for the Middle, that contains 'em ? So you see, gentle Reader, my Hands are ty'd. The next I design'd, was to take away whatever might create Misunderstandings between you and me ; for tho' I would have been very glad to shew you my Faults, yet I am as unwilling that you should take those Things

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Things to be Faults, which in Reality are not : But now I have talk'd away my Time, to do it as I should do. However, the Preface not being long enough yet, as I fancy, to please the Bookseller, give me leave to furnish you with a few Cautions, which I'll perform as concisely as is possible.

When in the First Dialogue you meet with any Thing harsh, and, perhaps, very disagreeable to the Ladies; suspend your Judgement till you come to the Second ; for there you'll find, that what *Lucinda* has said to her Niece before, was only a Sophistical Way of Arguing, to put a Young Beautiful Lady out of Conceit with herself, in hopes to make her neglectful of her Charms. Some People open a Book anywhere, and having read a few Lines, throw it by ; therefore, if you should stumble upon the wicked Sophistry of *Dorante*, I would desire you to go on a little further to see how his Notions
are

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are detested, both by the Aunt and the Niece.

My Design through the whole, is to let young Ladies know whatever is dreadful in Marriage ; and this could not be done, but by introducing one that was an Enemy to it. Therefore, tho' *Lucinda* speaks altogether against Matrimony, don't think that I do so too.

I expect to be censured for letting Women talk of Politicks ; but first mind, how little *Antonia* says to the Matter, and then examine *Lucinda's* Character. *Erasmus* in his *Ichthuophagia* treats of more abstruse Matters, than I do in any Part of the Dialogues ; and yet the Persons in all Probability are less accomplish'd than mine ; for one is a Butcher, and the other a Fish-monger.

By

The P R E F A C E.

By leaving the Story of *Leonora* unfinished, it might have been expected these Dialogues should have been continued, as 'tis hoped they will, when the Story of *Leonora* will be compleated, and the Character of *Mincio* will be added.

B. M.

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(1)

THE FIRST
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
LUCINDA,
An Elderly
Maiden *LADY,*
AND
ANTONIA,
HER
NIECE.

Lucinda. **H**ere, Niece, take my Handkerchief, prithee now, if you can find nothing else to cover your Nakedness; If you knew what a Fulsome Sight it was, I am sure you would not go so bare: I can't abide your Naked Breasts heaving up and down; it makes me Sick to see it.

B

Antonia

Antonia. 'Tisn't clean, Aunt ; besides, 'tis so hot I can't endure any Thing about my Neck ; I hate to be stifled up so.

Lu. Harkee, *Antonia*, those little Pretences won't pass upon your Aunt ; 'tisn't the Heat of the Weather, 'tis the Heat of your Blood, your Wantonness, and Lascivious Thoughts, 'tis they that are the Cause of all your immoderate Behaviour. Do I ever go so ? Or do ye think I han't Breasts as well as you ?

Ant. When I am as Old as you, Aunt, perhaps I'll do as you do : Tho' you are pleased to find fault with my Behaviour, I don't know that ever I was guilty of any Immodesty in my Life : I don't invent the Fashions ; but indeed I don't love to be pointed at for affecting Singularity. I Dress my self as I see other young Gentlewomen do ; my Stays are not cut lower than other People's.

Luc. Don't make so many excuses, Dear Child ; what signifies the Fashion ; What signify your Stays ? Yesterday 'twas as hot again as it is now, then all the while we were in the Garden, rather than to have your White Skin Tann'd you could endure your Handkerchief, and your Mask, both ; then you was close muffled up, and I did not hear you once complain of being stifled.

Ant. As long as I use no Art to make my Skin White, I hope 'tis no Sin, Aunt, to keep it from being Sun-burnt.

Luc. Yes ; and for what reason do you keep it white ? To raise up sinful Thoughts in others : If your Breasts were yellow or Freckled you know, they would not be so inviting to the Fellows ;

lows ; but I declare it, was I a Man I'd spit at 'em.

Ant. Then if you was a Man, Aunt, you would not be counted a very civil one.

Luc. Oh ! How I should loath the Creatures that should shew such monstrous Impudence ! You talk of Dressing your self, this is Undressing ; you are half naked : As for your Stays, if it be the Fashion to have 'em cut so, you might find out something else to cover your Body ; but you are so far from striving to hide it, that the very Shift is put by, for fear it should hinder the Eye : I can't call it taking up your Smock, but it is pulling it off, which is worse ; suppose your Stays were cut as low as your Navel, pray would ye shew it ? Nay, it does not want above Three or Four Inches of it now. Women, in strictness, should never appear in Publick but veil'd ; at least Young Women should never shew their Faces to any Men, but their nearest Relations.

Ant. Indeed, Aunt, when 'tis the Fashion to be veil'd I won't stick out, but I shall hardly begin first.

Luc. I don't bid you be veil'd, Mrs. Pert, but there is abundance of difference between veiling, and going bare-ass'd. Fashions and Customs, I know, have alter'd with the Times ; sometimes People have wore long Cloaths, sometimes short ones ; but I never heard, or ever read of an Age before this, if the People were any ways Civilis'd, but they had some Garment or other (whatever they did to their Legs and Arms) to cover the main Body, the Trunk itself ; now-a-days, the very Virgins, that should be the Temples of Modesty, go with their Bo-

dies half naked, and not only so, but the Obscene Part of their Body.

Ant. I never knew that one's Neck was an obscene Part.

Luc. What you call your Neck is here, your Neck ends at the Collar-bone, this is your Chest, your Bosom, this is the Pit of your Stomach, these are your Breasts; you make a strange long Neck of it; and are like the Sign-painters, who only call it a Head, tho' they Paint a Man or a Woman as far as the Waste; you may as well call it your Chin as your Neck.

Ant. Well, let it be call'd Bosom, or what Part you please, why is it obscene?

Luc. Why, I wonder you should ask that Question; can any Thing be more obscene than the very Marks of your Body, by which ye are known to be a Woman: All Vertuous People think it obscene in either Man or Woman to shew any Thing naked that may tempt the other to Wickedness; but it is much more so, to prostitute those Parts, by which the Sexes are distinguish'd.

Ant. If that be true, Aunt, a long fusty Beard must be a very obscene Sight, for there the Men differ from our Sex with a witness; and yet I declare I could see a Beard of a Yard and a half without any manner of Temptation.

Luc. Now you think you have said a mighty Thing, I warrant ye.

Ant. Indeed, Aunt, I wonder any Civil Government should suffer People to draw *Moses* and *Aaron*, and all the Patriarchs with so much Obscenity about 'em. In the Picture of *Abraham's* Offering, that hangs o'the top of our Stair-case, the Old Gentleman has Hair enough in his
Beard

Beard to make him a good handsome Perriwig, which, if he had lived in this Age, no doubt, but Every body would have had advised him to, because he is so very Bald.

Luc. How fain now would you be witty upon Beards, and ridicule what I said about the Distinction of Sexes, but you only shew your Ignorance. I deny that Beards distinguish the Sex; Beards are Hair, and for the generality, Men, when they arrive to their full Strength, are more or less hairy all over; their Face, Arms, Legs, Breast, no place is free; and, strictly speaking, Men differ from Women in every Thing; their Skin is not so plump as ours, nor the Grain of it so fine; their Muscles and Sinews are more Brawny and Conspicuous than ours; we differ in the very Make of our Bodies; Men are broader in the Shoulders, than the Hips, with us it is quite contrary, but by these Things our Sexes are not distinguished. I have known a Woman that had Hair between her Breasts, and some have so much about their Face, that they are forced to clip it every Week; nay, there are Women, that are constantly shaved as well as Men; therefore there can be no Obscenity in that, which is no distinguishing Character.

Ant. Indeed, Aunt, you need not have taken half the Pains to convince me, that Beards are not Obscene, I never thought 'em so, what I said was only in Jest, for I believe few Women are charm'd with 'em.

Luc. Not so neither, Child, this is another Error, but as I have shew'd you the Folly of your Comparison of the Men's Beards with Women's Breasts, so now I will shew you your Sim-

plicity, in thinking that there are no Allurements in Beards, for without question they are design'd as great Ornaments to Men; but as nothing looks Handsome as is not in the Mode, so Beards being not in Fashion, you see Nobody wear 'em, but here and there a poor old Creature, or some nasty slovenly Fellow or other, that would never be very tempting, Beard, or no Beard; and this is the Reason why Women dislike long Beards: Gentlemen now-a-days keep 'em close Shaved, so that there is no knowing a handsome Beard from another; but when it was the Fashion to let 'em grow, no doubt but the Women of those Ages prefer'd a thick, strong, brown curl'd, bushy Beard, to a thin, lank, straggling one, that had all the Colours of the Rainbow in it: But besides, Beards are Graceful, even as they wear 'em now; for tho' they are cut never so close, there are Signs enough remaining, by which they may be discovered; and consult but your own Thoughts, which do you esteem to be the handsomest Chin? That on which the Marks of a strong Manly Beard appears, or that of a milk-chopp'd Fellow, that has not a Hair about his Face, and looks like a Girl in Man's Cloaths?

Ant. Truly, Aunt, I never stare so much in Men's Faces to mind the difference.

Luc. The less the better, assure your self; but leaving the Beards to their Owners, I hope you are satisfy'd after what I have said, that it is not modest for Women to shew their naked Breasts to all the World.

Ant. I confess, Aunt, I am not of your Opinion, but think that nothing is immodest in Dressing, but when People shew those Parts, which
the

the Custom of the Country bids 'em hide: In some Countries Women's Petticoats reach but a little lower than their Knees; yet if here a Woman, walking along the Street, should pluck up her Coats above the Calf of her Leg, Everybody would call her immodest; and therefore if any Parts be Obscene, they must be such as are carefully hid, and not those that are used to be bare.

Luc. O strange! O strange! What Age do we live in? What Notions are these? That no Part is Obscene, when 'tis the Fashion to shew it. Suppose once it should be the Fashion for Women to be covered all over, except from the Navel to half way their Thighs, which would be the Obscene Parts, those that were covered, or those that were in view?

Ant. I don't believe there ever will be such a nasty Fashion, and therefore I need not trouble my Head about that Supposition.

Luc. Dear *Antonia*, what a wilde Creature you are grown, it grieves me to the very Soul to think, how much you are alter'd for the worse, within these Three or Four Years, that ye wrote Woman. I have given you a virtuous Education; my Conscience is discharged; I can do no more: When you was between Fourteen and Fifteen, I thought, I should have had some Comfort of you; but now I see that all my Hopes are blasted; Oh! Then your Checks were not stained with those guilty Blushes: How meek was then your Looks? How modest your Eyes? Which now rowl like Fire-Balls, and shoot, as if they were ready to fly out of your Head.

Ant. I am forry, Aunt, that you should like my Looks worse now I am in Health, than when I was eat up with the Green-Sickness, and my Eyes had no more Liveliness in them, than the Eyes of a dead Whiting.

Luc. Do not talk to me; every Thing about you smells so strong of the Harlot, I can't abide you; what have you done to your Hair? What makes it so bright and so shining?

Ant. I don't know; I have done nothing to it; I han't put so much as a little Powder in it.

Luc. If it was Red, or Yellow, you would have put enough in it; what an odious Way have you of Dressing your Head; all that Hair there, methinks, looks most abominably; prithe, Niece, cut off your Head of Hair, and I'll give you Five Guineas.

Ant. Thank you, Aunt, I might have above Ten for it, if I would sell it; but I am not covetous; neither do I think it looks Handsome for a Gentlewoman to cut off her Hair, for the Lucre of Money; I would do it with all my Heart to please you, if you would stop there; but you are pleased to find so much fault with my Looks in general, I'm afraid, should I cut off my Hair to Day, to Morrow you'd ask me, to put out one of my Eyes, and I should not willingly lose either of them, because they are Fellows.

Luc. If you knew, *Antonia*, how little your Jestings and Joking becomes ye, when I would give ye Good and Wholesome Advice, you would not be so fond of it. It is, as you say, not only your Hair that displeases me, but your Forehead, your Eyes, your Lips, your Mein, and Dress, they

they are all equally offensive to a Chaste and Vertuous Eye : But above all, that large Tract of Clear, Transparent Skin, which you are only pleas'd to call your Neck, though it reaches above half Way your Body.

Ant. You say, Aunt, that shewing our Bosom is indecent, because of our Breasts, by which we are known to be Women; if the Mischief lyes here, I wonder you never spoke to our *Betty*, who shews Three times as much Breast as I.

Luc. What, *Betty* ! Poor Greasy Wench ; that with a huge Pair of Dugs stands sweating and broiling over the Fire ! She would hide them if she could ; you see her Bodice are cramm'd that they are ready to burst. What should she do, pray ? If you would not have her leave the remainder open, she must be choaked : She does not do it out of Pride, because she thinks it looks Handsome. Where could be the Temptation, pray, in seeing those Tawny Bags lye quaking before her like a Tub of Size, though they are penn'd up so close, that she can hardly squeeze the Key of the Pantrey between them. You have made a Fine Comparison : What you do is with a Wicked Design ; you shew your Breasts, because you think them attractive and ensnaring : They can't be call'd small indeed, but then they are nothing to your High and Broad Chest. See how filthily and boldly they stand pouting out, and bid defiance to your Stays ; one would not think that any Thing made of Flesh could be so hard and ugly, as they are : Nay, you are all of a Piece ; do but mind once ; with how much Immodesty that Orange, and them Leaves, are stuck e'th' Top of your Stays.

Ant. Ha,

Ant. Ha, ha, ha!

Luc. Do you haugh, Hu'ssyfe? You have more Reason to cry, to see yourself made an Instrument of the Devil to ruin Souls withal.

Ant. Indeed, Aunt, I could not forbear laughing; when I heard you talk of the immodesty of the Orange.

Luc. What, do you wonder at that? Don't ye think a Bawd is immodest?

Ant. I suppose so; though I never was acquainted with any, as I know of.

Luc. Would you not think her to be a Bawd, that should turn up a Handsome Young Creature, and shew all what she had to all Comers and Goers?

Ant. Such a one would be a Jade indeed; but what relation has this to the Orange?

Luc. Perhaps you think it much worse to shew the Under-part, than the Upper-part of a Woman, but that's a Grand Mistake; that Part, which is the most handsome, and consequently the most tempting to Sin, is without doubt the most Abominable Shew. Now which do you think the most agreeable Part of a Woman? Without Dispute the Upper-part, which you shew: Women are only handsome as far as now they go Naked; and that makes me of your Opinion, that it will never be the Fashion to shew the Lower parts, for there Women are Ugly, Ill-shaped, Nasty Creatures, or else they would have brought up the Fashion of shewing them long ago. Don't think 'tis let alone out of Modesty: No, they are only afraid Men will despise and hate them for it. Do you not think in your own Conscience, that if the Under parts of Women were set in as full View, as now the Upper,
they

they would in a short Time become very loathsome to the Spectators? I remember what just now you ridiculed the Pictures of the Old Patriarchs for ; and pray what do think of this ?

Ant. I do not understand what you mean, neither do I desire to know any Thing of it : I can only tell ye, that I never thought all this depended upon a poor Orange ; I promise ye, that to Morrow I'll put in a Lemon.

Luc. Then you'll mend the Matter much ; Oranges, Lemons, Jessemin, and all manner of Nofegays, or Breast-knots, have the same Effect, and are put there for the same Purpose.

Ant. I always thought so too, and can't imagine, since you are such an Implacable Enemy to Nakedness, you should not approve of Breast-knots and Nofegays ; for I am sure one's Stays look very bare without something, or other upon them.

Luc. Would you have me believe, they are there to hide any Thing, or to smell to ? Poor Girl ? They are not placed there on so foolish an Errand ; your Aunt knows better ; their Business there is to gather the Rays of the Eye, on that White Vale there betwixt your Breasts, and fix it on your Bosom ; and as a Spot in a White Cloth draws the Sight to it whether we will or no, so that Orange is set there to engage the Standers-by, and for fear it might be over-look'd, points at the Shew, with which you are so generously pleas'd, at the Expence of your Modesty, to treat the Publick. And you that love to be Witty, *Antonia*, shall I tell you in a Word how it looks in regard to your Skin ?

Ant. What you please, Aunt.

Luc. For

Luc. For all the World like a ~~G~~ to an Advertisement of what you would dispose of.

Ant. All this can't put me out of Humour—

Luc. What are you muttering between your Teeth? You used to be so quick at Repartee, *Antonia*: How do you like my Simile? Have I galled ye.

Ant. No, Aunt, not at all: For if it be as you say, 'tis to be hop'd I shan't be long without a Chapman; and depend upon it, if I can meet with a good one to my Mind, I'll part with the Cargoe

Luc. It's easy to be seen, you are weary of it; but you talk of a good one; I believe an indifferent one would serve your Turn.

Ant. I can't help your Censures, Aunt; but I am not so weary of it, as you imagine: It shall never go but on very good Terms.

Luc. Perhaps you don't know, *Antonia*, that it is a Notion among Merchants, that when Goods have been much expos'd and blown upon, and the Owners seem very desirous to be rid of 'em, Creditable Dealers won't meddle with 'em, unless they can get them for a Song.

Ant. For a Song, Aunt! The best He that wears a Head shall never boast of Favours from me, before the Knot is ty'd.

Luc. What, Niece, do you leave the Metaphor? I thought, that was your Beloved Way of Speaking. Airy Ladies should not express themselves, as the Vulgar do. I am afraid you can go on with it no further.

Ant. I am not to be accountable for other Lady's Actions; as to my self, I love to make use of my Words according to the Common Acceptation; and I never gave any Reason for this

Imputation, more than the Wantonness and Immodesty you are pleas'd to charge me with : Not, Aunt, but I could answer you in your own Dialect, if I had a Mind to make ye angry.

Luc. Make me angry ! I dare say you don't fear that : Or, was it only an excuse, to study the whilst ? Pray, Niece, let me hear, what it is you would say ?

Ant. I could say, that when People of Skill like the Goods, they matter but little what Spightful Neighbours speak against them ; that Old Traders commonly envy Young Ones ; that instead of assisting of them, and wishing them well, they endeavour to undermine their Credit, and blow 'em up, if they can : That, generally speaking, it vexes them to the Heart, to see the other thrive, because they unjustly look upon them, as so many Intruders into their Business. I could say, that they often maliciously give an Ill Name to New Beginners for no other Reason than to blast their Reputation, and undervalue their Commodities only to spoil a good Bargain.

Luc. So, Niece, I hear that right or wrong you can say a great deal ; but if by Old Traders you mean me, you are mightily mistaken, for I never dealt that Way.

Ant. You never was Marry'd indeed.

Luc. Your Spleen don't offend me, Niece ; out with it ; you would say I did worse.

Ant. I don't say so : I am not so Censorious as others.

Luc. But you deserve more to be censured than those others ; for I can never think, if any Thing offer'd, you would be so difficult, or stand upon those Punctillos you talk off ; and I am apt to believe,

believe, that rather than keep the Commodity upon your Hands, you'd give Trust by Retail.

Ant. Pray Aunt speak plain, and tell me, you believe I'm a Common Whore.

Luc. Could the Courteous *Antonia* be ever Cruel? No sure; you have no denying Face, Child: And when People are so obliging in shewing their Goods, who would not think, but that any one might have a Sample for asking? — How! In Tears, Niece! Melting with Remorse? Do you plead guilty?

Ant. You shall think as you please, Aunt; 'tis my Comfort, that all your Foul Aspersions can't make me so: I don't Cry, because I am Conscious of any Crime; it is my Wrong'd Innocence that bleeds through my Eyes.

Luc. That was an Heroick Flight, Niece, and would do well in a Tragedy, if it ben't in one already.

Ant. I'd rather be bury'd alive, than be thus tormented every Day: And pray for what? For not being Lame, Blind, or Crooked: If I was as frightful as the Devil, perhaps I should lead a better Life; for whenever I have any Thing about me that looks tolerably well of late, I am sure to be abused for it. If my Mother might have lived to see me grown up, she would have taken delight in it, Poor Woman! But I have neither Father nor Mother, my Sister's but a Child; would it not make a Stone weep, to see the only Relation, that should take my Part, set all her Wit to work to render me odious, and blast my Reputation, for nothing else, but because I won't be singular, and dress my self as other Young Ladies do; My Father was a Baronet; 'tis true, he liv'd to spend all he had; but then my
Aunt

Aunt that's dead has handsomely provided for us. Five Thousand Pound is no despicable Fortune for a Young Woman that's of a Good Family; I don't go above it, nor covet Rich Cloaths; I love to be Clean, and have my Things made Fashionable: You gave me Education, I own it, and thank ye for it; but then on my Side, have I not always paid ye the same Respect, as if you had been my own Mother? What have I done to deserve your Ill-will? Do I converse with any Body, that is not suitable to my Quality? What Indiscretion have I been guilty of? Who is more reserv'd in Men's Company than I? I never was alone with one in my Life, unless it was in seeing me Home from some Ball, Publick Entertainment, or other Solemnity, where it would have been Rudeness to deny 'em; and yet had I been the Strumpet to a Regiment of Foot Soldiers, you could not have talk'd to me worse than you do. I think my self in Heaven, when I enjoy but one Hour without being rail'd at.

Luc. Indeed, *Antonia*, the Hardships you labour under are beyond Measure, at least any Body would think so, to see ye in this Posture, and hear your Moan; for it is not to be believed that a Young Lady, to whom Nature has been so lavish, and Fortune no niggard; one that never shew'd a great Dislike to the World, should ~~wish herself bury'd Alive, rather than bear her~~ Torments any longer, unless they exceeded the Common Rate of Afflictions: However, I had rather see ye in this Humour than when you are laughing at all Good Council, and jeering every Thing that's Chaste and Sober.

Ant. I suppose so; because now I look worse.

Luc.

(16)

Luc. I don't think you do : But it is not for that ; it is because I love a Meek Spirit better than a Stubborn one.

Ant. Your Servant, Aunt.

Luc. Whither would ye go.

Ant. Up into my Chamber, unless you have any Thing to command me.

Luc. Do as ye please.

THE

THE SECOND
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN

Lucinda and Antonia.

Antonia. WHAT is your Pleasure with me, Aunt? *Grace* told me you wanted me.

Luc. What, Crying still! Come wipe your Eyes, and lay by that Melancholly Look: I believe we talk'd till we were both too hot. I sent for you to take a Walk with me up the Orchard; there is no Sun: I have something to say to you, that I know won't displease ye.

Ant. I'll wait on ye Aunt.

Luc. Don't you know, *Antonia*, what an Antipathy I have against Men? How mortally I detest the whole Sex? And how carefully I have always endeavour'd to infuse the same Principles into you?

Ant. Yes, Aunt, I do; and have often wonder'd, what Reason you could have to hate them so much; because I have heard you say, that my Grandfather was such a Good Man; and as to other Men, you always shunn'd their Conversation, and would seldom admit of any in your Company.

C

Luc. Tho'

Luc. Tho' I have not experienc'd them to my own Cost, I have done that which is more adviseable, taken Warning from the Miseries I saw 'em bring upon others ; but of that hereafter ; First, I would let ye know, that having that Aversion to Marriage, when your Mother was dead I look'd upon you and your Sister, as the only Heirs I was to have ; and from that Time treated you both in every Respect, as if you had been my own Children. When your Aunt *Clarinda* dyed, you was between Eleven and Twelve Years Old, and began to shew so much Wit and Good Humour, so Easy and Obliging a Temper, that I will freely own it, *Antonia*, I thought no Body's Company so agreeable as yours. And what pleas'd me most, was, that though we differ'd so much in Years, you seem'd as fond of me, as I could be of you ; was I in the Garden, you'd soon be there ; if sometimes I had lock'd my self up in my Closet, 'twould not be long but I should have ye knock at the Door upon some Pretence or other ; either to shew me your Work, or your Writing, or else to ask me some Pretty Question about what you had seen or read : Every Thing you did was delightful to me ; but above all, nothing ravish'd me more than that I saw ye have that ill Opinion of Men which they deserve : Whenever there was an Opportunity to rail at the Sex, you would exclaim against them with Indignation, and seem to have a Horror for the very Name.

Ant. I was but a Child then, Aunt.

Luc. No Matter what you was ; I am sure you was in the right ; and I wish, I could say the same of you now : But pray don't interrupt me. By the Hatred I thought you had conceived
against

against Men, my Wishes were compleat, and I thought nothing but Death should ever part us. This Golden Age lasted till ye was past Fifteen; but then you alter'd visibly every Day: All on a sudden you grew very Neat, not the least Spot must be seen in your Cloaths; no Body could get up your Linnen, or starch your Lace or Muslin, to please ye; and you hardly ever appear'd in an Undress: The Fashion was all your Discourse; and whatever Money you could get was laid out in Plays and Romances; a little after you grew a great Admirer of Country Dances; and though you had learn'd to sing, and to play on the Harpsicord, yet there were some very Fine Tunes, that you could not learn without Instruction, and a Musick master you must have; you know I allowed whatever you desir'd, for in all that I thought there was no great Harm. The First Time I suspected the Cause of your Change was one Evening in the Walks; I had often before observed, with Pleasure, that when we met any Men your Looks were so free and unconcern'd, that every one might see you neither fear'd, nor desir'd, to meet their Eyes; but that Evening I speak of, meeting a Gentleman, that was very well dress'd, I happen'd to take particular Notice of you; when he was yet a good Way off I saw you raise your Body, and by altering your Gate, assume a certain Firmness in your Steps, that was not usual; when he came near, the Stretching out of your Neck had pull'd up your Bubbies, which were then but just budding out; he look'd upon you very hard, you blush'd, and your Eyes, that look'd as if they had been newly varnish'd, were very stedfastly fix'd on the Ground.

Ant. What could be a greater Sign —

Luc. I don't say it to upbraid you with any Thing: Pray hear me out. When we were pass'd him, I said nothing to him, but presently took you home, and was more concern'd at what I had seen, than ever I had been at any Thing since my Father dyed.

Ant. You thought perhaps it was a Gallant.

Luc. No Child, I thought the Truth; I thought, that Nature had been playing her Tricks, and told you what Mould you was made of; when the Presence of Men makes an Impression upon Women, it renders them uneasy, and sets their Imagination to work; it is a certain Sign, that their Aversion to Men is not long liv'd: After that Day, the more I examin'd into your Actions the more I found my Suspicion true: It was then that I strove with all my Power to divert your Thoughts, to allay the Heat of your Blood; I often perswaded you to Fasting to prevent the Roving of your Fancy; I advised you to frequent Prayers, and the Reading of Pious Books. I foresaw Two Evils that were equally dreadful to me, whenever you marry'd: The First was, That you should become a Prey to Man, and consequently be made miserable by that Sex which I so much abhorr'd. The Second, That I should lose the Company of what in all the World I valu'd most: But in spite of all my Endeavours, as your Wit and Beauty encreas'd, so did your Care in setting every Thing off to the best Advantage; you grew Cunning enough at last to find out, that every Charm I perceived in ye stabb'd me to the Heart: This made you shun, and hate me; but the Real Cause, of what I said or did, was my Fear of losing you, and not my Envy, as you imagin'd.

imagin'd. I study'd a Thousand Arguments to prove the Happiness of a Single Life ; but very often, in the midst of'em, your Stretching, your Short Sighs, your Seeming Weariness, the Languishing of your Wishing Eyes, your Abrupt Motions and sudden Starts, would so manifestly declare your Thoughts, as if you had openly told me, *Your Reasons are false, for what I long for is not to be found in my self.* About Seventeen you was at the Worst ; then you never kept Two Minutes in one Posture : If you walk'd through the Room, it was with as much Faintness, as if your Back had been broke ; and if you stood still, it was always leaning against something or other, and seldom on both Legs, whilst the Small of the one would be continually hitting the Calf of the other : A Hundred Pranks you would play with your Legs ; when you sat down, the Heel of one Foot would always be rubbing and pressing the other's in Step : Sometimes when you thought you was not observ'd, how passionately would you throw yourself backward, and clapping your Legs alternately over one another, squeeze your Thighs together with all the Strength you had, and in a Quarter of an Hour repeat the same to all the Chairs in the Room ? Many Times, *Antonia*, have I seen you sit in that Careless Manner, and half shutting your Eyes, whilst your Head would slowly drop down from one Shoulder, bite on your Lip with so Craving, and so Begging a Look, that I have pity'd you my self, and spoke, to make you think on something else : Every Action, and every Limb, betray'd your Desires, your Tongue only excepted ; nay, I have often fear'd that that likewise would have been

drawn into the Plot, and ask'd for Man as loud as they. The only thing that kept some up Hopes in me was to see your Shyness for Men continue so long; by that I guess'd at your Discretion, because it shewed me that you knew the Danger; and to uphold it in you, I told ye Five Hundred Stories about Rapes of my own Invention: Your Virtue and Modesty I was perswaded of, but they could do me no good; I never fear'd any Thing base, I knew you had Pride enough to secure your Honour.

Ant. Dear Aunt, I can hold no longer; I never was more agreeably surpriz'd in all my Life than now: May I think you never suspected my Conduct? And that all the Faults you found were only an Artifice to keep my Undeserving Company to your self? The small Gifts, then, which Nature hath bestow'd upon me, were never odious to you, and you never disliked them, but as you fear'd they would be a Means to draw me from you: Is it possible that all that Passion, which I took for Spleen and Envy, was so much generous Love thrown away upon an Unthinking Girl?

Luc. Can you doubt of it, *Antonia*? By Nature you are my Niece, by Adoption my Daughter; Look but back, and call to mind how tenderly I have brought ye up from your Infancy; how I hugg'd and cherish'd ye when you was a Child, and what Delight I took in ye? I shall never forget it, when you was about Eight Years Old, Somebody told ye one Day that it was vulgar to say Aunt, and Father and Mother; you should call me Madam: At which you seem'd very angry, and said you would never call me so: And when they asked the Reason,

Reason, you answer'd, because you was sure, that Madam was not so loving a Word as Aunt. Don't ye remember, *Antonia*, how I took ye up in my Arms and kifs'd ye for it ? How I told ye, you should always say, Aunt ; and afterwards several Times enjoin'd ye never to call me otherwise ?

Ant. I do remember it, and am asham'd of my Stupidity.

Luc. Can you think I should look upon ye as my own and dislike your Charms, if it was not for that Reason I mention'd ? I have Eyes as well as others: You have your Share of Wit, and the Beauty of an Angel, *Antonia* ; and all that have seen, or heard ye, have wonder d, that so much Discretion should be join'd with either. You don't know the Stratagems I have used to stifle the Addresses that have been made to me on your behalf: But when after all my Care I saw, that skilfully you began to manage wilde Nature, and grew dextrous at covering your eager Wishes with Art and Dissimulation, I found your fear of Man was vanish'd ; you could speak to them without blushing, and look'em in the Face with seemingly no more Concern, than in your Primitive Innocence : Then I lost all my Hopes, and grew outrageous ; I knew nothing would rouze you more, than to question your Vertue ; I would leave nothing untry'd ; and this has been the Way, that of late, I have attacked ye, in hopes to work some Change. When to Day, I had provoked ye so far, that I found ye shedding Tears, I was sorry that I had said so much: At first I strove by Banter to recover ye ; but when I saw you had left me, and was gone up to your Chamber, I could bear

it no longer, had you called, and was resolved to reveal my Heart, and own every Thing, which I have told you since: Dear Niece, this is my Love's last Shift, I know I shall not keep you long.

Ant. Obliging Aunt, your Love is so uncommon, I can never repay it; what must I do to shew my Gratitude?

Luc. You know, my Child; let me enjoy your Company, stay with me, and never Marry.

Ant. Don't urge me to make a Promise, I would not be rash, I might repent it, tho' I declare I never was in Love with any Man yet.

Luc. If you had, I should soon have known it, for I have watch'd you narrowly.

Ant. Indeed you have unmask'd my Soul, and trac'd my Thoughts through every Chink and Cranny of my Heart; I own, all what you have said is true, but you shall not need any more take such Pains to search my Inclinations; henceforth I'll keep no Secret from you. I would not question your Wisdom, Aunt, but I wonder at one Thing; you say, I now look upon Man with as little Concern as before, then why should you think me further gone, since it was the Loss of that Unconcernedness, by which you first discovered, that Man had wrought upon my Imagination? I am certain, that I find not half that Disturbance in my Heart, when a Man comes near me, that I felt before; I can govern my Looks, bridle my Actions much better, and methinks I have almost regain'd the Empire of my self: Pray then, why do you judge that I am worse? I felt much greater Com-
bustion

bustion within, than I do now, and I really believe the Danger is over.

Luc. You are mistaken, Niece, the greatest Danger lyes there, that you think it past : You must in this Case act, as a skilful Physician, and not always judge alike of the same Symptoms, tho' in the same Distemper ; for, as the State of it differs, so they may portend either Good or Evil ; when you was a Child, you was not concerned at the Sight of Man ; because you was ignorant, and innocent ; and then it was a Sign, that your Fancy was clear and free ; but since that, every time you have seen or heard a Man, Nature has whispered to you, that you was a Woman : So that the Unconcernedness which now you shew, proceeds from quite another Cause. What disorders young Women so much at the Sight of Man, is the Conflict between their Natural Wishes, and the Inborn Modesty of Virgins : This Conflict being become Habitual to you, disturbs your Body not so visibly as it did. The Sailor in a Storm shews less Concern, and seems to be braver than the Soldier ; not because he has more Courage, or fears Death less than the other, but because the Dangers of the Sea are more familiar to him. When the Difference that is between the Two Sexes, first begins to run in the Minds of Virgins, all Men are represented naked to their Imagination : This makes 'em so uneasy all over, that by every Action they betray what they equally wish and fear, till by often being in Man's Company, without receiving any Harm, at last they grow bolder. If a Cat would leave off killing, and walk quietly about the House, without hurting
any

any Creature, the very Mice would come and play with her.

Ant. I understand very well, whence this Concern, which upon the Account of Man, we shew at our first coming to Maturity, proceeds, and how by Degrees it wears off, but I cannot perceive, why it should be bad to lose it. For blushing and being out of Countenance, are no great Accomplishments, and those that are guilty of it, upon every slight Occasion, are counted very raw and foolish.

Luc. I never said it was bad to lose it, I wish you had lost it with all my Heart: I did not say you could now look on Man with no more Concern, than when you was a Child; but, seemingly with no more Concern. Whatever you like about Man, moves you perhaps more than ever, but that your Concern is less seen, is, because you have learn'd Cunning enough to hide it.

Ant. I confess, that every Thing Handsome affects me with more Thought than before; but then I am capable of examining and taking every Thing to pieces; I can give my self time of considering, whether it be worth my liking or not; and I remember, that formerly, if my Eyes but glanced upon a Gentleman, it would put my Soul into such a Confusion. I could not rally my Thoughts for a good while after: I would not be in that Condition again for the World; and I cannot imagine, why you think, that now I have so much Government over my self, I am in greater Danger, than I was, when I could contain neither Looks nor Limbs, and every Action betray'd my inward Wishes.

Luc. I'll

Luc. I'll tell you: As long as Maids cannot forbear shewing that Concern we speak of, when Men are near, the continual Alarm keeps 'em so much upon their Guard, there is no Mischief to be fear'd; their Fright is their Keeper; the least Touch of a Man puts 'em into such a Consternation, as if Ravishing was the least Thing to be expected; a Man cannot speak to 'em but it throws their Senses in such a Hurry, and makes 'em think on so many Things at once, that they either hear 'em not at all, or so confusedly, that their Words can make but little Impression upon 'em. But when Women have acquired that Government over themselves, that you so much admire, then they are lost and gone, for then they can be calm, and hear a Man sedately; then they'll sit down and hearken to Reason.

Ant. And should they not?

Luc. No, by no Means, never, if they would keep their Virginitie unspotted: No, Niece, she that listens to them, is ruined, and her Liberty is lost. In Reasoning, Women can never cope with Men, they have a Thousand Advantages beyond us; our Wit may be equal with theirs, but in every Thing else they exceed us, as well as in Strength of Body; it is thought sufficient, if a Woman can but Read and Write, we receive no other Education, as to Learning: But where we leave off, they set out; they are not trusted to manage their own Affairs, before they are sent to Schools, and Universities, to have their Intellectuals mended and sharpen'd; not by one Master, or by ordinary Men, but by several, that are picked and culled out of Thousands, for excelling every
one

one in his own Profession ; here they have the Quintessence of Arts and Sciences, Politicks, and Worldly Cunning infused into them ; and for Seven or Eight Years, all manner of Knowledge, as it were, beat into their Brain, with all the Application imaginable, whilst we are pricking a Clout. Why should we venture then (their Head-pieces being so much better furnished than ours) to hold Arguments, or to Parley with them ? What is short and plain we understand perhaps as well as they ; but when Business is too Intricate or of too long a Coherence, 'tis beyond our Reach : Women are shallow Creatures, we may boast of Prattling, and be quick at a Jest, or Repartee, but a sound and penetrating Judgement only belongs to Men, as the Masters of Reason and solid Sense:

Ant. I am amazed to hear you speak so well of them, I never knew you say any Thing in their Praise before.

Luc. But, Niece, tho' I give the Devil his Due, I still defy him. I tell you this, because you should not slight your Enemy, but knowing his Strength, and your own Weakness, always be upon your Guard and never trust them. What must become of a Besieged Town, if the Garrison should Mutiny, for want of what the Besiegers court 'em to accept of ? What signifies the Wisdom, or the Bravery of the Governour ? He must either Surrender, or be knock'd down : Thus it is with a Maid, that a Man lays Siege to ; what Confidence can she have in her Reason, when she feels that her own Wishes within betray and overpower it ?

Ant. Con-

Ant. Considering the Hatred you have conceived against the Sex, I can't expect you should talk otherwise, than you do : I own that there is something in my Heart, that pleads for Man in general, but I am well satisfy'd it is not so strong as to hinder me from duly weighing, what is said to me, and examining every Circumstance : Had I been attacked Two Years ago, I was then of so little Defence, and I had so many Mutinies within, tho' never a Foe appear'd ; that I could have made but a weak Resistance ; but I am much Fortify'd since, and the Garrison is kept in so good a Discipline, that I don't question but I should be able to hold out a whole Season, against the boldest and subtillest Warrior of'em all, and never yield, but on such Terms, as the generality of the World should approve of, as well as my self. 'Tis true, I never had an Inclination hitherto to be a Nun, yet, as I told you, my Heart is free, and I am no where engaged : I am but Nineteen Years Old, and to show you that I am in no haste, for the Sake of your extraordinary Love of my Company, so much beyond my Deserts, and the Esteem with which you are pleased to Honour me, I promise you, Aunt, that whenever I intend to enter upon Matrimony, as long as you are alive, I shall give you a whole Twelvemonth's Warning beforehand.

Luc. Dear Niece, I thank you, but will all this be for my Sake only ? Would you not do it as well, because you should love to be Courted a great while ?

Ant. No, indeed, I do it, First, that we may have both time enough to prepare our selves for Parting ;

Parting ; and, Secondly, that you may have Leisure, when we shall both know the Party, to examine his Circumstances, pry into his Conduct, and inform me of those Faults and Inconveniences, which I perhaps might overlook ; tho', I believe, that among the rest of the Vanities of the World, it is none of the most disagreeable, to see one of those Noble Creatures, as you have described just now, that are endew'd with so much Wisdom, and Knowledge, make their Addresses to us with so much Submission, and humble themselves at our Feet.

Luc. What your Opinion of Wooing may be, I can't tell, but I always thought it very ridiculous ; tell me, pray, *Antonia*, which is more unaccountable, the Pride of the Woman, or the Humility of the Man ? She is resolv'd to be very cross and with abundance of Coyness sits in State, insults over the Man, and treats him with as much Scorn, as if he was not worthy to wipe her Shoes ; and why does she do all this ? For no other Reason, but because she designs to make him her Master, and give him all she has in the World. The Man, on his Side, takes all these Indignities in good Part, seems to be fond of being ill treated, and with the most profound Veneration to his Idol, begs on his Knees, that a certain modest Petition may be granted him ; the Upshot of which is, that the Person, to whom he pays his Devotion, would be so kind, as to oblige herself solemnly, before Witnesses, upon the Penalty of being damn'd, to be his Slave as long as she lives, unless he should happen to dye before her.

An. We

Ant. We may discant on these Things as we please ; but as that Longing and Fondness, which the Males and Females of all other Creatures, are observed to have for one another at certain Times, were, without doubt, design'd as a Means, by which, to their Mutual Satisfaction, they should perpetuate their Kind : So it would be very strange, that Nature should have given the same Desire to Men and Women for no other Reason, than to try their Cunning and Discretion in stifling and hiding of them before each other.

Luc. No Body ever said so : The same Appetites were given to all for the same Purpose ; nay, the Rational Ones seem rather more influenced by them than others : For though the Women have, besides the Use of their Reason, an Innate Reservedness, and a Kind of Horror, against losing their Virginitie more than the Females of any other Creature ; yet there is hardly one in Fifty, unless they dye in the Prime of their Age, but what complies before she is Forty.

Ant. Then what can be more reasonable, than to strike in with so great a Majority, as Nine and Forty to One ?

Luc. I own it, it is a Good Excuse ; but you'll find it far from being an Argument, that it is the Wisest Course : For granting, that among Fifty Women in Years, there is but One, that has withstood this Provocation of Nature, and has kept her Virginitie, we can conclude nothing, unless first we examine the Old Maids, how they have throve, and how they like their being Single at Long-run ; and afterwards look into the vast Numbers of those that would not be at that Trou-

Trouble, and have try'd the Experiment as well as their Mothers ; and see likewise, how Marriage has agreed with them.

Ant. With all my Heart, Aunt ; and if I don't produce more Married Women, that shall speak in Praise of it in this small Town, than there are Old Maids in all the County, I'll be bound to keep my Maidenhead till I wear Spectacles.

Luc. Not so fast, Niece, what ! You would bring me some giddy-brain'd Things, that knew nothing of the World, before they Married, and have not had Leisure yet to reflect on any Thing, but which Way to gratify their Appetites, which first enslaved them. If you would come to a fair Tryal, you must take your Married Women of the same Age with the Maids, and, if you do so, you will not find One in Five Hundred, but what has repented a Thousand Times, that ever she submitted to the Yoak : Whilst all the Old Maids, as soon as that troublesome Itch is over, rejoice at having kept their Liberty, and agree unanimously in the Comforts of a Single Life.

Ant. To this I have Two Things to say, the first is, that some People have preserved their Virginity, because they never had an Opportunity, handsomely, to dispose of it ; and that consequently they ought not to boast of it.

Luc. There are no Women so ordinary, or ill shaped, but there are Men as ugly, and deformed ; dirty Puddings for dirty Dogs ; none can be troubled with the Burden long, if they care not, which Way they get rid of it ; but as
for

for the Women that you speak of, that would rather, than not handsomely dispose of it, let it alone, they deserve abundance of Praise, and have as much Honour as any.

Ant. Why, pray?

Luc. Because such a one shews, that she has all along remain'd Mistress of her Choice, and preserv'd a Discretion, which no Marry'd Woman can boast of.

Ant. How! Are there not Women enough, that, after having refus'd several good Matches, chuse the best at last?

Luc. Yes, But they can't prove by that, how discreet they would have been afterwards, if they had not accepted of the last, as they did. So much for your First Objection; what is your Second?

Ant. The Second is, That considering the Inconstancy and Discontentedness of Humane Nature, which always make us repine and grumble at our present Condition, it is very likely, that Thousands of Women, who have often rashly repented that ever they were Marry'd, would, upon a more serious Reflection upon the Passages of their Lives, the Fruits of Wedlock, and other Circumstances that have attended it, change their Note at last; and instead of bewailing the Loss of their Virginity, not wish for the World, but that they had parted with it, as they did.

Luc. This indeed is very true, and as well observed: Therefore, leaving them to the Fickleness of their own Minds, let us not trouble our Heads with what they say, or think of themselves, and whether their Repentance be real

at bottom, or whether their Fondness to their Brats, makes 'em forget all Miseries, only steadfastly look into the Merits of the Cause, and see, what a Rational and Unconcerned Stander-by ought to judge of them, as to their happy or unhappy State, Name me a Woman of Fifty or Threescore, that was in your Circumstances, and about your Age when she Marry'd, in whose Condition you would desire to be, if you should live to be so old: I won't stand upon a Year or Two, or a Thousand Pound more or less.

Ant. I am too Young, to know what Ladies, that are now of that Age, were, when Unmarry'd; but I can tell you, in whose Place I could wish to be, if I was so Old.

Luc. Take Care you are well acquainted with the History of her Life, or else, how shall we judge of the Comforts and Disgraces that have attended it?

Ant. What do you think of *Aurelia*?

Luc. Think of her! She is a very good Humour'd, Comely, Woman.

Ant. But I mean as to her Living happily.

Luc. She lives extraordinary well indeed.

Ant. Don't you think it is almost an unconceivable Pleasure for a Woman, to have so Charming a Creature for an only Daughter, as she has, and to see her so well disposed of.

Luc. How well, Child?

Ant. How well! To a Baronet, a Gentleman of Three Thousand a Year; that has settled

a Thousand Pound a Year upon her; is that not well disposed of? At least it is more than answerable to her Fortune; for she gave but Five Thousand Pound with her: Now, Aunt, her Virginity never could have help'd her to this, no more than those Four delicate Babes, her Grand-children; the eldest Boy, I think is the finest Child that ever I beheld with my Eyes: These are no fading Fopperies, or foolish Vanities, but real and substantial Blessings of the first rate.

Luc. How long have you known *Aurelia*?

Ant. I remember her ever since her Daughter was about such another as our *Camilla*, I believe I could not be above Five or Six Years Old; she always kept a Coach, and a Footman, she has a Gardener, and Three or Four Maid Servants; her House in Town is very well Furnished, and so is this here: She keeps a good Table, her Servants seem to live very easy under her, and yet you shall not name a better ordered Family.

Luc. Have you ever heard any thing of her Husband?

Ant. Nothing, but that he dy'd many Years ago: To do what she does, there is no doubt, but that he left her very well; and she won't speak ill of Matrimony sure.

Luc. I would never have you talk of more than you know, *Antonia*. I remember *Aurelia* when she was yet in Hanging sleeves, and I a Woman grown: And since you have named her for your Pattern, if you'll give me leave, to begin from the bottom, and enlarge upon it a lit-

tle, I'll tell you what I have known of her
since.

Ant. I shall think it very diverting.

Luc. Then we must defer it till to Morrow,
for it will take up some Time.

Ant. What you please, Aunt.

THE

THE THIRD
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
Lucinda and Antonia.

Lucinda. YOU are up very early, Niece.

Antonia. I saw it was a fine Morning, and hearing you cough in the Garden, I began to think on your Promise.

Luc. Do you mean the History of *Aurelia*?

Ant. Yes, Aunt.

Luc. Then sit down; I am ready: *Aurelia's* Father was a *Welchman*, but had been sent up to *London* very young; after having served his Time with a Shoemaker, and been a Journeyman some Years, he Marry'd a Widow of the same Trade; how long they lived together I can't well tell; but by Saving and Industry they had prosper'd so well, that when she dy'd, he left off his Shoemaker's Shop by degrees, and turned Leatherfeller: Two or Three Years after the Death of his Wife, by whom he had no Children, he Marry'd a Second, the only Child of a Tanner, who, tho' he had bred her but meanly, had left her above a Thousand Pound, when he dy'd. This was the

Mother of *Aurelia*, whose Father was now a Considerable Dealer : When the Daughter, of whom they were extraordinary fond, came to be Eight or Nine Years Old, the Husband and Wife often quarrell'd about her Education ; till at last the Father, seeing that neither of 'em could make a great Hand of it, carry'd her to a Boarding School, and told the Mistress of it, that tho' he looked Plain, he was a Rich Man, and would value no Money, so he could but have his Daughter made as Fine a Lady as any was in the Land. So *Aurelia* received all the Learning a good Boarding-School could help her too ; and, whilst she was there, in a few Years, her Father thrrove so well, that, before she was Sixteen, he design'd her a Portion of Ten Thousand Pound, if he liked the Man. The Noise of such a Fortune to a Genteel, Handsome, Young Woman, whose Father and Mother were both yet alive, and never had had, and consequently were not likely now to have any other Children, could not but draw abundance of Suitors. The Father who never had minded any Thing but getting of Money, as soon as *Aurelia* was come to live at Home, began to take Notice of the World, set up his Coach, and was very proud in carrying his Daughter about for a Shew. One Day coming from *Hide-Park*, *Aurelia* fell in Love with a Gentleman she saw on Horseback : *Dorante*, for that was his Name, as he was prancing and staring about, happen'd to throw his Eyes that Way, and meeting with hers, found so much Disorder in her Countenance, that, having a good Opinion of himself, he presently suspected the Cause, he sent a Porter to follow the Coach, and being informed of her Name, and Circumstances, writ
to

to her very passionately the next Day ; she answered presently, and thus a Love Intrigue began : Mean while the old Man, having no other Notion of making his Daughter Happy, than by making her Rich, had pitch'd upon a Son-in-Law, that had a vast Estate, but was very deformed, and slighting the Aversion which he perceived his Daughter had against him, granted Access to Nobody but him. *Dorante* not being Bashful, as soon as he was sure of his Mistress's Approbation, went directly to her Father, and told him his Errand : He was a Tall, Well-made, Proper, Man, and *Aurelia's* Father seeing a Gentleman of his Mein, well Dress'd, with a Couple of Footmen in good Liveries to attend him, received him very civilly. *Dorante*, being ask'd the necessary Questions, told him with a great Assurance, that he was a Gentleman of only a Thousand a Year yet, but that he had greater Expectations : As for his Country, that it was *Ireland*, where he was of a great Family ; some of which perswaded him, as the first Step to Preferment, to accept of a *Company* in a Regiment of Foot. The Old Man, very uneasy at the Words, *Ireland*, and *Company*, gave him a short Answer, said, his Daughter was too Young to think of any such Thing yet, and desired the Captain to forbear his Addresses. *Dorante* would not be put by so ; he knew *Aurelia's* Mind, and, by means of Bribing her Maid, often saw the Mistress : Whilst the Father, bearing no great Love to *Dorante's* Profession, was alarm'd at his *Irish* Proposal, thought all Delays dangerous, and preaching nothing but Passive Obedience and Non Resistance to his Daughter, press'd her hard to think well of his Choice : She defending herself with

the same Argument of her Youth, which he had used to the Captain, made a vigorous Opposition, and was so constant in her Refusal, that her Father, who was of an obstinate, wilful Temper, seeing her so resolute, began to be rough with her, told her he would be obey'd, and being very covetous, resolved to make use of all his Authority, to force her Inclinations, and rather Marry her by Violence, than miss of so rich a Prize : He look'd upon *Dorante* as a Man, not to be dash'd by the first Denial, and fearing he might make some other Attempt, was very watchful, and in a little Time discovered, by any intercepted Letter, his Daughter's Passion : Being a Cholerick Man, he ran up where she was, in a great Rage, and beat her most unmercifully : When Night came, he lock'd her up, and treated her with so much rigour for several Months, that at last she fell Sick ; and when Nobody expected she would live, the Father, repenting of his Severity, only shew'd abundance of Sorrow ; but the Mother, who had been always over-fond, resolved to try a more effectual Remedy ; and knowing *Dorante* to be the Cause, sends for him to her Daughter : She observ'd, the Sight of him had reviv'd *Aurelia*, and, unknown to her Husband, procur'd him several Visits : Whether the Distemper was at the highest, or that *Dorante's* Presence wrought the Cure, she mended visibly after : But when both the Father and Mother thought her recover'd, she was lost at once : For one Morning, the Maid not finding her in her Chamber, went to look for her in that of her Mother's, but not being there neither, the House was soon in an Uproar ; search was made every where, but no Daughter heard of : Six Days after there came a Letter, Sign'd

Dorante

Dorante and *Aurelia*, that acquainted them with their being Marry'd at *Chester*, from whence they were to go the next Morning to *Nesson*, in order to embark for *Ireland*.

This News, you must think, surpriz'd them much. The Father was so terrible angry, that, without examining any further, he wish'd a Thousand Curses might light on *Dorante's* Head, and made as Horrid Imprecations against his Daughter: The Mother cry'd bitterly; and in bewailing of her Loss, she was so imprudent, that, among many Lamentations, more loud than coherent, she dropp'd some Words, by which her Husband understood, that during his Daughter's Sickness, *Dorante* had often seen her by the Mother's Consent: This provok'd him worse than the rest, and discharging all his Fury upon the Poor Woman, he kick'd her about the House like a Foot-ball, and with all the *Billinggate* of Old Bawds, and Salt Bitches, damning his Wife, and sinking his Daughter, raved like a Madman; till at last being wearied with this, he made a Solemn Vow, and wish'd for Damnation, if ever he should own again, either the one, or the other. He was as good as his Word; for that same Night he turn'd his Wife out of Doors: As for *Aurelia*, he would never so much as hearken to Anybody that pretended to speak in her Behalf. The Mother was taken in by a Kind Relation; but she troubled him not long, for, overwhelm'd with Grief, what with the Running away of her Daughter, and what with the Brutality of her Husband, she was immediately seiz'd with a Fever, and, without ever hearing any more of either, dead, and bury'd, in less than a Fortnight. Her Husband having
made

made a Will, by which he wholly excluded his Daughter, outliv'd her not much above Three Years; at the end of which he ran distracted, dy'd quickly after, and left above Fifty Thousand Pounds to a Stranger. I know you are a Critick, *Antonia*, don't you think my Tale tedious?

Ant. No indeed, Aunt; far from it.

Luc. I was afraid you thought me long; because one should not be so particular in Circumstances that are immaterial to the Plot, and foreign from the End to which a Story is told.

Ant. I have heard nothing but what was very material: Others, perhaps, would have thought it sufficient, in regard to what befel *Aurelia*, if they had only said, That she fell in Love with an *Irish* Captain, with whom, after having been Marry'd against her Parents Consent, she stole away into his own Country: But by this *Aurelia* would have been much wrong'd; for though she was guilty of great Folly and Indiscretion at first, yet her latter Conduct has been much justify'd by the Mechanick Spirit, and Brutish Nature of the Father, as well as the little Prudence of the Mother; of both which I could not have had so full and so clear a Notion, if you had omitted or left out the least Circumstance: As to the End for which a Story is told, I think you have pursu'd yours very artfully; for I suppose your Meaning is first to shew that *Aurelia* had not been so happy as I thought for; and then that Marriage was the Cause of her Misfortunes, in order for me to avoid it: And which way could this be done better than by being diffusive on the ill Consequences of Love in general?

Luc. You

Luc. You have made it out so well, that if People should hear us, they would think, I made Blunders on purpose, that you might shew your Wit in bringing me off.

Ant. I rather believe, Aunt, they would say, you banter'd you poor Niece, and pretended those Things to be Errors, which in reality you knew to be Beauties, on purpose to try whether she would be Fool enough to say so too.

Luc. You are an unlucky Baggage.

Ant. But I am impatient to know what Treatment *Aurelia* receiv'd from *Dorante* afterwards: May I desire you to go on?

Luc. With all my Heart.

Ant. But pray don't be more concise; for it is so entertaining, I am afraid I sha'n't have enough of it.

Luc. I'll please you, if I can. The Contents of the Letter, which was sent to *Aurelia's* Father, were very true: They made what haste they could for *Ireland*, and after a short and easy Passage, arriv'd safely at *Dublin*, where they stay'd in Expectation of hearing from *London*. But before I proceed any further, I am to acquaint you with several Things concerning *Dorante*. He was a Man well Born, and well Bred, he had study'd tolerably well; and altho' his Parents always liv'd in the Country, had been chiefly brought up in *Dublin*. He had a Gentleman like Skill in most Exercises, of which his Master piece was that of riding the Great Horse. When he was Young, his Father dy'd worth Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds a Year, of which, Fifty were his Wife's Joynture: He never had more than Two Children, *Dorante* and his Sister; and that his Son's Estate might not be incum-

number'd, by his Frugality he had sav'd Five Hundred Pounds, which were carefully lay'd up for his Daughter. On his Death-bed he left every Thing under the Tuition of his Wife, with a great Charge, that *Dorante* should have all the Education bestow'd upon him, that he should be capable of receiving; which she faithfully perform'd. About half a Year after *Dorante* had been of Age, and possessed of his Estate, he came for *England*: He was Generous and Bold, more Cunning than Witty, and set out with very few Faults, and of them a little Conceit, and an Itch to Romancing, were the worst, though not very conspicuous; but coming to Court, which was then very debauch'd, he quickly became as those he convers'd with. From the very first he never had an Inclination for any Company but what liv'd above him; and seeing that, at the Rate he began his Expences, Two Hundred a Year, would go but a very little Way, he presently took up some Money, and mortgaged Part of his Estate: He was a great Lover of Tennis; and being no bad Player, won a pretty deal at it, not so much by his Skill, as his Dexterity in hiding it, and covering his Play: From this he was brought to other Gaming; and being fortunate, in a little Time saw himself Master of a Considerable Sum. Puffed up with Success, he look'd upon his Estate as a Trifle and not troubling his Head with paying off what he owed upon it, rais'd his Hopes very high, and with them his Expences. As Gaming occasions the keeping of Ill Hours, and that abundance of Vices, so, being flush in the Pocket, he soon fell in with Whoring and Drinking, and began to be, what that hateful Sex calls a good Companion.

It

It was an Age in which nothing went down but Pastime and Pleasure, and few Vertues were allowed of, but Valour and Good Humour. *Dorante* had not been long in Town, but found an Opportunity to let the World see that he wanted neither; for happening to meet with Two Quarrels, the first with one that was Famous for Fighting, the second with a Man of a great Estate, but a noted Coward, he behav'd himself with as much Bravery and Evenness of Temper in the one, as he shew'd Knowledge, in point of Honour and good Breeding, in the other; and as there is not any thing that makes a Man more known than a Duel, especially if it be with one of Distinction, and procures him greater Applause than the managing of it with Discretion as well as Courage, so these Two Rencounters falling out not long from one another, gain'd him no small Reputation, and in less than a Twelvemonth *Dorante* had a general Acquaintance at *Whitehall*, and was every where esteem'd, and as well receiv'd. Thus far the Prospect is fair enough, but now we have seen the best Part of him; for Fortune not favouring always alike, and himself being extravagant, he first ran out what he had in ready Cash, then selling the best Part of his Estate, whilst the Remainder was deeply engaged, before he was Five and Twenty he was reduced to a very low Ebb. If he could have lived upon Two or Three Hundred a Year, the *Tennis Court* might have maintain'd him; but not being able to be without Horses, and Two or Three Servants, and being expensive in his Pleasures, when all his Substance was gone, he was forc'd to betake himself to several Shifts; He ran in Everybody's Debt, he borrow'd

row'd Money of all he knew, and being no more shamefaced than any of his Country, never went without any Thing, that was to be had for asking. Notwithstanding all this, he was generally bare ; till considering at last that Gaming had been the chief Cause of his Ruin, and more than suspecting that he had not always lost upon the Square, he resolv'd to try if Luck could not be forc'd, and begun with great Application to study the Cunning Part of Play ; that is, to be more plain, turn Sharper. This prov'd a very Profitable Trade the First Year, and brought him a good Revenue. To keep up his Credit, as Money came in, he paid off most of his Debts, always keeping to the same Rule which I have been told they follow at the Navy, the small Ships first. *Dorante* was very industrious, and pick'd up new Bubbles every Day ; among others, that had the Misfortune to fall into his Hands, it was reported that a Person of Quality, whom he had got to himself, lost a larger Sum of Money than suited with his Conveniency to pay presently. The Nobleman ask'd Time ; in the granting of which, after a very courteous Manner, *Dorante* shew'd himself so obliging, that the other, about a Fortnight after, to let him see that he had taken Notice of his Civility, and thought himself beholden to him, came one Morning to *Dorante*, and told him, that he had a Company of Foot to dispose of ; if it was worth his while, it should be at his Service. Never was any Proffer more acceptable to *Dorante* than this : With a Thousand Protestations, as we may suppose, of being his Lordship's most Humble and Devoted Servant for ever, he struck the Iron whilst

whilst it was hot, and with Gratitude in his Countenance, laying hold of the Opportunity he had his Commission sign'd the next Day.

Ant. I wonder, since *Dorante* had found out so beneficial a Calling, he should be so overjoy'd at this: Methinks, he might have been afraid, that one Day or other it would draw him from Court, where his Pleasure as well as his Livelihood lay.

Luc. It was in Time of Peace, and Officers did what they pleas'd: Besides, it was an Admirable Cloak to shelter under. *Dorante* understood the World entirely well; he knew that a Man of no Employ, or any Visible Income, that appears and lives like a Gentleman and makes Gaming his Constant Business, is always suspected of not playing for Diversion only; and in short, of knowing and practising more than he should do. He likewise foresaw, that his Gains would not be always the same; it was possible he might be found out, or if not, by fleecing great Numbers every Body would shun him in Time. He was very glad of having this Certainty to trust to; and Money coming in daily, he had a Thought of recovering that Part of his Estate, that was not quite gone: He was now grown more sedate, and leaving off several Extravagant and Idle Ways of spending, became very provident to what he us'd to be. He was a great Lover of Women, and as he was resolv'd to leave nothing unattempted, that might turn to Profit, knowing himself to be a Handsome, Clean Fellow, fell to Intriguing, and by this Means often made a Penny of the Pleasures which before he us'd to pay for. But notwithstanding, that he had so many ways of getting

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ting and saving, nothing ever prosper'd with him: Sharping was very advantagious to him the First Year, as I told ye, but after that it fell by degrees; for though he had never been taken in any Fact, yet by striping so many, several that had been under his Clutches began to have an Ill Opinion of him; and it was not long, but Capt. *Dorante* had a very bad Reputation. But the Chief Thing that always kept him Poor was, that he had such a Prodigious Itch to Gaming, and Fortune was so little his Friend, that whenever he had got any Thing by Foul Play, he could seldom rest before he lost it again fairly at the *Groom-Porter's*, or other Places, where he knew his Tricks would not pass. This was the Character, and these were the Circumstances of *Dorante*, when *Aurelia* saw him first, and fell so suddenly in that Fond and Unruly Passion, which nothing could excuse her in, but her Youth, and little Experience.

Ant. No, nor they neither, I think.

Luc. What you say is true, Niece: But it is no more than what I have often observed of a Boarding School Education; there they may be taught to Sing and Dance, to Work and Dress, and if you will, receive good Instructions for a Genteel Carriage, and how to be Mannerly; but these Things chiefly concern the Body, the Mind remains uninstruced: They lead Easy and Lazy Lives, and have abundance of Time upon their Hands, especially those whose Relations are rich, and foolish enough to furnish them with as much Money as may enable them to bribe their Teachers to neglect their Duty, and wink at their Faults, and by cramming themselves with Cuttards and Cheesecakes all Day long, oblige their Mistresses with

with having no Stomach to their Dinner. I have often taken Notice, how they have run together in Shoals, whispering and hugging one another, and standing still between whiles, all at once set up a Laughter with so much Loudness, and so many Grimaces, as if they were tickl'd to Death; and all this occasioned by some silly, naughty Word, they have got by the end; perhaps a bawdy Monosyllable, such as Boys write upon Walls, which they have seen in coming from Church, and is often all they bring Home: It is incredible to unthinking People, how the tender Fancies of those young Chits are wounded and really debauch'd, where there is such a Parcel of 'em together; you may see by their Actions, when they begin to know what they are made of: The bigger Misses separate from the rest, and treat the smaller Fry either with so much Scorn out of Sight, or else with so much Womanliness, and affected Motherly Care, before your Face, as shews, they think themselves very knowing and experienc'd Ladies in regard to the other: All the Week long they are commonly barr'd from the Sight of Man, *Sundays* excepted; some are Arch, most of em Wanton, and when they grow up, all fill one another's Heads with so much Rubbish of Courtship, and Love, that it is a wonder they don't run away with the first Man they see.

Ant. You don't take it ill, I hope, that they are hinder'd from conversing with Men.

Luc. I would not, if either the same Reservedness was to continue, or else, that their Friends had Husbands ready for them at the Gates, when they take 'em away: But I think it very dangerous, to have 'em kept from the Sight of Man, during their Childhood, till they are ripe, and

ready to run mad for 'em, and then at once to thrust 'em in the midst of 'em: It is a much greater Happiness for Young Ladies to be educated in a private Family.

Ant. But most People are of Opinion, that Strangers who always keep Children at a distance, and such, as by long Experience have learn'd to correct, as well as penetrate, into the several Humours of 'em, are more likely to do good with 'em, than indulging Parents, or others at Home, that being too fond of 'em, or else too familiar with 'em, seldom can keep 'em in Awe.

Luc. This only takes Place in such Parents as *Aurelia* had, that being Ill-bred People themselves, and unable to rule their own Passions, could never be fit to govern others: I would have Girls bred under the Government of a Prudent Mother, or other near Relation that's vertuous, has seen the World, and been brought up well herself: From such a one it is to be hop'd, that by frequently exhorting them to their Duty, and early arming them against Temptation, she shall warn them against the Snares and artful Assaults of treacherous Man; till by seasonable Admonitions, and serious Discourses, their wilde Desires shall be curb'd, and their Minds render'd as cautious and discreet, as their Behaviour is genteel and agreeable: 'Tis not to be thought that a Stranger, who, only for a Livelihood, studies which Way to please young Misses, and their Friends, at the cheapest Rate, should take so much Pains; neither can that Care be expected from a Woman, tho' never so willing, that having all Day long Forty or Fifty of them about her Ears, and tired with the Noise, is glad to be rid of 'em, and as soon

soon as Teaching-time is over, must mind her own Business. I hope you'll pardon this long Digression.

Ant. I shall always hear with Pleasure any Thing that puts me in mind of the Obligation I owe you.

Luc. Having told you before what befel *Aurelia* from her first seeing *Dorante*, till her coming to *Ireland*, I'll step back to *Dublin*, where we left 'em both, *Dorante* judging, by the Probability of Things, did not question, but they should have Letters within a Fortnight from *Aurelia's* Parents, in Answer to what they writ from *Chester*; but, not hearing one Syllable from 'em, he grew uneasy; for tho' *Aurelia* was a charming young Creature, that loved him to Distraction, *Dorante* could never be happy, unless he enjoy'd that, for which he had courted her; it was not a Wife, but Money, he wanted: When Six Months were expired, and yet no News come, his Fears would often, when he was reflecting on the Stubbornness and Brutality of the Father, suspect that which was the real Cause; but when again he consider'd *Aurelia's* being an only Child, the great Wealth of the Father, and the Fondness of the Mother, he could not but think, that tho' their Anger might last for Nine or Ten Months, since what was done could not be revoked, they would be reconciled at the end, and consequently, that his Fortune was establish'd for ever. From the first Day he was come to *Ireland*, he took up with the same Trade he had followed before, and being yet unknown as to his Character, it turn'd to better Account than it had done of late in *England*. As to *Aurelia*, *Dorante* had so many winning Ways, where

he design'd to please, and had so entirely gain'd her Heart, that all her Joys and Wishes only centring in her Husband, and herself wanting for nothing, she lived very contentedly for some Time. Many People had been employed about her Father, every Thing had been try'd to soften his Heart, and nothing had been neglected that was moving: But when *Dorante* saw, that after a Tryal of Two Years, neither Letters nor Friends could get any Access to him, and that, as I have told you, he would never so much as hear any Thing in his Daughter's Behalf, then he began to despair, and repent of his Bargain. Hitherto they had lived tolerably well, and *Dorante* had play'd the kind Husband, at least in outward Shew; but now he began to be surley, every Thing offended him at Home, and all the fond Love, and Submissiveness of *Aurelia*, could hardly keep him from being mischievous; he would not have been so bad, if his Harvest had continued; but after he had been a Year and a half in *Ireland*, he began to be suspected; and an ill Report being once spread of him, as the Place was smaller, so he became in a little time more notorious where he was, than ever he had been whence he came. They had one Child, and *Aurelia* was ready to Lye-in of another, the Charges encreased, and his Pay as Captain could not maintain himself, and his Family, tho' he forgot nothing, of what by false Musters, or robbing of his Men, could be squeez'd out of the Company. *Dorante*, who ever since he had followed his Infamous Courses, had loved nothing, but for his own Sake, nor valu'd any Thing at a higher Price than the Money he could make of it would come to; as soon as his Wife, who had

had been brought to Bed of a Girl, got up again, threw his Eyes on her Beauty, and was resolved, if one Way he could not get Money with her, he would have it another: When Cash grew low at first, he had, the better to support his Extravagancies abroad, pinched his Wife's usual Allowance, and stinted the Family at Home; but no sooner was this Hellish Project fram'd, but to carry on his Design, he presently, not only allow'd her more, but likewise alter'd his Humour, bought her new Cloaths, and treated her again, as civilly as ever. The poor Woman, ravish'd to see this Change, shew'd her Joy and Satisfaction with all the endearing Expressions that Love or Gratitude could invent. One Day talking by themselves, after a diverting Discourse, he smilingly look'd upon her with great Attention, commended her Face, and in a Lover's Phrase, taking notice of every particular Grace and Feature that was handsome in it, he kiss'd her, and putting her in mind of several Pleasures past, repeated with a great deal of Mirth, some agreeable Passages, at the Remembrance of which she could not forbear blushing; when the Blood had tainted her Cheeks, and he thought her moved, lay in hold of her Neck, and staring in her Eyes, *My Dear Aurelia, says he, thou hast Charms enough to be the Mistress of a King;* and in the same Breath, extolling the Generosity of a Person of the first Quality, that was noted for Lewdness and Inconstancy, told her, his Fortune was made if she would not oppose it. *Aurelia,* who never had one Single Thought that had revolved from *Dorante,* since she had seen him first, being as much in Love with him as ever, neither minded what Man he prais'd, nor the infernal

Plot he was contriving against her Honour ; and thinking nothing was couch'd under his Words, but some Kind Pretty Turn of Vertuous Love, remain'd in the same Posture, and reply'd, looking with all the Kindness she was capable of : Can my *Dorante* doubt of being happy, when ever it shall be in his *Aurelia's* Power to make him so ? He bid her be as good as her Promise, and after few Words more went out, and left her extraordinary well pleas'd with having seen her Husband in so Contented and Loving a Humour. In the Evening he came back, and carryed her to the Play, where seeing the Nobelman he spoke of, he dwelled a long while on his Wit, and other good Qualities. For Three or Four Days he hardly left her an Hour, and continued giving her all the Pleasure he could think of ; but the Substance of all the Discourse he entertain'd her with, was a Panegyrick upon all Manner of Vice and Profaneness, ridiculing the Sinfulness of Adultery and unlawful Love ; preaching up for all Obscenity, and making use of the same Arguments, as if he had been debauching another Man's Wife : He told her, how little he could ever be guilty of Jealousy ; and that Friends might be communicative in every Thing, that it must be a great Churl, or a Fool, that should like his own Garden the worse, because another had been there, tho' he had robb'd it of nothing, nor left so much as a Footstep behind him ; As for his Part, he thought no more Harm in it, than in drinking with a Man out of the same Cup. *Aurelia* was but Young, for tho' by this Time she had Two Children, she was not Nineteen yet ; and being thus prepared, was brought to the Person her Husband had promis'd her

her to. *Dorante*, who was with her, had order'd her not to be starch'd, but merry and free, and appear as gay as she could; and after having stay'd a little while, pretending he was sent for upon an extraordinary Occasion, he withdrew, and left her, promising to come again presently; but return'd not till it was late, and Time to go home. The Company parted, and in a Month's Time the Gallant had often had the same Opportunity of *Aurelia's* Conversation by her Husband's procuring: She had a Good Voice, and Danced very well, and his Lordship, who had liked her more than any he knew when he had only seen her, now charm'd likewise with her Company, began really to love her. His Courtship was very troublesome to *Aurelia*; she shew'd her Husband that it was not without Reluctancy whenever she was forc'd to see him; *Dorante* telling her that he would not for the World disoblige him, she suffer'd him to say what he pleas'd, and gave it a Hearing: But both the Spark, and the Husband, seeing they could gain no Ground upon her, the latter one Day resolv'd to try more Effectual Means, and promising his Lordship, that he should be satisfy'd, desir'd him to come to his House the next Morning early. Now, *Antonia*, something follows that is not so very proper for Virgins to hear.

Ant. Why not, Aunt, as long as there is Nobody here but you and I?

Luc. Then I'll study to wrap it up as well as I can, but I would rather drink Coffee first, before I go on any further.

Ant. Pray, Aunt, let us taste of that Fine Chocolate

colate that was sent you Yesterday.

Luc. That is not good for you,

Ant. You told me often, that nothing which is wholesome is bad for People in Health? and I am very well.

Luc. You may do it for yourself then; for I will drink Coffee.

THE FOURTH
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN

Lucinda and Antonia.

Lucinda. **D**on't be so eager, let me empty my Mouth first.

Antonia. I say'd when you have done, Aunt.

Luc. Well, you know where I left off. That same Night *Dorante* came Home drunk; and being then always very abusive, he upraided his Wife with her running away from a Father, killing a Mother, and ruining a Husband; railing at her as long as his Tongue could wag, till he dropp'd asleep. Next Morning as soon as he open'd his Eyes, looking on her with a Stern Countenance, he told her, Last Night, *Aurelia*, I suppose I rav'd, but now I'll be very serious: There is nothing in this World more scandalous than to be without Money? if I had thought that I should have had none with you, I would never have Marry'd you. This has been a great
Disappointment

Disappointment to me, yet I have not valu'd it as long as I could procure a Plenty by my own Industry: It has cost me above Three Thousand Pound since I have had you; as you have had your Share in the Spending, what can be more reasonable, since the Getting any more my Way is impracticable, than that you should likewise endeavour to do something for your Living, when I shew you that the Method is as safe as it is easy? A Nobleman, from whom I expect every Thing, sighs for you, and adores you, a Husband desires you to be yielding and complaisant; yet you remain Obstinate and Ill-natur'd to hinder the Felicity of both. I have given you Hints enough, by which you might have understood my Pleasure: Would you have me to be more plain! Let him lye with you, and you'll oblige me: If not, I can keep you no longer; turn out with your Brats. The Pretences I hear, under which you cover your Ill-Manners, are Vertue, and your Love to your Husband: Ought you not to Blush at such Frivolous Excuses? How often have I told you, that there is no Intrinsic Worth in any Thing but Money? This is the Standard, without which no Value can be set upon any Thing, it is in the World, what a Figure is in Arithmetick, the only thing that standing by itself has any Signification; to which all the Vertues and Good Qualities are meer Cyphers, that are never to be used but to advance the Figure, always taking care to postpone 'em, if you would make him serviceable, and therefore if you are possess'd of any Vertue, that will get us Money, shew it; but as for bare Vertue, the very Moralists, that in extolling it, have wrong'd

wrong'd their Judgement to shew their Wit, must own, that it's worth nothing, for telling us that it is its own reward, is as much as if they would say be Virtuous as long as you live, and you'll get nothing but your Labour for your Pains. The next, that your Love to me should be the reason of your denial, is a Contradiction, for it is impossible that any one asked to do a Kindness, should refuse it for the love of him that desires to have it done, and to whom it will prove beneficial: Your Youth, and want of Consideration, may mistake it for Love, *Aurelia*, but it is only your being besotted to a thing you have been used too; as some Babes being fond of their own Bubby, tho' it be never so good for 'em to change their Milk: Have you never seen 'em, when they are put to a strange Breast, how they'll scratch and tear, cry their little Hearts out, and rather Starve, than draw it? This is your Case exactly, and there is as much Wit in the one as there is in the other. You are just like the Children, that can play a hundred pretty Tricks, if they please; when you are alone with them, they'll act them over and over again, till you are tired; but to oblige and divert your Friend you shan't make 'em shew one, tho' you kiss'd their Breech; and instead of doing as you bid 'em, they'll run into a Corner to hide their Faces, and pray what is the reason? the same as yours, forsooth they are ashamed; prithee leave being so Childish, and consider you are a Woman, and have two Children of your own. Whilst this damnable Doctrine was broaching, a Servant open'd the Door, and told him my Lord was below, *Dorante*, bid her desire him to walk up, and shew him into the Dressing-

Dressing-Room, and when she was gone, squeezing his Wife by the Hand, he told her, you once say'd, I needed not doubt of being happy, if you could make me so, now is the time, shew it, adding these Words, while he slept on his Night-Gown; and if your Conscience be so foolishly scrupulous, as to boggle at Sin, there is no occasion of committing any, unless you have a mind to it; for it being an Act of the Soul, it is in your Power to prevent it, by having no Lustful Thoughts: Let him do what he pleases, and you think what you will: At the latter end of this Sentence, he jump'd out of Bed, and after he had let the Nobleman into the Chamber, pointing to his Wife, say'd, there lyes a Foolish Carrion, that has been crying this half Hour, and I can't tell you for what; she's very ticklish under the short Ribs, I wish your Lordship would try if you can't make her laugh; then without staying for any Answer, went out at the same Door the Nobleman was come in at, and immediately lock'd it after him.

Ant. Execrable Villain! I dare not ask what befel *Aurelia*; for I can guess too well.

Luc. You may be mistaken; *Aurelia*, when her Husband began to talk to her first, hearken'd to him very attentively, till becoming, as he call'd it, more plain with her, she saw that there was no Room left to doubt of his Damnable meaning; and then she was so overwhelm'd with Grief at the Thoughts of the unheard of Treachery of the Man she lov'd with such a violent Passion, she was not able to utter a Word; but the Tears, not dropping, but flowing from her Eyes in Streams, wept so bitterly sobbing and wringing her Hands, with all the Signs of a profound and
real

real Sorrow, that any Man but *Dorante*, would have had Compassion on her. When her Husband had lock'd the Door, whilst the Gallant was eagerly coming to the Bed-side, protesting that he loved her as he did his Soul, and design'd her no more harm, than he did to himself, she had wrapt herself up in the Bed-cloaths, as well as the Time would permit; and as he took her in one Arm, and endeavour'd to get his other Hand between herself and the Sheet, she made a very vigorous Defence: For tho' she could not hinder him from often Kissing, not only her Face, but several other Parts of her Body, as by the Struggling they became to be bare; yet by her nimbleness in shifting her Posture, and employing his Hands so well with her own, they could never attain to the Liberty they chiefly strove for: She neither made great Noise, Bit or Scratch'd, but appear'd so resolute, and her Resistance was made with so much eagerness, and in such good earnest, that the Amorous Spark, seeing there was nothing to be done without breaking her Hands, and coming to downright Brutish Force, and being pretty well tir'd, let go his hold, and came to Perswasious: *Aurelia* not slipping this Opportunity, got with one Hand a Petticoat over her Head whilst she snatch'd up her Gown with the other; and throwing it about her, flung herself with all the Strength she had, to the other side of the Bed, and from thence upon the Floor. His Lordship either not willing to come to a greater Extremity, or perhaps not finding himself in a Condition of going through the Fatigues of a Rape, offer'd no further Violence; but told her, he was sorry to see her in such a Fright; that she might assure herself, he had only been

in Jest, and would never pretend to do any thing against her Will, with abundance more of such stuff, which she neither believ'd, nor reply'd to; and having had time enough to put on as much of her Cloaths, as was necessary to cover her, she got up and went to the Door; but finding it lock'd, and hearing her Husband singing in the other Room, she threw herself into the next Chair, fell again into such an Agony of Crying, and lamented her miserable forlorn Condition, with such Mournful and Heart breaking Expressions, that the Nobleman began to be moved himself; and wiping off her Tears, did what he could to appease her, not without Concern: *Aurelia* looking upon him as he stood before her, and hoping she had found some Signs of Pity in his Face, Cast herself at his Feet, and imploring his Mercy with so much fervency, putting him in mind of his Birth, and conjuring him as he was a Generous Man, not to make use or an Advantage gain'd by the Baseness of an unnatural Husband; that what she did, found so much Impression, that he raised her from the Ground and say'd, Pardon the Injuries, Madam, I have done ye, and I'll offend no more: In the mean time he knocked with his Foot against the Door, which was almost as soon open'd, then bidding her adieu, he kiss'd her Cheek, and told her she deserved a better Fate; and going down Stairs, without so much as looking upon her Husband, went away. *Dorante*, amazed at his Behaviour, and the Words he spoke, could not tell what Construction to put on their parting so good Friends: But his Wife falling down at his Feet, and in pitiful moan complaining of his Cruelty in prostituting her Honour, which a
Stranger

Stranger had spared, he quickly understood, that his Plot had miscarry'd, and not being in a Humour of giving her an Answer, or hearing any more, as she was holding one of his Knees, he shook her off in Anger, and went out. After this finding her altogether useless for his purpose, he seldom spoke to her, when he was Sober, but when he came home otherwise, she as seldom escap'd being beaten; he would have turn'd her out of Doors, but knowing his Character to be very bad, and fearing to make it worse, he let her alone; contenting himself with selling every thing she had that was of Value. Whilst *Dorante* was leading this Life, his Mother, to whom he never had writ since he left her, came to Town, on purpose to see him: She had been told some Years before, that her Son liv'd very Great in *England*, and now hearing by chance, that he was in *Dublin*, she did not question, but that he did the same. The Son received her very Coldly, which the old Woman perceiving, wish'd she had saved herself a Journey. But as *Dorante* was then daily contriving, which way he should dispose of his Wife and Children, so after being informed that his Mother could spare him no Money, which I think was the second Question he ask'd her, he thought fit to consult her about that Affair: When the Mother was acquainted with his Circumstances, and had heard how he came by his Wife, that her Father was alive yet, and so very Rich; she blamed her Son mightily for treating her Ill, which every Body in the House could not but see: Having consider'd every thing, her Advice was, if he could be contented to live in the Country, that having sold his Household Goods, he should carry his Wife and Children

Children to her House ; and a Captain's Pay with what she had would maintain 'em all very plentifully. *Dorante*, who had a mortal Aversion to a Country Life, being always used to Noise and Great Company, thought it Death to be in a Place where there should be no Gaming, and could by no means resolve at first : But considering how much he was in Debt, and that to live much longer as he had done was an utter impossibility ; at last made a Virtue of Necessity. He was a Man of Dispatch, and quickly found a Chapman that took his Goods as they stood, which being Appraised, he turned all into ready Money ; and he and his Mother, his Wife and Children, with a Servant or two, went all into the Country together.

Ant. Whilst they are upon the Road, I must beg leave, Aunt, to ask ye a Question or two.

Luc. Half a Dozen if you please.

Ant. I am much Charm'd with *Aurelia's* Fidelity to so undeserving a Wretch ; but how she became to be Mistress of so much Goodness methinks is something Mysterious : She was very vainly brought up, her Father was an Ignorant Mechanick, Passionate Miser ; her Mother a silly Imprudent Woman ; and she wanted that Grave Conncel, and wholesome Advice, which, as you say, is much oftener, and more Effectually given by an Understanding Sober Relation at home, than by a Mistress at a Boarding School among Fiddlers and Dancers. For how little Skill she had in Governing of herself, and what Notions of the Duty she owed her Parents, is very manifest from what she did. She falls in Love with a Man at first Sight, which for ought she knew
might

might have been Dumb, answers his first Letter and owns her Inclinations to him : Her Father raves at the Discovery of her Passion, but notwithstanding the severity of his Anger, as soon as she is able, both against the Consent of an obstinate brutish Father, and without the Knowledge of a soft and indulgent Mother, runs away with him, leaves her Friends and Country, and follows his Fortunes where ever he pleases ; without having the least Certainty of who or what he was. This was the small Stock of Prudence with which she set out. After this she is deliver'd Body and Soul, into the Hands of a Wheedling, Atheistical Husband, that with all the Cunning imaginable, does his utmost to infuse his Wicked Abominable Principles into her ; and acting the Devil's own Casuist, endeavours to reason her into Hell.

Luc. You are in a Passion Niece.

Ant. I beg your pardon for my heat, I can't think calmly on the Diabolical Doctrine of that Rascal, the Solicitor General of Satan : But I say, Aunt, considering first the Weakness and want of Discretion of the Woman, and afterwards the Tutor she had, and the Love she bore him, Is it not strange, that she should not only not swallow his Notions, but likewise so bravely withstand all the Temptations of a Nobleman's Courtship, approv'd of, and encourag'd by her Husband ? and in short, be so exemplary Virtuous, as rather to incur the utmost Displeasure of a Husband she lov'd to Madness, be Poor, abused and strip'd, than by being Vicious to please him, and live high in the World ? Pray how came *Aurelia* to be such a Saint ?

Luc. Is this all the Scruples you have ?

Ant. No Aunt, there's another : I can't imagine, Considering what plain Demonstrations *Dorante* gave all along of his Intentions, how she could be so silly, as not to perceive that he design'd to make her a Prostitute to that Nobleman for Lucre, and seem so much a Stranger to his meaning, to the very Moment he explain'd it to her in that rough manner.

Luc. I shall solve both your Doubts at once, and am very glad that you have given me this Opportunity of telling ye something, that may be instructive to ye. All is not Gold that glitters ; many things are done daily, for which People are extoll'd to the Skies, that at the same time, tho the Actions are good, would be blamed as highly, if the Principle from which they acted, and the Motive that first induc'd them, were throughly known. When People are too Lazy, or fearful to undertake any thing, they are praised for being Contented ; and the Effects of Avarice are often called Temperance and Sobriety. I know two Marry'd People that seem to be very Loving, and never displeas'd with one another, and indeed they live so well, that they are thought a very happy Couple : But you would hardly guess at the Reason of all this.

Ant. Without doubt they are both very Good-humour'd.

Luc. Just the Reverse, for their present Union is owing to no other Cause, than their being both Devils alike.

Ant. How can that be ?

Luc. When they came first together, they Fell out, and Fought every Day like Dogs and Cats, and did one another abundance of Mischief.

But

But as every one feels his own Hurt best, so both perceiving the ill Conveniencies they got by every Quarrel, being equally Match'd, they became so terrible one to another, that at last they lived Peaceably, in Dread only of provoking one another's Anger. This I told ye, because I suspected you would make the same mistake here, as you have done in the Actions of *Aurelia*; where you ascribe that to her Virtue which proceeded from nothing, but her Superlative Love to *Dorante*: He was Quality, Riches, Honour, he was every thing to her; she doated upon him so excessively, that she thought there was no Bliss without him; and neither desired nor knew, any other Felicity, than what she enjoy'd in his Company: Do but mind, what the Consequence must be of such an extraordinary Passion, and you'll find, that she might have withstood much greater Temptations, than ever she lay under, without being a *Saint*, as you call her: If it had been a Principle of Virtue she acted by, she would have let him know, that she dislik'd the horrid Doctrine which he Preach'd to her; but she never so much as shewed herself of another Opinion: All what came from him was diverting and pleasing to her, without ever consulting the Morality or Immorality of what he said or did, if he appear'd but Gay and Good Humour'd. As to your other Doubt, how she came not to find out his Design before he told it her so openly, the same Excess of Love answers all; she knew how little she could have parted with him to any other Woman, and measuring his Love by her own, how should she think that he intended to make a Whore of her? That he carry'd her into this Nobleman's Company, often left 'em together,

and order'd her to be merry, and not disoblige him by being Starch'd, was always constru'd in *Dorante's* Favour : She call'd it the great Confidence her Husband put in her, to trust her with a Man of ill Repute among Women : She suffer'd his Gallantry, because she thought her Husband had some end in it, which she never examin'd into ; and really *Dorante* had such an ascendant over her, he might have made her do any thing, and perhaps as Sinful as that, as long as it was not inconsistent with her Love : Nobody commits a Sin for the sake of its being a Sin.

Ant. I thought that when People were once debauch'd in their Principles of Good and Evil, they would soon fall into all manner of Wickedness.

Luc. That's true, if it be a Wickedness that suits with their Inclinations, but not else : It won't make a Coward kill a Man in a Duel, or one that is of a Jovial Temper, and has the World at Will, if he meets with a cross Accident, hang himself ; and yet they are both very great Sins. So that upon the whole, I see nothing that can be call'd a Vertue unless you think that a great one, that a Woman in the greatest Affliction that can be described, refuses a Man that comes to Ravish her, whilst her Husband is in the next Room.

Ant. No, I believe to act that latter part, there was no great Occasion for Vertue, nor for Love neither.

Luc. Then *Antonia*, your Questions being answer'd, let me give ye warning against so unaccountable a Passion, from your own Observation : Take care, and never harbour it within your Breast ; for how can any thing be trusted to, that makes People seem to be virtuous, and yet
commit

commit those Faults and Extravagancies which *Aurelia* was guilty of ; and your self has so concisely rehearsed.

Ant. I thank ye, Aunt, and I'll take all the care I can, at least of not making my self Ridiculous : But if you please, I shall be glad now to hear, how *Aurelia* was treated at her Mother-in-Law's.

Luc. At their first coming down, they agreed tollerably well ; *Dorante* by his Mother's Perswasions shew'd her a better Countenance ; but having none of his Diversions left him, but Racing and Hunting, he was always on Horseback ; and not being able to stay long near home, where he had Nobody to converse with but the Family, he had not been there a Month, but he took a Man, and a couple of Horses, and went roving from one Town to another, without any Design. And whilst thus in quest of Good Company, he spent his Money about the Country, seldom neglecting to take any Pleasure he could meet with ; his Wife having nothing, but what his Mother thought fit to give her, took all her Delight in her Children : She had a Boy that could run alone, and a Girl, which is the Daughter she has, and was then a Child in Arms. When *Dorante* was weary of Rambling up and down, he came home again with the Purse much lighter than when he went : In his Travels he had met with an Ancient Gentleman, that was willing to lend Money upon Land Security ; this run much in his Head, he had nothing more of his own that could be mortgaged, but could not forbear thinking of his Mother's Jointure. Having framed a formal Story, he accosts the Old Woman, and told her how unpleasant it was to

him to be Idle at home, and to think what his Children would come to when he should dye; that he was but a Young Man indeed, and in the Flower of his Age; but that therefore it was a shame that he should spend his Youth in doing of nothing, when at the same time, Nobody knew how to get Money better than himself; and suddenly throwing all the Fault upon his Marrying, he rail'd at his Wife. The Mother not knowing his Design, reply'd, that she truly thought it great Pity he ever left *England*, because she had heard he had fared so well there; he told her, that if he was there yet, with only Five Hundred Pounds in his Pocket, he would not question but to make it Ten Thousand in Two or Three Years Time. The Old Woman answering, that she wish'd he had it with all her Heart, he said it was in her Power to help him to it, if she would but consent that he might take it upon the Estate where they lived: If she pleased to do that, he would go only by himself, leave his Wife and Children with her, and order it so that she should have his Pay sent her Quartrely; and if she took Pleasure in spending more Money, in a few Months he should be able to Furnish her with what she pleased: He was so great a Master in the Art of Wheedling, that at last he perswaded the Old Woman, and having her Consent, he took what he could get upon the Estate; which perhaps was 50 or 60 l. above the Sum he had mentioned. And his Pockets being lined, which always made him Good-humour'd, he took his leave of his Wife as civilly, as of the rest, and went for *England*: And being come there, he had several good Hits in a little time; from which being taught that a little absence now and then,

was

was very beneficial to a Man of his Business, he resolv'd never to stay above Four or Five Months in a Place : From *London* he went to *York*, thence to *Chester*, and so back to *Dublin* ; then after 3 or 4 Months, to *England* again, and so continuing the same Course over and over, he ran his wicked Race ; sometimes with much, sometimes with little Money ; but was always as lavish in Spending, as he was Covetous in Getting it : till at last, about Five Years after he had carry'd his Family to his Mother's, he was stopt in his Villainous Career.

Ant. But you have told me nothing of what *Aurelia* did all that Five Years time : Did she never see *Dorante* since he went away with the Money he had rais'd on his Mother's Jointure ?

Luc. Yes, several times ; for he never came to *Ireland*, but he spent a Fortnight or three Weeks at her House ; diverting himself with Hunting in the Day time, and Drinking at Night. As for *Aurelia*, when her Husband was gone, his Mother led her a weary Life ; for seeing she understood all manner of Needle-Work very well, she plagued her about something or other every Day, and kept her so continually employ'd, that she had hardly time to do any thing for her Children, or herself. *Dorante's* Sister, who had been marry'd before ever he was of Age, had been a Widow above Two Years, and left very Poor with one Child, that was about Three Years Old when *Aurelia* came there ; the Mother had been forc'd to take her and her Boy in again, or she must have starved. She was a great Slattern, and as Lazy as any *Irish Woman* whatever ; the Mother allow'd her more than her

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Daughter.

Daughter-in-Law; yet tho' she had but one Child, and the other two, *Aurelia's* Children were always kept Cleaner, and look'd Tighter than her one: The Old Woman would sometimes take notice of it to her own Daughter, who, besides that she always had been brought up in the Country, and learn'd but little, had such an Antipathy against all manner of Work, that the very Name of it would throw her into a Sweat: She was so Malicious, and ill contrived a Piece, that when her Mother found fault with any thing about herself or her Child, and bid her mind how *Aurelia* did such a thing, she never fail'd of being revenged upon her Sister, or her Children for it. The first commonly that she vented her Spleen against, was *Aurelia's* little Son, which was the Mother's Darling; she would either push him down, give him a private Pinch, or set her own Boy on to take away his Playthings; and if that would not make him Cry, as he was a very good Humour'd Child, spill half a Pot of Beer upon him, under pretence of giving him to drink; throw Water in his Face, cram some Nastiness, or Cheese in his Mouth, which he hated; and never leave Teazing the poor Boy, till she set him a roaring. If sometimes *Aurelia* spoke the least Word against either the Sister, or her Son, then presently the Mother was fetch'd who would give her a hundred for it, call her Proud Minx, young Sawcy Slut; what had she to meddle with her Daughter and with her Grand-Child? Why did she not go to *England*, and fetch her great Portion with a Murrain to her? And the whole Family being all *Irish*, all envy'd *Aurelia* for her Cleanliness, and always being Neater than they. If at any time she was Ironing or Starching

any

anything, her Back was not turn'd, but either the one should be Smutt'd, or the other be Tumbled, and turn'd to a Whisp, or trod under Foot. This was a vexatious thing to a young Woman, that had been brought up as she was.

Ant. I don't know, what it was to her, but such Things would have made me extream Angry.

Luc. This was nothing yet *Antonia*, and only the beginning; this was no more than what every Woman in her Circumstances ought to have expected from a Mother and Sister-in Law in the same House: She had other Tryals to exercise her Patience. When the News came that *Aurelia's* Father was Dead, and that by his Will the Daughter, nor her Children, were ever to be a Farthing the better for him; which *Dorant* brought the first time he came back, then the Old Woman was Raving Mad: She had always hoped, that, early or late, some Good would come from the Old Gentleman, if not to the Daughter, at least to the Grand-Children. She had always hated *Aurelia* in her Heart, and that she desired at first, her Son to treat his Wife not so Inhumanly, and had yet been so little rude to her herself, was only in consideration of what she expected; but when this fail'd, and she found herself baulk'd beyond redress, she was a continual Plague to her, and made it her Business to study which way to torment her. *Aurelia's* Daughter, who was now above a Year Old, had been ill for a great while; they had continued to let her Suck, because they were afraid that taking the Breast from her, would have kill'd her; she was the very Picture of her Father and the Grand-Mother lov'd her very well for his Sake; yet tho' the

the Child was so weak still, that it could not walk a Step, upon these Tydings the Nurse was sent away the next Day, and the Mother forc'd to wean it, and tend it herself: No Servant in the House was allowed to do any thing for *Aurelia*; what she would have done, she was oblig'd to do herself; which often she would have been glad of, if they would but have let her alone: But she was thwarted and crossed in every thing she took in hand: If ever she had occasion to use a Bowl, a Skillet, or any thing else, her Sister was sure to want it at the same time; and if she pretended to Contend about the matter, the Mother was called, and she would soon decide who should have it.

Ant. A very miserable Life indeed! But I would beg of you to acquaint me with *Aurelia's* Sentiments concerning *Dorante*; did her Love still continue after that Undeniable, as well as Villainous Proof he had given her of his Contempt, a little before they parted from *Dublin*?

Luc. This *Antonia*, is one of the most remarkable Parts of her History, and therefore I would have kept it for the last; but since ye ask me for it, I will satisfy ye. The deep Sorrow in which we left her, when her Husband shook her off, lasted no longer than that Day; for the succeeding Night open'd her Eyes, and she was roused from her Lethargy of Love. *Dorante* was vex'd at his being disappointed, and flying to the usual Remedy of Drowning his Cares in Claret, he came Home in such a Terrible Humour, that having Knock'd down the Servant that open'd him the Door, he went up to his Wife, and the first thing he did, was taking the Candle, and holding it
very

very near her, under Pretence of looking whether she was still a Crying, he set good part of her Hair, and all her Head-Cloaths on Fire; whilst she was busy in quenching the Flame, he asked her touching the Nobleman's Towing her in the Morning, some very unpleasent Questions, after a Brutish manner, and in as Nasty Language as he could invent: But *Aurelia* not answering soon enough to please him, he wrapt out a great Oath, and said, he believed she was resolv'd to keep her Tongue as close as her Tail; but if she did, he could open her Mouth, and at the sametime doubling his Fist, he gave her such an unmerciful Blow on the Face, as knock'd her down backward, and made her Bloody all over; then dragging her out of the Room by one of her Arms, all the way Swearing she should not lie there, he kick'd her down Stairs, shut his Chamber Door, and went to Sleep. *Aurelia* being come to the bottom, was very much bruised, but had the good Fortune not to break any Limb; and having light a Candle, went to Bed in another Chamber; where considering what was past, very Seriously, the first thing that awaked her from her Grief, was her Fear, she dreaded to see *Dorante* again, and thought herself in Danger of her Life: What could be expected from a Husband, that having told her how weary he was of her, did his utmost to have her ravish'd in the Morning, and that not succeeding, endeavour'd at Night, first to burn her alive, and then to break her Neck? She could hardly promise herself any better, but that the last means of getting rid of her, being likewise fail'd, he would Cut her Throat the next: But several things of different

ferent Natures, presenting themselves to her Mind, Fear was not the only Passion that disturbed her, being very Sore every where, and full of Pain, when she thought of the Hurt she had receiv'd, she forgot her Fear and grew Angry: But if she reflected on what it was for, and by whom she was so ill treated, then she was so amazed, that she could never remember what she thought: When the dismal Prospect of her present Circumstances came to her Fancy, her Sorrows return'd, and she was seized with a deep Melancholly; which would last, till looking back on her own Conduct, which had been the Occasion of all, she startled from it, and fell into Despair. She would be revenged of herself, and thought on Death in several Shapes; but all appearing equally Frightful to her, she ran distracted to see that she was forced to live. She Complain'd, she Curs'd, she Cry'd, she Rav'd; and in this Confusion of so many Passions, shaking her at once, she continu'd till late in the Morning. *Dorante* was dress'd and gone Abroad, before the Maid that waited on his Wife, knew that her Mistress had not lay in her own Bed that Night; but seeing she was not there, she went to look for her in the other Room, where she found her sitting upright in the Bed, employed as I told ye. The Presence of the Maid wrought a very good Effect upon the Mistress; for *Aurelia* being displeas'd at being surpris'd in that Posture by a Servant, rally'd all the Reason she had to compose her Senses: She lay down and told the Maid, that she had been troubled with a violent Pain in her Head all Night long; whether the Servant believ'd what her Mistress said, or thought something else to be the Cause of her

her

her Disorder, *Aurelia* could not tell ; if she had heard her Master's Quarrelling the Night before, she was discreet enough not to say any thing of it ; but advising her Mistress to rest, never left her till she was fast a Sleep ; being very much Tired, she did not open her Eyes again before Night ; when her Maid having provided something for her, against she should Wake, perswaded her to take some Food ; having eat a little, she found herself much refresh'd, and almost Calm within ; her Face was Swell'd, and her Bruises pained her sadly ; but as the Soreness of her Body increas'd, so her Mind grew more Sedate : And having quite recover'd the use of her Reason by the next Day, she was very glad to see herself safe ; for calling to Mind the horrid Thoughts that had run through her Brain, she found that her Life was only owing to her Natural Fearfulness, and the Maid's coming into the Room as she did ; since it could be nothing but Irresolution, and want of Courage, that had hinder'd her from laying Violent Hands upon herself.

Ant. But I believe, Aunt, you never intend to tell me, whether she still loved him, or not ?

Luc. Have Patience a little *Antonia*, I'm a going. *Aurelia* had so many different Agitations in her Soul that Night her Husband beat her for the first time, that being all equally Mutinous, none could be predominant enough to make a great Impression upon her ; and this I take to be the Reason, that she was so easily restored to her Senses : As for her Love, she felt no more of it within two Days after, as if she had never seen him before.

Ant.

Ant. Then was it not succeeded by a great Hatred against him?

Luc. Not at first of all, as she told me; she remain'd the same, only that Folly was skimm'd off; which made me think, that in the great Fermentation of her Passions, as Love had stirr'd them up, so working through them, it made all the Froth; and Swimming a great while above the rest, was quite lost when they had done Boyling over. *Aurelia* not being of a great Spirit, behaved herself to her Husband, as an Humble Slave to a Cruel Master: When he had struck her the second time, she began to stand in great Awe of him; her Fear made her Obsequious, and she study'd not so much how to please him, as to avoid every thing that might offend him. She was not ignorant of the miserable Condition she was in, would have willingly parted and gone away from *Dorante* with all her Heart; but what could she do with her Children, whom she doated on? The Thoughts of her Circumstances would often make her Weep, but she resolv'd to bear with any thing, rather than leave her Dear Babes. Being a tender small Boned Creature, of all her Sufferings, nothing was more irksome to her than *Dorante's* Blows; and tho' she was far from Striking again, the Smart of 'em would make her Angry, and wish him ill; but when being so Cautious as I told you, and doing not the least thing that might be taken amiss, she saw that he was still the same; and he fell upon her the third time without any Provocation at all; then the Sight of him began to be very Odious to her, which by the little regard *Dorante* shew'd for her, and the continuance of his Abusing her
without

without a Cause, was in a short time so much improv'd, that when they went into the Country, she hated him almost as much as ever she had loved him.

Ant. I should have thought, that he had given her a more Substantial Reason, to deserve her Hatred the Morning before he beat her, than he did ever after.

Luc. Had I been telling you a Romance, I would have made use of Art ; I know as well as you, Niece, what should have been done according to their Rules. As soon as *Dorante* had told her his meaning, and declared himself with that Impudence, I should immediately have turned her Love into Hatred : But in a true Story, we must relate things as they happen. *Aurelia* was not a Bold Blustering Woman ; she was of a meek and quiet Temper ; and for this Reason, the first Passion it raised in her, was her Sorrow, which shew'd that her Love yet remain'd ; or else it would not have been such an Affliction to her : It was not his Beating her afterwards, for which she Hated him so much, but it was the Beating that roused her Thoughts, and made her look back : The Reason why at first it produced such irregular Motions in her Brain, as to make her Mad, was, that then her Love was still mix'd with the other Passions ; but when that was thrown off, you see, the second Beating only made her Careful, how to prevent it for the future : She was not at leisure yet, to make Serious Reflections on things past ; the Wretchedness of her present State took up all her Thoughts ; she could not keep her Eye from what was immediately before her ; *Dorante's* Cruelty, and his Poverty were equally Frightful to her ; for as
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the one Scared her with Death, so the other Threaten'd her with Want. These Dismal Prospects employed her wholly; she could not give herself leave to examine, whether she Hated him or not: But when Time had taken off great part of her Concern, and she was Struck again the third time, which she had dreaded before, then the Pain made her Angry, and think on the Cause, which brought in all the rest; for being now grown acquainted with her Misery, it was not so pressing, as to take up every Moment of her Time; she had more leisure to call to Mind, and sedately review what was past: She now made use of her Reason, Examined the vast extent of her former Love; and, measuring by that, the prodigious height of his Ingratitude, built her Hatred on a Solid Foundation.

Ant. I confess, Aunt, what *Aurelia* did, seems now to me more Natural, than what I thought at first, she should have done.

Luc. I am weary of Talking, *Antonia*, and must leave the remainder till another time.

T H E

THE FIFTH
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN

Lucinda and Antonia.

Antonia. YOU have informed me before, how *Dorante's* Mother and Sister stood affected to *Aurelia*, after they knew the Old Gentleman's Will : But, pray, what Face did he put upon the matter, I mean the Husband himself, that loved nothing but Money, and treated her so barbarously, before all his Hopes were quite extinct ? How did he behave himself towards her, when he was assured, that she never would be worth any thing to him.

Luc. Much as he used to do ; but if there was any alteration, rather better than worse, when he was not in Drink.

Ant. What could make his Humour change for the better ?

Luc. Tho' *Dorante's* Mother had always entertained some Hopes, that *Aurelia's* Father would one Day or other relent, or at least not wholly forget his Grand-Children, as well as his Daughter when he should dye ; yet he himself

was Wiser; when once two Years was past, and *Aurelia's* Father had taken no more Notice of her, than if she had been a Dog, and had so often refused to hear them, that would speak in her behalf, considering his Stubborn Temper, he thought no more of him. So *Dorante* was not disappointed as to that; and his Wife, who was not Twenty yet, when her Father dy'd, being a pretty Woman, whom he had not seen in Nine or Ten Months, was a Novelty to him: He was so Debauch'd, that he could never be without Women, where-ever he stay'd; and as I told ye, how he divided his Years, whenever he was in the Country at his Mother's, where he could get Nobody else, he was glad to have her, not that he ever treated her with the Tenderness and Affection he counterfeited at first; but only made use of her to serve his Incontinence, giving her sometimes a Piece of Money, as being Lavish, he did on the same Account to any Strumpet when he thought her Poor.

Ant. But such Usage would have been more dreadful to me, than all his Anger when once I hated him.

Luc. It was the same to *Aurelia*: For as her Hatred to her Husband, which, when she came to live with her Mother, was not yet of long standing, in time grew more inveterate; so you may well imagine, that his Brutish Kindness at last was very Loathsome to her: Whilst he was gone, every harsh Word, and every disobliging Action, of either his Mother or his Sister, were all placed on his Account; and having so many Months to reflect on all the Passages between them, her Aversion to him increased daily; and was, before he came back, fully as excessive, as
her

her former Love. She knew her Mother-in-Law had parted with all; that *Dorante's* Pay was the only Dependance of the whole Family; and that without she was to seek Bread for herself, and Children; yet such was her Hate, she could not forbear every time she saw him, to wish it might be the last: She could have been contented to hear that he had been Stabb'd, Hang'd, or Drown'd, or that some unruly Horse had broke his Neck, so she had been troubled no more with his Company: She trembled whenever he came near her; his Breath was so Nauseous to her, that she thought his Kisses Baneful; and the Touch of Toads and Adders could be no more unwelcome, than his Embraces. Then judge, *Antonia*, what a Horror his Presence was to her; since the mildest part of his Behaviour was no less displeasing to her, than the roughest Usage. Yet her Fear forced her to submit to all; for if ever she seem'd Tardy in complying with any thing he ask'd her, she was sure that the first time he should be in his Cups, he would most inhumanly resent it. When *Aurelia*, of whom I have all what happen'd to her in *Ireland*, had thus far related what had befallen her, I thought that her Hatred and Indignation to *Dorante*, were arriv'd to the highest Pitch, and nothing could make 'em greater; but was amazed, when, after having paus'd a while, I heard her say, had this been all, *Lucinda*, *Dorante's* Injuries might have been bury'd in Oblivion; the Tears I then so often shed, in time would have wash'd away my Sorrows; and laying the Fault of all the Indignities I bore, upon the Youthful Folly of my own Love, I could now think on *Dorante* without disturbance in my Soul;

but after this he was the Savage Occasion of a Tragical Accident, which I cannot forget the longest Day I live, and must lament for ever. When she said this, I saw her wipe her Eyes, and after that she told me the Sad, and Mournful Story in these very Words. *Dorante*, said she, was come Home to his Mother's for the fourth time, since he had first left us, when my Son was about five Years Old; he was a very Sensible Child, not indeed so Pert and Witty as some are; neither was he so Bold, as I have seen a great many; but then he was likewise less Wild than Boys commonly are, and so seldom committed any Rudeness, that I never knew a Child of a Milder and Sweeter Temper: But what was most admirable in him, was his great Solidity, beyond his Age. I confess that I doated on the Child, and as *Dorante's* Mother loved my Daughter, because she was like her Son, so my little Boy fared the worse, because he resembled me. He was such charming Company to me, and would shew so much Sorrow in his Countenance, when he saw any of the Family do something to make me uneasy: Oh! when I think on his engaging Promises, what he would do for me when he should be a Man, and how often he wish'd to be one for my Sake! Oh the Remembrance! *Lucinda*, no Consolations of any Orator could ever be more obligingly eloquent, than were the Dumb Signs of his Pity and Grief, when he saw his Mother abus'd: I know 'tis wrong, to make a Distinction in our Inclinations between Children; Parents should distribute their Love with a just and equal Hand among them; but here I could not help it; my Daughter through Illness was very Froward, and afterwards

wards the Grand-Mother giving her more Liberty, than I would have allow'd her, grew a Ramping Girl ; and having gain'd her by little Gifts, which, as I was kept, I was not able to bestow, the Old Woman took great Delight to see, that she could draw her from me ; and besides, that the Girl would but seldom stay with me in the Day time, they would always tease me, in telling me I did not love her : Heaven knows it was false ; but how could I shew so much Love to her, who not contented to be where she could get nothing, was always with my Mother-in-Law, as I could to my dear Sober Boy, that despising their Bribes of Tarts and Sweet-Meats, with which they Coaxed his Sister from me, would hardly ever leave me. Oh ! He was a dear Lover of his Mother ! On me he fix'd his Eye, and wore no other Looks, than such, as he derived from mine : I never Wept, but that he Cry'd ; and if at any time I seem'd to have forgot my Grief and smiled upon him, Oh ! how gloriously serene would his Innocent Angel's Face appear ! in saying this, she would have withstood her Tears ; but when I saw several drop from her unwilling Eyes, I would have interrupted her, but that, seeing what I was about, she hinder'd me by telling me, I know *Lucinda*, these things are tiresome to you ; for tho' you're Older than I, you never knew what it was to be a Mother. But pardon my Fondness, and I'll transgress no more ; and then she continu'd thus : Both my Children lay with me a Nights, but when *Dorante* came, I was forc'd to contrive a little Bed for one of 'em, upon some Chairs ; the Girl would not lie by herself, but my Poor Contented Boy was willing to comply with any thing.

Dorante had been with us 16 or 18 Days, and was to go for *Dublin* the next Morning; when, having Carous'd all Day, he came home late at Night in an ugly Humour; coming into the Room, and finding me gone to Bed, he sets himself down in a Chair, having scolded at me a little while, for not sitting up for him; as he was undressing himself, he calls me to him; I dared not disobey, and would have slipt on my Gown, but he bid me come as I was; and standing in my Shift before him, he asked something of me, which was so Lascivious, and, as I thought at that time, so disagreeable, that, tho' I strove to hide it, I could not forbear discovering the Reluctancy of my Mind; this was a heinous Crime to *Dorante*; who, having upbraided me with several Instances of greater Wantonness; which, perhaps, I might have been guilty of in the height of my former inconsiderate Passion, at last Spurn'd me from him: I went to Bed again, and he continu'd Railing and Grumbling, as upon such Occasions he was used to do; he told me, that tho' I lov'd a thing never so well, I would rather deny it to myself, to vex him, than take the Pleasure of it, if I thought it would oblige him. He said many other things, and among the rest, as he was going away the next Day, he had a good Mind to make me remember him till he came again. In every thing he said or did, he shew'd himself angry and displeas'd; and as he was coming to Bed, in turning up the Cloaths, not being us'd to stand much upon Compliments with me, he flung every Rag from me, and left me quite naked. My dear Boy, who was awake, but had not spoke a Word yet, seeing this, after having heard what his Father said, made no doubt

doubt but he was going to execute his Threatnings; and making all the haste to him, before he could get into Bed, took hold of his Leg, with abundance of Tears, entreating him not to hurt his Mother. *Dorante*, who had already one Foot upon the Bed, looking back upon the begging Posture of the Child, and disliking he should shew so much Concern for me, maliciously resolved to frighten him thoroughly; then staring upon him with a stern Look, What! Sirrah, said he, would you help your Mother against me? Come, I'll make away with your Mother; and immediately getting from the Boy, he ran to his Sword, and drawing it, he came to me seemingly in a great Fury: I observ'd the Humour *Dorante* did it in, and apprehending no Danger at this time, I lay still, and said nothing to him: And the same Moment as he was turning from me, I suppose, to see how the Boy would take it, I heard *Dorante* say, what ails the Boy? the Rascal is making Mouths; and at the end of these Words, he stept into Bed, and lay down. Not understanding what *Dorante* meant, nor hearing the Boy say any thing to him, I look'd up, and saw my Child in Fits: I did what I could to recover him, but one was no sooner off, but he fell into another: The next Day *Dorante* went his Journey, without taking any Notice, either of me or the Child. About the same time that he was taken with his first Fit, they left him the Night following; but then he fell into so Violent a Fever as carry'd him off the Seventh Day after. Here *Aurelia* left off, and took her leave.

Ant. These I confess are extraordinary Afflictions! But in the Relation of this last Accident,

I wonder she should shew so much Concern whilst she dwell'd on the Child's Praise only, and none at all, when she came to that Part, of which she ought to have been most Sensible.

Luc. I don't think that strange at all ; it differs much, who the Person is, that tells the Story : She was the Mother, and knowing all what had past, as soon as she began it, nay, before she came to it, the Thoughts of that great Loss forc'd the Tears from her : The Rehearsal and Description of his Endearing Temper and Actions, was only Indulging her Grief ; for it did nothing to the Story.

Ant. Yet it has given me a greater Sense of her Loss, and the Sorrow it must have caus'd her.

Luc. I knew that, and therefore I assumed *Aurelia's* Person, and spoke her own Words.

Ant. But what I would ask, is, Why she should discover so little Tenderness, when she spoke of his falling in Fits, the Fever that succeeded them, and his Death, where I would have most expected it ?

Luc. For the same Reason ; when she was telling me the first Part, the latter was in her Mind ; till she thought I was weary of hearing so much of it.

Ant. At which I believe she was Nettled a little ; for her telling ye you knew not what it was to be a Mother, looks as if it was by way of Reflection, because she found you was going to interrupt her.

Luc. It was so ; then Arming herself with Resolution, she related the rest ; and coming to the most dismal Part, mention'd not one Circumstance,

stance, but ran over it as fast as she could ; and for fear of shewing any more Weakness, left me presently.

Ant. My thinks I long to see her reliev'd ; How long was she plagued with *Dorante's* Mother, and all that *Irish* Generation ?

Luc. From the Child's Death, the Old Woman took another Opportunity of Tormenting the Mother : She told *Aurelia*, that her Son being dead, whom only she had minded, she thought her very Superfluous in the Family ; that she was resolv'd to keep her no longer idle ; and if she would have Bread there, she should do something to earn it : Then dismissing one of the Two Maids they kept, the Daughter-in-Law was order'd to do her Work ; and after this, she not only did the Maid's Business, but was in every respect dealt with as a Servant, set aside that they gave her no Wages.

Ant. But which way had she Cloaths then ?

Luc. She had none but what the Mother, or Sister-in-Law left off ; and if she dislik'd this way of living, she might mend herself as soon as she could.

Ant. And so I would have done, if I had been in her place : One that was brought up a Gentlewoman, and understood her Needle so well, might have made shift with one Child.

Luc. She would have gone several times, and had Words about it long before the Son dy'd : Nay, the Old Woman was willing to be rid of *Aurelia* and the Boy, but she would never part with the Girl ; and *Aurelia*, who really lov'd her Children, could never resolve to leave one more than the other. There was a Gentlewoman that liv'd about Three Miles off, near where
sometimes,

sometimes, they went to hear Mafs, with whom *Aurelia* had been acquainted ever since she had been Four or Five Months in the Country: She would have often Furnish'd her with Necessaries to carry her and her Children to *Dublin*.

Ant. But I heard ye speak of Mafs, was *Aurelia* brought up a Papist ?

Luc. No, Her Father was a Presbyterian ; but she was so little grounded in her Religion, that it was not difficult for *Dorante* to pervert her.

Ant. But why *Dorante* ? What was it to him what Religion she was of ? for I am sure he had none.

Luc. He was the same as all *Roman Catholics* are ; for whether they be Vertuous or never so Debauch'd, they will all in general take abundance of Pains, and rather spend their Money than fail to bring People of other Perswasions over to their Church.

Ant. That's very unaccountable ; but yet, as they believe that their Religion is the best, it is a great Sign of their Charity to others.

Luc. What their real Principle is that makes 'em do it, I don't pretend to determine, but nothing can be said of it with greater Truth, than what you did at first, by calling it unaccountable. So *Aurelia* could not expect to be releas'd, nor ever was, during *Dorante's* Life ; but that lasted not long, she only saw him once, whilst she remain'd in the Office we left her ; and when he came, was heartily glad of her Station, because keeping herself as dirty and fluttish as it was possible, to escape his conversing with her, it proved a Fence against his Brutality, as well

as his Kindness, which were equally dreadful to her. He had not been gone Four Months, but *Aurelia* was reviv'd with the Joyful Tidings of his Death. A Gentleman, of whom he had won some Money, hearing which way he lost it, call'd him to an Account ; demanding either his Money back, or Satisfaction in the Field : *Dorante* having had always Courage enough to maintain what he did, chose the latter ; and the Event of the Battle, deciding the Justice of the Cause, was kill'd upon the Spot. This was terrible News to *Dorante's* Mother and Sister, who having nothing to depend upon, were forc'd severally to shift for themselves. The first Pleasure *Aurelia* had since she came in the Country, was to see the Consternation and Streights, her Mortal Enemies were in ; and in few Days, she and her Daughter, by the Assistance of the Gentlewoman I spoke of, were carry'd to *Dublin*. *Aurelia* intended to see several Ladies, that had desir'd her Acquaintance at her first coming into *Ireland* ; not questioning but they would put her in some way or other to live ; and in this she was not mistaken, for the second she went to, was so touch'd with Compassion, at the relation of her Sufferings, that she had not the Power to let her go ; and entertaining her and her Daughter at her own House, was resolv'd to try what could be done for her : This Charitable Gentlewoman, went among all her Relations, and all her Acquaintance, to serve *Aurelia* ; and had already made a handsome beginning : When coming to an Eminent Merchant's Lady, as she was telling her Errand, and the Misfortunes of the Person, in whose Behalf she spoke, the Gentlewoman of the House took Notice of *Dorante's* Name ;

Name ; and having ask'd it twice over, said, if she was not mistaken, she had heard her Husband enquire after such a Captain's Lady ; then left the Room, and immediately came back with her Husband. The Merchant holding a Letter in his Hand, ask'd the Gentlewoman, if she could inform him of the Widow of one Captain *Dorante*, who had been kill'd in *England* some Months ago. The Gentlewoman surpriz'd to hear him ask after *Aurelia* with so much earnestness, and considering, whether it would not be a Disservice to her, was at a stand ; which the Merchant perceiving, he smiled upon her, and told her, it was for no harm to her Friend : If she knew such a one, he was order'd by his Correspondent to assist her in every thing she might want ; and to desire her to go for *England*, where she should be very well receiv'd. Then he was going to shew her the Letter, but the other overjoy'd at the Discovery, ran Home immediately, and fetch'd *Aurelia*. The Merchant having found by her answering to several Questions, that she was the Person he wanted, proffer'd her his House, and what Money she might have occasion for. I suppose I need not tell ye, that this was acceptable to *Aurelia* : The only thing that troubled her was, that not knowing the Person that writ the Letter, she could no ways imagine who it should be, that sent for her to *England* : But as every one that consider'd her Circumstances, perswaded her to go, and she herself felt little Reluctancy in leaving a Country where she had suffer'd so much, besides the Inclination she had for her own, took hold of the first Opportunity of Shipping, and came for *England*.

Aut.

Ant. Then she did not accept of what her kind Friend had gather'd for her.

Luc. She refus'd it at first, for being furnish'd by the Merchant with more Money than her present Occasions requir'd, she thought it a Crime not to decline the acceptance of it; but the good Natur'd Gentlewoman, pressing it hard upon her, and using many Arguments, of her not knowing, what Home to go to, who it was that writ for her, and what might yet happen, she took it very gratefully, upon Condition, that when she should come to *England*, if she found that she stood not in need of it, in pursuance of the End it was given for, she should dispose of it to others that did. *Aurelia* having had a bad Passage, stay'd a Day at *Chester* to rest herself, and took Coach the next: When they came near *London*, she began to think, what she should do first; she wonder'd a Man, whom she had never known, should not only send for her to *England*, but likewise give such large Orders to let her have what Money she ask'd for. She knew of no Relations she had in this City, and it being late already, was in great Doubt whether she should lye at the Inn, that Night; or go to the Gentleman, to whom she had the Letter, which the Merchant had given her at *Dublin*. Whilst these things ran in her Head, the Coach drove into the Inn: *Aurelia* was hardly got out and got into the light, but a handsome Young Gentleman, of Eight and Twenty, or Thirty Years of Age, made up to her, and without asking any Questions, saluting her, and calling her by her Name, bid her welcome to *England*. *Aurelia* was amaz'd, and blushing begg'd his Pardon for
not

not knowing him ; the Gentleman reply'd smilingly, that he hoped shortly to have the honour of being better acquainted with her. And having taken care of a Trunk she had, handed her and her Daughter into a Gentleman's Coach, that waited for him in the Yard, then got in himself, and bid the Fellow drive Home.

Ant. And so I suppose she got a second Husband. He found very little Opposition methinks, and certainly Nobody ever wanted less Courtship than *Aurelia*.

Luc. I thought you would censure her, but I think you are in the wrong ; I can't see what she has committed, that you can find so much fault with.

Ant. I don't blame her for committing any thing, but for omitting, what she ought to have done, when she had told him that he was a Stranger to her, and he seeing her in that incertiude, instead of telling her who he was, made her that familiar Complement, by which he shew'd himself Cock-sure of her ; she ought to have broke off all Conversation with him, but not suffer'd herself without speaking a Word, like a Natural, to be led into a Coach, not knowing whose it was, or whither it was to go.

Luc. I'm afraid you don't consider her Circumstances as you should do, since she had taken Money from an unknown Friend, and was come to *London* at his Request, she might well have Patience, till she was Housed somewhere, to be better inform'd : She had no reason to doubt but that this was either the Man himself, or Somebody that belong'd to him, by whose Order she had been so well taken Care of ; she was
come

come where she had a Promise she should be well receiv'd, and hitherto found nothing to the contrary; as she was in a Labyrinth, I think the best way to have this Matter clear'd up to her, was silently to accept of every thing that was civil. She had been marry'd once for Love, and far'd by it, as you know: If it was a Match going forward, I don't know what Reason she had to complain, or take Notice of it, before she had any further Proposals made her.

Ant. But still she ought to have said something.

Luc. If you had a mind to comply with him, pray what would you have said that would have been to the purpose?

Ant. But I did not take it for granted, that she would comply.

Luc. For a Widow with a Child and nothing else, it would have been foolish to refuse an Offer, before it was made to her, especially where every thing look'd with so fair an Aspect; but whilst *Aurelia* was thus taking, I think the wisest Course, if she said little, she thought the more. She was of your Opinion, and conceiv'd she ought to say something, but not being able to hammer out an Answer, she lik'd, and having besides so many things to reflect on, the Gentleman, the Coach, which was in all probability his own, his Care and his Assurance; she was so confounded, that she could say nothing that was worth any thing: It was so dark, or at least she was so little acquainted with the City, that she could not tell what Streets they drove through; but at last a pair of Gates being open'd they

they were set down at the Door, of what seem'd to be a large Merchant's House: The same Gentleman Squir'd her in, and immediately she was welcom'd by an elderly Gentleman, who, with Tears in his Eyes, calling her likewise by her Name, embrac'd her with all the tenderness of a Father. *Aurelia*, who knew the old Gentleman no more than the young one, seeing every thing look handsome and well, began to think she was enchanted. But as there was Nobody there that had a mind to conceal himself, she presently understood the eldest was the Master of the House, and a Relation of her's by the Mother's side, whom she had never seen, because there had always been a great Enmity between her Father and him: Then he told her all what I related before had happen'd at her Father's, and prov'd to be the same Kinsman that had taken in her Mother, after she was turn'd out of Doors. The Coach that brought her from the Inn was his own, and the Gentleman that had waited on her his intimate Friend an *Irish* Merchant, whom he desir'd to write about her, as soon as he had heard that *Dorante* was kill'd. She heard likewise that he had always shewn a very great Affection for her Mother when she was a Maid, as the only Relation he had then alive, that knowing her Father's Humour, he always dissuaded her from the Match, but that having disoblig'd him by marrying was the reason there had not been any Correspondence between 'em, 'till after her falling out with her Husband, he took her in out of Pity: He told her that he had been glad to hear that *Dorante* and she had lived so well as he was inform'd they did the first Year after they went away.

That

That after she was gone to live in the Country, he had been sorry that he could hear no more Tidings of her, that whenever he heard *Dorant* was come to *England*, he had always sent People to him to enquire after her Welfare. This old Gentleman was a rich Batchelor, past Threescore, he had been a Trader, but had left off all manner of Business for some Years ; he was a Facetious Generous Man, kept a very good House, of which he proffer'd the Government to *Aurelia*, if she design'd to live single ; otherwise he had a Portion for her, if she would follow his Advice in the Matter. *Aurelia's* Teeth were too much set on edge to bite again of that four Apple ; she told him, that since he gave her the Choice, with his leave, she design'd to keep as she was, that she had been very inconsiderate in loving a Man, without examining into his Fortune ; but that if her Father had been less cruel, in forcing her to take a Man she hated, she would never have come to that Extremity, as she had done.

Ant. And do you believe that ?

Luc. You know Women will always have something to say for themselves ; however, she was wise enough not to marry again.

Ant. Then I lost a Wedding by the Bargain ; I was in great hopes of the Gentleman that receiv'd her at the Inn.

Luc. He was a marry'd Man, and had two or three Children.

Ant. By the manner you spoke in, any Body would have believ'd, there would have been a Match.

Luc. I confess, what I said was a little suspicious ; but I did it to see how soon you would swallow the Hook if it was cover'd with that Bait.

H

Ant.

Ant. Then I suppose, what *Aurelia* has got, came from this Kinsman.

Luc. Yes, she liv'd with him Five or Six Years, and was treated, as if she had been his Daughter, or rather his Sister. She did what she pleas'd, invited whom she would, and kept the best of Company; when he dy'd, which was about Fifteen Years ago, he left her besides the two Houses, she has now, and what belong'd to them, above Twenty Thousand Pounds.

Ant. There is Variety enough in her Life, to make a Novel of.

Luc. Now, *Antonia*, let us come to the Point, do you think that what she enjoys in her Daughter, can make amends for what she has suffered?

Ant. No indeed, I have done with her; and my Eyes begin to draw Straws.

Luc. Nay 'tis high time, it wants but a few Minutes of Eleven: Good Night, Niece.

Ant. Aunt your Servant, I wish ye a good Repose.

THE SIXTH
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN

Lucinda and Antonia.

Lucinda. HERE, Niece, here, I have got a Present for ye.

Ant. A Lap-Dog! I never saw a finer large Eye in my Life: Oh, sweet Creatrue! there's delicate Ears.

Luc. 'Tis a right *Bolonese*; you must bestow a Silver Collar upon it.

Ant. No, that will hurt it, I'll make it a pretty one of Ribbons: What is it a Bitch? Pray, what's the Name of it?

Luc. I can't tell, it shall be what you please.

Ant. Then I'll call it *Die, Die, Die, Diana, Dii.* I'm glad it's a Bitch, Aunt, I'll borrow Sir *James's* Dog, that's just such another, then we shall have charming Puppies. What d'ye laugh at, Aunt?

Luc. You give your Bitch a very Chaste Name; and, the next thing you think of, is Generation.

Ant. That's nothing in our Town, as long as she is Old enough ; our Neighbour, what d'ye call him, the Anabaptist, Marry'd his Daughter the same day she was Christen'd.

Luc. Fie, *Antonia*, what a Comparison you make ; besides, let People's Opinions be never so erroneous, as long as it is a Religion, it never ought to be the subject of our Mirth. But what makes you so Wanton this Morning ?

Ant. I think I am far from it ; these two or three Mornings I have had abundance of Water upon my Stomach ; methinks I am very Maukish.

Luc. You will drink that Chocolate with Ambergreese and Venellies ; I told ye it was not good for ye ; it makes your Blood too rich, and you take no Exercise. I saw you hug *Camilla* just now, as if you would have kiss'd her through and through.

Ant. You make me Blush, Aunt, Is there any harm in kissing her ?

Luc. It was not design'd for your Sister, and look'd to me, as if you had been venting some other Thoughts ; had you been kissing all Mankind in her, you could have express'd no more eagerness. But have ye thought of Somebody else, for your Pattern, instead of *Aurelia* ? Remember that it must be a Woman of my Age, that is marry'd still, or at least was so the greatest part of her Life-time, since she was Twenty Years old. As for *Aurelia*, if she had been the happiest Woman in the World, it was not fair to chuse her, She was marry'd but Seven Years, has been Single above Twenty since, and is hardly Forty four yet.

Ant.

Ant. But then, Aunt, on the other side, I hope you don't suppose I must have *Aurelia's* Indiscretion; if she had but enquir'd into *Dorante's* Character, it seems, he was known enough about Town, she could not have been impos'd upon, and I am too little acquainted with People of your Age, and perhaps of some I don't like the Humours so well, as to wish myself in their Places; or else I could name ye a great many, that are happy, or might be so if they would. But why must I be confin'd to aged People.

Luc. That Reason is plain, because you don't know what the young ones may come to.

Ant. Why might not I hope to live as well as *Aurelia's* Daughter; and end my Days as happily as she is like to do?

Luc. So you may; but pray tell me how happily that will be? *Aurelia's* Daughter is a celebrated Beauty, and has a World of Wit: She is a Lady rides in a Coach and Six: Her Husband is really a Gentleman, a Man of Sense, that has had University Education, study'd very well, and yet is Fashionable, without being a Fop, a Man that loves her, and I believe, is faithful to her: She has two delicate Boys, and as many fine Girls: They have a fine Ancient Seat in the Country, and a good Building in the noblest Square in *England*; keep a splendid House, and have an Income of Three Thousand a Year to maintain it. To this we'll add, that she enjoys all the Pleasures that can be wish'd for on this side of the Grave.

Ant. You have done her abundance of Justice indeed, and if you can shew me in any single Person, a happiness that comes up to this, or can

be thought an equivalent of what you mention'd upon my Virginity, Aunt, I'll be a Maid as long as I live.

Luc. This I say is her present Condition, and I believe she is now about Twenty five Years Old; but would ye look no farther, and only mind the outside of things? Three Thousand a Year, is a great deal of Money, but yet People may live above it.

Ant. But what Reason have you to think they do?

Luc. He loves Horse-racing, and she loves Play; as for her Portion, I am satisfy'd it is gone already; and between you and I, *Antonia*, if you'll go up with me in my Closet, I can shew you very good Land Security for a Thousand Pound, lent to Somebody: I would not have ye take any Notice, but if such things are done in the beginning, what must be expected hereafter? They have hitherto had a Child every Year since they have been marry'd; she is Big again, this may go on to a Dozen for ought you know: Suppose that all these Children shall be handsome, well shap'd, sensible, good-humour'd, and obedient, what Care must not attend the bringing up of so many: But if any of 'em should be crooked, blind, mark'd in the Face, or any other way Deform'd, be Idiots, stubborn or undutiful, what a lasting Trouble would this be? We'll say, they shall have no Rickets, King's-Evil, nor undergo the Miseries of breaking a Leg, an Arm, a Rib; they shall be free from a Thousand Accidents that are daily occasion'd by the Carelessness of Nurses; but shall they have no Measles, Small-Pox, and other great Fits of Sicknes? What Watchings and Anxieties if they live; and

If they dye, what Heart-breaking Sorrow and unfeign'd Tears are not prepar'd for a tender Mother? but we'll grant they shall all grow up to be Men and Women, what a vast Charge will this be, if their Revenue be not sufficient now, whilst they have but Four, that being so young yet, in a manner cost nothing, to what they will hereafter? What will become of them, when they shall have a greater Number, and be at the unavoidable Expence of Cloaths and Education? But this is not all, shall none of the Sons take to ill Courses, be extravagant, unfortunately draw a Quarrel upon him, kill, or be kill'd? Shall all the Daughters be well marry'd, and none of em commit a Folly? Do but consider, *Antonia*, if only One in Twelve should miscarry and some way or other be made miserable, that the Happiness of Eleven, is not able to make amends for a Thousandth part of the Affliction, which that one that is unhappy, must of necessity cause to loving Parents. But I'll agree, that by a miracle, they shall all be irreproachable, and do well; shew me a Fund for the large Sums which the Men shall require, handsomely to begin the World with; or tell me whence the Portions shall arise, that must get Husbands for the Women: What a Comfort must it be to a Lady, that herself has always been caref'd and cherish'd by a Gentleman of an easy indulging Temper, a Man of Parts, of a Soul, and of a Family, when she sees her Daughter, that she has so carefully and so sweetly brought up, wait on the vile Humours of an imperious, ill bred, and sordid Mechanick: And what delight will it not give to her Husband, to throw away some Hundreds of Pounds to procure one of his Sons the

H 4

Happiness

Happiness of being made a Slave for Seven Years, to a miserly Villain of an Usurer ; that in recompence shall spoil his Principles, debase his Mind, and preach nothing to him but Avarice; that shall infuse into him the abominable Rules of reaping the Benefit, and escaping the Punishment of Over-reaching and Extortion. What secret Joy will it not be to his Soul, when he shall hear his own Flesh and Blood say Master, to one that from a Parish Boy, by being a Rogue, is come to be Rich ; one, that for ought himself knows, never had a Grandfather ? What a Pleasure must it be to a Man, as *Aurelia's* Son-in-Law, when for his Child's sake, he shall be forc'd to humour, and shew Respect to such a Fellow, that with a great Paunch, and a Chain about his Neck, shall strut, swell to his Face, and bragging of his ill-got Pelf, impudently laugh at Pedigrees, Politeness, Honour, and whatever is valuable, and unknown to mean and abject Spirits ? All People wish, that every one of their Children may live as well as themselves, and think it a great Hardship, if at least the eldest Son, should after their Deaths, not live in the same Splendour, and inherit as great, and as clear an Estate, to support the unavoidable Dignity, to which he succeeds by his Birth, as his Ancestors left to his Father : Can *Aurelia's* Daughter ever imagine this of her Children ? Is it probable ? nay, is it possible ? and do you think, she'll ever name her Son's Shop, without regret, when she speaks that word ?

Ant. Aunt, you are enough to ruin and unpeople a Common Wealth ; When Yesterday I was reading how solicitous the Emperor *Augustus* was in stocking of his Empire, what Care

and Pains he took to perswade all young People to Matrimony, and how he honour'd and encourag'd such as would marry, I could not forbear thinking on you: If you had liv'd in his Days, and ventilated this Doctrine, you would certainly have come to some Untimely end or other: I must confess, your Discourse has so touch'd me, that I cannot but admire the Wisdom of Nature, in denying to Men and Women, that Foresight, when they are Young, which they acquire at a greater Age: For without that, I verily believe the World could not subsist above Three or Four-score Years; and a New Creation of Men should be wanted once every Hundred Years at least. Tho' as to *Aurelia's* Daughter, concerning Riches, I am still of Opinion, she can hardly fail of living well; for besides what she is to have of her Mother, her Jointure, which Nobody can touch, will always secure her a Plentiful Maintenance.

Luc. When People live above their Income, at their first setting out, it seldom ends well: As to her Jointure, it signifies nothing; they are only of use in Matches that are struck up like *Smithfield* Bargains, for designing Women, that look upon 'em as Annuities, which by their Portions they have purchased; such, as take a Husband for a Cloak, and a Conveniency of being wicked with Impunity, that are resolv'd to part with them, if they won't allow them to be so Vicious as they please: But can a Woman that loves her Husband, reserve any thing from him, if he likewise loves her? Set but the Example of your Mother before your Eyes: She had twice your Fortune, and Fifteen Hundred a Year settled upon her, out of Two Thousand Five Hundred a Year, which your Father had when he marry'd her;

her ; and yet she had the Misfortune of seeing all that reduc'd to nothing, by a Husband, that was guilty of no Vice, but being too generous to his Friends, and too charitable to the Needy : What became of her Jointure, when his Debts made him uneasy ? She gave up her right, and prevented his asking ; they neither of them had Mercenary Souls, but so entertain'd and ply'd one another with Love and Pleasure : He being obliging, and she being grateful, that Care could never enter either : If she had been Mistress of a Thousand Jointures, they would have been sacrific'd, and all made away with, before she would have seen him one Moment out of Humour : I would not say any thing to reflect upon the Dead : Mark only the deplorable End of your Mother when she dy'd, she left the Object of her Love, your Father in a Prison ; and the Pledges of it, her two Daughters, of which, the eldest yourself, was but Six Years, and the youngest not a Month old, no otherwise provided for, than as the Good Will of her Sisters should think fit to dispose of them. Could this happen to your Mother, that had no Charge of Children, and never more living at once than two ; how is *Aurelia's* Daughter insur'd against it, that is likely to have so many ? If you will examine into the Hints that I have given ye, it is impossible, but you must see the black Cloud of Troubles, that is impending over her Head, and may, whenever it breaks, not affect only her, but likewise overtake *Aurelia* herself, whom you now think so happy, and almost beyond the reach of Fortune : She is but a middle Aged Woman, and I can foresee which way she may yet
feel

feel Afflictions, that shall not be inferior to the Death of her Son, and go as near to her Heart ; such as shall arise from what you have call'd great and substantial Blessings, of the first Rate. What makes ye smile ?

Ant. I was thinking, how little I must pretend, that I had no Caution given me, if ever I should play the Fool with myself ; but there's no great Danger, for thus much you have gain'd upon me, that I am thoroughly satisfy'd, Marry'd Women are infinitely more expos'd to Accidents, that may occasion Trouble, Grief and Misery than Maids, and if Any body comes to court me to Day, he has chose his Time very ill : For I can assure ye, Aunt, that what you have said, has made a great Impression upon me, and I would not be *Aurelia*, nor her Daughter neither.

Luc. And yet I have said nothing of the Personal and Bodily Sufferings, that attend Matrimony, and if Women are not Barren, are inseparable from it. I have not spoke of the losing of your Shape, the fading of your Beauty, which I know you value : When *Aurelia's* Daughter was a Maid, she was talk'd of every where, for having an extraordinary fine Bosom, let her now compare once her Breasts to yours, and see which are the firmest. Don't ye observe what little Resistance they make to her Stays, and how they begin to give way to them, when she stoops, or bows forward, to what they did four or five Years ago ? Is it not a thousand Pities to see a young brisk Woman, well made, and fine limbed ? As soon as she is Poyson'd by Man, reach, puke and be sick, ten or twelve times in a Day,

for

for a Month or Six Weeks ; and after that, swell for Seven or Eight Months together, till like a Frog, she is nothing else but Belly. Would you not think it hard, to have an Uneasiness, that shall last ye Nine Months, which in abundance of Women, is one continu'd Distemper.

Ant. If these little Disorders of Breeding were the worst, I should not think so much of it ; for I see Men and Women both, laugh at 'em daily.

Luc. So they'll do if any one scalds his Throat, to let him know, that it was his own Fault, by being so greedy in swallowing : They don't laugh at the thing itself, but the thinking on what has been the Occasion tickles their Fancies. But what Reason has she that feels the Smart to laugh ? You call them little Disorders, but if it was your Case, you'd find 'em perhaps great Ones. 'Tis true, all are not bad alike, some are stronger than others, in resisting Poysons. But if Man was not a Venomous Creature, how would it be possible, that a Hail, Plump Girl, of a good Complexion, should in so little time after Conversing with him, turn thin Visag'd, Pale, Yellow, and look as if she was bewitch'd ? Not be able to endure the sight of Bread, loathe the best of Food, and in an Instant get an Aversion to twenty things, which she us'd to admire before ; whilst she'll run raving mad for strange nasty and unnatural Messes, that no Human Stomach of People in their Senses ever craved, with an Appetite so uncommon and unaccountable, that if it be not satisfy'd, and she is deny'd, or any ways hinder'd in her Frenetic Lusts, she'll swoon away, be thrown into Convulsions, and such Agonies as have often prov'd
fatal

fatal: Are not these Signs, that the Venom flies up to the Head? Does it not come up to Demonstration, that the Sting of Man comes up to that of the *Tarantula*? And that the Symptoms of the first, are more dreadful, lasting, and pernicious, than they are of the latter? Are there not Hundreds of Women, that from the time they have been three or four Months with Child, to the Minute they are deliver'd, in such continual Torments, that all that while, they enjoy not one half Night's Rest, or one Hour's Ease, in which they can say, they are wholly free from Pain? When they begin to feel this Misery, what an uncomfortable Reflection must it not be, to think that without hope of Cure, it is to last so many Months; and that then they cannot get rid of it, but by undergoing an uncertain Set of Pains, each of which is a greater Torture, than dying any other way. Mind what I tell ye, *Antonia*, 'tis not a Trifle, a Pain that racks, distorts, and wrings at one and the same Instant, every Nerve, nay every Fibre, from the Crown of the Head, to the Sole of the Foot: A Torture so exquisite, and so universal, that Art nor Cruelty, could ever imitate it; and Nature knows not such another. When this is over, then begins the Danger: An unconceivable Weariness seizes the Body all over: The Strength of Muscles and Sinews is spent, the Organs of hearing are become so tender, that the least Noise disturbs their Brain, and the lowest Speech is offensive; the very Eye-strings are strain'd, the Sight impair'd, and nothing but Darkness can ease them: And besides, that the Stomach is weak, and for want of Spirits, unable to digest, the whole Mass of Blood is disorder'd: We
may

may well imagine, that missing so many Parts, through which of late it us'd to circulate, it cannot easily again confine itself to its ancient Limits: Being in this Confusion, every small Accident is able to inflame it, and be the Cause of a fatal Fever. What Numbers have lost their Lives in Child-Bed, your own Mother for one, a whole Fortnight she was like to do well, and yet dy'd within the Month.

Ant. Dear Aunt, let me hear no more of it.

Luc. Dear Niece, I am so full of it, methinks I have said but little yet. I have not spoke of the Faintings, Cramps, the intollerable Headachs, and violent Cholicks, that are so familiar to them: I have not told ye what Multitudes, tho' they survive, are made miserable, nor mention'd the Unskilfulness and Neglect of Midwives, or the many lingring Distempers and lesser Ailments, that attend some Women as long as they live: But if this they escape, the Skin will be wrinkled, the little Capillary Veins, that are so ornamental to it, must be broke in many Places; the Flesh be loosen'd, the Ligaments relax'd, the Joynts be stiffen'd, and made unactive: This perhaps you may slight, but be assured, that the Bearing, as well as Bringing forth of Children, wastes Women, wears 'em, shakes, spoils, and destroys the very Frame and Constitution of them.

Ant. I can but thank ye Aunt, for your Affection; the Zeal you speak with, abundantly convinces me of the Concern you have for me, tho' I have not understood some hard Words, and several things you have nam'd, by which, I fancy you have learn'd to be a Midwife, and study'd Surgery.

Luc.

Luc. I have read several Books of Physick, and abundance of things, that Women seldom trouble their Heads with ; but I always was of Opinion, that in knowing the World, was comprehended the understanding of one's self; and think, that the Study of *Anatomy*, and the inward Government of our Bodies, is as diverting and fully of as much use, as the contriving, and making the best order'd, and most exact Piece of Fillegrew Work, that ever was seen; and I'm sure, what I know of the first, has not cost me half the Time, that I have known People, when I was young, bestow upon the latter.

Ant. It is a wonder, that since you have been so curious, in examining all these things that belongs to Men and Women, it never came into your Head, to confirm your Knowledge by Experience.

Luc. I understand ye very well, Niece, you mean, why I did not marry ? I hate Experiments that are dangerous, and would rather be ignorant in some things, than run mad for knowing too much.

Ant. I believe that the Pangs, and other Bodily Calamities, are very dreadful to Women, that have Children, and that the ill Consequences are many : All this, and whatever else you told me, bear a great Weight with me; yet I don't doubt, but there are equivalents of Pleasure, and something must be very inviting in Matrimony, or else, why should all young People have such a mind to it ? And why should Nature, as soon as they are fit for it, so much prompt and set them on to it ?

Luc.

Luc. What prompted you five years ago, to eat Cinders and bits of Wall ?

Ant. That was a depraved Appetite, a Distemper.

Luc. Who told ye that this is not ? May I not say of an Angler's Bait, what you say of Marriage ? There must be something very inviting in it, or else the Fishes would not catch at it so greedily. You and I may talk of this, till we lose our selves ; but Nobody shall ever persuade me, to be in love with the Bait, if I know that I must swallow the Hook at the same time.

Ant. But then do you think there would be Pleasure, if it was not for the Hook ?

Luc. That's another Question : I never was marry'd, I can't tell that Experience is not to be had at my rate ; would you have Anybody try, whether the Ice was strong enough to bear him, if he saw People fall in before him ?

Ant. That's a cold Simile in Summer.

Luc. I thought it was a good one, but if you please, I'll give ye another, that shall be fitter for the Weather, as well as your Constitution ; would he have me pay for my Curiosity as *Pliny* did, and perish by the Flames, to know the Cause of them.

Ant. The Application is plain, if Matrimony be like a *Vesuvius*, and Men are made of Brimstone : But two or three Days ago you promis'd to tell me, whence that first Aversion you have to Men proceeded ; pray be as good as your Word, for since you had the same Inclinations as others, I want to know what curb'd them : You was always a great Fortune, and, I believe, without

without Flattery, very agreeable, when you was young. What could frighten ye from Wedlock? What could inspire you with those unnatural Notions you have now?

Luc. Love and Reason.

Ant. What! Aunt, was you ever in Love?

Luc. Yes, with my self: I always was so unnatural, as to deny my Appetite what my Reason told me would hurt me, tho' my Inclination was never so strong: By what I have heard and seen, I am convinc'd, that cold and large Draughts are prejudicial in Fevers; and therefore, when I am ill, I chuse to bear the Torment of Drought rather than endanger my Life.

Ant. But all this while I am not able to discover, what Thoughts, what Sentiments, you harbour about Men; most commonly you speak ill of 'em, and seem to hate 'em, and yet sometimes, you talk of 'em with esteem, and extol 'em to the Skies.

Luc. I judge of things as I find 'em, without being influenc'd by my Love, or my Hatred; I have an Aversion to Men, and yet can admire their Parts and good Qualities, in which they excel us: And as there is nothing more foolish, tho' few things more practis'd, than for People to let their Inclination interfere with their Reason; I have always endeavour'd to avoid it, my Hatred to Man, is built on the same Foundation with the Enmity and Ill-will, which all wise Princes, and States of *Christendom*, bear to the King of *France*: They know he is a Sagacious Man of profound Sense, that has had time to join a prodigious Experience to a Solid Judgment; a

Prince of incredible Application, and indefatigable in Business : Every one of 'em knows, that he is infinitely more Powerful than himself.

Ant. Are these the Sentiments that the Princes have of the King of *France* ?

Luc. Depend upon it they are, and I could tell ye abundance more of his Heroick Patience, and Steadiness in Misfortunes, if it was to my purpose.

Ant. I can never think this is his Character ; if it was, instead of all combining against him, they would treat him with a great deal of Veneration.

Luc. Why so ? What are his Personal Qualities ? What is his Greatness to them, as long as it is manifest, he would make them his Vassals ? would you not have them execrate an Ambitious Monarch, that has nothing of Religion but what his Politicks direct ? That laughs at Oaths, and solemn Promises, and knows nothing binding, but his Interest ? Should they not hate and detest him, when it is so visible, that he would bring all *Europe* under his Yoak, and breaks through all Laws, Human and Divine, to have his Will ? They have learn'd by woeful Experience, that often he has been too strong for three or four of the most Potent, and that commonly, he is too Cunning for them altogether ; but the greater his Abilities are, the more they ought to be apprehended : If singly, they cannot face him, and knock him down fairly, are they not in the right, to fall upon him with united Force as they do, and rather worry the Common Enemy into Ruin, than suffer themselves to be enslaved by him ?

Ant.

Ant. Then, it seems, the King of *France*, has given those Princes and States great Provocations; and it is very reasonable they should be his Enemies. What has Mankind done to you? Have they made War against you? How have they deserv'd your Hate?

Luc. They have enslav'd our Sex: In *Paradice*, Man and Woman were upon an even foot; see what they have made of us since: Is not every Woman that is marry'd a Slave to her Husband; I mean, if she be a good Woman, and values her Promise.

Ant. If you was in other Countries, perhaps you might have Reason to complain; but in *England*, Women are treated very Respectfully, as well as Tenderly.

Luc. 'Tis that Respect and Tenderness I hate, when it consists only in outward shew: In *Holland* Women sit in their Counting-houses, and do Business, or at least are acquainted with every thing their Husbands do. But says a Rascal here, No, my Dear, that is too much Trouble; those Butter-Boxes don't know how to treat Ladies; Men should only study how to give 'em Pleasure: With this he sends her to the Play-House; and when she comes Home, there's an Extent out against her Husband, all that they have in the World is gone, and they tear the very Rings from the Lady's Fingers, that was so respected an Hour ago. Is not this enough to make a Woman run mad.

Ant. But pray, if a Man be great in the World, and receives any Honour, does not the Wife partake of it; and is she not esteem'd accordingly?

Luc. So do the Servants too; all the Family commonly fares the better for the Master's Grandeur; I have thought sometimes, the very Horses have run merrily, when I have seen 'em draw a Favourite's Coach: But I have no mind to tell ye the hundredth part now, of what I have to say to ye upon this Head. I'll shew ye one thing that perhaps may make ye love the Sex; pray see, what fine Thoughts they have of us, and how they derive our Inconstancy from *Eve* our Mother.

Ant Would ye have me Read it aloud?

Luc. Yes, if you will, *Antonia*.

*When Adam saw the Beauty by his Side,
With new-born Joy, he view'd the charming Bride:
Her, whom he knew on no small Errand sent,
Because procur'd by the Omnipotent.
But if he lik'd, and lov'd her eagerly,
Impatient to enjoy the Heavenly She,
As for her Part, shew'd no great Cruelty.
And Adam quickly found, much for our Good,
That she was made of the same Flesh and Blood.
Both gaz'd, both were surpriz'd; and as they ey'd
With wishful Looks, what neither strove to hide,
Both equally o'ercome, by diff'rent Charms,
Rush'd, without Courtship, to each other's Arms:
Dissolv'd at once, and shot thro' ev'ry Vein,
Felt all the Joys of Love, without the Pain.
On her it work'd with greater Influence,
Than all her Daughters e'er could boast of since.
Sure, Friend, this happy Fair, who never knew
The Intrigues of Church or Play-house, must be true.
Was ever Woman honest, it was she;
Perhaps you'll say, she was forced so to be:
There were no other Men, and being alone,
'Twas Hopson's Choice, she must have him, or none.*

We

*W'are both mistaken, and shall not perceive,
 If we mind well, such Innocence in Eve ;
 For tho' her 'Spouse was of such noble Mein,
 Of Shape so graceful, and of Limbs so clean,
 With Vigour, Eloquence, and Knowledge blest,
 And without doubt, not wanting of the rest,
 Unless a Man, fram'd by immortal Skill,
 To stock the World, could be thought furnish'd ill ;
 Yet of the nuptial Bower she weary grew,
 And as she lov'd, still long'd for something new :
 And tho' at Home she had a Lord so great,
 That even Angels envy'd him his State ;
 Yet as a Husband, she could leave him there,
 In hopes to meet with other Joys elsewhere ;
 And once got out of Sight, she prov'd so frail,
 That she would listen to a Serpent's Tale,
 And rather enter with the Devil in Chat,
 Than be a Woman, and not be Coquet.*

Luc. How do you like it ?

Ant. I could hang the Author with all my Heart, but according to your Rule, I must say thus of it, there is a witty Turn upon poor *Eve* ; some Lines are very strong, but they are as much inclin'd to be bawdy, or else the whole is writ pretty well ; and I must hate the Author for striving to expose our Sex.

Luc. Right : So I would have you judge of every Thing according to the Merits. Come, *Antonia*, I don't like your Yawning ; rather than be idle, let you and I play a Game at Chefs.

Ant. I can't, unless you give me a Rook.

Luc. Why don't you ask for the Queen ? Come, any thing.

THE SEVENTH
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Lucinda and *Antonia*.

Lucinda. IF I am not mistaken, Niece, you have eat with a better Appetite than you did Yesterday : How does your Dancing-bout agree with you ?

Antonia. I thank you for your Advice, Aunt ; I am much better than I was, but don't you think it dangerous to trust me among so many handsome young Fellows ?

Luc. Much less, than where there is but one or two ; because the Objects jostle out one another, and none can make a deep Impression.

Ant. That may be ; but when they handle me about, and I am so close to 'em, as one is oblig'd to be in Country-Dances, it makes a strange Commotion within me, in spite of my Teeth : At first of all it is as if it would stifle me, and takes away my Breath.

Luc.

Luc. That is because it is sweet, and the Men draw it. Did you never hear of Cats sucking the Breath of Children ?

Ant. But, without bantering, Aunt, did you ever observe that in yourself? It is only in the beginning ; as soon as I am tir'd a little, it goes off.

Luc. When I was young, without doubt, I was as the rest : But don't be troubled at it, the more you frequent great Companies, the sooner it will wear off. Do but keep 'em from reasoning, and being alone with you, and you are safe ; for I never fear your falling in Love at Sight. I know, that being so near 'em, as well as the Wantonness of the Motion itself, by making an Agitation in the Blood, stirs up the Thoughts, and raises some hidden Wishes ; but the same Motion long continu'd, by dissipating the Spirits, will lay 'em again, and you'll always find yourself easier after it.

Ant. I did as you bid me, and tir'd myself heartily ; we made it pass Two. Nobody can follow Directions more strictly than I do yours. Did you see me touch a Drop of Gravy at Dinner ?

Luc. I was glad of it. Dear Niece, do but use yourself to a slender, or at least a plain Diet, and take a great deal of Exercise ; always strive to be merry, and never be idle. Observe but these Things, and the Men may go whistle.

Ant. Now you talk of Men, I can't forbear thinking of the King of *France* ; I never heard a Man prais'd and spoke against so much at the same time.

Luc. I could tell you abundance more.

Ant. Why won't you, Aunt? I wonder at you, every Cobler and Tinker talks Politicks. Our *Tom* and the Coachman were at it the Night before last, 'till they were ready to quarrel. I am sure, I know as much as they: You always make me read the News, and look every Place in the Map, and yet you'll never talk to me about State-Affairs.

Luc. That is, because you are not fit for it, nor I neither, indeed: Those that would meddle with 'em, ought to have not only read, but digested all manner of History, that they may be ready to compare what is present, with what has been; and be able, upon every Accident, allowing for the difference of Time and Place, to judge of the Event of Things to come.

Ant. You have read a great deal, and I have read a little, Aunt.

Luc. To be vers'd in History, is but one Branch, there is more requisite. A Politician that would pretend to foresee what shall happen, ought to be acquainted with other Countries, as well as he is with his own, to know the great Cities, their Commerce, the Sea-ports, their Shipping, the Fortifications, Artillery, Stores and Ammunition; all the Towns of Note, the Number of Villages, and People they contain, the Soil, the Climate, the Extent and Product of every Province; some of these Things are very difficult to be learn'd. The ablest People in our Nation, when we had gain'd that glorious Victory over the *French* at *Hockstedt*, did not think it would ever have been in the Power of *France* to lose such a Battel as that of *Ramillies*; much less

less that they could have made all those Shifts, and that great Resistance with which hitherto they have oppos'd the Conquests of the wisest Generals, and the bravest Soldiers.

Ant. To know what you speak of in all the Countries of *Europe*, would take up more than one Man's Life time.

Luc. This is not all, he ought likewise to know the Prince, and all his Court, or at least his chief Ministers and Generals, their Abilities, Circumstances and Inclinations, all their Vertues and Vices.

Ant. And do you think that there are many that have this universal Knowledge?

Luc. No: And that is the Reason why all People guess so madly, and are so much out of the Way, when they are Fools enough in giving their Opinion of what is to come. Let a Man be of the greatest Learning, Sense, and Perspicuity, if he wants this Knowledge, at least of the Countries in question, I would value his Predictions about Peace or War, or the Alliances of Princes, no more than yours, tho he was one of the Managers.

Ant. Since there are so few that can boast of this vast Knowledge, I can't think that there is a Folly in passing one's Judgement on Things, of which there is no certainty, if it be modestly done. When a Question is ask'd, People must say something; Nobody loves to seem altogether ignorant.

Luc. And yet nothing shews more Candor and Ingenuity, than when a Man of Parts confesses his Ignorance; especially in Things of Moment, that require Pains and Labour,

Ant.

Ant. I think it looks very affectedly, for People to pretend not to understand a Thing, when all the World knows they excel in it.

Luc. I don't mean that coxcomby Way of Humility, by which your insipid People pretend to be ignorant of what themselves, as well as others, are perswaded that they are Masters: As some that can sing well, will fulsomly tell you, that they have no Skill, or no Voice, or else that they are hoarse; when themselves and every Body else know the contrary. I speak of that shining Quality, when People of Sense, that understand their Business thoroughly, and are great Proficients in the Studies to which they have apply'd themselves, without Hesitation, own their Ignorance of what they really don't know.

Ant. I should think that's soon done.

Luc. It is so in such as yourself, but to People of Parts and Learning, that are of some Fame, it is harder than you think; for when they begin to see that they are generally taken for knowing Persons, their Pride makes 'em such Fools as to fancy they shall perswade the World, that they know every Thing, which is ridiculous; and this is the Reason why I think it silly for People to make Prognostications in Politicks, when they are conscious in their own Hearts, that they know nothing of it.

Ant. I can very well perceive, that it is a Fault to meddle with things we don't understand, but why is it such a Beauty to confess that we are ignorant?

Luc. 'Tis a Sign of good Breeding, and a sort of fair Dealing, when Persons that have not ill bestow'd their Time, scorn to appear more knowing than they really are. When I speak to
Any-

Anybody that is always us'd ingenuously to tell me when he don't understand or know a Thing, it inspires me with a greater Confidence in his Knowledge, when he undertakes a Thing, or when he says nothing.

Ant. Then I find I must ask you no Questions about State Affairs, because you want those necessary Qualifications, which are so difficult to be attain'd to, that People may be extraordinary well accomplish'd, and yet be wholly to seek in them.

Luc. You have hit it; they are so difficult, that it is an Accomplishment to know all the Difficulty of it. It is very hard in some Countries to be well acquainted with the hidden Springs that give Life to the several Courts of Justice; the several Pullies, by the help of which, the Money is hoisted up from the very Bottom to the Top, as well as the many Holes thro' which it is suffer'd to drop down again, with the Wheels that turn it, and all the other Parts that compose the Machine of Government. Travellers have not Time for it, and seldom troubling their Heads with the Inside, are commonly satisfy'd, if they can but see the Engine play. Those that make it their Business, and enquire into it, are often impos'd upon, by addressing themselves to People that pretend to know more than they do.

Ant. I believe it is a great Task to know those Things; but why should you suppose what you said last?

Luc. I have a great Reason for it, and speak by Experience: A Man that understands himself very well, may be employ'd in one Part of a Government, and yet not know some Things

in another Part that is more remote from his ; or at least, not always exactly remember what is out of his Way. But yet, if a Stranger should, among other Questions, ask him something about a Court or Office, which he happens not to know, if he is a Man of any Figure, and the Stranger likewise one, whose Esteem he values, he'll be asham'd to own his Ignorance, and will often tell him wrong, rather than be thought, by a Man of Sense, not to know a Thing belonging to a Government, in which he is concern'd himself. We had a Man, that has left us very valuable Remarks made of a Neighbouring Country : He is generally very exact in the Description of their Government ; yet tho' he was a great Statesman, a Light of the Age, that was an Ambassador there, and liv'd a great while upon the Spot, I can shew you in his Writings, what could not be there, unless he had been misinform'd. The seven United Provinces are very near ; there is a very strict Alliance between them and us, and both actually shew, at this present Time, such an unparallel'd Confidence in one another, as never was seen before between two such powerful Neighbours, of so different an Interest in Trade ; and yet, though we have so great a Commerce with them, how few People have we here, that exactly understand their Government ! The Prints may mention the States of *Holland*, the Court of *Holland*, and the Court of *Brabant* ; speak of the States General, the Council of State, or the committed Council ; but most People can only tell you, that they are several Courts and Assemblies : If you ask 'em what sort of Ministers they are compos'd of, and their Numbers, or what is the proper Business

ness for each Place, few can answer with any exactness; and I know some Persons of good sense, and even of Quality, that have no clearer Notion of 'em, tho' they are next Door to us, than they have of the *Mandarins* in *China*; and what is worse, think themselves no more oblig'd to know the one, than the other, to judge of State-Affairs. They read of the hundred Penny, but there are abundance of People that know no more of it, than that it is a certain Tax so call'd, but what Part of their Income it is, they are altogether ignorant of. If they knew what that Tax meant, a great many that grumble at paying four Shillings in the Pound, would not so much expose themselves by complaining, that the *Dutch* contributed not proportionably to the War, as much as themselves; when they should see, that by paying the hundred Penny twice a Year, as they have done for some Time, they give away just half their Revenue; and that this they pay not only of their Land and Houses, (which the Country being so small) are inconsiderable to their other Riches, but likewise that, in which their Wealth chiefly consists, the Money that from Time to Time they lend the Government, tho' the Province of *Holland* allows no higher Interest than Four *per Cent*. And now I am speaking of this, I cannot but think, that if our People should know what other Taxes, heavy Excises, and innumerable Duties they pay besides, not only upon Wine, Beer, Fuel, and others, that we have, but such as are unheard of here; as upon the keeping of Servants, the grinding of Corn, which is terrible to the Poor; if I say, some of our People should know how they are oblig'd to pay certain Sums, at
which

which they are rated for using Salt, and Soap; whether they consume little or much; how every Family that will drink Tea, Coffee, or Chocolate, must pay a great Tax for it, tho' they had but one Dish of any of the three in the whole Year: Should they consider all this, and that the very Cows pay for having Horns, they would think our Burden much lighter than theirs, and cry out, *Blessed England!*

Ant. Blessed *Great Britain*, you mean, Aunt.

Luc. That is no Proverb yet, Niece.

Ant. I can contradict nothing of what you have said; but I must ask you one Question, since, according to your Description, it is an utter Impossibility that there should be a perfect Politician: Why would you insinuate, as if some People were to blame for not being so?

Luc. To be well vers'd in a Science is one Thing, and to be perfect in it, is another. I don't believe, more than you, that there is any one Man that knows all those Things which I have nam'd, of all the principal Kingdoms and Commonwealths in *Europe*; but there may be such as are very well acquainted with one or two Countries besides their own, and know a great deal of the rest; and thus he ought to be qualify'd, that from present Circumstances, can pretend to give a tolerable Guess of what shall happen hereafter. This was the Reason why I told you, that you nor I were fit to talk of Politicks; because I know that by talking of 'em, you mean foretelling what is to come. But as these Predictions are very unprofitable, considering what Accomplishments they require, I see no Necessity why one Man should be put to all that Trouble: It is enough that all the Court and the whole

whole Government of a Nation can make up such an exact Body of Politicks as I have mention'd ; which yet it is a Shame that any gallant Kingdom, or State, that makes a Bustle in the World, should want. The King of *France* has whole Sets of 'em, that study some one Country, and some another, as appears in all his Negotiations.

Ant. Yes, yes, Aunt, I know the King of *France* is a great Man with you.

Luc. The more you jest with that, the more I'll be in earnest. I know that *Lewis* the XIVth is a wicked Tyrant, and so may I prosper as I wish his Fall. This hinders me not, but I can observe his wonderful Atchievements. In Feats of War he has out-done *Alexander* and *Cesar* both ; in encouraging Learning, and promoting all Arts and Sciences, in embellishing his Kingdom, and polishing his Nation, he has exceeded *Augustus*, and shew'd himself both at Home and Abroad, a deeper Politician than *Tiberius*.

Ant. You talk of *Alexander*, and *Cesar* ; *Lewis* the XIVth never was fam'd for personal Valour.

Luc. You talk of a Trifle, a Quality that may fall in every unthinking, fool hardy Fellow, that has more Pride than Fear. Courage by itself, if it be a Vertue, is a very unregarded one. How many brave Fellows have we lost these two last Wars, by Sea and Land, that were forgot, before they were quite cold ? 'Tis a good Encomium to a private Soldier, to tell him, that he is stout, resolute, and undaunted ; and perhaps it may do as far as a Captain ; but if you come higher, where they must be either People of great Birth,
or

or else such that have convers'd with Gentlemen a great while, and are us'd to Danger ; there it is not suppos'd they can want it.

Ant. How ! not suppos'd ?

Luc. No, not in Armies ; for if a young Officer be a Coward, he is soon found out, and then he is baited as much as a Bear at a Stake ; for he presently becomes the Object of every Youngster that would shew his Valour at a cheap Rate ; so that he is either cuff'd or beat into Courage, or else, if he be not knock'd o'th' Head, forc'd to quit the Game, and lay down his Soldiership, before he can be advanc'd. In a great Officer, it is look'd upon as the least of his Qualifications ; but to tell a General, one that commands an Army, that he has Courage, is a very insipid Compliment ; the Reason is, because, to make up a good one, a great many other Accomplishments are requir'd, more valuable than Courage, because they are infinitely more scarce, and some very hard to be met with. Most of our Country Fellows, when they are us'd to the Fire, will run up to the Mouth of a Cannon, and yet I don't see they are treated with abundance of Respect for it.

Ant. I don't know how little you may esteem 'em, but the best General in the World would be very insignificant without 'em.

Luc. No more than a great Architect without Bricklayers, Masons, Carpenters, &c. and don't you think it would have been a strange Compliment to Sir *Ch. Wren*, to have told him, that he was not only a great Man in contriving and giving the necessary Orders for such a Fabrick as *Paul's*, but that likewise he could lay a Brick as well as
the

the best of 'em? If it be unwise in a General to run the Danger of a Captain, or a Colonel, would it not be foolish in him to be expos'd at all? The Princes, that have been fam'd for Courage, had commonly no more than one great Army, in which, their All was at a Stake, and Nobody they could trust with the Management of 'em, as well as themselves. *Lewis* the XIVth has train'd up, by his Care, great Numbers of Generals that are fit to Command, and his vast Genius heads half a Score Armies at once, whilst he sits in his Closet, and sends necessary Orders to 'em all. *Alexander* and *Cesar* together never had half his Business upon their Hands. The Invention of the Funds, the raising of Money, and the continual patching up the broken Credit of *France*, require great Abilities, and take up a bundance of time. *Alexander's* Soldiers liv'd upon the Plunder of the Countries they had conquer'd: Those of *Cesar* did either the same, or else were furnish'd by those Provinces of the Empire that were of his Side, or other Countries that were his Friends. *Alexander* subdu'd whole Kingdoms in less time than our Armies with all their Artillery and Ammunition could march thro' 'em.

Ant. Was his Glory not the greater the sooner he obtain'd his Victories?

Luc. No, Unless he had found greater Opposition than he did, Had *Porus* been an *Eugene*, or *Darius* a *Marlborough*, the *Persians* been *Englishmen*, and the *Indians* *Dutchmen*, or *Germans*, *Alexander* might have liv'd to be Fourscore, before he should have had Occasion to be concern'd for what he cry'd for at Thirty.

Ant. You can't say the same of *Caesar*, his *Romans* had *Romans* to fight with ; and *Pompey*, before he lost the Battel of *Pharsalia*, was fully as great a General every way as himself.

Luc. That's true, and therefore you see one decisive Battle did *Pompey's* Business ; he was not able to lose a *Ramellies* after his *Hockstedt*.

Ant. I cannot be of your Opinion, and am more pleas'd with one single Action of *Alexander*, than with all that the King of *France* has done in his Life time.

Luc. We don't talk of being pleas'd ; the King of *France* never pleas'd me at all, but of late, when he has given us an Opportunity to beat him.

Ant. I mean, where *Alexander* throws himself from the Wall of the City, in the midst of his Enemies, and fights all alone against so many, after he is wounded : There, I say, he shew'd more Gallantry than *Lewis* the XIVth ever did.

Luc. I can't tell very well how it was in *Alexander's* time, but if a General, that commands an Army in Chief, should do so now, I know what he should deserve ; if it was left to me, I would send for the first Surgeon that could be got.

Ant. You jest, Aunt ; I don't mean as to his Wounds.

Luc. No, nor I neither ; I did not so much as think on 'em.

Ant. What would you do with the Surgeon then ?

Luc. To have him blooded, and his Head shav'd ; and after that, I would put him in a dark Room, with clean Straw in it.

Ant.

Ant. Oh abominable! What! Would you treat him like a mad Man?

Luc. Without doubt; for, I believe, Nobody would think him to be otherwise. Can a Man be thought in his Wits, to expose the Lives of so many Thousands, that in a manner only depend upon his?

Ant. At that Rate, you have but little Respect for the most gallant Prince of the Age, the King of *Smeden*.

Luc. You never heard me say so, I have a great Respect for all Kings.

Ant. But if Courage be worth nothing, why is Cowardice counted so despicable in Princes?

Luc. I never said Courage was not to be esteem'd, but I would not have you over-value it. It is a Happiness to have all our Bones formed and plac'd as they should be; but do you think, because it is a high Reflection upon crooked People, to upbraid 'em with their Shape, that in Proportion, it is as great a Compliment to tell others that they are strait?

Ant. That is, because most People are strait.

Luc. And so most Princes have Courage; their lofty Education, and the Pride they are inspir'd with, bend 'em so powerfully that Way, that they are next to Monsters if they want it. But what makes you think the King of *France* is a Coward?

Ant. Because he don't care for fighting himself.

Luc. I have answer'd that already, but I know I can't convince you; the reading of Romances has too much spoil'd your Judgement.

Ant. No, Aunt; I am not such a Fool neither, as to believe People are to be cleft asunder at a Blow.

Luc. I have heard you defend the Character of *Almanzor* in the Conquest of *Granada*, and that is worse.

Ant. That's long ago, but yet I believe one may have an Aversion against Cowardice, without being a *Don Quixot*.

Luc. But then you should not be so rash. Fighting is not the only Thing that shews Courage. The *French King's* Enterprize upon *Europe*, when Nobody disturb'd him, the Fortitude with which he has bore his Disgraces, and the Intrepidity he has shewn in the repairing of his Losses, are great Signs of Magnanimity, and Qualities that are inconsistent with the Nature of a Coward.

Ant. Then I'll have done with his Courage, but you said several other fine Things of him, that I can't find out. What Encourager of Arts and Learning he has been, I can't tell; but that by his Ambition, his Kingdom is reduc'd to a miserable Condition, we hear from all Parts: How flourishing it has been, I don't know; but I remember, when I was a little Girl, you told me yourself, that the Country People in *France* were very poor, and for the generality, wore wooden Shoes. As for his Politicks, I don't understand 'em; tho' I believe, by what I have heard People say, that he has been as often baffl'd and out-witted, as any Prince in *Europe*. Truly, I don't think what he did lately, was a very cunning Trick, when knowing that Five *Englishmen* can beat Ten *Frenchmen* at any Time, he sent Five Thousand Men to invade us. And then

then the Persecution of his Protestant Subjects, all the World says, was a great Oversight; nay, my own Reason can tell me, that losing so many Men, must weaken a Kingdom. Besides, a great many that would have fought his Battels, are daily, with Success, employ'd against him; Thousands have been sent to the Gallies, Thousands have been dragoon'd, and Hundred Thousands have fled to other Countries. If you say, these were Protestants, and them he hated, then pray see how well the *Roman* Catholicks fared, whom he lov'd? Several Hundred Thousands have been kill'd long ago, all fighting in an unjust Cause: The Soldiers that have escap'd being knock'd o'th' Head, are starv'd; strain upon their Landlords for their Pay, and by being so often beaten, are become Cowards into the Bargain. In the Cities, the greatest Bankers are broke, the lesser Merchants are like to follow: In the Country, the Gentry are exhausted by Taxes, abundance of Villages are desolate, and in the rest they want Bread. And all this by the great Care their politick King has taken in imbellishing his Kingdom, and making his People flourish. If these be his Politicks, the Lord preserve us from such Politicians!

Luc. Amen, with all my Soul. You have taken a great deal of Pains, Niece, but since you have exerted yourself with so much Zeal, I'll endeavour to make good my Assertions, and take the Trouble to answer you at large. First, as to his Politicks: I should wonder why you have only pick'd out two Instances, and such as are not very plain, and may be disputed, when you might have nam'd a great many, by which it is as clear as the Sun, that the King of *France* has

taken wrong Measures! I should wonder at this, I say, but that I know it is for want of being acquainted with the Transactions of *Europe*. But since you cannot be a Judge of what you don't know, I'll answer only what you have mention'd.

Ant. But, with your Leave, Aunt, I don't think that is fair, for by so doing, you shall only gain your Point for want of Opposition: If you would hold your Argument without any Sophistry, and in Reality assert what you have said, you ought, where the King of *France* has been out, to take Notice of it yourself, or else inform me.

Luc. Do I not take Notice of it sufficiently, when I own, that he has been often in the wrong? It would be too tedious to relate those several false Steps and would do you no good. To have taken wrong Measures, makes no Prince a bad Politician, when it appears, that he has taken more substantial good ones. The King of *France* has several times shot wide of the Mark; but if you consider the Vastness of his Undertakings, the Multitude of his Negotiations, and that great Concern he has had for Fifty Years in most of the Courts of *Europe*, it will be difficult to find a Prince of half his Standing, and that has had but a quarter Part of his Business, that has committed so few Errors in Politicks, as himself. Besides, that a great many Things prove unsuccessful at the End, that were well concerted at the Beginning.

Ant. But that I hope may be said of the one, as well as of the other,

Luc.

Luc. It may so : Politicks are no mathematical Demonstrations. In the Event of Things, you may see, that very minute Accidents, which to all Appearance were inconsiderable Trifles when they happen'd, have often given strange Turns to Affairs at a long Run. These Accidents are no where more frequent than in Sieges and Campaigns. I was once prepar'd to receive the unwelcome News of the Siege of *Lisle's* being rais'd, and yet you see that important City has been taken, and we made a glorious Campaign.

Ant. I believe there is a Snake in the Grass.

Luc. Why?

Ant. Tell me really, Aunt, would you not, by what you have said, insinuate, that it was more Luck than Cunning, that we took it, and by that eclipse the Glory of our Generals?

Luc. No indeed, and I wonder, when you see I am so nice in giving what is due to our greatest Enemy, you can suspect, that I intend to detract, and sully the Honour of our greatest Friends ! I am none of those, and far from it : I was going to say, that as soon as our People saw a little Hint in the *Gazette*, which indeed I did not like myself, they were ready to open their Mouths. I would have told you how unjustly our Nation (the greatest Part of which, never yet esteem'd a General a Minute longer than his Success lasted) would have grumb'd if we had mis'd of our Aim ; and yet the Conduct, Care, and Vigilance of our Generals might have been the same, tho' we had miscarry'd.

Ant. The Reason why I thought you came in with an *Inuendo*, was, because I remember that

at the Time you speak of, you was of Opinion, that they met with far greater Opposition than they had expected at first.

Luc. I am so still; nay, I'll say more, I believe they never would have undertaken it, if they had foreseen what Difficulties they had to surmount.

Ant. And is not that fulying the Glory of that Action?

Luc. No: It is an unpardonable Fault in a General, to be ignorant of what may happen; but Nobody can be blam'd for not always foreseeing what shall happen. As for Example, you and I lay a handsome Wager, which of us shall get soonest to the upper end of the Orchard; in the middle of our Race, you fall down, and hurt your Leg, when you see me out strip you, whilst you feel the Pain and are uncertain how running will agree with you afterwards, I believe you'd wish that you had not laid the Wager; but far from yielding it lost, you get up again, and exerting yourself almost beyond your Strength, you overtake me, and at last become the Conqueror, and are half a Yard before me. Of the Standers by, some that love to find Fault, would say thus: Well, *Antonia* has won much ado, but she has run a great Hazard, once I was afraid she had lost it, and I believe she thought so herself: Sure she did not know her Aunt could run so well; 'twas very imprudent to venture so much Money upon such a doubtful Matter, but it was a strange Oversight, not to think she might have a Fall, when they are so common to People that run in long Coats. And thus, without mentioning your Nimbleness or Resolution, they would blame you for laying the Wager;
but

but an Impartial Judge would tell 'em, that my Coats were as long as yours, that being younger and stronger than your Aunt, you had been much in the right to catch at an even Bet, where you had such an Advantage, and that your not foreseeing the Accident that made the Wager so doubtful, only proceeded from the little Reason you had at setting out, to think that you should fall, and was no Argument of your being so silly as not to know that you could fall: He'd say perhaps that I had ran better than could have been expected, but that all that redounded to your Glory, who had outdone me, the Disadvantage of a Fall notwithstanding: He would add, that tho' you had undergone more Trouble than I, by gaining the Prize, you was over-paid for your Pains; whilst your poor Aunt, by overstraining herself, had very near suffer'd as much as you, and would be stiff and unable to stir for a good while after. Those Similes cannot be so exact every where, but you understand my Meaning.

Ant. Yes Aunt, I do, and I believe it will hold very well; if our Generals, when they undertook the Siege of *Lisle*, had no more Reason to apprehend the Difficulties they unexpectedly met with, than I would fear a Fall in an Orchard I am so well acquainted with.

Luc. I believe they met with Difficulties, of which there was not a tenth Part of the Probability that they would happen, and that they were prepar'd against several that were much more to be fear'd, and did not happen at all. War is full of Chance; but all Circumstances
duly

duly weigh'd, the Probability of Victory is a sufficient Warrant for Action; and could the Scheme of a great Enterprize come up to the Certainty of Demonstration, the Thing itself would cease to be an Enterprize; and, what Glory soever there might be in the Contrivance, there would be none in the Execution. As to the Siege I speak of, it is ridiculous to suppose that such a matchless Brace of Generals, that had so much Reputation to lose, both fortunate Men, that without envying one another, went Hand in Hand, the one to carry on, and the other cover it, should undertake a Thing of that Moment, without having a solid Foundation to hope for, and almost a moral Assurance of Success; more especially, when they had the Assistance, as well as the Consent of the wary *Dutch*, that are so consummate in the Knowledge, not only of every Inch of the Ground, but every Circumstance that can be hop'd or fear'd 'in that Country, and so cautious, even to a Fault (as we think) of exposing their own.

Ant. This is something like, Aunt, I love to hear you talk so, and am glad that the Justification of the *French* Politicks, ends in a Panegyrick upon our Generals.

Luc. I am satisfy'd, *Antonia*, you do not know my Aim; a Panygyrick is a study'd Piece of Flattery, why should you think me guilty of it? I am worth 30,000 *l.* a Woman, and a Lover of Liberty, you'll find yourself much mistaken: I made this Digression upon the Siege of *Lisle*, to serve for an Answer to the first of the Faults you found with the *French* Politicks.

Ant. I don't understand what you mean, or how that is possible.

Luc. I can't help that : From what I have said may be gather'd, that the best concerted Measures, since they may meet with Disappointments, are always liable to the Chicauery of Criticks. I have given you an Instance, how by unexpectedly intervening Rubs, the very Success of a well grounded Undertaking, may plausibly be cavell'd at by those that think, but can't or won't think deep enough ; and this might have taught you, that we ought not to judge of any Event, before we are very well instructed of the Motives of him that began the Action.

Ant. But won't you speak no plainer ?

Luc. No : In some late Year's Invasions, there have been some Things very mysterious to the Publick, and a good Subject ought not to rip up, or at least not to be particular in, and speak at large, of what might contribute either to the Shame or the Grief of his Country.

Ant. This is no Answer at all, Aunt.

Luc. Then I'll give you the Argument, and rather than say what I would not, own, that this was one of the false Steps the King of *France* has made in Politicks ; and we'll grant that the Enterprize was built upon a weak and ridiculous Ground, but you'll give me leave to pray, that no Enemy to *Great Britain* may ever have a better, and *Lewis* the XIVth never such another. Having allow'd you this, I'll go on to the next ; and now let us see what must be thought of the *French* King's persecuting his Protestant Subjects ? He foresaw, without doubt, that some of 'em would help to augment our Armies, and so did we know that by discountenancing of Popery, a great many disaffected Britons, and Irishmen, would fall in with the
King

King of *France*; but I believe few People think, that in his Armies they can do so much Hurt to the Nation as if they were here, or that an *English* General, and some Officers of arbitrary Principles are so prejudicial to us, where they are, as if the one was in the House of Lords, and the rest in the House of Commons. This the *French* King thinks of his Calvinists, as much as we do of our Papists; for the first are by their Principles as great Enemies to a despotick Prince, as the others are to any limited Government.

Ant. The *French* Refugees differ very much in their Opinions about their King, ever since I have learn'd that Language: You know I have been acquainted with several, there's *Madame L'Orgueilleuse* praises him to the Skies, she won't hear the least Word spoke against him, but *Mademoiselle la Bigote*, in talking of him, discovers so much spleen, she can't forbear calling him Names: I have laugh'd heartily to hear her, and *Monfieur L'Opiniatre* strive to out-do one another in Invectives against him; as if they talk'd of a *Newgate* Bird, or a Fellow that had been pillory'd, and not of a Prince.

Luc. The first is foolish, for if they thought him just and good, as well as great and politick, what did they come away for? But to do the other is a very great Fault; it is unmannerly in Anybody to speak disrespectfully of Princes.

Luc. Begging your Pardon, Aunt, if I am not mistaken, I have heard you call him Tyrant, and other Names.

Luc. I might speak a Word that express'd a Resentment, but you never heard me say any Thing that shew'd Contempt. But if this be a Crime in us, it is unpardonable in those that
were

were born under his Government. Good People look upon their native Country, as their Mother, and the Government as their Father. If your Father should even disinherit you, you might be sorry, and think he has not done well by you ; but you must never speak ill of him, and always remember, that whatever he did, still he was your Father.

Ant. But what must a Child do, when he sees his Father and Mother a quarrelling ?

Luc. Never irritate the Wrath of the one, or inflame the Anger of the other, do 'em both all the good Offices you are capable of, in order to appease them ; but never serve the one against the other, tho' they should command you : When their Passion is over, and they are Friends again, depend upon it, they'll both thank you for your Disobedience ; but whatever may happen in a Family, nothing can be a sufficient Provocation for a Child to fly in the Face of the Mother that brought him forth: Tho' I was a Man, I could never wish, much less fight, against my Country.

Ant. But I have other Things to ask you concerning the *French* Protestants.

Luc. And I have abundance more to tell you, but I see it is turn'd of five, and high time to drink Tea, I begin to be a-dry too.

Ant. Then *Grace* it seems knows your Mind, for there she's coming with the Water.

Luc. Bid her carry the Things into the Garden, the Sun is gone off the Summer-house, and we'll go thither.

Ant. I'll wait on you, Aunt.

Luc. Stay, Whither are you running ?

Ant. I'll only step in the Parlour for my Bonnet.

Luc. I saw it in your Hand when you came to Dinner. Here it is.

T H E

THE EIGHTH
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Lucinda and Antonia.

Lucinda. **W**H A T is that Spot upon your Arm, Niece?

Ant. That's a Mark of your beloved Captain, that brought you the Mountain *Malaga*: I believe I have had it above a Fortnight. There is not such a wild Bear again in *England*, as that nasty Terpawlin; he rumples my Head-Cloaths, kisses and flabbers me over every Moment: I hate him mortally. He never was here to see you, but he teaz'd me to Death, he hurts my Arms, squeezes my Hands, pushes me from him, then hauls me to him again, and plays with me as if I was a Puppy that wanted warming.

Luc. A rough, harmless Soul!

Ant. Harmless, do you call him? I am sure, he is very impudent. Last time he was here, he put his Hand down my Bosom, as low as he could thrust it, and he is so strong, I can as well remove the House, as hinder him. I have been
amaz'd

amaz'd sometimes, you never spoke to him ; nay, when he has tumbl'd and towz'd me before your Face, I have seen you smile at it, as if you had been very well pleas'd. I can't imagine you should not apprehend a Man that is really rude, when I see you so very watchful over every civil Gentleman that comes near me, tho' Nobody ever offers to touch me, but that unpolish'd Sea-Monster.

Luc. I know it is a Way he has of shewing his Gallantry, but I don't fear him.

Ant. But I do fear him, for what you call his Gallantry, is down right Incivility.

Luc. Look, look, Niece ; that comes very pat : Don't you see, there in the Meadow ? Pray mind, look.

Ant. I don't know what you mean, nor what you laugh at ; I see nothing to mind.

Luc. Don't you see a Horse stand still ?

Ant. Yes, and a Fellow going up to it : Is there any Rarity in that ?

Luc. Mind how he holds the Bridle upon his Back, and how softly he creeps to him. Open the Sash : Hark, he is a whistling to him, now he takes hold of him , There he claps the Bit into his Mouth. Poor Horse ! He is taken indeed.

Ant. And pray, Aunt, what is all this ?

Luc. This is the Horse that scamper'd about so, when we came first out of Doors.

Ant. I know it is the same that the Boys fear'd with their Hats.

Luc. And can you not perceive that this is an Emblem of what you spoke of ? There is nothing more dangerous, than to trust young Women with what you call civil Gentlemen ; for by not offering

offering any Thing to 'em, they disperse their Fear, and make 'em tame. If once they can persuade 'em to listen calmly to their wheedling Cant, the Bridle is soon thrown over their Heads : And this is the Reason why you have always seen me so distrustful of their Civility, and so little concern'd at the Capatin's Rudeness, because he is just like the Boys that threw their Hats at the Horse ; he may frighten you, but he'll never trick you into Slavery. A Man that is always kissing and hawling of a Woman, puts her upon her Guard himself, and young Women hate nothing more, than Men that are troublesome in teasing and laying hold of 'em, but especially if they tumble their Cloaths, or any ways disoblige their Dress. But don't be angry, Niece, he shall be troublesome no more : I confess seeing his Humour, I have made use of him as a Tool to rouse you, because I know, that when Maids are so serv'd by Men they don't fancy, it not only renders those those that plague 'em, odious to 'em, but likewise makes 'em shy of others, to whom they would else be indifferent.

Ant. I find, Aunt, you leave no Stone unturned, but I remember we were talking of the *French* Protestants before we came into the Garden ; and your Answer seem'd to me plausible enough, as to them that have taken up Arms against their Prince. But leaving them, tell me if you don't think that so many Thousands of Handicraftsmen, that have settl'd Trades, and brought over whole Manufacturies to us, and other Protestant Countries, have done him a great Prejudice ?

Ant.

Luc. It is beyond Dispute, that the Loss of such considerable Numbers has weaken'd his Kingdom, but the Question is, whether the same Numbers might not have been more obnoxious to him if they had staid there? I have observed, that when our Armies are like to come near *Dauphine* and *Provence*, or any other Parts where there is a great many new Converts, we always rejoice at it, and seem not to question, but that as soon as we can protect 'em, they will join us; if our Hopes be not vain, 'tis well for the King of *France*, that there's no more of 'em.

Ant. But what you speak of, Aunt, is only since they have been so ill us'd, before they were the best of Subjects; they always supported him against his Enemies, nay, I have heard 'em say, 'twas they that set the Crown upon his Head.

Luc. They might have been very beneficial to him for one while, and quiet for many Years, and yet the *French King* foresee something in 'em more than Anybody else. He has punish'd 'em for Faults before they were committed. If you ask me whether the Usage which they had from him was not tyrannical, and if you will ungrateful, I'll answer you, Yes: But if you would enquire, whether in the carrying on his Design upon *Europe*, it was his true Interest or not, to use 'em so, I don't believe that any one in all the Universe is so well qualify'd, and able to inform you, as *Lewis* the XIVth himself. It is very needless to touch upon any Thing that ever has been said for or against his destroying the Protestants; let us only reflect first upon the Tranquility of all the Princes of *Europe*, at the Trea-

ty of *Nimiguen*; secondly, upon the Assurance he had of his own Power, when he thought himself a Match for so many but half a Score Years after: Then let us examine what we have seen hitherto, and from their so little apprehending any danger, and the *French King's* Confidence, I think we may safely conclude, that he was better acquainted with the real State of *Europe*, and knew more of his Strength and theirs too, than all together of 'em understood, either of his, or their own. This, in my Opinion, is an undeniable Argument of his having so thoroughly and successfully examin'd his Kingdom, that it would be a Folly to think, that any other Politician should exceed him in the Knowledge of every Thing that might increase its Greatness, or hinder its Growth. Was there ever a *French Hugonot*, Princes of the Blood not excepted, that had that Intelligence, or that constantly receiv'd so true an Account of what was said or done in every Part of *France*? Or is it reasonable to believe, that the *French King* should have been out in knowing of his own Kingdom, when we see he is so expert in others, and has shewn himself so great a Master in Politicks?

Ant. But, Aunt, you use that as an Argument, which you are still to prove:

Luc. Prove! What? That he has shewn himself a great Master in Politicks? Can Anybody doubt of it? Do but mind, how deep he has work'd under Ground, to undermine that noble Structure, the House of *Austria*, that was built upon such a solid Foundation, and but an Age ago, so far overtopp'd that of *Bourbon*! How cunningly he has sav'd himself in the spoiling of it; . sometimes

sometimes setting it on Fire, by blowing the Coals of civil War, and inland Combustions ; and at other Times battering it, by playing the whole Artillery of the *Ottoman* Empire against it. Let any one consider what Pranks he has play'd with *England* and *Holland*, helping the one against the other, as he saw it most requisite, in order to weaken both ; how shamefully he has bubbl'd and perswaded them out of their Interest, by setting 'em together by the Ears. If we observe how dexterously he has manag'd all the Courts of *Europe*, by artfully covering his Game to hide his Power, never making use of more than was requisite to tire his Enemies ; how all his Wars, but these two last, were to him only Breathings, by which to exercise himself, he weary'd others ; and he never exerted half his Strength, before his Designs were come to Maturity ; we shall find, that he has been no ordinary Politician. But what he has done in *Spain*, seems to exceed all human Art : He has made a *Spaniard* agree with a *Frenchman*, in an Instant rais'd that drooping heavy Monarchy, that for so many Years has been sinking under its own Weight. In the last War it was little better than a dead Lump, and a Burden to the Confederacy, yet he has quicken'd that slow Nation, even against their own Interest, and in a little Time, by skillful Management, made 'em useful to his own Purpose, in spite of stupendious Losses, and all the vast Obstacles the greatest Powers of *Europe* have been able to throw in his Way. The *French* King, by shewing them their own Power, has wheedl'd 'em into Slavery, his airy Fiddlers have play'd 'em out of their obstinate melancholly Humour ; his gay dancing Masters

have broke them of their Stiffness; and made 'em supple; they have so chang'd their Postures and alter'd their Steps, that now you may see, what the World always thought impossible; a grave *Spaniard* dance the *Canaries* to *French* Musick: He has join'd Fire and Water, and blended them into profitable Mixture: These are Miracles that no other Politician was ever able to perform. The *Germans* know how to conquer, are crafty in their Designs, and understand the laying on the Yoke as well as others; but they have not the *French* Knack of tying it on, to make it sit easy, it presently galls those that wear it, and they always complain. *Lewis* the XIVth cuts Throats with a Feather, and draws Teeth without Pain. *Bavaria* is ruin'd, his Brother undone, and yet they are in Love with their Chains, and seem to laugh at their own Destruction. Mind what Loads he has laid on his People, and how merrily they have carry'd 'em along hitherto, nay even when their Backs have been broke, and they actually drop down under the Burden, you may still hear 'em, as if he had bewitch'd 'em, sing his Praises in the midst of their Afflictions. Some Nations are in Politicks, what *Galenists* are in Physick; they fill their Patients with large Potions, turn their Stomachs with nauseous Drenches, and ply 'em with bigger Bolusses than they are able to swallow, and all to little Purpose, but to enrich their favourite Apothecaries; whilst the *French* King is a refin'd Chymist, who with a small Pill and a few Drops, that are hardly felt in going down, and yet of a wonderful Operation in the Body, cures the most dangerous, as well as the most inveterate Distempers. What strange Alterations has he made

made in all the Courts of *Europe*, with only two Medicines, his *Aurum potabile*, and his Tincture of *Opium* !

Ant. I don't understand you, Aunt.

Luc. I mean Bribery and lulling asleep.

Ant. If what you say, be true, it is strange that a great many People should think him so often mistaken !

Luc. The surest way of judging of Politicks, is as I do of my Orchard. My Gardener understands the Weather very well, foretells me what Winds will be blasting, or bring the black Fly ; which will produce Worms and Caterpillars : Sometimes he scratches his Head, and crys no Fruit at all, our Orchard won't hit this Year : Three or Four Days after, perhaps he changes his Note, and believes we shall have a pretty Sprinkling for all that. At other Years I have heard him say, if the Spring keeps thus backward we shall have a World of Fruit ; and all the while the Trees are in Blossom, he is full of his Predictions, in which he often guesses wrong ; and I that know very little of all those Things, am never deceiv'd.

Ant. That's a Riddle to me.

Luc. I never say or think any Thing of it before the Fruit is ripe, but when they gather it, I have it measur'd, and then I can tell you what there is to half a Peck.

Ant. That is a very sure Method, I confess.

Luc. Examine into the Power of *France*, when *Lewis* the XIVth came to the Throne, what it was in regard of the other Powers of *Europe*, that were either equal or superior to it ; afterwards see what it is now, in proportion of

those same Powers, and then judge of his Politics.

Ant. But I would have you tell me, Aunt, since the Kingdom of *France* is in that wretched Condition, and is like to be worse and worse every Day, what his Subjects are the better for his Wisdom, and in what their Happiness consists?

Luc. I never told you that the King was wise, for Nobody can say so, but what is good, and that he never was; nor did I ever say his Subjects were happy, because I could never think that Slaves were so. But in order to answer you to what you seem to lay the greatest Stress upon, the miserable Poverty of the lowest Rank of People in *France*, I must tell you, that the Subordinations of the Degrees of People, differ in every Nation, according to the Degrees of Liberty they enjoy. As for Example: In *France* there is a vast Distance between the Nobility and the Gentry; in *Holland* there is none at all, not so much as in the Language; with us, that are a Mixture of Monarchy and Commonwealth together, tho' there is a great difference, the Top of the Gentry converse with the Nobility; a Gentleman here speaks to a Peer with his Hat on, goes to the Tavern, and pays his Club; but in *France* there is no such Thing. What I say of the Nobility and Gentry, you must understand of all the several Degrees of People, from the Sovereign to the Beggar.

Ant. If that be true, then in *Holland* there is no difference between the Sovereign and the Beggar.

Luc. I'll tell you how there is not; the common People in *Holland*, tho' they stand in great
Awe

Awe of their Magistrates, hardly ever shew 'em any Respect, unless they are known by 'em, but in Execution of their Offices, when they are before 'em and can't help it. The Notion they have of Liberty makes 'em so proud, that the ordinary Man thinks himself as good as the best in the Land ; and knowing that all are subject to the same Laws, naturally scorns to pay any Homage to Men that by their Birth have no Prerogative over him.

Ant. And don't this make 'em very sawcy ?

Luc. Intollerably. *France* is the Reverse of *Holland*, and the People of the lowest Rank are as fawning Slaves of the first, as they are unmannerly Brutes of the latter. We are between both, and our Mobility, though they are not so civil as the one, yet they are less rude than the other. A Porter that carries a Burden here, cries, *Have a Care* ; if he sees a Gentleman, perhaps he'll say, *With your Leave, Sir* : But in *Holland*, a Fellow very often without giving ye warning, will trundle a Wheel barrow against your Legs, and afterwards scold at you for not standing out of the Way. In *France*, the Country People are very obliging, as well as submissive to the Gentry ; they'll often pull off their Hats a good while before you come to 'em, and stand out of your Way in a great deal of Humility, 'till you are pass'd by : But the *Dutch* Boors, valuing themselves upon what they save by being penurious, have a Hatred and Aversion to every Thing that seems more civiliz'd than themselves.

Ant. What is all this to our Purpose ?

Luc. More than you imagine. Where the Poor set such a small Value upon themselves, and esteem the better Sort far above their own Rank, it must follow, that they will work much cheaper, and be contented to live much meaner than where they are so haughty.

Ant. I have often heard, that the ordinary People live no where better than here; and yet you say, that our Mob is not quite so insolent as that of the *Dutch*, then, How can the living well of the Poor be a Consequence of their Haughtiness?

Luc. If you speak of near *London*, or the great Towns and plentiful Counties of *England*, you are in the right; or else in some Parts of *Great Britain*, the Poor live very indifferently, and yet better than in several Parts of *France*, that are more plentiful. When in judging of the Degrees of People, you would compare two Countries together, you should always examine what Proportion the one bears to the other. The *Dutch* perhaps have more Money than we, but they have no Land, nor Plenty, in Comparison to us; and if they were less industrious and saving, they could not make such a Figure in the World, as they do. But how numerous and powerful soever they appear, we are a greater and richer Nation by abundance than they.

Ant. Then you would say, we ought not to compare the *Dutch* Poor to ours, unless there was the same Plenty in *Holland*, that is here.

Luc. I would so; and then their ordinary People would far overtop ours, because that Distance between the Degrees of People, which I spoke of before, is every way less in Commonwealths, than it is in Kingdoms, and yet not
so

so great in Limited Monarchies, as it is in those that are Arbitrary.

Ant. But how could you prove, that the Poor in *Holland*, if they had our plenty, for the Reason you alledge, would live better than our Poor do here? I believe that's only a Supposition.

Luc. But I'll shew you that it is more than probable; the lowest Rank of People here, only fare better as to their Diet, but the same Sort of People in *Holland*, even as they are now, outdo ours in every Thing else; they are better stock'd in Cloaths, though they are more saving of 'em, and always more tight and neat; never so ragged nor so greasy as most of our ordinary People are in their daily Dress, they have more Furniture and Utensils about them, and Things look more decent and becoming in their Houses and Lodgings, though they are never so low or so little. Most of 'em are seldom so poor, but they have a small Hoard of Money or Money's Worth, to go to in time of Need; besides, they could eat and drink better, if they would be as little provident as they are here. The Poor in *Holland* are very well paid for their Labour, and in Proportion to the Gains and Sallaries of the better Sort, far outstrip our Poor here. A Counsellor's Fee is three Shillings, a Physician can hardly demand one; and yet a Porter earns his two Pence, and his Six Pence at *Amsterdam*, as soon as they do at *London*.

Ant. You have hitherto been very obscure, Aunt, to my thinking; but now I begin to understand what you drive at,

Luc.

Luc. Let me hear you.

Ant. You are of Opinion, that where Nations are equal in Riches and Plenty, the lowest Rank of People will not be so poor in a Commonwealth, as in a Kingdom; and that they must still be more superlatively mean in an Absolute, than in a Limited Monarchy.

Luc. That is my Meaning indeed; and by that you'll find how silly People are, that from the wretched Condition of the lowest Part of the People of *France*, conclude the Poverty of the whole; they don't consider, that if the under Part of a Nation, where the Power is lodg'd in one, be so abjectly mean, the upper Part again is of a more towering Grandeur. When *France* was in its most flourishing Condition, the Country People were always poor: It had been well for *Europe*, if the Wealth of *France* had been more equally divided among all the Subjects, and the Country People had liv'd as well as our Farmers and Yeomen do here.

Ant. Why, Aunt?

Luc. Because then the *French* King could never have rais'd such Swarms of Soldiers, to keep so many Armies on Foot; nor so soon found sufficient Recruits after such great Defeats and Losses as he has sustain'd.

Ant. But I thought Money was the Sinew of War.

Luc. It is so; and he has had a prodigious Plenty of that too. But when our late King, of glorious Memory, made that powerful Alliance against him, his Money could never have found him Men enough Abroad to hold out, and supply so many destructive Campaigns, and would have truckl'd to us long ago, if it had
not

not been for the vast Numbers he had at Home. The Kingdom is very large, the opulent Cities very many, and the Towns of Note very numerous ; their haughty Monarch by being arbitrary, rather ador'd than honour'd ; the Pomp in which he is serv'd, is answerable to his Pride. The Princes of the Blood likewise keep magnificent Courts : Abundance of the Nobility, the Clergy, as well as the Laity, have Princely Revenues, and live up to the Height of 'em ; throughout the Kingdom, there are a great many over-grown rich People, that live in Splendor and Luxury ; the Gentry of all the Provinces in the Country as well as the City, follow the Extravagancy of the Court to the utmost of their Abilities. What Multitudes of Tradesmen and Artificers must this not employ in every Corner ? And the whole being inspir'd with the same Gayety and Fickleness in their Fashions, is it possible but this must, without considering any Foreign Trade, occasion an incredible Circulation of Money among themselves ?

Ant. You talk of Gayety and Luxury, most of the *French* that I know, are very miserable.

Luc. You must never judge of People out of their own Country ; besides the Alteration it often makes in their Circumstances, they seldom have the same Things they were us'd to ; and consequently are forc'd to change their whole manner of Living. The *Dutch* are, without doubt, a cleanly People ; but you would not think so, if you was to examine them at *St. Catharine's*. There may be a great many Misers in *France*, but so there are Spend-thrifts in *Holland*, but
Avarice

Avarice is no more the Country Vice of the one, than Lavishness is of the other; and the first is as much pointed at and ridicul'd in a plentiful Country, where there is an absolute Monarchy, as the latter is discountenanc'd in a Commonwealth, where they have little of their own Growth.

Ant. Then how must we judge of our selves?

Luc. By the same Rule. In our Government we have a Mixture of a Kingdom and a Republick; we have a larger if not a more fruitful Country, and a greater Product of our own, than the *Dutch*; and yet we want Oil, Wine, and several other Things, which the *French* abound in; and therefore the Consequence is, that for the Generality we are not so provident as the one, and less extravagant than the other.

Ant. Then by what I can hear, the *Dutch* are covetous and careful, we free and unthinking, and the *French* profuse and mad.

Luc. The Expressions are a little harsh, but if you soften 'em a little, it is thereabouts.

Ant. But why should People, under an Arbitrary Government, be more lavish of their Money, than any other?

Luc. Perhaps for the very Reason that profess'd Gamesters are generally the same, because they know the Uncertainty of keeping it; or else from that which always has had so great an Influence upon the Actions of the People, the Example of the Sovereign, and the *French*, for a great many Years, have had a rare Pattern. *Lewis* the XIVth has led his Money a weary Life, and his Pistoles have travell'd thro' all the Courts of *Europe*.

Ant.

Ant. I confess that I have heard much of the *French Pistoles*.

Luc. Yes, Niece, they have not stopp'd at Ministers of State, but brib'd even Monarchs themselves to act against their own Interest, and whole Nations have groan'd under the Weight of his irresistible Gold. All this was spent out of his own Country, but let us see whether he has been more frugal at Home, and consider the innumerable Rewards he has given to his own Subjects, Monsieur *Colbert* left his Family 60 Millions of *Livres*; to Monsieur *de Louvois* he gave the whole Revenue of the general Post Office of *France*, which yearly brought in several Hundred Thousand Pounds Sterling.

Ant. Now I suppose you'll come to his improving of all Arts and Sciences, the Beauty of the Language, and the Excellency of their Poetry; but I must beg your Pardon, I can't endure to hear any more in Praise of the *French*, unless I was more able to answer you. I am very well satisfy'd, that I have heard great Judges say, that our Language is as copious, our Phrase more compendious than theirs, and that the best of our *English* Poets exceed the best of the *French*, both in Wit, and Strength of Expressions.

Luc. A true born *English* Woman indeed; I love your Company, *Antonia*, and I would not have said half so much, if I had thought the Subject displeas'd you: I shall only tell you an Observation I have made, and then I have done. The Generality of all Nations think their own Language the best, but in what Part of the Nation do you think the common People, and even the little Children, speak best?

Ant.

Ant. I should think near the Court.

Luc. 'Tis true, and consequently the nicest Judges of Language are at the Courts. This being granted, if all the Courts of *Europe* should speak *English*, would you not think that a very good Argument of its being the best Language?

Ant. There might be other Reasons.

Luc. I am sure they would offend you more, and so no more of that. As to the next, it is very difficult to judge of Poetry in two Languages, for two Reasons; the first is, that there is not one in ten Thousand that ever attains to that Perfection in another Language, as to understand the Beauties of it, as well as he does those of his own. The second is, because the Rules of Poetry in two Countries, according to the several Humours of Nations, are sometimes as different as the Languages themselves, so that the Faults of the one, are often Beauties in the other; and it is next to an Impossibility, that People should like, even to Fondness, what they have been us'd to, and at the same time be as much pleas'd with what runs quite contrary to it. Take an *English* Man that understands *French* enough to translate from it, with now and then the Help of a Dictionary; suppose him to meet with a celebrated Poem in that Language, being a Stranger to the Elegancy, as well as the Gravity and Easiness of the Diction, all his Aim is, to know what he calls the intrinsic Value of it, the Meaning: So, having roughly hammer'd out the Sense, he likes it extraordinary well; but as he ruminates upon it, some witty Flights jumping into his Head upon the Occasion, he blames the *French* Man for not having

having made the best of so fine a Thought, without considering, that according to the different Rules, what may be very *apropos* in *English*, would have been as unseasonable in the *French*: Inspir'd by Wit, the Darling of his Country, he resolves upon an Imitation; and happily renders the Substance of every Thought into good *English Verse*.

Ant. I thought that was call'd Translating.

Luc. It ought to be so, but when People have a mind to take all the Benefit of a Translation, without being ty'd to its strictness, they are pleas'd to call it Imitation, tho' in reality it is neither. This Verse, we'll suppose to be extraordinary well writ, but yet inferior to the Original. If both these Poems are shewn to an *English Critick*, of the same Abilities, as to the *French*, with the former, first he takes the *French*, and as soon as he has made himself Master of what it means, he is likewise highly pleas'd with the Fancy: But coming to the *English*, if the Thought gave a Pleasure to his Mind, when it was yet wrapt up in Ornaments, which were Clouds to him, and he but dimly saw it, it is natural to think, that when it is not only set in full View, but likewise adorn'd with Beauties he is fond of, it will more affect and strike him to the Quick; and let him study to be as impartial as is possible, the Up-shot must be this; the Thought, says he, is good, and owing to the *French*, but it is beyond dispute, that the *English* has far outdone the Original. I do not say, neither do I think, that our Poetry is inferior to the *French*: What I would have you know is, that though Persons are never so well qualify'd, there

there is no comparing of 'em together, because the Beauties are so different.

Ant. I find you think it foolish for us to judge of their Poetry ; but why are they less to blame for despising ours ?

Luc. I don't think they are, but rather more, because few of their Criticks of Note, ever troubled their Heads half so much with our Language, as a great many of ours, that understood *French*, have study'd theirs: But one Thing they are to be commended for, that as they find fault with our Poetry, they never steal from it ; but one of our best Poets always spoke very much against the *French*, and yet took most of his Plots and Characters from them : And once having borrow'd from a certain Tragedy of theirs, all what belongs to Judgement or Invention, he made a very good *English* Play : It was acted with Applause, the Copy sold at a high Rate ; and yet in the Preface, his Wit got so much the upper hand of his good Nature, that he could not forbear railing at the Foreigner, to whom he ow'd his Success. I had no Design to speak of Poetry at all, but that you mention'd it.

Ant. What you said of that, I can bear well enough, as long as you believe ours equal to theirs ; but I cannot abide to hear my own Country revil'd, of which I feel the Love so warm about me.

Luc. What Weakness you shew, I'll tell you hereafter ; but don't you see how little Politicks agree with young Ladies, *Antonia* ?

Ant. I must own, that much of 'em would soon tire me, and something that is more de-

lightful,

lightful, and requires less Attention, suit my Humour better.

Luc. What say you to a diverting Story?

Ant. As much of that as you please.

Luc. A Nobleman of ancient Family, in a flourishing Kingdom, was left Heir to an immense Estate, both in Land and Money. His natural Parts, and the Improvements of Education, had render'd him, before he was come to Age, a Man of polite Learning, and admirable Sense: As soon as he was Twenty one, he was resolv'd to shew the World, by living up to the Grandeur of his Wealth, that he was worthy of such princely Revenues. Upon the Top of a small Hill, in a Gravel Ground, within two Miles of a fine River, on the *North*-side of it, he built a magnificent Palace, about Fifteen Miles from a populous City. The main Building was Stone, with a noble Frontispiece, and the two Wings of Brick. An exact Regularity was observ'd without, and nothing but Conveniency within. In the great Hall, two large Chimnies and a Stair-Case, were of Marble, and the Pavement of the same. The Wain-scot was plain and strong, with sturdy broad Benches round it, and the huge Grates as well as the Backs of the Chimnies, were only painted black. It would take up a Twelve-month to describe every Room in the House; I shall only tell you, that the chief Ornament of the lower Rooms, was History-painting in vast Pannels, fix'd to the Walls and some extraordinary Pieces of Tapestry. The Bed-Chambers were richly hung, and several of them had Silver Hearths, Sconces, and Tables. As he was a great Lover of painting, he had a fine

M Collection

Collection of *Italian*, and other Originals; the smallest were distributed in several Closets, and the largest made a glorious Shew upon the Stair-Cases. Of Looking-glasses, Cabinet-work, Carving, and Gilding, there was a prodigious Quantity. But though the Furniture was of an inestimable Value, yet the judicious Fancy of the Master, so conspicuous thro' the whole, was more surprising than all the rest. In the Dressing Room of his own Apartment, was a Door that open'd into a Gallery, at the end of which was his Library: It was a large, square, lofty Room; round it touching the Ceiling, were fifty fine Pieces of Limning in black Ebony Frames; they were so many Heads of Men, that had been famous for Learning; where they ended the Books began, and reach'd to the Bottom; he had none but what were valuable, the best Editions of every Thing, and no Work uncompleat. His Library-keeper was a well bred Man, of indifferent Learning, that understood the Prices and Title-Pages of Books, better than their Insides, and look'd more like a brisk Bookseller, than a Pedant: He had a great many Gentlemen that waited on him, and from the highest to the lowest, all his Servants were so well chosen, that you might almost see in their Faces what Places they belong'd to.

Ant. That's strange indeed, unless it was writ upon their Foreheads.

Luc. You won't allow of a Figure I see, but to be more plain, I'll describe some of them to you: His Steward was a grave and affable Man, that without hurrying himself or others, had been us'd to a Multiplicity of Business. His Secretary, was in Reality, a Man of Sense and
Solidity,

Solidity, and in Appearance a Rattle. His Gentleman of the Horse was slender, and well shap'd, airy in his Mein, and proud in his Drefs.

Ant. But why don't you say what Parts he had, as well as you did of the others ?

Luc. Because 'twas no great Matter. As to his meaner Servants, his Footmen were neat, brisk, and clever. His Coachmen were always jolly-look'd Fellows, that fill'd the Box, and hated drinking. His Grooms were all Farriers, and understood Horses better than Men. His Park-keepers were sturdy and ill-natur'd ; but his Cooks were cleanly and tractable ; and so on with the rest. The Wages he gave 'em, were extraordinary, but the least Fault twice committed, turn'd them off.

Ant. I should be glad to hear some more of their Characters.

Luc. It would be too tedious to tell them you all ; I only nam'd a few to let you know how nice he was in his Choice. But of all what he had about him, I lik'd nothing so well, as his keeping a dozen of Gentlemen, all learned, witty and facetious Men, that excell'd every one in something or other. Amongst them, he had Lawyers, Physicians, Poets, Historians, Naturalists, Mathematicians, great Travellers ; and the whole made a compleat Body of Learning.

Ant. What was their Business ?

Luc. To do what they pleas'd, but always Six or more to be within Call : All the rest of his Domesticks stood at a great Distance from him, only these he treated as his Companions ; they were all single Men, had every one a Foot-

man, and a couple of Horses kept them, with a Salary of 300 *l.* a Year, besides a fine Apartment, and a splendid Provision for all the Necessaries of Life. The six that were not in waiting, had always two Coaches to attend 'em, and made a Journey, at least once a Week, to the great City; when they came there, they dispers'd themselves, and every one went about what Business he fancy'd most; not forgetting the Bookseller's Shops, Coffee-Houses, and other Places of publick Resort, where Gentlemen might be inform'd of what was worth knowing. One, perhaps, taking delight in downright Learning, minded nothing but History and Antiquity. A second being more gay, enquir'd after Plays and Operas, and only regarded Musick or Poetry. A third was always employ'd in Chymistry or Botany. Some studying *Nature* it self, were for Experimental Philosophy: Whilst others had no mind to try any thing but Pleasure, and belong'd to several Clubs of jovial Gentlemen, made Mirth their only Business. In these, they chiefly discours'd of delightful Novels, merry Stories, and well invented Tales. Some excell'd in Repartee and witty Sayings. Others were eminent for Epigrams and odd Inscriptions. And several of 'em were not only famous for pleasant Remarks upon the Accidents of human Life, but likewise facetiously good humour'd in entertaining their Friends with the diverting Passages they remember'd. The Gentlemen that were of the Lord's Retinue, commonly set out early in the Morning, and came back toward the Evening of the next Day. When they were at Home, they spent their Time all the Forenoon in the
several

several Studies to which their Inclinations led 'em, and the rest of the day, partly in profitable Confabulations among one another, partly in receiving and discoursing with Strangers, and those that came to see them; every one, the Merry as well as the more Serious, setting constantly down whatever they met with in their Way worth Observation; and the witty Answer of a Child, or the innocent Saying of a Plowman, if there was but something extraordinary in them, were writ down as eagerly by some, as by others the principal State-Maxims of any Emperor's Reign: They had what Wines they pleas'd, and two Tables allow'd them with great Varieties, and several Officers to serve them; to which, as well as the great Library, all Gentlemen had Access. Nothing was made more of, than Strangers of Parts: As soon as they were found to be such, they were desired to stay, and treated most deliciously. If any that excell'd in something, happen'd (besides the other Endowments) to be of an agreeable Temper, and refin'd Education, his Lordship was acquainted with it presently. Nobody, whose Mind was well dress'd, was less welcome for the Meanness of his Habit; and a new Suit of Cloaths, with half a Score Guineas, was the least Present, that in a free and obliging Manner, was offer'd to those that stood in need of it.

Ant. Then I suppose this Lord had abundance of such Customers,

Luc. Not many, for this was only done to deserving People; as for those that because they wore a black Gown, and understood a little ordinary *Latin*, call'd themselves Scholars, and

were poor both Ways, they were very little regarded, made seldom more than two Meals there, and if they begg'd it, had half a Crown given them at their Departure. About six at Night, their *Macenas* was us'd to send for three or four of his Gentlemen, whom he chose according to the Humour he was in, and so for four or five Hours was diverted with nothing but the Flower and Quintessence of Learning and Conversation. By his Evening Recreation, judge of the rest, for all his Diversions were answerable one to the other. And don't you think now, Niece, that this Nobleman had a tollerable good Relish ?

Ant. I think so well of him, that I wish you could help me to such a Husband.

Luc. Take Care you don't repent. Thus he liv'd for Twenty Years, courteous, and good humour'd, charitable to the Poor, generous to Merit, and a very good Paymaster to all he employ'd. Plenty reign'd in his Family, yet none, though much less, was better order'd, and every Servant growing rich in his Station, by his Purse could shew the Munificence of his Master. You'll wonder, perhaps, when I tell you that the bottom of all this was Pride !

Ant. Yet it was commendable, as long as so many receiv'd the Benefit of it !

Luc. When he thought he had sufficiently convinc'd the World of the Excellency of his Taste, he grew weary of all this Regularity, and suddenly bending his Pleasures another Way, and giving himself over to Women and Gaming, became Vicious with the same Application he had always shewn in whatever he took in Hand. In Five Years time, all his Estate was mortgag'd,

gag'd, his Palace out of Repair ; and when he began to want Money, first he employ'd one of his Retinue, of whom he had already borrow'd what he had, upon a Promise of a very high Interest, to wheedle all the rest out of the Money they had laid up in his Service ; then went his Plate, and the fine Collections of Books and Pictures were parted with, without any Regret, 'till nothing being able to maintain his Course of Life, himself was deeply in debt, his Kitchen without Fire, and his trusty Servants ready to starve. By what I have said it is manifest, that the Reason this Great Man had, for the best of his Actions, was not because they were good, but because they contributed to his Pleasure ; he made his Servants rich, because it consisted with his Greatness, and had never thought of their Happiness, but as it was serviceable to his Pride.

Ant. I like the first Part of the Story very well, but the Turn of it seems to be very malicious : If there ever was such a one, he must be abominated ; but I can hardly think a Man of that exquisite Sense could ever be guilty of the latter Part.

Luc. But suppose there was such a one, I would abominate him as much as you ; but in railing at him, could you say he was an ignorant Block-head, and a sorry Fellow, that understood nothing of the World, and never had known what it was to keep a good House ?

Ant. No, For what Vice soever he was guilty of, there was no doubt but he that had given such Demonstrations of his skill and Fancy, and for so many Years us'd such uncommon Methods

of improving himself, must be a Man of prodigious Parts.

Luc. I thank you, *Antonia*. Tack this Nobleman to the King of *France*, and what I told you of the Servants of the one, apply to the Subjects of the other.

Ant. Then they are miserable, and little beholden to their Sovereign.

Luc. I am of your Opinion, but what would you say of their King?

Ant. Good and Evil both; I could speak the first with a great Affection, and indeed would allow the *French* King all the Skill and Cunning you have set him off with, if I could but think that for all that, you hated him as much as I would do this Nobleman with all his good Qualities.

Luc. Doubt not but that I do, and much more, but the King of *France* can never be made lower by being rail'd at. I wish all that were able, were as willing as I, and Taxes should be continu'd or doubl'd, if it was requisite, one six Years longer, to humble his insolent Haughtiness. Can any one love Liberty, and not abhor that harden'd Monster of Ambition? To whom the greatest Losses and Calamities of his Friends, are not unwelcome, if they can but advance his Glory. That arbitrary Fiend, that knowing himself to be the Cause of War and Famine, beholds the Miseries of his own People with less Concern than you can see a Play; the Bane of Mankind, that can draw whole Schemes of the Destruction and Devastation of flourishing Cities and plentiful Countries, with the same Tranquility as I can play a Game at Chefs; and if it but contributes to his gigantick Aim, esteeming

esteeming the Lives of a Hundred Thousand of the most faithful of his Subjects, no more than I value the losing of a single Pawn, if it forwards my Design upon your Game.

Ant. Now, Aunt, you have gain'd my Heart intirely ; and I'll own, that the King of *France* is the greatest King that ever reign'd, to all that will lend a Hand to pull him down. But I believe Supper is ready, for there I see *Tom* coming to call us.

Luc. I am very well pleas'd I have convinc'd you at last, without offending you. Come let us go.

Ant. Yes, Aunt ; I wait on you.

THE NINTH
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN

Lucinda and Antonia.

Antonia. IT is impossible, Aunt, a Woman that is really vertuous, and remains so, should lose her Honour, unless she be ravish'd; and then 'tis a Question, whether she loses it or not.

Lucinda. There is no doubt, but a Woman that is murder'd, loses her Life as much as she that dies of a Fever. But that is not the Thing I am speaking of: What I say is, that no Woman, tho' of the most exemplary Virtue, is able to withstand the Treachery of some Men; if once she abandons that Fear, which is so necessary for her Protection, and thinking herself secure, ceases to be upon her Guard Oh! *Antonia*, I could give you such a sad Instance of one, that only for want of apprehending the Danger, without being ravish'd, was robb'd of her Honour; one whose Conduct yourself shall not be able to blame, even the Moment she lost it, whose
Vertue

Vertue had been often try'd, and could never be said to have left her.

Ant. That's strange indeed ; and if you please to tell me her History, I shall hearken with great Attention.

Luc. I will, but take Care not to interrupt me so often as you us'd to do, or else I can't finish it before Supper.

Ant. I won't indeed, Aunt.

Luc. About the middle of *August*, after the Diversion of Stag-hunting, the Duke of *B——*, with five or six of his Attendance, was riding a Foot-pace towards a Gentleman's Seat, whom he had promis'd the Honour of his Company at Dinner. Being advanc'd within a Musket Shot of the House, which was pleasantly situated on a rising Ground, about three Miles from *Guilford* in *Surrey*, he saw through a By-Lane, a Horse coming full Speed, and upon it a very young Gentlewoman, that not being able to govern it, did what she could to keep her Seat. The Duke and those that were with him, posted themselves at the Entrance of the Lane, where the Horse being stopt in his Career, flew aside, leapt the Hedge, and left his Rider behind him. As soon as she was come to the Ground, two of the Gentlemen made what Haste they could to her Assistance ; but she was too nimble for them, and got upon her Feet before they could come to her. When she was yet on Horseback, the Fright she was in, had made her look as pale as Death ; but being conscious, that in the Fall she had discover'd one of her Legs, at least as far as her Knee, and finding herself alone, among so many Men, when she look'd up, her Blushes had painted her Cheeks with a lovely
red.

red. The Violence of the Motion had made her lose all her Head-cloths, and her long coal-black Hair, of which she had abundance, playing loosely about, almost cover'd her Back and Shoulders. Nothing could be whiter than her Skin, and her Eyes had something in them so sprightly and engaging, that the Duke, beholding her in this careless Posture, thought he had never seen any Thing so charming before ; and having order'd two of his Grooms to catch her Horse, entreated her to take some Refreshment at the next House. She took a large Handkerchief out of her Pocket, ty'd it about her Head, and having tuck'd up, and hid as much of her Hair as she could, obligingly accepted of the Offer that was made her. She told the Duke, who walk'd a foot along with her, that she liv'd with her Grandmother, who had a House at *Guilford*, from whence she set out with a young Gentleman of her Acquaintance, to take a Ride ; that the Gentleman being a little Way before her, her Horse being scar'd at something that lay in the Road, was run away with her over Hedge and Ditch, 'till at last he had brought her in that By-Road, at the end of which he threw her. Whilst she was talking, the Duke observ'd that she often look'd back, and seem'd very uneasy for this young Gentleman, in whose Company she was come out. Though *Leonora*, which was the young Lady's Name, was not above Fifteen, and had all the Innocence and Sweetness in her Face belonging to that Age, yet in her Discourse and Mein, she shew'd a Discretion far above it, and had something so commanding in her Eyes, as drew Respect from all that beheld them. The Duke was infinitely pleas'd with her, and having

complimented

complimented her upon the Happiness of having 'scap'd so great a Danger, under several Protestations of his wishing for an Opportunity to serve her, they enter'd the House where he was expected. As soon as they were come in, he recommended *Leonora* to the Mistress of it, who being inform'd of what had happen'd, took the lovely Stranger in her Closet, and furnish'd her with a Suit of Head-cloaths, and several little Accoutrements she wanted. *Leonora* having learn'd from her, that it was the Duke of B—— that had brought her in, as soon as she was come down again, begg'd his Grace's Pardon, that for want of knowing his Person, she had fail'd in the Respect that was due to his Quality. The Disorders of her Dress being rectify'd, she appear'd abundantly more beautiful to the Duke, than before, and every Thing she said or did, was so ravishing to him, that before they went to Dinner, she had made an absolute Conquest of his Heart. They were hardly sat down at Table, but a Servant told them that a Gentleman, who call'd himself *Cleander*, ask'd for a young Lady, whose Name was *Leonora*. *Leonora* blushing at the Name of *Cleander*, would have risen from the Table, had not the Duke prevented her, and told her, the Gentleman should be desir'd to walk in. The Master of the House hearing the Duke's Pleasure, went out and came back again immediately with the Gentleman, who having pay'd his Respects to the Company, sat down in a Chair that was set for him, over against *Leonora*. *Cleander* was a very handsome Man, of about Nineteen, rather Tall than Short, admirably well shap'd, and of a fair Complexion. He had a short Campaign flaxen Wig, ty'd behind with

with a black Ribbon, a fine white Camlet Coat, with Silver Lace ; his Wastecoat was of a rich Stuff, of green and silver, and his Breeches were of the same.

Ant. What ! To ride on Horseback with ?

Luc. I confess 'twas no good Husbandry ; but I cannot find Fault with his Fancy. His genteel Carriage, and a certain Easiness in his Behaviour, bespoke him to be of a refin'd Education, and he claim'd as deservedly the good Wisshes of the Ladies, as *Leonora* was admir'd by the Men. The Duke, who observ'd 'em both narrowly, being a great Master in the Language of the Eyes, by the first Looks they exchang'd, found what he had fear'd before, that they were happy Lovers. Having ask'd *Cleander* how he came to find out *Leonora*, and understanding that his Grooms meeting him, after they had taken up *Leonora's* Horse, had directed him thither, he could not forbear smiling at the obliging Care he had taken to serve his Rival. After Dinner, *Cleander* and *Leonora*, without any Ceremony to the Company, singl'd out one another, and went to walk in a Garden that join'd to the Room where they had din'd, which they had not left long, but an old Gentleman enter'd it, that seem'd to be upon very earnest Business. The Gentleman of the House had often seen him at *Change*, and the Duke knew him to be a Man of a vast Estate, but none of them suspected him to be, what from his own Mouth they heard he was, the Father of *Cleander*, that was come in Pursuit of his Son, whom he design'd either by fair Means or by Force, to take away with him. All the Company seeming surpriz'd at the Passion the old Gentleman was in, none of 'em being able to
imagine

imagine, what could be the Cause of a Father's Severity to a Son, that, in all Appearance, was so compleat and deserving a Gentleman, *Cleander's* Father acquainted them with his Reasons in the following Manner : *Though*, said he, *I have had several Children, I have none alive but this Son : He has always been of a mild agreeable Temper, his Masters never complain'd of him, and I confess, that 'till he was Eighteen, I cannot give one Instance of his Disobedience ; but about a Twelve-month ago, he fell desperately in Love, and would have marry'd a young Slut that is a Beggar, and has hardly 1000 l. to her Portion. I have us'd all Means that either my self or Friends could invent, to dissuade him from it. I have told him, that I would never force his Inclinations, and design'd whenever he should marry, to settle 2000 or 2500 l. a Year upon his Wife, if on his Side he would take Care to chuse one whose Fortune should deserve it. About three Months ago I thought his Folly began to wear off, and was in Hopes, that to please an indulging Father, in a little time he would wholly forget her ; but this Morning I have found, that his seeming Compliance was only a Stratagem, the better to deceive me. Saying this, he pull'd a Letter out of his Pocket, and read the following Lines, or others to the same Purpose.*

S I R,

“ IF you prevent it not suddenly, your Son
 “ will soon be marry'd to *Leonora*. This
 “ Morning, instead of going into *Cambridgeshire*,
 “ as you imagine, he is gone to *Guilford*, whence
 “ he is to take his *Mistress*, with whom he in-
 “ tends to be at *Gravesend* to Morrow, in order
 “ to embark for *Holland* ; where after his Mar-
 “ riage, he designs to shelter himself from the
 first

“ first Transports of your Anger. *Leonora's*
 “ Grandmother is in the Plot, and furnishes him
 “ with 1000 l. upon his own Credit. If you
 “ make Haste, you may yet stop his Servant,
 “ who with a Couple of Trunks, is now wait-
 “ ing for the Tide at *Billingsgate*. When the
 “ Truth of what I write shall be known, I shall
 “ discover to you who is your real, but now
 “ *Unknown Friend*.

*This Letter, said the old Gentleman, I received about two Hours after my Son was gone out. Whilst my Coach was getting ready, I sent to Billingsgate, and the Footman with the Trunks being secur'd, I came away with all the Speed imaginable. Hearing they were gone from Guilford, and not being able to trace them any farther for a good while, at last I met with some Reapers in a Field near by, that directed me hither. Cleander's Father, having said this, went into another Room, and desir'd his Son should be sent to him, without telling him who it was that wanted to speak with him; which being done, accordingly the young Gentleman, without being allow'd to take Leave of his Mistress or Anybody else, was hurry'd into the Coach. Being come home, his Father confin'd him to his Chamber, and put a Guard upon him. There happen'd at that Time to be an Outward bound *Turky-Fleet*, that lay waiting for the Wind at *Portsmouth*; which the old Gentleman being told of next Day, having consulted some Merchants, resolv'd to send his Son to *Smirna*, with a strict Charge to keep him there 'till farther Orders. He was so cautious, as to see him on board himself, and stir'd not from *Portsmouth*, 'till they had weigh'd Anchor, and the whole Fleet was under Sail.*

Ant. Pray, Aunt, do you approve of this rigorous Way of treating Children ?

Luc. I see no rigour us'd at all. Marriage is certainly one of the weightiest, and most material Points of Life; and if you see a Child under Age, that has been well educated, and consequently understands his Duty, resolv'd to enter upon it, not only without the Consent, but directly against the Commands of his Parents, what Remedy is there left, but locking him up, or sending him out of the Way ?

Ant. I don't believe *Cleander* would ever have come to that Extremity, if he had seen a Possibility of obtaining his Father's Consent: And was it not barbarous, that a Parent should oppose a Child's Inclinations so violently, that had always been dutiful to him, when he had no other Plea against him, but his own Covetousness? Had *Leonora* been a Five and Twenty or Thirty Thousand Pound Fortune, no question but the old Hunks would have lik'd her for a Daughter-in-Law, tho' she had been Lame, Crooked, or a Natural. Suppose she had been worth nothing, what he could give with his Son, was more than enough to make them live comfortably, if not splendidly. If he had really lov'd him, and regarded his Happiness more than his own avaricious Temper, would he not rather have seen his only Child live near him in the Enjoyment of the Woman he lov'd, than have sent him among *Turks* and *Heathens*, to spend the pleasantest Part of Life in Banishment and Affliction ?

Luc. A very pretty Doctrine! At that Rate, if a young Stripling, newly come from School, fancies a Cook-Wench, or perhaps a common

Strumpet, so he does but love her very well, and his Father has Money enough to keep 'em both, you would advise a Man of a good Estate, to let him marry her, rather than that by a little Absence, he should strive to wean him from his unreasonable Passion.

Ant. Where was the unreasonableness of *Cleander's* Passion? *Leonora* was a Gentlewoman, and though his Father, thinking on his own over-grown Estate, call'd her a Beggar, yet he own'd she had a Thousand Pounds; she was a charming young Creature, brought up extraordinary well, and had a Discretion above her Years.

Luc. Don't lay too much Strefs upon that, for being but Fifteen, she might have Discretion above her Age, and not have such a vast Stock neither. A very discreet Woman would hardly venture to run away with a 'Prentice, before he was out of his Time.

Ant. I thought *Cleander* liv'd with his Father, and had been brought up a Gentleman.

Luc. He was so; but would you not allow a Father the same Priviledge over his Son, that a Master has over his 'Prentice?

Ant. No, That Comparison won't hold; for a Prentice after seven Years Service, is made free; but the Duty of Children to their Parents, never ceases; and if the Father lives long enough, the Son must be bound at Four-score, and can never be out of his Time.

Luc. That's a Mistake, *Antonia*; Children, as well as Prentices, are made free by the Law. It is true, that the humble Submission, Respect, and Veneration we owe to Parents, not only for our Being, which I think is the least Obligation, but

but likewise for the anxious Care, Trouble, and Charges they have been at, ought to last for ever; but when we come to be of Age, we are no more ty'd to so strict an Obedience to their Commands, but we have Liberty to examine into the Equity of them; nay, may justly refuse to comply with them, if they are too unreasonable. *Cleander* and *Leonora* both might well have stay'd two Years longer; they had no Reason to fear, that in that Time, Age and Wrinkles should overtake them.

Ant. But they had no great Reason neither to think, that his covetous Father would more consent to that Match afterwards, than he did before.

Luc. If *Cleander's* Father, having seen the Constancy of his Son's Affection, had refus'd upon the Account of the Smallness of her Portion, to give him one suitable to his own Abilities; When his Son was come to Age, then he had been to blame, but he was much in the right in what he did; whilst his Son was under Age, and himself in a manner accountable for his Actions. It is not safe for Parents to give their Consent to any Thing of Moment that Children may ask, whilst they are under Age, unless it brings a visible Advantage to them.

Ant. Why so, pray?

Luc. Because if Children miscarry in that very Thing, tho' they had been never so fond of it themselves, they'll be sure to upbraid their Parents with it, Why did they let me? I was raw and foolish, and knew no better; They had more Experience, and ought to have been wiser; I was under their Government, they might have hinder'd me, 'tis their Fault. These are commonly

the Thanks with which the Indulgence of imprudent Parents is repay'd.

Ant But pray let me hear how *Leonora* took this abrupt Departure?

Luc. As soon as *Cleander* was come out of the Garden, the Duke went to supply his Place, and having walk'd a pretty while with his beautiful Mistress, and said abundance of obliging Things to her, they both came in; when the Gentlewoman of the House taking *Leonora* to the Window, told her who it was that had fetch'd *Cleander* away. This was terrible News, and not being able to stifle the Grief it caus'd her, she turn'd pale and trembl'd, and all the Courage and Discretion she was Mistress of, could hardly keep her from bursting out into Tears before all the Company; but rallying all the Reason and Spirit she could muster up, she ask'd for her Horse, and desir'd to take her Leave; but it not being thought adviseable she should venture upon a Horse, that had thrown her before, they sent her Home in the Coach. Several Days elaps'd, before she could get any Tidings of *Cleander*, but when she heard how his Father had dispos'd of him, and that against his Will he was sent to *Smirna*, she swooned away. About a Fortnight after the Duke had seen her first, thinking that by this Time her Sorrow might be somewhat abated, he went to give her a Visit, and had a long Conference with her Grandmother, who kept her Coach, and liv'd in very good Fashion. She had been marry'd twice, and enjoy'd about seven Hundred a Year for Life, which was the Income of two Joyntures, of which after her Death, one was to go to a Grandson of hers, and the other, to a Kin'sman of her second Husband's :

band's : Besides this, she had 3 or 4000 Pounds in Money, which she design'd for *Leonora*. She was a Woman that lov'd Greatness, and was very sorry to see all the Hopes of a Match between *Cleander* and *Leonora* vanish'd. The Duke saw he had gain'd but little upon the young Lady this first Visit, her Heart being yet too much engaged, and therefore to lose no time, resolv'd to make his chief Applications to her Grandmother in his next. The old Woman knew that the Duke was marry'd, and that he could have no other Aim than to debauch her Granddaughter, and at best keep her as a Mistress, yet the Conversation and Address'es of a Man of his Quality, together with the Presents he made her, were such powerful Temptations, that she not only hearken'd to his Proposals, but likewise promis'd him, that she would make her Granddaughter so sensible of the Honour he did her, that he should have no Reason to complain of her Conduct. Now *Leonora* was attack'd on both Sides; yet in spite of the Duke's Assaults, and the old Woman's Treachery, she remain'd unmoveable; whether a Principle of real Vertue, a Dislike to something in the Duke's Person, or else the Love to *Cleander*, was the Cause, could not easily be determin'd; but the Duke judging it to be the latter, went to *Cleander's* Father, who to his great Grief had been inform'd from *Turkey*, that his Son's Love still continu'd. The Duke, as taking Part in his Concern, told him, that if *Leonora* was of the same Constancy, they would have one another at last, if ever *Cleander* liv'd to be his own Master; but that the only Thing to prevent it, would be, if each of the Lovers could be induc'd to believe the other dead. The Consequence of

this Artifice was plain; the old Gentleman thank'd the Duke for his Advice, had Letters writ to *Turkey* that mention'd *Leonora's* Death, and spread the same false Report of his Son himself. 'Tho' *Leonora* had little or no Hopes of ever being *Cleander's* Wife, yet the News of his Death affected her very much, and was far from making that alteration in her which the Duke had expected from it. He really lov'd her, and was always charm'd with her Company, which was never deny'd him; but yet having courted her very near a Twelvemonth without being able to attain to the height of his Wishes, he began to be tir'd: He had often proffer'd to settle Two Thousand a Year upon her for Life; which, with the Respect he shew'd her, and his Affiduity in following of her so long, without making any progress, were undeniable Proofs of the Sincerity of his Passion. The old Woman, perceiving that the Duke was out of Patience, began to be very angry with her Granddaughter, and, instead of using Perswasions, as she had done hitherto, now storm'd at her, calling her obstinate Slut, and ungrateful Baggage, and daily told her, that if she would neglect her Fortune, when she might make it, she must never expect to see a Farthing of her Money. *Leonora* being of a noble and generous Mind, despis'd her Threats, but yet quickly grew weary of the Life she led; and seeing but one way to mend her self, and get rid of the Duke's Addresses, she took a brave Resolution, went directly to the Dutchess of B——, and having told her who she was, and every thing that had happen'd to her, begg'd her Protection in so earnest and obliging a manner, that the Dutchess

Dutchess, admiring the Virtue and Constancy of so young a Creature, promising to take Care of her, made her one of her Gentlewomen. The Duke was surpris'd to see her among the Retinue of his Dutchess, but had the good Manners never to say any thing of it. Being of an amorous Disposition, and seeing no Possibility of making *Leonora* yield, in a little time he pitch'd upon another Object, on purpose to forget her. When *Leonora* had left *Guilford*, the old Woman was a little concern'd at the loss of her Granddaughter, but that of my Lord Duke's Visits, and the Honour of having his Coach so often stand at her Door, was so great a Mortification to her Vanity, that she would never be reconcil'd again to *Leonora* to her Dying-day, which happening about half a year after her Granddaughter's departure, she left all she had to dispose of, to her Grandson. *Leonora* being very good humour'd, and of a sweet agreeable Temper, the Dutchess had a more than ordinary Kindness for her; she had abundance of Suitors, and her Beauty encreasing, as she grew up in Years, she made daily new Conquests. The great ones that admir'd her, courted her for the same Purpose, as the Duke had done before; them she never hearken'd to; and for those that had more honourable Intentions, there was none she could like; yet her Humour was so little coquet, that she often wish'd her self settl'd in the World tho it should be but indifferently, to avoid the Multitude of Gallants that were so troublesome to her. The Dutchess was very well acquainted with *Leonora's* Mind; she had a great Confidence in her Vertue, but yet, considering her Age, and the danger she was con-

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tinually

tinually expos'd to, thought Marriage very adviseable for her : She knew that among the Captives of her Beauty, there was a Jeweller, a rich and industrious Man, with whom she had often dealt considerably ; and being inform'd, that he seem'd to be in great Earnest, advis'd *Leonora* not to slip this Opportunity. A few Days after, the Dutchess spoke to him herself, and in a little Time the Match was made up, and *Leonora* marry'd. Her Husband's Name was *Alcandor* ; he was then worth above Seven Thousand Pounds, to which *Leonora's* Portion added another. In his Business he was skilful and stirring, and out of it a very good humour'd Man, of a jovial Temper, and a merry Companion. To shun the Butterflies that us'd to surround *Leonora*, when she was a Maid, upon her Request, he left the *Pallmall*, and took a very good House in the City.

Ant. Then I am baulk'd in my Expectation, for I was still in hopes, that *Cleander* would have had her at last, in spite of all Opposition. When they walk'd together in the Garden, I thought them such a handsome Couple, so well match'd in every Thing, but Money, which neither of them valu'd, that I did not question but they were cut out for one another.

Luc. That is, because you are so us'd to Romances, where, in the Beginning, you may always see who and who will be together ; but in Nature, it most commonly happens otherwise.

Ant. But did *Cleander* never again come to *England* ?

Luc. I find that *Leonora's* Story takes up more Time than I thought, and therefore remember where I leave off ; I'll tell you the Remainder after Supper.

T H E

(185)

THE TENTH
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Lucinda and Antonia.

Lucinda, **B**Ecause I am not always in a Humour to answer them, ask what Questions you please when I have done, but don't interrupt me.

Ant. I am all Obedience, Aunt. The last you said was, that *Alcandor*——

Luc. I remember it very well-- When the false News of *Leonora's* Death had reach'd *Cleander's* Ears, the first Emotions of his Grief were very violent; but those Transports of Affliction ceasing, and himself considering, that there was no recalling of the Dead, he grew calm at last, strove to divert his Sorrows as well as he could, and wanting for no Money, took all the Pleasures which that charming, as well as plentiful Country, affords. Being One and Twenty, he went to *Naples* by Sea, and from thence travelling through *Italy, France, and Germany,* after having

having been out four Years, came back to his Native Country. He was much surpriz'd, when he heard, that *Leonora* was alive and marry'd ; but much more, when he understood that the Report of his Death, as well as that of *Leonora's*, had both been industriously spread by his own Father. He writ to his Mistress, that she might not be frighten'd, and went to see her the next Day. Being grown Taller and more Manly. in Spight of all her Vertue, *Leonora* could not forbear being charm'd with the Sight of him, and *Cleander* thinking her a Thousand times more beautiful than when he left her, was in a continual Rapture ; sometimes extolling the Strength of Graces, that in his Absence had been added to her Features ; with all the Signs of Admiration, he took her in his Arms, and almost stifled her with his Embraces ; then suddenly starting from her, he storm'd at his own Credulity, and violently lamenting the Cruelty of his Fate in bitter Exclamations, exclaim'd against the treacherous Deceit that had been put upon 'em both. Sometimes assuming a softer Air, he would complain of having been too constant a Lover ; then fixing his Eyes on hers, with an unspeakable Tenderness, and sighing fervently, dissolve in Tears, that silently upbraided her with having forgot him too soon ; but when *Leonora*, mov'd by the Significancy of his dumb Language, as well as the Injustice of the Charge, had told him with a candid Look, how tiresome and vexatious all Courtship, even of the most noble and most accomplish'd, had been to her, ever since he had been gone, and made him sensible, that she had taken her Refuge to Matrimony, for no other Reason, but because it was the only Means
that

that could shelter her from the continual Plague of Love Addresses. Oh! How his Soul was ravish'd! He fell upon his Knees, and throwing himself at her Feet, pay'd Adoration to her Virtue; but when she had softly chid him for the Extravagancy of his Passion, and smilingly rais'd him from the Ground, he could contain himself no longer; his Flame blaz'd out, he forgot her present State, as well as the Wretchedness of his own Destiny, and eagerly clasping himself about her, kiss'd her with so much Extasy of Joy, as if his Love had been in Tranquility, and himself in the midst of Enjoyment. *Leonora* was at a abundance of Trouble, before she could make *Cleander* recover his Discretion, and at some Difficulty to preserve her own, 'till at last they parted unwillingly in a great Confusion on both Sides. The next Morning she sent him a Letter, which being a very remarkable one, I have remember'd Word for Word, and was writ thus:

Dear Cleander,

“ I Thought I might have allow'd your Visits,
 “ and not committed a Crime; but Experi-
 “ ence has taught me, that I cannot see you
 “ without: What an Excess of Weakness and
 “ Frailty have I been guilty of! And yet believe
 “ me, the Violence I did to myself, in not be-
 “ traying more, was much greater. Once I
 “ think I push'd you from me, but then I play'd
 “ the Hypocrite. I was pleas'd with the vigo-
 “ rous Transports of your Love, and took De-
 “ light in the Fervency of your Kisses: Why
 “ should I hide any Thing from you, *Cleander*?
 “ The Minute you left me, I was upon the
 “ brink of Ruin: What would become of my
 “ Honour, should I ever behold you again in
 “ that

“ that transcendant Height of Passion ? I confess
 “ I should not have Strength to resist the Temp-
 “ tation ; and yet I hope I am vertuous, because
 “ I feel that I want not Resolution to avoid it
 “ for ever. It will be a hard Task, I own it,
 “ but there is no other Remedy ; and depend
 “ upon it, we must never meet again upon Earth.
 “ If you suffer half the Torment in obeying my
 “ rigorous Commands, that I feel in imposing
 “ of them, be assur’d, that I shall always remain
 “ your

Dear Leonora.

This was an Oracle to *Cleander*, for having
 left a Letter for his Father, in which he bid him
 to farewell for ever, full of Invectives against the
 barbarous Treachery he had play’d him, he
 went out of *England*, and whether he dy’d at
 Sea, or elsewhere, was never heard of any more.
 Though *Leonora* was presently inform’d of his
 leaving the Country, yet she seldom went A-
 broad, and took Delight in nothing for a great
 while after ; but hearing no more Tidings of
 him, Time at last wore away her Concern, and
 she liv’d as she had done before. *Alcandor*, who
 had thought his Wife the most charming Crea-
 ture in the World when he courted her, was one
 of those, that after a Twelvemonths Marriage,
 think the most beautiful and the most indifferent
 Woman the same. He could not be call’d an
 unkind Husband, for he gave her whatever she
 ask’d, let her do what she pleas’d, was seldom
 out of Humour, always treated her civilly, and
 lov’d no other Women ; yet he wanted that
 engaging Tendernefs, which is the Soul of Love.
 He was hardly ever at Home but a Nights, and
 at Dinner-time. In the Morning he minded
 getting

getting of Money, and his Afternoon and Evening, were consecrated to his Diversion, and the Enjoyment of his Bottle and his Friend. *Leonora* had no more Affection for him when he marry'd her, than for a Stranger she had never seen, and lov'd him only because she knew it to be her Duty. Being a witty Woman, that was conscious of her own Charms, and had refin'd Notions of Love, she could take but little Delight in her Husband's Indifferency, that knew no other Way of expressing his Kindness, but by his Embraces: A Palate like her's, could not relish the coarsest Food of Love, unless it had been season'd with that obliging Softness, and anxious Regard, in which the Delicacy of the Passion consists. She was reserv'd, and being careful of her Reputation, as well as her Vertue, very circumspect in all her Behaviour, and wonder'd her Husband would often come in with a Friend, leave him alone with her, and go about his Business, without shewing any Concern, or ever after examining into his Conduct, more than if she had been an old Woman, that had nothing tempting about her. This she thought was a great Carelessness, if not a despicable Neglect in a Man that had a young and beautiful Wife, and seldom convers'd with Men of the strictest Chastity. They had been marry'd about five Years, when coming Home one Night, he told *Leonora* that he had made a Bargain with a Gentleman that was to live and board with them, who was certainly the best Company in the whole World. Having no Design to surprize, *Antonia*, but only to shew you what Danger the most vertuous of our Sex are expos'd to, if once they trust in Men, before I go any farther, I'll tell you what
this

this Gentleman was, and how *Alcandor* came to be acquainted with him. His Name was *Mincio*; as to his Person, he was a clean, well-look'd, fashionable Man, near Thirty, of an admirable Carriage, and exquisite Sense, but the greatest and most skilful Dissembler upon Earth. No Mimick could ever assume so many Forms as himself, and he could act more different Parts than any Player in the Universe. His Father, who had been dead several Years, in his Life time had been a very whimsical Fellow; and having a great mind to learn his Son to shift and live in, as well as understand, the World, had given him a very strange and uncommon Education: For tho' he had a good Estate to leave him, when the Boy was twelve Years old, and a great Proficient in *Latin* and *Greek*, he took him from *Westminster-School*, to let him run of Errands, and be one of the Vinegar Drawers in a great Tavern: Having been there about two Years, he put him to a shuffling sort of a Sollicitor, that had learn'd all his Law in the *Fleet*, and the *Queen's-Bench*; with him he stay'd as long as he had been with the Vintner, and then was sent to a broken Goldsmith, that was turn'd Stock-Jobber, and counted a great Villain. The Boy being a sharp Lad, in every Station pleas'd his Masters; and being an arch Rogue, at Eighteen his Father made him a Nobleman's Page, where he stay'd almost three Years; and after that, giving him a small Cargo, sent him to the *West-Indies*. He had not been there long, but the old Man dy'd, and to his great Amazement left him Eight hundred a Year, and above twice as much in Money. Coming away with the first Opportunity, he took Possession of his Estate. Considering by himself,
what

what Posts he had been in, it was impossible for him to find out what his Father had design'd to bring him up to.

Ant. Unless it was to the Gallows.

Luc. One would think so indeed. *Mincio* was of a Gentleman like Disposition, and not having forgot his *Latin*, he went to live at *Oxford*, and having been there about two Years and a half, he went to see *Italy* and *France*, stay'd a Twelvemonth at *Paris*, and came back over *Holland*. Having finish'd his Travels, he took Chambers in *Gray's Inn*, with an Intent of studying as much of the Law as should suit with his Pleasure. When he was about 26 Years old, he was jilted by a Woman he loved very passionately ; and ever since resolving to be reveng'd on the whole Sex, he had made it his whole Business to deceive and ruin as many as he could. He despis'd every Thing that was easy, and only lay in Wait for such as were counted cunning and difficult, and commonly for Women of a very good Reputation. Having heard of *Leonora's* exemplary Vertue and Reservedness, as well as dazzling Beauty, he thought attacking her would be a noble Enterprize. Being resolv'd upon this, he made himself acquainted with *Alcandor*, put on the facetious Humour he lik'd, and in a little Time so bewitch'd him with his Company, that the other could hardly live a Day without him. In Conversation *Mincio* always pretended to be a great Stranger to Love and Courtship, one that was no Admirer of the Ladies, and preferr'd a Bottle of *Burgundy* to all the Favours the finest Woman in *Christendom*

Christendom had to bestow. *Alcandor*, who kept a very good House, had often invited him to Dinner, but *Mincio*, upon some Pretence or other, had always refus'd him. They had known one another about a Month, when *Mincio*, being at the Tavern with *Alcandor* and others, told the Company, that he was weary of *Gray's Inn*, and design'd to take Lodgings in the City, if he could meet with a Place to his Mind. A Day or two after he had given this Hint, talking of it seriously to *Alcandor*, he told him, that he would not be with People that us'd to let their Rooms, that he hated the fiddle faddle of a great many Women in a House, and the bawling of Children; but wish'd he could get in some quiet neat Family, of either a Merchant or Gentleman, that kept a good Table, such a one that was a little of his own Humour, that would be merry, and drink a Bottle with him in an Evening. He nam'd a great many other Things, describing the Particulars he wanted, with so much Cunning, that without discovering his Aim, you could hardly have found two Houses in all *London*, where those Requisites were to be met with, besides *Alcandor's* own. *Mincio* needed not to have been so over cautious; for *Alcandor* being so wholly wrapt up with him, that having swallow'd the Hook before the other had half finish'd his Cant, was overjoy'd at the Thoughts of having him so near him, immediately after an obliging Manner proffer'd him what Conveniencies his House could afford. You may easily believe that they soon agreed, *Alcandor* and *Leonora* had a pretty Boy that was turn'd of Four, a mannerly Child, of an engaging Humour, whom they both

both, but especially the Mother, were deservedly fond of. *Leonora*, though almost Three and twenty Years old, having never had any other Children but this, and black Beauties commonly not fading so soon as others, was still in the full Strength of all her Charms. She had a penetrating Wit, and having seen a great deal of the World, was a very good Judge of Mankind. As soon as she had thrown her Eyes upon *Mincio*, and survey'd his courtly Mein, she presently concluded from his gallant Air, that it would not be long before she should be attack'd, and arming herself with her wonted Vertue, kept upon her Guard. The first Thing in which she suspected him was, that extraordinary Liking he express'd to her Son: He play'd with him for whole Hours, seldom came in or went out, but had some little Present or other for him, and seem'd to admire every Thing he said or did. She knew that Men, for the generality of 'em, care but little for other People's Children, almost always think them troublesome, and hardly ever take Pleasure in bearing those little Impertinencies, which the best of them will be guilty of, if you make them your Companions. And thus all the Love he bestow'd upon the Child for the first three or four Days, was by the Mother constru'd to be a Design upon herself; but when eight or ten Days being elaps'd, *Mincio* made not the least Advances, and *Leonora* having been alone with him several times, had not discover'd by either Word or Look, the smallest Symptom of what she fear'd, she could not tell what to make of him. He always was merry and good-humour'd, to herself he was most respectfully civil, the Fondness he had

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shewn from the beginning to her Son, seem'd daily to encrease, and himself extraordinary well pleas'd with the Entertainment he received. He had an admirable knack of telling a Story, yet he never troubl'd his Company with any, but what were very much *apropos*, and seem'd to be wanted, or ever brought in two at one Time, that tended to the same Purpose, though his Head contain'd choice Varieties of them upon almost every Subject. This made him always new, as well as agreeable in Conversation: All his Discourse was as chaste and clean, as it was sprightly and diverting: He never made Use of a double Entendre, or any Expression, tho' in the highest of his Mirth, that had the least Tendency to Looseness and Immorality. Satyr he pretended not to be his Province, and never meddl'd with it upon any Account whatsoever: The only Thing he sometimes ridicul'd was Love, always taking Care, that his Esteem and Veneration to the Sex, should be as conspicuous, as the Defiance which he bid to their Power. This latter in a Gentleman of his Aspect, and of his Politeness, to *Leonora* was the most surprizing of all. She never had yet been in a Man's Company, but more or less in either his Countenance, Speech, or Actions, she had observ'd, that the piercing Lustre of her Eyes made some Impression upon his Soul; but only *Mincio*, with an unaffected Freedom, could gaze on 'em, and doing Justice to her Beauty, speak of her Charms as unconcernedly, as the Minute after he would extol the happy Features of her little Son. What strange perverse Creatures we Women are! The chaste and wary *Leonora*, who would so bravely have resisted him, in Case

he

he had assaulted her with Love ; she that prepar'd herself for a vigorous Defence, whilst she dreaded the Danger of Vice, was foil'd by well dissembl'd Vertue, and envying his cold Indifference, was ready to quarrel at the Weakness of her Charms, 'till quite disarm'd of all her Fear, she almost could have wish'd him less insensible. *Mincio* shew'd a particular Friendship for *Alcandor*, was always in his Interest, and seem'd to take part in every Thing that concern'd him ; he had likewise much reform'd and wean'd him from the Tavern. *Alcandor* now often sup'd at Home, and *Leonora*, who always made one in their Conversation, had more of his Company, and was treated with more Tenderness. Being of a grateful Temper, and knowing to whom she ow'd the Obligation, she began to look upon *Mincio* as a real Friend, and thinking him the best of Men, lov'd him with all the Sincerity of a Sister. Though *Mincio* profess'd a strict Vertue, yet his Humour was always gay, and nothing came from him that was not equally diverting, as it was instructive : Living in this Harmony, *Leonora* as well as *Alcandor*, thought him the greatest Blessing that ever was come to their House. *Mincio* had been with them six Months, when suddenly he seem'd to be seiz'd with a deep Melancholly, and all his Sprightliness and Gayety was gone. It was so visible, that *Leonora*, speaking one Morning of it to *Alcandor*, he told her, that he had observed it as well as she : Knowing his ample Circumstances, they could not imagine what should be the Reason of it, and were both equally afflicted to see their Friend so chang'd. *Alcandor* had often question'd him about it, *Leonora* had done

the same; but neither of them could ever get any Thing from him, but some frivolous Excuse or other. When he saw sometimes that he was much observ'd, he would seem to strive to be merry, but with so much Reluctancy, that it was very easy to be seen his Mirth was forc'd. *Alcandor*, who was a great Enemy to Sadness, seeing he could gain nothing upon him, pity'd him, but went Abroad to look for better Company. *Leonora* remembering how he always us'd to laugh at being in Love, at first could not suspect that to be the Cause, till at last, thinking it might be a Punishment upon him, for confiding too much in his own Strength, she was resolv'd to try him. She now was as familiar, and us'd the same Freedom with him, as if he had been her Brother, and one Night talking together, *Alcandor* happening not to be at Home, *Mincio* counterfeited one that is very sad, and endeavours to appear otherwise; when *Leonora* taking hold of this Opportunity, told him, *Don't you know the Proverb, Mincio? Love and Cough won't be hid. 'Tis in vain you strive to conceal it.* She look'd upon him, and saw him in so great a Confusion, that she wish'd she had not nam'd it. He presently seem'd to recover himself, and with a great deal of Concern, denying the Charge, took abundance of Pains to divert her from that Thought; looking all the while like one that sees his most weighty Secret betray'd. Now *Leonora* knew the Distemper, but how to find out the Cause, she could not tell: Who was the wonderful Fair, that triumph'd over that Heart, which she had always thought impregnable! The first she thought on was herself; but should a Man of his Address

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and Ingenuity, that was in the same House with her, not all this while have found out a way to let her know it, if he lov'd her ; nay should she herself never have discover'd it ? As to others, she could think of Nobody. Since he had liv'd with her, he had seldom been Abroad, but with her Husband, and of late he had been more at Home than ever ; where ever he had placed his Affections, it was plain his Mistress was not kind, unless it was an Object, which either his Vertue or Discretion would not allow of, and he endeavour'd to stifle his Passion. But if so, then why might it not be herself ? *Leonora's* Thoughts being thus employ'd to find out the Disturber of *Mincio's* Rest, she design'd to watch him narrowly, if it was possible to dive farther into his Secret, with a Resolution of keeping whatever she should discover of it : And now she observ'd that he had lost that Freedom of his Look, which had been so remarkable in him, and seem'd to be afraid of encountering her Eyes. She likewise found that he shunn'd being alone with her ; but that if he was, and thought himself unobserv'd, he would stare at her with greater Eagerness than ever he had done before ; if when his Eyes were fix'd upon her, she look'd upon him suddenly, they were immediately cast down as it were in a hurry, or else his Head was quite turn'd aside ; sometimes when he thought himself catch'd at it, he would start back, and often go away in Disorder and leave her. These Symptoms would not let her doubt any longer, but that it was herself who unknowingly had kindl'd the Fire that consum'd him. *Leonora* thought *Mincio's* Heart an inestimable Prize ; yet so great was her Goodness and so little

little her Vanity, that instead of rejoycing at the mighty Conquest, her Sorrow was unspeakable, to think that to a Friend of his Value, her Eyes should give so desperate a Wound, which yet her Vertue would not suffer her to cure. Such an incomparable Counterfeit was *Mincio*, and so beautifully he could represent a struggling Passion, that tho' the Villain was calm within, he made the witty clear-sighted *Leonora* believe, that nothing could exceed the Violence of his Love, unless it was the Reluctancy his Vertue made to suppress it. Having acted this for a while, and wound up *Leonora's* Soul to the highest Pitch of Compassion, to shew her how sincere his Endeavours were to overcome his Weakness, he talks of going into the Country, and makes all the necessary Preparations in order thereunto, but the Day before he was to go, he pretends to fall sick, sends for a Physician, his intimate Friend, who prescrib'd enough to make him so in Reality, if he had taken it; and in Three or Four Days *Mincio* grows very bad, he sends for *Alcandor* up, tells him several Things concerning Monies he had in other People's Hands, desires him to be his Executor, and making his Will, leaves all his real Estate to his Son, about whose Education he gives him some admirable Instructions. After that, being tir'd, he desires to be left alone. *Alcandor* tells his Wife what had pass'd and really believes *Mincio* cannot live long. *Leonora*, who during his Illness reflecting on the Cause, had been inconsolable by what her Husband told her last, was struck with so much Sence of Gratitude and Sorrow together, that, not being able to contain herself, she retir'd to her Closet, and wholly abandon'd herself to Grief. Oh! how she

she wept, when examining herself, she found that she must be either criminal or ungrateful ; when she consider'd what Obligations she ow'd to *Mincio* for the sincere and unaffected Purity of his Love ! How she would then exclaim against the Rigour of Vertue, for not allowing her to reward his uncommon Passion ! A Passion so bright and yet so respectful, that, regardless of what concern'd himself, and sacrificing all to her, he chose rather to dye in vertuous Silence than that by opening his Lips, he should be guilty of the least Shadow of Offence. Having long enough indulg'd her Sorrows, she at last compos'd her Thoughts, as well as the great Concern she felt would let her, and going up into the sick Man's Chamber, she set herself down by the Bed-side. *Mincio* having seen her come in, beckon'd to his Man, who was the only Nurse he would admit of, to go out. *Leonora* having very tenderly enquir'd after his Health, and seeing herself alone with him, gently began to probe his Wound ; telling him, she was sure there was something that oppress'd his Spirits, and fear'd he did himself Harm with too anxiously keeping a Secret that disturb'd him. *Be not, said she, too scrupulous in trusting your Friends, but candidly unbosom your self, that if they can lend no Assistance, they yet may have the Satisfaction of shewing their Pity. Think not unfeign'd Friend, that I say this, mov'd by an impertinent Curiosity, to dive into the Recesses of your Thoughts, but believe me, Mincio, that in my Soul I feel a nearer Regard, and am possess'd with a more sollicitous Care for your Welfare, than perhaps you imagine I am capable of,* Having thus affectionately express'd herself with a low melodious Voice

Voice, and the Sweetness of a blessing Angel; she left off, seeming to expect an Answer; which the infernal Hypocrite made in this Manner: *By what mysterious Power you have reveal'd a Secret, which I thought I hid with such uncommon Care, I cannot tell, but find your Wit is still more peircing than your Beauty. Yes, Leonora, I love, and I love you, and for that Love I dye! Beware of pitying me, for fear you might insensibly be drawn into my Crime, which would torment me more than all my present Sufferings; for tho' I am guilty, yet in the Height of all my Passion I never wish'd you so; and I so much admire the Beauties of your Mind, beyond those of your Body, that, had I yet a Thousand Lives, I'd lose them all before you should your Vertue.* Being spent with speaking so much, his Weakness would not suffer him to say more, or or at least this was the Construction *Leonora* put upon his Silence, and his panting for Breath—
 Now, *Antonia*, tell me where you can blame *Leonora* yet? Consult your Pillow upon it, and to Morrow you shall know all.

F I N I S.

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T H E

P R E F A C E to the R E A D E R.

Prefaces and Cuts are commonly made use of much to the same Purpose; to set off, and to explain. The latter, being too expensive, are pretty well out of date, in an Age, where there are abundance of fine things to be bought besides Books. But the first by wicked Custom, are become so necessary, that a Volume would look as defective without one, as if it wanted the very Title Page. Though it is hard I should be compelled to talk to my Reader, whether I have any thing to say to him or not. Nay, what is worse, every Body thinks a Man should be more lavish here of his Skill and Learning, than any where else: Here they would have him shew his Airs, and therefore most Authors adorn their Prefaces, as if they were triumphal Arches; there's nothing empty to be seen about 'em, and from top to bottom they are to be crowded with Emblems and pretty Sayings, judiciously interwoven with Scraps of Latin; though they should borrow 'em from the Parson of the Parish. These, I say, are the Entertainments where they love to glut us with Wit and fine Language; though they starve us for ever after: Which makes some of 'em look like a rich piece of Fillegrew Work over the

The PREFACE.

Door of an empty Parlour. But I am resolved my Portico shall suit with the rest of the House, and, as every thing is plain within, nothing shall be carv'd or gilt without: Besides, I hate formality, Good Reader, and all my Business with you is to let you know, that I have writ some Fables in Verse, after the Familiar Way of a Great Man in France, Monsieur de la Fontaine. I have confin'd my self to strict Numbers, and endeavour'd to make 'em free and natural; if they prove otherwise, I'm sorry for it. Two of the Fables are of my own Invention; but I am so far from loving 'em the better, that I think they are the worst in the Pack: And therefore in good Manners to my self I conceal their Names. Find 'em out, and welcome. I could wish to have furnish'd you with something more worthy your precious time: But as you'll find nothing very Instructive, so there's little to puzzle your Brain. Besides, I desire every Body to read 'em at the same Hours I writ 'em, that's when I had nothing else to do. If any like these Trifles, perhaps I may go on; if not, you shall be troubled with no more of 'em: And so fare ye well Reader.

The

The Two DRAGONS. A Fable.

Not long ago th' Ambaffador
 From the great *Turk* to the Emperor,
 Extoll'd his Master's strength, beyond
 The *German* Force; a Courtier, fond
 Of his own Country, boastingly
 Said, his Imperial Majesty
 Had many Princes under him,
 So powerful, that each of 'em,
 Could raise an Army of his own,
 And more than one that wore a Crown.
 I know, says th' other, very well,
 Your Dukes and Pow'rs Electoral,
 With others, that advance the glory
 Of th' Empire. But I'll tell y' a story;
 I dreamt I saw a frightful Beast,
 That had a hundred Heads at least;
 At first I startled at the sight;
 But soon recovering from my Fright,
 I ventured on, and coming near it,
 I found I had no cause to fear it:
 For every Head did what it would;
 Some work'd with all the Force they could;
 But most of 'em lay of a heap,
 And look'd as if th' been asleep;

B

Others

Others, in hopes of better Prey,
 Were pulling quite another way.
 I turn'd my Head about, and spied
 A mighty Beast, on the other side :
 One Head adorn'd his Brawny Neck ;
 But hundred Tails did close his Back ;
 And as the Heads march'd o'er the Land,
 The Tails did follow at Command ;
 Did Execution every where ;
 I waked, and thought the Monsters were
 Both Empires ; but the Tails are ours,
 And all the glorious Heads are yours.

The Wolf and Dog.

A Wolf so pitious poor and thin,
 His very Bones stuck through his Skin,
 (A sign the Dogs were watchful) met
 A sturdy Mastiff, slick and fat.
 Sir Wolf, revengeful on his Foes,
 Had murder'd him, as one of those
 That hinder'd him from stealing Cattle ;
 But was afraid of joyning Battle
 With one, that look'd, as if he could
 Stand buff, and make his party good.
 And therefore in an humble way
 He gives the Dog the time o'th' Day ;
 Talks mighty complaisant, and vents
 A Waggon Load of Compliments

Upon

Upon his being in such a Case,
 His brawny Flank and jolly Face.
 Sir Wolf, replies the Mastiff, you
 May be as fat as any Doe,
 If you'll but follow my advice ;
 For Faith, I think you are unwise,
 To ramble up and down a Wood,
 Where's nothing to be had, that's good,
 No Eleemosynary meat,
 Or e'er a bit, that's good to eat,
 But what is got by downright force,
 For which at last you pay in course.
 And thus yourselves, your hagged Wives
 And Children lead but wretched lives ;
 Always in fear of being caught,
 Till commonly y'are starv'd or shot.
 Quoth Wolf, shew me a livelyhood,
 And then, the Devil take the Wood :
 I stand in need of better Diet,
 And would be glad to feed in quiet :
 But, pray, What's to be done, an't please ye ?
 Nothing, but what is very easy ;
 To bark at Fellows that look poor,
 Fright pilfring Strolers from the Door ;
 And then, which is the chiefest matter,
 To wag your Tail, to coax and flatter
 Those of the Family ; for this
 They'll give you hundred Niceties,
 As Chicken Bones, boyl'd Loins of Mutton,
 As good as ever Tooth was put in,
 The licking of a greasy Dish,
 And all the Dainties Heart can wish ;

Besides, the Master shall carefs ye,
 Spit in your Mouth, and ---- Heaven blefs ye.
 Good Sir, let's go immediately,
 Reply'd the Wolf, and wept for Joy.
 They went ; and tho' they walk'd apace,
 The Wolf spy'd here and there a Place
 About the Neck of Mastiff, where,
 It seems, his Curship lost some Hair,
 And said, pray Brother Dog, What's this ?
 Nothing. Nay, tell me, what it is ;
 It looks like gall'd. Perhaps 'tis from
 My Collar. Then, I find, at home
 They tie you. Yes. I'm not inclin'd to't,
 Or goes it loose when y'have a Mind to't,
 Truly not always ; but what's that ?
 What's that ! quoth he ; I smell a Rat ;
 My Liberty is such a Treasure,
 I'll change it for no Earthly Pleasure ;
 At that his Wolfship fled, and so
 Is flying still for ought I know.

The Frog.

A Frog threw his ambitious Eyes
 Upon an Ox, admired his size,
 And, from the smallness of an Egg,
 Endeavour'd to become as big.
 He swells himself, and puffs, and blows,
 And every foot, cries there he goes.

Well

Well, Brother, have I bulk enough,
 An't I as large, as he? What stuff!
 Pray look again. The Dev'l a bit.
 Then now. You don't come near him yet.
 Again he swells, and swells so fast,
 Till, straining more, he bursts at last.
 So full of Pride is every Age!
 A Citizen must have a Page,
 A Petty Prince Ambassadors,
 And Tradesmens Children Governours;
 A Fellow, that i'n't worth a Louse,
 Still keeps his Coach and Country-house;
 A Merchant swell'd with haughtiness,
 Looks ten times bigger than he is;
 Buys all, and draws upon his Friend,
 As if his Credit had no end;
 At length he strains with so much Force,
 Till, like the Frog, he bursts in course,
 And, by his empty Skin you find,
 That he was only fill'd with Wind.

The Pumkin and Acorn.

A Self conceited Country Bumkin
 Thus made his glosses on a Pumkin.
 The Fruit, says he, is very big,
 The Stalk not thicker than a Twig,
 Scarce any Root. great Leaves; I wonder,
 Dame Nature should make such a blunder:

Had

Had I been she, I would have plac'd it
 On yon high Oak, and 'twould have grac'd it
 Better than Acorns ; its a whim
 A little Shrub would do for them ;
 Why should a Tree so tall and fine,
 Bear small stuff only fit for Swine ?
 But hundred things are made in waste,
 Which shews the World was fram'd in haste.
 Had I been sent for in those Days,
 'Twould have been managed otherwise :
 I would have made all of a suit,
 And large Trees should have had large Fruit.
 Thus he went on, and in his Eyes,
 The Simpleton was very wise ;
 A little after, coming nigh
 An Oak, whose Crown was very high,
 He liked the Place and down he laid
 His weary Carcass, in the Shade:
 But, as the find-fault Animal
 Turn'd on his Back, an Acorn fell,
 And hit his Nose a swinging Blow.
 Good God was this the Pumkin now !
 The very thought on't struck him dumb :
 He prais'd his Maker, and went home.

The Moral:

THE World's vast Fabrick is so well
 Contrived by its Creator's Skill ;

There's

*There's nothing in't, but what is good
To him, by whom it's understood ;
And what opposes Human Sence,
Shews but our Pride and Ignorance.*

The Hands, Feet, and Belly.

THE Hands and Feet in Council met,
Were mightily upon the Fret,
And swore 'twas something more than hard,
Always to work without reward.
The Feet said, truly its a Jest,
That we should carry all the rest ;
March at all Hours thro thick and thin,
With Shoes that let the Water in ;
Our Nails are hard as Bullock's Horns,
Our Toes beset with plaguy Corns ;
We rais'd four Blisters th' other Night,
And yet got not a farthing by't.
Brothers, reply'd the Hands, 'tis true,
We know what hardship's y' undergo ;
But then w' are greater Slaves than you ;
For tho' all day we scrape and rake,
And labour till our Fringers ake ;
Tho' we've been ply'd at every thing ;
Yet then, without considering
What pains or weariness we feel,
W' are forced to serve at every meal,

And

'Aud often, whilst you're set at ease,
 Drudge to the Knuckles up in Grease ;
 As for your Corns and Nails in troth,
 We have the trouble of cutting both.
 Take this not, Brothers, in a fence,
 That might create a Difference ;
 We only hinted it, to shew
 We 're full as badly us'd as you ;
 Our Grievances are general,
 And caused by him that swallows all ;
 The ungrateful Belly is our bane,
 Whom with our labour we maintain ;
 The ill natured'st Rogue, that e'er was fed,
 The lazy'st Dog, that lives by Bread.
 For him we starve ; for what d'ye think
 Becomes of all the Meat and Drink ?
 'Tis he, that makes us look so thin,
 To stretch his everlasting Skin ;
 Tho' we do all his Business,
 What did he ever give to us ?
 And therefore let my Lord *Abdomen*
 Say what he will, we'll work for no Man.
 Nay if we scratch him tho' he itches,
 Calls us a hundred Sons of Bitches.
 And, if you do the same, you'll see,
 He'll quickly be as lean as we ;
 What say ye, Brothers, do y' agree ?
 Yes, says the Feet, and he be curst,
 That dares to think of stirring first.
 And thus the Rebels disobey ;
 Who swear they'll now keep Holy-day,

Resolv'd to live like Gentlemen.
 His Gutship calls and calls again,
 They answer'd they would toil no more ;
 But rest as he had done before :
 But soon the Mutineers repent ;
 The Belly when his Stock was spent,
 Could not send down the Nourishment,
 That's requisite for every part ;
 The weakness seiz'd the drooping Heart ;
 Till all the Members suffer'd by't,
 And languished in a woeful plight :
 They saw, when 'twas too late, how he,
 Whom they accused of Gluttony,
 Of Laziness, Ingratitude,
 Had labour'd for the common Good,
 By ways they never understood.

The Moral.

THE Belly is the Government,
 From whence the Nourishment is sent,
 Of wholesome Laws for mutual Peace,
 For Plenty, Liberty, and Ease,
 To all the Body Politick,
 Which where it fails the Nation's sick.
 The Members are the discontent
 Pleibeians ; that are ignorant,
 How necessary for the State
 It is, that Princes should be great :

Which

Which, if their Pomp and Pow'r were less,
 Could not preserve our Happiness.
 The Vulgar think all Courts to be
 But Seats of Sloth and Luxury;
 Themselves, but Slaves compell'd to bear
 The Taxes, and the Toils of War;
 But in this Fable they may see
 The dismal Fruits of Mutiny;
 Whilst Subjects, that assist the Crown,
 But labour to maintain their own.

The Countryman and the Knight.

AN honest Countryman had got
 Behind his House a pretty Spot,
 Of Garden Ground, with all what might
 Contribute to the Taste and Sight,
 The Rose and Lilly, which have been
 Still kept to compliment the Skin,
 Poppies renown'd for giving ease,
 With Roman Lettice, Endive, Pease,
 And Beans, which Nat'ralists do reckon
 To be so ominous to Bacon.
 The Beds were dung'd, the Walks well swept,
 And every thing was nicely kept.
 Only a Hare wou'd now and then
 Spite of the Master and the Men

Make

Make raking work for half a day,
 Then fill her Gut and scow'r away.
 In vain they beat and search the Ground,
 The cunning Jilt can ne'er be found,
 The Master once in angry Mood
 Starts up and swears by all that's good,
 He'd be revenged, that he would.
 Runs to a Country Knight his Neighbour,
 And there complains how all his labour
 Was spoil'd by one confounded Hare,
 Which though the'd watch'd her every where
 He nor his People ne'er could catch,
 And of a certain was a Witch.
 His Worship smiles and promises
 To rid him of the Sawcy Pufs.
 At break of Day *Jack* winds his Horn,
 The Beagles scamper thro' the Corn ;
 Deep mouth'd Curs set up a Cry,
 And make a cursed Symphony.
 Now stir you Rogues ; the Knight is come
 With *Robin, Lightfoot, Dick* and *Tom*.
 The House is full of Dogs and Boys,
 And ev'ry where's a horrid Noise,
 Well, Landlord, Come, What shall we do ?
 Must w' eat a Bit before we go ?
 What have you got ? Now all's fetch'd out,
 The Victuals rak'd, and tore about.
 One pairs the Loaf, another Groom
 Draws Beer, as if he was at home,
 And spils it half about the Room.
 What Horseman's yonder at the Door ?
 Why, Faith, there's half a dozen more :

They're Gentlemen, that live at Court,
 Come down the Country for some Sport;
 Some old Acquaintance of the Knight,
 Who whips from Table, bids 'em light.
 They ask no Questions but sit down,
 Fall too as if it was their own.
 One finishes the Potted Salmon,
 Then swears, because he had no Lemon.
 Good Lord, how sharp the Rogues are set !
 It puts my Landlord in a sweat.
 His Daughter comes with fresh Supplies
 Of Collard Beef, and Apple-pies.
 His Worship falls aboard of her ;
 The modest Creature quakes for fear.
 When do we marry Mistress *Ann* ?
 Who is to be the happy Man ?
 He takes her Hand, and chucks her Chin,
 Stares in her Face, commends her Skin,
 Removes her Linnen, shews her Neck ;
 There's Milk, and Blood, Gad take me *Jack*.
 She blushes, and he vows she is
 A pretty Girl, then takes a Kifs ;
 She don't consent, nor dares deny,
 Defends herself respectfully ;
 And now the Knight would let her go ;
 Another Rake cries, Damme no :
 I'll have a Kifs as well as you.
 He hugs her close, then calls her Dear,
 And whispers bawdy in her Ear.
 My charming Rogue, I would not hurt ye.
 She answers not, but drops a Courtie.

He's rude, and she's aſham'd to ſqueak ;
 Her Father ſees it, dares not ſpeak ;
 But patiently enduring all,
 Stands like a Statue in the Hall.
 Now for the Garden and the Hare,
 The Dogs get in, and ſcrape and tear,
 The Horſemen follow, leap the Rails ;
 Down goes the Quick-ſet-hedge, and Pales.
 The Huntsman hollows, runs and pushes,
 All goes to Rack, the Borders, Buſhes.
 And now my Landlord cries amain,
 You've ruin'd me ; but all in vain.
 The Cabbages are kick'd about,
 And Flowers with Roots and all pull'd out.
 The Beds are levell'd with the Ground,
 At laſt poor trembling Puſs is found
 Hid underneath a Collyflower.
 The Prey is took, away they ſcower,
 And leave our Countryman to think
 On all his Loſs of Meat and Drink :
 What havock's made in ev'ry place,
 His Daughter wrong'd before his Face.
 Small was the Miſchief of the Hare
 To ravenous Hunters to compare.
 He wrings his Hands, and all in Tears
 Repents his fooliſh raſhneſs, ſwears,
 He'll ne'er call help again in haſte,
 Since Hounds and Horſes made more waſte,
 In half an hour, than all the Hares
 Of th' Country could in Seven Years.

The Moral.

When petty Princes can't agree,
 And strive for Superiority,
 They often take my Landlord's Course,
 Invite for Aid a foreign Force;
 And when their Subjects Slaves are made,
 Their Countries all in ruins laid,
 As commonly it proves their fate,
 Repent with him when it's too late.

The Plague among the Beasts.

ONE time a mighty Plague did pester
 All Beasts Domestick and Sylvester,
 They try'd a world of Remedies;
 But none that conquer'd the Disease:
 And, as in the Calamity
 All did not dye, so none were free.
 The Lyon in this Confternation
 Sends by his Royal Proclamation
 To all his loving Subjects greeting,
 And summons 'em t' a general Meeting;
 And when they're come about his Den,
 He says, my Lords and Gentlemen,
 I believe you're met full of the Sence
 Of this consuming Pestilence;

Sure

Sure such extraordinary Punishment
 On common Crimes was never sent;
 Therefore it took its derivation,
 Not from the trivial Sence of the Nation;
 But some notorious Wickedness;
 Then let us search our Consciences,
 And ev'ry one his Faults confess.
 We'll judge the biggest and the least,
 And he that is the wicked'st Beast
 Shall as a Sacrifice be giv'n,
 T'allay the wrath of angry Heav'n,
 And serve our Sins an expiation
 By ancient way of Immolation;
 And, since no one is free from Sin,
 Thus with my own I'll first begin.
 I've kill'd an Ox, and which is worse,
 Committed Murder on a Horse;
 And one Day, as I am a Sinner,
 I have eat seven Pigs for Dinner,
 Robb'd Woods, and Fens, and like a Glutton,
 Fed on whole Flocks of Lamb and Mutton:
 Nay sometimes, for 'tis in vain to lie,
 The Shepherd went for Company.
 This was his Speech; when Chanc'lor Fox
 Cries out, what signifies an Ox,
 Or Horse? Sure those unworthy things
 Are honour'd, when made sport for Kings.
 But, Sir, your Conscience is too nice,
 Hunting's a Princely Exercise:
 As for the Sheep, that foolish Cattle,
 Not fit for Carriage nor for Battle,

And

And being tolerable Meat,
 Are good for nothing, but to eat.
 The shepherd your sworn Enemy
 Deserv'd no better Destiny.
 Thus was he, that had sin'd for Twenty,
 Clear'd *Nemine Contradicente*.

The Bear, the Tyger, Beasts that fight,
 And all that could but scratch or bite
 Came off well ; for their gross Abuses
 Others as bad found Excuses.

Nay even the Cat of wicked Nature
 That kills at play his Fellow Creature
 Went scot free : But his Gravity

An Ass of stupid Memory

Confess'd, that, going to *Sturbridge-Fair*
 His Back most broke with Wooden-ware,
 He chanc'd half starv'd, and faint, to pass
 By a Church-yard with exc'lent Grass,
 They had forgot to shut the Gate,
 He ventur'd in, stoop'd down and ate.

Hold, cries Judge Wolf, no more, for Crimes
 As these, deserve such fatal Times.

By several Acts of Parliament

'Tis Sacrilege, they all consent ;

And thus the silly virtuous Ass
 Was Sacrific'd for eating Grass.

The Moral.

THE Fable shews you poor Folk's fate
 Whilst Laws can never reach the Great.

The Grasshopper and Ant.

A Merry Grasshopper, that sung
 And tun'd it all the Summer long,
 Fed on small Flies, and had no Reason
 To have sad thoughts the gentler Season :
 For when 'twas hot, the Wind at South,
 The Victuals flew into his Mouth :
 But when the Winters cold came on,
 He found he was as much undone,
 As any Insect under Heav'n ;
 And now the hungry Songster's driv'n
 To such a state, no Man can know it,
 But a Musician or a Poet,
 He makes a Visit to an Ant,
 Desires he would relieve his want ;
 I come not in a begging way,
 Says he, No Sir, name but a day
 In *July* next, and I'll repay,
 Your Interest and your Principal
 Shall both be ready at a Call.
 The thrifty Ant says truly Neighbour,
 I get my Living by hard Labour ;
 But you, that in this Storm came hither,
 What have you done when 'twas fair Weather ?
 I've sung, replies the Grasshopper ;
 Sung ! says the Ant, your Servant, Sir ;

If you have fung away the best
Of all the Year, go dance the rest.

The Milk Woman.

A Straping Dame, a going to Town
To sell her Milk with thin Stuff Gown,
And Coats tuck'd up fit for a Race,
Marches along a swinging Pace ;
And in her Thoughts already counts
The Price to which her Milk amounts ;
She fancies all is sold, and lays
The Money out a hundred ways ;
At last she's fix'd, and thinks it plain,
That Eggs would bring the surest Gain :
She buys a hundred, which she reckons
Will four Weeks hence be six Score Chickens.
Such mighty care she takes to rear 'em,
No Fox or Kite can e'er come near 'em,
The finest Hens are kept for Eggs ;
The others sold to buy some Piggs ;
To whom a little Bran she gives
With Turnep-tops and Cabbage leaves ;
And tho' they get no Pease to speak on,
Yet in short time they're sold for Bacon.
O ! how the Money pleas'd her Thought
For which a Cow and Calf are bought ;
She'll have 'em on the Common kept,
There see 'em jump, at that she leapt

For joy ; down comes the Pail, and now
 Good Night t'ye Chickens, Calf and Cow,
 Eggs, Bacon ; all her busy care,
 With them are dwindled into Air.
 She looks with Sorrow on the Ground,
 And Milk, in which her Fortune's drown'd :
 Then carries home the doleful News,
 And strives to make the best Excuse :
 Her Husband greets her with a Curse,
 And well it was she far'd no worse.
 The Hermit, and the Man of Fame,
Pompeus, and our Country Dame,
 The wisest Judge, and my Lord May'r,
 They all build Castles in the Air :
 And all a secret Pleasure take
 In dreaming whilst they are awake :
 Pleas'd with our Fancies we possess
 Friends, Honour, Women, Palaces.
 When I'm alone I dare defy
 Mankind for Wit and Bravery.
 I beat the *French* in half an Hour,
 Get all their Cities in my Power.
 Sometimes I'm pleas'd to be a King,
 That has success in every thing,
 And just when all the World's my own,
 Comes one to dun me for a Crown ;
 And presently I am the poor,
 And idle Dunce I was before.

The Cock, the Cat, and the young Mouse.

A Mouse of no Experience
Was almost nabb'd for want of Sence.

Hear how the silly young one told

Her strange Adventure to the old.

I cross'd the Limits of our State,

And ran as swift as any Rat ;

When suddenly I spy'd two Creatures

Of very different Form and Features,

The one look'd smiling, milde, and Civil,

The other was a very Devil ;

He look'd so fierce, made such a rout,

Then tore the Ground, then turn'd about ;

He ne'er stood still, upon his Head

He wore a piece of Flesh that's red ;

A bunch of Tails with green and black

Stood staring higher than his back.

And thus describes the simple Mouse

A Cock he had scen behind the House,

As had it been some Beast of Prey

Brought over from *America*.

With insolence, says he, he strides,

And beats with his broad Arms his sides ;

Then lifts his shrill and frightful Voice,

And made so terrible a Noise,

That tho' I can assure you, Mother,

I've as much Courage as another,

I trembled, and as I am here,
 Was forc'd to fly away for fear.
 I curs'd the Bully in my thought ;
 For 'twas that strutting Ruffin's Fault ;
 Or else that other Beast and I
 Had been acquainted presently.
 He sat so quiet with such Grace,
 So much good Nature in his Face,
 He's furr'd like we, and on his Back
 So purely streak'd with gray and black ;
 He has a long Tail, shining Eye,
 Yet is all over Modesty.
 I believe he is a near Relation
 To our Allies the Rattish Nation :
 His Ears and Whiskers are the same
 With ours, I would have ask'd his Name,
 When with his harsh and horrid sound
 The other made me quit my Ground.
 Replies the Mother, well 'scap'd Son,
 You have been very near undone ;
 That formal Piece of Modesty,
 That Mirror of Hypocrisy,
 Was a damn'd Cat of wicked Fame ;
 My Heart akes at the very Name,
 The everlasting Foe to Mouse,
 Death, and Destruction to our House.
 Whereas that other Animal
 Ne'er did us hurt, nor never will ;
 But may, when he is dead and gone,
 Serve us one Day to dine upon.
 Then prithee Son, whate'er you do,
 Take special Care of him, whom you

For such an humble Creature took,
And judge not People by their Look.

The Cock and Pearl.

A Cock, not very nicely fed,
A Dunghill raker by his Trade,
Whilst scraping in the dirt, had found
A Pearl worth Five and Twenty Pound :
He goes hard by t' a Jeweller,
And like a silly Dog, says Sir,
In yonder Rubbish lay a bit
Of something that in't good to eat,
If you think it will serve your turn,
I'll change it for a grain of Corn.
Nay sometimes Men will do as bad,
I've known a foolish Heir, that had
A Manuscript of Wit and Labour,
Say to a Bookseller his Neighbour,
I've got some Sheets my Uncle writ,
They say he was a Man of Wit,
But Books are things I don't much matter,
A Crown would do my Business better.

The Lyon's Court.

IT happen'd that some Years ago,
The Lyon had a Mind to know,
What beastly Nations up and down
Belong'd to his Imperial Crown :
And therefore in his Princely care
Sends word by Letters every where,
That he would keep an open Court,
Grace it with every Royal Sport ;
And so invites 'em to his Palace,
A Cave that stunk worse than the Gallows.
The Bear snorts at it, snuffles, blows,
Draws hundred Wrinkles in his Nose.
What need the Fool to have made such Faces ?
The Lyon frown'd at his Grimaces,
And for the Niceness of his Smell
My Gentleman is sent to Hell.
The Monky fam'd for flattery
Extalls this Action to the Sky,
Then prais'd the King's majestick Face,
The stately building of the Place,
The Smell, whose Fragrancy so far
Exceeds all other Scents that are,
That there's no Amber, said the Sot,
But what's a house of Office to't.

This

This gross insipid stuff the Prince
 Dislikes and calls it Impudence,
 To speak so contrary to Sence.
 And as the one was thought too free,
 So th' other dy'd for Flattery.
 This Lyon had the reputation
 To be *Caligula's* Relation.
 The Fox being near ; the peevish King
 Ask'd his Opinion of the thing.
 Tell me what smell it is, be bold,
 Sir, says the Fox, I've got a Cold.
 If you would have your Answers please
 Great Men make use of such as these,
 Bluntness and bare-faced Flattery
 Can never with the Court agree.

3

The Drunkard and his Wife.

MAN is so obstinate a Creature
 No Remedy can change his Nature.
 Fear, Shame, all ineffectual prove
 To cure us from the Vice we love.
 A Drunkard, that had spent his Wealth,
 And by the Wine impar'd his Health,
 One Night was very Drunk brought home ;
 His Wife conveys him to a Tomb ;
 Undresses him from Head to Feet,
 And wraps him in a Winding-sheet :

He wakes, and finds he's not a Bed,
 All over dress'd like one that's dead :
 Besides, she counterfeits her Voice,
 With Torch in hand, and grunting Noise,
 Looks frightful in a strange Array,
 To pass for Dame *Ctesiphone*.

And every thing is done so well,
 He thinks he's fairly gone to Hell ;
 And satisfy'd it was his Merit,
 He says to his dissembling Spirit,
 Who are you in the Name of Evil ?
 She answers hoarsely I'm a Devil,
 That carries Victuals to the Damn'd,
 By me they are with Brimstone cram'd.
 What, says the Husband, do you think
 Never to bring them any Drink ?

The Carp.

A Handsome Carp genteely bred,
 In fresh and running Water fed,
 Puff'd up with Pride and Vanity,
 Forsook the *Thames* and went to Sea ;
 Thro' Shrimps and Prawns he cuts his way,
 Sees Cods and Haddocks frisk and play ;
 He ask'd some questions, but in vain,
 All spoke the Language of the Main ;
 He frets he can't be understood,
 When, at the latter end of Flood,

Two Herrings vers'd in Languages
 Were talking about Business ;
 Carp heard 'em, as he swum along,
 Discoursing in his River Tongue,
 And made a stop, they did the same,
 One of the Herrings ask'd his Name,
 And whence he came ; the Traveller
 Reply'd, I am a Stranger, Sir,
 Come for my Pleasure to these Parts
 To learn your Manners and your Arts :
 Then Herring asks what News of late ?
 Which are your Ministers of State ?
 Indeed, said Carp, he could not tell,
 Nor did much care, quoth Herring well
 What Laws, what Form of Government ?
 Are Taxes rais'd, without consent
 Of Parliament ? what Courts of ? Fish,
 Says th' other, I'm a gentle Fish,
 And we know nothing of those Matters ;
 Quoth Herring, I'm no Fish that flatters,
 I find you've neither seen nor read,
 And wonder you should break your Head,
 With what's in other Countries done,
 That knows so little of your own.
 At this the haughty Fool takes snuff,
 Turns from 'em in a mighty huff ;
 And whilst he slides and flourishes
 He meets a Country Fish of his,
 One us'd to Sea, a subtle Spark,
 A Pike that serv'd his time t' a Shark ;
 Who leads him into Company
 Of Riot and Debauchery ;

The scandalous Gang in little time
Infect him with the Salt, and Slime :
They robb'd his Row, till scurvily
At last he's forc'd to leave the Sea.
His Scales begin to drop by scores,
And all his Body's full of Sores.
Half of his Tail, and Snout are gone,
And he, lean, shabby and undone,
Sneaks home as vain and ignorant,
As e'er he was before he went.

The Moral.

Some Fops that visit France and Rome,
Before they know what's done at home,
Look like our Carp when come again.
Strange Countries may improve a Man,
That knew the World before he went ;
But he, that sets out ignorant,
Whom only Vanity intices,
Brings Nothing from 'em, but their Vices.

The Nightingale and Owl.

THE Bird of Jove, who was all Day,
As much intent upon his Prey,
As any Prince in Christendom,
Was not well pleased, that coming home,

He always found his Folks a Bed,
 (Sure Courtiers should be better bred.)
 For, as Crown'd Heads have much to think,
 Some Nights he could not sleep a wink;
 And thought it hard to have ne'er a Bird
 In all his Court could speak a Word,
 Or snuff a Candle, hundred things,
 That are of use to waking Kings.
 Some Birds strove hard, did what they could;
 Yet when 't grew dark, slept as they stood.
 Others pretended that they watch'd,
 And swore and ly'd till they were catch'd.
 The King would not be put upon:
 Asks all his Court what's to be done?
 One talks no wiser than a Horse,
 Another makes it ten times worse,
 The Ostrich said, It's plain to me,
 We sleep because we cannot see;
 Ask *Jupiter*, he can't deny't,
 To let it when 'tis dark be light-----
 At that all stopt his Speech a laughing,
 Except the King, who fell a coughing.
 Says one more learned than the rest,
 I'm for a Crane with stone in Fist;
 If he should sleep it must be known,
 For presently he'll drop the stone.
 But as the Watchmen were to be
 In the upper Garret of the Tree,
 The King for weighty Reasons said,
 He'd have no Stones held o'er his Head.
 Then cries the Swan, and he was right,
 If one pretends to watch all Night.

He cannot do a better thing,
 To make us believe it than to sing.
 His Majesty approves of it,
 And Letters presently are writ ;
 By which the Airy Prince invites
 All Birds to Court, that sing a Nights ;
 But most of 'em look on the same
 As things of no concern to them.
 Yet some that had Ambition
 Would very willingly have gone,
 But since they could not watch in short,
 And might perhaps be punish'd for't,
 At best they could propose no Gains,
 But t' have their Labour for their Pains.
 Only the Nightingale, whose Art
 Man knows, had fill'd his little Heart
 With so much Joy, he's more than glad,
 And almost ready to run mad ;
 Calls on all Birds and shakes his Wings,
 Tells them how every Night he sings ;
 (A thing, which they knew nothing of,
 For by that time they're fast enough.)
 Says he it hits so luckily,
 As if it was contriv'd for me,
 What cause to doubt of being chose,
 When there's not one that can oppose.
 His Friend the Black-bird says, if so,
 Make haste to Court ; why don't you go ?
 The haughty Bird cries truly No,
 Glory's a thing I never went for,
 Nor shall go now unless I am sent for.

At last the King by Mistress Fame,
 'S acquainted with his Skill and Name,
 And hearing of his Statelines
 Sends half a dozen Deputies ;
 Who, when they're come, are forced to wait :
 The Bird makes every thing look great ;
 He humbly thanks his Majesty ;
 But could not leave his Family.
 They still perswade and press him hard,
 He need not doubt of a great Reward.
 And as the Nightingale delays,
 And banters 'em for several Days ;
 A Magpye in the Field at play
 Heard how he made the Courtiers stay,
 Goes home and there relates the Story,
 The Message, and the Bird's Vain glory,
 T' an Owl, who from his Infancy
 Had liv'd in the same Family ;
 And adds, why don't you take a Flight ?
 I've often heard you sing at Night ;
 When wak'd by our unlucky Boys.
 Says the Owl, I know I have no Voice
 As well as you : But if you hear me,
 Young Jackanaps you need not jeer me.
 By *George*, says Mag, I'm not in jest,
 What though the Nightingale sings best,
 He is so proud, takes so much state,
 A thing I know all Princes hate,
 That if y'are there before the other,
 Who wants such Courtship, keeps such pother,
 I don't know but your solemn Face,
 And modest Mein may get the place.

I'll go my self for Company :
 And Mag discourf'd so winingly,
 The Match is made away they fly.
 The King by this time thought it long
 To stay for a Nocturnal Song,
 When Master Magpy, and his Friend,
 Were just come to their Journy's end.
 They told their Business modestly,
 And are lodg'd on the Royal Tree.
 The Owl sets up his Note at Night,
 At which the Eagle laugh'd out right,
 Then went to sleep and two Hours after
 He wak'd, and wanted to make Water.
 Call'd to his Watch, who presently
 Jump'd in, and cry'd Sir, Here am I.
 So, tho his Owlship could not sing,
 His watchfulness had pleas'd the King.
 Next day arrives the Nightingale,
 With his Attendance at his Tail.
 His Majesty would by no Means
 Admit him to an Audience ;
 But sends a stately Bird of Sence,
 Who thus accosted him. Signior,
 Whom we so long have waited for ;
 Since Yesterday a Bird came hither,
 As grave as ever wore a Feather,
 Who without promise of Reward
 Last Night has serv'd upon the Guard,
 With him to Morrow Night the King
 Has order'd you to watch and sing,
 Says Nightingale, what do I care
 For Orders? I am free, and I wear

My Master-lays shall mix with none,
 They make a Confort of their own :
 But who has so much vanity,
 That dares pretend to sing with me ?
 And hearing 'twas th' *Athenian* Bird,
 He star'd and cou'd not speak a Word,
 Grew pale, and swell'd, his Wind came short,
 And Anger overwhelm'd his Heart.
 He foams at Mouth, and raves, and blusters,
 And utters all his Words in Clusters.
 A King ! a Devil, stupid Fowl,
 That can compare me to an Owl !
 Pray says the Courtier, have a Care,
 Consider in what place you are ;
 But, as the Fool would hear no Reason,
 He went, and left him sputt'ring Treason,
 Then told what happen'd to the King,
 Who said he'd never hear him sing ;
 The Owl should be kept in his Place,
 And th' other punish'd with Disgrace ;
 He wisely weigh'd one's Complaisance
 Against the other's Insolence,
 Oppos'd the Humble to the Rude,
 And thought, the one might do more Good,
 With Loyalty and Diligence,
 Than th' other with his Skill and Sence.
 The Nightingale is kick'd from Court
 And serv'd the little Birds for sport ;
 Till full of Shame and Grief he went,
 And curs'd the King and Government.

The Moral.

Princes can never satisfy
 That Worth that rates itself too high.
 What Pity it is ! some Men of Parts
 Should have such haughty stubborn Hearts :
 When once they are courted they grow vain :
 Ambitious Souls cannot contain
 Their Joy, which when they strive to hide,
 They cover it with so much Pride,
 So Saucy to Superiors,
 Impatient of Competitors,
 Th' are utterly untractable,
 And put off like our Nightingale.
 Many with him might have been great,
 Promoted Friends, and serv'd the State,
 That have beheld, with too much Joy,
 The wish'd for Opportunity ;
 Then slipt it by their own Delays,
 Sloth, Pride, or other willful Ways,
 And ever after strove in vain
 To see the Forelock once again.

The

Council held by the Rats.

A Cat, whose Sirname pretty hard was,
One Captain *Felis Rodilardus*
Had made so terrible a slaughter
Among the Rats ; that little after
There's hardly one to shew his head,
Most part of 'em were maim'd or dead.
The few that yet had 'scap'd the Grave,
Liv'd in a subterranean Cave,
Where they sat thinking mighty dull,
With Bellies less than quarter full,
Not daring to stir out for fear
Of *Rodilard*, who's ev'ry where.
They tried a hundred ways to fun him :
But finding they could never shun him,
The Wretches look upon him, that
He's more a Devil than a Cat.
Once, when our am'rous Spark was gone
A hunting Wenches up and down,
The poor remainder to improve
The time their Enemy made love,
Assembl'd, and employ'd their Cares
About the straits of their Affairs.
Their President, a Man of Sence,
Told 'em, by long experience ;
I know, the Captain used to come
In Ambush without beat of Drum.

Methinks

Methinks, that if we could but hear him
 We need not half so much to fear him:
 And therefore, th' only way's to take
 A Bell, and tie't about his Neck:
 And then let him be ne'er so arch
 He'll advertise us of his march.
 His Council took, and every one
 Was of the same Opinion;
 Sure nothing better could be done.
 But pray, says one, who is to tie it;
 For I desire not to be nigh it.
 How! cries another, tie the Bell,
 I dare draw all his Teeth as well.
 A third, a fourth, all say the same,
 And so they parted as they came.

The Moral.

Thus Cits advise what's to be done,
 This way they should attack the Town;
 Now here, then there, why don't they come?
 So, often in a Coffee-room,
 Where prudently they rule the Nation.
 I've heard some Men of Reputation
 Propose things which they dare as well
 Perform, as Rats to tie the Bell.

The Bat and the two Weasels.

A Purblind Bat a heedless Beast
 Ran headlong into a Weasel's Nest,
 Who big with Child, and Passionate,
 Had long since bore a mortal hate
 To Mice ; she rises, takes a Knife,
 Runs to 'm resoly'd to have his Life,
 And says : What Rascal in my House !
 O impudence ! a'nt you a Mouse ?
 Confess : Yes, I am sure you are,
 Or I'm no Weasel : Have a Care,
 No Names, good Lady, says the Bat,
 No more a Mouse, than you a Rat.
 What, I a Mouse ? I scorn the Word ;
 And thank the Gods that made m' a Bird ;
 Witness my Wings, they're proof enough ;
 Long live the Birds, and so came off.
 Some two Days after giddy brain
 By a mischance, intrudes again
 T' another Weasel's, who hates Birds,
 She lets him enter, made no Words ;
 But fairly caught him by his Crupper,
 And went to cranch him for her Supper.
 In quality of Bird, says he,
 Madam, this is an Injury,
 Damn all the Birds, I do Protest
 You wrong me : Sure y'are but in jest,

What

What reason I should pass for one ?
 All Birds have Feathers, I have none.
 I am a Mouse long live the Rats,
 And *Jupiter* confound the Cats.

The Moral.

THE Trimmer that will side with none,
 Is forc'd to side with ev'ry one ;
 And with his Comp'ny change his story,
 Long live the Whig, long live the Tory.

The two Bitches.

A Bitch, who hardly had a day
 To reckon, knew not where to lay
 Her Burthen down : She had no Bed ;
 Nor any Roof to hide her Head ;
 Desires a Bitch of the same Pack,
 To let her have, for Heaven's sake,
 Her House against her Lying-in.
 Th' other, who thought it was a Sin,
 To bank a Wretch so near her Labour,
 Says, Yes, 'tis at your Service, Neighbour.
 She stays the Month out, and above,
 And then desires her to remove :
 But th' other tells her, there's yet none
 Of all my Whelps can walk alone,

Have

Have patience but one Fortnight longer.
 I hope by that time they'll be stronger.
 She grants it, and when that's about,
 Again she asks her to turn out,
 Resign her Chamber, and her Bed :
The other shew'd her Teeth, and said,
My Children now are strong enough,
 Some of 'em able to stand buff.
W' are free to go, but don't mistake us,
That is to say, if you can make us.

The Moral.

Whoever lets the Wicked in
 Shall hardly get them out again ;
 What they can keep they'll ne'er restore,
 And by fair Means you'll have no more
 Returns from them, than from the Grave,
 Therefore he that will lend a Knave,
 Must be resolv'd on Law and Force ;
 If not, he'll bid you take your Course.

The Sick Lyon and the Fox.

THE King of Brutes sent all about,
 He was afflicted with the Gout ;
 And orders ev'ry Species
 To visit him by Embassies.

To

To see his Subject Beasts would be
 Some Comfort to him in his Misery :
 He swears them faithfully, they shall
 Be lodg'd, and treated very well.
 Then for a Safeguard, sends forsooth,
 Passes against his Claw and Footh.
 His Vassals in obedience come,
 And ev'ry Species sends him some.
 Only the Foxes stay at home ;
 Their Reason was, they saw the Print
 Of ev'ry beastly Foot, that went :
 But found no Marks, by which, 'twas plain,
 That any e'er came back again :
 And truly that's suspicious,
 Says one, poor Folks are timerous.
 We know the King would not abuse us,
 But yet desire him to excuse us.
 As for his Pass we thank him for't,
 And believe 'tis good. But in his Court
 We know, which way we may go in,
 But not, which to come back again.

The Moral.

*W*ise Men sometimes Instruction find
 In that, which others never mind ;
 Examining the least of things,
 By Deeds, not Words, they judge of Kings ;
 And never venture on that Coast,
 Where once they knew another lost.

The Satyr and the Passenger.

A Satyr at his Country House,
 A dismal Cave, was with his Spouse,
 And Brats a going to eat some Broth :
 Without a Chair, or Table-Cloath,
 On mossy ground they squatted down,
 With special Stomachs of their own.
 And just as they fell to a main,
 Comes one to shelter for the Rain :
 The Guest's invited to sit down,
 Tho' in the mean time they went on.
 He shiver'd, look'd as cold as Death,
 And warm'd his Fingers with his Breath,
 Says ne'er a Word, takes good Advice,
 And stays not till they ask him twice,
 Falls to the Porridge, takes a sup ;
 But being newly taken up,
 'Twas hot, he blows it. Says the Satyr,
 Whose Palate could bear scalding-water,
 Friend, what the Devil are you a doing ?
 What do you mean by all this blowing ?
 The Stranger answers, I did blow
 At first to warm my hands, and now
 I blow again to cool my Broth.
 How, says my Landlord, does it both !
 Than y'are not like to stay with me,
 I hate such juggling Company.

What

What ! Out of the same Mouth to blow
 Both hot and cold ! Friend, prithee go.
 I thank the Gods my Roof contains
 None such as you. The Fable means.

The Moral.

NOne are more like to do us wrong ;
 Than these that wear a double Tongue.

The Lyon in Love.

BEfore the Reign of Buxom *Dido*,
 When Beasts could speak as well as I do ;
 Lyons and we convers'd together,
 And marry'd among one another.
 Nay, why not ? they have more bravery,
 And are of the eldest Family.
 One of 'em walking in a Grove,
 Met with a Wench, and fell in Love.
 Says he, dear Girl, upon my Life,
 Y'are handsome, and must be my Wife.
 Then sees her Home, and asks her Father,
 Th' old Gentleman would have had rather
 A Son-in-Law of milder Nature,
 And not so terrible a Feature ;
 He could not give her heartily,
 And yet 'twas dangerous to deny.

G

Besides

Besides she lov'd a fierce Gallant,
 Says he, they have ask'd my Consent ;
 If now I make a Noise about it,
 Who knows but they may do't without it.
 Therefore he us'd a Stratagem
 With honey-words to wheedle him.
 My Daughter thanks you, Sir, for the honour,
 Which you are pleas'd to bestow upon her.
 To talk of Joyntures would be rude ;
 I know what's for my Children's good.
 She's wholly yours, and from this hour,
 Son, I resign her to your power.
 I only wish, because your Bride
 Has but a foolish tender Hide,
 That when you take her in your Arm,
 For fear your Claws might do her harm,
 You'd suffer somebody to pare 'em ;
 And then your Spouse need not to fear 'em.
 Your Teeth indeed look fine and strong ;
 But yet th'are somewhat sharp and long ;
 If y'had 'em filed an Inch or two,
 'Twould be no prejudice to you,
 And she'd respect you ne'er the less,
 Admire the softness of your kifs,
 And be more free with you a Bed.
 So fenceless is a Lover's head :
 The Lyon yields, and stupidly
 Lets 'em disarm him *Cap-a-pe*.
 And so the loving Son-in-Law,
 Remaining without Tooth or Claw,
 Look'd as defenceless as a Town
 With all the Walls and Gates broke down,

With

With Dogs his complaisance they pay,
To whom he falls an easy Prey.

The Moral.

W Here Love his Tyranny Commences ;
There, farewell Prudence, farewell Sences.

The Angler and the little Carp.

T Hat little Fishes may be greater,
And that, the larger th' are the better
I know ; but then, to let em swim,
And all the while to stay for 'em ;
Since catching so uncertain is,
I think's a foolish Business.
An Angler patiently a fishing
Employ'd with looking on, and wishing,
Catches at last a little Carp
That's very poor ; but being sharp
He thought 'twas something to begin,
Opens his pouch to put him in.
But cries the Prisoner pitiously
Alas, what would you do with me !
Let me grow bigger, throw me in.
Some two Year hence you'll catch m' again ;
I'll stay for you, for you may be sure ;
Then sell me to some Epicure.

But

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But now I'm such a silly Fish,
A hundred would not make a Dish ;
And if they should, when all is done,
There would be only Skin and Bone.
Says the Angler I've a Mind to try you,
And if y'an't fit to Stew, I'll Fry you.
Leave preaching till anon, and then
Discourse your Mattets to the Pan.

The Moral,

I chuse One is for two May be's,
One sure for Ten Uncertainties.

The Wolves and the Sheep.

Between the Wolves, and Sheep, the Wars
Had lasted many hundred Years.
The Sheep could never feed in quiet ;
But Wolves disturb'd 'em at their Diet :
And truly Wolf is every Day
By Mastiff hunted from his Prey.
The Shepherd often cuts his Throat,
And turns his Skin into a Coat.
But now both Parties are for ease ;
And met to agree on terms of Peace.
When in Debates some time was spent,
On each side Hostages are sent :

As

As such both Nations were to give
 What's valued most, the Wolves receive,
 The Dogs, of which in Awe they stood ;
 The Sheep young Wolves of Noble Blood :
 And thus the Peace is ratify'd,
 With Joy proclaim'd on every side.
 But in short time the Whelps grew strong,
 The sturdy Rogues began to long
 For Blood, and Mischief; watch'd a day,
 The Shepherds were not in the way,
 Then hunt the young ones from their Dames,
 And pick'd and cull'd the finest Lambs ;
 Kill'd and devour'd a Multitude ;
 The rest they carry'd to a Wood,
 Where with the other Wolves they joyn,
 Who knew before hand their design.
 The Dogs on publick Faith secure
 (And pray what ties could be more sure)
 Where whilst they slept, and thought no harm,
 Throttled before they heard th' alarm.

The Moral.

*Some Nations, fond of slothful Ease,
 Trust to deluding Enemies ;
 And striving to avoid Expence,
 Will leave themselves without defence ;
 But cunning Tyrants call 'em Friends,
 No longer than it serves their Ends.
 Against a mighty King that is,
 Regardless of his Promises,*

Proclaim

*Proclaim an everlasting War,
 Observe his Motions, watch with care ;
 And never hearken to a Peace,
 Proffer'd by faithless Enemies.*

The Wasps and Bees.

A Troop of Wasps claims openly
 Some Honey Combs without a Tree.
A Regiment of Bees declares,
 The Honey, and the Combs, were theirs,
 And let him touch the Goods that dares ;
 They'd shew that they were Bees, and forsooth.
 Then says the Wasps, we'll pluck a Crow for't,
 An shall not fly for Bees, we scorn it.
 However 'tis left to Justice Hornet,
 Who could with all his subtle Sence
 Make nothing of the Evidence ;
 In general they depose, 'tis true,
 That Insects of a yellow hue,
 With Tails containing poysonous Stings,
 Long Body'd, buzzing with their Wings,
 And all the Signs to paint a Bee,
 Had been observ'd about that Tree.
 But this could be no proof for them ;
 For in the Wasps they are the same,
 His Lordship, for his Reputation
 Heard a whole Ant's Nest's Information.

But

But being no wiser than before,
 At last said he could do no more ;
 And made a learned Speech to shew 'em:
 That this Court could say nothing to 'em:
 It must be try'd in Chancery.
 Up starts a pert well meaning Bee,
 And says, an't please your Lordship; 'tis
 Six Months we left our Business:
 And heard of nothing but Vacations,
 And Writs of barbarous Appellations;
 And all this while, you know we are,
 My Lord, but even as we were.
 The Honey every Day grows worse,
 And greedy Lawyers drain our Purse.
 Under submission we've enough
 Of all this formal conjuring stuff.
 I believe I can inform you better,
 Which way you may decide the matter
 What signifies our looking on,
 And hearing Council pro and con?
 Let's go to work and then you'll see,
 Which poke the Truth, the Wasps or we.
 If they can make such Combs and fill
 With Honey each sexang'lar Cell ;
 The Cause is theirs, and we'll pay Cost;
 If not, I hope they'll yield it lost.
 Which when the Wasps refus'd to do
 Judge Hornet rose, and said, Oho !
 I smook you, Sirs, and gave the Bees
 The Suit, with Costs and Damages.

The Moral.

THus would I have all Judges give
 Their Judgment. With the Turks I believe,
 That common Sense so end a Cause,
 Is worth a hundred Common Laws.
 They lead us such a way about,
 Raise new Disputes, make such a Rout.
 Between the Plaintiff and Defendant ;
 That by the time they make an end on't,
 The Suit looks like an Oyster, where
 The Fish falls to the Lawyer's Share ;
 And if the Cause be manag'd well,
 Each of the Clients gets a Shell.

The Lyon and the Gnat.

A way base Insect, that took Birth
 From th' Exhalations of the Earth.
 Thus spoke the Lyon to the Gnat ;
 Who answer'd, Bully, Think ye that
 I'll bear Affronts ? No : And declar'd
 A War against him to his Beard ;
 And told the Hector, void of fear,
 You'll find Sir King, how much I care
 For all your Titles, Tooth and Claw,
 Of which great Loobies stand in awe :

I'll quickly curb your haughtiness,
 Damn'd Brute ; and hardly utter'd this,
 But sounds the Charge (he serv'd for all
 For Trumpet and for General.)

He nimbly shifts from Place to Place,
 And plays before the Lyon's Face ;
 The other snaps and strikes the Air ;
 The Gnat avoids him every where ;
 He watch'd his time, then seiz'd his Neck,
 From thence he mov'd, and stung his Back,
 There fasten'd, made his Kingship mad ;
 His Eyes sparkle in his Head ;
 He foams and roars, and all what's near
 Trembles, and hides itself for fear,
 Yet, of this general Hurrican,
 And dire Alarm th' Occasion
 Is, what one would suspect the least,
 So small an Atom of a Beast.

With hundred rambling flights he teases
 The Brute, and leads him where he pleases ;
 Gets up his Nostrils, laughs to see
 With how much Rage his Enemy
 Tore his own Flesh, and all in Blood
 Ran raving through the affrighted Wood.
 He still pursues, till out of Breath
 The Lyon dropp'd, and bled to Death.
 The merry buzzing Conqueror
 Flies from the dismal Seat of War,
 And as he sounded cheerfully
 The Charge, so sounds the Victory.
 But going to proclaim his Story,
 Puffed up and blinded with his Glory,

He met a Cobweb in his way,
And fell a filly Spider's Prey.

The Moral.

SO one that cross'd the Ocean o'er,
May smother in a Common Shore.

The Woodcleaver and Mercury.

IN Ancient times, when *Jupiter*
Was pretty free, a Labourer,
That earn'd his Bread with cleaving Wood,
Lost with his Ax his Livelyhood.
'Twould grieve ones Heart to hear what sad
And pitious moan the Fellow made :
He had no Tools to sell again,
And buy another Ax, poor Man !
It was his All, and what to do,
Or how to live he does not know,
And as the Tears stood in his Eyes,
My Ax ! O my dear Ax ! he cries :
Sweet loving *Jupiter* ! restore
My Ax. *Olympus* hear his roar ;
And *Mercury* the Post-Boy, or
The Flying Post (his Character
Suits either for he's God of Lying
Beardless, and fam'd for News and Flying.)

Came

Came to the Labourer, and said,
 Your Ax in't lost, cheer up, my Lad :
 I've got it here ; but can you tell
 Which is your own ? I very well,
 Quoth he. Says *Mercury* take hold,
 And gives him one of Massy Gold ;
 To this, quoth th' other, I've no claim,
 To a Silver one he said the same :
 But when his Iron one was shewn,
 He cries, I Faix this is mine own ;
 God bless you, Sir. And *Mercury*
 Said, to reward his Honesty,
 Th' are all your own, I give 'em ye. }
 The Story's quickly nois'd about ;
 The way to Riches is found out ;
 'Tis but to lose one's Ax ; the Fools,
 That had none, fold their Cloaths and Tools
 To get one ; and whate'er they cost,
 They're bought in order to be lost.
 The God of Thieves and Merchants, who
 By chance had nothing else to do,
 Came as they call'd ; his Deity
 Gave every one the choice of three :
 The lying Rogues deny'd their own,
 And swore they lost a Golden one :
 But as they stoop for't, *Mercury*
 Chops off their Heads, and there they lie.

The Moral.

THE Fable shews you, Honesty
Is always the best Policy.

The Hare and his Ears.

Some stupid horn'd Beast or other,
Trotting along to get some fother,
Had run the Lyon in his Side ;
Who, for the future to provide
Against such Accidents as this,
Sends Writs, by which he banishes
From his Dominions every one,
That wore a Horn : And when 'twas known,
The Stags sneak off with Bulls and Rams,
The very Calves went with their Dams :
And, whilst they are moving every where
To foreign parts, a fearful Hare,
That saw the shadow of his Ears,
Was startled at the sight ; and fears,
Some Villain might maliciously
Say they were Horns ; What Remedy ?
Says he, they're long, and I can't tell.
Well Neighbour Cricket Fare you well :
My Ears are Horns too ; I'll march off ;
They're very long, and that's enough :

Nay,

Nay, were th' as short as Ostrich Ears,
 It would not rid me of my fears ;
 For if they catch m' I go to Pot.
 Foh ! says the Cricket, y'are a sot.
 Hares Horns ! what Puppy calls 'em so ?
 Th' are Ears. But yet, for ought you know,
 Replies poor Puss, they'll pass for Horns ;
 And may be Horns of Unicorns.
 They call the Rabbet's Fore legs, Wings,
 I hold no Argument with Kings.

The Moral.

A *T Lyons Courts, in case of Treason,
 I rather trust my Heels, than Reason.*

The Rat and the Frog.

A Graceless Rat, in special case,
 Kept neither Lent nor Holidays ;
 But lov'd his Gut beyond his Soul,
 And look'd as slick as any Mole :
 Who one day having time to spare,
 Went to the Marshes for some Air ;
 There meets a Frog, not over fat,
 Who says, your Servant Mr. Rat ;
 And seemingly with much good Nature,
 Invites the Stranger o'er the Water ;

Says

Says he, I live in yonder Fens,
 Go with m' I'll treat you like a Prince.
 The Rat, who had a mind before
 To ramble, need t've heard no more;
 But yet the Frog made a whole Lecture
 On Country Bagnios, and their Structure,
 The Voyage, and the Recreation
 He'd find in his amphibious Nation;
 Their Manners, and a hundred things,
 Of which in Winter Evenings,
 He'd tell fine Stories ten Years after,
 By Fire sides in Praise of Water:
 And, since he always liv'd a Shore,
 There's nothing could refresh him more.
 These Reasons pleas'd his Ratship so,
 That he was raving mad to go.
 But as your pamper'd Folks are fearful,
 He said, one cannot be too careful;
 'Tis true I swim, but not like you,
 And Cramps, or other things, you know,
 Might happen: If I could but have
 Some small Assistance.-----Says the Knave,
 Prithee be quiet, to prevent
 All harm, I've an expedient,
 That has a thousand times been tried.
 Then took a bit of Rush and tied
 One of the Fore feet of the Rat
 To his Hind leg, and out they fet.
 But O thou wicked World! how evil
 Are all our Hearts! this croaking Devil
 Swum to the deep; where, when he got him,
 He strove to pull him to the bottom;

And

And thought it was a lucky hit,
 To meet with such a dainty bit ;
 Good wholesome Meat, and so went on.
 The Rat, who felt he was undone,
 Cry'd out, and foul'd himself for fear,
 And, tho' sometimes in half a Year,
 The Varlet never said a Prayer ;
 Yet (as the Proverb tells us, he
 That cannot pray, must go to Sea.)
 So now, with all the Sugar Words,
 A frighted Coward's Heart affords ;
 He call'd the Gods, and coax'd the Frog ;
 But, No : That false hard-hearted Dog
 Is deaf to all his Protestations,
 And violates the Law of Nations.
 One lugs and labours like a Horse,
 Th' other resists with all his Force.
 The Frog's for going down ; the Rat,
 If 't pleased the Gods, would rather not.
 And, whilst they're struggling different ways,
 A Kite, that hover'd o'er the Place,
 Saw what our Gentry was about,
 Would fain have seen the Battle out ;
 If 't had been safe ; but being loth
 To lose his Stomack, took 'em both :
 And, doubly bless'd beyond his wish,
 Supp'd like a Lord, on Flesh and Fish.

The Moral.

HE, that's entangled in a Plot,
 For want of Strength, is often caught :
 And in his Practices detected
 By Accidents, he ne'er suspected.
 What cares a Frog for Kites, in Water ?
 But Villany rewards its Author.

The Cat and an old Rat.

I've heard, and if it be a Lie,
 You have it e'en as cheap as I ;
 That a huge Cat of mighty Name,
 A second *Rodilard* for Fame,
 The *Alexander* of the Cats ;
 An *Attila*, a scourge to Rats,
 Had brought such horrid devastation,
 And Mischief on the latter Nation ;
 'Twas thought he would depopulate
 The World, and swallow every Rat.
 The long Tailed Gentry, far and near,
 Are all possess'd with so much fear,
 That there's not one in six Miles round,
 That dares to venture above ground ;
 Their bloody minded Enemy
 Is sorry, that they're grown so shy.

In vain he watch'd, and lurk'd about,
 The De'l a bit as one came out.
 Says he, the Scoundrels are alive,
 I hear 'em stir, and must contrive
 To draw 'em out; for, where they dwell,
 I'm sure, they're uncomatable.
 At that he gets upon a Shelf,
 And to a String he hangs himself
 By one Foot, dangling with his Head
 Downward, as if he had been dead.
 The Rats all thought, he had been taken
 At stealing Cheese, or gnawing Bacon;
 Perhaps he might have foul'd the Bed,
 Murder'd a Bird; or, that he had
 Committed any other Evil,
 By instigation of the Devil,
 Or his own more malicious Nature;
 For which they'd hang'd the wicked Creature.
 The Prisoners, who wanted Bread
 Thank'd Heaven, and were very glad.
 They show their Snouts, and now begin
 To peep out, and pop back again;
 Till growing bold they leave their home,
 And scamper up and down the Room.
 Down comes the treacherous Malefactor,
 Who rais'd to Life without a Doctor.
 Fell with such rage about their House;
 Each Blow kill'd either Rat or Mouse;
 Some made Resistance, but in vain,
 The Ground is cover'd with the slain,
 such Execution did his Claw,
 But when the cunning Warrior saw,

The nimble ones go off in Sholes,
 And get within their crooked Holes,
 He call'd to 'em, for all your haste,
 I know, you'll come to me at last.
 This trick you never knew before,
 But I can shew you hundred more.
 He'd kill'd enough to live upon
 Some few Days; but when that was gone,
 He kept his Word, and wheedled 'em
 With quite another Stratagem.
 He jump'd into a Tub of Flower,
 And there stood powd'ring half an hour,
 'Till thinking he was dawb'd enough,
 He walks into an open trough
 Where lying snug as white as Snow,
 And roul'd up like a piece of Dough,
 He waits the Starvings coming to'm,
 And now and then he pick'd up some.
 But an old Rat, who full of Scars,
 Had lost his Tail in former Wars;
 Standing at th' Entrance of the Cave,
 Call'd to our Cat. You, Mr. Knave,
 Your Hanging or your Flower won't do,
 I know your Tricks as well as you.
 You was a Cat, and are so still:
 Change to what form or shape you will:
 Nay be a Log, I wont come nigh't.
 Says th' other, Faith he's in the right.
 And wisely knows, distrust to be
 The Mother of Security.

The Weasel and the Rat.

A Hungry Weasel poor and lank,
 With wrinkled Jaws, and Taper Flank,
 Hardly recover'd from her Weakness,
 Occasion'd by a Fit of Sickness.
 Met with a Granary, and stole
 Into it thro' a little Hole.
 She blest'd herself to see the store,
 No Miser sure could covet more :
 And, thinking Nobody could harm her,
 Fell to, and fed like any Farmer.
 At Nights she slept, and snor'd at Ease,
 And having Peace and Quietness,
 Four Meals a Day, a wholesome Air,
 A dainty Diet, little Care,
 She quickly chang'd her meagre Feature,
 And look'd like quite another Creature.
 The Truth is, it would be a hard Case,
 If all this should not mend one's Carcass.
 Once, sitting at a Dish of Wheat,
 She heard a Noise, forsook her Meat,
 Ran to the Hole to save her Bacon,
 Squeez'd to get thro' ; but was mistaken.
 And as she searches all about,
 And finds no Crevish to get out,
 She spies a Rat, and tells him, pray
 What must I do, I've lost my way,

Which is the Hole? No, says the Rat,
Your way is right; but y'are too Fat.
Stay but a Week, and fast, good Dame,
Till y'are as lean, as when you came,
And then you'll find the Hole's the same.

The Moral.

A *Man in profitable Station,
Grown rich by Plundering the Nation,
Is often willing to resign,
But seldom to refund the Coin.*

The Wolf and the Stork.

Wolves commonly are fam'd for Eating,
As much, as Foxes are for Cheating.
One of 'em, at a Mutton Feast,
Devour'd his Meat with so much haste;
A Bone got in his Throat, and there
Stuck fast; some Learned Authors swear,
It was the *Os Sacrum*; others say,
It was one of the *Vertebra*.
But hang disputes; since it is all one
What Bone it was; so 'twas no small one.
There stood Sir Wolf, and full of Grief
Made signs he wanted quick Relief.

And

And well it was he could not Cry ;
 For no Soul would have come a nigh.
 At last he shews it to a Stork,
 The long-leg'd Surgeon goes to Work ;
 Takes out the Bone immediately ;
 And when 'twas done, desir'd his Fee.
 Sure, says the Wolf, whoever draws
 His Head out harmless from my Jaws,
 May boast of such a Happiness,
 As far o'erpays all Offices ;
 A thing which ne'er was done before,
 And may be, ne'er will happen more.
 But O Damn'd Vice Ingratitude !
 To scape with Life, and be so rude,
 As to ask Fees ! take care young Man,
 You never see my Face again.

The Moral.

*Some Folks are so mischievous grown,
 They claim Thanks if they let y' alone.*

The Frogs asking for a King.

THe Frogs, after some Ages spent
 In Democratick Government,
 Grew weary of it, and agree,
 To change it for a Monarchy ;
 And humbly begg'd a King of *Jove*,
 The God comply'd, and from above
 Dropt 'em a very peaceful one ;
 But only in the falling down,
 He made such Noise, that all the Frogs,
 Who are but fearful skittish Dogs
 Were frighted and drove under Water,
 And there remain'd a good while after,
 Among the Weeds ; their fear was such,
 There was not one, that dar'd so much
 As look upon him, whom they thought
 Some Giant, or the Lord knows what.
 Tho' all this while 'twas but a Log,
 At last came up a daring Frog ;
 But took care, not to swim too nigh it,
 Till, seeing it lay so very quiet,
 He went on, tho' in mighty awe ;
 But when his Fellow Subjects saw
 Their Bulky King did him no harm,
 In half an Hour the Pond did swarm
 Of Frogs. O ! what a pretty thing
 It was to play about their King :

The meekest that e'er wore a Crown ;
 And soon they're so familiar grown,
 That laying all respect aside,
 They Jump upon his Back, and ride.
 The King says nothing, keeps his Peace,
 And let's 'em work him as they please.
 But this they hate, they'd have him move.
 A second time they call on *Jove*,
 And tire his Brain with clam'rous rout,
 To have a King, that stirr'd about.
Jove, mad for being plagu'd again,
 Sends 'em a Damn'd devouring Crane ;
 Who only was for Kill, and Slay,
 And eat whoe'er came in his way.
 Much louder now the Rascals cry ;
 Deliver us from Tyranny !
 O *Jupiter* ! If he goes on,
 We shall be murder'd every one,
 This is the Devil upon dun.
 Quoth he, I'll humour Fools no more,
 You might have kept what ye had before ;
 You left your Common-wealth, to seek
 A King ; and then he was too meek ;
 You must have one, forsooth, that stirs :
 I hope now you have got one, Sirs.
 You never chang'd without a Curse,
 Keep this, for fear you get a worse.

The Moral.

THank God, this Fable is not meant
 To Englishmen; they are content,
 And hate to change their Government.

The Wolf and the Lamb.

IT is a thing without contest,
 That he that's strongest reasons best.
 The Weather being fultry hot,
 A Lamb to cool himself, was got
 A paddling in a purling Stream.
 (To Rhiming Fools a mighty Theme)
 When a she Wolf (the De'l sure sent her)
 Came down, in quest of some Adventure,
 And hardly spy'd poor Innocence;
 But pick'd a Quarrel void of Sence;
 Began to sputter, Damn and Sink,
 Ask'd how he dar'd to spoil her Drink,
 A nasty poysoning Dog. Odsbud!
 He'd make it all as thick as mud.
 For which he'd punish him by Jove.
 Madam, reply'd the Lamb, I love
 To reason calmly, and will show ye,
 That I am Twenty Yards below ye.

And

And humbly craving leave, from thence
 I draw this reg'lar Consequence ;
 That I can't, standing in this Place,
 Disturb the Liquor of your Grace.
 You do, says the other, and last Year
 You told some Lies of me. I swear,
 I was not born then, quoth the Lamb :
 I han't left fucking of my Dam.
 'Twas either you or else your Brother:
 I've ne'er a one. 'Then 'twas your Mother,
 Or any other near Relation ;
 For all your wicked Generation
 Hates me ; your Dogs and Shepherds too
 And without any more a-do,
 The Lamb was carry'd to the Wood ;
 And serv'd the cruel Wolf for Food.

The Lyon grown old.

A Valiant Lyon, now grown old,
 His Limbs and Jaws benumb'd and cold,
 Lay thinking on his Royal Bed,
 With scarce a Tooth in all his Head :
 And Claws worn to the Stumps with Tearing :
 (But every thing's the worfe for wearing)
 And whilst he labour'd to repent,
 Complaining of his Youth mispent,
 His Rebel Subjects paid no more,
 That Honour, which they gave before,

But treat him with Contempt and Scorn :
 The Bull does push him with his Horn,
 The Horse affronts him with his Heels :
 No Tongue can tell what grief he feels
 From these insulting Enemies.
 In comes the Ass; but when he sees,
 That Coward too forget his Duty,
 He dying said, *Tu quoque Brute ?*

The two Physicians.

TWO graduate Physicians,
 Of many Years Experience,
 With Coaches to proclaim their Skill,
 Are sent for to a Man that's ill.
 One feels his Pulse and gives him over :
 But th' other says he may recover ;
 I have great hopes, we'll give him some
 Of my *Antithanaticum*.
 No, cries the first, he is too weak ;
 Yes truly Sir, I'm very sick,
 Replies the Patient ; down they fate,
 And enter'd in a deep Debate :
 One quotes four Words of *Arabick*,
 Th' other an Aphorism in *Greek*.
 They're very hot, and every one
 Sticks to his own Opinion.
 The Upshot was, they writ a Bill,
 Which neither lik'd of very well :

They

They visit him some Days, and vent
 Many a learned Argument ;
 But as his Life went on full Speed,
 He could not stay till they agreed,
 And so march'd off ; and when he's dead,
 Both still are in the right ; one said,
 I told you so, his very Eye
 Prognosticated he would dye :
 And th' other cry'd, had I been believ'd,
 I'm very sure, he would have liv'd.

Love and Folly.

THe charming God, that with his Bow,
 So many Thousand Years ago,
 Came to that troublesome Employ,
 He serves in still, is but a Boy:
 His Art is so mysterious,
 That to explain his business,
 His Tackle, Arrows, Quiver, Taper,
 Would take up several Reams of Paper ;
 Which being more than I've a mind
 To fill ; I'll only, since he is blind,
 Tell you which way he lost his sight,
 With what came on't, and so good Night,
 Folly and Love took one another
 Aside, as Boys will run together,
 And crept into a Nook of Heaven,
 To play at Seven or Eleven ;

And here good People, Gamesters may
 Behold what mischief comes from Play :
 There 'rose a quarrel about the Main,
 Its Eight says Love, and thought 'twas plain ;
 Quoth Folly, but I'm sure 'tis Nine,
 You Little Cheat, the Game is mine :
 At last Words growing very high,
 Love gives his angry Foe the Lie ;
 Then up starts Folly, flings the Dice
 At Love, and beats out both his Eyes.
Venus would be reveng'd, bawl'd out,
 And shed so many Tears about
 The Peepers of her little Son,
 That she was like to have spoil'd her own.
 She would have Justice done, she swore,
 Call'd Folly Rogue and Son 'f a Whore :
 How did you do't ; I'll make you dance ?
 Indeed said Folly, 'twas by chance.
 Cry'd *Cupid*, you're a punning Cur,
 And snobb'd. In comes the Thunderer,
 With all the Gods and Goddesses,
 To sit upon the Business,
 Between Love and the Boy at Bar.
 The Cuckold and the God of War
 Were very hot, they'd have him dye ;
 But when *Minerva* ask'd him, Why ?
 They said, because --- Be free from rage,
 Ye Gods, said *Themis*, mind his Age,
 And then the Council seem'd to incline
 To make him only pay a Fine
 To Love. But the injur'd Mother cries,
 That won't do, I'll have both his Eyes,

Secundum legem Talionis,
 He shall pay *Corpore non bonis*.
Apollo bids her to be civil.
 T'have two blind Boys would be the Devil,
 Said *Juno*; and this gave the hint
 To *Jove*, t'inflin'd a Punishment,
 That might ease Love; what must he do?
 He could not walk alone; and so
 'Twas fixed by all the Gods above,
 That Folly should be guide to Love.

A She-Goat, a Sheep and a Sow.

A She-Goat that gave exc'lent Milk,
 A Sheep, whose Fleece was soft as Silk,
 And a fat Sow went to the Fair
 In the same Cart, not to take th' Air,
 Or to see Shows; but, as I am told,
 Downright in order to be sold;
 All the way long the Sow did squawl,
 And scream enough to deafen 'em all;
 Had she been follow'd by six score
 Butchers, she could have done no more:
 The other Creatures wonder'd at her,
 And could not dream what was the matter;
 They thought it must proceed from fear;
 And yet perceived no danger near;
 The Carter told her, What d'ye mean?
 Who gives you reason to complain?

Your

Your Cries have stunn'd us, what d'ye make
 This horrid Noise for? prithee take
 Example by your Company,
 Be silent or talk civilly.
 Look on that Sheep, he thinks you're mad;
 Has he spoke one Word good or bad?
 No: He is wise. — The Devil he is,
 Replies the Sow, could he but guess,
 Whither you carry us, or why;
 I'm sure he'd bawl as loud as I:
 He's used to Shears, and so the Fool
 Thinks only that you'll take his Wool;
 And this good Lady with the Beard
 Has no great Cause to be afraid;
 She's daily milk'd and does depend on't,
 You'll drain her Dug, and there's an end on't:
 And 't may be so, or 't may be not;
 But, wou'd you have me such a sot,
 Who 'm good for nothing, whilst I've Breath,
 To be afraid of less than Death?

Who gives you reason to complain?
 The Carter told her, What d'ye mean?
 And yet perceived no danger near;
 They thought it must proceed from fear;
 And could not dream what was the matter;
 The other Creatures wonder'd at her
 Teachers, the cow had done no more:
 And she had been follow'd by six score
 And scream enough to deafen 'em all;
 All the way long the Sow did drawl,
 Downright in order to be sold;

YOUR

The Moral.

UPon my Word 'twas shrewdly said,
Of one that was no better bred:
Yet all this sad complaints and fear
Are for the Thing she's forced to bear:
And tho' she knew, she was to dye,
She could not change her destiny.
Therefore I think, where all is lost,
He, that sees farthest, suffers most.

The Dog and the Ass.

HElp one another is, no doubt,
A Law we can't live well without:
Yet one Day, (and how't came to pass
I don't know) 't happen'd that an Ass,
Who's otherwise an honest Creature,
Of no uncharitable Nature,
Did slight it: A large Dog and he
Were travelling in Company,
Without a thought of Strife or Care,
Followed by him whose Goods they were;
And coming to some curious Grass,
The latter went to sleep; his Ass,
Who was a Lover of good Pasture,
Made better use on't than his Master,

And

And fell a feeding heartily :
 But the poor Dog stood starving by,
 And said, Much good may do thy heart,
 Dear fellow Traveller ; thou art
 My loving Friend. --- But Mr. *Gray*,
 My Meat is in your Panier, pray,
 Stoop down, and let me take out some,
 I han't eat since we came from home ;
 He gets no Answer, asks again,
 But No, th' *Arcadian* Gentleman
 Thought every Word a mouthful lost,
 And would say nothing to his cost,
 So held his Tongue a while ; at last
 He told him, Friend, I am in haste,
 And, when I stoop my Back, it akes ;
 Have patience till your Master wakes,
 It won't be long, and then you'll get
 Your Belly full, if he thinks fit.
 Just then a Wolf came from the Wood,
 And they have Appetites as good
 As any ; Grizz'l at a distance
 Hears him, and asks the Dog's assistance ;
 But he don't budge, and serves him right ;
 Says he, I never us'd to fight
 Without a cause for fighting's sake ;
 Stay till your Master is awake ;
 Hear what he says, it won't be long ;
 Sir Wolf won't offer any wrong ;
 And if you fear his Teeth or Claws,
 Knock but his Brains out, break his Jaws,
 And lay him sprawling on the Ground ;
 You're newly Shod, and Iron bound ;

And

And whilst this fine Discourse went on,
 Poor Grizzle's business was done.

The Moral.

NOne can live happily together,
 Without assisting one another.

The Fox and Wolf.

THe Fox went on the search one Night,
 The Moon had hung out all her light ;
 He sees her Image in a Well ;
 But what it was he could not tell ;
 Gets on the Bricks to look at ease ;
 At last concludes it is a Cheese :
 One Bucket's down, the other up,
 He jumps in that which was a-top,
 And coming to the Water, sees
 How little Skill he had in Cheese.
 Poor Ren, remov'd from all Acquaintance,
 Sits in the Bucket of Repentance ;
 And when the Rascal ought to have laid
 The fault upon himself, it's said,
 He blam'd his Stars, tho' I b'lieve rather
 He curst the Moon, and all fair Weather.

Well, there he sat, and wish'd, no doubt on't,
 For half his Tail that he was out on't :
 Sometimes he rav'd and talk'd like mad,
 And every thing came in his Head,
 That to his purpose could be said.
 Happy are those that don't love Cheese ;
 We may go downward when we please,
 But to come back again, *hoc opus*,
 All tricks are vain ; my only hope is,
 That Somebody as wise as I,
 Hits on my Whim, or else I die.
 Two Days are past ; poor Animal,
 Sees Nobody come near the Well ;
 And now old Time had in one Place,
 Cut a good piece of *Cynthia's* Face ;
 For as he does all things, he eats her,
 And takes a slice, where'er he meets her :
Volpone spies it, and it grieved him,
 To see that spoil'd which had deceiv'd him,
 Thinking his case was desperate :
 When on the third Night pretty late,
 A Wolf who could not sleep, because
 He felt an itching in his Jaws,
 Look'd into it ; What are you there ?
 Says Ren, pray see what I got here ;
 It is a groaning Cheese, 'twas made
 From *Io's* Milk, and *Faunus* had
 The ordering of it, 'twould have been
 Kept for Dame *Juno's* Lying in,
 But she miscarry'd : I took off
 This Corner ; still there's Meat enough

}

(75)

For two or three, I thought on you,
Wish'd I might see you, and to shew,
How I esteem, love, and adore ye,
That Bucket's left on purpose for ye.
The silly Wolf believes, gets in,
And draws *Volpone* up again.

The Moral.

Don't blame the stupid Animal,
You credit things less probable ;
And most Men easily give ear,
To what they either wish or fear.

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